THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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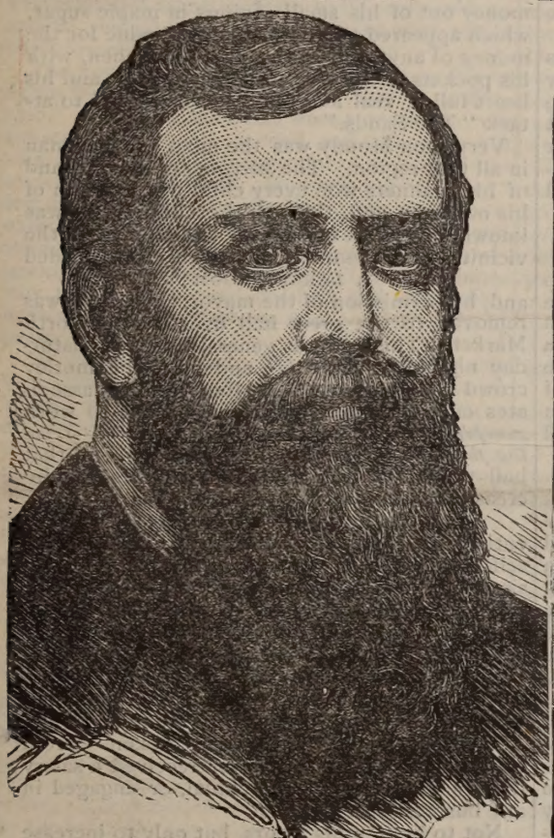

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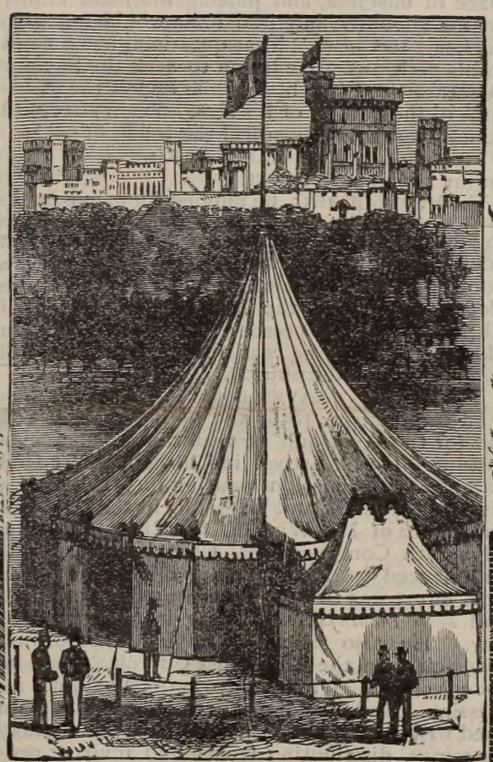

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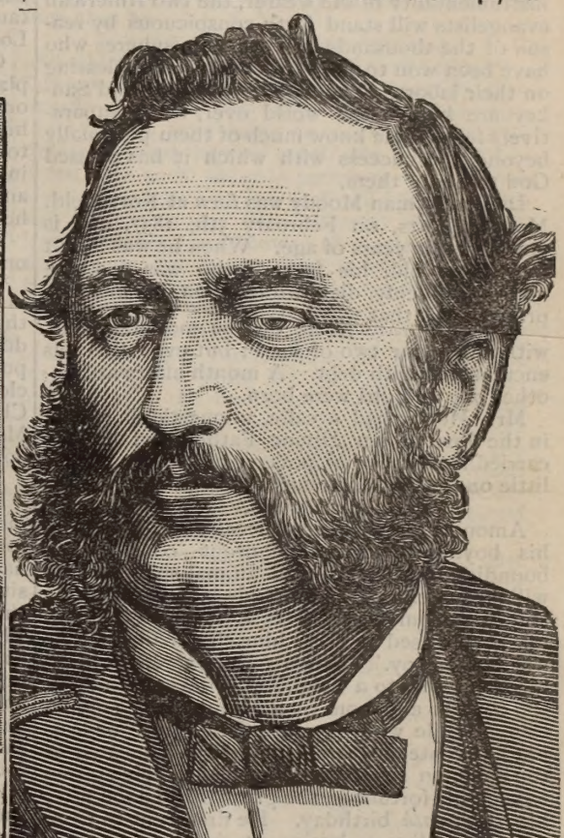

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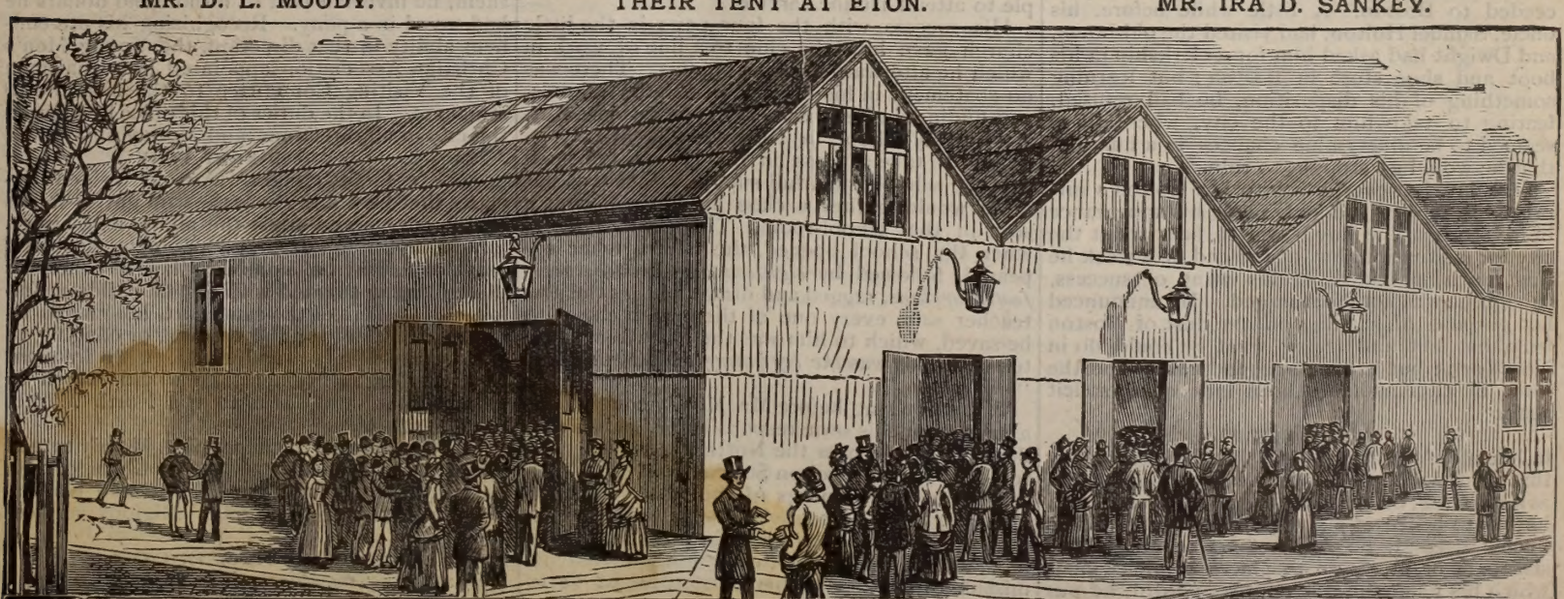

The Movable Iron Hall Used in London for Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY'S Meetings.

MR. DWIGHT L. MOODY.

Born in 1837—His Mountain Home—His Mother—Salesman in a Shoe Store—Attends Sunday-School and is Converted—Received into Church Membership in 1856—Work for God—Goes to Chicago—The Mission Band—a Sunday-School Recruiting Officer—The North Side Market Mission—Popularity on "The Sands"—The Formation of the Y. M. C. A. of Chicago—Resigns Business—The Missionary Pony—Work among Soldiers During the War—The Chicago Fire of 1871—The North Side Tabernacle—Visits Mildmay Conference in 1872—Call to Evangelize in England—Campaign in Great Britain in 1873-5.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD commences its New Year's gallery of portraits with those of two right royal men. Humble they are in their own estimation, claiming no pedigree from the records of an earthly peerage, proud of their citizenship in a land where kings are thought lightly of, but in that day when crowns are distributed by the King of kings, and when each crown is lustrous with the jewels of souls saved by the instrumentality of the wearer, the two American evangelists will stand forth conspicuous by reason of the thousands in both hemispheres who have been won to Christ through God's blessing on their labors. The names of Moody and Sankey are known the world over, but comparatively few people know much of them personally beyond the success with which it has pleased God to honor them.

Dwight Lyman Moody was *born* at Northfield, Massachusetts, on February 5th, 1837, and is now forty-six years of age. When he was about four years old, his father, who was a stone-mason, suddenly died while upon his knees in prayer. All that was left for the widow's support was a little home on the mountain-side, with an acre or two of land; but even this was encumbered with debt. A month afterward another boy and girl were born.

Mrs. Moody had a calm, unquestioning trust in the love of her Divine Father, and bravely carried her burden of poverty and toil until her little ones grew old enough to help her.

BOYHOOD.

Among the rich inheritances of Mr. Moody in his boyhood were a vigorous constitution, boundless confidence and animal spirits, and a will strong enough to break down all opposition and carry him on to success. His mother has said, "He used to think himself a man when he was only a boy." When only six years old he hired himself to a neighboring farmer to drive the cows to and from their pasture on the mountain. While working on a farm, more or less, until seventeen years old, he was educated at the common school of the village. He started to seek his fortune in the great world soon after his *seventeenth* birthday. He first went to Clinton, but finding no business to his mind, he proceeded to Boston. A little while before, his uncle, Samuel Holton, had visited the old home, and Dwight had asked him for a clerkship in his boot and shoe store in Boston; but learning something of his disposition, he had refused, fearing to take him to the city, where there seemed to be ninety-nine chances in a hundred that he would go straight to ruin.

One day, however, much to Mr. Holton's surprise, his nephew suddenly made his appearance in his store. The boy began to beat about the city for a situation, but at the end of a week he was much mortified at his want of success, though he was not discouraged. He announced his purpose of shaking off the dust of Boston from his feet and trying what he could do in New York; but having by sound advice and the force of circumstances been induced to solicit again

A CLERKSHIP

in his uncle's store, he was kindly received by that gentleman, who consented to appoint him as *a salesman*, on the following conditions: First, he was to board at a place to be selected by his uncle; second, he was not to be out in the streets at night, or go to places of amusement which his uncle did not approve; third, he was regularly to attend the Mount Vernon Church and Sunday-school.

The young man agreed to all that was required of him, and he kept his agreement. A home was found for him in a Christian family who lived in very humble style, and he entered upon his duties on a very small salary. In the Sunday-school young Moody was placed in

THE BIBLE-CLASS

of Mr. E. Kimball. For a time he sat out the lesson with evident weariness and impatience, and his teacher felt he was failing to interest him. But one Sunday, when the lesson happened to be about Moses, he listened with considerable attention, and at length broke out with this question, which was the first remark he had ventured to make, that "Moses was what you would call a pretty smart sort of man, wasn't he?"

Presently the Holy Spirit began to work graciously upon him. Under the earnest and simple sermons of his minister, Dr. Kirk, and the personal instructions of Mr. Kimball, his heart began to soften, and remembering the lesson taught him by his mother, he began to pray the Lord to "help him to be good."

One day Mr. Kimball called upon him at his place of business, and putting his hand kindly on his shoulder, inquired if he would not give his heart to Christ. That question gave a point to his petitions. He began to seek the Saviour in earnest, and in a little while he felt the assurance of the pardon of his sins. Years afterward he used to say, "I can feel the touch of

THAT MAN'S HAND

on my shoulder even yet."

On May 16th, 1855, he applied for membership in the Mount Vernon Church, and went before the deacons to be examined as to his faith and doctrine, and they recommended him to delay a public profession of his faith until he could more clearly apprehend the fundamental truths of Christianity. On presenting himself again on March 5th, 1856, he was received into the full communion of the church.

LEAVES BOSTON.

In September, 1856, the young man struck out for the West, full of ambition to make his fortune. On his arrival in Chicago, where God had a glorious mission awaiting him, he found a situation as clerk and salesman in the boot and shoe store of Mr. Wiswall. He then joined the Plymouth Congregational Church, and at once commenced work as a home missionary. His first effort was to *hire four pews* in the church and *keep them full* of young men every Sunday. He also attended a Sunday morning Bible-class in the Methodist Church. Here he found congenial fellowship and labor with its Mission Band—a company of young men who used to visit the hotels, saloons, etc., on Sunday mornings, distributing tracts, and inviting people to attend Divine service.

His success with the four pews in the little church gave him the clue to a line of work in which he afterward became famous. There was no abatement in his interest in Sunday-schools, and finding, in his missionary explorations, a little Sunday-school in North Wells Street, he offered to take a class in it. He was informed that the school had a full supply of teachers, but if he would gather a class he might occupy a seat in the school-room. The next Sunday, when the school opened, the new teacher appeared, followed by *eighteen bare-headed, barefooted urchins*, ragged and dirty; but, as the new teacher said, every one of them with a soul to be saved, which to him was the chief item of interest. This was *the beginning of his mission to "the masses."*

It was not long before Mr. Moody commenced a mission on his own responsibility. Finding a deserted saloon near the North Side Market, he rented it for a school on Sunday, and occasional service in the evenings of the week. The region in which the school was opened swarmed with young barbarians—just the kind of scholars he wanted. He had an early longing that his mission, like that of his Master, might be to save those who were lost; and without stopping to think whether the work would be hard or easy, popular or unpopular, he began looking for lost sinners on

"THE SANDS."

This was a section on the lake shore, which was to Chicago what the Five Points was to New York. To this abandoned region flocked the bad women and worse men who had fallen too low to feel at home anywhere else; and it was proverbially dangerous for any decent person to walk the streets after nightfall. Thither went Moody to recruit his Sunday-school, and with earnest tenderness he plunged into the work of bringing these neglected people to Christ. A Sunday-school, pure and simple, would not be likely to attract the children of such a locality; and it was useless to distribute tracts and Testaments among their parents, for many of them could not read. The young man took counsel of the great apostle who used to catch unbelievers "with guile." He remembered that children were fond of candies, and thereupon he invested quite a large sum of money out of his small savings in maple sugar, which appeared to give the largest value for the money of anything in that line; and then, with his pockets full of the missionary sugar, and his heart full of zeal and love, he proceeded to attack "The Sands."

Very soon Moody was the most popular man in all that region. The *sweetness* of his gifts and of his manners won every child within reach of his mission; and, through the children, he was known by almost every man and woman in the vicinity. Very soon the increasing crowd needed

A LARGER ROOM;

and, by permission of the mayor, the school was removed to the great hall over the old North Market. This hall was generally used on Saturday nights for dancing; and after the motley crowd had dispersed, Mr. Moody and his associates entered upon the scene and set to work *sweeping out the sawdust and washing out from the floor the stains of tobacco and beer*. In that hall the school was held for six years, and increased to over one thousand members.

HE RELINQUISHED BUSINESS

entirely in 1859, and thenceforth devoted himself to the work of saving souls. Having resigned his situation, he said to his friend Mr. Jacobs, "I have decided to give God all my time." "But how are you going to live?" asked his friend. "God will provide for me if He wishes me to keep on, and I shall keep on till I am obliged to stop; God is rich, and I am working for Him," was Mr. Moody's reply. That resolution has never been broken. From that day to this he has never received a salary from any society or individual, or engaged in any business speculation.

Not to lighten his labors, but only to increase them, he invested part of a thousand dollars he had saved in a pony. Recognizing his pre-eminent ability in that direction, the Young Men's Christian Association appointed him Chairman of the Visiting Committee to the sick and to strangers. In the duties of this office he scoured the city in all directions, and Moody on

HIS MISSIONARY PONY

became a familiar sight. An old resident declares that he would chase the wild gutter-snipes up the streets and down the alleys, and, after a Sunday-morning's search for new scholars, would emerge from some dirty lane or court, his pony literally covered with ragged children, followed by others of the same sort, holding on by the tail, catching by the stirrups, or clinging to each other's rags; and these, with frequent words of encouragement, he would march in grand procession down to the North Market Sunday-school.

On the outbreak of the war Mr. Moody turned his attention to the camp near Chicago. He was president of the Y. M. C. A., and his first step was to organize regular religious services and

PRAYER-MEETINGS IN CAMP.

He was going constantly from barrack to camp,

praying, exhorting, and conversing personally with the soldiers about their souls. As an active member of the Christian Commission, he subsequently travelled and toiled during the years of the war in visits to various camps and battle-fields.

In 1863 Mr. Moody's work had attained such magnitude that a commodious chapel, with tower and spire, was erected, not far from the Market Hall, at the cost of about $25,000—which money was collected by Mr. Moody himself. Here he preached to a crowded assembly, conducted a Sunday-school of a thousand scholars, and gathered a church of three hundred members. After the completion of

FARWELL HALL,

in 1867—the erection of which was largely due to Mr. Moody's energy, and was *the first hall ever built for Christian young men*—the indefatigable evangelist came to be regarded as the chief apostle of the Young Men's Christian Association, and his services were in frequent request throughout the United States and Canada, where similar societies were to be organized, or special revival services were to be held under their direction.

The first Farwell Hall was destroyed by fire in January, 1868, only four months after its dedication. While yet the ruins were smoking, a new subscription-list was opened, and before the fire was fairly out, the designs for a new hall were under way. Again Mr. Moody's talent in raising money for the Lord's work was called into exercise. Both he and Mr. Farwell pledged themselves to the great enterprise, and the following year the second hall, in all respects superior to the first, was finished and dedicated, with another shout of joy and another song of praise.

Mr. Farwell's attachment to Mr. Moody was very great. Having built a terrace of beautiful houses, he privately set apart one of these for his friend Moody, free of rent, if other friends would furnish it for him. The enterprise was taken up with great spirit, and the house was fitted up in comfortable style, and Mr. Moody was presented with a lease of the house and the free gift of all it contained, as a token of love and of gratitude for his faithful labors under which the city had been so largely blessed.

ESCAPE FROM THE CHICAGO FIRE.

But this home, with all its precious memories, was of only short duration. On October 8th and 9th, 1871, a tidal wave of flame—*the great Chicago fire*—swept the city, leaving, on an area of one mile in width by four miles in length, but a single house remaining. Within this fated region had stood the second Farwell Hall, Mr. Moody's church, and his beautiful home. In the middle of the night he was roused by the wild conflagration sweeping toward his house, and with his wife and two children hurried to find shelter. He lost all he possessed except, as he quaintly said, his reputation and his Bible.

This fire took place on a Sunday night, and it is supposed that some of the audience he had been preaching to were burnt to death in it. After the Chicago fire, a structure was erected that temporarily served the purpose of a school and church. It was commenced five weeks after the fire, and completed in thirty days. By the efforts of Mr. Moody the necessary funds were secured, and accommodation thus furnished for the large population in the neighborhood. The building was familiarly known as

"THE NORTH SIDE TABERNACLE."

It was one story high, and would seat fifteen hundred persons.

There were but few buildings in sight of the Tabernacle when it was finished, save here and there a little shanty built on the sheltered side of a blackened and crumbling wall. On the day of dedication crowds of children were seen picking their way among the ruins and along the streets half blocked up with rubbish, coming from no one knew where, but drawn by the magical attraction of the promised reunion of their beloved school. More than a thousand children were present at the first meeting, many of them accompanied by their parents. The great building was completely filled.

The new Tabernacle came to be a greater wonder and blessing than even the North Market Hall. The place was kept open and warm night and day as a shelter to any homeless wanderer who might choose to enter. Religious services in great number and variety were held, and wave after wave of revival blessing swept the meetings; crowds of people attended the almost constant service, weeping over their sins and shouting over their pardon.

From this compressed summary of Mr. Moody's career it will not be difficult to see that God had long been preparing His servant for yet wider service. He had passed through days of struggle and nights of toil that he might be able to bear the almost unparalleled success which was in store for him.

HE VISITED MILDMAY CONFERENCE

in 1872, and then felt that God had a work for him to do in England. Accordingly, some months after his return home he announced his intention to his family and afterward to his church. The day of departure drew rapidly near. The hour was appointed to give the parting message and to say farewell. But he had no money. He could not pay his passage. He would not ask it of men, but of God. So clearly did the call of God to England appear to him that when a friend asked him, "Why are you going to England again?" the reply was, "*To win ten thousand souls to Christ.*" A few hours before he and his family were to leave Chicago to embark at New York, a friend, who knew nothing of his needs, bethought him that Mr. Moody would want some money *after he reached England.* He went to say good-by, and placed $500 in his hand. Now he could go.

On June 7th, 1873, he started for England, and commenced his first mission, whose history will be immortal, written in the glad memories of *twice ten thousand souls*, who at the Judgment Day will rise up to call him blessed. The congregations came from all classes, from the Princess of Wales and Mr. Gladstone down to the homeless and shoeless street Arabs, and all felt the resistless power of the simple Gospel message. In all the chief cities of England, Scotland, and Ireland services were held and God's blessing was marvellously given. At Eton, where there is a large school, the services were held in a tent, of which a picture is shown on the frontispiece.

On August 4th, 1875, Moody and Sankey embarked for New York, having been absent two years, and for six years they held gigantic meetings in many large cities, notably in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, San Francisco (for six months), St. Louis, etc., and there is every reason to believe that tens of thousands were converted at these meetings.

THE SECOND CAMPAIGN IN BRITAIN

was undertaken at the urgent invitation of prominent English Christians. It began at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where they commenced on Sunday, October 9th, 1881, and continued until April 22d, 1883, on which day they held monster farewell meetings in Liverpool. After about five months' visit to America, they lately returned and commenced meetings in London, having on their way remained in Ireland to conduct three weeks' meetings at Cork, Limerick, and Waterford.

MR. IRA D. SANKEY.

Born in 1840—His First Religious Impressions—Converted at the Age of Fifteen—Sunday-School Work—Commences Solo Singing—Meets Mr. Moody in 1871—The Campaign of 1873-5—The Secret of Mr. Sankey's Remarkable Power.

IRA DAVID SANKEY was *born* in the town of Edinburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1840, and is now forty-three years of age. When he was sixteen years old the family removed to Newcastle, in the same State, where the father assumed the management of a bank, and the son completed his education at a neighboring academy. His

FIRST RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS

were received from the instructions of an old Scotch farmer, of the name of Fraser, who used to take him to the Sunday-school when he was only six years of age. During a series of revival meetings in Edinburgh, when he was fifteen, he was first brought under conviction of sin, and led to exercise saving faith in Christ. On the removal of the family shortly afterward, young Sankey joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, Newcastle, and at once identified himself with the Sunday-school. He became prominent also in the service of song. He trained the children of the school in singing, and conducted the service of praise in the church. His clear, melodious voice, distinct enunciation of the words sung, and rich emotional tones soon attracted attention, and he was often invited to musical circles, and to conduct the singing at public meetings and conventions.

Before he was twenty-one he was elected superintendent of the Sunday-school, and it was here that he

COMMENCED HIS SOLO SINGING,

and which from the first proved very attractive. Largely on this account the school was filled to overflowing, not only with children, but with their parents, who came on purpose to listen to the songs and hymns which Mr. Sankey rendered with such sweet impressiveness. He was also a very active worker in Young Men's Christian Associations. His cheerful disposition, frank manners, and power of rendering sacred song made him everywhere a welcome guest. His singing often touched the heart, and souls were won by it to Christ.

In 1871, at a National Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations at Indianapolis, Mr. Moody first heard Mr. Sankey, and was impressed with the remarkable adaptation of his voice and style of singing to awaken the emotions and carry home religious truth to the heart. On conferring together, they found that their love of mission-work and desires for extended usefulness were mutual, and they agreed to labor together in evangelistic services.

Shortly before leaving America in 1873, Mr. Sankey had pressing invitations to spend six months in a tour with Mr. Philip Phillips, through the cities on the Pacific coast, to sing sacred songs. But, after seeking divine direction, he was convinced that it was his duty to accompany Mr. Moody to Great Britain; and the results abundantly demonstrated the wisdom of his decision. As a vocalist he has not many equals. Possessed of a voice of great volume and richness, he expresses with exquisite skill and pathos the Gospel message, in words very simple, but "replete with love and tenderness," and always with marked effect upon his audience.

THE SECRET OF MR. SANKEY'S POWER

lies, not in his gift of song, but in the spirit of which the song is only the expression. He is a man in earnest, and sings in the full confidence that God is working by him. Like his colleague, he, too, has a message to lost men from God the Father; and the Holy Spirit of God in him finds a willing and effective instrument in his gift of melodious song, to proclaim in stirring notes the "mighty love" of God in Christ Jesus. It is mere scoffing to say that Mr. Moody's touching stories and Mr. Sankey's sweet singing are the secret of the power exercised by these men. The work is of God, and they are His instruments, each earnestly using, to the best of his ability, the gift that God has given him, in the full confidence that the blessing will and must follow. Mr. Sankey can *speak* as well as *sing* for Jesus, and his earnest words have been greatly blessed, as well as his thrilling solos, which inspire multitudes in all Christian denominations.

Volume V. of the Christian Herald and Signs of our Times is now ready, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1882 with complete index. Price $3, including postage. Ten per cent less to ministers and the trade.

IS HE ONLY A MAN?

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached on Sunday Morning, December 23, 1883.*

"Christ came, who is over all."—ROM. 9 : 5.

The World Waiting for a Deliverer—Found in a Barn—A Vital Question—The Godhead of Jesus—Mistake on this Doctrine Infinite—The Bible the Starting-point—The Opposing Generals of Socinian Thought—The Assault on the Miracles—The Infidel's Capacious Faith—The Bible Testimony—"Over All"—Christ's Own Testimony—As to His Age—His Omnipresence—The Only Alternative—Strauss and Renan in Explanation—His Wonderful Achievements—Surgical—Alimentary—Marine—Mortuary—The Judge of the Universe—The Omnipotent Friend—The Divine Iconoclast.

FOR four thousand years the world had been waiting for a deliverer—waiting while empires rose and fell. Conquerors came and made the world worse instead of making it better, still the centuries watched and waited,

LOOKING FOR A RESCUER.

They looked for him on thrones, looked for him in palaces, looked for him in imperial robe, looked for him at the head of armies. At last they found Him in a barn. The cattle stood nearer to Him than the angels, for the former were in the adjoining stall while the latter were in the clouds. A parentage of peasantry. No room for Him in the inn, because there was no one to pay the hotel expense. Yet the pointing star and the angelic cantata showed that heaven made up in appreciation of His worth what the world lacked. "Christ came, who is over all, God blessed forever. Amen."

A VITAL QUESTION.

In former Christmas discourses I have dwelt chiefly upon the scene surrounding the Bethlehem caravansery. This morning I shall speak more especially of the character of that Being whose arrival on earth we this day celebrate. As to the difference between different denominations of evangelical Christians I have no concern. If I could, by the turning over of my hand, decide whether all the world shall at last be Baptist, or Methodist, or Congregational, or Episcopalian, or Presbyterian, I would not turn my hand. But there are doctrines which are vital to the soul. If Christ be not a God, we are idolaters. If Christ be God, then those who reject the idea are blasphemers. To this Christological question I devote myself this morning, and pray God that we may think aright and do aright in regard to a question in which mistake is infinite.

I suppose that the majority of those here today assembled believe the Bible. It requires as much faith to be an infidel as to be a Christian. It is faith in a different direction. The Christian has faith in the teachings of Matthew, Luke, John, Paul, Isaiah, Moses. The infidel has faith in the freethinkers. We have faith in one class of men. They have faith in another class of men. But as the majority of those, perhaps all of those here assembled are willing to take the Bible for a standard in morals and in faith, I make this book my starting-point.

I suppose you are aware that the two generals who have marshalled the great armies against the deity of Jesus Christ are

STRAUSS AND RENAN.

The number of their slain will not be counted until the trumpet of the archangel sounds the roll-call of the resurrection. Those men and their sympathizers saw that if they could destroy the fortress of the miracles they could destroy Christianity, and they were right. Surrender the miracles and you surrender Christianity. The great German exegete says that all the miracles were myths. The great French exegete says that all the miracles were legends. They propose to take everything supernatural from the life of Christ, and everything supernatural from the Bible. They prefer the miracles of human nonsense to the glorious miracles of Jesus Christ.

THE ASSAULT ON THE MIRACLES.

They say there was no miraculous birth in Bethlehem, but that it is all a fanciful story, just like the story of Romulus said to have been born of Rea Silvia and the god Mars. They say no star pointed to the manger; it was only the flash of a passing lantern. They say there was no miraculous making of bread, but that it is a corruption of the story that Elisha gave twenty loaves of bread to a hundred men. They say the water was never turned into wine, but that it is a corruption of the story that the Egyptian plague turned the water into blood. They say it is no wonder that Christ sweat great drops of blood; He had been out in the night air and was taken suddenly ill. They say that there were no tongues of fire on the heads of the disciples at the Pentecost; that there was only a great thunder storm, and the air was full of electricity which snapped and flew all around about the heads of the disciples. They say that Mary and Martha and Christ felt it important to get up an excitement for the forwarding of their religion, and so they dramatized a funeral, and Lazarus played the corpse, and Mary and Martha played the weepers, and Christ was the tragedian. I put it in my own words, but this is the exact meaning of their statements. They say that the Bible is a spurious book written by superstitious or lying men backed up by men who died for that which they did not believe.

Now, I take back the limited statement which I made a few moments ago, when I said it requires as much faith to be an infidel as to be a Christian. It requires a thousandfold more faith to be an infidel than to be a Christian, for if Christianity demand that the whale swallowed Jonah, then Scepticism demands that Jonah swallowed the whale! I can prove to you that Christ was God, not only by the supernatural appearances on that Christmas night, but by what inspired men said of Him, by what He says of Himself, and by His wonderful achievements.

"Christ came, who is

OVER ALL."

Ah! does not that prove too much? Not over the Cæsars, not over Frederick, not over Alexander the Great, not over the Henrys, not over the Louises? Yes. Pile all the thrones of all the ages together, and my text overspans them as easily as a rainbow overspans a mountain-top. "Christ came, who is over all." Then He must be a God.

The Bible says that all things were made by Him. Does not that prove too much? Could it be that He made the Mediterranean, that He made the Black Sea, that He made the Atlantic, the Pacific, that He made Mount Lebanon, that He made the Alps, the Sierra Nevadas, that He made the hemispheres, that He made the universe? Yes. The Bible says so, and lest we be too stupid to understand, John winds up with a magnificent reiteration, and says: "Without Him was not anything made that was made." Then He was a God.

The Bible says at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow. All heaven must come down on its knees. Martyrs on their knees, apostles on their knees, confessors on their knees, the archangel on his knees. Before whom? a man? No, He is a God. The Bible says every tongue shall confess—Bornesian, Malayan, Mexican, Italian, Spanish, Persian, English. Every tongue shall confess. To whom? God. The Bible says Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Is that characteristic of humanity? Do we not change? Does not the body entirely change in seven years? Does not the mind change? Does not the heart change? Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He must be a God.

Philosophers say that the law of gravitation decides everything, and that the centripetal and centrifugal forces keep the world from clashing and from demolition. But Paul says that Christ's arm is the axle on which everything turns, and that Christ's hand is the socket in which everything is set. Mark the words, "Upholding—upholding all things by the word of His power." Then He must be a God.

CHRIST'S OWN TESTIMONY.

Then look at what Christ says of Himself. Now, certainly every one must understand himself better than any one else can understand him. If I ask you where you were born, and you tell me, "I was born in Chester, England," or "I was born in Glasgow, Scotland," or "I was born in Dublin, Ireland," or "I was born in New Orleans, the United States," you being a man of integrity I should believe you. If I asked you how many pounds you could lift, and you should say you could lift one hundred pounds, or two hundred pounds, or three hundred pounds, I would believe you. It is a matter personal to yourself. You know better than any one else can tell you. If I ask how much estate you are worth, and you say $10,000, or $100,000, or $500,000, I believe what you say. You know better than any one else. Now Christ must know better than any one else who He is and what He is.

When I ask Him

HOW OLD HE IS,

He says: "Before Abraham was, I am." Abraham had been dead 2028 years. Was Christ 2028 years old? Yes, He says He is older than that. "Before Abraham was, I am." Then Christ says, "I am the Alpha." Alpha is the first letter of the Greek alphabet, and Christ in that utterance declared, "I am the A of the alphabet of the centuries." Then He must be a God. Can a man be in a thousand places at once? Christ says He is in a thousand places at once. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." This

EVERYWHEREATIVENESS,

is it characteristic of a man or of a God? And lest we might think this everywhereativeness would cease, He goes on and He intimates that He will be in all the cities of the earth—He will be in Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America the day before the world burns up. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Why, then, He must be a God.

Beside that He takes divine honors. He declares Himself Lord of men, angels, and devils. Is He? If He is, He is a God. If He is not, He is an impostor. A man comes into your store to-morrow morning. He says, "I am the great shipbuilder of Liverpool; I have built hundreds of ships." He goes on to give his experience. You defer to him as a man of large experience and great possessions. But the next day you find out that he is not the great shipbuilder of Liverpool, that he never built a ship, that he never built anything. What is he, then? An impostor. Christ says He built this world; He built all things. Did He build them? If He did He is a God. If He did not He is an impostor.

A man comes into your place of business, with a Jewish countenance and a German accent, and says: "I am Rothschild, the banker of London; I have the wealth of nations in my pocket; I loaned that large amount to Italy and Austria in their perplexity." But after a while you find that he has never loaned any money to Italy or Austria, that he never had a large estate, that he is no banker at all, that he owns nothing. What is he? An impostor. Christ says He owns the cattle on a thousand hills, He owns this world, He owns the next world, He owns the universe, He is the banker of all nations. Is He? If He is, He is a God. Is He not? Then He is an impostor.

A man with gray hair and gray beard enters the White House at Washington. He says: "I am King William of Germany; I am travelling *incognito*; I have come over here for recreation and pleasure; I own castles in Dresden and Berlin." But the President finds out the next day that he is not King William, that he owns no castles at Berlin or Dresden, that he has no authority. What is he? An impostor. Christ says He is the King over all, the King immortal,

* Tuesday last being a legal holiday, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press this week a day earlier than usual. In order that there may be no delay, we insert, instead of the sermon Dr. Talmage preached last Sunday morning, the one he preached last Sunday a week.—ED.

invisible. If He is, He is a God. If He is not, He is an impostor,

Strauss saw that alternative, and he tries to get out of it by saying that Christ was sinful in accepting adoration and worship. Renan tries to get out of it by saying that Christ—not through any fault of His own, but through the fault of others—lost His purity of conscience, and he slily intimates that dishonorable women had damaged His soul. Anything but believe that Christ is God. Now

YOU BELIEVE THE BIBLE

to be true. If you do not you would hardly have appeared in this church. You would have gone over and joined the Broadway Infidel Club, or you would go to Boston and kiss the foot of the statue of Thomas Paine. You would hardly come into this church, where the most of us are the deluded souls who believe in a whole Bible and take it all down as easily as you swallow a ripe strawberry. I have shown you what inspired men said of Christ, I have shown you what Christ said of Himself; now if you believe the Bible, let us go out and see

HIS WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENTS

—surgical, alimentary, marine, mortuary. Surgical achievements: Where is the medical journal that gives any account of such exploits as Christ wrought? He used no knife. He carried no splints. He employed no compress. He made no patient squirm under cauterization. He tied no artery. Yet behold Him! With a word He stuck fast Malchus's amputated ear. He stirred a little dust and spittle into a salve and with it caused a man who was born blind, and without optic nerve, or cornea, or crystalline lens, to open his eyes on the sunlight. He beat music on the drum of the deaf ear. He straightened a woman who through contraction of muscle had been bent almost double for well-nigh two decades. He made a man who had no use of his limbs for thirty-eight years shoulder his mattress and walk off.

Sir Astley Cooper, Abernethy, Valentine Mott stood powerless before a withered arm; but this doctor of omnipotent surgery comes in and He sees the paralytic arm useless and lifeless at the man's side, and Christ says to him: "Stretch forth thine hand, and he stretched it forth whole as the other." He was a God.

ALIMENTARY ACHIEVEMENTS:

He found a lad who had come out of the wilderness with five loaves of bread for a speculation. Perhaps the lad had paid five pennies for the five loaves, and expected to sell them for ten pennies, and so he would double his money. Christ took those loaves of bread and performed a miracle by which He fed seven thousand famishing people, and I warrant you the lad lost nothing, for there were twelve baskets of fragments taken up, and if the boy had five loaves at the start, I warrant you he had at least ten at the close.

The Saviour's mother goes into a neighbor's house to help get up a wedding party. By calculation she finds out that the amount of wine is not sufficient for the guests. She calls in Christ for help, and Christ, not by the slow decay of fermentation, but by a word, makes one hundred and thirty gallons of pure wine.

MARINE ACHIEVEMENTS:

He turns a whole school of fish into the net of men who were mourning over their poor luck, until the boat is so full they have to halloo to other boats, and the other boats come up and they are laden to the water's edge with the game, so that the sailors have to be cautious in going from larboard to starboard lest they upset the ship. Then there comes a squall down through the mountain gorge, and Gennesaret with long locks of white foam rises up to battle it, and the boat drops into a trough and ships a sea, and the loosened sails crack in the tornado, and Christ rises from the back part of the boat and comes walking across the staggering ship until He comes to the prow, and there He wipes the spray from His brow and hushes the crying storm on the knee of His omnipotence. Who wrestled down that euroclydon? Whose feet trampled the rough Galilee into a smooth floor?

MORTUARY ACHIEVEMENTS:

Let philosophers, anatomists, go to Westminster Abbey and try to wake up Queen Elizabeth or Henry VIII. No human power ever wakened the dead. There is a dead girl in Capernaum. What does Christ do? Alas! that she should have died so young and when the world was so fair. Only twelve years of age. Feel her cold brow and cold hands. Dead, dead! The house is full of weeping. Christ comes and He takes hold of the hand of the dead girl, and instantly her eyes open, her heart starts. The white lily of death blushes into the rose of life and health. She rushes into the arms of her rejoicing kindred. Who woke up that death? Who restored her to life? A man? Tell that to the lunatics in Bloomingdale Asylum. It was Christ the God.

But there comes a test which more than anything else will show whether He was God or man. You remember that great passage which says: "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." The earth will be stunned by a blow that will make it stagger mid heaven; the stars will circle like dry leaves in an equinox; the earth will unroll the bodies, and the sky will unroll the spirits, and soul and flesh will come into incorruptible conjunction. Day of smoke and fire and darkness and triumph. On one side, piled up in galleries of light, the one hundred and forty and four thousand, yea, the quintillions of the saved. On the other side, piled up in galleries of darkness, the frowning, the glaring multitude of those who rejected God.

Between these two piled-up galleries a throne, a high throne, a throne standing on two burnished pillars—Justice, Mercy—a throne so bright you had better hide your eye lest it be extinguished with excess of vision. But it is an empty throne. Who will come up and take it? Will you? "Ah! no," you say, "I am but a child of dust; I would not dare to climb that throne." Would Gabriel climb it? He dare not. Who will ascend it? Here comes One. His back is to us. He goes up step above step, height above height, until He reaches the apex. Then He turns around and faces all nations, and we all see who it is. It is Christ the God, and all earth, and all heaven, and all hell kneel, crying: "It is a God! it is a God!" We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

THE DIVINE HELPER.

Oh, I am so glad that it is a Divine Being who comes to pardon all our sins, to comfort all our sorrows. Sometimes our griefs are so great they are beyond any human sympathy, and we want Almighty sympathy. Oh, ye who cried all last night because of bereavement or loneliness, I want to tell you it is an omnipotent Christ who is to come.

When the children are in the house and the mother is dead, the father has to be more gentle in the home and he has to take the office of father and mother, and it seems to me Christ looks out upon your helplessness and He proposes to be father and mother to your soul. He comes in the strength of the one, in the tenderness of the other. He says with one breath, "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him," and then with the next breath He says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Do you not feel the hush of the divine lullaby? Oh, put your tired head down on the heaving bosom of divine compassion while He puts His arms around you and says: "O widowed soul, I will be thy God. O orphaned soul, I will be thy protector. Do not cry." Then He touches your eyelids with His fingers, and sweeps His fingers down your cheek, and wipes away all the tears of loneliness and bereavement. Oh, what a tender and sympathetic God has come for us. I do not ask you to lay hold of Him. Perhaps you are not strong enough for that. I do not ask you to pray. Perhaps you are too bewildered for that. I only ask you to let go and fall back into the arms of everlasting love.

THE DIVINE ICONOCLAST.

Soon you and I will hear the click of the latch of the door of the sepulchre. Strong men will take us in their arms and carry us down and lay us in the dust, and they cannot bring us back again. I should be scared with infinite fright if I thought I must stay in the grave, if even the body was to stay in the grave. But Christ will come with glorious iconoclasm and split and grind up the rocks and let us all come forth. The Christ of the manger is the Christ of the throne.

A SON'S FUTILE JOURNEY.

(*See Illustration on page 13.*)

IT was an aged hack-driver who told the story, and the old man spoke with such evident emotion that it was plain the incident had made a deep impression on his mind.

"I was," he said, "on my hack at the depot one day two years ago, looking out for a fare, when a young gentleman comes out of the cars, and, jumping into my hack, ordered me to drive as fast as I could to Rosemount Cottage, Madison Road. I knew Madison Road well enough, and drove off, making sure I should find out Rosemount Cottage on the way. As we approached it, my fare opened the door himself, jumped out, and advanced toward the gate. Suddenly he started back and uttered a cry of pain as his eye caught the notice-board in the front garden, announcing that 'This house is to be let or sold.'

"'Where are they?' he exclaimed, in a dreadful husky voice, his face as white as a sheet. 'Where are my father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Kenrick?'

"Well, I was quite taken aback for a moment, and, not thinking much of what I was saying, told him that I believed Mr. Kenrick was dead, and Mrs. Kenrick had gone into the poorhouse.

"'Drive me there,' he cried, 'drive me there, quick, oh, quick!' and he jumped back into the hack. The way was not long, and we were soon there. With hurried steps the young man ran up the stairs, and asked for Mrs. Kenrick.

"'Mrs. Kenrick, Mrs. Kenrick,' muttered the old clerk in the office, 'oh, yes, I remember, been dead and buried these three weeks.'

"'O mother! mother!' sobbed the young man, 'and I not here to see you, and close your eyes!' We comforted him as best we could, and after visiting his mother's grave, he rode back to the depot with me. He had to wait some time for a train, and while waiting, he told me all about it. His parents were well off. Rosemount Cottage was their own, and his father, an old civil servant, had a small pension. In his latter days he had given way to drink, and he, the son, who had been abroad, a clerk in the Odessa branch of a merchant's business, knew nothing of it, until he received a letter from his mother urging him to come home at once, and begging him to let nothing delay him, as his father was ill. It was not dangerous, the old lady said, but—then there came the old miserable tale of gradual giving way to the fondness for liquor, until he was scarcely ever sober. She blushed to write it to her own son, but the old man was down with delirium tremens, and it was best the boy should know. Travelling day and night he reach his home to find it empty and both his parents dead.

"Much cut up, sir? I should say so. That young fellow, he wasn't more than five-and-twenty, he went on so as I never saw or heard. He asked if I was a total abstainer, and I owned I wasn't. Would you believe it, sir, that young man cut up as he was, wouldn't leave me till I agreed to sign the pledge, and he said he meant to make everybody he met do the same. Well, it tried me a bit at first, but I soon got used to it, and I own the house and lot now. I guess I shouldn't have done that if I hadn't done as he wanted me. So I've good reason to remember driving to Rosemount Cottage, and I don't think that young man will forget the journey."

PROPHETIC NOTES.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

The False Prophet and the True One.—The London *Rock* of December 7th says: "In these latter days—these perilous times—when history is swiftly accumulating, and prodigious events are among the daily necessities of an age craving for novelties of a phenomenal type, the grand theme of the Church that *their Redeemer is personally coming to Zion*, is slighted as not worthy of the most insignificant notice. Fearful indifference fails to recognize the portents of the overwhelming fact. Yet look which way we will toward barbarism or civilization, a *transparent restlessness* is everywhere recording itself as one of the signs of the times. The simple faith and reasonable forms which marked the 'old paths' are sneered at as beneath the standard of the new and opposite creeds of Agnosticism and Positivism. Even with the two chief idols, Materialism and Socialism, the world is seeking to effect an unholy alliance by introducing the word Christian before the words. But if Socialism is the bane of social integrity and honor, it cannot be joined with such a superlative adjective as Christian. It is possible to look round the world for significant signs which the most sceptical cannot deny; but even the earthquakes of Anatolia and Java are not of greater moment than some of the forces operating under the political, social, and religious strata of society. Amid these scenes, which barely hide the volcanoes beneath, if the cry be raised, 'The Lord is coming and will purge all these things,' the reply of a cynical age amounts to the ancient excuse, 'Where is the promise of His coming?' What a parable is being taught us by

THE SOUDAN FALSE PROPHET!

Years ago, reports were rife that at a certain time a notable individual would come forward from the East of Mecca, and of the Koreish or sacred family, and that his career would be marked by splendid triumphs. A man has appeared, but from the West, and is a Dongola Berberee. He is no longer the man of improbability, but the man in possession. The armies of Yussif Pacha in 1882 and Hicks Pacha in 1883 have been annihilated by this self-styled Imam Mahdi. His martial achievements have disarmed the strange discrepancies of their point, and at once have disarmed the scrupulous and the wavering, and gathered to the standard of the pretender myriads of fanatical Mohammedans. In other words, *an unknown person* is received with acclamation upon the most slender pretensions. But when the Son of God, *the True Prophet*, came from heaven, and minutely fulfilled a long chain of prophecy, and even rode into Jerusalem in accordance with one prophetical declaration with which every one ought to have been familiar, He was met on every hand with the inquiry, 'Who is this?' And they rejected Him. Is the present generation any nearer an accurate appreciation of Christ, the King of kings and Lord of lords? He is coming 'to break oppression, to set the captive free.' But while multitudes will receive false prophets, they reject Christ, and will not believe in His speedy Second Advent."

The Portentous Crimson Sunsets, which are the subject of much observation and comment, continued on some of the days of last week. A scientific man, Mr. Rollo Russell, in the *Times* of December 4th, considers these phenomena to be connected with the recent volcanic eruption in Java (which destroyed 20,000 people), and says: "Nothing like this diffused atmospheric glow after dark and one or two hours before sunrise has been observed before, and a singular effect must have its origin in a singular cause. On December 1st and 2d, the glow, which was of an amber color, did not become bright until about an hour after sunset, and was partially obscured by clouds. The phenomenon has been mistaken for Aurora Borealis in France and elsewhere, but requires a name of its own." The *Times* of December 6th says: "Another remarkable sunset was witnessed on the south coast yesterday evening. The sky assumed a splendid crimson hue, which was reflected in the water. Here, as in London, the moon seemed to be of a pale green color." The *Daily News* says: "From all parts of the world comes the news that the sun has lately, on more than one occasion, appeared either blue or green. On Wednesday, December 5th, the moon, hanging high aloft in the deep blue above a sunset of crimson, was distinctly green. Mr. Bozward, writing to *Nature*, from Worcester, remarks that the moon there was of 'a lively green hue,' an 'emerald crescent.' This is the fateful year of Islam, according to old prophecies. The *moon* is the ensign of Turkey, and has been so ever since the Ottomans took Constantinople. Again, the sacred color of Islam is *green*. Thus an emerald crescent may well encourage the believers in the Mahdi. History has before now been affected by more trifling coincidences."

"Fires from beneath, and meteors from above,
Portentous, unexampled, unexplained,
Have kindled beacons in the skies; and the old
And crazy earth has had her shaking fits
More frequent, and foregone her usual rest."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Piece of Honeycomb.—At a Noon Meeting the Rev. Dr. Bonar said: "A boy received a piece of honeycomb from a friend as a gift. He was enjoying it extremely, and remarked to his father, 'Oh, father, this is sweet.' 'Indeed; how sweet is it?' 'Yes, it is very sweet.' 'You have told me that already, but I want to know *how* sweet it is?' The boy was puzzled, but after a pause replied, 'Taste it.' That is what we say to those who have not tasted the bread of heaven. Taste, and see how gracious the Lord is. Christians who do not eat of it every day must be diseased; haste to the Healer, who will restore you to health and vigor at once."

A Boy Saved from Despair.—At a Meeting in Cowcaddens, Bailie McPherson said: "A young boy made the despairing remark to a gentleman, 'There is no use in me praying to God, for He does not hear me.' 'What are you praying for?' 'A new heart, but I have not got it; if ever there was a day I was angry with my school-fellows, it was to-day; they were so provoking.' 'My boy, I believe God is answering your prayer, and is placing you in circumstances where it will be tested; begin now to thank God for answering your cry.' The lad was raised from despair, for his faith sprang into existence at once, and enabled him to rise above the petty annoyances of daily life, and to live for Christ among his schoolmates every day."

Trusting Appetites to Christ.—The Rev. Dr. Bonar said: "A man was speaking with me last night who has been several years a Christian and very steadfast in his loyalty. He told me that he was only once under any temptation to return to his old sins and enjoyments, but at that time he lifted his heart to Christ for help, and it came to him at once. In the strength of the Lord he overcame the tempter easily. From the very moment he gave his heart to Jesus, the desire for drink left him. Workers should carefully enjoin upon converts the need of trusting their appetities to Christ, for by so doing they get new tastes and desires for better and heavenly things."

A Medical Student's Story.—Mr. Simpson said: "To-day a medical student, a young man of great ability, called at my place of business, anxious about his soul. When he entered there was a minister not ten yards from him. He said to me, 'That's my teacher.' In consequence I took him to my room and heard his history. It was the old story. Well trained by his godly parents, he left the paternal shelter to come to study at the University, and there he mixed with loose companions, and fell under the influence of drink. We went to the noon prayer-meeting, and after it had some further conversation together. Then we arranged to meet at Mr. Clyde's house at six o'clock, where as we spoke to him the Holy Spirit led him to the feet of Christ, where he found salvation and peace through believing."

A Night Visitor's Anxiety.—"A Minister told me the other night that a man came to him in great anxiety about his soul, inquiring before sitting down, 'What must I do to be saved?' The minister calmed him a little, and said, 'Will you believe every word is to you that God has written in this Book?' 'Yes,' was the eager response, 'I will.' After turning to several precious invitations and promises, the minister read, 'By Me if any man enter in he shall be saved.' 'I'll enter in by Him,' said his visitor. 'Then you shall be saved, not only from eternal ruin, but from present unhappiness and sin, for God will support you in every trial of whatever kind.' The man left his burden of anxiety with Jesus, dropped the chains which were galling him, and has ever since been a free and happy son of God."

A Father's Prayer Overheard.—"A Young lady passing the door of her father's room, saw him kneeling in prayer, and heard that the tones of his voice were tremulous with emotion. Wondering in her mind what it could be that so moved him, she broke the rules of good breeding, and listened to hear what he said. He was praying *for her immediate salvation;* pleading with God for her, he evidently would not be denied. The lady's heart was much troubled, and ere the day passed away, she was kneeling, asking the Father in heaven for pardon and grace. There was joy on earth that night, as may be imagined, and joy also 'in the presence of the angels of God,' for a sinner had repented and found pardon and life through faith in Christ."

A Trophy of Grace from Africa.—Bailie McPherson related the following instance of answer to prayer: "A colored man came to this country from Central Africa, where he had heard the Word of Christ preached by a missionary, and had given his heart to the Lord. A desire was roused in his soul to see the land from which his father in the faith had come, and by great efforts he managed to get his wish fulfilled. One day he was walking out in the country when he saw a man breaking stones at the roadside; going up to him he sat down on the heap of stones to have a chat, and soon both parties found a congenial topic in their mutual love of the Saviour. As the African rose to leave, his new friend asked, 'Where do you come from?' 'From Central Africa; I was converted there.' 'Praise the Lord, I have been praying for twenty years that God would show me one of the trophies of His grace won from among the heathen by missionaries sent from this country, and now He has done so!'"

A Disconsolate Seeker Cheered.—Mr. Jack said: "Last night I cannot express to you how my heart was cheered. We had a final meeting, winding up a series of fourteen special meetings. I noticed a young woman, a stranger to us, sitting in a disconsolate mood alone. I sat down beside her, and inquired, 'Is that your father you were with?' 'No, he is a friend.' 'Are you a Christian?' 'No, but I am terribly anxious, and have been so for the last six months.' I turned up Isaiah 53: 6—'All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' After reading over this slowly, I repeated, '"*On Him, on Him* the iniquity of us all;" do you believe that?' 'It seems too good to believe.' 'That is just it; but, remember, it is a gift from God, not man.' 'I do, I will believe it.' I thank God she left the hall simply trusting in Christ and rejoicing in the God of her salvation."

A Converted Catholic's Testimony.—A Mizpah brother said: "I deem it a great privilege to testify for the Lord Jesus. I was brought up as a Roman Catholic, and was baptized in St. Mary's Church in this city. I have sung in the choirs of two chapels and conformed to all the rites of that sect. From my boyhood I had an unsatisfied craving for personal pardon from and

communion with God; I tried frequent confessions, but when I knelt and confessed to the priest I was no better. Six years ago I was walking along a street in Possil Park with my little boy, when I saw a bill in the window advertising an evangelistic meeting that night. I attended, and for the first time in my life I saw myself a lost sinner, and that Jesus died for sinners such as myself. Since that night I have rested in perfect peace on Christ. The son who was with me that night has twice been given up by medical men as dead, but I went to my heavenly Father, who heard my cry of anguish, saw that I trusted in Him, and raised my son from the bed of death on both occasions. The last time was only a few days ago. I have much to thank God for."

A Leper's Beautiful Child.—At a Meeting in Cowcaddens, Glasgow, Mr. Jack narrated the following incident: "Leprosy is the most loathsome disease with which the human race is afflicted in the East. A gentleman who has visited the Holy Land three times had, on one occasion, a strong desire to see the Hospital for Lepers, and got a friend to take him to it. As they entered the gate, a poor leprous woman crossed the courtyard carrying a lovely babe in her arms. It was as beautiful a child as he had seen in the East, the skin was pure and clear, the features regular and well formed, the voice clear and ringing, without a touch of sorrow in it. Notwithstanding, it was the child of a leper. Can a clean thing come from an unclean? No! he knew it was *impossible* unless some transformation took place. Feeling his heart swell with pity for the poor child, he asked his friend, 'Will it be long before the disease appears on the child?' 'No; *it is inherent*, and very soon it will develop itself.' This is an exact picture of how depravity is transmitted from generation to generation, and only the transforming power of the Holy Spirit can eradicate the power it holds in our nature."

HEARING AND DOING.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 13, James 1 : 12–27. Golden Text, verse 22. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Key-note of the Epistle—Contrasted Views of Temptation — Faith Ejecting Misgiving—Temptation not from God—The Will and the Won't—Wrath the Result of Blindness—Notable Hearers—Herod, Saul, and Judas—The Law of Liberty—A Law Working from Within—Not Restraint—The Seeming Religious.

OUR golden text is the key-note, not only of our subject, but of the whole epistle of James, which is practical throughout. He says, "*Blessed* is the man that endureth temptation." As a general rule we are apt to condole with the tempted and the tried, as though a great misfortune had come upon them. James says,

"COUNT IT ALL JOY

when ye fall into divers temptations," because he sees God's side. James knew that the trial of our faith is "more precious than of gold which perisheth" (1 Pet. 1 : 7); he knew that it "worketh patience," and if patience has her perfect work, we shall be "perfect and entire, wanting nothing," and thus he speaks in no spirit of satire, but as seeing further than the most of us. James saw the result, "When he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life." Therefore, if the most untoward, the most vexatious, things happen, "count it all joy," count it "blessed." If, in your work for God, everything happens to put out all your plans, somebody enters the room at the very moment when you felt you had a message for one who was alone there—if you take some one to a holiness meeting or to an evangelistic service, where you expect everything to be helpful to him, and that day all turns out quite different to what you expect—"Count it all joy;" the Lord is trying you, and does not overlook the one for whom you are caring.

If we really do believe that God's hand is in everything, that He is all love, how can we have misgivings, or doubt Him in His dealings with us? Many will say, "God is all right, but then so-and-so wrongs me." Who permits it? Is it not God, that you may know, dear friend, how much your expectations are from so-and-so, and how little from God Himself? Let the Lord turn all your plans topsy turvy, you have given Him the right, if indeed you have given yourself to Him. Let Him make use of *who* He will and *what* He will to try *us*; if you are His own property, He has a right to do so, and He who is Love, cannot act contrary to Himself. Is there some call upon our strength or our resources which is far beyond their limit? Shall we cry out of oppression? or shall we refer the whole to Him, and say, "Lord, the vessel is Thine to break, empty, fill, and use as *Thou* wilt; Thou canst see where I cannot, Thou canst do what I cannot, I am at Thy disposal, and the responsibility is Thine; therefore I count it all joy to walk where I cannot see a step, only lead Thou on." This is practical Christianity, this is to be a *doer* of the Word, not a hearer only.

But the apostle warns us not to speak of

TEMPTATION

as coming from God, *i.e.* not to count God the author of our falls. "Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust [or desire], and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." A little boy began to talk to his little friend about subjects which both knew to be wrong; the one spoken to was tempted; something was brought before him; *he* must decide, "I will listen" or "I won't listen." Alas! the desire of his heart was, "I want to hear more, I *will* hear more; then lust conceived and brought forth sin. Oh, how many times he wished he had never listened to the tempter, how often he regretted that his will was on the side of the temptation, and that thus he fell! Even *Jesus was tempted;* the enemy tried Him all round, but His will never was on the side of the temptation; and thus He remained "without sin." James goes on to tell us that "every good gift and every perfect gift is from above," having previously said that God "giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." Surely to be a "doer of the Word" is to *accept* the gifts which the Father of lights is waiting to bestow upon His children. Many believers waste hours in deploring their want of some gift, for which they might be thanking God all the time, if they would but take it. They remind one of a certain class of mistresses who expatiate on their servants' faults to some lady caller, instead of setting to work to teach them better. The lady caller goes away, and the servant is no better for all her mistress' grumbling; and the complaining Christian, having never put the matter into the right hands, continues in the same state.

"Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of

FIRST-FRUITS OF HIS CREATURES."

Surely Jesus is the living Word, the First-born among many brethren, the Life principle, the Vine, of which we are the branches. Oh, how stupendous is the truth that men, not angels, are the first-fruits of God's creatures, that He took not on Him the nature of angels, but of the seed of Abraham (Heb. 2 : 16). "*Wherefore* (in view of such an honor) . . . let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath." It is worth while for man to be silent that God may speak, that man should hear what God has to say; "God is in heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few" (Ec. 5 : 2). "For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." God has a right to be angry; He sees through everything, nothing can escape Him, He is superior to all bias; but man's wrath comes from his blindness to the hand of God, which permits all that happens, and who, in His own marvellous way, makes "all things work together for good to them that love God." It is entirely out of place in man to yield to wrath; it does not belong to a mere instrument, but to the hand which wields it. Wherefore, lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness (see also 1 Pet. 2 : 1), and receive with meekness the engrafted [or rather implanted, Rev. Ver.] Word, which is able to save your souls." The Word is not engrafted upon our human nature so as to draw in our life, but the Word who is Life, in Himself is planted in the soil of our nature, which must die to receive Him.

"But be ye

DOERS OF THE WORD,

and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." *Herod was a hearer* of the Word, and not a doer, when he was fascinated with the power of God in John the Baptist's ministry. He was not ashamed to go and hear him preach, when the whole country side turned out into the wilderness, and business was, for the time, suspended at Jerusalem, that the message of God might reach far and wide, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matt. 3 : 2). Herod, "when he heard him . . . did many things, and heard him gladly" (Mark 6 : 20), but the right thing he did *not, i.e.*, repent in *deed* and leave off his sins. *Saul, too, was a hearer*, but not a doer, when he spared Agag and the Amalekitish sheep and oxen, and drew down the thunder of God upon him in the words, "To obey is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams" (1 Sam. 15 : 22). Judas the traitor was a hearer of the Word and not a doer. "But," say many, "I am not like they, I do *desire* to please God." So did they, but they did not entirely yield themselves up to Him, and therefore they never became real doers of the Word.

Where the Word is not really implanted, the hearer "is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass; for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was;" a passing impression has been produced which leaves no trace, and has no result. Is not this the case with hundreds and thousands who are hearers of the Gospel? God calls for a response on our part to His Word, read or spoken; if His calls remain unanswered, we are deceiving ourselves, and are imagining that to be communion with God, which is none at all; imagining that to be worship which has not brought us in contact with God. Real receiving of Jesus, whether as a Saviour from condemnation, or from the power of sin, whether as our Keeper, Guide, Wisdom, or Power, always works a change, never leaves us where it found us.

"But whoso looketh into

THE PERFECT LAW

of liberty (which the Word contains) and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall he bless in his deed [or doing]. To look into a thing, we must give ourselves up to it. The Word brings us a perfect law, put into our minds and written in our hearts (Heb 8 : 10), and therefore a law of liberty. Law gives the idea of constraint, liberty that of freedom from it. But there are laws of our nature which produce liberty of thought and action. And so with God's law of liberty. It is not external restraining from without, but it works out from within. Instead of repressing our wills, and galling them by opposition, it takes possession of them, and thus it is a law, but of liberty. It is but another expression for abiding in Christ and Christ in us, it is *Himself* taking the place of *our* self, and a man who is thus Christ-possessed is, and must be, "blessed in his deed." His deeds flow out of a heart all occupied with God, and they must be holy and godlike.

James, however, warns us of a class which we see everywhere; the man who seems to be religious and bridles not his tongue; he can talk religion by the yard, but he does not know how to listen; and as to visiting the fatherless and poor in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world, nothing can be further from his reckoning; his object is to persuade men that he is right, and all the time the poor miserable, empty hearer, deceives his own heart, and his religion is vain. The Lord awaken such, and bring them to reality. Amen.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Cordial and Sincere Greeting to all friends, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD tenders in this, the first issue of the new year. It visits this week many *new subscribers* who, it hopes, will become warm friends. By way of introduction and "reference as to character" it refers them to the last page of this number, and hopes that the statement of principles and the testimony of friends who bear witness that during its past career it has proved faithful to those principles which they will find there, may encourage them to give it a kind reception, and that the acquaintance may prove profitable to them. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD also greets its *old friends* who have already renewed their subscriptions for 1884. It is gratifying to notice how large a proportion of the subscribers of last, and former years, were so kind as to accede to the request, made a few weeks ago, and sent their renewals last month. To them the thanks of the paper are due. It is unnecessary to say anything concerning its character, except to promise that, with God's help, for which many prayers are unceasingly offered, it will be a better paper this year than ever. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD also goes *this week* to subscribers whose subscriptions expired with last week's number. That is done, because experience teaches that most of them will renew in the course of the week, and will like to keep their file of the paper complete. If, at the close of next week, any of them have not renewed, the inference will be reluctantly drawn that they do not intend to do so, and their names will be dropped from the list. To one and all, the editor wishes *a Happy New Year.* This is the sixth occasion on which he has had the privilege of doing so, and he trusts that the many friends of the paper in the United States, Canada, and foreign countries, to whose prayers and kind efforts THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is chiefly indebted for its prosperity and usefulness, will continue their valued interest in the work.

The Composition of the Committees of the House has been the chief subject of discussion in political circles during the past week. The work of selecting the committees is one of the most difficult, delicate, and important of the Speaker's duties, on account of the controlling influence the committees necessarily exercise over legislation. That Mr. Carlisle could please all the members, even of his own party, was of course impossible, but he appears to have performed his duty so as to cause less of dissatisfaction on all sides than is generally manifested. The prominence of the tariff question in politics at the present time, and the prevalent impression that Mr. Carlisle's election points to a sweeping reduction in the duties on our imports, caused the composition of the Ways and Means Committee to occupy the chief place in public interest. Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, is its chairman. He is considered a moderate revenue-reformer, favorable to free trade, but firmly convinced that the time has not yet arrived for bold experiments in that direction. Among the members of the committee is Mr. Hewitt, of New York, whose creed on the tariff is low duties on raw material, and such duties on finished competing products as are equivalent to the greater cost of labor in this country. Messrs. Mills, of Texas, Blackburn, of Kentucky, Herbert, of Alabama, and Hurd, of Ohio, are also on the committee, and their views are believed to be in harmony with those of the Speaker. Five Republicans, who are Protectionists, are placed on the committee, four of whom served on the same committee in the Forty-seventh Congress. Two less known Democrats make up the list. Thus there are six advocates of tariff reduction, five Protectionists, and two Democrats, whose opinions on the subject have not been decidedly expressed. In point of general ability the committee is a distinguished one, and one capable of giving the subject a careful and intelligent consideration.

Of the Other Committees, Mr. Tucker gets the Chairmanship of the Judiciary, Mr. Randall that of Appropriations, Mr. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, that of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Reagan, of Texas, that of Commerce, General Rosecrans that of Military Affairs, and Mr. S. S. Cox, of New York, that of Naval Affairs. The greatest surprise in all the fifty-four committees is in those on Banking and the Coinage. Judge Bucknor, of Missouri, the opponent of the national banking system, is chairman of the former and Mr. Bland, of Missouri, the parent and faithful friend of the silver dollar, is chairman of the latter. Regarded from a sectional standpoint, the South has profited by Mr. Carlisle's election. Twenty-eight chairmanships and two hundred of the five hundred and fifty-one places are filled by Southern members, a fact which excites comment, but is not so important as the political capacity of the members. The indications supplied by the make-up of the committees, of the policy of the Democratic majority in the House, is that there will be no startling legislative changes, but an effort to cut down expenses, to effect reforms in naval and commercial affairs, and to relieve the merchant marine of some of its burdens.

The Internal Revenue Returns are Being watched with more attention than usual in expectation of reductions being proposed in the tariff. The return for the first five months of the current fiscal year was published last week. During that period the total internal revenue collections have amounted to $51,279,438, being $11,343,971 less than during the corresponding period of last year. In spirits there has been a total increase of collections amounting to $2,074,771, and in fermented liquors an increase of $497,388. The total decrease in the collection of taxes on tobaccos amounted to $9,191,607; on taxes from banks and bankers, $1,068,292, and on miscellaneous taxes, $3,656,331.

The Probable Failure of the Star Route prosecutions is predicted. The report is based on the retirement of Mr. W. W. Ker from the employment of the Government in those cases. Following Mr. Ker's withdrawal came the report that the Hon. Richard T. Merrick is to sever his connection with them. A *Times* reporter, who saw Mr. Merrick on the subject, questioned him as to the truth of the report, and Mr. Merrick said the report was not authorized by him, but his denial is made in a way that compels his friends to believe that if he has not concluded to go out of the cases he has serious doubts about his ability to be much longer of use to the Government in connection with them.

A Painful Injury was Sustained by General Grant on December 24th. He alighted from his coupé at his residence in New York about ten o'clock in the evening of that day, and turned before going in to hand a bill to his coachman for a Christmas present. The night was very cold, and the sidewalk was slippery, and as the ex-President reached up toward the box of the carriage he slipped and fell heavily upon his left side, striking on the edge of the curbstone, about four inches below the hip bone. He was unable to rise to his feet, and the coachman and his body servant were obliged to carry him up to his bed. The most serious consequences were feared at first by the general and his family, and his physician, Dr. Fordyce Barker, was immediately sent for. He found the injured man suffering a great deal of pain, but, upon examination, thought the injury amounted to nothing more than a bruise and a shock to the sciatic nerve. Other surgeons have since been called in consultation with Dr. Barker, and it is expected that the cure will be a slow and painful one.

The Following Programme for the Week of Prayer, January 7th to 12th, 1884, has been issued: *Monday, January 7th:* Praise and Thanksgiving.—For God's special providence, Christ's marked favor, and the Holy Spirit's gracious work. *Tuesday, January 8th:* Humiliation and Confession.—For personal failings; for social vices, as intemperance; for the secular spirit in the Church; for prevailing scepticism and religious indifference. *Wednesday, January 9th:* Prayer for Families and Instructors of Youth.—For parental fidelity in household training; for spiritual influence in Christian associations of youth; and for early conversions in Sunday-schools. *Thursday, January 10th:* Prayer for the Church of Christ.—For a prayerful and laborious ministry; for consecration and co-operation in members; for early devotion in educated youths; and for the divine blessing in winning the worldly. *Friday, January 11th:* Prayer for Nations.—For legislators, that statutes may be conformed to divine law; for rulers, that they may conscientiously administer government; for peace and conciliation between nations; and for popular integrity in the duties of citizens. *Saturday, January 12th:* Prayer for Home and Foreign Missions.—For missionaries, that they may be sustained in trials and prove efficient in labors; for heathens, Mohammedans and Israelites, that they may be won to Christ.

A Vigorous Prohibition Campaign in Maryland has been commenced by the Maryland State Temperance Alliance. It will be conducted by *George A. Hilton, Esq.*, of Washington, D. C., who will deliver a series of addresses in the various cities of the State during this and next month. Mr. Hilton is a powerful speaker, and his earnest Christian character and his activity in movements of an evangelistic and philanthropic nature have given him considerable influence in Maryland and Ohio. Mr. C. S. Mosher or Mr. William Daniell, of Baltimore, Md., would be glad to receive contributions toward defraying the expenses of the campaign, from which, under Mr. Hilton's management, very beneficial results are anticipated.

Mrs. M. F. Shipman, the Gospel Temperance evangelist from England, has been conducting revival services at Fall River, Mass., with signal tokens of God's blessing. She also held two Gospel Temperance meetings in the city, at which over two hundred persons put on the blue ribbon. Some of the converts had been the slaves of liquor for more than twenty years. Mrs. Shipman has been engaged since in leading a series of services in the Lexington Avenue M. E. Church, New York. She has received a cordial invitation to resume her labors at Fall River.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Negotiations Between France and China are now at a standstill. Since the capture of Sontay the French Government declines to treat for peace until Bac Ninh, the other stronghold of Annam, has surrendered. Respecting the fighting at Sontay a cable despatch says: "The most notable fact in general estimation is that it took four thousand out of the entire seven thousand Frenchmen two days' fighting, the loss of two hundred and thirty-three men, and the enormous proportion of thirteen officers killed or wounded to storm even the outworks. A resistance so determined is held, in spite of official denials, to prove the presence of Chinese regulars and the probability of a prolonged and perilous campaign." That the fight was a desperate one is evident from the fact that the conflagration caused by the French shells left the interior of the citadel a mere shell. The next movement to be made by Admiral Courbet will be against Hoang Hoa, where the forces which defended Sontay are reassembling. Rumors of English mediation are in circulation, but it is authoritatively stated that England will offer no mediation unless solicited to do so by China.

A Rising of Chinese Nihilists is Apprehended. The New York *Herald* publishes a despatch from its special correspondent in China dated Hong Kong, December 18th, in which he says: "Great excitement prevailed in Canton yesterday on the arrival of the American Presbyterian missionaries, Mr. Henry and Mr. White, with a native Christian preacher from Shekloong, about sixty miles east of Canton. During *a riot in that town* chapels were destroyed and many worshippers were seriously injured. The native preacher was also severely hurt. A Roman Catholic priest arrived later under military escort. The Canton nihilists are causing excitement by the circulation of rumors that large quantities of powder are concealed in the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Canton, and they threaten to blow the edifice down. It is a splendid building, of imposing height, and has ever been an eyesore to the Chinese. Quiet has been only maintained by the presence of gunboats and of the military in the city."

Details of the Massacre of Hicks Pasha and his troops have been obtained from a native, who was with the Egyptian army, and who was enabled to escape because of his black color and because he wore no uniform. He says that Hicks Pasha fought like a lion, and was the last officer to fall. The members of his staff fell in one group. After the battle one hundred and fifty soliders were found wounded. El Mahdi gave orders that none of the wounded should be ill-treated. The bodies of the European and Egyptian officers were decapitated, and *their heads fixed over the gate* of El Obeid. The Arabs resolved to erect a tomb for Hicks Pasha's body because of his great bravery. El Mahdi has forbidden that any injury shall be done to the artist sent with General Hicks as a representative of the London *Graphic*.

Prince Victor Napoleon whom the Late Prince Imperial made his heir, has declined an invitation to a banquet proffered by the French Bonapartists. He does not wish to obtrude himself in a case where his father's claims should be paramount. The Bonapartist journals say, however, that the Prince has no intention of disavowing his faithful friends, being inspired with the ideas of Napoleon III., and promising France, when the time comes, a strong and honest government which will protect the rights of democracy and conserve the interests of religious creeds. The statement seems rather unkind to the Prince. A man "inspired with the ideas of Napoleon III." would not be an acceptable ruler to the French people.

Serious and Extensive Labor Troubles have broken out in Europe. The cotton weavers of Lancashire, England, the miners in Yorkshire, and the iron workers in France have each a strike on their hands. In three Lancashire towns forty thousand looms are idle. The Yorkshire miners demand an advance of ten per cent in their wages. A general conference of miners was held at Manchester on December 27th for the purpose of organizing a universal strike unless the demands of the Yorkshire men are conceded. The strike agitation is spreading in the iron districts of the north of France, Lorraine and in other districts, and the furnaces in the upper valley of the Moselle have been blown out. A majority of the iron manufacturers in Lorraine are reducing the wages of their employés seven to ten per cent and limiting the number of workmen and the hours of labor.

The Burning of a Jewish Synagogue and schoolhouse in Galata, a suburb of Constantinople, on December 23d, is reported. The flames were first seen in the basement of the building, and spread with such rapidity as to prevent the majority of the children from escaping through the doors. Many were thrown or leaped from the upper windows into blankets held in the street below, and the majority of these were injured by the fall. Nineteen charred bodies have been recovered. Thirty persons altogether are missing. The directress of the school, seized with fright, threw herself from a window, and was killed on the spot.

The Movement for the Settlement of Jews in Palestine has now grown to some proportions and produced some tangible results. A Jewish colony, under Christian direction, was established in the Holy Land at the end of October, and there is also a London Committee, under the presidency of the Earl of Aberdeen, for providing homes for the refugees driven out of their settlements in Europe. Some five thousand acres of land have been purchased by the latter association about six hours' distance from Jerusalem, and it is intended to settle about forty families upon the purchase, each family receiving an allotment of land, a house, tools, seed, and stock.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Closed their Labors in another district in London on December 23d. As in other districts they remained two weeks at Stepney. On the last day of the services five immense meetings were held in the iron hall, and overflow meetings were conducted in Stepney Church and Beaumont Hall. An Associated Press cablegram, describing the mission, says: "The interest excited by the mission at Stepney is remarkable, as there it has reached lower classes of the population than heretofore. Fervent and crowded inquiry meetings have been held, and thousands of people have been converted. The attendance at the churches in Stepney has been largely increased. The mission services have been partially suspended until after the holidays, and will be resumed at Clapham, whither the iron mission hall will in the mean time be removed. From Clapham the evangelists will go to Stratford."

Mr. William Taylor, who is Laboring in Chili, recently gave the following account of his work in a letter to a friend: "We have in Chili, not to speak of other parts of South America, thirty-two missionary workers. We have under their training in day and Sunday-schools over five hundred young people, all natives of Chili, and about four-fifths of them Chilenos, the other fifth of English descent, but all speak the Spanish language. This may seem a roundabout way, but I believe it is the shortest way of access to the heads and hearts of the large masses of the people of these Roman Catholic nations on the line of Gospel evangelization. You can count on your fingers about all the Protestant preachers in South and Central America who can preach to the people in their own languages. The people who know the Spanish and Portuguese languages have not a saving knowledge of God, nor hence suitable qualifications to go forth as ministers of the word of life. No use to try to run the trains till the track is laid. So while we are learning these languages we are teaching hundreds of the young people who know them the knowledge of science and of salvation."

BLESSED PROMISES FOR DYING OUTCASTS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord; because they called thee an Outcast, saying, this is Zion, whom no man seeketh after."—JEREMIAH 30: 17.

Pearls Thrown Away in the Desert—Remedies for Those who Need Them—I. A Serious Plight—Spiritual Paralysis—Sin's Numbing Effects—Afterward Agonizing—The Disease Incurable by Man—Exceedingly Dangerous—Wounded of God—Bones Broken—II. A Special Interference—Divine and Effectual—Complete and Unconditional—III. A Singular Reason—The Outcast Called—IV. Suitable Advice—Live Near Your Physician—Be Often Examined—Take His Elixer Vitæ—Obey His Prescriptions—Speak Well of your Benefactor—The Overlaid Sermon.

THE promises of this verse will be exceedingly sweet to those who feel their personal need of them; but those who boast that they are neither sick nor wounded will take no interest in this comfortable word. Those who are charmed with themselves will see no charm in the beloved Physician. I have heard of certain hungry travellers, who were lost in the wilderness, and came upon a bag which they longingly hoped might yield them a seasonable supply of food. They were near to death's door by starvation, and eagerly opened the bag, but, alas! it contained

NOTHING BUT PEARLS,

which they poured out contemptuously upon the desert sand as things of no use to them. Even so, when a man is hungering and thirsting after the things of this life, and all his thoughts are taken up with carnal appetites, carnal sorrows, and carnal joys, he will reject as worthless the priceless promises of God, for he considers that they are of no immediate use to him. Let his hunger be of another sort, let his heart hanker after unsearchable riches, let his soul pine for eternal love, then are his views of things entirely changed, and to buy the pearl of great price he would gladly sell all that he has.

Oh, you that are sick at heart, here is a word for you from the God of all grace: Jehovah Rophi Himself says, "I will restore health unto thee." Oh, you that have felt the shafts of God pierce your inmost souls, here is a word from Him who healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds: "I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord." Here is music for your ear, honey for your mouth, comfort for your heart. But if you feel you have no sickness and no wound, no weakness and no spiritual need, then the words of sacred consolation will pass over your ear as a meaningless sound, having no voice for you. Neither shall we wonder at this, for the whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick; healthy men care not to hear of medicines and remedies, for they feel no need of them. This thins my audience, but improves it; for, while it drives away the conceited, it draws the needy to a more careful listening.

Our text describes *a serious plight*, mentions *a special interference*, and records *a singular reason* for that interference. When we have spoken upon each of these, we shall close by giving you *a suitable advice*. May the Spirit of God bless the discourse.

I. First, then, taken in connection with the verses which precede it, our text describes a class of men and women who are in

A SERIOUS PLIGHT.

These people suffer under two evils. First, they are sick through sin; for they need to have their health restored; and, secondly, they are wounded for their sin by the chastisements of the Lord, so that there is necessity for their wound to be healed. They are afflicted with the distemper of evil, and also by dismal disquietude of conscience. They have broken God's commandments, and now their own bones are broken. They have grieved their God, and their God is grieving them.

Let us carefully look at the first part of their

sad condition ; *they are sick with sin*, and that disease is one which, according to the fifth and sixth verses, brings great pain and trouble into men's minds when they come to their senses, and know their condition before God. At first, iniquity numbs the conscience, and its tendency is to sear it as with a hot iron. It may be compared to a stroke of paralysis, which, when it falls upon a man's body, takes away from him all pain, and makes him as one dead in the parts which it affects. But after a while, when the conscience is awakened by judgments, or aroused by God's word, then this disease ceases to stupefy, and becomes the source of intolerable pain. Believe me, there can be nothing in the world so terrible as to feel sin without feeling pardon ; to know yourself to be guilty, and not to know how to get the guilt removed. Conviction without faith is an earthly hell. Brethren, you have many of you felt it, and you know that death itself, if there were no hereafter, would be preferable to life under the pressure of guilt. If those who hear me are oppressed with the disorder of sin, they will rejoice greatly as they dwell upon the words of our text, "I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds."

This disease, moreover, is not only exceedingly painful when the conscience is smarting, but it is

ALTOGETHER INCURABLE,

so far as any human skill is concerned. We are told in the twelfth verse, "Thus saith the Lord, Thy bruise is incurable, and thy wound is grievous." It would be much easier to heal a man's body of leprosy than to heal a man's soul of sin. It is a disease which takes such fast hold upon the nature, and so entirely impregnates the mind with a deadly virus, that it abides in the very essence of manhood, and can only be removed by a miracle. It is far more possible for the Ethiopian to change his skin, or the leopard his spots, than for a man who is accustomed to do evil to learn to do well ; especially to love to do well, and find a pleasure in it. If this were a matter of custom, or practice only, it might be fought with and overcome, but inasmuch as it is a matter of nature, and the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint with it, no human power can possibly effect a cure. To those who know this there is a music sweeter than marriage-bells in these words, "I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds." The incurable shall be cured ; the insatiable malady shall be stayed.

What a disease this must be for which there is

NO PHYSICIAN,

since the direst forms of human disease have found each one its specialist, who has at least attempted to perform a cure ; but here is a sickness for which there is no physician. Bad men do not pretend to heal the disease of sin ; they do not even consider it to be a disease, and they care not to make men holy. Good men are very far from thinking that they can conquer sin in others, for they cannot even overcome it in themselves, and therefore they never set up to be physicians in such a case as this. No human hand can bind up this wound ; no earthly skill can touch this deeply-seated complaint ; it is past all mortal surgery.

This disease is

EXCEEDING DANGEROUS,

because it insinuates itself into the heart, and takes up its abode there. If apparently it be for a time driven out, it returns when we least expect it. Like the tree which is cut down, it will sprout again ; at the scent of water it will bud. It annoys us in every way ; it hinders our aspirations, for how to perform that which we would, we find not ; it robs us of comfort, and makes us groan, being burdened ; it enters into our holiest things, chills our prayers, freezes our praise, and hampers our usefulness. It is evil, only evil, and that continually. How gracious is it on God's part, to pity a creature infected with this vile distemper ! How good of Him to regard our iniquity rather as a sickness to be healed than as a crime to be punished !

I told you of a double mischief in this plight, and the second mischief is that this person *has been wounded for his sin*. His wounds are of no common sort, for we are told in the fourteenth verse that God Himself has wounded him. The Lord says, "I have wounded thee with the wound of an enemy, with the chastisement of a cruel one, for the multitude of thine iniquity ; because thy sins were increased." God in infinite mercy determines to make the sinner see and feel the evil consequences of his sin ; and in doing this He makes deep wounds, such as an enemy would give who felt no pity, but only wished to cause pain. The Lord knows that in this work slightness is of no avail, and therefore He strikes home, and cuts deep. He does not play with consciences, but His chastisement is so severe that men think Him cruel. Happy are the men who are thus made unhappy ; but this for the present they know not, and therefore they need the promise, "I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord."

The blows are not only on the conscience, but when God is in earnest to make men flee from their sins, He will

SMITE THEM ANYWHERE

and everywhere. He takes away the delight of their eyes with a stroke ; the child, the husband, the wife, or the friend is laid low ; for the Lord will fill our houses with mourning sooner than leave us in carnal security. He takes away the silver and the gold, for He will make us beggars sooner than leave us to worship the idols of the world. The oil vat is burst, and the barn is burned ; for He will not permit us to bury our souls in earthly things. He brings the body into sickness, and the mind into distress ; health departs, and the robust worker is stretched upon a sick bed ; he groans and moans under the hand of God. God is in all this smiting most cruelly, according to the short-sighted judgment of men ; but in very truth He is tender and gracious, and is working out the eternal good of the sufferers.

Surely, a man is in a wretched plight when he is diseased with sin, and then bruised by divine chastisement, but, it may be, he adds to this wounds inflicted by himself, for falls into sin are falls that break the bones. Many a man will have to go limping to his grave because of his transgressions. Doubtless David did so ; he never recovered what he lost when he sinned with Bathsheba. Much pain comes of broken bones, especially when you have broken them yourself, through your own folly. When you cannot trace an affliction to second causes, nor look upon it as an affliction from God, but when you hear conscience whisper, "Thou hast procured this unto thyself," then the wormwood is mixed with gall, and the suffering knows no solace.

Now, put these three things together—bones broken through thine own sin, God dealing with thee in the way of chastisement, and sin felt in the conscience like a grievous disease ; and I think I said not too much when I described the soul as in a serious plight. God help the man who is in such a case, for none else can. The comfort is that the Lord Jesus does help such, for so His gracious promise runs, "I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds." May the Holy Spirit bless this first head to many of you !

II. Our second consideration fitly falls under the title of

A SPECIAL INTERFERENCE.

The poor creature is in desperate dolor; but the God of pitying love comes in, and I beg you to notice the result.

This interference is, first of all, *divine*. "*I* will restore health unto thee, and *I* will heal thee of thy wounds." The infinite Jehovah alone can speak with that grand *Ego*, and say, "I will," and again, "I will." And who is this great "I" that speaks so exceeding boldly ? It is none other than He that made the heavens and the earth, and sustaineth all things by the power of His hand ; it is the "I AM," the everlasting Jehovah, whose word has boundless power in it. He appears in the moment of man's extremity, and when there is no helper, His own arm brings salvation. Blessed be the Lord who forgiveth all our iniquities, who healeth all our diseases.

Note, that since this interference is divine it is *effectual*. The Lord effectually heals all those on whom He lays His hand. How could it be otherwise ? Poor, troubled heart, where are you this morning ? Do you say, "Nobody can cure me ?" Thou sayest truly if thou wilt make one exception, and that exception is thy God. I tell thee He can heal thee now, so that the bones which He has broken shall rejoice. He can take away this disease of yours, and give you back wholeness as though your flesh were the flesh of a little child, and you shall be clean ; only have faith in Him. He that made you can make you anew. Do you believe this ?

Observe, that this interposition performs a work which is most *complete*, for it meets the twofold mischief. "I will restore health unto thee." That is a great matter. When a man grows healthy he can bear a wound or two without being too much overburdened ; but God does nothing by halves, for having restored health He then adds "I will heal thee of thy wounds." He will heal both disease and wound. Notice, too, how sovereignly *free* this promise is. It does not say, "I will restore health unto thee if—." No, there is no "if ;" and there is no mention of a fee. Here is healing for nothing. Jesus comes to give us health without money and without price, without pence or penance, without labor or merit. All manner of sin and of iniquity shall be forgiven unto men ; ay, and all tendencies to sin, and all taint of iniquity, shall be removed from men if they will trust the power and promise of the faithful Lord. Sinner, His touch can make thee clean at once. Trust thou that hand, I say, and the miracle shall be wrought.

III. But now I come to a third point, which is this—

A SINGULAR REASON.

"I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord ; *because they called thee an Outcast, saying, This is Zion, whom no man seeketh after.*" God never finds a reason for mercy in the sinner's supposed goodness. It often happens that when a transgressor has been put out of the synagogue Jesus finds him directly. When certain offenders happen to transgress in a particular way, which particular way is scouted and denounced by the bulk of ungodly people, then like so many hounds they unite to hunt the wretched being to death, but the Lord Jehovah interposes to save ; as if He would say, "Why do you this, ye hypocrites ? Wherefore do ye denounce those whose sins are no viler than your own ?" I believe the Lord Jesus often stands as He did with the woman taken in adultery, and cries, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Still He convicts men in their consciences, and still in sweetness of mercy turns to the poor, condemned one, and says, "Neither do I condemn thee ; go, and sin no more."

WHERE ARE YOU, POOR HUNTED SINNER ?

You are somewhere or other in the crowd, I know. They told you yesterday that they would never associate with you any more. You do not deny your wickedness ; still, it is not for your fellow-sinners to be hard with you, for they are not your judges. By faith take this promise to thyself : "I will restore health unto thee, because they called thee an outcast."

But this is not the full meaning of the text. I think it means that *God's jealousy is aroused* against those who despise His people, and speak ill of them. Whatever Zion might be, it was still the palace of God : however guilty Jerusalem might have become, it was still the holy city, the dwelling-place of the great King. It is one thing for a father to chasten his boy ; but if, when he is out in the streets, a stranger begins to kick him, his father declares that it shall not be. He arouses himself to defend his child, the same child that just now he smote so heav-

ily. A man might complain of his wife if she had vexed him, but I suppose the quickest way to put him in good temper with her would be for somebody else to find fault with her. "What business is that of yours?" says he; "I will not have my wife abused: no man shall speak against her in my presence." That is a fair parallel to the case of our God. He will chasten His people in measure, but the moment that their enemies call them outcasts He turns his anger another way and releases His people.

I always have great hope for the entire Church of Christ when the ungodly begin to rail and revile. They say, "Christianity has lost its power; the Church is an old effete institution; no people of culture and intelligence keep to the old book and the old faith. The religion of Jesus is a byword and a proverb among learned men." Therefore, I am confident that God will return to His Church, and magnify His truth. As surely as He lives He will give us bright days and glorious days, because they call His true Church an outcast, whom no man seeketh after. Appropriate the text personally any of you who have been made to feel that you are outcasts. One said to me the other day, talking of her sin, and of her repentance, "Yet, sir, I am an outcast." That word pierced my heart like a dagger. I said, "Yes, but the Church of Christ was made on purpose to be a home for outcasts: here is a new household for you, new brothers and sisters for you, a new future for you; for now you are one of the solitary ones whom the Lord will set in families."

IV. I am going to finish in the fourth place, by giving a little

SUITABLE ADVICE.

I will suppose that I have those before me who have felt their disease and their wound, and have been healed by the God of mercy. I would recommend them to attend to certain matters. The first thing is, *take care that you live very near your Physician.* I notice that patients come up from the country when they are suffering with serious complaints, and they take lodgings near a medical man who is in high esteem for such cases as theirs. They leave the comforts of home, and let their business go, because life is precious, and they need a helper close at hand. No one blames them for this; in fact, we count them wise; let us learn wisdom from their example.

Now, the Lord has healed your wound, and restored health to you, therefore abide in Him; never leave Him, nor live far away from Him, for this old disease of yours may break out on a sudden, and it will be well to have the Healer close at hand. It will be best to entertain Him constantly beneath your roof, and within your heart; for His presence is the wellspring of health to the soul.

I recommend you often to put yourself under His searching examination. Go to this great Physician, and ask Him to look into your hidden parts, to search you, and try you, and see what wicked way may be in you, that He may lead you in the way everlasting. A man may have a deadly disease upon him and scarcely be aware of it, because no skilled person has looked upon him, and observed his symptoms; and in spiritual things this is a common mischief, to which multitudes fall a prey. Invite, therefore, the eyes of the Lord Jesus, for in our most honest searches we miss much, and we are naturally prejudiced in our own favor, so that we are pretty sure to give a verdict on our own side; and this may lead to final and fatal self-delusion. If we intrust the search to Him whose eyes are as a flame of fire, we shall not be deceived.

I recommend you from personal experience to consult with this Doctor every day. It is a wise thing before you go down-stairs into the world's tainted atmosphere to take a draught of

HIS ELIXIR VITÆ,

in the form of renewed faith in Him. I am sure at night it is an admirable thing to purge the soul of all the perilous stuff which has accumulated through the day by full confession and renewed confidence.

Lay bare your case before Him; conceal nothing; beg of Him to deal with you according to His knowledge of your case. Make a clean breast that Christ may make a sure cure. Conceal no symptom however threatening, but tell Him all the truth. He cannot be deceived; do not attempt it, but unbosom every secret thing before His all-surveying gaze. Entreat Him to search both thoughts and affections, designs and motives. The ill may gather in secret places unless His discerning eye shall detect the growing danger, and prevent it by immediate action.

OBEY THE PRESCRIPTIONS.

Then I should very strongly recommend you always to obey the prescriptions of the great Healer. "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." Do not follow a part of His orders, and neglect the rest. The Lord Jesus must be received as a whole, or not at all. Say not "This is non-essential;" for such a speech is flat rebellion. I do not believe in any words of our Lord being non-essential. They may not be essential to our salvation, but every word of Christ is essential to our spiritual health; neither can we disregard the least of His precepts without suffering loss through our disobedience. Be very careful that you follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth; no other kind of walking is safe in such a world as this. Do what He bids you, as He bids you, and it shall be well with you.

Take care also to exercise great confidence in this Physician. Rely upon Him without stint or question. Your cure is working wondrously when you trust in Jesus heartily. Never doubt the Saviour's power to make you perfectly whole. Our Lord never can be baffled; though all diseases should meet in one person, He would overcome them all. Stick to this with unyielding assurance. Let not the devil force you to doubt the boundless power of your Lord. When our Lord Jesus set up to be a Saviour, He understood the work upon which He entered. His is no 'prenticed hand. He has never had a failure yet. Never did a soul trust Him for salvation and remain unsaved; and you shall not be the first to defeat His skill. Trust Him with all your heart. There is no cause to doubt. Distrust is what you have to fear; faith is your strength.

When you are healed, as I trust you are already, speak well of your Benefactor. Make a point of going round to your neighbors, if you find them sick, and telling them how you have been healed; thus will you make to your Lord a name of honor and renown. Tell out among all men what the Lord has done for you. I know you can tell them that story though you are no orator. When you were restored from sickness the other day, you were quite able to inform your friends as to that new medicine which acted like a charm, and you found a tongue to speak well of your doctor; and I am sure you have ability enough to declare the wonderful works of the Lord in your case. "Oh, but I could not embellish the tale!" Do not attempt to embellish it; for that would only spoil it. Tell the story as simply as possible.

I think it is of Mr. Cecil that I have read the following incident. A friend came from some distance to inform him of a medicine which was to relieve him of his disorder. This friend told him all about it, and having done so, entered into conversation upon the current matters of the day. The result was that Mr. Cecil was greatly interested in the talk, and when his friend was gone,

HE QUITE FORGOT

every ingredient of the wonderful medicine. Beware of allowing the many things to drive the one thing needful out of your friend's mind. When we preach fine sermons our hearers say, "That was prettily put. They do not so much notice what we taught as how we taught it; and this is a great evil. Even so if you go and talk about your salvation to your neighbor, and narrate it eloquently, she will say, "Mrs. So-and-so has been here, and told me about her conversion in such beautiful language; I do not know that I ever heard such elegant sentences; it was most delightful to hear her." What did she say? "I do not know what she said, but it was very beautiful." Thus many a sermon or Sunday-school address is overlaid and buried under its own robes.

Pity that those we seek to bless should be more taken up with our pretty words than with our adorable Master. I hope I have not this morning fallen into the evil which I lament. Lest I should have done so in any measure, I would make my text my banner, and display it again. The Lord has said, "I will restore health unto thee, and heal thee of thy wounds." I believed that word when I was sick and wounded, and "the Lord was ready to save me: therefore we will sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the days of our life in the house of the Lord."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

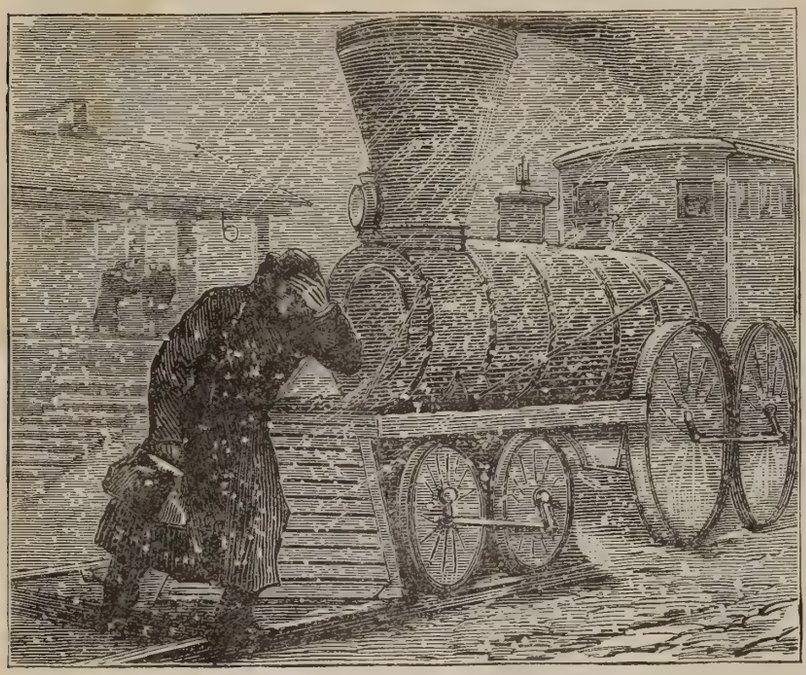
A MISSIONARY'S ESCAPE FROM DROWNING IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

(*See Illustration on next page.*)

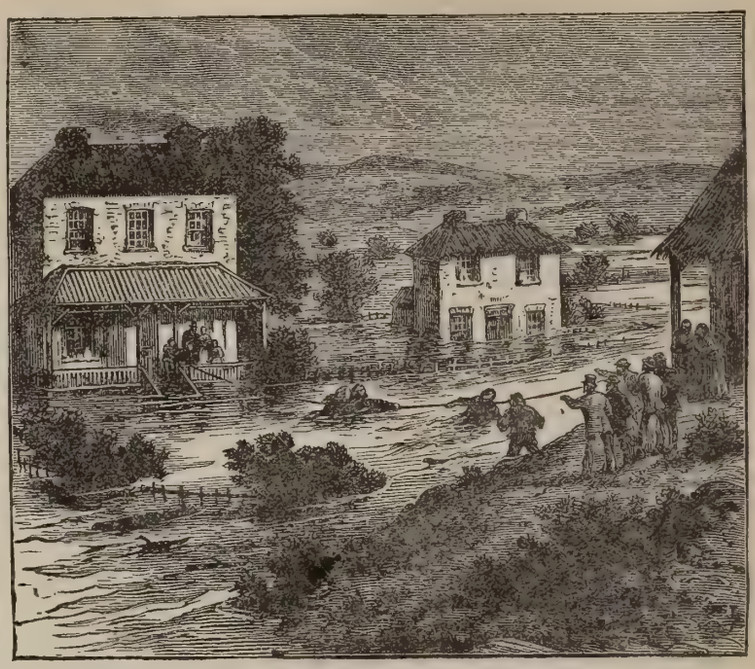
THE Hunter River enters the Pacific Ocean at Newcastle, the principal coal port of New South Wales, about sixty miles to the north of Sydney. In times of flood, vessels are frequently unable to make the port of Newcastle, but stand away to the north, and take shelter in the harbor of Port Stephens. The volume of water which the Hunter disgorges into the sea after heavy rains is immense.

The Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste, a missionary minister in Australia, says: "I have travelled various tributaries of the Hunter high up, and as far as any habitations of man extended, and seventy and eighty miles from the Hunter's mouth I have found its tributaries in times of heavy rains to be rolling floods of waters which no animal could cross. It is evident that immense bodies of water fall suddenly on the mountains, for you see *a river come rolling down unexpectedly in a compact body, some twelve or twenty feet in height*, a curious and impressive sight. This phenomenon is especially apt to occur after thunderstorms.

"Boats are then seen rowing over fences and fields, and going from farm to farm, to take from off the roofs of barns and houses adventurous settlers, who, for the sake of being very near the lands they cultivate, have built their premises on dangerously low spots. Guns are being fired in various directions, as signals of distress, and flags of a very extemporaneous character are being hoisted for the same purpose. In some places the currents are too rapid for boats to live. The waters have spread over a farm, the hut is surrounded, the family are huddled in it, the boat approaches, an inquiry is made, 'Shall we take you off?' 'No, we mean to see if it rises higher; we can take to the roof.' 'Well, we'll have an eye on you as well as we can;' and the boat rows away. People do not like to leave their little property, and so incur great danger by remaining. By and by the whole family, little children, and cats, and all are seen seated on the roof. All farms should have good boats, but very few have any, and all men are not good rowers, or rowers at all, if they had boats. So, what with the absence of boats, inability to row or swim, perilous delays, insecure foundations to buildings, rapidly-rising waters, and rapidly-running currents, he must be indeed an obtuse observer of the workings of Divine providence who does not discern in the small amount of loss of life which takes place an evidence that 'the Lord sitteth upon the flood;



Tragic Fulfilment of a Dream.



A Missionary's Escape from a Flood.

yea, the Lord sitteth King forever' (Psalm 29: 10).

"The Rev. Benjamin Chapman, with his family, occupied a house in West Maitland, twenty-four years ago. The flood from which himself and family experienced the merciful deliverance *illustrated in the engraving on this page*, had been threatening during rainy weather, which had continued for some considerable time. The house was situated on low ground, with low ground on three sides, and Hunter River on the fourth. On the occasion of this flood, the river overflowed its banks, and the building became *isolated*, with the water rapidly rising toward the house. By divine mercy, however, a rope of sufficient dimensions and strength was procured, which was so fixed across the dangerous current as to enable the strong and willing arms which were at hand to rescue the whole family. The water had already reached the veranda when help arrived.

THE TRAGIC FULFILMENT OF A DREAM.

THE illustration on the left of this page depicts a tragic incident related some time since in the columns of the St. Louis *Christian Advocate*. It appears that the Rev. C. C. Showers, of Bloomington, Ind., while on his way to Indianapolis and several points in Ohio, left the cars at Greencastle for a brief call. On returning to the depot to resume his journey, he had to cross the track just at the double depot. He thought his train was coming beyond the platform, and *was walking with his hand to his face as a shield from the snow storm*. It proved the down train from New Albany; and, owing to the escaping steam from a near engine, he did not hear the train, and stepped on the track immediately in front of the slowing engine. He saw his danger, and turned suddenly with his back to the train, but in his bewilderment had not time to leap before the iron guard struck him. He was carried thirty-eight feet, caught under the wheels, and *crushed to death*. He lived a few minutes, but never spoke.

But here is the remarkable part of the tragic affair. On Saturday night, two days before he set out, while at his home, he had an impressive dream which awoke him. He told his wife, and at early morn went to one of his sons, and related it to him and others.

He dreamed that he suddenly died, and a guide escorted him among high mountains until they came to a deep ravine and large cave, into which a great throng of wretched people were entering. As each one entered and was ordered to advance, he fell on his knees and begged for mercy, but a deep and solemn voice would say, "It is too late, too late, too late," repeating thrice to each. His guide told him this was the entrance to hell, and they who entered were worldly church members, and that the fault was owing to the preachers, who preached more to please than to save souls. The guide told him that was not his doom, and that he would soon take him to his heavenly home.

He was so impressed with this strange, vivid vision, that he spent all day Sabbath reconsecrating himself to God. On Monday he was to start on his trip, and did so. He took an affectionate farewell of his family, feeling convinced he would never see them again in this world. About five o'clock that evening his son received the telegram telling of the good minister's death.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

By Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D.

The Angels of Memory and Hope—A Beneficial Review of the Past—Comparison of Purposes with Results—Study Your Failures—Distinction in Failures—Why You have Failed—Examination of Proposed Work—Personal Fitness—Proposed Methods—A School a Worldly Success, but an Unchristian Thing—Farewell and Hail.

STANDING between the angels Memory and Hope, I salute you most cordially, in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Memory holds up to us the actualities of the closing year, while Hope portrays to us the possibilities of the opening year. Memory is a historian, Hope is a prophet. A careful and prayerful study of history often prepares a Christian worker to fulfil the predictions of hope. It may be well to look backward before we look forward. It will be profitable to give some space of time for study in your closets of all that you have done in Sunday-school work, in the year just closed. Let me ask you to do this work carefully. It is a bad habit to make a superficial survey of any portion of your life, and take therefrom vague notions of what were your motives and methods, and

WHAT WERE THE RESULTS.

If you have been faithful and interested in your work you must have preserved some records, which will enable you with some degree of accuracy to estimate your labors. You ought to be able to tell how often you have been in the Sunday-school; how often at the teachers' meeting; how many children you have instructed in school; how many you have interested at their homes; with how many parents of your scholars you have formed a personal acquaintance; how many of your scholars have become members of the visible Church; how many have grown more learned in Scripture; how much time have you devoted to the study of the lessons, and whether your interest in your work has increased or diminished. Before making such a review, go back to the beginning of the year and recall your purposes, plans, and resolutions, and compare the actualities with your first intentions.

STUDY YOUR FAILURES

first. It is always a good rule to drink first the bitter, and then the sweet—to do work first, and take rest afterward: the cross should always precede the crown. Now let each one ask himself before God, In what have I failed?

That word "fail" may have two senses. You may not have accomplished what you intended, and, in this sense, may have failed; but not succeeding in accomplishing your intentions a very great spiritual good may have come to you, or your scholars, or both; so that in the good results for which we work, it may not have been counted as a failure. It may, therefore, be well to ask yourself what you desired to do, and still considered desirable to have done, which, nevertheless, miscarried. It may have been to correct some serious fault in the character of some one of your scholars. You exerted yourself thereunto, and the fault still remains. It may have been to acquire for yourself some additional capability, some new talent for teaching; and, as yet, you are without it. It may have been your intention to become intensely interested in the salvation of the souls of your scholars, and yet you are compelled, at the end of the year, to acknowledge that you are still performing your duties in a perfunctory style.

Why have you failed? You have had the three hundred and sixty-five days. You have had the Word of God: You have had the Holy Spirit. You have been growing older, more experienced, and nearer the termination of your work each week. Why have you failed? Are you sure, absolutely sure, that that failure was due to causes which could not be removed by God's gracious providence or Holy Spirit?

All you can gather from the past will be such lessons as shall assist you in the future. You cannot go back to correct a single misspelled word, or explain a single sentence, or tear out a single leaf from that book of record, which has gone up for you into eternity. That very fact should help you to gird up the loins of your mind, and be ready for the great future. If you

repeat in the coming year the faults of the last, they may become habitual with you: and mere sentimental sighing and weeping at the close of each year, over its follies, will be of no benefit to you, unless the succeeding year shall see those follies avoided.

In making your

EXAMINATION OF THE WORK

which you propose to do in the coming year, begin with yourself. Why are you engaged in the Sunday-school work? Is it because you have nothing to do? Is it mere pastime? Is it because it is the fashion of persons in your position and in your neighborhood to become Sunday-school workers? Is it because you are pleased to have the company of your co-workers, or to be in the excitement attendant upon the gatherings necessary to carry on Sunday-school work? Of what manner of spirit are you? Have you a sense of your own salvation? The solitary object of Sunday-school labor is to bring scholars to salvation. On that road their little hearts will suffer under keen conviction of the sinfulness of their nature, and from an intense desire to find the Saviour. They will have distressing doubts and tormenting apprehensions. They will

A Son's Futile Journey.

NEED A LEADER.

Have you ever been profoundly convinced of the sinfulness of your own nature? Have you ever had your own soul held in such near contrast with the immaculate Spirit of the Holy God that a sense of your own sinfulness has made you exclaim, How I abhor myself! Have you ever reached the point when you felt that you must have a Saviour, not simply some one to keep you from falling into destruction, but some one to pluck you as a brand from the burning? Have you found that Saviour in Jesus, and that salvation in the blood of the everlasting atonement?

If not, what have you to do with teaching in the Sunday-school, the whole intent of which is the conversion of the scholars? If you have a sense and surety of your own personal and present salvation, you can go among your little ones radiantly preaching the sufficiency of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But if you have never found your way to the cross, the immortal spirits of the little ones committed to your care will cry to you in vain for guidance. You will go to them in spiritual darkness and heaviness. You will be able to bear no witness for the Saviour. You will be a stumbling-block to these very children. If you are unconverted they will naturally feel that they may remain unconverted; and all the more pleasing and captivating your manners, all the more marked will be the ensample of your irreligion. You will not know, by the manner in which the fire began to burn in your bones, how to kindle the flames of conviction in the souls of your scholars. You will not know from the example of a powerful and tender Saviour how to treat your scholars, so that in no case you shall break the bruised reed, in no case quench the smoking flax.

When this spirit of perfect consecration shall have come upon you, it will hold you to a thorough examination of all

YOUR METHODS.

It will not take any spring out of your spirits, any elasticity out of your intellect. But it will give you the discriminating eye to see what influences in school management, in all its departments of spirituality, savor of the influence of Christ, and what do not. It is possible for a Sunday-school to be an utterly worldly and unchristian thing. The Bible may be a text-book, and Gospel hymns the substance of song, and yet, in every department there may be a reliance on the power of the human intellect without the aids of the Holy Ghost; a reliance upon human exertion without the inspiration of God; and culture of the social elements without regard to spiritual growth. The reading may come to be as fine as elocution can make it, and the singing spirited, until it shall draw crowds, such crowds as shall surpass the gatherings of the negro minstrels; and yet the whole school may be an entire failure. Æsthetical culture may be brought out of the poetry of the Bible, and improvement of the logical understanding produced by the arguments of the Bible, and large learning gathered in illustration of the Bible, and such musical talent developed that the brightest lights in the constellation of the opera may come from the musical stars of the Sunday-school. In such a case, if not a single soul among the scholars has come to a sense of its natural need of a Saviour, and come to perceive that Jesus Christ is that Saviour, and come to an enjoyment of a faith which appropriates all the blessings of that salvation to itself, is not such a school a worldly thing, a failure? In some social graces teachers and scholars may have improved without having received the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, which bringeth salvation.

If you are filled with a living sense of Christ's sufficiency, and are daily delighted in the enjoyment of His salvation, you will have unutterable longings to convey the same to your scholars, and to all the persons engaged in the Sunday-school. Your school will no longer be a weekly in-doors picnic, under the name of religion; but it will be a company of men and women and children, swimming in the stream, struggling for the shore, helping one another.

You will perceive, my beloved co-workers, that I have not presumed to enter upon details of methods of teaching and of management. It is becoming that such suggestions should be offered by those who are more closely and actively engaged in work. The simple intent of this appeal has been to hold you a few moments at the door which opens upon the next year, and bow down with you before the Father of our spirits in solemn supplication, that in the temper of our Master we may all rise, and, as the door shall open, enter upon the great duties, the prodigious responsibilities, and the solemn joys of the next year. With fervent love for you, and with a high and keen appreciation of the value of your services, with a certain knowledge of the sacrifices many of you are making, and in the belief that the future has grander things for the Sunday-school than has been vouchsafed to it in the past—sentiments which I share with ten thousand other pastors — in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, I stand between the going and the coming year and salute you:

FAREWELL, AND HAIL.

POVERTY'S PREY.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page* 830.)

SUMMARY OF THE STORY.

[DAVID FELL, the son of a poor widow, a laundress in London, depressed by the spectacle of his mother and sister wanting food and clothing, and being unable to obtain employment, goes away into the villages to beg. He is arrested as a vagrant and carried before a judge, who, believing a policeman's false statement that the boy has been in prison before, sentences him to three months' imprisonment. On his release and return home, he becomes involved in a dispute with a pawnbroker who had cheated his mother, and is again sent to prison. While he is there Mrs. Fell dies, and her daughter Bess is befriended by an old pedler, Euclid, and his daughter Victoria. Blackett, a habitual thief living in the same tenement house, sets his son Roger to steal Euclid's savings. Roger is arrested, and on the intercession of Euclid is sent by the judge to the training ship, instead of to prison. Mr. Dudley, a friend of juvenile criminals, visits Euclid, and to save him from the persecution of Blackett secretly removes him and his daughter Victoria and Bess to the boarding house of Mrs. Linnett in another part of the city. Meanwhile David Fell, released from prison, returns home, and finding his mother dead and his sister in hiding, accepts Blackett's assistance, and becomes a common thief. Unexpectedly he and his sister meet on London Bridge and recognize each other.]

Reformation and Punishment.

BESS started, in a tremor of hope and gladness. It was David's voice—his whom she had sought for in vain ever since she had lost him!

"Davy!" she cried.

"Ay!" he said.

Then there was a silence. What could they say to one another? There seemed a great gulf between them.

"Davy," said Bess at last, though falteringly, "you must come home with me."

"No," he answered sorrowfully, "I'll never spoil your life, little Bess. You're all right, I see. You've not gone wrong, and I'll never come across you. I'm very glad I've seen you once again; but I didn't try. Bess, I'd ha' been very proud of you if things had happened different."

"Where do you live now?" asked Bess, let-

ting her hand fall upon his greasy sleeve for a moment, but as quickly removing it, with a girlish disgust.

"I live off and on with Blackett," he answered. "I've got no other friend in the world; and sometimes he's good enough, and sometimes he's 'ragious. Bess," and he lowered his voice again to a whisper, "I were in jail again last winter!"

"O Davy! Davy!" she moaned.

"Ay!" he went on. "It's the only home I've got, except the workhouse; and jail's the best. So I must keep away from you, or I'd do you harm. Don't you tell me where you live, or I'd be a-comin' to look at you sometimes; and it 'ud do you harm, little Bess, and do me no good."

"Oh, if Mr. Dudley 'ud only come by!" Bess cried.

"Who's Mr. Dudley?" asked David.

"He'd find you somewhere to go to, and honest work to do," she answered, "I know he would; and you'd grow up into a good man yet, like father."

"A good man like father!" he repeated. "No, I couldn't now; I've grown to like it. I like drink and games, and things as they call wickedness. I can't never be anythink but a thief. There's good folks like you and mother and father; but I've been drove among wicked folks like Blackett, and I can never be like you no more. Mother was a good woman; and what did she come to? Why, she died o' clemming; Blackett's alway a-sayin' so, and he's right there. But she couldn't keep me out o' jail; and I belong to bad folks now."

"O Davy! Davy!" wailed Bess.

"Good-by, little Bess!" he said very mournfully. "I don't want ever to see you again. If Blackett was to see you now! No, no, Bess! you and me are parted forevermore. If there's a hell, I'm goin' to it; and, if there's a heaven, you're goin' to it! So good-by, Bess!"

"Oh! why doesn't Mr. Dudley come by?" cried Bess again, not knowing what to do. For, if David was living with Blackett, she must hide from him where Euclid and Victoria had found shelter from their old enemy. How could she take David home, or even tell him where it was, if that would bring danger to them?

"Why did they send me to jail, and send Roger to school?" said David with bitterness. "It isn't fair. He'd stole money, and I'd only been a beggin' for mother. They didn't give me no chance; and Roger'll get taught everythink. Nobody can help me now. I'm not sixteen yet, and I've been three times in jail; and nobody ever taught me how to get a livin' till I went to jail. And what's the use o' learnin' any trade *in jail?* Nobody'll take you on when they know where you've been. Father was a good man, and he'd not ha' been willin' to work side by side with a jail-bird. It stands to reason, Bess. So I can never get free from bad folks—never again,"

"What must I do?" cried Bess, weeping, and pressing his arm between both her hands. "O Davy! I can't let you go; but I mustn't take you home with me. What am I to do?"

"Well! only kiss me once," he answered, "just once, and let me go. You can't do nothink for me; it's too late! I'm bad, and a thief now; and all I've got afore me is jail, jail! I wouldn't like to spoil your life for you, little Bess. Don't say where you live; don't! It 'ud be too hard for me some day, and I might come after you, and spoil your life. Don't forget Davy. Kiss me, Bess! kiss me just once, and let me go!"

She lifted up her pretty, girlish face to him with lowered eyelids and quivering mouth; and he pressed his hot, feverish lips upon it. Then he suddenly wrenched his arm from her grasp, and, running very swiftly, was lost to her sight in a few moments amid the crowd always crossing London Bridge.

Why had not Mr. Dudley crossed London Bridge at the time when he was so sorely needed? He asked himself this question with a sharp sense of disappointment and defeat. It was his custom frequently of an evening to go there, and see the sunset on the river; but this day he had felt too busy to go. Some trifling task, which could have been done at any other hour, had hindered him from attaining an end which he had kept steadily before him ever since he had heard David's history.

He had made every effort to trace David, but had utterly failed hitherto; but the story Bess told, with many tears, brought fresh hope to him. Bess had seen and spoken with him, and learned that he was living with Blackett. There would be less difficulty in tracking out Blackett, who had made himself notorious for many years, than in finding David, whose downward career of vice and crime was but lately begun.

The next day was to be a great and memorable day in the lives of both Victoria and Bess. They had been thinking and dreaming of it for weeks. Mr. Dudley was going to take them down the river to the ship Cleopatra, where Roger had been in training for a seaman during the last eighteen months. He had been a troublesome lad at first, cunning and idle, yet with a germ of good in him, which had turned toward David's mother, and had fastened upon her honesty as a quality to be loved and imitated. There had been a careful, kindly, and sympathetic care taken of him by the officers on the Cleopatra; and both idleness and cunning had been conquered. To allow him to return to a land life in London would have been probably to doom him, like David Fell, to a course of guilt which must lead him to the workhouse or the jail. His life would be given to England in aiding to carry her commerce to foreign shores.

The sunrise was as splendid as the sunset had been the night before. Euclid, as he started off to market, called to Victoria out of the street that it was the finest morning of all the year; and, long before the right time for starting, Bess and Victoria were down on London-bridge Pier waiting for Mr. Dudley's arrival. When he came, Bess pointed out to him the exact spot where she had met David last night, and a cloud shadowed her bright face for a few minutes; but it passed away gradually as the vessel steamed off, and carried her out of sight of the bridge.

A number of people on the steamer were bound for the Cleopatra; for it was the yearly *fête* day, and a real lord and lady were to be present to give away the prizes. They could see the ship, long before they reached it, standing out clearly against the deep blue of the summer sky, with banners and streamers flying from every mast and along every line of rigging. A boat, manned by Cleopatra boys, was waiting at the landing-stage, to carry the visitors across to the ship—sunburnt, healthy, bright-eyed lads in navy blue, looking already like real seamen. One of the biggest of them, as he saw Bess staring about her every way except in his direction, gave a gladsome little shout to call her eyes toward him. It was Roger.

From that moment Bess seemed to see nothing but Roger, so tall he had grown, so strong and bright. His face had lost its scared and sulky look, and smiled whenever he caught her gaze as he bent over his oar, and pulled away, with the other lads, to the ship's side. Roger helped her up the ladder, and made her promise not to go anywhere till he had finished his turn of rowing to and fro to the landing-stage, and was ready to guide her over the Cleopatra himself. She and Victoria stood looking over the gunwale at the gay little boats flitting about; while the ship's banners and streamers fluttered overhead, and a band of music, played by other boys, sounded joyously from the deck, as boat-load after boat-load of friends and visitors boarded the ship. Bess clasped Victoria's hand very tightly, but she could not speak.

Every steamer brought fresh guests, and the trips to the landing-stge were very numerous; but after a while Roger was at liberty to take Bess triumphantly over the Cleopatra, priding himself on the knowledge he had of a hundred things, of which she knew nothing. Beneath the main-deck the yearly banquet was spread on long narrow tables, profusely decorated with flowers and fruit, and displaying more glass and china than Bess had ever dreamed of. But Roger did not linger there.

There was the forecastle to be shown, and the cabins, and the schoolroom, and the boys' sleeping-berths, where Roger hung up his hammock, and leaped into it, curled himself up in it, and leaped out of it, with an agility which amazed Bess. Above deck were the masts and the rigging and the shrouds and boats; and Bess must be told the use of them, and see Roger climbing barefoot, as swiftly as a monkey, till he shouted her name at a giddy height above her, and, loosing his hands from the mast, held on by his feet only, to her great agony and dread. And the sun that day shone as Bess had never known it shine before, and the soft winds played about her face, bringing a deeper color to her cheeks; and, but for one heavy sorrow in her inmost heart, she would have been perfectly happy.

Bess and Victoria and Roger had a pleasant little lunch of biscuit and cheese under a hatchway by themselves while the banquet was going on below. After that was over, the prizes were to be given; and, behold! Roger had won some of these prizes, and had to step forward before all the crowd of guests and shipmates—very proud, yet very shamefaced—to receive them from the hands of the real lord! A hearty cheer rang in his ears as he returned to Bess to show her what he had won; and she saw the tears in his eyes for an instant, though he wiped them away quickly, and cheered the next boy with all his might and strength.

Then there came a number of exercises; and the Cleopatra seemed all alive with brisk lads reefing and furling the sails, running races up the rigging to the mast-head, splicing and knotting ropes, drilling, and a variety of wonderful performances, in which Roger was distinguishing himself, while Bess looked on as if she could gaze forever. Could this indeed be Roger, the dirty, slouching, miserable boy, who used to creep out of his father's sight into her mother's room? Was he the frightened thief who had stolen Euclid's hoard of money, and who had been saved from jail by Euclid's earnest pleading? Or was she dreaming a splendid dream, which would fade away as soon as she awoke?

Victoria enjoyed this red-letter day to the full as much as Bess, though she sat still more, and looked most at the deep blue of the sky, and the sparkling of the swift river, and the green meadows sloping down to its margin. She had grown stronger; but she would always be a small and delicate woman, not fit for rough work. Mr. Dudley had been very busy from the moment he had set his foot on board; but, when the exercises began, he came to sit down beside her for a little while, thinking to himself how serious, yet tranquil, her pale face was, and what a quiet smile dwelt in her eyes.

"Anything the matter, Victoria?" he asked.

"I'm only thinking, sir," she answered. "I got used to thinkin' when father was away all day, and I was left alone, before you knew us."

"And what are you thinking of?" he inquired.

"Does it cost more to keep Roger here than to keep David in jail?" she asked, turning her serious face to him.

"Jails cost more than training-ships," he answered.

"Roger'll know how to get his own livin'," she went on. "And he'll marry a wife, and keep her and his children decent; and he'll never cost anybody no more. But David! I'm thinkin' how he told Bess there's no hope for him now. And, oh! he was so much better than Roger to start with. There was no more harm in him than in Bess then. She'd have turned out bad if you hadn't found us out in time—all through Roger stealing that money."

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC FOR 1884.

JANUARY.

1	Tu	My presence shall go with thee. Ex. 33 : 14.
2	W	Take unto you the whole armour of God.
3	Th	Bear ye one another's burthens. Gal. 6 : 2.
4	F	He shall strengthen your heart. Ps. 31 : 24.
5	S	Ask, and it shall be given you. Matt. 7 : 7.
6	S	Be thou in the fear of the Lord.
7	M	Ye have not, because ye ask not. Jas. 4 : 2.
8	Tu	In all thy ways acknowledge Him. Prov.
9	W	Ye cannot serve God and mammon. [3 : 6.
10	Th	Christ shall give thee light. Eph. 5 : 14.
11	F	Come unto me. Matt. 11 : 28.
12	S	Fear not ; I will help thee. Isa. 41 : 13.
13	S	Let us not be weary in well doing.
14	M	God is our refuge and strength. Ps. 46 : 1.
15	Tu	His mercy endureth for ever. Ps. 118 : 1.
16	W	Be blameless and harmless. Phil. 2 : 15.
17	Th	Lo, I am with you alway. Matt. 28 : 20.
18	F	Judge not, that ye be not judged. Matt.
19	S	I will strengthen thee. Isa. 41 : 10. [7 : 1.
20	S	Trust in the Lord with all thine heart.
21	M	Do all to the glory of God. 1 Cor. 10 : 31.
22	Tu	Be clothed with humility. 1 Pet. 5 : 5.
23	W	Strive to enter in at the strait gate.
24	Th	Serve him in truth with all your heart.
25	F	Now the God of peace be with you. Rom.
26	S	The Lord upholdeth all that fall. [15 : 23.
27	S	Be strong, for I am with you. Hag. 2 : 4.
28	M	Ye are not your own. 1 Cor. 6 : 19.
29	Tu	The Lord shall preserve thee. Ps. 121 : 7.
30	W	Love not the world. 1 John 2 : 15.
31	Th	Glorify God in your body. 1 Cor. 6 : 20.

FEBRUARY.

1	F	The Lord shall guide thee continually.
2	S	Seek the Lord and His strength. Ps. 105 : 4
3	S	God shall wipe away all tears. Rev. 7 : 17.
4	M	Fear not . . . be strong. Zech. 8 : 13.
5	Tu	I will go before thee. Isa. 45 : 2. [4.
6	W	There is no Saviour beside Me. Hos. 13 :
7	Th	All things are possible to him that believ-
8	F	The Lord thy God is with thee. [eth.
9	S	Help cometh from the Lord. Ps. 121 : 2.
10	S	Ask, and it shall be given you. Matt. 7 : 7.
11	M	The Lord is merciful and gracious.
12	Tu	Remove thy foot from evil. Prov. 4 : 27.
13	W	He giveth power to the faint. Isa. 60 : 29.
14	Th	It is the spirit that quickeneth. John 6 : 63.
15	F	Ye are the light of the world. Matt. 5 : 14.
16	S	Walk as children of light. Eph. 5 : 8.
17	S	Trust in the Lord, and do good. Ps. 37 : 3.
18	M	He shall cover thee with His feathers.
19	Tu	He healeth the broken in heart. Ps. 147 : 3.
20	W	The Lord is with you. 2 Chron. 15 : 2.
21	Th	Judge righteous judgment. John 7 : 24.
22	F	**Washington's Birthday.** [21.
23	S	Keep yourselves in the love of God. Jude
24	S	Be ye doers of the word. Jas. 1 : 22.
25	M	He died for all. 2 Cor. 5 : 15.
26	Tu	He was wounded for our transgressions.
27	W	If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.
28	Th	Walk worthy of God. 1 Thess. 2 : 12.
29	F	Let not your heart be troubled. John 14 : 1.

MARCH.

1	S	With God all things are possible. [15.
2	S	To-day, if ye will hear His voice. Heb. 3 :
3	M	This is the way, walk ye in it. Isa. 30 : 21.
4	Tu	He shall fight for you. Deut. 1 : 30.
5	W	Follow after righteousness. 1 Tim. 6 : 11.
6	Th	The Lord is thy keeper. Ps. 121 : 5. [4.
7	F	Ye have not resisted unto blood. Heb. 12 :
8	S	Trust in Him at all times. Ps. 62 : 8.
9	S	The Lord is a strong tower. Prov. 18 : 10.
10	M	Serve Him in sincerity. Josh. 24 : 14.
11	Tu	Take hold of My strength. Isa. 27 : 5.
12	W	Rejoice in the Lord alway. Phil. 4 : 4.
13	Th	Wash you, make you clean. Isa. 1 : 16.
14	F	Be of good courage. Ps. 31 : 24. [2 : 7.
15	S	The Lord give thee understanding. 2 Tim.
16	S	Let the word of Christ dwell in you.
17	M	In the furnace of affliction. Isa. 48 : 10.
18	Tu	The Lord is with you. 2 Chron. 15 : 2.
19	W	Trust in the living God. 1 Tim. 4 : 10.
20	Th	His own self bare our sins. 1 Pet. 2 : 24.
21	F	Who loved me. Gal. 2 : 20.
22	S	God is with you. Zech. 8 : 23.
23	S	Let us lift up our heart unto Heaven. [8.
24	M	Every one that asketh, receiveth. Matt. 7 :
25	Tu	In the world ye shall have tribulation.
26	W	Behold, I send an angel before thee. Ex.
27	Th	Put on the new man. Eph. 4 : 24. [23 : 20.
28	F	Love the truth and peace. Zech. 8 : 19.
29	S	Be thou faithful unto death. Rev. 2 : 10.
30	S	With the Lord there is mercy. Ps. 130 : 7.
31	M	The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.

APRIL.

1	Tu	Be ye kind one to another. Eph. 4 : 32.
2	W	Hate evil, and love good. Amos 5 : 15.
3	Th	I will instruct thee. Ps. 32 : 8.
4	F	Seek first the kingdom of God. Matt.
5	S	Draw nigh to God. Jas. 4 : 8. [6 : 33.
6	S	The gift of God is eternal life. Rom. 6 : 23.
7	M	Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Luke
8	Tu	The Lord is good. Nahum 1 : 7. [16 : 13.
9	W	The Father Himself loveth you. John 16 :
10	Th	Seek, and ye shall find. Matt. 7 : 7. [27.
11	F	**Good Friday.** It is finished. John 19 :
12	S	Christ hath redeemed us. Gal. 3 : 13. [30.
13	S	**Easter Sunday.** I am the way. [1.
14	M	Boast not thyself of to-morrow. Prov. 27 :
15	Tu	He hath chosen us in Him. Eph. 1 : 4.
16	W	My words shall not pass away. Matt. 24 :
17	Th	Be sober, be vigilant. 1 Pet. 5 : 8. [35.
18	F	The God of Jacob defend thee. Ps. 20 : 1.
19	S	He is our peace. Eph. 2 : 14.
20	S	As thy days, so shall thy strength be.
21	M	Trust in the Lord. Ps. 115 : 10.
22	Tu	Live peaceably with all men. Rom. 12 : 18.
23	W	I will deliver you. Isa. 46 : 4. [3 : 16.
24	Th	The Lord of peace give you peace. 2 Thess.
25	F	Pray without ceasing. 1 Thess. 5 : 17.
26	S	Rise ; He calleth thee. Mark 10 : 49.
27	S	His mercy endureth for ever. Ps. 136 : 5.
28	M	God is a Spirit. John 4 : 24.
29	Tu	I am the light of the world. John 8 : 12.
30	W	Watch and pray. Mark 13 : 33.

MAY.

1	Th	I am thy shield. Gen. 15 : 1.
2	F	Love your enemies. Matt. 5 : 44.
3	S	Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.
4	S	Be blameless, . . . just, holy. Tit. 1 : 7, 8.
5	M	Ye are bought with a price. 1 Cor. 7 : 23.
6	Tu	He will be our guide. Ps. 48 : 14.
7	W	Let us consider one another. Heb. 10 : 24.
8	Th	Set your affection on things above. Col. 3 : 2
9	F	The love of Christ constraineth us.
10	S	Be renewed in the spirit of your mind.
11	S	See that ye love one another. 1 Pet. 1 : 22.
12	M	Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ.
13	Tu	Keep thy tongue from evil. Ps. 34 : 13.
14	W	Cast thy burden upon the Lord. Ps. 55 : 52.
15	Th	Himself took our infirmities. Matt. 8 : 17.
16	F	I know thy works. Rev. 2 : 2.
17	S	Seek good, and not evil. Amos 5 : 14.
18	S	He satisfieth the longing soul. Ps. 107 : 9.
19	M	Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?
20	Tu	When I fall, I shall arise. Micah 7 : 8.
21	W	I will deliver him. Ps. 91 : 15.
22	Th	Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.
23	F	Blessed are the merciful. Matt. 5 : 7.
24	S	Love worketh no ill. Rom. 13 : 10.
25	S	In whom we have redemption. Eph. 1 : 7.
26	M	Depart from evil, and do good. Ps. 34 : 14.
27	Tu	The grace of God that bringeth salvation.
28	W	Swear not at all. Matt. 5 : 34. [Tit. 2 : 11.
29	Th	Awake, thou that sleepest. Eph. 5 : 14.
30	F	**Decoration Day.** Till he come. 1 Col.
31	S	Why are ye so fearful? Mark 4 : 40. [11 : 26

JUNE.

1	S	**Whit Sunday.** Fret not thyself.
2	M	Render to all their dues. Rom. 13 : 7.
3	Tu	Abhor that which is evil. Rom. 12 : 9.
4	W	He will swallow up death in victory.
5	Th	He maketh sore, and bindeth up. Job 5 : 18.
6	F	The Lord of Hosts is with us. Ps. 46 : 11.
7	S	A gracious God and merciful. Jonah 4 : 2.
8	S	See that ye walk circumspectly. Eph. 5 :
9	M	I am the Lord thy God. Isa. 43 : 3. [15.
10	Tu	Be not weary in well doing. 2 Thess. 3 : 13.
11	W	There remaineth therefore a rest.
12	Th	The Lord is long-suffering. Num. 14 : 18.
13	F	Ye are the salt of the earth. Matt. 5 : 13.
14	S	We also should walk in newness of life.
15	S	Good and upright is the Lord. Ps. 25 : 8.
16	M	Be of good comfort. 2 Cor. 13 : 11.
17	Tu	Walk in truth. 3 John 4. [4 : 18.
18	W	The Spirit of the Lord is upon me. Luke
19	Th	This is the way, walk ye in it. Isa. 30 : 21.
20	F	Return, ye backsliding children. Jer. 3 : 22
21	S	Weep ye not for the dead. Jer. 22 : 10.
22	S	A Father of the fatherless, is God. Ps. 68 :
23	M	I am the Almighty God. Gen. 17 : 1. [5.
24	Tu	With God all things are possible.
25	W	He will come and save you. Isa. 35 : 4.
26	Th	The Lord thinketh upon me. Ps. 40 : 17.
27	F	Pour out your heart before Him. Ps. 62 : 8.
28	S	The path of the just is as the shining
29	S	Be kindly affectioned. [light.
30	M	We are unprofitable servants. Luke 17 : 10.

JULY.

1	Tu	Put not your trust in princes. Ps. 146 : 3.
2	W	My soul, wait thou only upon God. Isa.
3	Th	Pray to thy Father. Matt. 6 : 6. [62 : 5.
4	F	**Independence Day.** Ebenezer.
5	S	Bless, and curse not. Rom. 12 : 14.
6	S	Father, forgive them. Luke 23 : 34. [12.
7	M	Fight the good fight of faith. 1 Tim. 6 :
8	Tu	I will make darkness light. Isa. 42 : 16.
9	W	Do good, and lend. Luke 6 : 35.
10	Th	Thou art the guide of my youth. Jer. 3 : 4.
11	F	I will put My Spirit within you. Ezek. 36 :
12	S	Create in me a clean heart. Ps. 51 : 10. [27.
13	S	Thou shall have treasure in heaven.
14	M	He is our help and our shield. Ps. 33 : 20.
15	Tu	Continue ye in my love. John 15 : 9.
16	W	My God shall supply. Phil. 4 : 19.
17	Th	Whatsoever ye shall ask. John 14 : 13.
18	F	There is nothing too hard for Thee.
19	S	Ye have need of of patience. Heb. 10 : 36.
20	S	Blessed are the pure in heart. Matt. 5 : 8.
21	M	Having made peace. Col. 1 : 20. [13 : 8.
22	Tu	Jesus Christ, the same yesterday. Heb.
23	W	According to His mercy He saved us.
24	Th	Charity beareth all things. 1 Cor. 13 : 7.
25	F	Be ye therefore perfect. Matt. 5 : 48.
26	S	I can do all things. Phil. 4 : 13.
27	S	I will feed My flock. Ezek. 34 : 15.
28	M	Take heed that ye be not deceived.
29	Tu	Be not rash with thy mouth. Eccles. 5 : 2.
30	W	Let thy words be few. Eccles. 5 : 2. [13.
31	Th	Ye shall seek Me, and find Me. Jer. 29 :

AUGUST.

1	F	He doth not afflict willingly. Lam. 3 : 33.
2	S	Love is the fulfilling of the law. Rom.
3	S	I lay down My life. John 10 : 17. [13 : 10.
4	M	God is love. 1 John 4 : 16. [12 : 2.
5	Tu	Be not conformed to this world. Rom.
6	W	The Lord pondereth the hearts. Prov.
7	Th	Seek ye the Lord. Isa. 55 : 6. [21 : 2.
8	F	He will answer thee. Isa. 30 : 19. [18 : 21.
9	S	If the Lord be God follow Him. 1 Kings
10	S	Hearken unto the voice of the Lord. Deut.
11	M	Provide things honest. Rom. 12 : 17. [15 : 5.
12	Tu	Have faith in God. Mark 11 : 22.
13	W	I have prayed for thee. Luke 22 : 32.
14	Th	His mercy is everlasting. Ps. 100 : 5.
15	F	Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.
16	S	He maketh the storm a calm. Ps. 107 : 29.
17	S	The Son of man is come to save. Lu. 19 : 10.
18	M	Children, obey your parents. Eph. 6 : 1.
19	Tu	The author and finisher of our faith.
20	W	Faithful are the wounds of a friend. Prov.
21	Th	Christ abideth forever. John 12 : 34. [27 : 6.
22	F	Abide in Me. John 15 : 4. [15 : 5.
23	S	Without me ye can do nothing. John
24	S	Fear not : for I have redeemed thee. Isa.
25	M	Watch and pray. Matt. 26 : 41. [43 : 1.
26	Tu	Blessed are the peacemakers. Matt. 5 : 9.
27	W	I am the Lord, I change not. Mal. 3 : 6.
28	Th	Godliness with contentment is great gain.
29	F	Let another man praise thee. Prov. 27 : 2.
30	S	I will give peace and quietness. 1 Chron.
31	S	Put Me in remembrance. Isa. 43 : 26. [22 : 9.

SEPTEMBER.

1	M	Be not afaid nor dismayed. 2 Chron. 20 : 15.
2	Tu	The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.
3	W	Let us walk honestly. Rom. 13 : 13.
4	Th	He will be found of thee. 1 Chron. 28 : 9.
5	F	The servant is not greater than his lord.
6	S	Be not highminded, but fear. Rom. 11 : 20.
7	S	Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.
8	M	Strengthened with all might. Col. 1 : 11.
9	Tu	I will give you rest. Matt. 11 : 28.
10	W	Be rejoicing in hope. Rom. 12 : 12.
11	Th	So run, that you may obtain. 1 Cor. 9 : 24.
12	F	Tribulation worketh patience. Rom. 5 : 3.
13	S	The Lord be with you. 2 Thess. 3 : 16.
14	S	Be led of the Spirit. Gal. 5 : 18.
15	M	He spared not His own Son. Rom. 8 : 32.
16	Tu	Let your light so shine. Matt. 5 : 16.
17	W	Now is the day of salvation. 2 Cor. 6 : 2.
18	Th	He shall teach you all things. John 15 : 26.
19	F	He delighteth in mercy. Micah 7 : 18.
20	S	The man Christ Jesus. 1 Tim. 2 : 5.
21	S	The shadow of a great rock. Isa. 32 : 2.
22	M	Why sleep ye? rise and pray.
23	Tu	He giveth His beloved sheep. Ps. 127 : 2.
24	W	Let us cleanse ourselves. 2 Cor. 7 : 1.
25	Th	I will uphold thee. Isa. 41 : 10.
26	F	Learn to do well. Isa. 1 : 17.
27	S	I know thy works. Rev. 2 : 9.
28	S	There shall be no more death. Rev. 21 : 4.
29	M	Be ye followers of God. Eph. 5 : 1.
30	Tu	I live by the faith of the Son. Gal. 2 : 20.

OCTOBER.

1	W	Return unto Me. Mal. 3 : 7.
2	Th	Show mercy and compassions. Zech. 7 : 9.
3	F	He will not always chide. Ps. 103 : 9.
4	S	Who shall separate us? Rom. 8 : 35.
5	S	Love not the world. 1 John 2 : 15.
6	M	Abstain from all appearance of evil. 1 Th.
7	Tu	Cleave unto the Lord. Josh. 23 : 8. [5 : 22.
8	W	Our God shall fight for us. Neh. 4 : 20.
9	Th	I am meek and lowly. Matt. 11 : 29.
10	F	His song shall be with me. Ps. 42 : 8.
11	S	Be swift to hear. Jas. 1 : 19.
12	S	Let the wicked forsake his way. Isa. 55 : 7.
13	M	He saved them. Ps. 107 : 13. [16 : 7.
14	Tu	The Lord looketh on the heart. 1 Sam.
15	W	He will abundantly pardon. Isa. 55 : 7.
16	Th	We shall see Him as He is. 1 John 3 : 2.
17	F	He is not far from every one of us. Acts
18	S	He will speak peace. Ps. 85 : 8. [17 : 27.
19	S	Seek those things which are above. 1 Col.
20	M	Labour not to be rich. Prov. 23 : 4. [3 : 1.
21	Tu	Flee youthful lusts. 2 Tim. 2 : 22.
22	W	Nothing shall be impossible. Matt. 17 : 20.
23	Th	Be comforted. 1 Cor. 14 : 31.
24	F	Thou art near, O Lord. Ps. 119 : 151.
25	S	My peace I give unto you. John 14 : 27.
26	S	His compassions fail not. Lam. 3 : 22.
27	M	Be not wise in thine own eyes. Prov. 3 : 7.
28	Tu	He knoweth our frame. Ps. 103 : 14.
29	W	Take no thought for your life. Luke 12 :
30	Th	Walk ye in Him. Col. 2 : 6. [22.
31	F	He bare the sin of many. Isa. 53 : 12.

NOVEMBER.

1	S	Christ pleased not Himself. Rom. 15 : 3.
2	S	That great Shepherd of the sheep.
3	M	Thou art my hiding place. Ps. 32 : 7.
4	Tu	Thy right hand upholdeth me. Ps. 63 : 8.
5	W	Serve God with a perfect heart. 1 Chron.
6	Th	Speak evil of no man. Tit. 3 : 2. [28 : 9.
7	F	Be no brawlers, but gentle. Tit. 3 : 2.
8	S	Look unto Me. Isa. 45 : 22.
9	S	Who gave Himself a ransom. 1 Tim. 2 : 6.
10	M	Ask in My name. John 14 : 13. [27.
11	Tu	Be not faithless, but believing. John 20 :
12	W	Stand fast in the faith. 1 Cor. 16 : 13.
13	Th	Consider your ways. Hag. 1 : 5.
14	F	Ye have need of patience. Heb. 10 : 36.
15	S	My grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. 12 : 9.
16	S	In Thy name shall they rejoice. Ps. 89 : 16.
17	M	Be sincere, and without offence. Phil. 1 : 10
18	Tu	The God of peace shall be with you. Phil.
19	W	The Lord is faithful. 2 Thes. 3 : 3. [4 : 9.
20	Th	The Lord is my deliverer. Ps. 18 : 2.
21	F	Love without dissimulation. Rom. 12 : 9.
22	S	God knoweth your hearts. Luke 16 : 15.
23	S	The Lord God is a sun and shield. Ps. 84 :
24	M	Is it well with thee? 2 Kings 4 : 26. [11.
25	Tu	A God full of compassion. Ps. 86 : 15.
26	W	Be ye steadfast. 1 Cor. 15 : 58.
27	Th	**Thanksgiving Day.** He gave thanks.
28	F	Be subject one to another. 1 Peter 5 : 5.
29	S	Cast thy bread upon the waters. Eccles.
30	S	Walk in the Spirit. Gal. 5 : 16. [11 : 1.

DECEMBER.

1	M	Let him that is athirst come. Rev. 22 : 17.
2	Tu	Doing the will of God. Eph. 6 : 6.
3	W	Remember now thy Creator. Eccles. 12 : 1.
4	Th	I will be with thee. Isa. 43 : 2.
5	F	He laid down His life for us. 1 John 3 : 16.
6	S	He is able to succour. Heb. 2 : 18. [22 : 19.
7	S	This do in remembrance of Me. Luke
8	M	In the swelling of Jordan. Jer. 12 : 5.
9	Tu	This is the victory, even our faith. 1 John
10	W	Neglect not the gift that is in thee. [5 : 4.
11	Th	Thou shalt not keep them secretly.
12	F	The wise shall inherit glory. Prov. 3 : 35.
13	S	Show me Thy ways, O Lord. Ps. 25 : 4.
14	S	Ye are my witnesses. Isa. 43 : 10.
15	M	Let no man despise thee. Tit. 2 : 15.
16	Tu	One is your Master, even Christ. Matt.
17	W	And He saw them toiling. Mark 6 : 48. [23 : 10
18	Th	He will not fail thee. Deut. 31 : 6.
19	F	The Lord will give strength. Ps. 29 : 11.
20	S	Unto the pure all things are pure. Tit. 1 : 15.
21	S	Despise not prophesyings. 1 Thess. 5 : 20.
22	M	Awake to righteousness. 1 Cor. 15 : 34.
23	Tu	I give unto them eternal life. John 10 : 28.
24	W	The kingdom of God is within you. Luke
25	Th	**Christmas Day.** [17 : 21
26	F	His name shall be called Wonderful.
27	S	Surely He hath borne our griefs. Isa. 53 : 4.
28	S	Giving thanks for all things unto God.
29	M	It is the spirit that quickeneth. John 6 : 63.
30	Tu	Lord, show us the Father. John 14 : 8.
31	W	Bless the Lord, O my soul. Ps. 103 : 1.

CHRONOLOGICAL CYCLES.

Dominical Letters	F and E
Epact	3
Golden Number	4
Solar Cycle	17
Roman Indiction	12
Julian Period	6597
Jewish Year	5644–5
Mohammedan Year	1301

Astronomical Calculations for 1884.

ECLIPSES.

In the year 1884 there will be five Eclipses, three of the Sun and two of the Moon.

I. A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, on the morning of March 27, invisible on the American continent.

II. A Total Eclipse of the Moon, on the morning of April 10, visible throughout the United States.

III. A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, on April 25, invisible in North America.

IV. A Total Eclipse of the Moon, on the evening of October 4, visible in Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Atlantic Ocean; and later phases visible in the eastern part of America, *i.e.*, those places where the Moon rises before the end of the Eclipse.

V. A Partial Eclipse of the Sun on October 18, the earlier, and in some places the middle phases being visible in the western part of the United States, near the Pacific coast.

MORNING STARS.

Mercury, from January 20 to March 30, and from May 17 to July 13, and from September 19 to November 4.

Venus from July 11 to the end of the year.

EVENING STARS.

Mercury, until January 20, and from March 30 to May 17, and from July 13 to September 19, and from November 4 to the end of the year. Venus, until July 11.

The Christian Herald for 1884.

THE editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has a few words to say on behalf of the publishers, to the friends of the paper That is not an uncommon occurrence, as every week, with undeviating regularity, the two parties are brought into friendly, and as there is substantial reason to believe, profitable communication. But this week a subject is dwelt upon which is very seldom referred to in these columns. That subject is the journal itself.

First. There is an agreeable duty to perform. The circulation THE CHHISTIAN HERALD has attained during the comparatively short time it has been published in this country, is unparalleled in the history of religious journalism. That fact is remarkable, because the paper has been so little advertised and the army of canvassers it is generally thought necessary to the prosperity of a weekly journal to employ, has not been employed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Yet the readers of the paper have continued increasing in number year by year. The present circulation is therefore almost wholly due to the kind efforts of voluntary canvassers, who have introduced the paper to their friends. The sincere thanks of the publishers are due to them, and are hereby tendered.

Second. The friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be pleased to learn that God is using the paper in the work of converting souls and in strengthening, encouraging, and comforting His people. It is the conviction that the paper is being thus used, that has induced its friends to work in order to extend its influence. The year now drawing to a close has been in this way the most remarkable in the history of the paper. The hearts of all engaged on the paper have been gladdened by reading testimonies from every State of the Union, of the good it has been the means of doing. For these results the publishers claim no merit. They are, however, humbly thankful to God who has given to their efforts His blessing, without which the best efforts would have failed.

Third. It is possible that much more good may be done in the coming year. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as heretofore, will rely chiefly upon the efforts of its friends everywhere to extend its circulation. It depends upon them whether the growth of its subscription list shall continue and increase in regular progression. If every subscriber could secure one other subscriber—which would not be a difficult undertaking—the list would, of course, be doubled at once. But more than that might be done. It is not necessary to canvass; it is only necessary to show any number of the paper, and to say that it is a fair specimen of the other numbers. Those, too, who desire to do so, can have a bundle of back numbers for distribution by sending a postal card to the Manager; and a statement of terms will be sent to any one who will act as agent in his own locality.

Fourth. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will continue—God willing—in the future, the same work, on the same lines, as in the past. If it is possible by divine help to make it brighter, more interesting, and more useful than it has been, neither labor nor expense will be spared in the attempt, but there is no intention to abandon the general plan which God has blessed. It is intended that, as heretofore, every number shall contain:

I. The portrait and biography of some eminent person.

II. A verbatim report of the sermon Dr. Talmage preached on the Sunday morning immediately preceding the day on which the paper is issued.

III. An article expounding some portion of the prophecies of the Word of God.

IV. A series of short anecdotes and incidents furnished by evangelists and Christian workers in all parts of the world.

V. A new sermon by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, the eminent London preacher, which by a special arrangement with his publishers is sent in proof sheets to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the day before it is published in England.

VI. Pictures illustrating scenes of foreign missionary work, or passing events, or stories of a directly evangelistic influence.

VII. An exposition of the International Sunday-School lesson, written by Mrs. M. Baxter, for the assistance of teachers.

VIII. An instalment of a serial story free from sensationalism and distinctly religious in its tendency.

IX. A summary of the events of the week, viewed from a Christian point of view, giving information as to public matters of general interest and advocating general social and political reforms, and individual abstinence from intoxicating liquors.

This is a list of the chief and prominent features of each number, and, though there are generally other features, those above mentioned are *never omitted.* A journal adhering without deviation to that programme, and with no denominational bias, every Christian pastor may recommend to his congregation with confidence, and every Christian worker may usefully recommend to his friends. If those subscribers who have assisted in circulating THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the past will continue their efforts, and those who have hitherto neglected to introduce it, will now commence to show it and recommend it, and if all who read it will pray that God will bless it, the year 1884 will be a year of extended usefulness for the paper and the good it has been enabled to do in the past will be only the first fruits of an abundant harvest.

Below are a few extracts from a large number of letters containing similar testimonies, which have been recently received from subscribers in various States who bear witness of the good work the paper is doing in their respective localities.

Dr. Talmage writes: "I congratulate the *Christian Herald* on its widening field. The paper is full of compressed information, and bears evidence of having an especial mission. Mr. Fernie has proved his rare qualifications for this sphere of editorial work, and has displayed a unique faculty for spiritualizing ordinary events, which otherwise might pass without any significance"

The Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., writes: "For several years I have been a reader of the *Christian Herald*, and have enjoyed it. No man of sense critically approves all departments of any newspaper, whether edited by himself or another, but, with this abatement, I can cordially recommend the *Christian Herald* as bright, instructive, interesting, and trustworthy. It is remarkable for being *timely* It does not give old news, nor uncertain news, nor useless news, nor wicked news, but much news that is interesting and instructive. Every week I send my copy away, sometimes to distant parts of the earth, believing it will do good"

The Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., of Boston, Mass., writes: "It would give me great pleasure to distribute copies of the *Christian Herald* in my congregation. I will call especial attention to them. I value the paper very highly, and am constantly recommending it."

From Australia. M. John Esler, of Stewart's Camp, Riverena Plains, N. S. W. Australia, writes: "I am a regular reader of your widely-circulated paper, which I get from New York by mail. I spend many happy hours in the loneliness of the Australian Bush reading its valuable pages. I should like to express my gratitude to its editor and to the writers whose articles it publishes. God grant the *Christian Herald* a still wider circulation, and bless it still more in the salvation of souls."

From China. The Rev J. N. Hayes, of Shanghai, China, in renewing his subscriptions, writes: "We enjoy your most excellent papers in our China home."

Argusville, N. Y. "Your worthy paper finds a higher regard from year to year in my estimation, and should be sorry to do without it."—REV. W. S. THRALL.

Bethel, Me. "May the dear Lord bless you abundantly for the good work constantly being done by your precious little paper."—REV. JACOB HORTON.

Detroit, Mich. "I have read your paper for four years, and have derived much pleasure and spiritual benefit from its perusal."—L. W.

Orangeville, Ill. "You deserve the appreciation of the Christian public in furnishing so good a paper at so low a price, and you have it. Everybody likes the *Christian Herald.*"—REV. F. W. STUMF

Constantine, Mich. "I may say that I esteem your paper very highly, and its weekly visits are most welcome. I always look forward to them."—REV. WM. S. BUCK.

Eddystone, N. Y. "We are always glad when the day comes for the *Christian Herald* to arrive."—REV. W. A. COFFIN.

Fort Worth, Tex. "I think this paper is the best Christian moralizer I ever read. May God bless you in your editorial labor."—H. C. J.

Olean, N. Y. "My family as well as myself consider it indispensable."—O. P. BOARDMAN.

Springfield, Ala. "I have never seen a paper I like more. It is so helpful, so sunny, so rich in good things."—REV. JAMES B. HALL.

Vernon, Ala. The *Christian Herald* has already been a blessing to me. By grace it has taught me the sweet simplicity of Jesus' salvation, the vine-like clinging to Him who is able to save us."—J. T. A.

Philadelphia, Pa. "My husband says he would rather give up one meal a day than do without the *Christian Herald.*"—E. P. J.

Chicago, Ill. "It is one of the most interesting papers I ever read, touching as it does on all important topics concerning Christianity."—E. ALLEN.

Walker Station, Tex. "We cannot do without the *Christian Herald.* The time of its arrival is looked forward to with much interest, and it would be missed as a very dear friend. It was my great comforter during a recent spell of severe illness. May God bless your paper to others as He has blessed it to us."—R. G. S.

Lykens, Pa. "It is an excellent paper; I do not know how I could do without it."—REV. N. A. BARR.

Rice's Landing, Pa. "We cannot do without you. You are a part of our household."—REV. J. POWER BAIRD.

Big Spring, Pa. "I have been taking this paper for over four years, and it is one of the most welcome in our home."—REV. J. J. LOWERY.

Barnesville, Ga. "I am exceedingly anxious for its extensive circulation, as it fills my idea of a family paper more fully than any I have ever read."—WM. K. MURPHY.

Leicester, N. C. The *Christian Herald* is gaining ground here. Those who have been taking it say they cannot do without it."—REV. JOHN PARHAM.

Chapman's Quarries, Pa. "Several members of my congregation are constant readers of your paper, and I am happy to report that great good is being done. One man who died last week was helped to eternal life by something he read in the *Christian Herald.* May God continue to bless the paper."—REV. ALFRED HEEBNER.

Fowles, N. C. "I so appreciate your paper, its religious tone and its sound purposes that I am induced, not only to renew my subscription, but to send two other names with good wishes for your success and welfare."—CYRUS FOSCOL.

Childress, Tenn. "I have no language to express my appreciation of the *Christian Herald.*"—Rev. B. F. White.

Opelika, Ala. "It has no equal as a religious journal in my estimation."—REV. F. A. THREADGILL.

Woodsboro, Md. "It is truly a comfort to me to read the *Christian Herald*, and I would rather discontinue any paper that comes to my study than it."—REV. D. M. LA MOTTE.

Moranton, Tenn. "I have taken your paper for some time, and I am so well pleased with it that I want it spread all over the country."—J. T. S.

Peterboro, Ont., Canada. "I would not give up the *Christian Herald* for ten times its cost. I can truly say it has been a blessing to me."—J. S.

Bayfield, Ont., Canada. "I would rather discontinue any or all of my subscription papers than do without the *Christian Herald*, and I thank God for placing it within my reach."—REV. R. MCCOSH.

Lawrenceville, Ga. "I bless the Lord for what He has done for my soul through the pages of the *Christian Herald.* May God bless you in your good work."—A. E. D.

Bainbridge, Ga. "It is useless for me to say what I think of the *Christian Herald.* A renewed subscription with three new names tells its own story."—E. R. P. *

Golden, Col. "It is a noble paper. May the Lord greatly bless you and prosper you in the future."—REV. CHARLES M. JONES.

Lodi, Tex. "It is almost worth its weight in gold."—E. H. K.

Bayport Conn. "The superiority of the *Christian Herald* should satisfy the most fastidious."—A. S. H.

Avery, Iowa. "I am much pleased with your paper, and shall take pleasure in trying to increase your subscription list."—J. A. T.

Lima, Ill. "The *Christian Herald* is doing a grand work."—J. W. M.

Hamburg, N. J. "It is an indispensable paper in almost every family."—B. H. E.

Gainesville, Ga. "Yours is a great good paper, and I wish you success."—A. A. M.

Happy Home, N. C. "I esteem it above all my other papers; it will do good wherever it is introduced. . . . The main attraction and beauty of the paper are its non-partisan-politics, condemning wrong and upholding the right irrespective of party. I pray the richest blessings of Heaven on the mission of the *Christian Herald.*"—D. P. G.

Norwood, Iowa. "I regard it as one of the best publications issued. Especially interesting are those short paragraphs on the signs of the times."—C. P. F.

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* Stories of this kind are always read with pleasure in the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD.—ED.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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THE LATE PRINCESS ALICE,
Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt.

Born in 1843—Her Fourth Birthday—Present of a Pet Lamb—Marriage of Her Sister—Death of her Father in 1861—Filial Devotion—Royal Visitors—Betrothment and Marriage—Nurses the Prince of Wales through his Illness—Interest in the German Poor—Visit to a Destitute Family—The Franco-German War—Services among the Wounded Soldiers—Loss of a Child—Conversion to Christ—A Memorable Visit in 1878—Return Home—Outbreak of Diphtheria—Illness and Death.

THE appearance in Germany of a deeply interesting memorial volume by Herr Bergsträsser, has attracted public attention anew to the royal lady whose pure life and pathetic death were the subject of general comment some five years ago. The Princess Alice, Archduchess of Hesse Darmstadt, was a lady whose personal qualities won the love of all who came in contact with her; and the anecdotes which have been told of her unostentatious charity since her death, have aroused a desire to know all that was to be known about her. Herr Bergsträsser's book is designed to meet that demand. The interesting narrative he has produced, with the private letters the princess wrote, and which are now for the first time given to the public, increase the esteem previously felt for the memory of the distinguished lady. The book has not yet appeared in the English language, but a translation is being made which it is expected will be published in a few months.

Herr Bergsträsser is evidently a courtier, prepared to admire royal and princely personages under any circumstances, but in the case of the Princess Alice his homage is worthily rendered. Her character appears to have been singularly pure, unselfish, and devoted. Though brought up among the sycophants of a court her letters show that she was without pride or vanity. Though her father made her his companion and she admired and loved him deeply, she had none of the arrogance and petty pride of birth and station which marred his character, and though she became the friend and correspondent of Strauss, she passed through the dark ordeal of scepticism into the light of faith in Christ, unscathed. It is impossible to study her life and character without admiring the gentle womanliness which the temptations and frivolities and flatteries of a court could not spoil, and adoring the grace of God that preserved her from falling in a path so slippery and so full of snares, that few have been able to walk there in integrity.

Princess Alice was born on April 25th, 1843, she was therefore in her thirty-sixth year when, on December 14th, 1878, she died. She was the second daughter and third child of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria. Her childhood was naturally a happy one. A scene mentioned by one of the ladies about the court of her parents incidentally shows the innocent gentleness of her disposition. (*It is depicted on the left of the portrait in the frontispiece.*)

HER FOURTH BIRTHDAY

was celebrated and Lady Lyttleton thus describes her childish ways: "The Princess Alice in her low-bodied little frock and necklace of pearls trips about blushing and laughing at all the honor that is shown her! The whole family has made its appearance in honor of her birthday. Just now we can only think of one suitable present—*a live lamb, all bedecked with pink ribbons and little bells*—it is the greatest pet imaginable. This pet-lamb is the cause of many tears, it will not remain with its mistress, but playfully jumps away from her, and will then butt at her, although she treats it in a very tender manner, and asks it in a most loving tone, with many kisses on its nose, 'Milly, my dear Milly, do you love me, too?'"

THE MARRIAGE OF HER ELDER SISTER

occurred on January 25th, 1858, with the Crown Prince of Germany. Princess Alice was then a girl of fifteen, but she had already developed qualities of mind and heart of no ordinary kind, and thus was able to fill up in some measure the vacancy caused by the removal of her elder sister to Berlin. She was drawn nearer to her father, the late Prince Consort, and became his confidante and companion.

THE DEATH OF HER FATHER IN 1861.

A bitter sorrow fell upon her when her father was stricken in 1861 with the illness which terminated in his death. During his illness she was his constant and unwearied nurse, watching with tender devotion at his bedside day and night, and setting an example of coolness and presence of mind rare in one so young. A few days after the Prince's death, one who had enjoyed opportunities of noticing what took place thus spoke of her conduct during that trying time: "Of the devotion and strength of mind shown by the Princess Alice all through these trying scenes it is impossible to speak too highly." Nor did her filial feelings exhaust themselves in attendance on her dying father, she strove to comfort and cheer her widowed mother and to induce a feeling of Christian resignation under her heavy sorrow. That the curtain of gloom which has rested on Queen Victoria now for more than twenty-two years was not lifted in the early days of her affliction, was not the fault of the wise and affectionate daughter. The knowledge of this fact—and it was a fact—sank deeply into people's minds. It was never forgotten, and from that day the name of the Princess Alice became a cherished household word to all her countrymen and countrywomen.

ROYAL VISITORS.

In June, 1860, before the death of Prince Albert, the Court at Windsor was visited by the King of the Belgians, and a crowd of the Prince's relatives. There were the two Princes, Louis and Henry of Hesse, sons of Prince Charles, and nephews of the then reigning Grand Duke who ruled a principality the entire population of which does not exceed 900,000. After they had left England, Prince Albert hinted to his chief adviser Baron Stockmar that Prince Louis and Princess Alice had evidently taken a fancy to one another, and that he had no doubt his family would take further steps. Accordingly, a letter soon arrived from the Crown Princess in Berlin announcing that the mother of the Prince had told her of her son's inclination, and shortly afterward it was arranged at Mayence, while the Queen and the Prince Consort were making a continental tour, that the young Prince should pay a second visit to England.

The final scene of the love-making is described in a book in which Queen Victoria tells her subjects the story of her life. It occurs under date November 30th, 1860: "While I was conversing with the gentlemen after dinner, I observed that Alice and Louis, standing before the fire, were conversing together more earnestly than usual, and as I passed to go to the next room, both of them came toward me, and Alice said, with great agitation, that Louis had proposed to her, and asked for my blessing. (*See frontispiece.*) I could only press his hand and say, 'Certainly,' and that we would like to speak to him later on in our room. We spent the evening, as well as we could, working. Alice came to our room agitated, but calm. Albert sent to Louis and asked him to come to his room. He first went to him and then called for me and Alice. Louis has a warm and noble heart. We embraced our dear Alice and praised her very much to him. He pressed and kissed my hand, and I embraced him. After talking together for awhile we separated—a most touching and to me solemn moment."

HER MARRIAGE WITH PRINCE LOUIS,

Grand Duke of Hesse, which was postponed in consequence of Prince Albert's death, took place at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, on July 1st, 1862, the ceremony being of a quiet and unostentatious character, the Queen attending it in deep mourning. The English Parliament voted an annuity as her dowry equivalent to $30,000 a year. The fruit of this marriage was a somewhat numerous family, consisting of five daughters and two sons, the last having been born in 1874.

Meanwhile the princess had acquired a further title on the esteem and affection of her country by reason of the affectionate promptitude with which she left her German home, when in 1871 the Prince of Wales, her eldest brother, was struck down by gastric fever, the same malady which killed his father, and the royal family was threatened with another bereavement. Again did the Princess Alice take her place as nurse in a sick room. During the protracted

ILLNESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

she attended him with the same patient and untiring care she had bestowed on her father. Again did the 14th of December, the date of the Prince Consort's death, come round, and with it came a curious feeling of apprehension that the day would be signalized by another affliction. But the prince recovered and his recovery was largely due in the Providence of God to the loving and tender care which his wife and sister lavished upon him.

In Germany the princess, by her kindly interest in, and sympathy with, the people of the land of her adoption, soon won the same respect and love she had enjoyed in England. England, however, and all its interests, ever held a foremost place in the heart of the Princess Alice, and no one watched more closely than she every phase of the changeful life of the busy land which she loved.

"THE CRY OF THE OUTCAST POOR,"

and the terrible misery of destitution often reached her ears, and engaged her ever-ready hands. The condition of the toilworn and the indigent was to her a subject of unceasing and sympathetic interest. How much of their misery, nay, of their evil and immoral lives, is due to their wretched habitations, she felt most keenly, and she gave her intelligent sympathy and influential support to every effort for their improvement.

The experiments of that most sagacious and practical philanthropist, Miss Octavia Hill, in this direction had no warmer supporter. She made herself acquainted with the details of that lady's work, and translated into German two or three of her admirable papers that appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* on "The Homes of the Poor," and published them with a brief, but pregnant preface of her own, commending to the attention of German philanthropists the methods which had been practised so successfully by Miss Hill and her coadjutors. She also took a personal and active interest in the poor and suffering.

AN INCIDENT

which is incidentally mentioned in one of her letters to her mother, published in Herr Bergsträsser's volume illustrates this disposition. The princess thus narrates it in a letter to the Queen dated "March 5th, 1864: I must tell you something which I did the other day, but please tell nobody of it, for here nobody, except Louis and my Ladies-in-Waiting, know of it. I am the Protectress of the 'Heidenreich Foundation,' to which you made a handsome present when it was formed. The ladies who are members take linen to poor respectable women in childbirth who claim their assistance, and they bring them food, too—in short, they give them relief. Every case is reported to me. Some days ago I went *incognita* with Christa to a poor woman of this kind in the old town, and what a trouble we had to find the house!

"At last we went through *a little, dirty court, up a dark ladder*, into a small room, where the poor woman and her baby were lying in bed. There were four other children in the same room, the husband, two other beds, and a stove. There was no bad smell in the room, and it was not dirty. I sent Christa downstairs with the children, then I

COOKED SOMETHING FOR THE WOMAN,

with her husband's help, arranged her bed a little, *took the baby from her, bathed its eyes, which were very sore*—poor little thing—and *put everything in order*. (*See frontispiece.*) I went

there *twice*. The people did not know me, and they were so nice, good-natured, and touchingly attached to one another, it did one good to find such feeling in the midst of such poverty. The man had no work, the children were still too young to go to school, and at her confinement she only had four kreuzers in the house. Imagine this misery and affliction. If one never sees any kind of poverty, and always lives among courtiers alone, the feelings of the heart fall into the background, and I felt the necessity of doing the little good which lay in my power. I am convinced you will understand me."

Naturally full of spirit, and possessing a cheerful interest in the thousand topics which life offers to a young and ardent intelligence, those who observed the Princess Alice closely were conscious that her mind had a pensiveness not unnatural in one on whose mind and heart a severe strain had been so early put.

At length, in 1870 there overspread the Continental sky the lurid, lowering clouds of

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR,

and her characteristic earnestness of nature was then perceptibly deepened without contracting the least taint either of supine sadness or murmuring discontent. It was only natural that those long months of inevitable separation from her husband, who was in the very heart of the hard work and perils of the campaign, should of themselves have told on her finely strung and sensitive organism. But she was also brought face to face with the ghastly horrors of maimed and suffering men, by which the honors of the greatest victories are at all times dearly bought. At Darmstadt she was

THE ANGEL OF MERCY IN THE HOSPITAL,

which was crowded with wounded soldiers, and no one was more active, more helpful with kind thought and gentle hand than Princess Alice. To many a brave and suffering heart she brought solace beyond all the skill that the most skilful surgeon could have wrought. Her presence filled the most despairing with the healing inspiration of hope.

The first breach made by death in the ranks of the princess's family was under peculiarly painful circumstances. On June 29th, 1873, Prince Frederick William, then a little more than two and a half years old, fell from an open window in the palace of Darmstadt, and received such injuries that he died almost immediately afterward. At first, this heavy calamity seemed to have produced only "the sorrow of the world that worketh death;" but gradually it became, by God's mercy, the means of leading her to Him for consolation and teaching, and it was in that bitter sorrow of bereavement that she found peace in trusting wholly in Christ.

THE STORY OF HER CONVERSION

as told by Herr Bergsträsser, in his "Memoirs," is exceedingly touching. He says: "The lamented princess was for several years a disciple of German Rationalism. She seems, in fact, to have come very near to openly doubting the existence of God. All the while, however, she was a devoted wife and mother, and a pattern of every moral virtue. The loss of a child under circumstances which are still well remembered proved *the turning point* in the princess's life. She said to a friend, 'The whole construction of philosophical conclusions which I had formerly built up I now find to be based on nothing; nothing has remained; and what should we be in life if we had no faith and no conviction that there is a God who governs the world and each single one of us? I feel the necessity of prayer; I like to sing hymns with my children, and each has its favorite hymn.'" In a word, "old things had passed away, and all things had become new."

A MEMORABLE VISIT.

In the autumn of 1878, the Princess, with her husband and children, spent some weeks in her native country. It was her ardent desire to be saved from leading a "useless life." During her stay, therefore, at a seaside watering-place, she visited the Sunday-schools, and often gladdened by her presence the homes of the poor. At this period also, she cordially responded to the desire that she should become the patroness of an Institution for Fallen Women, which she visited. The work of this institution, which has been much blessed to its inmates interested her deeply, and she formed plans for establishing a similar institution in Germany. It had become her desire, as those in every rank who had the privilege of personal intimacy with her have testified, to *live and work for Jesus*.

OUTBREAK OF DIPHTHERIA.

Soon after returning to Darmstadt, the first indications became manifest of that terrible malady, *diphtheria*, which attacked the whole family and carried off the youngest child, and then the mother. It was on November 6th, 1878, that the first outbreak occurred, and on that day the Princess Victoria, in her sixteenth year, was attacked. Five days later her little sister, Princess Alice, was placed under medical care. She was immediately followed by the Princess Marie, aged four; and within the next three days the Princess Irene, aged twelve, the Hereditary Grand Duke, aged ten, and their father, the Grand Duke himself, were successively prostrated.

All recovered except the Princess Marie, in whose case from the beginning the disease had assumed a most malignant form. She died early on the morning of November 16th.

PRINCESS ALICE WAS THE NEXT VICTIM,

and the way in which she contracted the infection is thus described:

Her Royal Highness, who had been unceasing in her attention to her husband and her children during their illness, had hesitated to inform the Grand Duke of the death of the child, to whom he was devotedly attached, till a favorable moment should arise. The opportunity presenting itself, she gently told him of the loss they had sustained; but the shock was too great. He fell back upon his couch overcome; and, rushing toward her husband, the princess *clasped him in her arms and kissed him* (*see frontispiece*). The lady in attendance remonstrated, but it was all too late; the mischief was done. It was affirmed at the time and the observation is sadly touching that she kissed her children, as a glad mother welcoming their convalescence. The medical report stated, "No member of the household (in all sixty persons), no nurse, no physician, has been infected. It is, therefore, clear that all the cases have been produced by direct infection, doubtless by kisses."

As soon as it became known in England that Princess Alice was laid prostrate by the cruel disease, the Queen at once dispatched Sir William Jenner to Darmstadt, to consult and advise with the German physicians, but human skill and the deepest affection were unavailing, and on December 14th, 1878, the anniversary of her father's death, she quietly passed away. She had sacrificed herself to the promptings of maternal sympathy and wifely love. To a life so womanly, so unselfish, so devoted, death could be but gain—for one who trusted in and followed Christ, as she did, death could have no terrors.

WHAT A HACK-DRIVER FOUND.

THE London *Telegraph* vouches for the truth of the following narrative: "He was an old hack-driver, and the reek of rain had saturated his gray whiskers and polished his red nose so that it looked as though it had been newly varnished. But his spirits were not in the least depressed on this account. Civilly touching his hat he opened his cape, and by the light of the hall lamp disclosed a blue riband pinned to the breast of his coat. 'I'm werry much obliged, sir,' said he, laying a finger on the riband, 'but I've declared off drinking. But if there was such a thing as a cup of coffee in the way now —!' 'If you will wait for five minutes you shall have it.' 'So I will, and thank'y, sir,' he replied, 'and meanwhile, if you don't mind, I'll kiver up the mare.' And there was a curiously comical twinkle in his eyes as he added, 'We *master* cabmen* ought to make it a duty to take care of our cattle, don't you see, sir, if it is only by way of setting a good example to the drivers.'

"The twinkle came back when the coffee appeared, and he said, after a pause, as though to be exact as to the exceedingly remote period in question, 'I have been a cabmaster, sir, ever since last Thursday week. But I'll tell you another thing,' and he continued, as he chafed his nose with a teaspoon, as though it was the best joke in the world, 'if anybody had said to me last Wednesday week—which was only the day before—what do you think of having a four-wheeler and a couple of horses to call your own to-morrow, I should have made answer "It's just about as likely that I shall be made Hemperor of China," which, mind you,' said he, growing suddenly serious, 'wouldn't have been an unnatural answer for a man at my time of life to make, since it is not every day, by a long way, that a new cab and a pair of horses, and two sets of new harness, falls, in a manner of speaking, from the skies, now is it?'

"'I suppose you mean that they became yours in the way of an unexpected windfall, as it is called?' 'That they were left in a cab, sir; leastways, that was what you might call the key of it,' he replied. There wasn't any romarnce about it. A gent, he hailed me in the Strand, carrying a black bag, and says he "Drive to the Angel at Islington." When we got there I couldn't make anything of him. He was in a fit or something. But being not very far off, I drove him straight to St. Batholomew's, where they took him in insensible. There was nothing in his pockets to show where he lived, so that I might have known where to take the black bag, and let his friends know what had become of him, so I took it over to Scotland Yard,†

"'Well, sir, three days afterward I got a letter from a house in Eaton Square to go and get a reward for the bag, and there I found the very gent I took to the hospital, and a lady as well. "You did a humane act, cabman, in taking me to Bartholomew's, and you probably saved my life, in fact. But I may tell you that it was perhaps as well that you were not aware of the great value of what was contained in that bag." I don't say you would have been tempted to dishonesty," he says, "but I have caused inquiries to be made about you, and have ascertained you are only a poor cab-driver, and the opportunity for appropriating a great sum of money might have been too much for you. I have discussed with my wife the most suitable reward to make to you," says he, "and you will find it in the mews, to which a servant shall conduct you."

"'"What you will find there is your own *on this condition*," says the lady. "You know what this means?" and she shows me a bit of blue riband—this bit. "Well, mum," I says, "as I understand it, wearing it is all as one with taking the pledge." "That is so," says she. "Will you promise to wear it with that meaning? You may be able to guess," she says, "why I make this condition with you?"' 'And were you able to guess?' 'Well, I was never much of a one at riddles,' replied the old cabman, with some degree of embarrassment, 'but I suppose that when they set on somebody to make inquiries as to my private character, they had heard as how I now and again took a glass more than was good for me.'"

A New Magazine, Devoted to the Subject of faith healing, entitled *The Lord that Healeth Thee*, will be issued early in January, and *twice a month* afterward. The editor is the Rev. W. E. Boardman, formerly of Philadelphia, Pa., but now Superintendent of Bethshan, the house for faith-healing in London, Eng. May be ordered through the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Single copies, five cents. Annual subscription, one dollar.

* One who owns the horses and vehicle he drives instead of hiring them by the day as most of the London hack-drivers do.

† Detective head-quarters.

YOUR PEDIGREE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, January 6, 1884.

"Whose son art thou, thou young man?"—1 SAMUEL 17 : 58.

An Unequal Fight—A Tableau—Transmitted Characteristics—Royal Scoundrels—Above Circumstance—Perversion of the Doctrine—Your Duty—The Old Folks at the Festivity—I. A Christian Pedigree—The Influence of a Departed Mother—A Vast Estate of Prayer—An Unwritten Will—Trustees of Piety—The Voice of an Old Cradle—An Entry in a Diary—A Mother's Answered Prayers—II. An Evil Pedigree—Transmitted Avarice—Inherited Vice Successfully Resisted—The Hero to Put Down the Brakes—The Divine Parentage Offered.

NEVER was there a more unequal fight than that between David and Goliath. David five feet high; Goliath ten. David a shepherd boy, brought up amid rural scenes; Goliath a warrior by profession. Goliath a mountain of braggadocia; David a marvel of humility. Goliath armed with an iron spear, David armed with a sling with smooth stones from the brook. But you are not to despise these latter weapons. There was a regiment of slingers in the Assyrian army and a regiment of slingers in the Egyptian army, and they made terrible execution, and they could cast a stone with as much precision and force as now can be hurled shot or shell. The Greeks in their army had slingers who would throw leaden plummets inscribed with the irritating words: "Take this!" So it was a mighty weapon David employed in that famous combat.

A Jewish rabbi says that the probability is that Goliath was in such contempt for David, that in a paroxysm of laughter he threw his head back, and his helmet fell off, and David saw the uncovered forehead, and his opportunity had come, and taking this sling and swinging it around his head two or three times, and aiming at that uncovered forehead, he crushed it in like an egg-shell. The battle over,

BEHOLD A TABLEAU:

King Saul sitting, little David standing, his fingers clutched into the hair of decapitated Goliath. As Saul sees David standing there holding in his hand the ghastly, reeking, staring trophy, evidence of the complete victory over God's enemies, the king wonders what parentage was honored by such heroism, and in my text he asks David his pedigree: "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

The king saw what you and I see, that this question of heredity is a mighty question. The longer I live the more

I BELIEVE IN BLOOD

—good blood, bad blood, proud blood, humble blood, honest blood, thieving blood, heroic blood, cowardly blood. The tendency may skip a generation or two, but it is sure to come out, as in a little child you sometimes see a similarity to a great-grandfather whose picture hangs on the wall. That the physical and mental and moral qualities are inheritable is patent to any one who keeps his eyes open. The similarity is so striking sometimes as to be amusing. Great families, regal or literary, are apt to have the characteristics all down through the generations, and what is more perceptible in such families may be seen on a smaller scale in all families. A thousand years have no power to obliterate the difference.

The large lip of the House of Austria is seen in all the generations, and is called the Hapsburg lip. The House of Stuart always means in all generations cruelty and bigotry and sensuality. Witness Queen of Scots. Witness Charles I. and Charles II. Witness James I. and James II. and all *the other scoundrels of that imperial line*. Scottish blood means persistence, English blood means reverence for the ancient, Welsh blood means religiosity, Danish blood means fondness for the sea, Indian blood means roaming disposition, Celtic blood means fervidity, Roman blood means conquest.

The Jewish facility for accumulation you may trace clear back to Abraham, of whom the Bible says "he was rich in silver and gold and cattle," and to Isaac and Jacob, who had the same characteristics. Some families are characterized by longevity, and they have a tenacity of life positively Methuselish. Others are characterized by Goliathian stature, and you can see it for one generation, two generations, five generations, in all the generations. Vigorous theology runs on in the line of the Alexanders. Tragedy runs on in the family of the Kembles. Literature runs on in the line of the Trollopes. Philanthropy runs on in the line of the Wilberforces. Statesmanship runs on in the line of the Adamses. Henry and Catharine of Navarre religious, all their families religious. The celebrated family of the Casini, all mathematicians. The celebrated family of the Medici—grandfather, son and Catharine—all remarkable for keen intellect. The celebrated family of Gustavus Adolphus all warriors.

This law of heredity asserts itself without reference to social or political condition, for you sometimes find the ignoble in high place and the honorable in obscure place. A descendant of Edward I. a toll gatherer. A descendant of Edward III. a doorkeeper, A descendant of the Duke of Northumberland a trunk maker. Some of the mightiest families of England are extinct, while some of those most honored in the peerage go back to an ancestry of hard knuckles and rough exterior. This law of heredity entirely independent of social or political condition. Then you find avarice and jealousy and sensuality and fraud having full swing in some families. The violent temper of Frederick William is the inheritance of Frederick the Great. It is not a theory to be set forth by worldly philosophy only, but by divine authority. Do you not remember how the Bible speaks of "a chosen generation," of "the generation of the righteous," of "the generation of vipers," of an "untoward generation," of "a stubborn generation," of "the iniquity of the past visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation?" So that the text comes to-day with the force of a projectile hurled from mightiest catapult, "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

"Well," says some one, "that theory discharges me from all responsibility. Born of sanctified parents we are bound to be good and we cannot help ourselves. Born of unrighteous parentage we are bound to be evil and we cannot help ourselves."

TWO INACCURACIES.

As much as if you should say, "the centripetal force in nature has a tendency to bring everything to the centre, and therefore all things come to the centre. The centrifugal force in nature has a tendency to throw out everything to the periphery, and therefore everything will go out to the periphery." You know as well as I know that you can make the centripetal overcome the centrifugal, and you can make the centrifugal overcome the centripetal. As when there is a mighty tide of good in a family that may be overcome by determination to evil, as in the case of Aaron Burr, the libertine, who had for father President Burr, the consecrated; as in the case of Pierrepont Edwards, the scourge of New York society seventy years ago, who had a Christian ancestry; while on the other hand some of the best men and women of this day are those who have come of an ancestry of which it would not be courteous to speak in their presence.

The practical and useful object of this sermon is to show to you that if you have come of a Christian ancestry, then you are solemnly bound to preserve and develop the glorious inheritance; or if you have come of a depraved ancestry, then it is

YOUR DUTY

to brace yourself against the evil tendency by all prayer and Christian determination, and you are to find out what are the family frailties, and in arming the castle put the strongest guard at the weakest gate. With these smooth stones from the brook I hope to strike you, not where David struck Goliath, in the head, but where Nathan struck David, in the heart. "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

There has been something in these recent holidays to bring up

THE OLD FOLKS.

I think many of our thoughts have been set to the tune of Auld Lang Syne. The old folks were so busy at such times in making us happy, and perhaps on less resource made their sons and daughters happier than you on larger resource are able to make your sons and daughters happy. The snow lay two feet above their graves, but they shook off the white blankets and mingled in the holiday festivities—the same wrinkles, the same stoop of shoulder under the weight of age, the same old style of dress or coat, the same smile, the same tones of voice. I hope you remember them before they went away. If not, I hope there are those who have recited to you what they were, and that there may be in your house some article of dress or furniture with which you associate their memories. I want to arouse the most sacred memories of your heart while I make the impassioned interrogatory in regard to your pedigree: "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

I. First, I accost all those who are descended of a

CHRISTIAN ANCESTRY.

I do not ask if your parents were perfect. There are *no perfect people now*, and I do not suppose there were any perfect people then. Perhaps there was sometimes too much blood in their eye when they chastised you. But from what I know of you, you got no more than you deserved, and perhaps a little more chastisement would have been salutary. But you are willing to acknowledge, I think, that they wanted to do right. From what you overheard in conversations and from what you saw at the family altar and at neighborhood obsequies, you know that they had invited God into their heart and life. There was something that sustained those old people supernaturally. You have no doubt about their destiny. You expect if you ever get to heaven to meet them as certainly as you expect to meet the Lord Jesus Christ.

That early association has been a charm for you. There was a time when you got right up from a house of iniquity and walked out into the fresh air because you thought your mother was looking at you. You have never been very happy in sin because of a sweet old face that would present itself. Tremulous voices from the past accosted you until they were seemingly audible, and you looked around to see who spoke. There was an estate not mentioned in the last will and testament,

A VAST ESTATE

of prayer and holy example and Christian entreaty and glorious memory. The survivors of the family gathered to hear the will read, and this was to be kept, and that was to be sold, and it was share and share alike. But there was *an unwritten will* that read something like this: "In the name of God, Amen. I, being of sound mind, bequeath to my children all my prayers for their salvation; I bequeath to them all the results of a lifetime's toil; I bequeath to them the Christian religion which has been so much comfort to me, and I hope may be solace for them; I bequeath to them a hope of reunion when the partings of life are over; share and share alike may they have in eternal riches. I bequeath to them the wish that they may avoid my errors and copy anything that may have been worthy. In the name of the God who made me, and the Christ who redeemed me, and the Holy Ghost who sanctifies me, I make this my last will and testament. Witness, all ye hosts of heaven. Witness, time, witness, eternity. Signed, sealed, and delivered in this our dying hour. Father and Mother."

You did not get that will proved at the Surrogate's office; but I take it out to-day and I read it to you; I take it out of the alcoves of your heart; I shake the dust off of it, I ask you will you accept that inheritance, or will you

break the will? O ye of Christian ancestry, you have a responsibility vast beyond all measurement! God will not let you off with just being as good as ordinary people when you had such extraordinary advantage. Ought not a flower planted in a hot-house be more thrifty than a flower planted outside in the storm? Ought not a factory turned by the Housatonic do more work than a factory turned by a thin and shallow mountain stream? Ought not you of great early opportunity be better than those who had a cradle unblessed?

A father sets his son up in business. He keeps an account of all the expenditures. So much for store fixtures, so much for rent, so much for this, so much for that, and all the items aggregated, and the father expects the son to give an account. Your Heavenly Father charges against you all the advantages of a pious ancestry—so many prayers, so much Christian example, so many kind entreaties—all these gracious influences one tremendous aggregate, and He asks you for an account of it. Ought not you to be better than those who had no such advantages? Better have been a foundling picked up off the city commons than with such magnificent inheritance of consecration to turn out indifferently.

Ought not you, my brother, to be better, having had Christian nurture than that man who can truly say this morning: "The first word I remember my father speaking to me was an oath; the first time I remember my father taking hold of me was in wrath; I never saw a Bible till I was ten years of age, and then I was told it was a pack of lies. The first twenty years of my life I was associated with the vicious. I seemed to be walled in by sin and death." Now, my brother, ought you not—I leave it as a matter of fairness with you—ought you not to be far better than those who had no early Christian influence? Standing as you do between the generation that is past and the generation that is to come, are you going to pass the blessing on, or are you going to have your life the gulf in which that tide of blessing shall drop out of sight forever? You are

THE TRUSTEE OF PIETY

in that ancestral line, and are you going to augment or squander that solemn trust fund? are you going to disinherit your sons and daughters of the heirloom which your parents left you? Ah! that cannot be possible, that cannot be possible that you are going to take such a position as that. You are very careful about the life insurances, and careful about the deeds, and careful about the mortgages, and careful about the title of your property, because when you step off the stage you want your children to get it all. Are you making no provision that they shall get grandfather and grandmother's religion? Oh, what a last will and testament you are making, my brother! "In the name of God, Amen. I, being of sound mind, make this my last will and testament. I bequeath to my children all the money I ever made and all the houses I own; but I disinherit them, I rob them of the ancestral grace and the Christian influence that I inherited. I have squandered that on my own worldliness. Share and share alike must they in the misfortune and the everlasting outrage. Signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of God and men and angels and devils and all the generations of earth and heaven and hell, January, 1884."

O ye highly favored ancestry, wake up this morning to a sense of your opportunity and your responsibility. I think there must be

AN OLD CRADLE,

or a fragment of a cradle somewhere that could tell a story of midnight supplication in your behalf. Where is the old rocking chair in which you were sung to sleep with the holy nursery rhyme? Where is the old clock that ticked away the moments of that sickness on that awful night when there were but three of you awake—you and God and mother? Is there not an old staff in some closet? is there not an old family Bible on some shelf that seems to address you, saying: "My son, my daughter, how can you reject that God who so kindly dealt with us all our lives and to whom we commended you in our prayers living and dying! By the memory of the old homestead, by the family altar, by our dying pillow, by the graves in which our bodies sleep while our spirits hover, we beg you to turn over a new leaf for the new year." Oh, the power of ancestral piety, well illustrated by a young man of New York who attended a prayer-meeting one night and asked for prayer, and then went home and wrote down these words:

AN ENTRY IN A DIARY.

"Twenty-five years ago to-night my mother went to heaven, my beautiful, blessed mother, and I have been alone, tossed up and down upon the billows of life's tempestuous ocean. Shall I ever go to heaven? She told me I must meet her in heaven. When she took her boy's hand in hers and turned her gentle, loving eyes on me and gazed earnestly and long into my face, and then lifted them to heaven in that last prayer, she prayed that I might meet her in heaven. I wonder if I ever shall?

"*My mother's prayers!* Oh, my sweet, blessed mother's prayers! Did ever boy have such a mother as I had? For twenty-five years I have not heard her pray until to-night. I have heard all her prayers over again. They have had, in fact, a terrible resurrection. Oh, how she was wont to pray! She prayed as they prayed to-night, so earnest, so importunate, so believing. Shall I ever be a Christian? She was a Christian. Oh, how bright and pure and happy was her life! She was a cheerful and happy Christian. There is *my mother's Bible.* I have not opened it for years. Did she believe I could ever neglect her precious Bible? She surely thought I would read it much and often. How often has she read it to me.

"Blessed mother, did you pray in vain for your boy? It shall not be in vain. Ah! no, no, it shall not be in vain. I will pray for myself. Who has sinned against so much instructions as I have? against so many precious prayers put up to heaven for me by one of the most lovely, tender, pious, confiding, trusting of mothers in her Heavenly Father's care and grace. She never doubted. She believed. She always prayed as if she did. My Bible, my mother's Bible and my conscience teach what I am and what I have made myself. Oh, the bitter pangs of an accusing conscience. I need a Saviour mighty to save. I must seek Him. I will. I am on the sea of existence, and I can never get off from it. I am afloat. No anchor, no rudder, no compass, no book of instructions, for I have put them all away from me. Saviour of the perishing, save or I perish."

Do you wonder that the next day he arose in a prayer-meeting and said: "My brethren, I stand before you a monument of God's amazing mercy and goodness, forever blessed be His holy name; all I have and all I am I consecrate to Jesus, my Saviour and my God"? Oh, the power of ancestral prayer. Hear it! Hear it!

II. But I turn for a moment to those who had

EVIL PARENTAGE,

and I want to tell you that the highest thrones in heaven and the mightiest triumphs and the brightest crowns will be for those who had evil parentage, but who by the grace of God conquered. As useful, as splendid a gentleman as I know of to-day had for father a man who died blaspheming God until the neighbors had to put their fingers in their ears to shut out the horror. One of the most consecrated and useful Christian ministers of to-day was born of a drunken horse-jockey. Tide of evil tremendous in some families. It is like Niagara Rapids, and yet men have clung to a rock and been rescued.

There is a family in New York whose wealth has rolled up into many millions that was founded by a man who, after he had vast estate sent back a paper of tacks because they were two cents more than he expected. Grip and grind and gouge in the fourth generation—I suppose it will be grip and grind and gouge in the twentieth generation. The thirst for intoxicants has burned down through the arteries of a hundred and fifty years. Pugnacity or combativeness characterize other families. Sometimes one form of evil, sometimes another form of evil. But

IT MAY BE RESISTED,

it has been resisted. If the family frailty be avarice, cultivate unselfishness and charity, and teach your children never to eat an apple without offering somebody else half of it. Is the family frailty combativeness, keep out of the company of quick-tempered people, and never answer an impertinent question until you have counted a hundred both ways, and after you have written an angry letter keep it a week before you send it, and then burn it up! Is the family frailty timidity and cowardice, cultivate backbone, read the biography of brave men like Joshua or Paul, and see if you cannot get a little iron in your blood. Find out what the family frailty is, and set body, mind, and soul in battle array.

CONQUER YOU WILL.

I think the genealogical table was put in the first chapter of the New Testament, not only to show our Lord's pedigree, but to show that a man may rise up in an ancestral line and beat back successfully all the influences of bad heredity. See in that genealogical table that good King Asa came of vile King Abia. See in that genealogical table that Joseph and Mary and the most illustrious Being that ever touched our world, or ever will touch it, had in their ancestral line scandalous Rheoboam and Thamar and Bathsheba. If this world is ever to be Edenized—and it will be—all the infected families of the earth are to be regenerated, and there will some one arise in each family line and open a new genealogical table. There will be some Joseph in the line to reverse the evil influence of Rheoboam, and there will be some Mary in the line to reverse the evil influence of Bathsheba. Perhaps the star of hope may point down to your manger. Perhaps you are to be the hero or the heroine that is to put down the brakes and stop that long train of genealogical tendencies and switch it off on another track from that on which it has been running for a century. You do that, and I will promise you as fine a palace as the architects of heaven can build, the archway inscribed with the words: "More than conqueror."

AN OFFERED PARENTAGE.

But whatever your heredity, let me say, you may be sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Estranged children from the homestead come back through the open gate of adoption. There is royal blood in our veins. There are crowns on our escutcheon. Our Father is King. Our Brother is King. We may be kings and queens unto God forever. Come and sit down on the ivory bench of the palace. Come and wash in the fountains that fall into the basins of crystal and alabaster. Come and look out of the upholstered window upon gardens of azalea and amaranth. Hear the full burst of the orchestra while you banquet with potentates and victors. Oh, when the text sweeps backward, let it not stop at the cradle that rocked your infancy, but at the cradle that rocked the first world, and when the text sweeps forward, let it not stop at your grave, but at the throne on which you may reign forever and ever. "Whose son art thou, thou young man?" Son of God! Heir of mortality! Take your inheritance!

THE OCCUPATIONS, ETC.

A new pamphlet of Dr. Talmage's Sermons, under the above title, is now ready. Among the twenty-six sermons it contains, are those to Lawyers, Doctors, Merchants, Clerks, Commercial Travellers, The Theatrical Profession, and Telegraph Operators. Also Sermons on Business Life, The East Wind, Silver Wings, The Pouting Son, The Ferry-boat of the Jordan, etc. It may be obtained, postage paid, from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office for thirty cents.

THE CAREER OF ANTICHRIST.

By Rev. Allen Wendle.

The Three and a Half Years—After the Rapture of Watchful Saints—Before the Lord's Appearance in Glory—The Appearance of Antichrist—Not to be Revealed Until after the Rapture—The Revival of the Roman Dynasty—Antichrist to Accept Satan's Offer—The Seventieth Week Divided Off—Antichrist's Blaspheming—His Companion Prompting the People—The End of Antichrist.

WHEN the aged prophet Elijah, mighty in faith, sent his servant to look toward the sea, he returned, saying, "There is nothing." Seven times he repeated the visit, and then a cloud appeared no bigger than a man's hand. It was, however, the forerunner of a storm. The heavens were covered with clouds, and there was a great rain. Many of God's people are now, like that prophet, on their knees, crying, "Come, Lord Jesus—come quickly!" We may as yet see nothing visible; but when we look into the "glass" of the Word of God, we are appalled by the magnitude of the approaching storm. Did the captain of the stoutest ship which ever put to sea behold such indications, how quickly would every stitch of canvas be furled, and all made ready to encounter the dreaded gale. God grant that such may be our case, as it is now of infinite importance that we should be safely anchored to the Rock of Ages.

Let it be clearly understood that

THE PERIOD

of the great tribulation for three and a half years, to which we are about to call your attention, will take place between the two acts of our Lord's coming; that is to say, *after* His watchful and ready saints have been translated to heaven without dying, and *before* His coming to destroy Antichrist.

The first point I have now to place before you is

THE APPEARANCE OF ANTICHRIST.

Upon this earth of ours there once walked a man, the personification of goodness. God was in Christ. The testimony of the Holy Ghost concerning the man Christ Jesus is, "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Such a text might well silence all cavillers against the divinity of our Lord. But the world rejected Him. He was too holy for unholy men; He was too unselfish for their selfish minds; and they crucified Him. God has thus given one instance of what man might be. Antichrist will be the very opposite. Men have chosen darkness rather than light, and then they shall know its mighty power—even a darkness that may be felt.

The Pope is not *the* Antichrist, but *an* Antichrist. Yet it is important to note that he sets before us in a shadowy form what the true Antichrist will be. Antichrist will be a man almost as full of the Devil as the Lord Jesus was full of God. The Saviour manifested on earth what God was. Antichrist will teach men on earth what the Devil is. We read in II Thessalonians 2 : 3, "Let no man deceive you by any means, for that day *shall not come* [that is, the day of Christ in its fulness], except there come a falling away first. And that man of sin will be revealed, the son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God. Remember ye not that when I was yet with you I told ye these things? and now ye know what *withholdeth* that he [the Antichrist] might be revealed in his time."

THE WITHHOLDING.

What is it that doth withhold? God said to Lot, "I can do nothing till thou be come out thence; haste thee, escape for thy life." I believe what withholdeth Antichrist is that Body of saints who must go up to heaven before the revelation of Antichrist. Look at the seventh verse: "For the mystery of iniquity doth already work; only he who now letteth [*i.e.* hindereth the development of the man of sin] *will let*, until he be taken out of the way." The "he" here I take again to be the Body of saints symbolized by the *man child* in Rev. 12, who will be caught up before the three and a half years. "And then shall that wicked [Greek, lawless] one be revealed whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming."

Let us now look at the thirteenth chapter of Revelation, and see the further development of this awful personage. "And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his head the name of Blasphemy." Here you have Daniel's fourth beast—the Roman Empire. Let us for a moment pause. The beast has seven heads, and it will interest you to show that there have been seven forms of government in the Roman Empire: (1) kings, (2) consuls, (3) dictators, (4) decemvirs, (5) military tribunes, (6) emperors; and then the seventh was Napoleon Bonaparte's dynasty, without a doubt.

There is no doubt that in Napoleon the First

THE ROMAN DYNASTY

was revived, and his son was crowned King of Rome; thus he was the *seventh* dynasty which held Rome in subjection. After the *seventh*, we are told there cometh an *eighth*, in the seventeenth chapter of Revelation and the eighth verse. Here we again meet with Antichrist: "The beast that thou sawest was, and is not; and shall ascend out of the bottomless pit, and go into perdition. The seven heads are seven mountains on which the woman sitteth; and there are seven kings—five are fallen and one is;" that is, the sixth power then being *emperors*—one of whom reigned in Rome at the time John wrote, "and the other is not yet come" (when John wrote it). But he came when Napoleon Bonaparte revived the headship. "When he cometh, he must continue a short space. And the beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into perdition. And the ten horns which thou sawest are ten kings, which have received no kingdom as yet; but receive power as kings one hour with the beast. They have one mind, and shall give their power and strength unto the beast." These I believe to be the ten toes in Daniel's image—the ten future kings of the revived Roman Empire. These ten kings and their kingdoms will give their strength to Antichrist.

Observe, the dragon will give to the Antichrist his power, his seat, his throne, and great authority, all of which he offered unto the Lord Jesus Christ: "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

SATAN WILL MEET ANTICHRIST

with the like offer, and it will be accepted. In Rev. 13 we read, "I saw one of the heads as it were *wounded to death*" (*i.e.*, the Napoleonic dynasty), "and his *deadly wound was healed*, and all the world wondered after the beast"—the poor, giddy, gay, fashionable, pleasure-loving, money-grasping world will wonder after the Antichrist—"saying, who is like unto the beast? who is able to make war with him? And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies, and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months"—three years and a half exactly, the period of *the great tribulation*. "And he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme His name, and His tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven. And it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them: and power was given unto him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations. And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. If any man have an ear, let him hear."

Of this time our Lord speaks when He says, "Except those days should be shortened, no flesh should be saved" (Matt. 24 : 22). And again, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" For do you not see here that all the faithful will be scattered or cut off, and people among whom you are now sitting may fall down and worship Antichrist? The book tells you that *all* shall worship him whose names are not written in the Lamb's book of life.

Our next point is,

THE JEWS WILL GO BACK

to their own land. In Jeremiah 30, third verse, we read, "Lo, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will bring again the captivity of My people *Israel* and *Judah*, saith the Lord"—remember that the exiles who returned from the captivity at Babylon were the two tribes of *Judah* and Benjamin; the ten tribes of *Israel* were scattered, and have never returned; but here you have them both mentioned: "and I will cause them to return to the land that I gave to their fathers." Again, in Ezekiel 37 : 21, "Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen, whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land: and I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel; and one king shall be king to them all; and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all." This text of Scripture amply proves the great point that I now have in consideration, namely, that the Jews will return to their own land.

They will then receive Antichrist as their prince (see Daniel 9, twenty-fourth verse), "Seventy weeks are determined upon Thy people and upon Thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the Most Holy." This number *seventy* is then divided into three parts—seven weeks, threescore and two weeks, and one week. Now observe verse 26, "And after threescore and two weeks, shall Messiah be cut off, but not for Himself, and the people of the prince that shall come" (*i.e.*, of the last head of the Roman power—Antichrist) "shall destroy the city and the sanctuary; and the end thereof shall be with a flood, and unto the end of the war desolations are determined."

"And he"—the prince that shall come—"shall confirm a covenant with many for one week," *i.e.*, the last week of the seventy weeks, which seventy weeks are considered to be weeks of years. There is an interregnum between the sixty-ninth and seventieth week, a parenthetical period in Jewish history. Nationally they ceased to exist after the destruction of Jerusalem, and are restored when the fulness of the Gentiles comes in. During the last week—the seventieth—they appear to be altogether mixed up with the prince that will come, with whom they will make a seven years' covenant. An image will be made to this Antichrist, and he will break

HIS SEVEN YEARS' COVENANT

with the Jews. In Revelation 12 : 11, we read that he will have a companion—"the false prophet"—who will "say to them that dwell on the earth, that they should make an image to the beast which had the wound by the sword, and did live. And he had power to give life unto the image of the beast, that the image of the beast should both speak, and cause that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed." Those whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life, who will not worship the Antichrist, will be martyred. But some will escape from that. Look at Rev. 12 and seventh verse—"And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she had a place prepared of God, to feed her there for 1260 days," *i.e.* three and a half years, during the Antichrist's sway. At this time the image of the beast will be set up upon the battlements of the temple at Jerusalem, rebuilt after the Jews had gone back to their own land. Rev. 11 : 1, 2, speaks of this temple. Also, in Daniel 9 : 27 we are told that, "in the midst of the week" of seven years—that is, at the beginning of the latter three and a half years, or forty-two months, the time of *the great tribulation*—"he shall cause the sacri-

fice and the oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make it desolate." The marginal reading is, "and upon the battlements shall be the idols of the desolate." That will be the abomination that maketh desolate. It was never fulfilled in the days of Titus; but when Antichrist will be dominant, he will put his image upon the battlements of the temple. Then will commence the

FORTY-TWO MONTHS OF PERSECUTION

such as never was before, nor ever will be again. This will be the "time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time; and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book" (Dan. 12 : 1, 2).

Now look at Zechariah 14 : 1, "Behold, the day of the Lord cometh, and thy spoil shall be divided in the midst. For I will gather all nations against Jerusalem to battle;" those ten kingdoms of the great Roman Empire—once again under their revived head—Antichrist; "and the city shall be taken, and the houses rifled, and the women ravished," etc.

The 19th of Revelation also agrees with these two passages. There you will see the beast and the kings of the earth and their armies gathered together to make war against the Lord Jesus; and the beast Antichrist, with the false prophet, are taken and cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone. This dread conflict is the time for which men will beat their ploughshares into swords, and their pruning-hooks into spears. Watch and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Smiling at Death.—At a Recent Meeting Mr. Simpson narrated: "A friend was speaking of the death of his wife, and he said it was one of the most delightful cases of death he had ever witnessed. When just in the very throes of it, there was a smile over her whole face, and she looked up and said, 'I can smile at death.' So perfect was the peace God had given her."

A Band of God's Emigrants.—Mr. Oatts Related: "The ways of God are wonderful in our eyes. Some months ago a number of our young people went to Buffalo, in the United States of America, with the intention of bettering their worldly affairs, God, however, had another purpose in view as well. In Buffalo it has been the habit of several young men to hold open-air services, but as they were called away during the winter from the town, it was thought there would be no open-air work done this season, but there was. The usual services were held, for these young men from our city took up the work and carried it on. No work that is directed by God ever fails. Individuals may be changed, but the work goes on."

Salvation Through a Tear.—Harry Moorhouse tells of a young woman who was left an orphan and occupied a little back room in an out-of-the-way place in London. By and by she became ill, could no longer get out to her work, and thought she must die, unfriended and alone. God, however, sent a lady to visit her. She tidied up the little room, attended to the girl's wants, spoke very kindly, and asked to be allowed to return. Three or four times the kindly affectionate creature visited the sick girl. At first she did not speak about Christ; but one day she took the invalid's hand and lovingly asked her if she knew anything about the love of Jesus. As she did so she dropped a tear on the girl's face and it was that, she said, that broke her heart. She felt that the lady must love her very much to be so anxious about her, and that tear was the means of bringing her to know the Saviour.

Afraid of a Front Seat.—The Rev. Mr. Howie related: "A man came to Mr. Patterson's church, at Govan, and wanted to get into a back seat; in fact, he had stipulated with the person who brought him that he should not be taken to any conspicuous place where he could be got at. However, he could not find accommodation at the rear of the church, and was taken to the front. When the inquiry meeting was commenced I pounced upon this man, who was anxious to get away, but being a little stronger than he was, after a little struggle I got a few words poured into his ears and induced him to sit down. I got one of my elders to speak to him. He came back the next night, grasped this man by the hand, and said, 'I am thankful I was detained last night.' He then told him how both he and his wife had that night made a profession of their faith in Christ."

Prayed for in a Meadow.—Mr. William Robertson related: "Some careless young people were, a short time ago, passing a company of people who were listening to the preaching of the Gospel in a meadow, and two of them seemed inclined to remain, but one of their friends shouted, 'Come along; if you stay there you will be converted!' and so they passed on. The gentleman who was conducting the open-air meeting asked for prayer for these heedless and giddy young people, and prayer was made. Not long ago, at Hawick, this incident was referred to, and at the close of the meeting, a young man came forward and acknowledged that *he* was one of the little group of thoughtless people in the meadow for whom prayer was asked as stated. He was brought to the Lord a week afterward. The Lord had answered prayer."

A Very Bad Disease Cured.—Bailie Ross Related: "Last week I was at Loch Tarbert, addressing a meeting. When I had finished speaking, a man rose and said, 'I want to tell the people what the Lord has done for me. For fourteen years I was *a besotted drunkard*. I signed the pledge, joined the Good Templars, and tried all I could, but I could not keep my obligations, nor did the so-called cures cure me. There I was, suffering from that terrible disease called *drink-craving*, and there is only one Doctor who can cure it, and He is Christ, the only Divinely qualified Physician of souls. Sick of sin, I went to Him and asked Him in mercy to cure me. The longing for drink was taken away at once, and He has saved my soul and made me a new creature. If there is one weary soul here now, come to His loving arms. He will cure you.' This straightforward, simple testimony was blessed to many seeking sinners who were present."

A Happy Eavesdropper.—Mr. Deware Remarked: "Twenty-three years ago I used to hold Gospel meetings, and speak personally to those whom I visited, and was often in great depression of spirits owing to the fewness and smallness of results. One day I was going round the district with some communion cards, and one of those I wished to see was not at home, but the person who had opened the door for me asked, 'Is this your name on the card?' 'Yes,' I said, 'that is it.' 'You knew my mother, then; when you used to speak to her about her sins, and the love of Jesus, I was often listening, though you did not know it, and since then I have been blessed by the words you uttered. I have found Christ, and He is now my salvation and my song.' It is impossible to describe the joy I experienced on hearing this; my heart overflowed with gratitude to God for His kindness in letting me see the result of work I thought fruitless. 'In due season we shall reap if we faint not.'"

A Drowning Man's Obstinacy.—Mr. Reid Related: "Two young men were walking beside a river, when one of them stumbled and fell in. He could not swim, but his companion was a capital swimmer—perfectly able to save him if he only allowed him to do so. The swimmer plunged into the water, and said to the struggling man, 'Keep quite still; do nothing, and I'll save you!' A few strokes brought him to his friend, who instantly seized his arm, thus preventing him doing anything. With a great effort he wrenched his arm away from the terrified man, saying, 'Now, if you are not quite quiet I shall be forced to leave you to your fate.' The man knew that he must go down if not pulled out by his friend, and therefore promised to be still, but no sooner did the swimmer approach him than he again grappled with him. 'I must save myself; I leave you to your fate;' so saying, the strong swimmer shook himself free from the drowning man, and made for the shore. All hope left the poor fellow, and he sank insensible to the bottom. This was his friend's chance for saving him. He dived after him, and *because he was helpless*, soon got him ashore. This is just a picture of what the despairing sinner does; and it is only when he gives up struggling, and leaves himself to the power of the omnipotent Saviour to save him, that he will be rescued from sin and hell."

THE PROPHETIC INDICATIONS OF THE PAST YEAR.

THE year now closed has been full of interest and suggestiveness to the devout Christian, who in the unfoldings of Providence recognizes confirmatory testimony of the truth of God's Word. The "signs of the end" have been multiplying thick and fast. *Uneasiness* is a marked characteristic of the times. "Men's hearts are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming upon the earth." A crash is felt to be inevitable and imminent. The politics of the nations, the universal preparation for war, the sensitiveness of governments, the aspirations of treasonable men, the condition of commerce, the state of the Church of Christ, and the general laxity of social and domestic influences and restraints, all go to indicate in the clearest possible manner the rapidly nearing approach of the predicted end. This view derives additional confirmation from the fact that the 1260 years of Popery and Mohammedanism, and the 6000 years since the Creation, terminate within the next few years.

In addition to the conviction forced upon the mind by these grave symptoms, there are other phenomena whose intelligent consideration must not be overlooked. The departed year has been one of

NATURAL PERTURBATION

in a marked degree. Natural phenomena have become strangely and impressively didactic, and their awe-inspiring lessons he who runs may read. Human lives have been sacrificed by earthquake, tornadoes, and cholera, to a most startling number—nearly 3000 perishing in the Ischia disaster alone, more than 20,000 in the Java cataclysm, and over 50,000 by cholera in India and Egypt. The death roll of the year has thus been swollen by violent and extraordinary causes to a terrible extent. "As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be at the coming of the Son of Man." "The whole earth was then full of violence," and so now deeds of violence, the work of lawless men, in addition to these catastrophes of creation, reckless outrages and atrocities, dynamite and assassination conspiracies, whether by Fenians, Nihilists, or Socialists, are multiplying.

But, passing by the conflicting passions, and antagonistic rivalries of men and nations, and the convulsions and throes of nature as if in the agony of a new birth, the condition and aspect of

AFFAIRS IN THE CHURCH OF GOD

clearly assure us that "our redemption draweth nigh." Not that the world has yet been converted by Christian agency, as some unwarrantably anticipate, for "evil men and seducers wax worse and worse," and "in the last days perilous times shall come," but there is a growing number of God's children who are girding up their loins, trimming their lamps, and assuming a watchful and expectant attitude in reference to the speedy Second Coming of Christ, laboring, meanwhile, with the greater self-sacrifice and earnestness to bring men to the Saviour ere the curtain of the present dispensation falls, and

THE DAY OF TERROR DAWNS.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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READERS should understand that when an article published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD bears the name of the writer, that writer must be held individually responsible for the views therein advanced. The ministers whose sermons appear in this journal, and other contributors, must not be regarded as always endorsing views about which there is a wide divergence of opinion, even among Christians of eminent piety and learning.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Public Debt was Reduced during the month of December by nearly twelve million dollars. Deducting the cash in the Treasury, it now amounts to less than a billion and a half. Fifty-three millions have been paid off since July 1st. It is evident from these figures that the reduction made in the revenue by the Forty-seventh Congress did not produce the results expected. It was said at the time that the reduction in customs would be forty millions, and the internal taxes thirty-five millions. The actual reduction has been at a lower rate from both sources than thirty-five millions or less than one half the estimate. When the sinking fund was first established it was enacted that one per cent annually should be paid off, but that law has been disregarded. It is estimated that seven hundred millions more than the law required have been paid off. It may be hoped now that Congress will consider the claims of the taxpayers to relief.

The Report of the Six Months' Work of the Civil Service Commission is stated to be ready for presentation. Its details have not yet been divulged, though the anxiety felt both by friends and opponents of the measure has been in some measure satisfied. An authoritative communication declares that the report will prove highly satisfactory to those who worked for the passage of the law creating the commission. It will show that the result of the Commissioners' labors thus far has demonstrated the entire practicability of the present law, as well as its efficiency. So well have its provisions accomplished their purpose, indeed, that the Commissioners will probably not recommend any changes in the law of any kind. They desire nothing taken from or added to the law as it stands, experience having satisfied them that it works well as it is. Their only wish is to be allowed to go on performing their duties without needless interference.

The Plan for Distributing Surplus Revenue among the States, advocated by Mr. Wharton Barker and indorsed by the Pennsylvania Republican Convention, is to be submitted to Congress in a bill prepared under Mr. Barker's direction. It provides that money which shall remain in the Treasury at the expiration of each quarter of every fiscal year, after reserving a sum not exceeding $50,000,000 beyond the appropriations or payments for the quarter, shall be divided by the Secretary of the Treasury into two equal portions, to be distributed among the States designated by law to receive the sums. He is to pay one portion to the States named in the proportion which the number of persons of the age of twenty-one years and unable to read in each State bears to the number of such persons in all the States collectively, as shown by the national census last taken. The remaining portion shall be distributed in the same manner for the extinction of State, county, and municipal debt or in the relief of State, county, and municipal taxation required for the cost of State and local government. The plan has been ridiculed in many sections of the country, even by Republicans, but a vigorous effort will be made to secure its adoption.

Another Effort is to be Made in Ohio to Pass a prohibition amendment to the Constitution. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has prepared and sent to the local branches for signature the following petition to the legislature: "The undersigned, in full belief that the second or prohibitory amendment submitted by the late legislature to the vote of the people on October 9th, 1883, received a majority of the ballots cast, which, for reasons unmentioned, were not recorded, most respectfully and earnestly urge upon your honorable body the propriety and equity of submitting to the vote of the people a single proposition to so amend the Constitution that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage shall be forever prohibited within the State, and should the amendment be adopted on the second Tuesday of October, 1885, that the legislature upon that day elected shall at its first session enact a law for the enforcement of such amendment." Another petition prays the legislature to make temperance teaching in the common schools compulsory.

Herr Edward Lasker, the Eminent German Liberal statesman, died suddenly in New York on the night of January 3d. He had been at a small dinner party at the house of Mr. Jesse W. Seligman, the banker, and on leaving it, apparently in good health and spirits, he started to walk to the house where he boarded. An acquaintance who accompanied him observed that he became silent after walking a few blocks, and appeared to be unwell. Herr Lasker, however, would not allow a carriage to be called. He became worse, and before reaching his home he died. It is supposed that his death was due to apoplexy, but as that is only an assumption an autopsy will be made. The deceased statesman was in his fifty-fifth year. He arrived in this country last June, and travelled extensively, studying our free institutions. He was the leader of the Liberal party in Germany, and the most determined opponent of the oppressive officialism that weighs on that country. He intended to return to Germany in time to take his seat in parliament at its opening. His death will be a severe loss to the cause of progress in Germany.

Many Projects for the Relief of Lieutenant Greely and his party have been submitted to the board organized to arrange the expedition. That of Captain George E. Tyson, of the Hall Arctic Expedition, appears to find most favor with the board. He advises that a steamer of 300 tons be secured, ready to sail early enough in June to arrive in the arctic seas by July. He would endeavor to reach Cape York, and, not finding the missing men there, push on to Littleton Island, hunting along the coast as far as the weather would permit. If Greely should not be at Littleton Island he would cross to the west coast. There he would have two whaleboats fitted out and proceed northward from the point where the ice was encountered. He would *not in any event put the ship into the ice.* The boats should make the trip to Lady Franklin Bay, and return in about fifteen days. He advises that the boats be strongly built, with a three-inch keel, and provided with a shoe, so they could be hauled over the ice, if the crew were suddenly called upon to jump on the floe. Captain Tyson expressed the opinion that if Lieutenant Greely and party were well they would be found at Littleton Island. He probably had suffered some, but it would hardly compare with the hardships of the nineteen persons who were floating six months and a half on the ice. There is abundance of game during the winter at Littleton Island. Even without fuel, if they can get plenty of animal food, they will not suffer seriously from cold.

A Terrific Railroad Crash Occurred near Toronto on January 2d. A train containing about fifty working men, drawn by a dummy engine collided with a special freight train. The shock when the engines met was terrific. The dummy was telescoped through the car following it until it reached the rear platform. The ponderous freight engine leaped on top of the wreck, grinding the smaller engine to atoms, and literally cutting to pieces the unfortunate occupants of the car. To add to the horrors of the scene, the boiler of the dummy exploded, and the live coals from the engine and stoves in the cars ignited the débris. Thirty passengers were killed and the other twenty were seriously and some fatally injured. The conductor of the freight train said that he and the engineer, who was making his first trip on the road, had completely forgotten the train into which they ran.

An Encouraging Feature of New Year's calls this year is mentioned by the Washington *Evening Star*. In an interview with a reporter of that journal, a prominent wine merchant said: "There has been very little drinking this New Year. Usually we sell a great deal of champagne, sherry, catawba and other wines for the New Year receptions, but this year the sales have been very light—at least twenty per cent lighter than last year. How do I account for it? Oh, it's brought about by this big cry of temperance, which is being raised all over the country, I suppose. It is getting so now that people are *ashamed to offer wine* to a caller, and if it is offered a man feels that he is staking his reputation by accepting it. Ladies who have wine on their private table every day are afraid to have it on New Year, because of the stigma that temperance people attach to it; and men who are steady drinkers will refuse wine at a reception on a plea of temperance. Why, I was making a few calls New Year, and at but one place was I offered a glass of wine, and there the lady offered it with a sort of apologetic air. A man whom I know to be a hard drinker—a man who gets on long sprees, happened there at the same time and got himself in high favor by refusing the wine and asking for water No, there was not near as much liquor sold this year as usual—that is, not for the New Year receptions. Chocolate, tea, and coffee were served nearly everywhere." It would be better to have people become abstainers from principle, but it is a step in advance to have drinking become unfashionable.

Many Applications have been Made through the office of this journal to Mrs. M. F. Shipman to conduct services in various parts of the country. She has not been able to respond to them all, but has requested that her thanks be tendered here to those who have written her. She is this week conducting services at Greenpoint, L. I. Next week she goes to Park Avenue Church, Brooklyn, for two weeks, and after that to Classon Avenue Church. At the close of the Brooklyn services she has arranged to make a tour among the churches in Pennsylvania, which will occupy her time until June 4th. On June 7th she intends sailing for England. She hopes to return to America in September. Applications for her services subsequent to that date may be sent to this office, and we will forward them to her.

Revival Services at the Brooklyn Tabernacle are being conducted this week by Mr. and Mrs. Clark Willson, whose portraits appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 13th, 1882. Mrs. Willson is the sister of the late Mr. P. P. Bliss, the author of "Hold the Fort." The services conducted by herself and her husband in various parts of the country have been the means of the conversion of thousands of souls.

Traffic was Delayed by Soap in Georgia recently. It appears that some silly practical joker, who has hitherto had the good fortune to escape the idiot asylum, resides near Waycross, Ga. On Christmas day he put five bars of soap in the tank from which the engines on the Brunswick and Waycross Railroad obtain their water. The engineer of the night express train filled up with the soapy water, and *soapy water will not make steam.* So the engine was laid up on the track without steam or the power to make it until another engine could be sent out to pull the former train and engine onward. Satan, when he is alarmed by the progress of a church or an individual soul, often has recourse to similar tactics. A very little mixture of pride or worldliness will paralyze the power which comes from complete dependence on God (Gal. 5 : 7–9).

The Boycotting of Daily Newspapers which have a Sunday issue, as the majority of daily papers do have, was recommended by the Philadelphia Methodist Preachers' Association at its meeting on December 24th. The association, with seven dissentients, adopted a report of its committee on Sabbath, which said: "Your committee most sincerely deprecates the circulation of Sunday newspapers and the fearful demoralization they occasion in many Christian families, where they take the place of the Word of God and good wholesome reading. We are also of the opinion that Sabbath desecration is fearfully increased by the issue of papers on Sunday. It becomes a serious question whether Christians can consistently patronize the papers on Monday that publish a Sunday edition." There is no doubt that if all Christians were to adopt the suggestion the Sunday issues would become unprofitable and gradually be discontinued.

A Demented Lady's Occupation has Excited some curiosity in Williamsburgh, N. Y. Every morning about eight o'clock she has been seen going to the Fifth Street bridge, and looking down into the creek for some time. Then she throws small pieces of paper into the stream and goes away. A policeman, who was asked about her, said: "We watched the poor woman some time. Grief has unsettled her mind. Some years ago a relative making his way across the meadows from Greenpoint wandered into the creek and, sticking in the mud, was unable to get out. The tide arose and he was drowned. The woman goes to the bridge to pray, and drops the pieces of paper into the water in the belief that they will indicate the right way to the bridge for any unfortunate who may chance to get into the mud." The poor creature uses a futile method, but the motive that prompts her deserves respect, and it ought to animate every Christian mind. We ought to be always busy throwing out indications that may guide the poor sinner, held fast in the mire and quicksand of his iniquity, to the spiritual bridge by which alone he can attain safety (Ezek. 33 : 7).

A Bishop in a Fish Wagon Arrived Recently at an hotel in Geneseo, N. Y. The Geneseo *Republic* says the journey came at the close of a day of mishaps. The Bishop had arranged to go to Geneseo to confirm a class of communicants, and was given at Avon a seat in the last car of the train from Rochester. He stepped off to attend to his baggage, but on his return boarded the next to the last car, and fell into conversation with a friend. He did not realize that he was speeding away in the wrong direction, till almost to Livonia Station, where he left the train, secured a conveyance, and started for Geneseo. When he reached there he found the exercises were under way. The Bishop, in the basement, ready to go up-stairs, wished some drinking water to dilute a few drops of ammonia, which he takes as a preventive against colds. No one but the organ pumper could be found. This individual was busy, and left his post for the water only on condition that the Bishop should take his place at the handle. Still another vexation awaited him. At the conclusion of the services, through some misunderstanding, the carriage to convey the Bishop to the house of his hostess did not appear, and the only conveyance procurable was *a fish wagon.* After starting from the church the horse broke into a rapid run, turned in at the yard of an hotel, and stopped. It was afterward discovered that the bridle was broken, so that had the horse chosen, nothing could have prevented a runaway. The editor trusts that this series of annoyances "may not deter the Bishop from visiting the place again." If the Bishop fully realizes the responsibilities and duties of his office he will not allow a fear of petty vexations to interfere with his movements. It is, however, these little trials that test the temper and patience of the Christian (James 1 : 3).

An Interesting Address was Recently Delivered in Farwell Hall, Chicago, at the Medical Mission Convention called by the Y. M. C. A. to impress medical students and others with the need of medical missionaries in China and other lands. Mr. James Cameron, of the China Inland Mission, was the speaker. He has travelled all through China, having spent seven years in doing so, and while there becoming a Chinese in every way, eating and sleeping with them, wearing their clothing, even to his pigtail. The physical suffering that he saw there has led him to come to New York City to qualify as a medical man and return to China. He narrated many very striking instances of how the way, which had been closed to missionaries, had been opened up to them by medical or surgical aid being given. Dr. Dowknott, of the New York Medical Mission, is rendering assistance to Dr. H. M. Scudder, Jr., in the work of founding a medical mission in Chicago similar to the one he conducts in New York.

A Dog's Long Journey by Scent is Described in a Chicago journal. It states that a farmer named Barber, on removing from Ashtabula, Ohio, to Lyndon, Wis., left behind him with the people who rented his farm, a dog, which was supposed to be of no value. A year afterward, late one night, Mr. Barber heard a dog whining and scratching at the door of his home in Wisconsin, and, on getting up and opening his door, what was his astonishment to see the little dog he had left in Ohio jump upon him with joy and lick his hands. He was so interested in the matter that he wrote to Ashtabula to find out how the dog could have discovered him. The reply stated that the people to whom he had given the dog had removed to Wisconsin, taking the dog with them. They arrived at Sheboygan, Wis, on a day when Mr. Barber also visited that city, but he did not see them. The dog, however, must have come across the track of his former master in the street, and so have traced him to his home, sixteen miles away. Those who call Jesus "Master" have ample directions how they may follow in His steps (John 13 : 13–15).

A Mountain was Split in Two, from Summit to base, in Alaska, during the recent volcanic disturbances. The report of the strange phenomenon given to the press by Professor Davidson, of San Francisco, states that the first indication of the disturbance was a heavy report, and some fishermen on English Bay, looking in the direction from whence the sound came, saw huge *volumes of smoke and flame* burst from the summit of Mount Augustin. They afterward saw large quantities of pummice-dust fall, and there were several earthquake waves in the bay, one of which was thirty feet high. The mountain, which is always covered with snow, became quite bare. Upon examination after the disturbances had subsided, it was found that the mountain had been split in two, from base to summit, and that the northern slope had fallen to the level of the surrounding cliffs. Simultaneously with the eruption a new island made its appearance in the passage between Chernaboura Island and the mainland. It was seventy-five feet high and a mile and a half long. The past year has been remarkable for natural phenomena of a marvellous character, and this is one of the most marvellous. Students of prophecy will remember that just such an event is to occur at the final consummation (Zech. 14 : 4).

THE TOP OF THE LADDER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."—EPHESIANS 3 : 19.

The Lower Rounds of the Ladder—Strengthening Necessary—Afterward Habitation—Then Establishment—Comprehension of Christ's Love—I. To Know the Love—People we Know—Bowing Acquaintances—Those we Know Best—Members of the Household—An All-pervading Perfume—II. Knowing so as to be Filled—Knowledge Producing Folly—Satisfying Knowledge—The Furniture Christ Brings—III. What it is to be Filled—IV. Overflowing Intended—Empty Prayers—The Company of Full Christians—A Profane Liar Reproved.

THIS is a part of Paul's prayer for the Ephesian believers. It is the closing clause and consummation of it. It mentions the grandest boon for which he prayed. His prayer was like that ladder which Jacob saw, the top whereof did reach to heaven and God, and the apostle at the foot of it was not asleep, but looking up with eager eyes, and marking each rising round of light. Be it ours by sweet experience to ascend that staircase of light. May the Holy Ghost reveal it to us even now!

THE RUNGS.

You must begin to read at the fourteenth verse. "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, *that*"—this is one rung of the ladder. "That He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; *that*"—here comes the second rung: one step helps you to reach the next; you are strengthened that you may rise higher and enjoy a further privilege. "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; *that*"—this is the third rung. Oh, that the Holy Ghost may help you at once to take a firm footing upon it! "That ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." Surely we are at the top of the ladder now, are we not? What a height! How glorious is the view! How solid the standing! How exhilarating the sense of communion with all saints and with the Lord of saints! Yet this is not the top of it. Here is another step—"*that* ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

You see that the prayer begins with the gracious petition that

WE MAY BE STRENGTHENED—

"strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man, according to the riches of His glory; the object being, that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith. Before the Lord can dwell in us we must be strengthened—mentally and spiritually strengthened. To entertain the high and holy One—to receive into our soul the indwelling Christ—it is necessary that the temple be strengthened, that there be more power put into every pillar and into every stone of the edifice. It is taken for granted that we have already been washed and cleansed, and so made fit for Christ to come and dwell within us. But we need also to be strengthened; for, unless we become stronger in all spiritual life, how is Christ to dwell in our hearts by faith? Unless we become stronger in love, and in all the graces of the Spirit, how can we worthily entertain such a guest as the Lord Jesus?

Oh, brethren, everything has to be done for us; for, even when we are made clean enough for Christ to enter us, we are not strong enough. Even when the Lord has taken away the defilement, so that no longer "sin lieth at the door" to shut Him out, yet even then we are too feeble to entertain so great a guest. Paul, therefore, begins his requests for the Ephesians with a prayer for more strength for their inner man. Let us pray it to-night—"O Holy Spirit, strengthen my feeble mind, that I may be able to receive more of my Lord. Give me more

capacity; give me a clearer perception; give me a better memory; give me an intenser affection; give me a larger faith." This is the first prayer—that you may be strengthened according to the riches of His glory, with might by His Spirit in the inner man. Be eager for this; plead now with all your hearts for me and for yourselves, that we may all be strengthened by the power of the Spirit of our God.

Now, having stood on the first step of the ladder, Paul goes on to pray that, when we are strengthened,

WE MAY BE INHABITED:

that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith. When the house is ready to receive Him, and strong enough for such a wondrous inhabitant, may Jesus come, not to look about Him as He did when He went into the temple—for we read that He looked round about Him with indignation, and did not remain there—but may He come on purpose to abide with us; not to tarry for a night and give us some transient visits of His love, sweet as that would be, but "that Christ may *dwell* in our hearts by faith." This will make you living temples for the indwelling Lord. Be not afraid to ask, and seek, and believe for this; the ladder is meant to be climbed; this experience is attainable: Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith. This second step of the ladder is worth reaching. Rise to it, ye struggling believers! The Lord bring us all to it by the Holy Ghost!

And when we climb thus far, what next?

THIS THIRD STEP

is a broad one, and it has three parts to it. Its first part is *establishment*—"That ye, being rooted and grounded in love." When you are strengthened, and when Jesus dwells in your heart, then you are no longer "carried about with every wind of doctrine," but you are rooted, like a cedar in Lebanon which receives but recks not of the stormy wind. You are no longer upset by doubts and fears, as a bowing wall is thrown over by a breeze; for you are grounded, like a well-built house, settled on its rocky foundation. Your wall has made its last settlement, and has settled down upon the eternal foundation which can never be removed, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." No man attains to this rooted and grounded state unless Christ dwells in his heart.

Side by side with this very blessed establishment in the faith, for which I would bow my knee, as Paul did for the Ephesians, that you may all have it, comes a *comprehension* of divine love. We would have you receive this further blessing—namely, a comprehension of the love of Christ: "that ye may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height;" that you may have no crude idea, but a clear and definite understanding of what the love of Christ is to you. As an arithmetician makes calculations and arrives at clear ideas, as a mechanic cubes a quantity and takes its length, and depth, and height, so may the Lord Jesus Christ's love be to you no more an airy dream, but a substantial fact, about which you know distinctly, being taught of the living God by the Holy Spirit. Oh, beloved, this is a delightful thing: first, to be strengthened, then to have Christ dwelling in you, and then to begin to know the measure of His unmeasurable love. This is to be taught of God, when you are able to speak of height, depth, length, breadth, and so see the Saviour's love to be a tangible, real, practical, efficient thing.

Do not overlook the third part of this subject, which is "that you may know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge,"—that you may have *acquaintance* with that love which can never be fully known. This is the subject upon which I would briefly descant, taking the whole verse as a step that leads to another step: "That ye may know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, *that*"—and now we come to the top step of all—"that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

Here are four things to talk about—*to know the love of Christ;* secondly, *to know it so as to be filled with all the fulness of God;* thirdly, *to be filled with the fulness of God;* and then, fourthly, *being full, what then?* Does not that mean that when we are full we shall overflow to the glory of Him who filled us? God grant that we may! May the fulness of Jesus be glorified by our holy and useful outpourings!

I. First, then,

TO KNOW THE LOVE

of Christ. Observe that Paul was not praying for people who did not know the love of Christ in the ordinary acceptation of the term. They did know it; they had heard all about it from himself; they had read about it in his epistles and in other gracious records. They knew the whole story of the love of Christ through apostolic teaching. Ay, and they knew it by faith, too. They had believed in the Lord Jesus Christ unto the salvation of their souls, so that in the first verse of this epistle he calls them "saints which are at Ephesus, and the faithful in Christ Jesus."

What does he mean by his prayer that they might know the love of Christ? He intended another kind of knowledge. I know very many people; that is to say, I have read about them; I have heard of them; I have seen them in the street, and they touch their hats to me, and I do the same to them; and thus I know them. This is a slender form of knowledge; yet I fear it is the kind of knowledge which most men have of Christ. They have seen Him; they have looked to Him, and, blessed be His name, there is life in a look, but they have gone no further. Even such a knowledge as that which comes by trembling faith is a knowledge that saves.

But I will tell you the people I know best. They live with me in my own house: I see them every day, I am on the most familiar terms with them: this is the knowledge here intended. Read our text again. "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith," and then—"that you may know the love of Christ." Is not this the best way of knowing it? Jesus resides in your heart, which is the centre of *your* love, and then you know *His* love. He teaches you to love Him, and, as you learn the sweet lesson, you begin to know how Jesus loves you. You come to know Him by personal acquaintance, by having Christ dwelling in you so that you see Him, hear Him, feel His touch, and enjoy His blessed company. This kind of knowledge is the most precious of all knowledge, be the subject what it may.

"We cannot be certain of anything," says some one. Well, perhaps *you* cannot. But the man who has Christ dwelling in him says, "There is one thing

I AM CERTAIN

of, and that is the love of Christ to me. I am assured of the loveliness of His character and the affection of His heart; I perceive that He Himself is love; and I am equally clear, since He has come to live with me, that He loves *me*, for He would not have lived in my heart at all if He had not loved me. He would not cheer and encourage me; He would not rebuke and chasten me, as He does, if He did not love me. He gives me every proof of His love, and therefore I am sure of it. I will have no question raised; or if *you* raise it, you will kindly understand that I do not raise it; for I have come to this, that I know the love of Christ."

You see, then, *the way in which we come by our knowledge*, and *the certainty* there is in it, and *the sweetness* of the subject; I shall have to show you, as we go on, *the efficacy* of this knowledge; for when we know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge, it follows ere-long that we come to be *filled* with all the fulness of God. Here is a sweet perfume brought into a man's house. For substance it seems to be a little thing: it can lie on his finger. Wait a few minutes, and it has actually filled the room. Every one exclaims, "What sweetness!" The fragrance perfumes all the chamber. They open the door: the delicious scent is in the passage, it has gone upstairs into every bedroom, till the fragrance is diffused through all the house, and if you open a window it invades the street and charms the passer-by. If the love of Christ is really known in the soul it is like a precious box of rarest aromatics; it diffuses itself till it fills our entire being.

II. We must dwell a minute on that round of the ladder to which we have ascended—to know

SO AS TO BE FILLED.

It is not every kind of knowledge that will fill a man. Many forms of knowledge make a man more empty than he was before. The knowledge of earthly luxuries tends to make a man hunger for them, and so a new vacuum is created in his mind. When he perceives that there is this or that delight to be had, then he becomes discontented till he gets it, and so he is emptier than he was before. Much of human knowledge is described by the Apostle thus, "Knowledge puffeth up; but love buildeth up." Sometimes the more men know the greater fools they become; for knowledge is not wisdom, though wisdom cannot be without knowledge. Knowledge in the hands of a fool is but a means of publishing his folly. Wisdom is the flower which grows out of knowledge; but all knowledge does not bear that flower: much of it is barren.

Brethren, if you get a knowledge of Christ's love, it is a filling knowledge, for it contents the soul. When a man knows the love of Christ to him, every part of his being is satisfied. We are made up, as it were, of a number of horseleeches, every one of which cries, "Give, give." Here is the heart craving for something to love. Oh, but when you love Christ, you have a heart's love that will satisfy you for all time! Where can such sweetness be? Your heart shall never go a-hungering again. His charms shall hold you fast. There is the intellect: what a horseleech it is! It is ever craving for more—more certainty, more novelty, more wonder; but when the intellect comes to know Christ it acknowledges that in Him dwelleth all wisdom.

Again, when the soul comes to enjoy Christ it is filled in a most emphatic sense. It is not merely satisfied, but overjoyed. One said to me the other day, "I am sure that you have a contented heart." "Well," I replied, "if I were pinched with poverty you might talk of my contentment; but God blesses me so richly that I have passed beyond mere contentment, I have all things and abound. I feel as if I can bless God all day long." Christ's people are not merely safe and contented, they are filled; and well they may be, for there is enough in Christ for millions, and yet He is altogether ours. He has given Himself to us as a glorious whole. A little patrimony may make a man contented, but what shall we say when our heritage is Christ Himself? Contented? Why, our heart leaps as we survey our infinite portion.

"In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am;
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of His name."

When you live in the full enjoyment of the Lord's presence and abide under a sense of His love, you feel more happy than tongue can tell. Your heart is too full to hold: it is like a vessel wanting vent; it possesses a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Once more, when the love of Christ comes to work upon the soul, when it brings with it all its choice treasures, then the mind of the believer is filled with the fulness of God. What is it that the love of Christ gives to the objects of it? Let me ask another question. What is it which is worth having that it does *not* give? He gives us light for our darkness, eyes for our blindness, food for our hunger, cleansing for our defilement, garments for our nakedness, healing for our sickness. He gives us strength for our weakness, joy for our sorrow, comfort for our distress, deliverance for our peril, and triumph for our conflict.

When Jesus comes to dwell in the heart, He

brings with Him such furniture, such provision, that our entire nature is equipped, furnished, provided for; in a word, "filled with all the fulness of God." Christ does not long dwell in an unfurnished house. Oh, you that have a poor, poverty-stricken religion of which you have to say, like the elder brother in the parable, "These many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends;" I beseech you, say so no more. Come, brother, alter that tune, and hear what the great Father says: "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." If Christ dwells in your heart, His Father is your Father, His God is your God, His heaven is your heaven; ay, and His throne shall be your throne, for He will make you to sit where He sits at the right hand of God in glory. Oh, the blessedness of knowing the love of Christ! It fills the spirit to the full.

III. In a sentence or two I will pass over the third point, namely,

WHAT IT IS TO BE FILLED

with all the fulness of God. Does it not mean that self is banished; for if the fulness of God has filled you, where is room for self? Does it not mean that the soul is perfectly charmed with all that God does for it? "Filled with all the fulness of God." Does it not mean that every power of the entire nature is solaced and satisfied? Does it not mean that the whole man is occupied and inhabited by God—that the whole nature becomes permeated with grace, saturated with love, satisfied with favor, and full of the goodness of the Lord? I will not talk more of it at this time. I hope that you will know by experience what that fulness means, if you do not know it already. May the Holy Ghost give you this glad experience!

OVERFLOWING INTENDED.

IV. I want to come to the practical point—that wherever Christ dwells in the heart by faith we receive the fulness of God into our spirit, with the design that we may overflow. Brothers, sisters, you know what it is to be empty, I dare say. Have you ever tried to pray when you are empty? Yes, and the result is a very empty prayer. "Out of nothing comes nothing;" and when there is no prayer in you, and you pray, why, it is no prayer at all. You try to praise, but if there is no praise in you, your attempted hallelujahs languish and expire. If true praise comes forth from you, it must first have been within you. But do you know what it is to pray when you are full of prayer? When the Lord has filled you with hungerings, and thirstings, and desires, and hopes, and expectations, what an overflowing of prayer is with you! When the season of prayer is over, and you go down to business, you cry, "Alas, I never knew a quarter of an hour fly so quickly as this has done! How refreshed I am! I made no effort to pray, but I poured out my soul like water before the Lord." Yes, because you have been filled with all the fulness of God, therefore you have prayed readily and with fulness.

And, dear brethren, when you are all full of divine grace, you are filled for all the circumstances of life. You have lately buried a greatly-beloved one. The news came upon you on a sudden, but you were not afraid of evil tidings. Why? Because your heart was "fixed trusting in the Lord." When the sad bereavement came it did not overwhelm you; at another time it might have done so, but the Lord was pleased so to fill you with His presence that you were quite

PREPARED FOR THE TROUBLE.

To-morrow morning if you go into the world filled with the fulness of God, afflictions may come in business: perhaps an extra heavy account will be sent in, and you will be perplexed as to how to meet it: but you will not mind it. you will be ready for the difficulty because the fulness of God will ballast you and save you from the rough winds. Perhaps to-morrow you will meet with a great success, and if you are not full of grace you will grow proud and lifted up; but if you are filled with all the fulness of God, if the Lord should make you as rich as Solomon you would not grow worldly.

If you are filled with all the fulness of God you are as ready for prosperity as you are for adversity, and whatever happens to you in the future you will be prepared for it. If you are called upon to confess His name, if you are filled with all the fulness of God, courage will be yours; and if you are called to endure great suffering, patience will be ready, for the God of patience will grant you strength equal to your need. If a knotty problem poses you, and you are filled with God's wisdom, you will work it out. If you go forth filled with God, you are provided for every emergency. Come calamity or prosperity, whatever shape the temptation may assume, if the love of Christ has filled you with the fulness of God, you are ready for it.

It is a privilege to be in the company of full saints, just as it is a misery to hear the clatter of empty professors. It is said that we English people feel delighted if we sit by the side of a lord; this I know, that if I get into the company of one of

GOD'S ARISTOCRACY,

and have a quarter of an hour's talk with him, and a little prayer as well, I feel quite lifted up. My heart is glad within me when I see the grace of God abundant in a brother. I want you, brethren, to be full of sympathy, full of pity, full of mercy, full of wisdom; and when your brethren hear you speak they will be as men who have found running springs and filled up their vessels.

Lastily, if the love of Jesus Christ be in us so that we are filled with all the fulness of God, how ready we shall be to meet common folk that are not the Lord's people as yet! We shall have *a word on wheels* for all who cross our path. You find it difficult to get the right word at the right time when you are talking to seekers. Just so, brother; but may not that be because you are not full up to the brim? You are nearly empty, and it takes you a long time to turn your tub up and pour out the little drop which lurks at the bottom. If you were full up to the brim you would run over on all sides, and all around you there would be a holy moisture. If you are so full of spiritual life that you cannot help running over, you will by the Holy Spirit's power pour out the right expressions when they are needed, and thirsty souls will receive of the living water.

If we are quite full we may move about among ungodly men, and our presence will be a benediction to them. I read the other day of one who heard a man swear and tell a lie at the same time. He did not say anything; but the swearer was aware that the listener was aware of his falsehood. The reprover fixed his eye on the false-speaker, and was silent: that glance went to the other's heart, for it said more than a dozen hard names. What the reprover did not say had more power than what he might have said. Be zealous for the Lord, and He will tell you what to do, and guide you how to do it, if you are only full of His life.

If anybody is saying, "This is out of my line; I have not come as far as this," I know it is so. I have not been talking to you. Yet I will not be altogether silent to you. Look to Jesus Christ at once, and you shall be saved. Trust Him, trust Him wholly. By faith you will begin to live. After you begin to live, you will be strengthened by the Spirit of the Lord. After you are strengthened Christ will dwell in your heart. After Christ has dwelt in your heart, you shall know the love that passeth knowledge; and after that you know the love that passeth knowledge, you shall be filled with all the fulness of God. Do not begin at the end, but take things according to God's order. A man who wishes to climb a ladder does not expect to put his foot upon the top round at the first step; he ascends by degrees. There is your first round—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Take that first step at once. May the Lord help you! Beginning with faith in Jesus, you shall persevere, and ascend till you reach the top of the ladder. The Lord be with you and in you to the full! Amen and Amen.

Mr. Spurgeon, who is now Recuperating at Mentone, has addressed the following letter to his church, congregation, and readers: "Your affectionate interest in me is not satisfied unless I send a short note during my absence; and on my part it is a great pleasure to communicate with you. When I left home I felt utterly spent both in body and mind, and this last form of exhaustion was conducting me down into those depressions which render life a burden. But already the load is gone. I am rested and restored, and now the days are spent in reading and meditation, and the gathering of stores for future use—this performed in a way which fills but does not strain the mind. I am deeply grateful for this quiet resting-place, and I ask your prayers that I may return, in due time, in good order for another year's service. Thirty years' labor in a position which tests all my powers, and drives me to draw from the divine strength, has not been without its wear and tear with me. A while longer I hope I may be permitted to take my part in the Lord's service. If I may have His presence, and your patient love, I shall count myself thrice happy. May the blessing of the Most High God rest upon all my helpers in the Lord's work."

EMILE COOK ENCOURAGING SEAMEN.

(*See Illustration on page 29.*)

THE late M. Emile Cook, whose portrait appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 31st, 1883, was pastor of a French Church in Paris. He visited this country in September, 1873, as a deputation to the Evangelical Alliance which held its sessions that year in New York. Having taken a prominent part in the meetings of the Alliance, M. Cook spent two months in making a tour through the country to collect money for the maintenance of his mission-work in France.

On the 15th of November the pastor, eager to rejoin his friends in France, again took ship on board the Ville du Havre. The first Sunday of the voyage is memorable for a children's service conducted by M. Cook, the last Sunday-school lesson ever given by him. Before another Sunday, all the children but one little girl of nine had been called into eternity. At two o'clock on the following Saturday morning occurred the collision with the Loch Earn. The cry of "Escape who can! We are sinking!" resounded through the vessel. A noble but ineffectual effort to save a mother who would not leave her child, a last momentary interview with his friend M. Pronier, the Swiss Delegate, and Emile Cook and all the living freight of the Ville du Havre were battling with the waves.

Seizing a floating piece of wood, the pastor swam toward the Loch Earn, whose black outline was dimly discernible. Soon his spar was snatched from him, and after a brief struggle his strength failed, and he had resigned himself to death, when he was rescued by a lifeboat which placed him on board the Loch Earn, in company with eighty-six others, the only survivors out of the three hundred and thirteen who had left America in the Ville du Havre. In a few days the passengers and crew of the Ville du Havre were received on board an American vessel.

Though the injuries sustained by the Loch Earn placed all on board in imminent peril, Emile Cook refused to leave the vessel, preferring to stay in order that he might nurse his fellow Delegate, M. Weiss, who was too ill to be moved. The situation became daily more critical. On the 25th a violent storm arose, which raged so furiously for three days, that hope was abandoned by all but Emile Cook. His faith in ultimate deliverance never wavered and he went about among the sailors cheering the downcast and despairing men, and stimulating them to renewed efforts. On the 28th his faith was rewarded by the appearance of a sail. An hour later, the passengers and crew of the

John Owen hears a Disagreeable Proposal.

The Engineer makes an Acquaintance.

Loch Earn were on the deck of the British Queen. Then the grateful sailors surrounded Mr. Cook: "It is thanks to your prayers that we are saved," said they, warmly grasping his hand; "we owe our deliverance to you, you have been our Providence."

It was not long after his rescue from the double shipwreck that the devoted pastor went to his reward. The anxiety, exposure, and protracted suffering he endured on shipboard had undermined his delicate constitution, and in spite of medical care and assiduous nursing he died on January 29th, 1874.

JOHN OWEN'S CONVERSION.

IT was Saturday night, and John Owen was sitting in the parlor of his cosey flat in a quiet uptown street in New York, enjoying a welcome rest. He had his slippers on, he was seated in his own easy chair, and was reading his *Evening Post*. It was a well-earned rest, for John Owen was foreman of a large machine shop in Water Street, and he had plenty of occupation and a large share of the anxieties and cares of the business. He often said he had been happier when only an ordinary workman, responsible only for the jobs his own hands performed. But two years ago he took to himself a wife, and the extra twenty dollars a week added to his salary when he was made foreman enabled him to marry and yet continue his deposits in the savings bank. A little stranger was now added to the family, and John Owen was a proud and happy man. Presently a young and comely lady entered from the next room, with baby in her arms. Drawing a chair close to her husband's, she sat down. "Baby is so wakeful to-night," she said, "I am tired of sitting with him, so I've brought him in here, if you will have us, for company."

"Glad to have you both, my dear," John said, looking lovingly on the two beings he loved best in all the world, and thinking what a pretty picture mother and baby made together. "What a bright little fellow he grows, Mamie; I don't consider myself a judge of babies, but I think he is the prettiest in the city. He has your eyes, Mamie, and I believe he'll be just like you as he gets older."

Mamie was pleased with the compliment, the more so as it proved that John was in a loving mood, and consequently that the time was a propitious one for asking a favor. And Mamie wanted John to do something for her which she knew would be disagreeable to him. She nestled close up to him, and held baby up for a kiss, and then raised her own face for a caress.

"What is it, little woman?" said John, whose brief marital experience warned him that a request was on its way. "A new bonnet, eh? or a new hat for baby? Which is it? I know you are going to ask for something.

"O John! how can you say so? I'm sure I don't ask you for something every time I kiss you. But I do want something to-night, but it isn't a new bonnet. John, dear, I should so like you to take baby and me to church to-morrow. You have not been there this ever so long. You know you said you would take me to the theatre to-night if I would go. I did not want to go there, but you would make me real happy by taking me to church to-morrow instead."

"Ah! but that is a very different thing. I should have enjoyed the theatre myself, but I don't enjoy church. I don't believe in one half I hear there to begin with, and the other half I don't care about. I had rather take you to the Park or to one of the concerts."

"But, John dear, I asked you to go to please me, not to please yourself. It is for my sake, and you always said there was nothing you would not do for my sake. Do say yes, there's a kind darling."

"I must say yes when you ask like that," said John submissively, "but I wish you wanted something else. It makes me sick to listen to those preachers. The last time I went, the doctor spoke of some one who was dead as having gone straight to heaven. I wonder how he knows what becomes of a man when he is dead. No one ever came back to say what happens on the other side. And he threatened us with hell-fire if we did not believe all that is in the Bible. All the threats in the world could not *make* me believe. If my boss were to say iron was steel, and threaten to discharge me if I did not believe it, I could not do it. I might call it steel to please him, but I could not believe it was—and it's the same with the doctor's preaching."

"Never mind that, John, I want you to go, and I am glad you've consented," said Mamie with a gentle tone of reminder, fearful that John was drifting into a line of talk that might cause him to forget that he had consented.

John went to church, however, the next day. It was a long time since he had been there, and no weaker influence than his wife's love could have taken him there. To Mamie's delight the preacher had no abstract message to deliver. He preached Christ, the Saviour of men, almighty to save from the power and the punishment of sin. She saw with inexpressible thankfulness that her husband's attention was arrested, and she prayed silently that he might be drawn by the Holy Spirit's influence.

On the way home John Owen was unusually quiet. He was not in the captious mood which had come over him before, on the rare occasions of his going to church. "That man knows more about the world than any preacher I ever heard," was John's comment, when he did speak. "I see misery and degradation enough to make an honest man's heart bleed every day of the week. I never thought of religion as a remedy for it. When I have thought of baby and the ordeal he will have to face if he lives, I have trembled for him; it would comfort me very much if I knew that he could be protected in his struggle. That preacher believes Jesus is alive and able and willing to take care of the weak and tempted. I should like to have a talk with him. Say, Mamie, what would you give me if I went to church again to-night."

That little bargain was satisfactorily settled in the coin a loving wife always has on hand, and for the first time in his life John went to church twice in one day. The sermon was on the Prodigal Son, the most touching and powerful of the parables. John listened earnestly, and his heart was touched. The love of God melted a heart that had smiled contemptuously at threats.

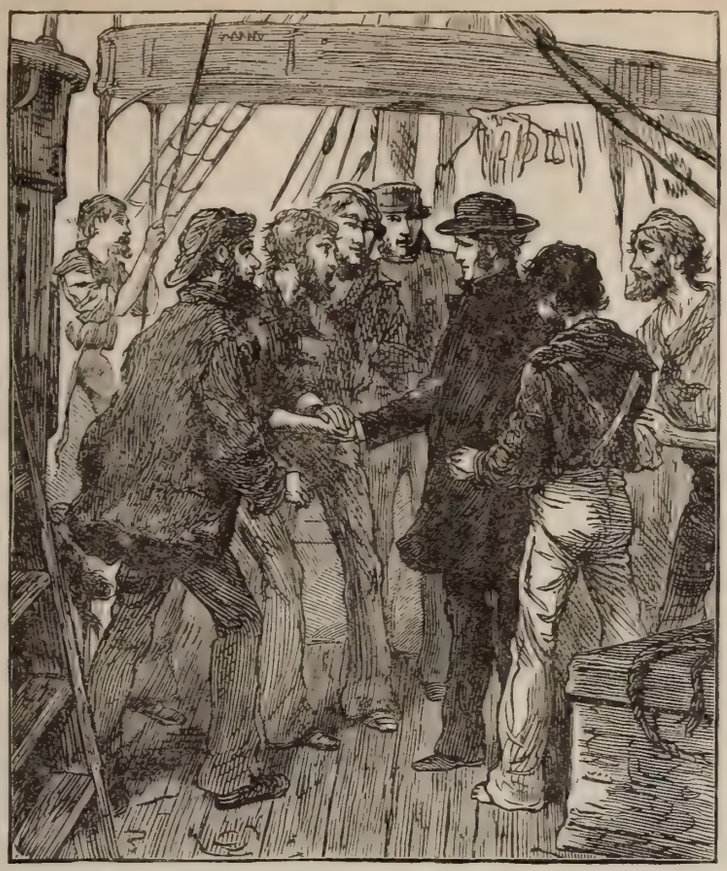
Mamie took care that John should have the interview he had desired with the preacher, and at its close she heard him say, "I will arise and go to my Father." The men in the machine-shop soon learned with astonishment that the foreman had become a Christian. He was not less scrupulous nor exact in his superintendence, but the erring and the fallen, instead of a curse, received kindly sympathy and encouragement to reform, and were pointed to the one and only cure for sin-sick souls.

How many a godless man might be saved himself and become a blessing to his family and to the world, if Christian wives did their duty with tact and kindness.

THE ENGINEER'S ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

"MARRIED man, sir? Yes, I'm married," said the engineer in reply to the question of a gentleman who had accepted an invitation to do the next stage of his journey in the engine-cab. "My being married was what you might call a romantic affair. I'll tell you how it came about.

"Three years ago I was one of the men as little likely to be married as any one you could mention. I was working then, so as I had my evenings off, and my last trip left me at a place where there was plenty of amusements going on. Being a single man and earning good wages I could afford to enjoy myself, and I spent all I earned. Sometimes I went to a theatre, sometimes with a few friends I went the round of the museums and variety shows, or we would go to a beer garden and have a game of cards or billiards, but every night we had fun of some sort. Well, sir, I wasn't a drinking man, but I soon found a whiskey sour or a cocktail agreed with me very well, and when everybody else was drinking around it seemed sociable to drink too. It wasn't an effort to drink at first, and after a time I found it propped me up, and I needed it to keep away low spirits and steady my nerves in the morning, especially if we had been keeping it up late the night before. It was not exactly a fast life, because I worked hard all day, but I know well enough now that I was on a down grade.



Pastor Emile Cook Thanked by the Sailors. (*See page 27.*)

"A curious fancy got into my head along of a circumstance that occurred in the course of my duty. One day in the summer in turning a curve I was looking out of the cab window, when I noticed two children in the grass beside the track. A boy about ten years old was sitting down waving his cap to me and a little girl, apparently a year or so younger, was standing behind him, looking at us intently as we passed. They were pretty children I could see, though I only caught a momentary glimpse of them. Well, sir, the next day there they were again, and so every day for a month. I began to take quite an interest in the children for being so regular and punctual, and I always nodded to them and blew a kiss that way. One Saturday before I started, I bought a little box of candies, feeling so sure of seeing them, and there, sure enough they were at their usual place, and I just threw it out so as it dropped quite close to them. It came to be a regular thing after that, every Saturday to buy the candies, and the children were there every day, and they used to clap their hands when they saw me coming. I never had a chance to speak to them, but I got to love those children like friends.

"One day the boy was at the usual spot alone, and you can't think how worried I was thinking about his sister and wondering how it was she wasn't there. Well, the boy came regularly alone for two weeks, but not his sister, and I got so curious about it that I believe, if I had had a day off I should have travelled to the place to find out about it. One day I looked out as usual at the usual place, and there with the boy was a lady with my little girl on her lap looking so pale and thin. She must have been very ill, but when she saw me she clapped her little hands, and pointed to me for her mother to see. I just blew the gentlest whistle I could, to let her know I was glad to see her.

"Well, sir, to make a long story short, this little acquaintance kept up all that summer, and I never got a chance to find out any more about them, and when the winter days came it was dark when I passed the curve, and so I suppose they did not come. That winter was the turning-point in my life. Stepping off the engine one night I put my foot on some ice and fell and broke my leg. It seemed a bad misfortune at the time, but it was the greatest blessing ever happened to me. In the hospital I had as nurse a real, earnest Christian woman, who was so kind and sympathetic that I told her all about my life, and she would not be content till I had signed the pledge and become a Christian. It seemed to me as if she was an old friend; even her face seemed familiar, but I didn't get the secret till I was well and went to see her at her home. I went to ask her to be my wife, for I had learned that she was a widow with two children, whom she supported by her work in the hospital. Well, sir, the first thing I saw when I went there, was the identical little girl that had so interested me in the summer, and when she saw me she just clapped her hands, and called out, 'Mamma, mamma, here's our engineer!' I had her in my arms in a minute, and soon after the boy came in and clambered on my knee, and it was with those two like that, that I asked their mother to marry me. I doubt if ever a marriage was proposed like that before. Anyhow, I never heard of it.

"That's why I call it romantic, sir. But it's the best day's work I ever did. I've never tasted a drop of liquor, nor been in a theatre or a beer garden since. Ours is a Christian home, sir, and I'm thankful to say God has blessed us in it. No man has a more loving wife or more affectionate children; but the best of all is that God has given me a new heart, and I find more happiness in serving Him than I ever did in the days of what my mates call pleasure.

"Well, sir, here we are. Yes, you may tell my story as often as you like. Perhaps it will do some young fellow good and keep him from wasting his life."

POVERTY'S PREY.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 14.*)

Plotting Revenge.

VICTORIA'S eyes — which were very soft, compassionate eyes—filled with tears as she thought of all the sin and misery existing in the great city; and she turned her face half-way from Mr. Dudley, looking sorrowfully toward the sunny west, where the purple smoke of London hung in the sky.

"Did you ever read all through the Gospel of St. Luke, sir?" she asked.

"To be sure, Victoria," he replied.

"Then you've read how, when Jesus was come near the city, He looked at it, and wept over it. 'Wept' means real crying, doesn't it?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Then Jesus cried over London," she went on. "That was real crying, I know. He only saw the city once, and then He wept over it. I'm thinkin' of that."

"Ah! *the city!*" he repeated. "Yes! 'He beheld the city, and wept over it.' Those are the words, Victoria."

"Yes," she said.

"It's true of London," he continued; "as true as it ever was of any city in the world. And, after Jesus had wept over it, He said, 'If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.'"

He stood up, and looked, as she was doing, westward, at the cloud of dim-colored purple hanging over the city, with the golden beams of the sun already tingeing it with crimson light. He knew well—but knew also that not a hundredth part was known to Him—what untold sorrows and sins lay underneath that cloud; what ignorance and degradation and crime were stalking in visible forms along its streets. He thought of the jails and the workhouses being enlarged from time to time for the upspringing and yet unborn generations of criminals and paupers, which would eat away its glory and its strength. And, from the very depths of his heart, he cried, "Would to God thou wouldst learn, in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace!"

They returned home in a steamer chartered for the purpose of conveying all the guests of the Cleopatra. As they dropped away from the training-ship, they were followed by the sound of music. The boys clambered up into the shrouds, and stood along the gunwale and on every point where there was foothold, waving their shining hats, and cheering vociferously, as their guests departed. Bess never took her eyes from the ship, and from Roger standing amid his mates, as long as she could see them. It had been a wonderful day, a day to remember as long as she lived. But, oh! if David had been there as well as Roger!

Their first landing-place was London Bridge. It was already growing dusk, and the lamps were lit; and as she looked up she fancied she saw David's sad, despairing face leaning over the parapet above, and gazing down upon her. But, when she looked again, he was gone.

It was months before Mr. Dudley could learn anything of David; and then he discovered him in jail again for theft of a more serious character. He obtained permission to visit him, and had a long interview with him; and left, promising to be his friend. When his term was up, Mr. Dudley found him lodgings, and did his best to find him work; but there was no remunerative work to be procured for him, and he was now utterly averse to hard labor with poor pay.

It was more than three years since his first committal to prison; and he had learned one lesson so well there, that he was no longer willing to bear with starvation or excessive toil. He had nothing to lose by being a thief, except his liberty; and his liberty was equally forfeit if he gave himself to unintermittent labor. His

sole ambition now was to thieve so skilfully as to defy the vigilance of his enemies the police.

There was at least one point of good left in him. He would not hear where Bess was living, and begged Mr. Dudley not to tell her of his lost condition. "Let me go down to hell alone," he said. "I'm not afeared of it; but I don't want to see little Bess there." It was in vain that Mr. Dudley reasoned with him, and entreated him to try again. How could he try again? Would anything ever alter the shameful fact that he had been several times in jail? or would any effort take away his name from the terrible list of habitual criminals kept by the police? The name his father bore and his mother loved—David Fell—was inscribed there.

"This is a condemned world," he said; and Mr. Dudley did not know what to answer. It was well for Bess that Mr. Dudley kept David's secret, and said nothing to her of his failure in trying to redeem him. Roger had entered the merchant-service, and was serving before the mast in a sailing-vessel that went long voyages, and came into London docks but seldom. When he was on shore, his home was always at Mrs. Linnett's, where old Euclid took a pride in him as being a lad saved from destruction through his mediation. Yet there was always a little dread mingled with his welcome visits lest Blackett should come across his son, and so discover the shelter they had found from his hatred and revenge.

It had become a standing joke at the market, and among Euclid's oldest and familiar customers, that the old water-cress-seller must have come into a fortune, so changed was he. He looked as if the old bent in his shoulders was growing straighter, and his bowed-down head more erect. The linen blouse he had always worn as his outer garment was no longer ragged or dirty; and in the winter a warm, though threadbare, greatcoat took its place.

He had become a very independent buyer, and most fastidious in his choice of cresses. No fear now that he must put up with any cresses gone yellow at the edges, or spotted on the bright green leaf. He could pay for the best; and the saleswomen knew that he would have the best. He could afford to give more liberal and larger bunches; and his wrinkled face did not fall into abject disappointment if he was asked to give credit for a day or two. He was quite another being from the stooping, shuffling, poverty-stricken, decrepit old man, who had been wont to cry, "Cre-she! cre-she!" in a hoarse and mournful voice along the streets.

It was the home he and Victoria had found which did it. There was a nourishing warmth in the sense of friendship and fellow-feeling which surrounded him there. Mrs. Linnett's cheery ways, and Mr. Dudley's kindly interest in them, made him feel that they were no longer alone in the battle of life. If he fell on the battle-field, Victoria would not be trampled under foot in its fierce conflict. There was the same hard toil for him; the chilly mornings of winter were no warmer; but the world appeared quite another place to him, for his heart was no longer heavy, nor his spirit cast down.

It had been strongly urged upon Roger by Mr. Dudley, and by his teachers on board the Cleopatra, that he must replace the money he had formerly stolen from Euclid. This purpose became a secret between him and Bess and Mrs. Linnett, who delighted in innocent surprises. When the sum was completed, on his return from his second voyage, he and Bess tied it up in an old handkerchief, and placed it under Victoria's pillow, where her Testament was often laid now, that she might be reading it in the early light of the morning, as soon as Bess and her father began to stir. Victoria's hand, groping for her little book, grasped the old, well-remembered parcel of hard money, and she screamed, "Father! father!" till Euclid appeared at the door, looking in with a terrified face.

"It's the money for my coffin come again!" she cried, bursting into tears.

"No, no!" said Bess, between laughing and crying; "it's the money as Roger stole, every penny of it, saved up to be given back to you, with his love! Oh Roger! tell them! tell them all about it!"

But Roger, who was standing behind Euclid at the door, could not utter a word. It felt to him a happier time even than when he had received his prizes, in the presence of all his mates, from the hands of a real lord. Old Euclid's face, bewildered and alarmed at first, changed into a joyous and radiant delight.

"Right to a penny!" he said. "Well done, Roger! But I don't know how we're to spend it, Victoria, my dear. It's not wanted for your buryin'."

"It's for her weddin' wi' Captain Upjohn!" called out Roger, with a chuckle of delight; while Euclid laughed hoarsely, and Mrs. Linnett joined him, as Victoria cried, "Father, shut the door."

It was true. Captain Upjohn, the master of a sloop trading to and from Sweden, and an old shipmate of Thomas Linnett, though many years younger, was about to make Victoria his wife. No fear now that she would ever have to rough it, little and tender as she was. Captain Upjohn would see to that; and he would see to old Euclid himself, and provide a home for him, when it was no longer possible for him to earn his own bread. There was some talk already of setting him up with a donkey-cart, and so putting him into a larger and more respectable way of living; for Captain Upjohn was a man who should have married in a higher rank than that of water-cress-sellers, and would have done it if he had not met with Victoria at Mrs. Linnett's, and thought so much of her as to forget her father's low estate.

Proud and happy beyond words was old Euclid when his last and only child, Victoria, was married, and he led her to church, her dear hand in his, to give her away to Captain Upjohn, instead of following her to the grave as he had followed her mother and all his other children. He knew the burial-service well, or rather he knew the ceremony of a funeral, for the words had made little impression on him; but a wedding was new to him. He could dimly remember what he said when he married Victoria's mother; and as Captain Upjohn and Victoria exchanged the same vows, he felt that he could be content to die that very moment.

"I should like her mother to know as Victoria's married!" was his speech at the feast Mrs. Linnett gave in her little kitchen.

They went down the river to Greenwich, and surely never was there such a day! Old Euclid declared he had never known one like it. Bess and Roger thought it was no brighter or warmer or happier than the one that had been spent on board the Cleopatra two summers before, but the other three were dead against them. Captain Upjohn maintained that there could be no question as to which day was the fairer one. Certainly no happier party ever strolled under the flitting shadows of the Spanish chestnut-trees in Greenwich Park, or ran down the slopes together, old Euclid himself running far in the rear with his shambling feet, and his gray hair blown about by the wind.

And the coming home again up the river, in the cool of the evening, with the soft chill of the breeze playing on their faces! Euclid sat very still and silent, with Victoria and her husband on one hand, and Bess, hardly less dear to him, and Roger, on the other. But his silence was the stillness and peacefulness of a happy old age, free now forevermore from all oppressive cares. To-morrow morning he would be up again at four o'clock, and go off to the market; but labor was no longer irksome to him. He was no longer drudging merely for a coffin and a grave. He was not now without hope and without God in the world.

They landed in the dusk, and brushed past an idler, who was lounging near the stage, watching the steamers come and go. But he started and stared as his eyes fell upon them, and with a stealthy step he dogged their way home. Not one of them looked back. No one suspected that they were followed, though he kept them in sight until he saw Mrs. Linnett watching for their return over the half-door of her little shop, and waving a white handkerchief to welcome them. Then he turned away, and sauntered homeward to the old place, where Euclid had saved and hoarded and lost the money which Roger had stolen.

"It's old Euclid!" he had muttered to himself, "and Victoria as grand as a lady, and little Bess; and who's the lad o' nineteen or so? Why, it must be Roger! my son Roger! And he's doing well, by his clothes! I'll be even wi' every one on 'em yet."

It was Blackett, indeed, who had followed them and who uttered that threat. He had not improved since he was last visible in these pages, and he had added to his guilt by tempting David Fell and making his degradation sure.

It was five years since the lad had first crossed the fatal threshold of the jail. He had graduated in crime; and, being neither a blockhead nor a lout, he had developed skill enough to transgress the laws, and yet evade the penalty. The untrained ability of an English artisan and the shrewd tact of a London lad had grown into the cunning and business-like adroitness of a confirmed criminal. The police knew him well by sight or report, but he had kept out of their hands for the last two years, in spite of much suspicion and many hairbreadth escapes from conviction. He was doing credit to the brotherhood which had been forced upon him—the brotherhood of thieves. There was no disgrace for him now, except the disgrace of being found out.

Blackett had drifted back to his old quarters after Roger's time was up on board the Cleopatra, and he was no longer liable to be called upon to pay a weekly contribution toward his maintenance. David had gone with him; for there was a lingering faithfulness in his nature, which attached him to the only fellow-man who had not turned his back upon him when he came out of jail. They had taken Euclid's old garret, which afforded good facilities for escape from a hot pursuit along the neighboring roofs. For a little while David had felt mournful—or, as Blackett called it, mopish—at finding himself back again in the self-same spot where he had taken care of Bess, and helped his mother in her dire struggle for life. But presently the slight impression wore off. Blackett made much of him. They shared and fared alike, and lived together as though they were father and son.

It was a merry thought to Blackett, that, if the magistrates had filched Roger from him, they had thrust David into his hands, who was worth twice as much as Roger. He had spirit and energy and brains. The clear-headed sense of the honest carpenter, his father, muddled neither by drink nor ignorance, had descended to David in a measure that set him far above the poor, idle, terrified Roger, who had always cowered away from Blackett's savagery. He dared not be savage with David, and his respect for him almost amounted to affection. He was uneasy and anxious when David was long absent, and a welcome was always ready for him when he made his appearance in the garret.

Blackett said nothing to David of the discovery he had made of Euclid's dwelling-place, and the fact that Bess shared it. Carefully disguised, he haunted the taverns in the neighborhood of Mrs. Linnett's shop, to pick up any information he could concerning Euclid or his own son Roger. It was not long before some sailors, coming in from a long voyage, fell into the trap he laid for them, and talked of the heaps of money left with Mrs. Linnett, and the numerous sea-chests, filled with valuable goods, which she took care of for absent seamen.

Roger was gone to sea again, and Captain Upjohn had taken Victoria to visit his people at Portsmouth; so no one was left in the house but Bess and the two old people. It was a rare chance, if only he could get David to seize it.

There would be Euclid's hoards into the bargain; for Blackett had never ceased to believe he was a miser, who had untold money secreted in holes and corners, if they could only make him reveal his hiding-places. But would David do it? There was an irresistible fascination to Blackett in the thought of at last fulfilling his threats, and wreaking his vengeance upon Euclid.

"Old Euclid," he muttered contemptuously, "and Bess and a hold woman! I could almost manage 'em myself."

He set craftily to work upon David's imagination, describing the sea-chests in the old woman's room, and their contents, as if he had seen them; and the hoards of the miser, who carried bank-notes stitched into the lining of his waistcoat, over which he wore a ragged old blouse. He dared not tell David the name of the miser, nor mention Bess. There was a soft spot still in David's heart, and Blackett knew it. It had been a slack time of late, and all their ill-gotten gains were gone. There was no longer money to spend at the tavern, with its many attractions, at the corner of the street; and the garret was a miserable place to spend the whole day in. David was weary of having nothing to do, and there seemed no reason to him why he should not enter into Blackett's schemes.

(To be continued.)

THE POWER OF THE TONGUE.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 20, James 3 : 1-18. Golden Text, Matt. 12 : 37. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

A Formidable Undertaking—David's Experience—Silence Breeding Despondency—Indispensable Qualities for the Perfect Man—The Tongue of the Self-occupied—The Spirit Revealed by the Tongue—The Harsh Spirit—The Perturbed Spirit—The Tongue as a Fire—The Contrast—The Tongue Surrendered—Divinely Used—The Tongue of the Wise—Its Characteristics—Gentleness and Mercy—The Practical Lesson—A Young Christian's Infirmity Overcome.

"DEATH and life are in the power of the tongue," says the wise man (Prov. 18 : 21). And our golden text says, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." If we were ourselves to undertake the management of this "little member" which boasteth great things, we might well shrink from the task, and be ready, like some of the old ascetics, to bury ourselves in deserts, away from all intercourse with man, lest this dangerous "power of the tongue" should be exercised to our own destruction or that of others. David tells us what his experience was in this matter. "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me." But this plan did not answer, for in keeping his tongue from evil he kept it from good also, and refused the use of it to God. "I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, *even from good.*" Then he got into despondency; he says, "My sorrow was stirred, my heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue" (Ps. 39 : 1-3). The pressure which he had put upon himself only produced uneasiness, as we see from the words which follow. But later on we find he had found a better Keeper, and says, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth,

KEEP THE DOOR OF MY LIPS"

(Ps. 141 : 3).

James tells us that "if any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." He had said before, "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing" (James 1 : 4). This patience and a subject tongue are absolute necessities for God's perfect man. Oh how clearly this shows us that no self-power can tame the tongue; it is only a spirit tamed and conquered by God which manifests itself in

A CONSECRATED TONGUE.

There is nothing in which our spirit or the Spirit of God manifests itself so much as in our words. One who is full of self will unconsciously turn the conversation to himself; if the work of God is spoken of, he will be sure to mention that in which he himself is engaged. If some distinguished person is mentioned, he will be sure to say what he knows of him, what he has said to him, or repeat any remark which he has made about him. You see from his conversation that he is always thinking about himself, that the thought of himself is never absent; by his words he is condemned.

Let a man have a harsh, judging spirit, it is sure to leak out in what he says about others; there will be an asperity, an unfavorable way of looking at all which the other does: by his words he will be condemned as a hard man. Let a professing Christian be worldly, and attempt to talk religion with religious people: he will get hold of the very phraseology which they employ, but the wolf in sheep's clothing is sure to howl by and by, as soon as something personal is said, and by his words he will be condemned as worldly. Let a Christian talk of rest in Christ, and seek to explain the doctrine ever so clearly; then let some very vexatious thing happen—the soup be spilled over a new silk dress, the hack-driver cause the loss of a train on which some important engagement depends; the little words, "How tiresome! one can never depend on these drivers," betrays at once that the real rest is wanting.

James speaks of

THE TONGUE AS "A FIRE,

a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course [or wheel] of nature; and it is set on fire of hell." Satan knows the power of the tongue; he knows what suffering and what sin may follow a few words spoken. Oh how many hearts have been broken by the tongue of another! Oh how many lives have been ruined, and souls lost by the deceitful tongue of one who persuaded that sin was not sin! How many a fair young life has been blasted, and driven into shame, despair, perhaps self-destruction, by listening to the satanic tongue of some deceiver, in whom she trusted! James declares that all the wild beasts can be tamed, and have been tamed of man, "but the tongue

CAN NO MAN TAME;"

that is reserved for a mightier than man. One alone has lived of whom it is written, "who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth" (1 Pet. 2 : 22); and a tongue surrendered to Him may become a ceaseless fountain of blessing. James says, "Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be." And he goes on to show that a fountain cannot send forth at the same outlet sweet water and bitter. That which is within must come out; the fountain must be right, in order that that which proceeds from it may be right also. Paul says, "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers" (Eph. 4 : 29). Thus we see it is the Lord's will that we should be fountains of grace through the tongue, and ministers of blessing whenever we open our lips.

The Lord Jesus goes yet further, and tells His disciples, "when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak: for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak: For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you" (Matt. 10 : 19). Oh how great

THE CONTRAST:

our tongues are either worlds of iniquity or channels of the Holy Ghost, according as we are possessed of self and open to the power of Satan, or yielded up, tongues and all, a living sacrifice to God, to be at His disposal! I have often heard it said of a man of God in Europe, "He speaks little, but one can never forget anything which he says." What is the secret of this? Not *he* speaks, but the Spirit of God in him. There are some people who cannot open their lips, but that they wound somebody; where is the love of God in these hearts? There are others who cannot speak many words before they have made every one feel at ease; a gleam of sunshine seems to have come into the room; sorrowful ones are comforted, dull ones are amused, lonely ones feel at home, those who have difficulties feel they can speak them out. What is the secret of this? Some would say, Natural amiability. No; for that will not stand a severe test, and cannot get on where it is not appreciated—it is "the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us" (Rom. 5 : 5); it is a man-surrendered,

GOD-USED TONGUE.

The apostle asks, "Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? Let him shew out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom." He describes this "wisdom" (ver. 17), "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated." Nature is always contentious, contradictious, inclined to take the contrary side; and this leads to hard words and wounded feelings; but God's wisdom is peaceable, inclined rather to agree than disagree; gentle, not by self-restraint, but instinctively; "easy to be intreated." Some people are very difficult to be intreated: you come to them with the conviction that they will naturally take the other side, and bristle all over like a porcupine; but ripe Christians are always so easy of access, easy to be intreated, the love side always toward one, and so gentle in showing why not, that one feels almost glad to have been in the wrong in order to be so sweetly put right again.

Then this wisdom which results in good conversation is "full of mercy and good fruits," always seeing the hopeful side of everybody and of everything, "without wrangling" [margin], willing to wait till God has opened the eyes of another rather than enter into any dispute, because he does not care to prove that he himself is in the right, and he knows God is quite able to bring the other one round, and so while full of mercy, he is "without hypocrisy," loving and thus winning those who differ. The reverse of this picture is "bitter envying and strife." From such a fountain the tongue sets on fire the wheel of nature, all the feelings and propensities of our animal part. "*This* wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual [or natural], devilish"—three terrible degrees. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace. Who are the peacemakers? Surely they whose tongues are bridled by God.

What, then, is the practical teaching of this lesson? Surely this: to abandon ourselves to the Lord without reserve, that all we are may serve His purpose, and that these dangerous instruments which we cannot tame, and which have already done so much evil, may in His hands become uninterrupted channels of blessing. But this is useless, unless we count upon the Lord's undertaking this thing. If we thus surrender ourselves, it is not into empty space, but into the all-powerful hands of our holy God, who says, "Behold I make all things new" (Rev. 21 : 5).

A YOUNG CHRISTIAN,

who had been rather a wit when in the world, and very free with her tongue, was deeply convicted after her conversion of the sin of the tongue. She attempted to take the matter into her own hands, and succeeded in so mastering herself as to be noticed for her constrained silence. But from time to time she would break out into bitterer satire, more unkind remarks, or more foolish ones than ever she did while in the world. At last in self-despair she threw herself upon the Lord, and handed all over to Him. The result has been a blessed change, the Lord Himself making use of her, often most unexpectedly, and Himself restraining the old propensities. He waits to be trusted. Let us trust Him fully.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Tripartite Alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy, was reported as existing early last year. Since the visit of the German Crown Prince to Rome the rumors have been revived. The European correspondent of the New York *Herald* now sends a cablegram confirming them on authority which, he states, is above suspicion. This alliance exists in writing, and bears the signatures of the Chancellors of the three Powers. Contrary to the general belief, however, in the event of hostilities between France and Germany, or Austria, or both, Italy, by a clause of the treaty, has been assured complete liberty of action, and is in no way pledged to join the two allies with arms. On the other hand, should France attack Italy, the latter may count on the help of Germany and Austria.

An Attempt to Assassinate the Czar of Russia is said to have been made on December 17th. It was known that since that date the Czar has been confined to his room by a severe injury, but it was given out that it had been caused by his sleigh being overturned. It is now stated that on December 17th the Czar was returning about three o'clock in the afternoon from a shooting excursion, accompanied by a suite in eight sledges with a number of servants. Although darkness was coming on, the party noticed on the road ahead six men apparently peasants. The Czar's aides-de-camp drove forward and ordered the men to clear out of the way. The men saluted the officers, and appeared to obey the order, but when the Czar's sledge came on a level with them they suddenly wheeled around and fired at the Czar thrice, and two of them ran toward him. The horses drawing the imperial sledge became frightened and galloped some hundred paces, when the Czar was thrown out of the sledge. He was found to have been shot in the shoulder—the wound being painful but not dangerous. The assassins escaped in the wood. The London *Telegraph*, commenting on this intelligence, says: "Whether this story is true or untrue, the revival of Nihilism is undoubted. The Nihilist Executive Committee promised to give the present Czar a fair trial. No constitution and no reforms have been granted, although he promised them. His trial is therefore at an end."

Details of the Murder, by Nihilists, of Colonel Sudeikin have been cabled. Four men were led to the room where he was sitting, by the trusted subordinate of the victim, and there, after a desperate struggle, in which the furniture of the room was completely wrecked, the colonel was murdered. A note was left by the perpetrators of the crime, stating that Count Tolstoi, Minister of the Interior, would be the next victim. The murder was committed in revenge for the arrest of Madame Wolkenstein, who went to Russia to organize a plot for the assassination of the Czar, and whom Colonel Sudeikin succeeded in capturing. The subordinate previously mentioned was known as Degaieff. He had been one of the most active agents of the government in causing the arrest of suspected persons, and was consequently admitted into the confidence of the government. It is now discovered that his real name is Jablonski, and that he has been a Nihilist all along, and his antipathy to the order was simulated in order to obtain information.

A Riot Occurred in Ireland at a Place called Dromore on New Year's day. Two meetings were held there, one by Orangemen and the other by the Nationalists, as the Land Leaguers now style themselves. The Orangemen arrived in special trains from Omagh and other places in large numbers. The Orange meeting was held in a field beside the parish church, from which a view could be had of the Nationalist meeting. There was a great deal of cheering and defiant shouting on both sides. Cavalry were drawn up on the roads to prevent the Orangemen from entering the town, and the Nationalists were prohibited from passing out of the town toward the Orangemen. In that way the parties were kept asunder. Above a thousand armed troops were needed to keep the two parties from fighting. After the close of the meeting, despite the efforts of the magistrates, the Orangemen, by a detour across the fields, came within a short distance of the Nationalists. A serious fight was waged between the two parties for some time, during which the cavalry and infantry charged several times, revolver shots were exchanged, stones were thrown and sticks were freely used. The fight ended only after the hussars and lancers had charged across the fields and wounded a number of Orangemen. The infantry, with fixed bayonets, escorted the Nationalists beyond the reach of the Orangemen. It would appear from this report that peace and contentment in Ireland would not be assured, even if home rule were secured.

The Falsity of O'Donnell's Defence was proved by a statement published in the *United Ireland* last week. That journal states that it was written by O'Donnell, who directed its publication, if all hope of saving his life had to be abandoned. The account shows that O'Donnell deliberately killed Carey. There was no struggle. Carey made no attack upon O'Donnell. Had Judge Denman permitted him to speak O'Donnell would have told the whole truth. O'Donnell was not acquainted with Carey on the voyage from England to the Cape of Good Hope. He recognized Carey by a woodcut which he saw at Cape Town, and he resolved to kill him. He intended to go with him to the farm at Port Elizabeth, which Carey had told him that he was going to take, and thus show that there was no spot where Carey could be safe. Finding himself, however, alone with Carey he could not resist the desire to kill him. He charged him with being Carey, and shot him. In spite of this confession the newspapers continue to speak of O'Donnell's execution as a murder.

A Threatening Letter from an Irish-American has been received by the Pope. The Rome correspondent of the *Post* says that the Pope's secretary, Mgr. Bacali, opened a letter from America addressed to "Leo XIII.," containing Fenian threats against the Pope should he continue to support England against the national cause in Ireland. The letter also states that the protection which the Italian Government gives the Pope, who is now the only sovereign who is safe from dynamite, will be of no avail against the operations of the Fenians. The Pope is warned that there are priests whom he is bound to receive who will obtain access to his presence and who will sustain the cause of the Irish against oppression.

The Outbreak of a General European War is apprehended by other observers besides those who are led to the expectation by the prophecies of God's Word. The subject was thus referred to by M. Ruchonnet, head of the Political Department in the Swiss Federal Council, in a speech delivered at a recent military banquet: "Be on your guard, and let the Swiss prepare to defend their country. Many *black clouds are gathering* upon the European political horizon. The war which has long been averted will hardly be escaped after next year, and even next spring may not pass without its advent."

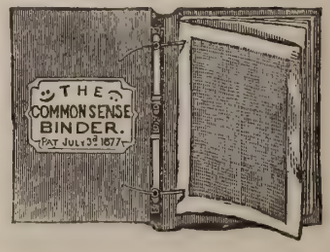
A Panic Prevails in Egypt, Caused by the announcement that El Mahdi is preparing to make a descent from the Soudan. There is increasing evidence that the movement in his favor is spreading among the Egyptian people. Baker Pacha, who has been made Governor of the Soudan, is convinced that it is of a most formidable religio-political character. Nothing can be done at present, as an immediate advance would mean disaster. One thousand women and children, together with four hundred soldiers, are bravely holding out at Sinkat. Even with the promptest action on the part of England there will be barely time to save those people from a terrible fate. It is believed that there are 20,000 of El Mahdi's followers between Suakim and Sinkat, and his entire force is estimated at 100,000 men. Meanwhile quarrels are continually taking place between the English and Egyptian officers, and one of the former has been dismissed from the Egyptian service for striking a native officer. The Khedive insists that England shall either conquer the Soudan and capture El Mahdi or give place to Turkey or France, either of whom would undertake the task. This intimation will probably lead to an expedition composed of troops from India being sent against the False Prophet.

French Designs on Madagascar are Reported as being pressed in spite of the opposition of the Malagassy Government. M. Baudois, the agent of the French Government in the island, is endeavoring to negotiate a peace on the basis previously announced. He has informed M. Jules Ferry, the French Prime Minister, that the Malagassy Government has finally refused to pay the war indemnity of 10,000,000f. or to consent to the establishment of a French protectorate over the northern section of the island. Admiral Galiber and M. Baudois concur as to the necessity of despatching an expedition to the capital *to dictate peace* there.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are now Laboring at Clapham. The English papers contain encouraging reports of the success of the evangelists at Stepney, the scene of their recent labors, especially among non-church-goers. On most evenings there was a solid square of nearly a thousand such men and youths seated in places reserved by ticket for them directly in front of the evangelists. The women attended in considerable numbers at the afternoon Bible lectures. Everything was done to make the services known to the people. The band of workers connected with Stepney Church alone visited over twenty thousand houses in the parish. The evangelists began their work at Clapham on January 2d, and remain there until January 21st.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BINDER.



NUMEROUS applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case, in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding, at the end of the year. To meet this demand a stock of such covers has been prepared and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States on the receipt of *one dollar*. Applications should be made to THE MANAGER, 63 Bible House, New York.

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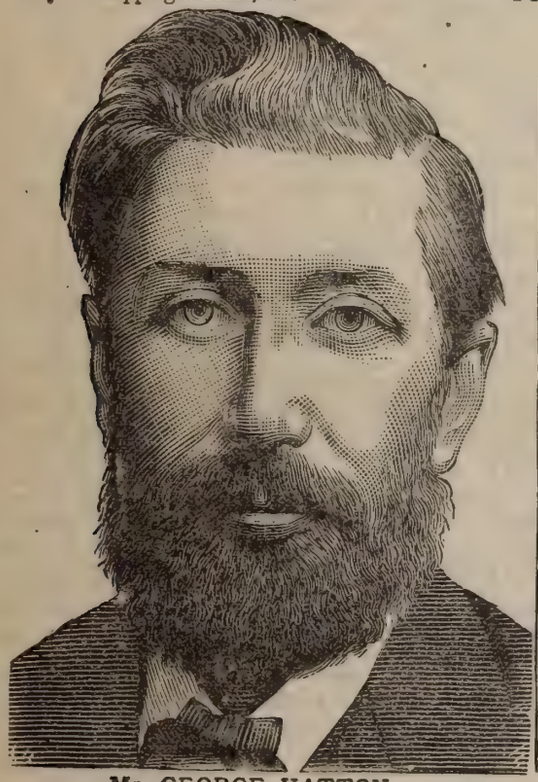

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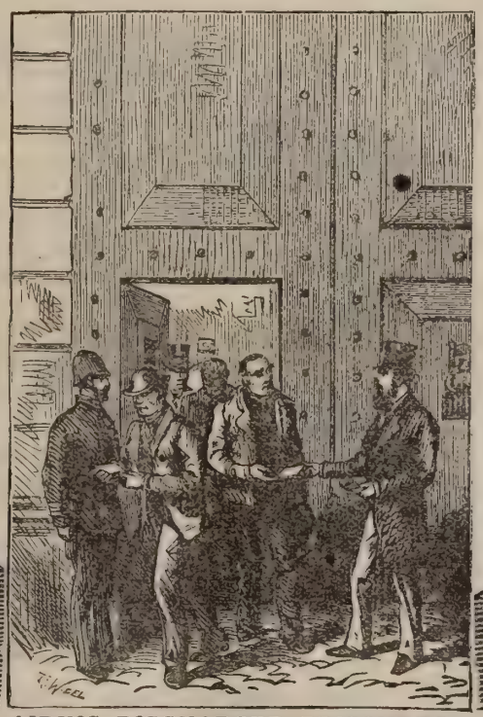

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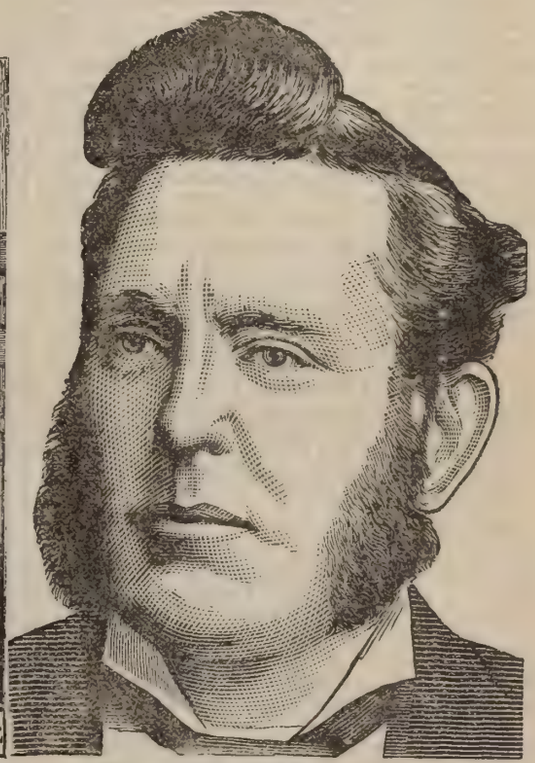

Mr. JOHN JAMES JONES.

Mr. George Hatton and Mr. John James Jones, the Friends of the Outcast Poor—Scenes in their Work.

TWO PHILANTHROPISTS.

"THE Bitter Cry of the Outcast Poor" has aroused, as we have mentioned under the head of Foreign Topics, a profound and widespread sensation on the other side the Atlantic. Until the pamphlet appeared, comparatively few among the wealthy and aristocratic classes had any idea how terrible was the misery existing among the very poor of London. The abject misery, the semi-starvation, the compulsory disregard of sanitary rules, and even of common decency incident to the lot of those poor creatures, was not known except to themselves.

Now, however, that the ghastly picture has been held up by Mr. Sims, the writer of the pamphlet, there has been a feeling of commiseration awakened, and a demand uttered that the government should do something to remedy a condition of affairs which Christian people rightly regard as a disgrace to them.

What the government may do it is impossible to surmise. That it will be able to devise an effectual remedy is too much to expect. Governments seldom succeed in such matters. More is to be hoped from private philanthropy, judiciously directed. The two men whose portraits appear on our first page this week are taking an active part in the matter, and if the wealthy Christians of England furnish them with the means, there is hope that great good may be accomplished by their efforts. Some account of what they have done and what they hope to do will interest our readers. It may also serve a useful purpose; for, although we have no such problem to solve now, as that existing in Europe, there is a vast amount of poverty in our great cities which it is possible to relieve before it attains the appalling proportions of the transatlantic evil. The sooner and the more earnestly we set to work upon it the more easily and effectually we may cope with it.

MR. GEORGE HATTON,

The Prisoners' Friend.

Born in 1840—The Means Used for His Conversion—Sunday and Ragged-School Work—Relief and Visitation of the Abject Poor—Growth of the Mission—Work among Discharged Prisoners—A Supper to Criminals.

MR. GEORGE HATTON, *whose portrait accompanies that of Mr. Jones on our front page this week*, was born in Chancery Lane, London, on February 1st, 1840, and is therefore now in the forty-fourth year of his age. His father was a law and general stationer, a man of sterling uprightness and integrity, while his mother was of a most amiable disposition, tenderly loved by her children, of whom there were seven.

Mr. Hatton received the elements of a good education at the City of London School. His first impressions of his need of Christ as a Saviour were experienced while he was quite a youth, in connection with the faithful ministry on which he attended; but before he became decided for Christ the minister died, and Mr. Hatton visited other London churches. One Sunday evening he visited Bloomsbury Chapel, to hear the late Rev. Dr. Brock. While standing in the crowded aisle he was addressed by an officer of the church, who with kindly courtesy gave him a seat in his pew. This

ATTENTION TO A STRANGER

completely captivated the youth's heart, and he continued to attend the chapel, until at a social meeting in the school-room in November, 1858, he realized his position before God and finally resolved, in the might of divine grace, to dedicate his life entirely to the Lord.

Immediately upon uniting with the church at Bloomsbury, Mr. Hatton commenced

RAGGED-SCHOOL WORK,

and spent some very delightful times with the young. One of the fruits of his class-teaching was the establishment of a prayer-meeting for children, which was held on Sunday afternoons after the school, and on Tuesday evenings, in the Bloomsbury Chapel. This was most successful, and God was pleased to pour out His Spirit in a wonderful manner, and large numbers of children gave evidence of conversion to God.

But at the close of the year, 1859, an overwhelming desire to do something to make known a Saviour's love among the poor of St. Giles's, the most degraded district in all London, took possession of him, and on the first Monday in 1860, some half-dozen young men, all belonging to the Baptist Church at Bloomsbury, met at Mr. Hatton's house to consider if something could not be done for them.

The outcome of this meeting was the formation of *a society for the visitation and the relief of the poor;* and it was arranged that the members should assemble in the same place every week, and each bring a small contribution to a relief fund. A secretary and treasurer were appointed, and a record was to be kept of the cases visited and relieved. In time a strong desire was felt for a meeting-place, a home for the converts, and an attraction for others who might be induced to attend on Sunday evenings. They procured a little room used by Bloomsbury friends, capable of holding fifty persons; but though they issued thousands of handbills,

THEIR FIRST CONGREGATION

consisted of only six or seven elderly women. They toiled for years before it was filled with a regular congregation. At this station they continued three years; but in July, 1864, they hired a larger room. One day a letter was received from a church in the district offering them the free use of their building for their work, without any restrictions. They accepted the gift, put the premises in thorough repair, and made it their headquarters.

From July, 1864, to January, 1867, they were a branch of the Bloomsbury Chapel Domestic Mission; but since that time it has been a work of faith dependent entirely on the gifts which God might send them through the voluntary offerings of the public. The church was founded on March 21st, 1867, and the renovated chapel was opened by *Mr. Spurgeon* and the Earl of Shaftesbury on May 13th, 1874. The number of persons received into church-fellowship amount to very nearly 1000; while from the first the public have encouraged the work by subscribing $137,500 to the funds.

In February, 1877, Mr. Hatton and his friends were holding some special services in the chapel, and after an address by Joshua Poole, two men were deeply impressed. They were spoken to, and confessed to belonging to the criminal classes. They pleaded for work—wood-chopping or anything—if they could earn sixty cents a day they would be satisfied. They were started at wood-chopping underneath the hall, at King Street, and thus commenced the work among

DISCHARGED PRISONERS,

which is now so honorably associated with the name of Mr. Hatton. One of the men, who has abandoned a criminal life through the efforts of these Christian laborers, has been converted, and is now an evangelist, employed by a Member of Parliament. Soon after it was found necessary, in order to prevent the many men applying for assistance from falling back into their old course of crime, to provide a home for them, so as to keep them from their old associates. For this purpose, there was fitted up part of the building over a mission hall.

It soon became evident that to make Christian effort among this class really successful, that it would be necessary to secure the first five minutes with them after their release from prison, and before old companions could influence them. For this purpose Mr. Hatton hired a room close to the gates of the prison, immediately opposite the place of exit, where a breakfast was supplied to those released men who chose to accept the invitation that was given to each as he stepped from the prison. (*See frontispiece picture between the portraits.*)

While the men are at this breakfast, they are spoken to privately and individually, and those that give hope of an honest career in future are helped in such a manner as seems best for their permanent good. This branch of the work was commenced in May, 1878, since which time of the 42,460 prisoners released from Coldbath Fields Prison 22,897 accepted invitations to breakfast; and of those 9000 signed the total abstinence pledge. The following statistics of similar work at other prisons are taken from the records of the society: From Holloway Prison: Released, 9344; accepted invitations to breakfast, 5922; pledges, 2071. From Wandsworth Prison: Released, 915; breakfasted, 714; pledges, 335. Number of cases assisted, 4782, dealt with as follows: Sent to sea, 333; situations obtained on land for 873; sent to various institutions, 32; fares paid home, 177; sent abroad, 128; assisted with stock, tools, clothing, money, etc., 3239—4782. The numbers for the year ending November 30th, 1883, are as follows: Coldbath Fields Prison: Released, 6216; breakfasted, 3372; pledges, 870. Holloway Prison: Released, 5695; breakfasted, 3778; pledges, 1320. Wandsworth Prison: Released, 915; breakfasted, 714; pledges, 335. Number of cases dealt with, 1410, as follows: Sent to sea, 82; situations found on land for 206; sent abroad, 67; fares paid home, 50; assisted with stock, tools, clothing, money, etc., 1005—1410.

Noting the success which resulted from this effort at the prison gate in July, 1882, Mr. Hatton opened

AN IRON ROOM

at Holloway Prison, in which were met the men discharged from that prison, and of the 5695 discharged since then, 3778 have received breakfast, and 1320 signed the pledge. On October 11th, 1883, further extension of the prison gate work was made, by the erection of an iron room just outside the gates of Wandsworth Prison, on ground kindly granted by the government. Here Mr. Hatton is carrying on a work similar to that at the jails mentioned above. The number of men hitherto discharged is 915, of whom 714 have been given a breakfast, and 335 signed the pledge. There are also other social and evangelistic agencies in full operation among both the adults and children of the locality.

A SUPPER TO CRIMINALS.

When Christmas draws near, it is the annual custom of the St. Giles's Christian Mission to invite two or three hundred known criminals to a supper, on the tacit understanding that they afterward remain to a meeting, at which, after singing and prayer, advice and exhortation are given to them, not only by preachers of the Gospel and Christian workers, but by judges, magistrates, heads of the police, governors of jails, and others who, having had to deal with their audience in the course of justice, are the more likely to command their thoughtful attention. For the seventh time this supper was given on the night of December 4th, 1883, in the Mission Chapel, when about 250 men and youths, mostly the former, sat down to a substantial meal of cold meat, bread, cheese, celery, Christmas pudding, and tea and coffee.

The supper commenced at half-past six, lasting one hour. Some addresses were afterward given to them. Mr. Baron Pollock, the veteran judge, presided, and among those present were many eminent lawyers well known to the criminal classes and several prison governors and chaplains. After prayer had been offered by a clergyman, in which the judge requested the criminals to join, the hymn was sung, "Rescue the Perishing," and Mr. Hatton read his report, the substance of which has been given. After which the secretary read some selections from letters of reformed criminals.

It is gratifying to learn from this report that the good seed sown amid discouragement and difficulty such as few can realize is bringing forth fruit. There are many who, leaving jail for the first time, could find

NO PLACE FOR REPENTANCE,

though they seek it earnestly and with tears; now have the opportunity they seek. Instead of drifting helplessly into the ranks of habitual criminals through sheer inability to obtain an honest livelihood they may, if so minded, recover

their lost position in society. It is impossible to imagine a more Christlike work than this of seeking those who are lost. We commend the example to energetic young Christians here who are seeking a sphere of labor for the Saviour.

Mr. JOHN JAMES JONES,

Director of the Samaritan Society.

Born in 1847—Converted at Mr. G. Müller's Chapel, Bristol—Early Evangelistic Work—Desires Foreign Missionary Work—Efforts among the Poor of London in 1875—The Samaritan Mission—Feeding and Clothing Children—Emigration Enterprise.

MR. JOHN JAMES JONES was born at Chepstow, England, in 1847, and is now, therefore, thirty-six years of age. His parents gave him the advantage of a good commercial education, and early instilled into his mind religious principles.

Having accepted a situation in a furnishing establishment in Bristol, Mr. Jones was induced to attend a religious service conducted by the

REV. GEORGE MÜLLER

at Bethesda Chapel. His sympathy had previously been aroused in Mr. Müller's extraordinary work among orphan children, and the marvellous manner in which their sustenance was secured through faith and prayer, and he now had an irrepressible desire to see and hear the devoted man upon whom God had put such signal honor, and whose Orphanage constituted a fountain of blessing to thousands of destitute children. He went, but Mr. Müller was away from home, and his place was supplied by a substitute. The message of salvation which he proclaimed was directed by the Holy Spirit to the young man's heart, and he consecrated his life to God.

The first impulse of the new life influenced him to return home, and "tell what great things the Lord had done for his soul." Not long afterward he felt that God would have him abandon commercial pursuits and engage in evangelistic work. A series of services subsequently conducted by him, and at which many professed to find the Saviour, demonstrated the correctness of his conviction, and impelled him onward with a cheerful courage in the path of usefulness which Providence had marked out for him.

While Messrs. Moody and Sankey were holding their meetings in the East End of London, in 1875, Mr. Jones, who had gone to the metropolis to prepare himself for *foreign missionary work*, engaged in philanthropic labor, by collecting funds and

FEEDING THE DESTITUTE POOR.

His genius for organizing and executing large philanthropic enterprises was fully proved there. He established a permanent charity, which at first bore the title of the Homerton Mission, which in its now developed form is more appropriately termed

THE SAMARITAN SOCIETY,

through whose agency the sunshine of sympathy and help has brightened many homes that were darkened by the clouds of want and sorrow, and many hearts have been lightened of burdens that were well-nigh overwhelming and crushing them in despair.

During the winter months the society gives

RELIEF TO THE DESERVING POOR,

many thousands of whom drag out a precarious and weary existence. Under the best conditions there is always a large residuum of unrelieved poverty, whether from want of remunerative occupation or the presence of ill-health and disease; the grim spectre of want, with its attendant evils and sorrows, is always at the door, but is most importunate during the darkest and coldest months of the year. Consequently,

SUNDAY MORNING FREE BREAKFASTS

to many of the poor and outcast ones who are gathered into various mission halls to hear the Gospel are most acceptable to those for whom they are provided. The Executive of the Society say truly, that "it seems little less than an idle mockery to press on these unhappy and unfortunate people the acceptance of a spiritual boon, while they are in lack of that which seems to them to touch them even more closely—the necessaries of life. We are more than ever convinced by our long experience that it is the truest wisdom, on the part of the Christian worker, to relieve the pressing necessities of the body while seeking to hold up Him who is the Bread and the Water of Life for all who hunger and thirst after that righteousness which gives acceptance in the sight of God." About 63,000 free meals have been given this winter.

FEEDING AND CLOTHING CHILDREN

is a department of the work that gives the most genuine satisfaction. In dealing with adults it is sometimes difficult to decide as to whether those who apply for bounty are really deserving of it, or whether, if granted, it would not be misapplied. Such difficulties and misgivings vanish when we come to consider the deplorable condition of many thousands of children of tender years who are but too familiar with the pangs of unsatisfied hunger, and with the discomforts of scanty and ragged attire for their poor pinched bodies. Whether or not the parents may be liable to blame, these suffering little ones are at least innocent, and it is felt that no work is more Christlike than the endeavor to relieve the needs and alleviate the sorrows of which these helpless little ones have more than a full share. A distribution of boots and clothing, which took place recently at the Evangelical Hall, is represented at the foot of the frontispiece.

The work of clothing the naked goes on every Saturday evening throughout the winter. From the worst hovels of London they come, and, with the pathetic patience of the very poor, sit and stand, quietly awaiting attention.

A valuable adjunct to the work of the Samaritan Society is a

CONVALESCENT HOME

by the sea at which the sick poor are received and nursed, either free of charge or at low rates as the case may demand. From June, 1882, to July, 1883, no fewer than 232 persons were admitted and cared for.

Another agency of this mission is evangelistic work at a hall where every Lord's day, the good news of the Gospel is proclaimed "without money and without price." From this centre also radiate branches of kindred work. Sunday-schools, Bible classes, bands of hope, Gospel temperance meetings, and similar efforts are made by mission workers specially appointed to make tours of visitation among omnibus and car-drivers, and other classes who are largely deprived of the stated means of grace by the special circumstances of their occupation.

THE EMIGRATION WORK,

initiated by Mr. Jones two years ago, has made rapid strides, and is assuming large and increasing proportions. The continued prevalence of commercial depression and agricultural distress in England, joined to the opening up of great tracts of virgin soil in Canada and Australia, and the demand for labor there, have all combined to bring the question of emigration to the front.

During the past three years the Samaritan Society has assisted about 4000 emigrants to Canada; 800 to the United States; 400 to the Australian Colonies, and nearly 100 to South Africa. Not a week passes, during the summer and autumn seasons, but a considerable party are despatched to some place where honest, intelligent labor will be welcome; and this department of the work promises to render most valuable and satisfactory service to the industrial classes of the community. Mr. Jones also endeavors to provide for destitute and neglected children by inducing farmers in Canada to receive them into their homes and care for them.

It will be seen that the charity in which Mr. Jones and his colleague Mr. Hatton believe, is not the charity which gives a quarter to some importunate beggar and then forgets him. That is not charity in the true sense of the word. The schemes we have described are intelligent, far-sighted, and sagacious. They take into account the future of the poor, and endeavor to render that future happy and independent. In short, they help the poor to help themselves. Above all, their work is associated, in fact, it is inspired, by love of God and trust in Him, and their constant effort is to bring the poor they help to trust in God for their eternal as well as their earthly future. Who can say how valuable lives spent in such service are to the world! Those who are giving up their years to frivolous pleasures may well contemplate such lives and pause.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A Novel Way of Stopping a Train was adopted by a station agent in the South in a moment of dire emergency. He received late one night a telegram directing him to stop at his station, Sewanee, a freight train which did not usually stop there, and switch it on to a siding out of the way of a special. The night was dark and stormy, and the wind blew in gusts, driving the rain into every crack and crevice. The freight train was on time, and when the station agent heard the whistle he took his lantern and went out on the track. The headlight flashed down the rails, and, through the torrent of rain and the roaring wind, the train came thundering on. The agent raised his lantern and swung it across the track, but before the signal could be given, a fitful gust of wind put out the light. The train was not two hundred yards off, and had not slackened its speed. There was no time to get another lamp. It was a moment of horror to the poor agent, for the special, with its freight of passengers, was coming just beyond the town, and a collision, with all its attendant slaughter, seemed inevitable. Some men would have been unnerved in such a crisis, but the agent thought quickly. He thrust his hand into his pocket, and grasped his revolver; there was a flash, a sharp report, and a bullet went crashing through the headlight. The lamp was extinguished, and the engineer, alarmed by the crash, stopped his train, which was then switched off in time to avert a collision. The time will come when, looking back over our lives, we shall see that some apparent disasters were sent upon us to arrest us in a course which could have ended only in a dire catastrophe (Job 33 : 16–24).

A Search for a Lover on a Battlefield was Described by the lady who undertook the ghastly task, to a fellow-passenger in a train which years afterward carried them over the scene of the struggle. She lived in Memphis in 1861, and her lover was an officer in the Confederate army, but she removed to Kentucky when his regiment was engaged there. A battle occurred and one of the wounded soldiers, who managed to crawl back to hospital, told her he had seen her lover fall, as he supposed, mortally wounded. He described, as well as he could, the spot where he lay, and the lady instantly started out for the field. As she went, the deep roar of the guns told her the battle was still in progress. But she thought little of her own risk of being hit by a stray ball. She thought only of her lover who might be needing the restoratives she carried. She walked through lines of dead and dying men, scrutinizing each face, until at length she came upon the form she sought. To her intense relief he was alive, but appeared to be *slowly bleeding to death*. Quickly she stanched the blood, and bound up the wound. Then she gave him her restorative, and waited till he was strong enough to rise, and leaning on her he dragged his way off the field to the surgeon's quarters. There his wound was properly dressed, and he recovered. At the close of the war he became the husband of the heroic woman who had saved his life. People would not call that man a fanatic, however ardently he loved his wife; yet that is the epithet applied to Christians who give their lives to the service of Him who has rescued them from eternal death (1 Cor. 6 : 20).

A TRAGEDY AVERTED.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, January 13, 1884.

"Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb?"—GENESIS 22: 7.

A Tender, Affectionate Father—His Heart in His Son—A Thunderbolt from a Clear Sky—Abraham's Soliloquy—The Awful Secret—The Day of Tragedy—The Early Morning Journey—The Disclosure—The Matchless Scene of the Wilderness—The Knife Raised—Where it Fell—The Lessons—Implicit Obedience—Help in the Last Pinch—A Decrepit Woman Climbing Stairs—Two Onlys—No Arrest on Calvary—Bearing the Symbolical Cross—The Weight of Worlds on it—Why He did not Resist—A Voluntary Sacrifice—The Doves of St. Mark's.

HERE are Abraham and Isaac: the one a kind, old, gracious, affectionate father; the other a brave, obedient, religious son. From his bronzed appearance you can tell that this son has been much in the fields, and from his shaggy dress you know that he has been watching the herds. The mountain air has painted his cheek rubicund. He is twenty, or twenty-five, or, as some suppose, thirty-three years of age; nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times, and the fact that a son never is anything but a boy to a father. I remember that my father used to come into the house when the children were home on some festal occasion, and say: "Where are the boys?" although "the boys" were twenty-five, and thirty, and thirty-five years of age. So this Isaac is only a boy to Abraham, and

THIS FATHER'S HEART

is in him. It is Isaac here and Isaac there. If there is any festivity around the father's tent, Isaac must enjoy it. It is Isaac's walk, and Isaac's apparel, and Isaac's manners, and Isaac's prospects, and Isaac's prosperity. The father's heart-strings are all wrapped around that boy, and wrapped again, until nine-tenths of the old man's life is in Isaac. I can just imagine how lovingly and proudly he looked at his only son.

Well, the dear old man had borne a great deal of trouble, and it had left its mark upon him. In hieroglyphics of wrinkle the story was written from forehead to chin. But now his trouble seems all gone, and we are glad that he is very soon to rest forever. If the old man shall get decrepit, Isaac is strong enough to wait on him. If the father get dim of eyesight, Isaac will lead him by the hand. If the father become destitute, Isaac will earn him bread. How glad we are that the ship that has been in such a stormy sea, is coming at last into the harbor. Are you not rejoiced that glorious old Abraham is through with his troubles? No! no!

A THUNDERBOLT.

From that clear Eastern sky there drops into that father's tent a voice with an announcement enough to turn black hair white, and to stun the patriarch into instant annihilation. God said: "Abraham!" The old man answered: "Here I am." God said to him: "Take thy son, thy only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there as a burnt-offering." In other words, Slay him; cut his body into fragments; put the fragments on the wood; set fire to the wood, and let Isaac's body be consumed to ashes.

"Cannibalism! Murder!" says some one. "Not so," said Abraham. I hear him soliloquize: "Here is the boy on whom I have depended — Oh, how I loved him! He was given in answer to prayer, and now must I surrender him? O Isaac, my son! Isaac, how shall I part with you? But then it is always safer to do as God asks me to; I have been in dark places before, and God got me out. I will implicitly do as God has told me, although it is very dark. I can't see my way, but I know God makes no mistakes, and to Him I commit myself and my darling son."

Early in the morning there is a stir around Abraham's tent. A beast of burden is fed and saddled. Abraham makes no disclosure of

THE AWFUL SECRET.

At the break of day he says: "Come, come, Isaac, get up! We are going off on a two or three days' journey." I hear the axe hewing and splitting amid the wood until the sticks are made the right length and the right thickness, and then they are fastened on the beast of burden. They pass on—there are four of them—Abraham, the father; Isaac, the son; and two servants. Going along the road, I see Isaac looking up into his father's face, and saying: "Father, what is the matter? Are you not well? Has anything happened? Are you tired? Lean on my arm." Then, turning around to the servants, the son says: "Ah! father is getting old, and he has had trouble enough in other days to kill him."

The third morning has come, and it is

THE DAY OF TRAGEDY.

The two servants are left with the beast of burden, while Abraham and his son Isaac, as was the custom of good people in those times, went up on the hill to sacrifice to the Lord. The wood is taken off the beast's back, and put on Isaac's back. Abraham has in one hand a pan of coals or a lamp, and in the other a sharp, keen knife. Here are all the appliances for sacrifice, you say. No, there is one thing wanting; there is no victim—no pigeon, or heifer, or lamb. Isaac, not knowing that he is to be the victim, looks up into his father's face, and asks a question which must have cut the old man to the bone: "My father!" The father said: "My son, Isaac, here I am." The son said: "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?" The father's lip quivered, and his heart fainted, and his knees knocked together, and his entire body, mind, and soul shivered in sickening anguish as he struggles to gain equipoise; for he does not want to break down. And then he looks into his son's face, with a thousand rushing tendernesses, and says: "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb."

The twain are now at the foot of the hill, the place which is to be famous for

A MOST TRANSCENDENT OCCURRENCE.

They gather some stones out of the field, and build an altar of three and four feet high. Then they take this wood off Isaac's back and sprinkle it over the stones, so as to help and invite the flame. The altar is done—it is all done. Isaac has helped to build it. With his father he has discussed whether the top of the table is even, and whether the wood is properly prepared. Then there is a pause. The son looks around to see if there is not some living animal that can be caught and butchered for the offering. Abraham tries to choke down his fatherly feelings and suppress his grief, in order that he may break to his son the terrific news that he is to be the victim.

Ah! Isaac never looked more beautiful than on that day to his father. As the old man ran his emaciated fingers through his son's hair, he said to himself: "How shall I give him up? What will his mother say when I come back without my boy? I thought he would have been the comfort of my declining days. I thought he would have been the hope of ages to come. Beautiful and loving, and yet to die under my own hand. O God! is there not some other sacrifice that will do? Take my life, and spare his! Pour out my blood, and save Isaac for his mother and the world!" But this was an *inward* struggle. The father controls his feelings, and looks into his son's face, and says: "Isaac, must I tell you all?" His son said: "Yes, father. I thought you had something on your mind; tell it." The father said: "My son, Isaac,

THOU ART THE LAMB!"

"Oh," you say, "why didn't that young man, if he was twenty or thirty years of age, smite into the dust his infirm father? He could have done it." Ah! Isaac knew by this time that the scene was typical of a Messiah who was to come, and so he made no struggle. They fell on each other's neck, and wailed out the parting. Awful and matchless scene of the wilderness! The rocks echo back the breaking of their hearts. The cry: "My son! my son!" The answer: "My father! my father!"

Do not compare this, as some people have, to Agamemnon, willing to offer up his daughter, Iphigenia, to please the gods. There is nothing comparable to this wonderful obedience to the true God. You know that victims for sacrifice were always bound, so that they might not struggle away. Rawlings, the martyr, when he was dying for Christ's sake, said to the blacksmith, who held the manacles: "Fasten those chains tight now, for my flesh may struggle mightily." So Isaac's arms are fastened, his feet are tied. The old man, rallying all his strength, lifts him on to a pile of wood. Fastening a thong on one side of the altar, he makes it span the body of Isaac, and fastens the thong at the other side the altar, and another thong, and another thong. There is the lamp flickering in the wind, ready to be put under the brushwood of the altar.

THERE IS THE KNIFE,

sharp and keen. Abraham—struggling with his mortal feelings on the one side, and the commands of God on the other—takes that knife, rubs the flat of it on the palm of his hand, cries to God for help, comes up to the side of the altar, puts a parting kiss on the brow of his boy, takes a message from him for mother and home, and then, lifting the glittering weapon for the plunge of the death-stroke—his muscles knitting for the work—the hand begins to descend. It falls! Not on the heart of Isaac, but on the arm of God, who arrests the stroke, making the wilderness quake with the cry: "Abraham! Abraham! lay not thy hand upon the lad, nor do him any harm!"

What is this sound back in the woods? It is a crackling as of tree branches, a bleating and a struggle. Go, Abraham, and see what it is. Oh, it was a ram that, going through the woods, has its crooked horns fastened and entangled in the brushwood, and could not get loose; and Abraham seizes it gladly, and quickly unloosens Isaac from the altar, puts the ram on in his place, sets the lamp under the brushwood of the altar, and as the dense smoke of

THE SACRIFICE

begins to rise, the blood rolls down the sides of the altar, and drops hissing into the fire, and I hear the words: "Behold the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world."

Well, what are you going to get out of this? There is an aged minister of the Gospel. He says: "I should get out of it that when God tells you to do a thing, whether it seems reasonable to you or not, go ahead and do it. Here Abraham couldn't have been mistaken. God didn't speak so indistinctly that it was not certain whether He called Sarah, or Abimelech, or somebody else; but with divine articulation, divine intonation, divine emphasis, He said: 'Abraham!' Abraham rushed blindly ahead to do his duty, knowing that things would come out right. Likewise do so yourselves. There is

A MYSTERY OF YOUR LIFE.

There is some burden you have to carry. You don't know why God has put it on you. There is some persecution, some trial, and you don't know why God allows it. There is a work for you to do, and you have not enough grace, you think, to do it. Do as Abraham did. Advance, and do your whole duty. Be willing to give up Isaac, and perhaps you will not have to give up anything. 'Jehovah-jireh'—the Lord will provide." A capital lesson this old minister gives us.

Out yonder, in this house, is an aged woman; the light of heaven in her face; she is half-way through the door; she has her hand on the pearl of the gate. Mother, what would you get out of this subject? "Oh," she says, "I would learn that it is *in the last pinch* that God comes to the relief. You see the altar was ready, and Isaac was fastened on it, and the knife was lifted; and just at the last moment,

God broke in and stopped proceedings. So it has been in my life of seventy years. Why, sir, there was a time when the flour was all out of the house: and I set the table at noon and I had nothing to put on it; but five minutes of one o'clock a loaf of bread came. The Lord will provide.

"My son was very sick, and I said: 'Dear Lord, you don't mean to take him away from me, do you? Please, Lord, don't take him away. Why, there are neighbors who have three and four sons; this is my only son; this is my Isaac. Lord, you won't take him away from me, will you?' But I saw he was getting worse and worse all the time; and I turned round and prayed, until after a while I felt submissive, and I could say: 'Thy will, O Lord, be done!' The doctors gave him up, and we all gave him up. And, as was the custom in those times, we had made the grave clothes, and we were whispering about the last exercises, when I looked, and I saw some perspiration on his brow, showing that the fever had broken, and he spoke to us so naturally, that I knew he was going to get well. He did get well, and my son Isaac, whom I thought was going to be slain and consumed of disease, was loosened from that altar.

"And bless your souls, that's been so for seventy years; and if my voice were not so weak, and if I could see better, I could preach to you younger people a sermon; for though I can't see much, I can see this; whenever you get into a tough place, and your heart is breaking, if you will look a little farther into the woods, you will see, caught in the branches, a substitute and a deliverance. 'My son, God will provide Himself a lamb.'"

Thank you, mother, for that short sermon. I could preach back to you for a minute or two and say, never do you fear. I wish I had half as good a hope of heaven as you have. Do not fear, mother; whatever happens, no harm will ever happen to you. I was going up a long flight of stairs; and I saw

AN AGED WOMAN,

very decrepit, and with a cane, creeping on up. She made but very little progress, and I felt very exuberant; and I said to her: "Why, mother, that's no way to get up-stairs;" and I threw my arms around her and I carried her up and put her down on the landing at the top of the stairs. She said: "Thank you, thank you; I am very thankful." O mother, when you get through this life's work and you want to go up-stairs and rest in the good place that God has provided for you, you will not have to climb up—you will not have to crawl up painfully. The two arms that were stretched on the cross will be flung around you, and you will be hoisted with a glorious lift beyond all weariness and all struggle. May the God of Abraham and Isaac be with you until you see the Lamb on the hill-tops.

Now, that aged minister has made a suggestion, and this aged woman has made a suggestion; I will make a suggestion: Isaac going up the hill makes me think of the great sacrifice. Isaac, the only son of Abraham. Jesus, the only Son of God. On those

TWO "ONLYS"

I build a tearful emphasis. O Isaac! O Jesus! But this last sacrifice was a more tremendous one. When the knife was lifted over Calvary, there was no voice that cried, "Stop!" and no hand arrested it. Sharp, keen, and tremendous, it cut down through nerve and artery until the blood sprayed the faces of the executioners, and the mid day sun dropped a veil of cloud over its face because it could not endure the spectacle. O Isaac, of Mount Moriah! O Jesus, of Mount Calvary! Better could God have thrown away into annihilation a thousand worlds, than to have sacrificed His only Son. It was not one of ten sons—it was His *only* Son. If He had not given up Him, you and I would have perished. "God so loved the world that He gave His only—" I stop there, not because I have forgotten the quotation, but because I want to think. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Great God! break my heart at the thought of that sacrifice. Isaac the only, typical of Jesus the only.

You see Isaac going up the hill and carrying the wood. O Abraham, why not take the load off the boy? If he is going to die so soon, why not make his last hours easy? Abraham knew that in carrying that wood up Mount Moriah, Isaac was to be

A SYMBOL OF CHRIST

carrying His own cross up Calvary. I do not know how heavy that cross was—whether it was made of oak, or acacia, or Lebanon cedar. I suppose it may have weighed one, or two, or three hundred pounds. That was the lightest part of the burden. All the sins and sorrows of the world were wound around that cross. The heft of one, the heft of two, worlds: earth and hell were on His shoulders. O Isaac, carrying the wood of sacrifice up Mount Moriah. O Jesus, carrying the wood of sacrifice up Mount Calvary, the agonies of earth and hell wrapped around that cross. One would think that this audience would shriek out in sympathy. I shall never see the heavy load on Isaac's back, that I shall not think of the crushing load on Christ's back. For whom that load? For you. For you. For me. For me. Would that all the tears that we have ever wept over our sorrows had been saved until this morning, and that we might now pour them out on the lacerated back and feet and heart of the Son of God.

You say: "If this young man was twenty or thirty years of age,

WHY DIDN'T HE RESIST?

Why wasn't it Isaac binding Abraham instead of Abraham binding Isaac? The muscle in Isaac's arm was stronger than the muscle in Abraham's withered arm. No young man twenty-five years of age would submit to have his father fasten him to a pile of wood with intention of burning." Isaac was a *willing* sacrifice, and so a type of Christ who willingly came to save the world. If all the armies of heaven had resolved to force Christ out from the gate, they could not have done it. Christ was equal with God. If all the battalions of glory had armed themselves and resolved to put Christ forth and make Him come out and save this world, they could not have succeeded in it. With one stroke He would have toppled over angelic and archangelic dominion.

But there was one thing that the omnipotent Christ could not stand. Our sorrows mastered Him. He could not bear to see the world die without an offer of pardon and help, and if all heaven had armed itself to keep Him back, if the gates of life had been bolted and double-barred, Christ would have flung the everlasting doors from their hinges, and would have sprung forth, scattering the hindering hosts of heaven like chaff before the whirlwind, as He cried: "Lo! I come to suffer. Lo! I come to die." Christ—a willing sacrifice. Willing to take Bethlehem humiliation, and Sanhedrim outrage, and whipping-post maltreatment, and Golgotha butchery. Willing to be bound. Willing to suffer. Willing to die. Willing to save.

HOW DOES THIS AFFECT YOU?

Do not your very best impulses bound out toward this pain-struck Christ? Get down at His feet, O ye people. Put your lips against the wound on His right foot and help kiss away the pang. Wipe the foam from His dying lip. Get under the cross until you feel the baptism of His rushing tears. Take Him into your heart, with warmest love and undying enthusiasm. By your resistances you have abused Him long enough. Christ is willing to save you. Are you this morning willing to be saved? It seems to me as if this moment were throbbing with the invitations of an all-compassionate God.

I have been told that the cathedral of St. Mark's stands in a square in the centre of the city of Venice, and that when the clock strikes twelve at noon, all the birds from the city and the regions round about the city fly to the square and settle down. It came in this wise: a large-hearted woman passing one noonday across the square, saw some birds shivering in the cold, and she scattered some crumbs of bread among them. The next day, at the same hour, she scattered more crumbs of bread among them, and so on from year to year until the day of her death. In her will she bequeathed a certain amount of money to keep up the same practice, and now, at the first stroke of the bell at noon, the birds begin to come there, and when the clock has struck twelve, the square is covered with them. How beautifully suggestive. Christ comes out to feed thy soul to-day. The more hungry you feel yourselves to be, the better it is. It is noon and the Gospel clock strikes twelve. Come in flocks! Come as doves to the window! All the air is filled with the liquid chime: Come! Come! Come!

While I pause, and wait and watch for the result of this sermon, this audience seems to swim from my vision, and I see the congregations of the last day gathering in the air. Oh, what a retinue of flaming cloud and falling star. Behold! He cometh. "Behold! He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." On that day it will be found out whether I preached the whole truth. On that day it will be found out whether any of you squarely refused the offer of eternal life. You will on that day think of this occasion, of where you sat or stood, of the text that was preached from, and your decision. This hour takes hold on that. Come! let us look each other in the face, that I may know you when I see you again in the judgment.

THE OCCUPATIONS, ETC.

A new pamphlet of Dr. Talmage's Sermons, under the above title, is now ready. Among the twenty-six sermons it contains, are those to Lawyers, Doctors, Merchants, Clerks, Commercial Travellers, The Theatrical Profession, and Telegraph Operators. Also Sermons on Business Life, The East Wind, Silver Wings, The Pouting Son, The Ferry-boat of the Jordan, etc. It may be obtained, postage paid, from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office for thirty cents.

The Marquis of Lorne is Delivering Lectures in Great Britain on the subject of Canada, which are likely to largely increase the tide of emigration westward. In a lecture delivered at Birmingham on December 4th, he particularly praised the salubrity of the climate of the Dominion, and said fevers, which were too common in the United States, were unknown within its boundaries. He lauded Canada as a field for emigration, and expatiated upon the marvellous progress made by various towns. He instanced Pictou, in Nova Scotia, which, he said, with its cheaper labor, will soon rival Glasgow, Belfast and London as an iron shipbuilding port. He said Toronto is one of the most properous young cities upon the American continent and one that is destined to have a great future. Lord Lorne concluded by saying that the Canadian people are thoroughly devoted to their connection with the mother country, otherwise they would ha[illegible]ng ago discarded their allegiance.

The Hissing of an Indian Viceroy in Public has caused a sensation in that country. A calcutta despatch says: "The Marquis of Ripon, Viceroy of India, returned here on Saturday, and was welcomed by an immense crowd of natives. Banners of the natives, on which 'God Bless the Viceroy' was inscribed, were destroyed by Europeans and Eurasians. A mob of two hundred assembled at the Government House and hissed the Marquis and his wife when they drove to the gate. At a banquet on Friday, at which two hundred Europeans were present, a toast to the Viceroy was received in silence, and only twenty-four persons stood up." The cause of the Viceroy's popularity with the natives and his being disliked by Europeans is that he advocates a change of the law which would render it possible for Europeans to be tried before native judges.

FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY IN EGYPT.

By Rev. J. H. Alexander.

Past Greatness—Predicted Permanent Degradation—Governed Never to Govern Again—To be Desolated—A Land of Ruins—The Throne Always to be Filled by a Foreigner—Becoming Sterile.

No country is so prominently before the eye of the world at this time as Egypt. On many accounts it is one of the most wonderful countries on the face of the globe. The origin of that people by whom it was early inhabited is buried in remote antiquity. Some chronologists trace back the line of its ancient kings to Mizraim, a grandson of the patriarch Noah. In that land of wonders dawned the first light of Oriental civilization. According to Herodotus, 20,000 cities existed at one time within its narrow limits. Fertilized by the waters of the Nile, its territory supported a vast population, which has left all over Egypt the imperishable memorials of the skill and power of the generations who lived under the government of the Pharaohs.

With the history of the past before us, and the Bible in hand, an interesting question arises, What destiny did prophecy mark out for that people, who for centuries constituted one of the most powerful nations in the world? What did the prophets foretell concerning their character and their relation to other kingdoms.

PERMANENT DEGRADATION.

The prophet Ezekiel foretold that Egypt would be reduced to a kingdom of weak and inferior grade. These are his words: "I will cause them to return into the land of Pathros, into the land of their habitation, and they shall be there a base kingdom. It shall be the basest of the kingdoms." This remarkable prediction was uttered nearly twenty-five hundred years ago. But what are the facts in the case? To-day Egypt is down-trodden. The elements of her strength have perished. For generation after generation she has known little save the bitterness of oppression without the vestige of power to assert and maintain her national independence. Ignorance and a universal air of misery meet the eye of the traveller in every corner of the land. It was no human foresight that enabled the prophet to give this graphic description of the country as it is at the present day.

With equal clearness it was foretold that Egypt would never again rise to power, and hold dominion over the nations; that, on the other hand, she would be brought down from her greatness to a mere dwarf in the scale of nationality. Thus spoke the prophet about 600 years before the coming of Christ: "Neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations; for I will diminish them, that they shall no more rule over the nations." Has this come to pass? Yes, verily. History records the fact that in less than one hundred years after the words were uttered a great Persian army entered their country. That entrance was the death-knell of the nation's glory. She has not, from that day to this, erected the standard of power permanently over her own land, much less has she been able to exact tribute from other nations.

UNDER THE YOKE.

Looking back through the annals of the past, we see that she has literally been diminished. Surrounding nations have successively held her in a state of vassalage. History comes to the stand and testifies that for more than 2000 years she has been under the yoke of foreign power, a mere tributary kingdom, and that she has not been able to exalt herself above the nations. To-day, in imitation of her many former fruitless struggles, her feeble yet resolute army has been aroused to desperation in an effort to repel from her borders a powerful foe, not perceiving the fact that European governments would not, for a day, permit the benefits of victory, if achieved by her, to accrue to her own land.

DESOLATION.

Contrary to all that seemed probable, prophecy pointed out for Eygpt a destiny of fearful desolation. When the whole land was fairly teeming with population, everything indicating strength, and showing no signs of decay, the word went forth, "They shall be desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate, and her cities shall be in the midst of the cities that are wasted." At the date of this remarkable prophetic description the country boasted of matchless wealth. Its pyramids and labyrinths, and its Lake Moeris, vastly superior, according to Herodotus, to either, all in connection with its extraordinary fertility of soil, bespoke for it an endless perpetuity of resources and grandeur.

But, true to the sure word of prophecy, for more than 1000 years it has been famous as the land of ruins. A meagre and down-trodden population, composed largely of foreigners, rendered hideous by the touch of poverty and Mohammedanism, dwell amid its scenes of dilapidation and fallen grandeur. Every adjacent country has fallen, and every great city within or near its confines, with few exceptions, has come down to a bare cluster of huts. The traveller takes his stand amid her mouldering ruins and sees on every side monuments of wealth and power unsurpassed in ancient or modern times, and then feels the sensation of awe as he opens the Bible and reads, "I will make her rivers dry and sell the land into the hand of the wicked, and I will make the land waste, and all that is therein, by the hand of strangers." Persians, Arabs, Turks, Greeks, and Romans have constituted the strangers. Infidelity may well keep in the background while the argument from prophecy in favor of the Bible is in view.

SUBJECT TO FOREIGNERS.

It was a striking announcement of the prophet, that Egypt should never more have a sovereign ruler from among her own people. "The sceptre of Egypt shall depart away." Again, "And there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt." When these words were uttered the Egyptian monarchy had stood for more than 1600 years. For generation after generation her own sons had sat in succession on the throne. According to historians the Shepherd kings are hardly an exception, as they usurped dominion over only a part of the country. But the Pharaohs, long established in power, dreamt not that they could be disrobed of royalty, their mighty dominion broken, and the glory of the land pass away.

But what does history record in fulfilment of the prophecy that there should be no more a prince of the land? The following are the facts. About 525 years before Christ came, Cambyses, King of Persia, overran and subdued the whole country. Persia then for a period of 200 years provided rulers to whom they were forced to yield submission. By that Persian subjugation the country lost its liberty and independence, and from that day to the present it does not appear that Egypt has had a king from among her own sons settled upon the throne. Persian control terminating, the country came into the power of the Macedonians, and immediately passed into the hand of the Ptolemies, who held over it dominion for 294 years. Rome then became master, and ruled Egypt for the long period of 760 years.

The next rulers of the unfortunate country were the Saracens, that famous Arabian tribe, the terror to all the East. They governed the conquered province for more than 600 years. Then followed the Mamelukes, rulers who belonged to a tribe of Circassian slaves who rose to power and controlled Egypt for 263 years. At the expiration of their power, 370 years ago, the Turks acquired the dominion, and have ever since been the acknowledged sovereigns of the oppressed and miserable inhabitants.

Thus we see up to our day a fulfilment of the prophecy. All efforts of Egypt for 2400 years, to throw off the yoke of foreign power, and settle upon her throne a king or prince from among her own people, have proved failures.

GOD-APPOINTED BARRENNESS

Very remarkable changes, according to the testimony of travellers, have taken place in the physical character of the country. Strangely enough, prophecy pointed to these changes. The following words are found in the prophecy: "And the waters shall fail from the sea, and the river shall be wasted and dried up. And they shall turn the rivers far away, and the brooks of defence shall be emptied and dried up, the weeds and flags shall wither. The paper reeds by the brooks, and everything sown by the brooks shall wither, be driven away, and be no more." Has there not been a real and complete fulfilment of this prediction? Travellers affirm that vast accumulations of sand now exist over a very considerable portion of what was once the fertile valley of the Nile. The country, never large, has shrunk within narrow limits. Some of the ancient channels of the great river, as we are told, have disappeared. No trace is found of many of the canals which once were used for irrigation. Large sections of the richest alluvial soil of the earth have become an African desert. Vegetation has withered. Who but God could have foreseen what has come to pass in the land of wonders?

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

"All Bright Now!"—The Rev. Mr. Patterson said at a recent meeting: "I meet with many inquirers every day, and a few nights ago as I was hastening out of an after-meeting, a young woman who was standing at the door, with a beaming face, caught me by the hand and said, 'Oh, sir, it is all right now!' She had been led to decision for Christ at a previous meeting, and in accordance with my custom, I asked her to return when she could and state how she was getting on."

A Good Hard Road to Walk on.—The Rev. R. Hood related: "I knew a good Christian man who died in a village on the other side of Hamilton. Just before the angel of death came to his side, and in kindness freed his soul from the pain-stricken and worn-out body, a sister in Christ asked him, 'How are you now, Thomas?' His reply was, 'I'm no walkin' on coglie (loose) stanes.' No, he was walking on firm, hard rock, the salvation of Jesus, which nothing could shake. Not even death or hell could remove him from Christ, the Rock of Ages."

"Is This Fit for a Rabbi?"—At Cowaddens, Mr. Baron said: "I remember when I was a boy in Poland, that my parents imbued my mind with the thought of the honorable position to which I was destined, that of a Rabbi. It is the highest position a Jew can obtain among his co-religionists. I was so filled with it that when my companions asked me to join certain company or tempted me to do evil, I communed with myself, 'Is this fit for a Rabbi?' 'No.' 'Then I cannot do it.' And so by looking to my high calling I was preserved from evil. If Christians would only look to their future position, and realize that even now they are heirs of God and princes made by God, they would not so often do those things which dishonor their Saviour."

Thawing a Frozen Man.—At Kirkintilloch one of Mr. Moody's Mizpah Choir lately said: "Before my conversion to Christ, I was very much given to drinking habits, and the sins which natually flow from them. One hard frosty night in winter, I was so drunk that I laid down on the bare street within a few yards of my own home—if home it could be called—and slept there all night. When I woke up in the morning I was frozen stiff. I managed, with difficulty, to crawl to the close where I lived. My wife, who had been waiting for me, heard my moans, and came down-stairs to see what was the matter. She roused a neighbor, and together they carried me into the house, laying me on the floor; they made up a big fire to thaw me. Oh, the pain I suffered, as the heat made my blood run through my benumbed body; it was excruciating. The illness which followed gave me time to think, and my conscience was roused. I was in deep mental distress, and could not see how I could be saved. When I

got better, I went to a Gospel-meeting, where a Christian worker said, 'Sandy, Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow.' I went home to my room, knelt down, and prayed, 'Lord, have mercy upon me; I have tried often and failed every time. Lord, have mercy on me.' I never rose from my knees till the Holy Spirit assured me that I was saved 'through the blood of the Lamb.'" (1 John 5 : 10).

"Tell me How it is to be Done!"—Mr. Wilson said: "On a recent evening I spoke to a man of whom a friend declared: 'That man seems to me to be *the very incarnation of sin.*' I do not think I ever heard such an appalling story of wickedness; I do not think I ever saw such a subtle net as the devil had woven round that man; but he was perfectly willing to have it broken on any condition whatever. His cry was: 'Tell me how it is to be done!' and he laid his career open before me without reserve, not by way of making a parade of it, but in the desperation of his heart to get liberty. It would be wrong for me to say I left that man rejoicing. I think it will be many days before he rejoices; for he has a work to do for those he has been leading into sin that will keep him broken-hearted for many a day; but I believe he is trusting in Christ for salvation."

A Memorable Dog-watch.—Captain Smith said: "I will tell you how the Lord took me out of the land of bondage with a high hand, and His strong arm carried me through the desert right into the Land of Promise, where I have ever since enjoyed freedom from all difficulties, because I trust my all to Him. Some years ago, when I was in the West Indies, I was awakened to great concern about my soul, from a state of bondage to sin and the devil—far worse than the children of Israel were in Egypt. For three weeks I struggled and fought for liberty, but my efforts were in vain till we were a week's sail from Trinidad. As I kept the dog-watch (from six o'clock till eight) one night, I gave up the fight, and told the Lord I could not go on any longer this way, and entreated Him to be my liberator. He answered my prayer, and light flashed upon my soul. It has never left me since."

Weary of Lying in Bed.—Dr. Cameron, Referring to Eccles. 9 : 5, used the following illustration: "I was called to attend a little girl who was very ill. My heart was touched by the patient look in her face and the gentle tones of her voice when she spoke. Her sickness proved to be a lingering and painful one. As time passed on, she began to feel the mere lying in bed to be more trying than the pain of the disease. One day, she said with a simple child-faith which moved me greatly, 'O doctor, I wish you would let me get up, for this bed is wearied of me.' She thought that the weariness induced by her long confinement was the bed showing anger against her for lying in it so long. This is just the way with those who are weary with the load of sin; they think God is angry with them, when it is just the reverse. The feeling of estrangement is in their own souls, not in God. Will such not ask Him now to lift them up from the bed of sin which pains them so much? He for His dear Son's sake will hear your prayer, make you quite well, and do it at once and for nothing."

Descending an Alpine Pass.—The Rev. Mr. Ewing said: "When I first went down an Alpine pass, our guide said, 'Now, we are going to slide; put your alpenstock under your arm, lean upon it, and so take your weight off your feet.' I thought that very easy. 'I'll do that easily!' We started, and I saw the guide and my friend going down smoothly, and fast leaving me. I was always coming to a halt, till at last I thought of calling on them to help me, but fear of confessing failure prevented me. I decided that I must get up with them in some way, but how to do it was the question. While cogitating over this problem, the guide's directions came to my mind, 'Put your weight on the alpenstock.' Quick as thought, I threw myself back upon it, so that my feet barely touched the snow, and in another instant I was shooting down toward them as though propelled by an invisible force. In like manner, if we will only put our whole weight on Christ, we shall cease stumbling, halting, or falling. He will uphold us with the right hand of His righteousness. There is safety only as we lean entirely and constantly upon Him."

A Closed Door Opened.—Dr. Moxey Called attention to an incident that occurred while Major Whittle was last in Edinburgh, as an indication of what very humble people may do. One day a man approached the place of meeting and hesitated at the entrance, not knowing whether to go in or not. He was in this uncertain condition when a woman said to him, "Come in, friend, we will be glad to see you in here." He said, "Well, I am afraid that Major Whittle only speaks to rich people." She answered, "Oh, no, to the poor the Gospel is preached. Come in!" When he found that the door was shut he looked at it rather blankly, and said to the woman, "There doesn't seem to be much of an invitation, the door is shut." She said, "We can open it," and added, "perhaps we shall hear something about the door to-night;" and, strange to say, when Major Whittle gave out his text, it was, "*I am the door.*" The coincidence struck the man and he, perhaps, listened more attentively than he would otherwise have done; and the result of the sermon was that the man in the after-meeting accepted Christ—he went in by the door.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB.

By Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D.

A Glad Day for the Universe—Sending Out the Invitations—The Ingathering—The Lamb—The Lamb's Wife—The Betrothment—The Preparation—The Marriage.

IT will be a glad day for both heaven and earth when that voice is heard, the voice of the great multitude, the voice of many waters, the voice of mighty thunderings, "The marriage of the Lamb is come!" (Rev. 19 : 7). It will be a day of gladness not only for the Bridegroom and the Bride, but for the whole universe of God. It will be the festival of festivals, the jubilee of jubilees. But

THE INVITATIONS

to that feast are sent forth in the midst of darkness and storm and sorrow. These are now going forth to the sons of men—come ye to the marriage, come to the feast, come, form part of that glorious company called the Bride, the Lamb's wife. Father, Son, and Spirit unite in sending to you this message of love. "Whosoever will!" Surely that takes in you.

This is the day of ingathering.

A LONG DAY

it has been—a day made up of ages; a day very unlike that coming day of glory for which the gathering is made. Why God should have made such brightness to rise out of such darkness, such blessedness to be evolved out of so much sadness, we know not. It will, we know, be to the praise of the glory of His grace wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved. Everything connected with this day of ingathering to the marriage and the tribulation through which we pass to it shall be seen to be the result of love to the gathered ones and love to Him to whom they are gathered as His eternal Bride. All things shall concur in telling out the love of the Father to His beloved Son and to the Church of the redeemed from among men. But here let us see—

THE LAMB.

This is the *apocalyptic* name for the Bridegroom. It occurs twenty-six times in this book, and it comes very aptly from the pen of him who recorded the words, "Behold the Lamb of God." It is His *heavenly* name; the name by which He is best known above; for angels in looking down upon the earth see but one place, Golgotha, and one object, the Cross! It is His *nuptial* name; for as the Lamb He is the Bridegroom. His relationship to the Bride is that of sacrificial blood; He gave His life for her; He washed her in His own blood; He clothed her in His own raiment. It is His *Gospel* name; the name round which the glad tidings all revolve—"He is led as a lamb to the slaughter;" He is the Lamb "without blemish;" and of Him as such the good news speaks to us from first to last. He is the Lamb "as it had been slain;" the Lamb on the altar; the Lamb of the daily burnt-offering; the Lamb of the Passover; the sin-bearing, sin-atoning Lamb.

THE LAMB'S WIFE.

She is called first the Bride and then the wife. She is the eternally chosen of the Father, the eternally beloved of the Son. She is one, yet many. She is the Church of God, made up of the redeemed from among men, chosen, redeemed, and called, according to the eternal purpose of the Father. As there is but one temple, yet many stones; many sons, but one family; so there is the great multitude that no man can number, but one Bride. The three great characteristics of the Church as a whole, and of each individual of the mighty company making up that whole, are—(1) chosen of the Father; (2) loved and redeemed by the Son; (3) renewed and sanctified by the Holy Ghost. She is the perfection of the Divine handiwork; "all fair," "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing;" Bridegroom and Bride clothed with the same glory, filled with the same Spirit, and partakers of the same throne.

THE BETROTHMENT.

From heaven the heavenly Bridegroom came to seek among the sinners of earth the Bride whom the Father had given. "In the lowly level (as one has written) of our poor humanity He wooed His Bride, and thus He won her love." He approached her with His words of love in the Gospel, wherein He made known to her all the fulness of His infinite heart. He looked upon her in her misery and pitied her outcast condition; He spoke to her and cast His skirt over her, and she became His. Through His messengers He espoused her to Himself as a chaste virgin (II Cor. 11 : 2), and from the moment that the Gospel found lodgment in her soul she was espoused, betrothed, so that she could say, "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine." Here upon this fallen earth this wonderful transaction took place, this blessed bond was knit, this union sealed. She become His betrothed for eternity.

THE PREPARATION.

The beginning of this is now, but the completion is just before the marriage, for in reference to that day it is that the words are spoken, "His wife hath made herself ready." Here the preparation is described as her own doing, just as in our Lord's parable the virgins take their lamps, their vessels, and go forth to meet the bridegroom as if all were their own doing. But we find other skill and other love engaged in fitting and decking this fairest among women: (1) the Father—He prepares; (2) the Son; (3) the Holy Spirit; each does His own work; yet in that work she is not merely passive, but active. She is "prepared," and she makes herself ready. This full preparation is reserved for the first resurrection; for it is in resurrection glory and beauty that she is to be attired for the marriage. The risen Bridegroom is united to His risen Bride.

THE MARRIAGE.

This is the actual union, the consummation of the glory. Caught up into the royal pavilion, to meet her Lord in the air, she is not only forever with the Lord, but forever His own chosen Bride, to sit upon His throne, to wear His crown, to share His love, to be invested with His glory. All this when He comes the second time to be glorified in His saints. Round this great event the fortunes of God's universe revolve. That marriage-hall is to be the centre of all blessing to heaven and earth. There the second Adam and the true Eve, the Church, are to have their dwelling, their palace, from which all light and love, all order and peace, all blessedness and glory, are to flow forth throughout illimitable space.

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A wrong date will appear on the address label of some papers this week. A large number of renewals have been received during the past week, and it has not been possible in every case to change the date to that covered by the renewal.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The National Wealth of the United States is the subject of an instructive article in *Bradstreet's Journal*, in which is arranged and tabulated the information derived from the returns of the last census. It appears from this article that the aggregate wealth of the United States in 1880 was $43,642,000,000; that the total amount of capital invested in business was $8,177,000,000, and the number of persons engaged in business was 703,328.

Mr. Dorsheimer's Bill for the Protection of foreign authors should have the careful and discriminating attention of the House before it is submitted to the vote. It provides that a foreign author shall have the sole right to publish and sell his book in the United States providing the government of his country grants equal and similar privileges to American authors. It limits the copyright to twenty-five years or until the author dies, if he die before the expiration of twenty-five years. *It may be hoped that the bill will not pass in its present shape.* Some provision is needed which will secure to American publishers the right of supplying the American market. Without this, we may have the English system of high-priced books introduced here. Cheap books are a necessity, but if the foreign author refuses to allow his books to be reprinted here and the American public is compelled to buy from the foreign publisher and pay the duty on importation, only wealthy people will be able to purchase such works. The poor student, to whom the books would be most necessary, could not possess them. It is only honest that the foreign author should enjoy a profit from his works, which under our present system is denied him, but in justice to our own citizens that profit ought not to be, and the law should prevent it being, so inordinate as to render the books inaccessible to those who need them. The provision withdrawing the copyright at the death of the author is ridiculous, as it generally happens that the widow and children of an author need the income, more than the author did in his lifetime. Legislation is needed in this matter, but not legislation of this kind.

The Effect of the New Tariff Law is Smaller than was expected by both the friends and the opponents of the measure. Mr. Nimmo, the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, on January 9th submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury a statement in regard to the operation of the act, so far as the same can be shown from data at the present time. It appears that the reduction in the average ad valorem rate of duty on dutiable goods for the quarter ended September 30th, 1883, as compared with the corresponding quarter in 1882, was but a small fraction over two per cent. This reduction may, however, be increased in the statistics of the next quarter, as there was a rush to get certain articles through before June 30th, and other goods were postponed in order to obtain the benefit of the new rate.

A New Attempt to Solve the Mormon Problem has been made by Senator Cullom of Illinois. His plan, as explained in the bill he has introduced in the Senate, provides that the government of Utah shall consist of a governor and council of nine members, *to be appointed by the President* and confirmed by the Senate, and they shall be citizens and qualified voters of the Territory. Mr. Cullom, in explaining his bill, was careful to say that he regarded it as only a temporary measure, rendered necessary by the persistent defiance of the government by the Mormons. He said the people of the Territory should, when this evil had been eradicated, have the control of their own affairs. Meanwhile, let the United States Government take the management of Utah into its own hands, discharge the incompetent and treasonable agents of the Mormons who are officers of the Territory, and purge out of its evil code every vestige of ecclesiastical polity. Mr. Cullom maintained the perfect constitutional right of Congress to do this under that clause of the constitution giving it the right to make rules and regulations for the government of the Territories.

The Survivors of the Fatal Jeannette Expedition and the heirs of the members of the expedition who lost their lives in the Arctic are the beneficiaries of a bill introduced in the Senate last week by Senator Edmunds. It authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to pay to Chief Engineer Melville and Lieutenant Danenhower $1000 each; to Raymond L. Newcomb, naturalist; John Cole, acting boatswain; W. T. C. Nindermann, seaman, and James H. Bartlett, seaman, $600 each, and to the remaining survivors $300 each. It also authorizes the payment of a sum equal to one year's salary of each of the deceased members of the Jeannette expedition and crew to their respective heirs.

The Catastrophe at the Convent at Belleville, Ill., on the night of Saturday, January 5th, was one of the most horrible events of recent times. The fire started in the basement after the nuns, and the pupils who were being educated there, had retired to rest. The flames raged in the lower portion of the building undiscovered, and when the inmates awaked they found their escape cut off. Before the engines arrived large numbers of people gathered around anxious to rescue the poor women and girls who could be seen in their night clothing at the windows shrieking for help. But the heavy oak doors in the basement were fast closed and locked, and for a long time resisted all efforts to force them open. At length a heavy piece of timber was procured and used as a battering ram. The doors were then driven in, and the men rushed up-stairs to rescue the imprisoned inmates. Then it was found that each bedroom door was locked and had to be separately forced in. Meanwhile the fire had increased in force, and the brave rescuers were forced to fly before they had saved half the women. A few of them jumped from the windows, sustaining dreadful injuries by their fall, but it is believed that at least thirty were burned to death. On the arrival of the engines the building was past saving, and the fire burned itself out.

Miss Clara Barton, the Heroine of the War, whose portrait appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 26th, 1883, has resigned her position as head of the Massachusetts Woman's Prison at Sherborn, which she has held since April 1st. She resigned in order to resume her work in the interest of the Society of the Red Cross. She resigned in November, but Governor Butler persuaded her to serve during the year. He now accepts the resignation with many kind words, saying: "In what you have done in this institution—and I speak this without any criticism upon anything done before—it certainly has become an institution of which the State may well be proud, so far as its administration goes, and you have proven that such an institution can be administered with the kindness of woman at the head, without blows, without imprisonment, without harshness, as effectively and with equally good discipline, as any institution of the kind conducted by men. Your administration and success has caused me one further appreciation of the fact that fit women are the fittest to take care of women."

The Temperance Work in the South, Conducted under the auspices of the National Temperance Society, is reported successful. The Rev. C. H. Mead, one of the speakers engaged to visit the colored people and to preach temperance among them, recently returned from a tour through a part of Virginia and North Carolina. He said that he was kindly received by the Southern people, white as well as black, and that his mission was appreciated. Wherever he preached immense crowds turned out to hear. Temperance literature was eagerly sought for.

A Refuge for Foundlings will be Opened during this month at Hammonton, N. J., under Protestant auspices. Hitherto the only institution of the kind has been managed by Roman Catholics. The Hammonton Institution is founded through the efforts of *Miss S. S. Nivison*, a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, who has given the land for the buildings. Philanthropists in New York and Brooklyn have given the money to erect the home. The first cottage—now completed—will accommodate twelve children and two nurses, and it is intended to erect others as funds are supplied. The ground given by Miss Nivison comprises eighty-three acres, is situated in a healthy locality, and is under cultivation. It represents her entire savings from her profession for twenty years. Bishop Huntington, of Central New York, Dr. Houghton, and Dr. Ray Palmer are among the clergymen interested in the enterprise, of which the cottage now built will be the nucleus. It is called the Nivison Home.

The Gospel Temperance Work Conducted by Miss Jennie Smith at Garrett, Ind., has been signally blessed. The liquor dealers blaspheme and are loud in their threats against the services and those who take part in them. Two hundred converts have been made, chiefly among the railroad employés, and the saloon-keepers complain that their business is suffering.

A Reformation in the Mississippi Steamboat travel is announced. A Southern journal states that one of the largest of the boats in the Cincinnati and New Orleans trade has just been undergoing extensive repairs, and is now ready to resume her trips. The principal change effected in the boat is that there is now *no liquor bar on board.* Another owner engaged in the Cincinnati and Pittsburg trade, who controls several boats, has also refused to have a bar on any of them. Many river men believe that the sale of liquor on the boat increases the risk to the boat and the owner, and it is thought that a bar on a first-class boat will soon be the exception instead of the rule.

An Utterance on the Temperance Question has caused some surprise in Pennsylvania. *Ex-Attorney-General Palmer* delivered an oration at Wilkesbarre on January 7th, in the course of which he said the temperance question would be the issue in all future political campaigns in that and other States, and that in the end it would triumph. He contended that it costs the people five times as much money for the liquor traffic as all the burdens of society put together, comprising all the taxes. He claimed that ninety-five per cent of all the crime committed in the county was due to the whiskey traffic, and closed with an eloquent appeal to all present to exert their influence in behalf of the good cause. Mr. Palmer's bold stand on the temperance question will, it is said, kill his political prospects.

The Best Drink to Keep the Cold Out was the subject of discussion on the front platform of a street car in New York during one of the intensely cold and windy days last week. A policeman recommended ale with black pepper, but the car driver, whose occupation rendered him a more reliable authority, said: "I never tried the pepper part of that prescription, but ale is, I know, thought to be very warming. We car drivers have colder work than policemen do, I think, and the old ones among us have tried every drink you ever heard of. A lot of us were talking the whole thing over the other night. Hot rum, hot whiskey, brandy and ginger, and all the cold clear alcoholic drinks were discussed. But the majority were *in favor of hot coffee.* That is the least hurtful, the most heating, and the longest lasting drink I know of."

The Flight of a Ten-Million-Dollar Fortune agitated Wall Street recently. Mr. Henry Villard, the great railroad magnate whose fortune was, on a moderate estimate, stated at ten million dollars, resigned the presidency of the enterprises with which he was identified, and handed his property to his creditors for distribution. The magnificent building on Madison Avenue in which he resided, and the decoration of which was not finished when the shrinkage of values and the consequent collapse came, he has abandoned, and he is now, say the newspapers, utterly ruined. He would have been considered a smarter man if he had protected himself when he had opportunity; but having persuaded other people to embark in the enterprises which have now ended disastrously, he felt it his duty to sacrifice his own fortune in the general ruin. A millionaire who relinquishes his millions rather than his integrity is an example which should be useful in these days in which men seem to have forgotten that anything, even the soul itself, is of more importance than money (Luke 12 : 15).

An Emphatic Condemnation of Tobacco has been published by a Philadelphia physician. The occasion of the publication was a report that he approved the use of the weed in the Moyamensing Prison, and advocated its being supplied gratuitously to the inmates on account of its beneficial effects. In contradiction of this report, Dr. Casper Wister, who is President of the Board of Prison Inspectors, declares that he never made any such statement, and says that he believes that the withholding of tobacco from the inmates of Moyamensing Prison during the past eight months has had a most beneficial effect upon the general health of the institution. He says the budget for 1884 contained no item for tobacco, because "it was an outrage upon the city of Philadelphia that it should be called upon to pay $600 a year to gratify the personal appetites of its law-breakers."

A Curious Suit against Rumsellers is now pending in a district court of Kansas. The action is brought against eight saloon-keepers. The petition alleges that for some eighteen months prior to the 1st day of October, 1883, the plaintiff's father was in a constant condition of intoxication, caused by intoxicating liquors sold, bartered and given to him by the defendants. That by reason of such intoxication he was wholly incapacitated for business of any kind, and was drunken, idle, and profligate, weak, sick, and disabled in body and mind, and during said period of eighteen months wholly neglected to provide for himself, and that the plaintiffs have been compelled to support the family. The amount of damages claimed is $5 per day, or $2600.

A Medal Worth $150 is to be Presented by the Iowa Legislature to Miss Kate Shelley, who on July 6th, 1881, crawled along the trestle work of a bridge and averted a railway accident. Besides the medal the sum of $200 in money has been voted her. The medal represents Kate in the act of crossing the railway bridge over the Des Moines River. Above are the words: "Heroism, Youth, Humanity;" on the reverse of the medal is the following inscription: "Presented by the State of Iowa to Kate Shelley, with the thanks of the General Assembly. In recognition of the courage and devotion of a child of fifteen years, whom neither the terror of the elements nor the fear of death could appall in her efforts to save human life during the terrible storm and flood in the Des Moines Valley on the night of July 6th, 1881." An effort of a larger and more permanent character on the heroine's behalf will also be made. Her family is poor. The father, who was a section foreman of the Chicago and North-western Railroad, was killed in an accident about ten years ago. The mother has since then endured many hardships and privations in the endeavor to bring up her five children.

Alarm is Manifested in the Mormon Camp at the general indignation aroused throughout the country by Mormon practices. At the monthly meeting of the Salt Lake Mormon priesthood, held in Salt Lake City on January 5th, Bishop John Sharpe, who was present, said that while in Washington recently he had seen enough to convince him that no power but that of the Almighty could save the Mormon people. "If God does not pilot the ship," he said, "she will go down." The Bishop was right in saying that only the Almighty could save the Mormon people. The first step, however, must be repentance and reformation. God will "pilot the ship," if its crew will cease their abominable practices.

A New Missionary Ship is to be Built for the service of the Micronesian Mission in the Pacific Islands. It, like its predecessors, will be called the "Morning Star." It will be the fourth ship of that name. The first was built in 1856. The second in 1866. This, after about three years, was shipwrecked. The third replaced it in 1870, and now this, after thirteen years of service, is to give way to a steamer better adapted to the needs of the service. It is estimated that the cost will be $45,000. No contract will be made by the Board of Commissioners until all the funds are in hand or assured. As in the case of the former ships the main reliance of the Board for the money is on the children in the Sunday-schools.

A Significant Matrimonial Experience was related in a court at Yonkers, N. Y., last week. A comely young German girl, who came to this country a few months ago appeared to complain of her husband's neglect. She crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of marrying her lover, who had preceded her. When she found the young man he refused to make her his wife, and she bestowed her heart and hand upon another man who was attracted by her beauty, and offered her marriage after only an hour's acquaintance. He could speak no German and she could speak no English. The couple lived very happily together until they learned to understand each other's language, and *then they began to quarrel.* The wife then complained to the judge, but she was not able to prove her accusations, and the husband was discharged after promising to treat his wife properly in the future. It would seem that the matrimonial trouble in this case, as in others, was produced by words, not actions. It is an amusing commentary on the apostolic warning (James 3 : 5, 8).

RENEWING STRENGTH.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."—ISAIAH 40 : 31.

Human Strength Must Fail—Physical, Mental, Spiritual—Divine Strength Inexhaustible—The Two Connected—I. How a True Church May be Described—They that Wait on the Lord—Upon the Lord Alone—For Grace—For Strength—With Expectation—With Patience—II. What the Lord's People Need—Renewed Strength—Because They are Human—Imperfect—For Safety—For Honor—It is Promised—III. How to Renew Strength—Continual Waiting—By Eating—Resting—Bathing—A Dying Christian's Testimony.

HUMAN strength is of many kinds, but in any form it will spend itself in due time. God can lend to men immense *physical* force; but though a man had the strength of a lion and an ox combined, he would one day fail. The force of flesh must fade like the grass to which it is likened. Samson sometimes becomes exhausted, and he is like to die of thirst, though he has slain a thousand men; yea, more, he must ultimately die and his mighty thews and tremendous muscles must yield to the worm and return to the dust of death. Since even

GRANITE AND IRON YIELD

to constant wear and tear, assuredly man's frail body cannot long be a thing of strength.

> "Our days a transient period run,
> And change with every circling sun;
> And while to lengthen'd years we trust,
> Before the moth we sink to dust."

Mental strength is a noble possession, but it also fails its owner, for at best it is a finite power. The wisest of men by and by feel the infirmities of age creeping upon them, and frequently present the sad spectacle of second childhood. Death pays no regard to science or eloquence. The fool dies, and as surely dies the senator, the philosopher, the divine. When you take up the skull of a sage, you find no weight of wisdom there, nor trace of all the curious movements of a potent brain. Knowledge, genius, imagination, prophetic fire, all depart; even before death they often fail. Baffled by mysteries, balked by prejudice, blinded by pride, the man of great understanding may yet be driven to his wit's end.

So far as even *spiritual* strength is of the man, himself, so far as you can conceive of it apart from the immediate operation of the Holy Ghost, it also cannot be depended on. The most devout may grow lukewarm, the strongest believer may doubt, the most sanctified may backslide; it is a heavenly strength, but so far as it is transfused into our humanity and becomes a part of ourselves, it also may wax weak, though, blessed be God, it can never utterly die.

Let every man know therefore that whatever his strength may be, of body, mind, or spirit, if it be his own it will fail him one day. Let him see to it therefore that he does not trust it; especially that he does not trust it with eternal hazards or rest upon it for his soul's safety, for which it never can be equal. It will be

A HORRIBLE THING

to be leaning and to find your staff fail you when you are on the edge of a measureless precipice. It will be terrible to be building and to find your foundation washed from under you, and all your handiwork carried away by the flood! Yet so it must be if we are depending upon anything that comes of ourselves.

On the other hand, what a contrast there is as to divine strength! That never fails. It seems almost a superfluity to say as much as that; it abides in joyous fulness, never in the least diminished. In your dire necessity you may draw largely upon Him, but you cannot exhaust Him. You may bring your boundless wants and have them all supplied, but you shall no more diminish His all-sufficiency than when an infant dips his cup into the sea and leaves the sea brimming over upon ten thousand leagues of shores.

What then? These two things seem very far away—man with his faintness, his strength gradually drying up; God with His eternity and inexhaustible omnipotence. If we can bring these two together, if by an act of faith you that are human can be linked with the divine, what a wondrous thing will happen! Then the sacred words of the text will be fulfilled and your strength will be renewed. You are weakness itself, but if you are united to the divine strength you shall be infinitely strong. The cipher is nothing, but with a unit before it it becomes ten. A man is nothing, but with God in him he makes hell tremble.

I have now to speak from my text, *first, upon how a true church may be described.* "They that wait upon the Lord." Secondly, upon *what such a church needs;* to renew its strength; and, thirdly, *how such a church may renew its strength*, and that is by waiting upon the Lord. That which serves as a description *of* true believers serves also as a direction *to* true believers: They that wait upon the Lord are the men who may most hopefully be encouraged still to wait upon the Lord that their strength may be renewed.

I. First, then, here we see how

A TRUE CHURCH

may be described; "They that wait upon the Lord." A church such as a church ought to be, consists of men who *depend upon the Lord alone*, for waiting signifies dependence. Their hope is in God. They rest in God's righteousness as their righteousness, and they receive the great sacrifice provided by God to be their atonement and their acceptance. No man is really a Christian who finds his hope and confidence within himself; he must be looking out of himself to God in Christ Jesus. It is absolutely essential that it should be so. He that is God's beloved is a believer in God; that is to say, a truster in God, a waiter upon God. His one sole confidence is in God his Saviour. This being so with each individual, the whole church can sing,

"Our spirits look to God alone,
Our rock and refuge is His throne;
In all our fears, in all our straits
Our soul on His salvation waits."

If Christians are what they ought to be, they depend upon God alone in their church capacity. God's word is their only creed; they do not add to it anything whatever—no, not a sentence, a gloss, or a thought. They have greatly erred who look upon anything as the authoritative standard of faith but God's own word. The Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of Christians. Those who wait upon the Lord for their creed shall never need to give up their faith for something better, but they shall renew their strength.

Faithful to her Lord in doctrine, a true church also waits upon the Lord for grace, and has faith in the doctrines of grace as the testimony with which she is to work. What am I to teach to my people if I am a Christian minister? If a church is rightly constituted, it says to the pastor, "Teach you what God has taught. Preach Christ crucified. Preach not your own thoughts, nor notions of your own inventing, but what is revealed of God—preach you that, for it shall be the power of God unto salvation." Of this I am assured that, if the truth will not save a man, a lie will not. If the bare unaltered truth of God will not break a man's heart, then it certainly will not break it when it is rounded and toned down and made to look pretty so as to suit the prevailing tastes. No, a church that waits upon the Lord uses only the doctrine of Scripture as its battle-axe and weapons of war.

A church that is waiting upon the Lord always knows

WHERE ITS STRENGTH LIES,

namely, in its God. What is the power with which men are to be converted? Eloquence, say some. The church of God says, "Not so. Not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord." I solemnly believe that so much of human oratory as there is in a sermon, so much there is of the weakness of the flesh; for all the power must be of God working with the truth, through the Holy Ghost. Therefore we should use great plainness of speech and never speak for the sake of the language, but always for the sake of the truth we have to say, that God may bless it to the hearts of men. No man in this world was ever converted except by the Holy Spirit, and never will any man be truly converted by any other power.

Bang your drum, brother, and blow your brass instrument if you like, but neither cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, nor any other kind of music, will ever save a soul. Deck your altar out as prettily as you like, and burn your most fragrant incense, but no soul ever finds heaven by the light of candles nor by the scent of censers. The Gospel has salvation in it when the Holy Spirit works by it, but no other doctrine can save. The Spirit of the Lord alone must bless the truth, and He will bless the truth alone. This is the church's sole power with souls. You may go through the world ranting and raving, or you may go arguing and discussing, but you cannot touch a dead heart to make it alive either by excitement or by philosophy. You cannot breathe into the nostrils of a dead soul the life eternal, though your winds should blow hot with fanaticism, or chill with rationalism. Spiritual life can only come in God's way, and it is

GOD'S WAY

by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.

But waiting upon God means something more than dependence upon God; so I go a step further; if we depend upon God *our expectation is from Him.* We wait upon God as the birds in the nest wait upon the parent bird, expecting from her their food. Before she comes you hear their cries, and when she comes if you look into the nest you will see nothing but so many gaping mouths, all waiting, expecting to be filled by the mother-bird. Now, that is just what a church of God ought to be—a company of wide-opened mouths waiting to be filled by the Lord alone. I find it such a blessing to have expecting people about me, for they make a flourishing church. Some brethren here at this time are men of great expectations, for even now while I am preaching they are planning whereabouts they will be in the aisle to talk with folk going out; they reckon that some will be converted by the word, and they are on the look-out to pick them up. These brethren are grieved and surprised if after a service they do not meet with one or two inquirers or convicted sinners, that they may join with them in tearful prayer. They are believers in the power of the Gospel, and they act accordingly. When I fire the gun they are on the alert to pick up the birds, for they believe in

THE KILLING POWER

of the Word. They could not be content with ineffectual preaching; they expect that the Word will be fruitful, and so they bring their basket to put the fruit in. Oh, if a church would but wait upon God in this sense of expecting great things from Him, it should have them; for He will never allow His people to complain that He has been a wilderness to them. So then a true church depends upon God and expects from God, and in this sense answers to the description—"They that wait upon the Lord."

To make up waiting, I think there is a third thing, and that is *patience*—to hold out, and wait the Lord's time and will. The three together—dependence, expectation, patience—make up waiting upon the Lord. This "patience" is to the uttermost desirable in a thousand matters, that we may endure affliction, persevere in holiness, continue in hope, and abide in our integrity. Patience is the long life of virtue, and sets on its head the crown of experience. It is no child's play to continue to suffer affliction with joyfulness, and to remain for years perfectly acquiescent in the will of the Lord, let that will be what it may. It needs the eyes of faith to see God in the dark, to believe in His love when He is angry, and to rest in His promise when it tarries long.

Some of my dear brethren in Christ are ardent followers of Christ, but they do not seem to have learned the meaning of that word "patience." They are working for Christ, and they are depending upon the Lord, and they are looking for results; but when they do not quite see them immediately, straightway they are offended and depressed. They are in such a hurry that they seem half inclined to cry "Why should I wait for the Lord any longer?" I dare say that you were much the same when you were children; you wanted everything there and then, and waiting was dismal work to you. We are all impatient as long as we are imperfect. It is the mark of the child that he is in a violent hurry where men are steady. What a sweet thing is

THE CALM LEISURE OF FAITH!

—"He that believeth shall not make haste." Fret and worry, hurry and haste, are all slain by the hand of faith. God has plenty of time; nay, He fills eternity; and therefore He can bear with man's waywardness with much longsuffering. You and I are in feverish haste, but when we get to be linked with God we also can wait, even as God waiteth to be gracious, and hath patient compassion upon men.

That is a description of what a Christian ought to be, "waiting upon the Lord;" depending upon God, expecting from God, and patiently tarrying for God, till He shall give the desired blessing.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

II. But now, secondly, we see what the Lord's waiting people need. They need to *renew their strength.* Even those saints that wait upon God for everything, may grow faint, and require reviving. And that is, first, because *they are human.* As long as you and I are mortal we shall be mutable; as the world is full of changes, so are we. Some friends never seem to be either high or low in their feelings; their life has neither hills nor valleys in it, but is comparable to an unbroken plain; they traverse a perpetual level. It is not so with others of us; we are all Alps and Andes. These favored pilgrims march steadily and evenly through the world, always at one pitch and pace; but others of us who mount up into the heavens in burning zeal and holy joy, go low, very low down, into the depths, till our soul sinketh because of sorrow. The best and bravest of the saints are poor creatures. Creatures whose home is on the earth cannot always live upon the wing; they must feel faint at times; and hence the necessity of this blessed promise, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." They will rise again: from their deepest depressions they will leap into supreme elevations; they shall dwell on the heights, they shall soar above the clouds.

They need renewing, also, because in addition to being human *they are imperfect.* The sin that dwells in us drags us down. However high we have ascended when we have walked in the light, still we have needed that the blood of Christ should cleanse us from all sin. What a blessing it is that failing, flagging, fainting, falling spirits, by waiting upon the Lord, shall renew their strength! Even

THOSE WHO ACTUALLY FALL

shall be recovered. "Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand." Though our sands run very low, God shall fill the glass again, and the believing man shall again rejoice in the Lord, and have confidence in the God of his salvation. Creatures have their rises and their falls, and to us also there must be times when we need to renew our strength; and we shall renew it, for here the promise comes, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

Brethren, I will suppose that I am addressing some who have become weak and failing. You must renew your strength. It must be renewed, for otherwise *it will decline still further*, and this would be painful, dangerous, and dis-

honoring. The Lord would not have us utterly fail, nor fall prone upon the ground in the heavenly race; therefore, to those who have no might, He increaseth strength.

It is for God's glory, and for our own usefulness, that we should be strong; and if we fall into decline and weakness, pray do not let us stop there. Let us try to escape from a

SPIRITUAL CONSUMPTION.

If I address believers, who lament that the whole church with which they are connected is getting weak, I charge them not to suffer it to be so with themselves. Brothers, shun a spiritual wasting away. A pining sickness is an awful disease for a church to die of. Do not linger in such a state. Up with you, and cry mightily unto the Lord, and you shall yet be restored; for it is written, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

At this time I should be very glad if this dear church, over which the Holy Ghost has made me an overseer, would have its strength renewed. Everything around us needs to be renewed, and revived, and refreshed; and just at this time I wish that it might be laid on the hearts of the members of the church to pray that we might renew our strength. Your minister grows old; not very old in natural age, it is true, but thirty years of continuous labor in preaching to so vast a congregation has taken much more out of his strength than almost any other form of service would have done; and therefore he needs to be invigorated again—physically, mentally, and spiritually. Many of you are in a like condition, and need that your strength be renewed like the eagle's. This can be done for us all by that great Master, in whose hand the residue of the Spirit abides. He can lay His hand on us, and say, "Be strong, Fear not."

It is promised, and therefore, if we do not have it, it is our own fault. God's promises are our precepts. What He promises to give, it is our duty to seek; and if He promises that we shall renew our strength, why not let us have the promise fulfilled to our faith? I wish that it might come to pass that my dear brethren and sisters in Christ here—men and women who are working for Him, and are a little weary and faint—may be encouraged, cheered, refreshed, and led to say, "From this very time we will serve our Lord with all our youthful vigor, and with a great deal more."

III. So I close with the third point, which is this—

HOW TO RENEW OUR STRENGTH?

If we are God's people we must renew our strength *by continually waiting upon God.*

When a man wants his bodily strength renewed his purpose may be effected by eating a good meal. He has grown empty through hunger, and there is nothing in him; he must be filled up with substantial nourishment, and then the human engine will generate fresh force. Oh, ye who are weak in spirit, come and feed upon Christ! They that wait upon the Lord in that way, by feeding upon the body and blood of Christ, shall find Him to be meat indeed and drink indeed, and so they shall renew their strength.

Sometimes a man may renew his strength by taking a little rest. He has grown weak through stern labor and long fatigue, and he must be quiet, and repose till he recovers. Oh, ye weary, heavy-laden, where is there rest for you except in the Christ of God? Oh, come to God, and rest in Him, and wait patiently for Him! Then shall your peace be as a river, and then shall your strength be restored right speedily.

We have known strength to be restored by a bath. A weary one has plunged himself into the cool flood, and he has risen quite another man. Oh, for a baptism into the Spirit of God! Oh, to plunge into the Godhead's deepest sea—to throw one's self into the might and majesty of God; to swim in love, upborne by grace!

We have known men's strength renewed by breathing their native air. They have risen out of a hot and fœtid atmosphere into the cool breeze of the mountain side, and the bracing breeze has made them strong again. Oh, to have the breath of the Spirit blowing upon us once again! By Him we were born, by Him we were quickened, by Him we have been revived from former faintness, and it is by breathing His divine life that we shall be filled with life again. Oh, that at this moment we might each one feel the power of the Lord entering into us!

In a word, if a church wants reviving, if saints individually want reviving, they must wait upon God—first *in prayer*. Oh, what a blessing a day's prayer might be! If you cannot get as much as that, how much renewing may be gained in an hour's prayer! Get with God, brother; be much with God. I am sure that we, none of us, are enough alone with God; but in prayer, laying hold upon the invisible, we shall win strength for service.

Add to that a *re-dedication* of ourselves to the Lord who bought us. Then afresh realize your *entire dependence* upon God. Put yourself into the Lord's hands absolutely. Then go forward to *renewed action*. In renewing your strength, ask the Lord that you may undertake fresh work, and that this work may be done to a nobler tune—that you may have more expectancy, more confidence, more faith, more God-reliance. What things are done by men in common life with *self*-reliance! But with *God*-reliance we work impossibilities, and miracles fly from us like sparks from the anvil of a smith. When a man learns to work with God's strength and with that alone, he can do all things. So would I stir my brothers up one by one, and then as a body, to work for God with renewed energy.

I have almost done. I know that there are some here to whom this appears to have very slight reference. Yet if you are an unconverted man, my dear friend, after all, this is a lesson for you; for the pith of it all is that if ever you are to be saved you must get away from yourself into God, and your confidence must be in Christ the Son of God and not in your own strength. One of my greatest delights is to see

HOW OUR PEOPLE DIE.

I have never for years visited the dying-bed of a single member of this church in which I have seen a shade of doubt, or the least suspicion as to their triumphant entrance into the kingdom. I have been somewhat astonished to find it always so. I just now sat by the bedside of one of our brethren who is melting away with consumption; and it was sad to see his wife lying by his side almost equally ill; but when I spoke with him who was so soon to be with God, he said, "As for my faith, dear sir, it never wavers in the least degree. I have my times of depression of spirit, but I take no notice of that. You have told us not to look to feelings, but simply to trust in the infallible Word of a faithful God. Fifteen years ago, sir," said he, "one Thursday night I dropped into the Tabernacle to hear you preach, and, blessed be the day, I looked to Christ and found salvation. I have had plenty of ups and downs, but Jesus has never left me nor forsaken me, and I am not going to think that He will do so now. His word stands fast forever. My strength is in my God." He added, "I am not resting upon man in any degree or measure, but wholly upon the faithful promise of God, and the precious blood of Christ."

I wished that I could get into his place, and not come here to-night, but just slip off to heaven as he is doing. It makes one sure of the Gospel when you see men dying so. It nerves me to come and tell it out again to men and women. The Gospel which I preach to you is good to live upon, and good to die upon. If you will but trust my Lord you shall find it a blessed thing to depart out of this world, and be forever with the Lord. Death shall lose every air of dread; every ghastly gloom shall be taken from it. It shall be but *undressing to go to bed*, that you may wake up in the morning in royal robes as a courtier of the King of kings. Only you must have done with yourself, and commit yourself to Christ.

Say to-day in life what you will want to say when you come to die—"Father, into Thy hand I commit my spirit." That is a Gospel-prayer. If you are waiting upon the Lord in the sense of complete reliance upon the merit of Jesus, you shall in dying renew your strength, and leap out of your frail body into the presence and glory of God. In due time also you shall reassume your body, but it shall be made like unto Christ's glorious body, and in its resurrection you shall emphatically renew your strength. Blessed be His name that He has taught many of us to wait upon the Lord! May He teach you all to do so, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Mr. Spurgeon writes from Mentone to the readers of his sermons: "Thus have I completed twenty-nine volumes of sermons without a break. When I commenced printing them, little did I dream that 1756 would follow in succession, and continue to be received by the Christian Church with favorable regard. I am very grateful. How great a labor this publication has thrown upon me, few of my readers can ever know; but their edification has been my full reward. I make bold to beg the renewed prayers of the thousands of my readers. Many of them have sent me help for my many Christian enterprises, and I am sure they will continue to do so, and will also yield me their loving intercessions. Long as time lasts, may these discourses speak in many tongues the glorious Gospel of the blessed God! No new notions are preached in these pages. The truth of the unchanging Word is that which I have always proclaimed. 'Modern thought' finds no friend or spokesman in me. Quite enough boast of their 'progress;' my glory is to be 'steadfast, unmovable.' Pray that I may be as a brazen wall to this generation."

THREE WELCOME DOLLARS.

By S. A. K.

(*See Illustration on page 44.*)

IN the year 1860 I was living with my sister in Maryland. I had agreed to work with her for my victuals and clothing, but whenever I could get a day's work in the neighborhood I was to have what I earned thus for spending-money; but as wages were low and work scarce, I never had much money.

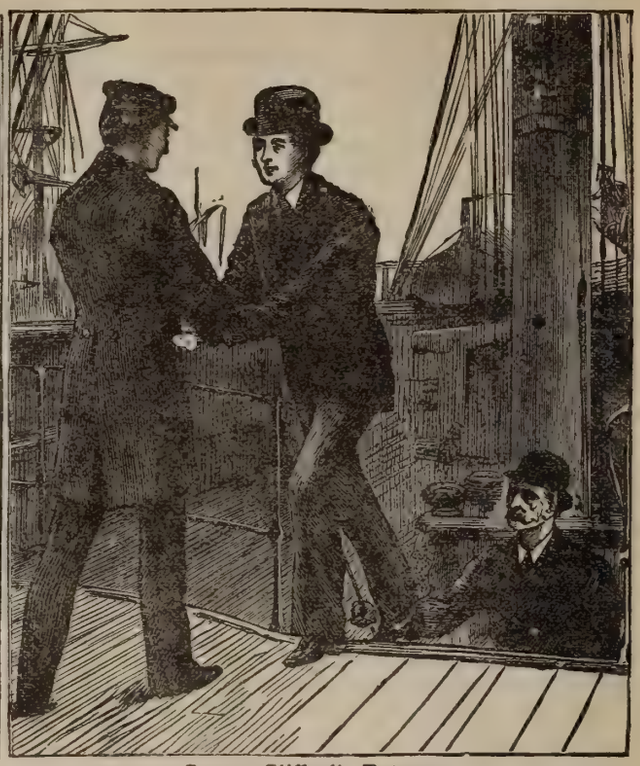
One Sunday morning I walked five miles to a school-house in York County, Pennsylvania, to attend a meeting, the object of which was to organize a Sunday-school there. A young man, Mr. K., addressed the meeting, and then went round to see how much he could get subscribed toward the expense of starting the school. He asked me what I would give. I could not say, as I had no money on hand, but he told me I could have some time to make it up, so, hoping to earn it, I said he might put down one dollar for me. He did so, and went to the next one, who agreed to give fifty cents; another subscribed twenty-five cents; the object was gained, the school organized, and we were all told to bring the promised money at the time appointed.

As I walked home in company with several young ladies, one said to me, "Why did you put down one dollar? Now, I promised fifty cents, and I know my parents will be displeased, and it is your fault." "It is the same way with me," said another; "I subscribed twenty-five cents, and I would not have done so if it had not been for you. I know my parents won't like it."

I did not blame them for dreading the displeasure of their parents, as I was at that time myself an exile from my father's house because I had gone to church against his will; but their words pained me, as I was sorry to think that my giving had caused them trouble.

We soon came to two cross roads, and while they took the left-hand road that led to their several homes, I alone took the right-hand road, which led for about three miles along a forest,

Three Welcome Dollars. (*See page* 43.)



George Clifford's Return.

where, as it was noonday, the trees made a refreshing shade.

As I walked along this lonesome road I felt very sorry for my young friends, and as the tears began to roll down my cheeks, I thought, "What if I cannot earn the money, and will have to ask my sister for it? She may not like it; and she cannot afford to give it to me."

My distress now became great, but just then there came a gentle whisper, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." "Yes," I said, thinking that sweet text had come to my relief, "'The earth *is* the Lord's and the fulness thereof;' there is nothing impossible with God, He can well supply my wants, and I will ask Him for the money;" so I went into the forest behind a rock, and kneeled down and poured out my heart in prayer to God. I told Him that the earth was His, and the fulness thereof; and He could provide me with the dollar I needed,

As I walked on I thought perhaps I would *find* the money, as Mr. L., a minister, did, when he, a boy, prayed for money to get school-books, and found just the amount he needed in the road; but when I arrived at my sister's house without finding it, I changed my mind, and thought some one would employ me to work, and I could earn it thus. So every day I looked for some of the neighbors to come and employ me to work for them, and every evening as I retired to rest the tempter would say, "Now another day is gone and you have not got that money yet." But, as often, I would say, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; there is nothing impossible with God—He can enable me to get the money yet."

Saturday evening came at last; the next day the money was to be paid.

Just at that crisis I saw a gentleman whom I knew ride up to the house. Thinking he would be a guest for the night, I hastened to the dairy and went about my duties. But he did not go into the house, but came to the dairy, and after speaking a few words to me he said, "*Here, Susie, I will give you a present,*" and at the same time handed me a small bit of paper, so small that I feared there was nothing in it, but that he was going to play a joke on me; yet I thanked him for it, and after he had mounted his horse and rode away, I entered the house, and going to the candle, I said to sister, "Mr. L. gave me a present; I must see what it is." But judge my surprise when I saw enclosed *three little gold dollars.*

With a glad and thankful heart I carried one of the gold dollars to the Sunday-school on the morrow: and I taught four little girls in the Testament class all that summer. They are grown women now, some of them in homes of their own, and I hope to meet them in a better home by and by.

The man that gave me the three dollars was a stranger in the place; he lived many miles away, and whatever led him to come there just at that time and give me the gift I never could understand; but I never doubted that God sent him.

GEORGE CLIFFORD'S FLIGHT.

"WE are all here except George," said a white-haired gentleman, looking around the room one Thanksgiving evening. "He is seldom out of my thoughts, but on Thanksgiving day I think of him all the time."

It was the old story of the ninety and nine. Gathered in that room with Mr. Clifford and his wife were their three sons and two daughters. They were all intelligent and dutiful, grown now near to manhood and womanhood, but honoring their father and mother, and heedful of their wishes with even more care than when they were children. The old couple were happy in the thought that their prayers were answered, and that each one of their five children had given their hearts to the Saviour. But one son was not there. George, the favorite boy, the wittiest, brightest of the family, was absent, and none knew where he was.

"Father," said Charles, the youngest son, "why did George go away so secretly? Was no reason ever discovered for his sudden disappearance?"

"Yes, my son, your mother and I know the reason, but we have never spoken of it, for it could do no good. But we may not live to see you all here again on another Thanksgiving day, and I think—eh, mother?—it is time the secret was told."

"Yes, father," said the old lady, as two tears ran down the withered cheeks, "tell them; it is better they should know."

"You all remember," began the aged father, "the sad day five years ago when the news came that George was missing. You remember I went to New Orleans, where he was employed, to find out all I could about it. It was little enough I discovered after the long journey. His accounts were correct, and his employers gave him the best character for honesty and ability. At his boarding house there was nothing to be learned. They could not, or would not, account for his sudden flight. It was only after I returned home that I learned the cause.

"One morning I received a letter *from George's wife.* A poor, miserable, ill-written, ill-spelled letter, asking for money. I had inquiries made, and found out how much the poor boy must have suffered before he resorted to the desperate course of running away. The marriage was regular and valid. I saw the proofs of it. But the wife—she was the most hopeless case I ever saw. George met her first, it appears, at a variety theatre. The boy was passionately fond of music, and he was induced to go, as so many young men are, '*just once,*' to hear a new song well sung. The boy was enchanted, and went again and again. His fancy was taken by the singer; he was introduced to her, and eventually married her.

"Nothing but misery could come of such a union. The girl—she was little more—had not a single sentiment or taste in common with George, except the love of music. She was gay, frivolous, lazy, dirty, and fond of liquor and cards. All this she concealed until George had married her, but he must have suspected something of it or he would not have kept his marriage a secret from his mother and me. Finally, the boy left her and went to reside at a boarding-house, giving her two thirds of his income for her support.

"George was not quit of her on those terms, however. She was continually in debt and constantly sending him appeals for more money. She went back to the variety stage, but her earnings were spent as quickly as she received them. Finally, she took to applying to your brother at his employer's store, and George pawned and sold all he had—except his clothes—to satisfy her. At length, driven to despair, he one day quitted the city, leaving no trace behind."

"Poor George," said Etta, "I never had any idea of this. He must have been mad, though, to run away."

"Ah! my dear, we do not know how distracted he must have been. I only pray that

he did not commit suicide. If he is but alive to-day there is hope for him, and I charge you all that if ever he returns when I am dead, that you give him a hearty welcome. Tell him that his father and mother forgave his desertion and never ceased to pray for him while they lived."

A deep silence fell on the family group as the venerable man ceased speaking. Every one was absorbed in sorrowful thought. "Let us pray," said Mr. Clifford, and then, bending before the throne of grace, he poured forth an earnest petition for his son's repentance and restoration.

It was some six months later that a letter arrived from Australia for Mr. Clifford in the well-known handwriting. "Father, forgive me," were its opening words. "I have by God's grace found mercy in His sight, but I long for your forgiveness, and I am coming home to obtain it." Then followed a confession of all his sad story, of which he supposed his father was ignorant.

The letter found Mr. Clifford stretched on a bed of sickness, but the flickering life received new vigor as he learned that the wanderer was coming home. He would have risked his life by going to meet him at the docks if he could have had his way, but his son Charles pledged himself to be there without fail, and the old man, charging him with the kindest messages, remained at home.

Charles Clifford was the first of the crowd of waiting friends to step on board the vessel as she drew up alongside her wharf, and running up the gangway *clasped George's hand with both his own.*

"Are my father and mother still alive?" was George's first question. For five years he had never asked, but now it seemed as if he was bursting with anxiety. He "had come to himself."

There was a long and anxious talk that night about George's wife, and finally it was decided that he should go and bring her to his northern home. Removed from bad associations and under the influence of George's mother and sisters, it was hoped that she might be rescued. It was too late to do much for her life George found, when he saw her. The fatal disease, consumption, had fastened its hold upon her. But he carried her to his home, and there, tenderly nursed by his mother, she spent the few remaining months of her life. It was not without hope that they laid her body in the tomb, for her husband's unexpected kindness and the gentle influences of his home had a softening effect upon her in her physical weakness, leading her to repentance and faith.

George Clifford commenced life anew, and sought by constant care to atone to his father and mother for the years of sorrowful anxiety his misconduct had caused them. But there are some things it is impossible to undo. He saw with deep remorse that his father's white hairs and the furrows on his mother's brow were largely due to his sin, and he constantly prayed that God would forgive him the sins of his youth.

The Native Elders of the Churches of Amoy, China.

SEVEN NATIVE ELDERS.

THE progress of mission work in China is in one of its characteristics a type of Christianity everywhere. Other religions have a caste or tribe set apart for priestly service, and the work of propagating the doctrines of that religion. But Christianity expects every convert to be a worker. The man whose whole being and life have been transformed by the Holy Spirit, and who by faith in a living Saviour is living a resurrection life, must tell to his fellow-men the good news of a free salvation for all.

This is what has been done in China. The converts have willingly undertaken to distribute religious tracts and to explain, as far as they were able, the doctrines of Christianity, and much good has resulted from their labors. Among the most earnest of these native converts were the seven men whose portraits appear on this page. Their conversion was due to the blessing of God on the labors of the missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, and they immediately commenced work for Christ. So energetic and so earnest were they, that in the Amoy district not less than six hundred persons in various villages made a profession of Christianity. It was thought well to form a small church in each village, and that being done these seven men, having proved by their lives the sincerity of their profession, were appointed elders over them. The missionaries continued to exercise the oversight of the churches, but the work of teaching and visiting was committed to the native elders.

They have justified the confidence reposed in them, and God has abundantly blessed their labors. The prejudice existing in China against foreigners has been one of the most stubborn obstacles in the way of American and English missionaries, but this obstacle does not impede the native preachers. They have been able to preach the Gospel to people who would not listen to a foreigner, and in places where none but a Chinaman would obtain admission.

Gradually but surely this vast people, who have so long sat in darkness, are being brought to see the great Light. The accounts sent home by American missionaries and by missionaries from England, notably by those who are working under the auspices of the China Inland Mission, encourage the hopes of the Church. The Gospel of Jesus is as potent in its influence there as in professedly Christian lands. Christ, who saves men from drunkenness and debauchery and all kinds of sin, can save the heathen from his idolatry. It is only necessary that the Church be in earnest in this matter, praying continually for God's blessing and supplying the missionary societies with funds. God will keep His promise, and His word will not return to Him void.

POVERTY'S PREY.

(*Continued from page 31.*)

The Burglars.

IT was a dark night when Blackett and David, having matured their well-laid plans, entered the quiet street, and surveyed the front of the house they were about to break into. The street-lamps made it clear enough. On one side stood a high warehouse, empty and closed for the night, unless there should be some watchman in it, of whom there was no sign; on the other was an unoccupied dwelling-house, with the bills "To let" grown yellow in the windows. There was no light to be seen in any casement in the short street; for people who work hard go to bed early. To get to the little yard at the back of Mrs. Linnett's house, it was necessary to turn down a narrow passage beyond the unoccupied tenement, and to climb over a wall, in which there was no door. But there was no difficulty in doing this, even for Blackett; and David was over it in an instant. It was the dense darkness of a cloudy night, and the overshadowing gloom of the high walls surrounding them, which created the only perplexity.

"It's as dark as the black hole," muttered David; immediately afterward stumbling over a bucket, the iron handle of which rattled loudly. He stood perfectly still and motionless, while Blackett grasped the top of the wall with both hands, ready for instant flight.

But there was not a sound to be heard in the house, or in either of the buildings on each side. All about them there was a dead hush, unbroken by any of the numerous noises of life and toil with which the streets were full in the day.

This little, ancient dwelling-place, left standing between two more modern and much loftier buildings, looked as if it was pinched in and hugged between them, with its old, half-timber walls, and low yet high-pitched roof, with a single gable, and a dormer window in it. David could make it out in the gloom, as he stood breathless and motionless in the shadow of the wall, listening for any sign of moving within. He was not afraid; there was nothing to be afraid of. In three minutes he and Blackett could be safe away.

But he felt something like reluctance to break the stillness and tranquillity of the little, quiet house. Besides, there were only an old man and old woman in it. If they made any noise and resistance, what would Blackett do—Blackett, who was always savage when his blood was up? A number of thoughts seemed crowding through his brain, as he paused, with his eyes and ears all alert, to catch any token of the waking and stirring of the old folks. But it was only for a few minutes. A church-clock near at hand chimed four quarters, and then struck one. The spot was as desolate at this hour as it ever could be.

"We're not going to do 'em any hurt, you know," he whispered to Blackett, "for luck's sake. They are old folks, you said. We'll not hurt 'em."

"No, no!" answered Blackett, laughing within himself in the darkness. He would like to be even with old Euclid, and pay off the grudge he had owed him these many years. There was bound to be a scuffle, though there was no danger for himself or David in it. Two strong, active men would find it mere play to overpower Euclid and Mrs. Linnett; and Bess would not count for much. What would David do if he found out that Bess was in it? If he could, he would silence her first, before David knew who she was.

But though there was no light to be seen, and no movement to be heard, in the dark little house before them, there was a quiet, noiseless stirring within, which would have frightened them away, or hurried them on in the execution of their project, if they had but known it. Mrs. Linnett was a light sleeper; and she had been broad awake when David stumbled over the bucket, and she heard the clatter as loudly as he did. Her bedroom was the one whose window overlooked the yard; and she had drawn aside the curtain a very little, and peeped cautiously into the gloom. Blackett's figure, with his hands upon the wall, ready to leap back, from the inner side of it, was quite visible, even in the dark night.

Would it be safe to increase the alarm of the thieves by showing herself? She was afraid to do that, lest it should fail. Her room was crowded with seamen's chests, piled one upon another, seven or eight of them, left in her keeping by old shipmates, who had trusted their possessions confidently to her care. She stepped quietly back to the bed, and woke up Bess, who was sleeping the deep, unbroken sleep of girlhood.

"Hush, Bess! hush!" she whispered, laying a hand on her mouth. "There's robbers in the yard! Get up quietly, and slip out at the front, lass, and run for your life to the police. It's for me and Euclid, and the mates away at sea. It's nigh upon one o'clock in th' night; and we might all be murdered before anybody 'ud hear us shout for help."

So, while David was listening and watching in the yard, Bess was rapidly getting on some clothing; and, as Blackett began to remove the pane through which he could unfasten the kitchen-window, she was creeping down-stairs, from step to step, with stealthy and noiseless feet. She heard the quiet grating of the tool Blackett was using, and her teeth chattered with fright. But she stole by unseen into the little shop beyond; and letting down the old-fashioned wooden bar, and turning the key cautiously, she opened the door, closed it after her, and fled swiftly down the deserted and silent street.

There was so little difficulty in opening the kitchen-window, that, in a few minutes, Blackett and David were both inside, and now lighted the small lantern they had brought with them. They moved about as quietly as they could, though they had no fear of the consequences of arousing the inmates, whom they could easily gag and bind if need be. But there was still no sign or sound of waking in the house. Mrs. Linnett, indeed, was standing within her room, with her door ajar, hearkening, and peering down the staircase, and wondering, as she trembled with dread, how long Bess would be; but they could not know she was watching for them until they went up-stairs.

And now fly, Bess! fly! If you meet any belated wayfarer in the street, or see the light of any watcher in a window, give the alarm quickly. Give way to no terror that might hinder you. Every minute is worth more than you can count. Run swiftly—for old Euclid, fast asleep after the day's toil; for Mrs. Linnett, shivering with helpless fright; for the mates at sea, and for Roger, whose goods are in danger. And yet, Bess, if you did but know who it is that has broken into your quiet house as a thief and a robber, you would fly back more swiftly than you are running for help; and with your arms about his neck, as when you were little children together, and your voice pleading in his ear, you might save him even now at the last moment!

Blackett cast a glance over the little shop with its miscellaneous wares, and round the small kitchen; but it was plain there was no booty there. The miser's hoard and the seamen's chests must be in the bedrooms, and they wasted no more time before mounting the narrow and winding staircase. Euclid was not sleeping in his closet, as Victoria was away; and the door of the front room stood at the top of the crooked stairs. They pushed it open, and the light of their lantern fell full upon the old man's face.

"Why, it's old Euclid!" shouted David in a loud and angry voice.

"Ay, ay! Is it time to be stirring?" he asked, rousing himself, and looking up in bewilderment.

"Curse you! you never told me who it was!" cried David, turning fiercely upon Blackett.

But the old man had already sprung up, forgetful of his feebleness; and, calling upon Mrs. Linnett to fasten herself in her room, he flung himself with desperate courage upon Blackett. Blackett shook him off with ease, and, seizing him by the throat, threw him down on the floor, and knelt upon his chest, with a savage cruelty in his eyes.

"Get up!" cried David, struggling to pull him away; "you sha'n't murder him, and me stand by."

"I'll half-murder him," muttered Blackett. 'I'll have my revenge."

Then began a deadly conflict between them; Euclid, as soon as Blackett's hand was off his throat, helping in the fray with the feeble daring of old age. The chair on which David had set down the lantern was upset; and the light went out, leaving them in utter darkness as they swayed to and fro about the room, never loosing one another, amid oaths and threats, and smothered groans from Euclid, growing fainter and fainter, as Blackett and David fought above him.

But now Bess was speeding back again, with two policemen running at a few paces behind her. The clanking of their footsteps on the pavement below was the first sound which broke in upon the struggle, and brought it to a pause. David heard it first, and loosed his grasp of Blackett in an instant. The steps had not yet reached the door; and in a moment he was down the staircase, and ready for flight by the way he had come. But Bess, whose light, swift feet had made no noise, was already within the house; and she sprang forward to arrest him, clasping him in her strong young arms with a vehement and tenacious grasp, from which he could not free himself. The policemen were but a few paces behind her.

"Oh, be quick!" she called. "He's here! I can't hold him long."

Her voice was shrill and strained; but David knew it too well. It was Bess who was holding him with such passionate strength, and his own strength seemed to melt away at the sound of her cry. The little sister he had loved so well, and been so proud of—his poor mother's little lass!

"Bess," he groaned, "it's me—David!"

With a wild, terrified, heart-broken shriek, the girl's arms fell from their close grasp of him, and she sank to the ground at his feet as if he had struck her a deadly blow. But, had he wished it, there was no time to escape; for the foremost policeman caught him firmly by the arm, and held it as if it had been in a vise.

"If you want to hinder murder," cried David, "be sharp up-stairs. Take me along with you; but, for mercy's sake, lose no time."

Were they in time? or was it already too late? Old Euclid lay motionless on the floor, his withered face and gray hair stained with blood; and Mrs. Linnett was kneeling beside him, calling to him to speak, or look up at her. The window was open, showing the way by which the murderer had escaped. The second policeman started off at once in pursuit of him; while the other, who dared not loose his hold of David, looked on at Mrs. Linnett's vain attempt to raise the old man, and lay him on his bed. The whole room was in disorder; for the short struggle had been very violent.

"I'm David Fell," said the prisoner in a strange and lamentable voice. "I never knew as it was old Euclid we were goin' to rob. I'd ha' cut off my right hand first. Handcuff me, and tie my feet together, if you can. Only see if the old man's dead or not."

"Nay, I must see you safe first," the policeman answered. "None o' your tricks and dodges for me. Come along, and I'll send help as soon as I can."

Bess was crouching on the floor down-stairs, slowly coming to her senses; and David stood still for a moment, as the light of the policeman's lantern lit up her white and scared face, and terrified eyes.

"She's my sister," said David again, in the same strange and lamentable voice. "Bess, I'd sooner have drowned myself in the river than come here to spoil your life!"

Bess covered her face with her hands, shivering, and listened, in faint and deadly sickness, to the sound of David's retreating footsteps, till they were lost in the stillness of the night.

When Bess, after a few minutes of almost deadly anguish, crept feebly up-stairs, she found Mrs. Linnett still kneeling beside old Euclid, who was stretched upon the floor. The policeman's lamp, set upon the mantel-shelf, lit up his blood-stained face and hair, and displayed the disorder of the room. She helped Mrs. Linnett to lift up the old man, and lay him on the bed; and then she sped away again to fetch a doctor, though not so swiftly as she ran before for help against the housebreakers. Would she ever run so fast again?

By the time she returned, a woman had been sent from the police-station, and a policeman was on duty in the house. The doctor, who followed her quickly, after a brief examination of old Euclid, said he could discover no serious wound, but that it was impossible to tell how grave the injuries he had sustained might prove. He had the blood washed from his face and hair; and, after that, Euclid lay still, much as if he had been asleep; only his pulses beat very faintly, and life seemed to have ebbed away to its lowest tide.

The morning came; and policemen were coming and going all day long, examining the premises, and asking the same questions over and over again—or so it seemed to Bess. Neighbors crowded in to chat with Mrs. Linnett about the perils of the night, and to take a peep at the unconscious old man, who had been almost, if not quite, murdered. The question was, whether he would die or live. David refused to give up his accomplice; but Blackett had been arrested on suspicion.

Nothing more could be done until Euclid's consciousness returned—if it ever returned—and he could give his evidence. A policeman was stationed there until this should happen. At last night came on again, and Bess, refusing to leave old Euclid, persuaded Mrs. Linnett to go to bed; while the doctor, finding three or

four neighbors whispering and buzzing in the room, ordered them all away, and told Bess to watch him by herself. She sat beside him hour after hour, sleepless, yet almost stupefied by her sorrow. Could it be true that David had done this cruel, wicked deed? And, oh! if Euclid died, what would be done to him? The sickness of despair filled her whole heart as this thought came back to her in spite of all her efforts to shut it out.

"Bess," whispered a very low, faint voice, in the dead of the night, "it was our David!"

"Yes," she whispered back again in Euclid's ear. But a deep throb of agony struck through her as she heard him say it was David.

"He fought for me agen Blackett," said Euclid. "*He saved my life.* Blackett 'ud ha' murdered me."

With a loud sob, Bess fell on her knees by the bedside. Thank God, David was not as bad as he had seemed! He had not joined with Blackett in his savage purpose. David was not a murderer! Oh, what a load seemed suddenly rolled away from her girlish heart! Her brother was only a thief!

"He saved my life," murmured old Euclid over and over again, as though his brain was bewildered still. "Bess, he saved my life."

(To be continued.)

THE GOSPEL IN THE LIFE.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 27, James 4 : 7–17. Golden Text, Gal. 2 : 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

How to Live the Gospel—Nothing Expected of the Dead—Submission the First Step—Painful Ordeals—The Duty of the Double-Minded—Death Precedes Life—Discipline Directed to the Weak Point—A Common Sin—Violation of the Law of Love—Plan-making—An Unremembered God—Deferring to God's Will—Christ's Rule.

OUR golden text shows us the ground on which we can live the life taught us in our lesson for to-day. Paul is speaking of his own experience, when he says, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." As crucified with Christ, we can have no self-life, and therefore can expect nothing from ourselves, and God can expect nothing from us. To blame a dead man would be absurd, to expect anything from him, equally absurd. If we really, by faith, take the place of death, and reckon ourselves, not only condemned, but executed on the Cross, in the body of Jesus, we shall then understand what it is to deny, or ignore ourselves in every sense, and acknowledge Jesus only.

Paul knew, and fully entered into,

THE POSITION OF DEATH,

and consequently we never find him considering how things affected *him*, but always how they affected Jesus; we find him never counting on himself, but always on Jesus. When misjudged he said, "With me it is a very small thing to be judged of you, or of man's judgment" (1 Cor. 4 : 3). When in prison, he did not feel any self-pity nor any bitterness against the Roman Government — not *Paul* lived; it was Christ in him who owned that he was "the prisoner of Jesus Christ," "the prisoner of the Lord" (Eph. 3 : 1; 4 : 1). When writing from his prison to the Philippians, instead of grumbling that he was restrained from preaching the Gospel, he saw the divine side (Phil. 1 : 12–20). His occupation in prison was as far from self-consideration as anything could be; he wrote to cheer the very disciples who were out of heart because of his imprisonment; and prayed such prayers "in the Holy Ghost" as might perhaps never have been possible in the midst of his activity (Eph. 3 : 13–20). In all this we see he ignored himself; living as though *he* was never to be thought of, and taking his very own place, as a member, and only a member of another body, another life, Christ. "To me to live is Christ" (Phil. 1 : 21), "not I live but Christ," and thus he was enabled to see all things from the divine side, all persons (himself included) from the divine standpoint. Thus he knew that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Many Christians take this stand, but when they are tried, they leave the ground of faith, and recommence to recognize themselves instead of Jesus.

The Apostle James is very practical; and in our lesson he gives what might be considered practical directions for leading a life crucified with Christ "Submit yourselves therefore to God:" *i.e.*, in every circumstance recognize God. Is there some unexpected turn in your business which may lead to ruin?

SUBMIT TO GOD;

if He wants you to be ruined, then submit; you and your business too are His property, if you are a consecrated man, and it is worth the loss of all you have, to do or suffer the will of God. Has something arisen in the life of one nearly connected with you, which may appear to other Christians as though you were most inconsistent in your teaching, and you have no power to justify yourself, although your whole soul has been against it? Well, your Christian reputation belongs to God; if He wills it to perish, so long as you count it His, He has a right to dispose of it; submit to God. Has something occurred to bring your children into the very surroundings from which you have always shrunk, and you are powerless to help it? what then? Does God love those children less than you? Is His desire for their full salvation less than yours? His, who died to save them? Submit to God, and leave the consequences to Him, counting Him able to keep them even in the fire. Are you hindered from doing that Christian work which has been your joy for years? Submit to God; He loves souls a thousand times more than you do. Wherever He calls us to trust Him in the dark, the consequences are safe with Him, He cannot err.

But we are to resist the devil or withstand the devil. How? Just by submitting to God. In every circumstance, the devil is ready to suggest, "God demands such and such a thing of you; now in such circumstances you see it is impossible." And so he will seek to bring God in guilty. Now, when we acknowledge God in everything, we withstand the devil, by standing on ground where he cannot reach us. So long as persons and circumstances occupy us, we are on ground which is open to Satan, for we leave our position as crucified with Christ; but as soon as our refuge is in God, we are unassailable. It is thus we "draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh" to us.

The apostle next speaks to the unreal,

THE DOUBLE-MINDED,

who, while claiming a position as God's children, seek also the friendship of the world. James does not spare such; "Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts, ye double-minded. Be afflicted, and mourn, and weep: let your laughter be turned to mourning, and your joy to heaviness." There is no slipping into a deeper experience of God, without going through humiliation. There are many who will come to holiness conventions, and patronize the speakers, as though they would deceive both them and themselves into the belief that because they agree with the teaching, they are therefore possessors of the experience. In the Christ-life, death always precedes, for His is resurrection life. There must be a breaking down of the human, before there can really be the divine. "Be afflicted" does not mean afflict thyself, but "give in when God afflicts thee, own thou art in the wrong when God convicts thee." Often the hinderance to blessing is on one single point; it may be idolatry of the creature, it may be intense self-love, it may be self-confidence, it may be a want of exactitude. God will bring about circumstances which will bear on this very point, and it is

JUST THERE

that God says, "Be afflicted, and mourn and weep. . . . Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and He shall lift you up." Thank God, He never wants to *keep* us down, and only desires us to humble ourselves *in order* that He may lift us up.

James now reproves evil speaking, one of the most common among the sins of Christians. "Speak not evil one of another, brethren. He that speaketh evil of his brother, and judgeth his brother, speaketh evil of the law, and judgeth the law." James has before spoken of the royal law "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" and he now shows how all the evil speaking among Christians is in direct condemnation of this law of love. "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another" (John 13 : 35). It is not in love that we speak evil of another, and our very words show us false witnesses of the law of love. As crucified with Christ, and seeing all from His standpoint, the failings of others are the opportunity to bring them in contact with God. Jesus Himself, who "came not to judge the world, but to save the world" (John 12 : 27), said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged" (Matt. 7 : 1). Paul said, "Thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest." Christ in us cannot judge, but seeks to save. The Lord permits us often to see the fault in another, on purpose that we who know His power and love in lifting *us* up, may lead *them* to know it also. To speak evil of them may result from the desire to contrast ourselves with them—a clear evidence that *I* live and not Christ in me; or from a fault-finding disposition, which is again a strong evidence of self-life, "There is one Lawgiver, who is able to save and to destroy: who art thou that judgest another?"

The apostle next speaks of

PLAN MAKING

without the recognition of the will of God. Unbelief has discarded this deference to the will of God in our plans which we are here taught, and introduced it to neutralize the prayer of faith. Thus we find Christian people starting a new business, if it suits them, without any reference to the will of God; taking journeys, making engagements, spending money, or accumulating it, as the case may be; making acquaintances, building houses, etc., without ascertaining the will of God. But when it comes to claiming a distinct promise which the Lord has given, they will introduce, "If it be Thy will." Now, we believe that if the will of the Lord were deferred to in the entering into Christian work, as is always the case with George Müller, Dr. Cullis, Mrs. Guiever, etc., there would be no more desperate appeals to man for money, because there would be a confident appeal to God for help; not an "If it be," but "Because it is Thy will." When we are subject to the will of God in any of our undertakings, we are as willing to give them up as to carry them out, should the Lord show it to be His will and thus subject, He makes His will clear to us. But the very common prayer, "Lord, do this, if it be Thy will," precludes the possibility of faith; we know, without praying at all, it will be as He wills, and thus prayer becomes unreal.

Again we come back to the crucifixion with Christ; if I am crucified with Christ, then my will is crucified; not *my* will *lives*, but Christ's will lives in me. Christ did nothing of Himself (John 5 : 30), but only carried out His Father's mind and will (John 14 : 10). Christ in us can have no choice, can desire nothing but to know the Father's will and do it; and therefore can do nothing without deferring to God; choice about anything shows clearly that *we* live and not *Christ in us*. Thus James teaches us that it is becoming to say, "If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that," and that any rejoicing in our own boasting is evil. "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Most lovingly does God show us here that He does not condemn us for lack of knowledge which we do not yet possess. As we walk near to God, light is ever on the increase, it is ours to live in all the light we have.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Christian Inhabitants of Khartoum, native and foreign, have commenced their flight toward Egypt proper. Warning has been given that the False Prophet will put to death all who, falling into his hands, will not declare themselves true Mohammedans. His mission he regards as essentially religious, and he is declared to entertain a more ferocious hostility toward Egyptian Christians than toward Europeans. The Mohammedan inhabitants are preparing to sack the city as soon as the Christians have finally withdrawn, and it is only with difficulty that a general massacre and pillage has been prevented. England has insisted that Egypt shall abandon the Soudan to El Mahdi. The Khedive is reluctant to obey, but as he cannot conquer it himself and cannot obtain assistance for the work, it is expected that he will yield.

The Egyptian Cabinet Resigned on January 7th. The cause of the downfall of Cherif Pacha and his colleagues is believed to have been the decision of England as to her future policy in Egypt. It was communicated on Saturday, January 5th, and two days later the premier and the other officials vacated their offices. England assured the government that *she would maintain her position* in Egypt. The ministers, apparently deceived by French boasters, thought that England would retreat. England also guaranteed to the Khedive protection against the Mahdi or any other foreign enemy, stipulating however, that there should be a reform in the administration, and that she would only defend Egypt proper against invasion. Nubar Pacha, the new Premier, is an Armenian Christian who has travelled extensively and is familiar with European courts. The reforms he has undertaken will be carried on under the superintendence of an English agent.

China Evidently Expects to go to War with France. The demand for an indemnity, if made, is likely to bring matters to a crisis. The Viceroy of Canton has notified the consuls of his intention to blockade the northern approach to the city, and also to lay torpedoes at the other approach, known as the Macao Reach, which is obstructed by a bridge at the south end of Dane Island. A threat has also been made that the duty on foreign importations into China, instead of being abolished, will be doubled, to recoup China for her heavy expenses in placing the army on a war footing. French advices from Pekin report that the feeling of the Chinese populace is all for war. The movements of native military forces are incessant, and it is calculated that over two hundred thousand Chinese troops are now armed with Remington rifles. Strong earthworks and fortifications are being constructed upon the roads leading to Pekin, especially on the road from Chang-Hai-Kouan, as the Chinese engineers think that invasion by any other route is impossible.

The King of Belgium has Invited General Gordon to assist Mr. H. M. Stanley in opening up the region of the Congo. General Gordon has accepted the offer solely in order to continue the crusade against the slave trade in Africa. As a measure toward extirpating slavery he declares that he will enlist a force of at least one thousand blacks, with which he will hunt the slave dealers, intercept their caravans and release their victims from the Congo to the Red Sea. He applied to the British Government for permission to undertake the duties maintaining his rank in the British army, but the permission was refused the distinguished officer, who then, at considerable loss, placed the resignation of his command in the British army in the hands of the government.

The Feud in Ireland between the Orangemen and the Nationalists still rages. The Orange lodges have published a platform on which they demand that every loyal citizen shall take his stand, but the Roman Catholics of all classes repudiate it. In the county Cork alone one hundred and forty-eight magistrates have declared that loyalty and Orangeism are incompatible, and that they will not be coerced into inaction or submission by the braggadocio of the anti-Catholic partisans. The Orange societies are making arrangements for a series of meetings to be held in England and Scotland, but the efforts of the rival religious factions to create a kulturkampf for Ireland excite small interest outside of Ireland.

The Famous Indian Reformer, Keshub Chunder Sen, is dead. He was not a Christian, though he did a good work in preparing the way of Christian missionaries in India by attacking the errors of the Hindoos and Mohammedans. The miseries produced by the maintenance of caste especially received his attention, and though he was of high caste he voluntarily forfeited his privileges, and taught his disciples to regard all men of every caste as brethren. He published several volumes of sermons and tracts, in which he avowed a belief in the unity of God, in immediate revelation, in the necessity of a new birth, in the immortality of the soul and the efficacy of prayer. His morality was pure, and he inculcated reverence for the character of Jesus Christ, but repudiated the doctrines of Christ's divinity, mediation and atonement as taught in the Gospels. His creed was similar to that of the Unitarians.

Anglo-Indian Feeling against the Ilbert Bill, which permitted native Indian judges to try Europeans, has been so decided that in deference to it the government has granted a compromise. In the present form of the bill no native of lower rank than a district judge or magistrate will be empowered to exercise criminal jurisdiction over Europeans. Moreover, when a European is brought before a native judge, the prisoner will be entitled to be tried by a jury, the majority of which must be composed of Europeans. This compromise has disarmed the opposition, and the London *Times* correspondent, who has vigorously denounced the Bill, praises "an arrangement which, if not very logical or symmetrical, has at least the advantage of putting the law on a firm and, it is to be hoped, a lasting basis, and of closing the most acrimonious controversy ever witnessed in British India." A yet more burning question, however, is likely to arise, as it is stated that Lord Ripon is about to carry out the wishes of the Home Government, and disestablish the English Church in India. To commit so delicate a task to a Roman Catholic Viceroy is sure to excite suspicion of personal animus.

Mr. Henry George is Receiving an Ovation in England. The working men crowd to hear his explanation of his theory of the land question, and applaud vigorously his denunciation of landowners. His scheme for stripping the landlords of their estates and nationalizing the land evokes, however, the violent opposition of the press, even of the radical newspapers. The London *Pall Mall Gazette,* which has always taken the lead in the land reform problem, repudiates Mr. George's pet measures for the non-compensation of landlords for the land which, by legislation, may be wrested from them. This, it says, would be simply wholesale robbery, supplemented by sickening cant. The editor concludes: "We have no objection to socialism plus the ten commandments."

Successful Temperance Work in Ireland is being conducted by Mr. T. E. Murphy, who has been holding large meetings in the Protestant Hall, Bandon, where about 200 signed the pledge; and in the Protestant Hall and Town Hall, Waterford, where 500 signed the pledge. He has also visited Monegall, and the Town Hall, Newtownards, and in each place was received with much enthusiasm, and realized gratifying success. Archdeacon Stewart, of Banridge, and Bishop Chester, formerly at Parsonstown, took a prominent part in his meetings in the localities mentioned, Sir William Cunninghame, at Moneymoor, being among the latest of those who have cordially espoused the temperance cause. Mr. Murphy on January 1st, 1884, commenced a mission in Larne, near Belfast, then in Belfast Ulster Hall on January 4th. The newspapers are comparing the enthusiasm aroused by Mr. Murphy, Jr., to that of the memorable movement of Father Mathew which they say did not surpass in interest or area of success this work of Mr. Murphy's. His eloquence, untiring energy, and unfailing good humor have won him goodwill wherever he has been.

A Modern Prison Philanthropist has Appeared in the person of Mr. Charles Cook, the well-known evangelist of London, who is about to visit the prisons of Asia and Africa. His chief object is to carry about 10,000 copies of the Gospel to the prisoners in those countries. He hopes also to visit Italy for the same purpose. On the African coast poor prisoners are often thrown into dungeons and left to rot or starve, uncared for by the authorities. A hole is left in the wall, where any person may throw them food, but they only exist by the charity of the people. Mr. Cook expects no difficulty in obtaining access to these places, and asks our readers to help him by prayer in carrying the Word of God to those who have *no chance* of otherwise getting it. Mr. Cook's portrait and a sketch of his life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of September 15th, 1881, when he visited America.

The Day of the Dead in Paris has Recently been observed. This year the ceremony seemed more general than usual, and the cemeteries were crowded from morning till night. Some 500,000 persons visited the various graves, Père La Chaise claiming the largest number of visitors, and many who had no relative or dear friend buried in Paris paid their respects, and hung their wreaths on the tombs of different celebrities. Some monuments were perfect beds of flowers, and even the poorest cross had its tiny medallion or bead wreath, to be bought from the stalls on the way to the cemeteries. The floral wreaths grow bigger each year, and some of the most beautiful were made of natural dark purple heartsease tied by a pale blue ribbon embroidered with gold pansies, or of white chrysanthemums—emblems of despairing love—fastened with black velvet embroidered with doves.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for January may be obtained, price six cents, from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Annual subscription seventy cents. The January number contains the following articles: "1884–85 to be Black Years of War and Revolution;" "The Church in Transfiguration," by Mrs. Fielder; "The Dead Sea, Past, Present, and Future. A Prophetical Monograph," by Rev. E. Hytche; "Strong Delusion," by Rev. H. W. Congdon; "The Second Advent and Its Glorious Epiphany," by Rev. W. Frith; "The Ninth Day of Ab," by Rev. W. H. Hechler; "That Blessed Hope," by H. M. Barnett; "The Translation of Enoch and Elijah Typical of the two Latter-day Ascensions of Christians;" "The Twelve Signs, being Israel's Banners Borne in the Wilderness," by Rev. J. H. Broome; "Life of the Mahdi, Mohammedan False Prophet; Passing Events viewed in their relation to prophecy.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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LIEUT.-COLONEL CHANCELLOR,

The Christian Officer.

Born in 1824—His Studies at Woolwich—Life in Spain and Canada—Convinced of Sin in 1850—His Conversion—Becomes the Companion of Christian Officers—Caught in a Ball-room—Visits the Wigwam of an Indian Squaw—Her Faith in God—Prayer in a Fog—A Profitable Illness—His Interest in Mission Work—Services for Hotel Servants—A Tour on the Continent in 1880—Distribution of Tracts and Gospels—Assists at Moody and Sankey's Meetings in October and November, 1882—An Interesting Conversation—Sudden Death, in the Streets of Oxford.

FREDERICK HUGH CHANCELLOR, the genial and accomplished Christian officer, *whose portrait appears on our frontispiece this week*, was *born* in Scotland on the family estate of Shieldhill, Lanarkshire, in the year 1824, and at the time of his sudden death in November, 1882, was in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

His impulses attracted him toward an active life, and he was characterized by a marked affability of temperament; he chose the profession of a soldier, and went to Woolwich, when quite a young man, for the purpose of qualifying himself to hold an officer's commission in the Royal Artillery, and at once plunged with his whole heart into the frivolous and fascinating pleasures in which his fellow-pupils spent their leisure time, with whom, on account of the general attractiveness of his manner, he became and remained a general favorite.

IN SPAIN AND CANADA.

Having been intrusted with a command, Mr. Chancellor was for some time quartered in Spain, where his unreserved surrender of himself to enjoyment ended, unhappily, in his leading a wild life, undisturbed by any thought of God, or of the perilous condition of an impenitent sinner before Him. His removal to Canada when he was about twenty-four years old only seemed to intensify his love of pleasure, and he became conspicuous, even among his worldly-minded brother-officers, for his devotion at the shrine of earth's unsatisfying pursuits and glittering frivolities.

In the year 1850, however, the Holy Spirit convicted him of sin, and showed him his need of a Saviour. He was stricken down by a sense of his sinfulness and by the consciousness that if death came to him while he was in that state he would be lost to all eternity. His penitential cries for mercy were prolonged and earnest, and, as is always the case when such prayers are offered from the heart, they were heard, and henceforth, in the exercise of an unquestioning faith in Christ, he realized the unspeakable joy of salvation. Never was change more complete, or transformation more thorough. Everything was altered, all things became new. The process, however, leading up to this crowning consummation was an interesting one, and its relation may have a beneficial significance for others.

When the light of truth was first flashed into his mind, and anguish and sorrow followed his recognition of his real state before God, he, in his search for peace, very naturally sought the society of some whom he knew to be real followers of the Saviour, but they, regarding him as

A GAY YOUNG OFFICER,

avoided him. Disappointed and pained, therefore, he was thrown upon his own resources, as he supposed, though he afterward realized that he had the unfailing compassion which God extends toward every penitent prodigal son. One day as he was riding on horseback, his heart bowed down with grief, and the sunshine of life apparently extinguished by his overwhelming conception of his unworthiness in the sight of heaven, he was startled by the recollection crossing his mind apparently unconnected and unbidden of the pathetic words in Luke 15: "But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him," he at once saw God's love for sinners and His eager willingness to save them, and make them happy.

It was not long before he became the friend of some earnest Christian men in his own regiment, among whom was Captain Vandeleur, a man of singular purity of character and deep spirituality. Young Chancellor joined in their prayer-meetings, Bible-readings, and other services with conscious and abiding benefit. Through their instrumentality he arrived at a clear perception of the danger and folly of worldly society and amusements, and severed himself from them. But one evening he had been induced by former friends and by the force of circumstances, which Satan often employs to attract back to his service those who are escaping, to attend some festivities, which unexpectedly *ended in a dance*. The result of that dance might have been the loss of the young man's soul, if God had not used the remark of a careless, unconverted comrade, *not a Christian friend*, as the means of wrenching him finally from the fascinations of the ball-room. Amid the whirl of the giddy dance that night he suddenly encountered the amazed and mocking gaze of a former companion of jovial hours, who, exclaimed somewhat derisively,

"WHAT! YOU HERE, CHANCELLOR!"

(*See frontispiece.*) The young Christian, instantly recognizing his inconsistency, watched his opportunity to escape, and fled at the first moment possible, bidding adieu to the ball-room forever. From this time he entirely abandoned all worldly amusements, and he afterward always and most emphatically urged upon young Christians the same course, as being the only one of loving loyalty to their Lord and of safety to themselves.

The words of a brother-officer and intimate companion, together with a few incidents, will best describe him as he was in the earlier stages of his new life:

"IN AMERICA

it was our frequent custom, when off duty, to take a walk into the country and admire the marvellous works of God, for to Chancellor every leaf seemed to speak of a gracious Creator—every flower reminded us of Him who spoke so touchingly of the lilies of the field; and even the rocks and the waters of the great lakes told of Christ, who could still the winds and the sea by His word. Our wanderings were seasons of profit to us both.

PRAYER IN A FOG.

"On one occasion when I had to visit an island about twenty miles from our station, Chancellor accompanied me. We breakfasted with our common friend, Captain L., who had offered to take us out in his yacht. We started accordingly, a fourth friend joining us. The text for the day given in the Christian calendar we both used, was Prov. 3: 6—'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not to thine own understanding.' The wind was fair, and we ran about ten miles out, when we got into a dense fog, and the wind dropped into a dead calm. We knew not what to do, and there was no little danger in remaining where we were, and still greater danger in going ahead. Remembering the words of the text, *we knelt down on the deck* and asked God to fulfil to us His Word and direct our path.

"Chancellor and another went to the bow and the other two to the stern *to look for God's answer*. Almost immediately, those at the bow saw the fog open about two yards, and, looking through the lane thus opened, the lighthouse was distinctly visible about ten miles off. Chancellor instantly shouted, 'Bring the compass! make haste! I see the lighthouse.' The compass was brought, and the bearings taken with all possible speed. (*See frontispiece.*) Then came the question, 'Have you got it all right?' 'Yes; all right!' No sooner was this answer given, than the fog closed in again and all was as dense as before. We were all amazed and filled with praise to God. Soon afterward a breeze sprang up, and we steered through the fog by compass, and ran in harbor as securely as we could have done in broad daylight.

AN INDIAN SQUAW.

"On another occasion we decided to hunt up *a poor Indian squaw* in her wigwam, several miles in the depth of the forest. We followed a deer-track, and at last arrived at our destination. This woman had heard some years before from a Christian missionary the good news of the Gospel, and had embraced it. She was a Christian, and had much blessing from God. She had been brought safely across the bay in a small canoe by two drunken Indians, and when we asked her if she was not frightened at the sight of the waves, the reply was, 'Me never saw the waves, me see Jesus only.' We then asked her if she had had any particular answers to prayer. Her reply was, 'No, nothing extraordinary, only one day my husband came in from moose-hunting, and threw himself down on the wet floor of the wigwam. He had had no food for three days, and was so completely exhausted that he could not move. I thought he must die. I tried to move him and drag him on to the bed. I pulled one arm, then the other, but as he was a heavy, tall man, I could not move him. I then said, O Lord, help me! *then* I take him up and put him on the bed quite easy, but *that's* all.'

"A few years after his conversion Colonel Chancellor had a long and wearisome illness, and often upon referring to it, he said if he had not been a Christian he could not have borne all he then went through. At this time he was brought face to face with death, and had a realization of spiritual things which he never lost. He seemed like one who had had a glimpse of the unseen world, and when at last raised up from his bed of suffering he went forth with a burning and quenchless desire—to win souls to Christ."

INTEREST IN MISSION WORK.

Regarding the Free Kirk of Scotland as the true realization of what a Christian church should be, Colonel Chancellor identified himself with its membership, became one of its elders, and remained in fellowship with it until the day of his death. He took a deep and ever-growing interest in evangelical mission work, both at home and abroad, and occasionally spoke at the meetings of Mr. McAll, Miss de Broen, and Miss Booth, in Paris. His special delight was in *talking to soldiers* of the love of Christ, and he very frequently obtained leave of absence, and took long journeys to address the old pensioners at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, as well as the men in the Soldiers' Homes at the great military camps in different parts of the country. (*See frontispiece.*)

SERVICES FOR HOTEL SERVANTS.

His hand and his heart were ever ready to aid and urge forward the Lord's work. He was an active member of an open-air mission, and often took his part in street-preaching in the most degraded districts of the East End of London. He also cordially seconded the efforts of his amiable and devoted wife in throwing open their house for weekly meetings, especially for the benefit of hotel servants. Of these, large numbers, both native and foreign, attended, and many date their conversion to Christ to the loving words and Gospel invitations they heard in Mrs. Chancellor's drawing-room. The Germans who came were much struck by the fact that the services were conducted by people who were not clergymen, and that among the speakers were lords and counts, who had no selfish motive in making the effort to do them good. Until they attended those meetings, they had the idea that those who spoke on religion did so as a matter of business.

One day a German came to Colonel and Mrs. Chancellor and said that he was going back to his own country. "Sir," he said, "I always thought that those who spoke to men about their souls did so because it was their business; but when we see such gentlemen as you going to the trouble of turning your drawing-room upside down, regardless of the inconvenience or expense, it has made me, for one, think that religion must be a very real thing."

A TOUR THROUGH EUROPE.

In the summer of 1880, Colonel Chancellor took a tour through Europe with his wife. They visited Brussels, first, just at the time of the Exposition Nationale, and it occurred to both of them that it would be doing an acceptable and useful service for their divine Master to invite the waiters of the hotels and Exposition to a tea-meeting in a large tent in the neighborhood. The idea was quite novel to the foreigners, and failure was prognosticated, but the gathering took place, and with the happiest results. At the close, each of the guests was presented with a copy of the New Testament, as a souvenir. One man said, "I must tell my wife, that she may come to your meetings while you are in Brussels; I never knew there was such a Saviour who cared for us."

One day the colonel with his wife and two friends took a carriage which they filled with tracts and Gospels, and drove to the principal Exhibition gate, where the mixed crowd of peasant *bourgeois* and *noblesse* passed in. There they took up their position, and were soon surrounded by an eager crowd anxiously asking for the little books. Many a priest came up, curious to know what was going on, and asking also for a little book. So crowded was their carriage this day with eager applicants for tracts, that they had frequently to drive away lest they should block up the road. They were then pursued by boys running after them, crying out breathlessly, "Un petit livre, Monsieur, s'il vous plait!" (a little book, sir, if you please).

MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS.

In October, 1882, Messrs. Moody and Sankey conducted their memorable mission at Plymouth, and Colonel Chancellor went down specially to help in the work of the inquiry-room and after-meetings. "It is the most glorious time I ever spent in my life," is the remark he expressed in a letter, written from the very midst of the joyous scene in which he found employment.

The following month the distinguished evangelists were at the ancient university city of Oxford, and on November 24th, Colonel Chancellor went down with the intention of again engaging in the happy work of leading anxious penitents to the feet of the Saviour. But on his arrival he found that there were no after-meetings, with the exception of those held by Lord Radstock, in the Clarendon Rooms, for the undergraduates, and in these he thankfully took part. On Saturday evening, November 25th, after a solemn address by the Rev. Mr. Christopher, the colonel was desired to say a few words. He did so, and with earnestness and affection pressed upon the audience the solemn truth, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." He said: "I could not lay my head peacefully on my pillow if I were not assured by believing the Word of God that all who truly believe in Christ are 'justified from all things' (Acts 13 : 39). The state of uncertainty about their salvation which some Christians think to be the normal thing is a most unsatisfactory state, which can never promote grateful love to the Saviour and willing work for Him."

He then narrated the particulars of a conversation which he once had with a brother-officer who was living an ungodly life. He strove to persuade him to repent and give his heart and life to the Lord Jesus, saying: "Your horse or mine might stumble this moment and either of us might be suddenly killed. While you remain in unbelief, apart from Christ, you have the wrath of God above you and hell beneath you. But I know from God's Word that as I truly trust in Christ as my Saviour, *sudden death* would be to me, a sinner *saved by the grace of God, sudden glory*."

This avowal was made with solemnity and assurance. Colonel Chancellor reiterated at the meeting the statement he had made to his friend, and spoke of the quiet peace and comfort which he enjoyed in consequence of that conviction. He closed by urging all who heard him to seek salvation through Christ, assuring them of a like result in their own case. A deeply solemn feeling was produced in the meeting by the colonel's address. But two days later that feeling was suddenly and strangely deepened. Those who had listened to Colonel Chancellor's avowal heard with surprise that the event of which he had spoken as a possibility had actually occurred.

SUDDEN DEATH

had come upon him.

November 26th was Sunday, and Colonel Chancellor rose in his usual health, and after breakfasting set out to walk to church. He was proceeding down one of the principal streets of the city when he was observed to stagger and fall. (*See frontispiece.*) A passer-by hurried to his side, and others speedily arrived. Medical aid was summoned, but without avail. The good colonel, who had so recently declared his conviction that sudden death would be but a sudden introduction to the glories of heaven, had passed away in a moment. A spasm of heart disease did its fatal work quickly, and the spirit, which in health and youth had been committed to Christ's keeping, winged its flight to Him who had redeemed it.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

The Rapid Disappearance of Lake Tulare in California is announced by a San Francisco journal, which characterizes the phenomenon as one of the most remarkable geographical changes of this country within historical times. A few years ago the lake was thirty-three miles long by twenty-one miles wide, and now it is but fifteen miles long and has an average width of less than eight miles. This result is attributed largely to human agency. The cutting of timber on the mountains, and more especially the tapping of the water courses by which the lake is replenished, by the boring of artesian wells, and appropriating the waters of rivers for irrigation, make it impossible that the lake should supply the loss incurred by evaporation and maintain its former level. The human agency described did not, it will be observed, remove water out of the lake—that was done by natural processes—it simply diverted the sources from which it was replenished. The operation is a type of the drought of spiritual life in the soul. The believer who permits his habit of reading God's word and communion with his Father to be interrupted will find his religious life dry up (Jer. 3 : 21–23).

A Train was Stopped by Antelopes in the West, recently. The Elko (Nev.) *Independent* describes the narrow escape from a serious accident experienced by the passengers on a west-bound train between Green River and Granger, on the Union Pacific Railroad. It appears that the snow was quite deep and drifted in places, and as the engineer looked ahead he saw a herd of more than a thousand antelopes running on the roadbed, finding that the easiest road to travel in. When they were first encountered many of them were killed, and the engineer, seeing that the train might be derailed unless it was slowed up, decreased the speed. The antelopes kept a short distance ahead of the engine, but *kept to the road* which they occupied for a quarter of a mile. They would occasionally get some distance from the engine and then they would stop, turn round, and watch the headlight until the engine was fairly upon them. They delayed the train half or three-quarters of an hour. The animals had not the sense to leave the path on which the monster was travelling, which had slain some of their number. The poor creatures, not being endowed with reason, were unable to recognize the safe course. The same excuse, however, cannot be made for men who do not quit the path of drunkenness and other vices, though they see their fellows slain by their side (Prov. 7 : 26).

A Discarded Horse has been Reinstated by a Fire Brigade at Virginia, Nev. The horse was known as "the Old Gray." A Virginia journal says: "Old Gray was trained regularly every day, and he soon came to know as much as anybody about what he ought to do. After a year or two of hard work Old Gray was retired to a furniture wagon. Three days after his retirement he was in front of an auction store, hitched to an express wagon loaded with furniture. All at once an alarm of fire was sounded. Old Gray waited about the length of time that he thought it should take to hitch him to the hose-cart, and then he started. The furniture was scattered from one end of the street to the other, but Old Gray reached the fire before the opposition cart, and with a self-satisfied air backed up to the hydrant. Next day he was returned to the department. His devotion to duty was appreciated." This prompt obedience to the call of duty was the result of habit in the old horse. It is not the first time that the lower creation has set an example to human beings (Isa. 1 : 3).

Ten Years of Darkness Ending in Restoration to the light have led to strange sensations in an eminent professor in Union College, N. Y. The Schenectady *Union*, referring to the recent successful operation by which Dr. Backus has been cured of cataract, says: "Dr. Backus's joy on returning to his family, able to see their faces for the first time in ten years, cannot be described. Many whose voices were perfectly familiar to him, were in their faces entire strangers. He had *never seen his grandchildren.* Some friends had changed and grown old in ten years, and but for their familiar voices would scarcely have been recognized. In the city the changes have been as great. The Young Men's Christian Association, of which Dr. Backus had been an influential member for many years, had built a large and handsome structure on State Street, and he had passed it every day for years, but never saw it until last week. So throughout the city the doctor is almost a stranger, and each day finds some improvement over ten years ago." Many of the sights the good doctor is now enabled to see would not be so great a surprise to him, because his former enjoyment of sight must have prepared him for them; but to one who was born blind such an experience must be passing strange. It is a fit type of the change that the Holy Spirit works in conversion, when old things pass away and all things become new (John 9 : 39).

A Child Rescued from a Bear in Colorado Appears to have had an experience neither she nor her parents are likely to forget. It appears that a ranchman in Grand Valley, named George Swift, when riding away from home recently, put his little daughter on his horse, and after she had ridden about forty rods from home he lifted her off the animal and told her to run home. On returning about an hour later he found that the little one had not arrived, and, going to the place where he had last seen her, he found bear-tracks in the sand. A posse was formed, and a careful search was made for the lost child. As the searchers were passing a swampy spot where the undergrowth was thick, they heard her voice. They called to the little girl to come out of the bushes, but she replied that the bear would not let her. The men then crept through the brush and when near the spot heard a splash in the water, which the child said was the bear. They found her standing upon a log, extending half-way across the swamp, and it seemed as though the bear had undertaken to cross the swamp on the log, and, being pursued, left the child and got away as rapidly as possible. She had received some scratches about the face, arms, and legs, and her clothes were almost torn from her body, but the bear had not bitten her seriously, though the marks of his teeth were found upon her back, where he had taken hold of her clothes to carry her. The tracks of the bear and the marks of its teeth on the child furnished convincing proof of the truth of her story. The great enemy of souls, who is ruthless as a bear, and who is constantly carrying off children, young men, and maidens, from our midst, is not so easily scared from his prey. Only when One mightier than he comes to the rescue is the perishing soul delivered (Luke 4 : 36, 41).

THE GLORIOUS MARCH.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached on Sunday Morning, January 20, 1884.

"Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."—SOLOMON'S SONG 6 : 10.

Unfair Criticism of the Church — Unjust Disparagement — Christian Philosophers — False Shame—An Old Captain's Advice—Threefold Glory—I. Fair as the Moon—Her Beneficent Rule — Plaintive and Soothing — A Borrowed Light—The only Light-Giving Institution—II. Clear as the Sun—The Joy Giver—Banishing Gloom and Terror—And Mystery—The Church at Full Meridian—III. Terrible as an Army—The Old Flag—The Banner of Recruit—Assured Victory—The Troops—Two Wings—The Shout of the Army of Xerxes—Welcome to Victorious Germans—The Celestial Gates.

THE fragrance of spikenard, the flash of jewels, the fruitfulness of orchards, the luxuriance of gardens, the beauty of Heshbon fish-pools, the dew of the night, and the splendor of the morning—all contribute to the richness of Solomon's style when he comes to speak of the glory of the Church. In contrast with his eulogium of the Church, look at the denunciatory things that are said in our day in regard to it. If one stockholder become a cheat, does that destroy the whole company? If one soldier be a coward, does that condemn the whole army? And yet there are many in this day so unphilosophic, so illogical, so dishonest, and so unfair as to denounce the entire Church of God because there are here and there bad men belonging to it.

There are those who say that the Church of God is not

UP TO THE SPIRIT OF THE DAY

in which we live; but I have to tell you that, notwithstanding all the swift wheels, and the flying shuttles, and the lightning communications, the world has never yet been able to keep up with the Church. As high as God is above man, so high is the Church of God—higher than all human institutions. From her lamp the best discoveries of the world have been lighted. The best of our inventors have believed in the Christian religion—the Fultons, the Morses, the Whitneys, the Perrys, and the Livingstones. She has owned the best of the telescopes and Leyden jars; and while infidelity and atheism have gone blindfolded among the most startling discoveries that were about to be developed, the earth and the air and the sea have made quick and magnificent responses to Christian philosophers.

The world will not be up to the Church of Christ until the day when all merchandise has become honest merchandise, and all governments have become free governments, and all nations evangelized nations, and the last *deaf ear of spiritual death* shall be broken open by the million-voiced shout of nations born in a day. The Church that Nebuchadnezzar tried to burn in the furnace, and Darius to tear to pieces with the lions, and Lord Claverhouse to cut with the sword, has gone on, wading the floods and enduring the fire, until the deepest barbarism, and the fiercest cruelties, and the blackest superstitions have been compelled to look to the East, crying, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

Yet there are people who are ashamed to belong to the Church of Christ, and if you ask them whether they are in such associations, they say, "Yes, I sometimes attend the church;" instead of realizing the fact that there is no honor compared with the honor of being a member of the Church of God. I look back with joy to the most honored moment of my life, when in the old country meeting-house the minister of Christ announced my name as a follower of the Lord.

You who are floating about in the world, seeking for better associations, why do you not join yourself to some of the churches?

AN OLD SEA-CAPTAIN

was riding in the cars toward Philadelphia, and a young man sat down beside him. He said, "Young man, where are you going?" "I am going to Philadelphia to live," replied the young man. "Have you letters of introduction?" asked the old captain. "Yes," said the young man; and he pulled some of them out. "Well," said the old sea-captain, "haven't you *a church certificate?*" "Oh, yes," replied the young man; "I didn't suppose you would want to look at that." "Yes," said the sea-captain, "I want to see that. As soon as you get to Philadelphia, present that to some Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world, and it's my rule, as soon as I get into port, to *fasten my ship* fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide."

O men and women, by the tides of frivolity and worldliness swept this way and swept that way, seeking for associations and for satisfactions for the immortal soul, come into the Church of Jesus Christ. Lash fast to her. She is the pillar and the ground of the truth. I propose to speak of the threefold glory of the Church, as it is described in the text:

I. First,

"FAIR AS THE MOON."

God, who has determined that everything shall be beautiful in its season, has not left the night without charm. The moon rules the night. The stars are only set as gems in her tiara. Sometimes before the sun has gone down the moon mounts her throne, but it is after nightfall that she sways her undisputed sceptre over island and continent, river and sea. Under her shining the plainest maple leaves become shivering silver, the lakes from shore to shore look like shining mirrors, and the ocean under her glance with great tides comes up panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire.

Under the witchery of the moon the awful steeps lose their ruggedness, and the chasms their terror. The poor man blesses God for throwing so cheap a light through the broken window-pane of his cabin, and to the sick it seems like a light from the other shore that bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun be like a song, full and loud and poured forth from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with harmony, the moon is plaintive and sad, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen and the sea! No mother ever more lovingly watched a sick cradle than *this pale watcher of the sky* bends over the weary, heart-sick, slumbering earth, singing to it silvery music, while it is rocked in the cradle of the spheres.

Now, says my text, "Who is she, fair as the moon?" Our answer is the Church. Like the moon,

SHE IS A BORROWED LIGHT.

She gathers up the glory of a Saviour's sufferings, a Saviour's death, a Saviour's resurrection, a Saviour's ascension, and pours that light on palace and dungeon, on squalid heathenism and elaborate scepticism, on widow's tears and martyr's robe of flame, on weeping penitence and loud-mouthed scorn.

She is *the only institution* to-day that gives any light to our world. Into her portal the poor come and get the sympathy of a once pillowless Christ, the bereaved come and see the bottle in which God saves all our tears, and the captives come, and on the sharp corners of her altars dash off their chains, and the thirsty come and put their cup under the "Rock of Ages," which pours forth from its smitten side living water, sparkling water, crystalline water, from under the throne of God and the Lamb. Blessed the bell that calls her worshippers to prayer. Blessed the water in which her members are baptized. Blessed the wine that glows in her sacramental cups. Blessed the songs on which her devotions travel up and the angels of God travel down.

As the moon goes through the midst of the roaring storm-clouds unflushed and unharmed and comes out calm and beautiful on the other side, so the Church of God has gone through all the storms of this world's persecution and come out uninjured, no worse for the fact that Robespierre cursed it, and Voltaire caricatured it, and Tom Paine sneered at it, and all the forces of darkness have bombarded it. Not like some baleful comet shooting across the sky, scattering terror and dismay among the nations, but above the long howling night of the world's wretchedness the Christian Church has made her mild way, "fair as the moon."

II. I take a step further in my subject—

"CLEAR AS THE SUN."

After a season of storm or fog, how you are thrilled when the sun comes out at noonday! The mists travel up hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until they are sky lost. The forests are full of chirp and buzz and song; honey-maker in the log, bird's beak pounding the bark, the chatter of the squirrel on the rail, the call of the hawk out of the clear sky, make you thankful for the sunshine which makes all the world so busy and so glad. The same sun which in the morning kindled conflagrations among the castles of cloud stoops down to paint the lily white and the buttercup yellow, and the forget-me-not blue.

WHAT CAN RESIST THE SUN?

Light for voyager on the deep; light for shepherds guarding the flocks afield; light for the poor who have no lamps to burn; light for the downcast and the weary; light for aching eyes and burning brain and consuming captive; light for the smooth brow of childhood and the dim vision of the octogenarian; light for queen's coronet and sewing-girl's needle. "Let there be light."

Now, says my text, "Who is she that looketh forth clear as the sun?" Our answer is, the Church. You have been going along a road before daybreak, and on one side you thought you saw a lion, and on the other side you thought you saw a goblin of the darkness, but when the sun came out you found these were harmless apparitions. And it is the great

MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

of Jesus Christ to come forth "clear as the sun," to illumine all earthly darkness, to explain, as far as possible, all mystery, and to make the world radiant in its brightness; and that which you thought was an aroused lion is found out to be a slumbering lamb; and the sepulchral gate of your dead turn out to be the opening gates of heaven; and that which you supposed was a flaming sword to keep you out of paradise is an angel of light to beckon you in.

The lamps on her altars will cast their glow on your darkest pathway, and cheer you until, far beyond the need of lantern or lighthouse, you are safely anchored within the veil. O sun of the Church! shine on until there is no sorrow to soothe, no tears to wipe away, no shackles to break, no more souls to be redeemed. Ten thousand hands of sin have attempted to extinguish the lamps on her altars, but they are quenchless; and to silence her pulpits, but the thunder would leap and the lightning would flame.

The Church of God will yet come to

FULL MERIDIAN,

and in that day all the mountains of the world will be sacred mountains touched with the glory of Calvary, and all streams will flow by the mount of God like cool Siloam, and all lakes be redolent with Gospel memories like Gennesaret, and all islands of the sea be crowned with apocalyptic vision like Patmos, and all cities be sacred as Jerusalem, and all gardens luxuriant as paradise, with God walking in the cool of the day. Then the chorals of grace will drown out all the anthems of earth. Then the throne of Christ will overtop all earthly authority. Then the crown of Jesus will outflame all other coronets. Sin destroyed. Death dead. Hell defeated. The Church triumphant. All the darknesses of sin, all the darknesses of trouble, all the darknesses of earthly mystery, hieing them-

elves to their dens. "Clear as the sun! clear s the sun!"

III. "TERRIBLE AS AN ARMY

ith banners." I take one more step in this ubject, and say that if you were placed for the efence of a feeble town, and a great army were een coming over the hills with flying ensigns, hen you would be able to get some idea of the error that will strike the hearts of the enemies f God when the Church at last marches on like an army with banners."

You know there is nothing that excites *a soldier's enthusiasm* so much as an old flag. Many man almost dead, catching a glimpse of the ational ensign, has sprung to his feet and start-d again into the battle. Now, my friends, I on't want you to think of the Church of Jesus Christ as a defeated institution, as the victim of nfidel sarcasm, something to be kicked and uffed and trampled on through all the ages of he world. It is "an army with banners." It as an inscription and colors such as never tirred the hearts of any earthly soldiery. We ave *our banner of recruit*, and on it is inscribed, Who is on the Lord's side?" Our banner of efiance, and on it is inscribed, "The gates of ell shall not prevail against us." Our banner f triumph, and on it is inscribed, "Victory hrough our Lord Jesus Christ!" and we mean o plant that banner on every hill-top and wave at the gate of heaven.

With Christ to lead us we need not fear. I ill not underrate the enemy. They are a tre-endous host. They come on with acutest trategy. Their weapons by all the inhabitants f darkness have been forged in furnaces of verlasting fire. We contend not with flesh and lood, but with principalities and powers and piritual wickedness in high places; but if God e for us, who can be against us? Come on, ye

TROOPS OF THE LORD!

all into line! Close up the ranks! On, hrough burning sands and over frozen moun-ain-tops, until the whole earth surrenders to od. He made it; He redeemed it; He shall ave it. They shall not be trampled with hoofs, hey shall not be cut with sabres, they shall not e crushed with wheels, they shall not be cloven ith battle-axes, but the marching and the onset nd the victory will be none the less decisive for hat.

With Christ to lead us, and heaven to look own upon us, and angels to guard us, and artyr spirits to bend from their thrones, and he voice of God to bid us forward into the com-at, our enemies shall fly like chaff in the whirl-ind, and all the towers of heaven ring because he day is ours. I divide this army with ban-ers into

TWO WINGS

—the *American* wing and the *European* wing. he American wing, starting from these Gospel atitudes, will march on across the wilds of the Vest, over the tablelands, come to the ocean, o more stopped by the Pacific than the Israel-tes were stopped by the Red Sea, marching on ntil the remaining walls of China will fall be-ore this army with banners, and cold Siberia ill be turned to the warm heart of Christ, and ver lofty Himalayan peaks shall go this army ith banners until it halts at Palestine.

The European wing will march out to meet it, nd Spanish superstition shall be overcome, and rench infidelity shall be conquered; and over he Alps, with more than Hannibal's courage, hall march that army with banners, and up hrough the snows of Russia, vaster in multi-ude than the hosts that followed Napoleon into he conflict. And Hungary and Poland, by the lood of their patriots and by the blood of hrist, shall at last be free. And crossing into sia, the law shall again be proclaimed on Sinai, nd Christ, in the person of His ministers, will gain preach on Olivet, and pray in Geth-emane, and exhibit His love on Calvary. And hen the army will halt in front of the other ing, the twain having conquered all the earth or God.

History tells us that one day

TWO ARMIES OF XERXES

shouted all at once, and the vociferation was so mighty that the birds flying through the air dropped as though they were dead. Oh, what a shout of triumph when all the armies of earth and all the armies of heaven shall celebrate the victory of our King—all at once and all together: "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Hallelujah! for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ."

When the Prussian army came back from their battle they were received in 1866 at the gates of Berlin, and a choir stood above the gates, and as the first regiment advanced and came to the gates, the choir in music asked them what right they had to enter there. And then the first regiment in song replied, telling over the stories of their conflicts and their victories. Then they marched in, and all the city was full of gladness and triumph.

But oh, the greater joy when the army with banners shall come up to

THE GATES OF OUR KING!

It will be choir to choir, music to music, hosanna to hosanna, hallelujah to hallelujah. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in. Then will be spread the banquet of eternal victory, and the unfallen ones of heaven will sit at it, and all the ransomed of earth will come in and celebrate the jubilee, with unfading garlands on their brow telling of earthly conquests.

All the walls of that celestial mansion will be a-glitter with shields won in victorious battle, and adorned with the banners of God that were carried in front of the host. Harp shall tell to harp the heroism in which the conquerors won their palm, and the Church that day will sit queen at the banquet. Her wanderings over, her victories gained, Christ shall rise up to introduce her to all the nations of heaven; and as she pulls aside her veil and looks up into the face of her Lord the King, Christ shall exclaim, "This is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

THE OCCUPATIONS, ETC.

A new pamphlet of Dr. Talmage's Sermons, under the above title, is now ready. Among the twenty-six sermons it contains, are those to Lawyers, Doctors, Merchants, Clerks, Commercial Travellers, The Theatrical Profession, and Telegraph Operators. Also Sermons on Business Life, The East Wind, Silver Wings, The Pouting Son, The Ferry-boat of the Jordan, etc. It may be obtained, postage paid, from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office for thirty cents.

A BOSTON STREET WAIF WHO BECAME A MINNESOTA LAWYER.

(*From the Youth's Companion.*)

TWENTY years ago, a gentleman visited the Massachusetts Reform School, and selected a boy to take into his family. The one chosen was a wild, wiry fellow, who had been sent there from the Boston streets. He quietly accompanied the gentleman, until they arrived in Boston. While on the way to a depot, his old impulses to evil returned, and he suddenly darted from the gentleman's side and ran up a side street full of tenement houses, the abodes of crime and dissipation. The gentleman, being fleet of foot, soon collared the boy and forced him to walk to the cars.

Unpromising as was the beginning of the effort to make a good man of a bad boy, the gentleman determined to persevere.

After a few weeks, his kindness won the boy's heart. Love for a good man took the place of his evil desires. The expulsive and impulsive power of a new affection caused him to slough off his wild influences and gave him a new purpose. Then he began to show himself tractable, obliging, steady, and gifted with unusual force of will.

The love of a good person is a transforming power. It creates a desire for good; the desire inspires a right purpose. One of the most noble things a good person can do is to often allow a weak person to share their sympathy and society.

One day the boy did not surprise his patron by telling him that he would like to go to school. He had been expecting it, and had formed his plans. Instead of sending him to an academy and paying his expenses there, he helped him to obtain work, by which he paid his own bills.

He took a special course at a neighboring academy, and as soon as he had completed it, announced that he intended to be a lawyer. His foster-father, staggered at this rapid stride, tried to dissuade him from his purpose, as he thought him unfitted for that profession. But the boy, with characteristic determination, persisted.

He entered a lawyer's office, earned a little money, and after a year's study went West.

He who a few years ago was a wild boy, trying to break away from all good influences, is to-day one of the most successful lawyers in Minnesota, and better than that, a man whose influence in society is elevating, Christian, and helpful to others.

Is it not thus that Christ transforms life by leading us to love Him who is holy, and bringing a new purpose out of our new affection?

The Amount Received by the Treasurer of the Hospital Fund from the recent Hospital Saturday and Sunday collections amounts to $37,-742.08. The sum is comparatively small for the great city of New York, but it forms an acceptable addition to the funds of the hospitals. Other cities which have not yet commenced the system will do well to inaugurate it.

Husband and Wife Beaten for Christ.—The Rev. J. R. Wolfe, who is engaged in a prosperous missionary work at Hong-Puang, in China, writing home recently, describes the readiness with which the people listen to his words about Christ, and the earnestness shown by the converts to learn all they can about Jesus. Some of the members of this Hong-Puang congregation have suffered severe persecution during the year on account of their faith. One poor woman was dragged through the mud and cruelly beaten because she would not worship the ancestors according to the heathen practice, nor pay money toward the idolatrous ceremonies. Her husband had also been beaten, but as he was able to escape, he did not suffer very much. The poor wife lay speechless on the bed for some days. "While in this condition," says Mr. Wolfe, "I visited her, and it was indeed sad to look on the pale, wan face of the poor bruised body lying one the pallet, but delightful to witness the number of Christian men kneeling with me around her bed, asking God to forgive their persecutors and to turn their hearts."

Restoring the Colors in Faded Stained Glass is a process not generally understood. It was described by a lecturer at the meetings of the Science Association. He said: "Every kind of glass, except some of the white flint glass, such as is used for fine glassware and optical goods, shows some change of color after long exposure to sunlight. It is interesting to know that some of the colors seen in the windows of old cathedrals now, must be different from what they were when the glass was first put in. It is *a curious fact* that, whatever change the color of a glass may have undergone under the influence of sunlight, the original tint can be restored by exposing it to the heat of a glass-stainer's kiln." This scientific fact illustrates an important truth in the Christian life. A Christian actively engaged in business or in other worldly affairs too often finds the lamp of his soul becoming dim. his life is not the expression of the faith and love that were the mainspring of his actions at the commencement of his Christian career. The only mode of restoring the glass to its original color is the mode God often adopts with the backslider, and in the furnace of affliction the soul is restored (Ps. 119: 67).

INCIDENTS OF MISSION WORK IN CHINA.

Turning the House Inside Out.—One Day a native Evangelist was preaching in the open air, and at the close of his address, said: 'If there is an opium smoker here, if there is a gambler here, if there is an immoral man here who desires to be freed from the bondage of his sin, let him come to Christ my Saviour and he will be saved from its influence.' A notorious man who was standing in the crowd stepped forward, and looking into the preacher's eyes as though he would pierce him through and through, said, 'Do you know me?' The preacher said, 'Yes, who does not know you?' 'Will your Saviour, of whom you speak, save *me?*' If there had been any doubt in his mind, in all probability that man would have gone home unsaved; but he answered clearly, and firmly, 'Yes, He can and will.' 'When?' '*Now*, if you will let Him.' 'I will.' The preacher took the inquirer home, and gave him further instruction, and before he left for his own home the man was saved through faith in Christ. His house had long been a refuge for bad characters and a gambling hell. When he reached it he turned everybody and everything out, saying, 'This house is closed, and will only be opened again for the preaching of the Gospel of Christ.

How the Wife was Led to Christ.—This same Chinese gentleman's first thought after his own salvation was, 'How can I get my wife and family saved?' Many times he tried to speak to his wife, but his courage always failed him. She was a strong-minded Chinese lady, so that he felt afraid of her scorn. While cogitating over the best means of winning his wife to the Lord's side, it struck him, 'It was by the prayers of that missionary and my own that I was saved, why may not my wife be saved in the same way?' He laid the matter before the Lord till night came, and when the rest of the household had retired, he said to his wife, 'Please stay up for a little; I want to speak to you alone.' They went to his room together. A Chinese gentleman's room is furnished very simply; it has a row of chairs, with a small table between every two chairs. The lady took one chair, and he took another. He tried to speak, but to his dismay he found that he could say nothing. For a few minutes they both sat silently looking at each other. At length she broke the ice, by saying, 'I thought that you wanted to speak to me?' It was enough to loose his tongue, and so he told her all. To his surprise and delight she told him that for a long time back a deep spirit of unrest had been on her, and that what he said had removed it. They both got on their knees, and returned thanks to God for His great gift to them, and entreated that He might visit the other members of the family with the salvation of Christ.

A Chinese Gentleman's Prayer Answered.—The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, relates: "Mr. Stevenson, one of our missionaries, went into China to preach the Gospel, and disseminate the Bible and tracts. One day a literary gentleman, a Chinaman, of course, called upon him to get an explanation of some new book which he had got. Mr. Stevenson gave the desired information, and then inquired, 'Have you ever read any of our Christian books, say the Bible?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'I have read a few of your tracts, but they are unintelligible to me.' 'That is because your eyes are blind,' said Mr. Stevenson. 'At one time I thought as you do now, and was so blind that I would not read about God.' 'How *could* you read if you were blind?' the gentleman asked. 'I do not mean the natural eyes, but the spiritual eyesight,' Mr. Stevenson answered, and said further, 'What you should do is to take your New Testament, go into your own room, close the door, kneel down and pray that God would enlighten your understanding; then rise up and read: you will find it another book.' 'We literary men do not believe in prayer; then if we did, do you think that if there be a God such as you say, He has not something more to do than listen to such as I? Don't you know that I can't even speak to the governor of this small province? How could I speak to the God of the earth?' Pointing to a small stove, Mr. Stevenson replied, 'You might argue very learnedly that water in a suitable vessel put on the top of a fire could not boil, but by the time you finished I would say, "Look! the water is boiling!" and it would have more influence with me than all your argument. God has frequently answered my prayers. Do as I say, and see the result.' The gentleman went home, got to his room, and threw himself into his chair. He took up the New Testament, looked at one side, then at the other, opened it, and said, 'O God! if there be a God, help me to read this book.' He began to read, and to his surprise found it was a new book. So engrossed did he become in it, that he did not look up till far into the night. He did not rest until he received Jesus as his Saviour."

"STRONG DELUSION."

By Rev. H. W. Congdon.

A Judicial Punishment—Spiritualism a Mixture of Fraud and Ancient Sorcery—Prohibited in the Old Testament—Spirits in the New Testament—Their Malign Influence—An Infallible Test—Modern Spiritualism—Partly Fraud—Clairvoyance—Psychology—Wholly Unreliable—Opposed to Revelation—Immoral in its Tendencies—Must be Avoided.

BY referring to II Thess. 2 : 11, it will be seen that the "strong delusion" of the last days will come as a judicial punishment because men "receive not the love of the truth." "Not liking to retain God in their knowledge, God gives them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient" (Rom. 1 : 28), and so they are taken captive at the will of Satan, in all his snares. A strong delusion certainly is the revival of *demonism* under the modern name of spiritualism. But all there is in it beyond mere fraud and trickery, is as old as the Bible itself. It would be well for every one to give heed to the testimony of God's Word concerning it.

IN THE OLD TESTAMENT

we find, in the first place, that all commerce between living men and the other world whether beings of another order or the spirits of departed men, was prohibited under pain of death. See Exod. 22 : 18; Lev. 19 : 31; 20 : 6, 27; Deut. 18 : 10–14. In addition to those who use the mysterious arts and divination especial mention is made in these passages of those who "consult with familiar spirits"—demons, and of "necromancers," or those who deal with the dead.

In the next place, Old Testament examples of these sins may be seen in the case of Manasseh (II Kings 21 : 6; 2 Chron. 33 : 6); and in the case of Saul (1 Sam. 28 : 8–21; 1 Chron. 10 : 13). From II Kings 23 : 24, we infer that this

SPIRITISM WAS PREVALENT

in the time of Israel's apostasy, and was one of the signs of the divine retribution soon to fall upon the nation. In all of these cases the displeasure of God was manifest; and the special judgments which He denounced, as well as the general penalty of death prescribed by the law, all show the estimate which God puts upon such dealings with spirits. And this estimate is still further seen in the prophets: Isa. 8 : 19; 19 : 3; Jer. 27 : 9; 29 : 8,9; Micah 3 : 7; Zech. 10 : 2. It is evident that God regards with very great disapprobation this whole business of "seeking for the living to the dead," instead of seeking "to the law and to the testimony." There were very great reasons for all this severity. If men believe in Jehovah and love His commandments, they will govern their conduct by His law, instead of running after the "spirits." If being of such a mind as this, they want practical guidance in cases of doubt and perplexity, they will consult the oracles of the living God rather than seek mediums that "peep and mutter," and "whisper out of the dust." And it is only when people have lost their faith in God (at least in a large degree), regard His Revelation as insufficient, and the practical guidance of His providence and Spirit as unsafe and unreliable, that they will turn away from Him to listen to

VOICES FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

And as under the conditions of society in the times of the Old Testament, apostasy meant contamination with all the pollutions of the heathen, God ordained that all dealing with the other world, except through His own oracles, should be punished with death.

In the New Testament, the agency of spirits appears very frequently in the narrative, but generally as the possession of living persons by the unclean spirits of demons. The most casual reader of the Gospels and Acts will remark how numerous these cases are, and that Christ and His apostles recognized fully their demoniacal character. For examples see Matt. 12 : 22–28; Matt. 8 : 29; Mark 5 : 7; Luke 8 : 28; Acts 16 : 16. The nature of the request made by the demons of Gadara is worthy of particular remark—they did not want to be sent into the *abyss* to be "tormented *before the time*." They understood that there is a day appointed in which God will judge both fallen spirits and wicked men (II Pet. 2 : 4). They also knew that the place of their punishment is the *abyss*—in Hebrew *Abaddon*, in Greek *Apoleia*, in the Revelation of St. John, the *Lake of Fire*—and recognizing Jesus to be the Son of God and Judge of all, they were in terror lest He would consign them at once to this place of torment. Hence their entreaty.

In 1 Tim. 4 : 4, we have

A DISTINCT WARNING

that these malignant agencies will continue till the end of the present dispensation; and in 1 John 4 : 1–3, we have a test which, taken in connection with Isa. 8 : 20, will enable any one to decide infallibly whether a communication purporting to come from the other world has been sent by God, or proceeds from a fallen spirit. The Word of God will remain forever true, and Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is its Divine Interpreter. If any "medium" contradicts the "law and the testimony," or rejects the divine authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, it is then certain that he either speaks from his own deluded and perverted mind, or else from the inspiration of a fallen and wicked spirit.

And now in this light derived from the Bible let us look at

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

We note the following facts concerning it: By its own acknowledgment *it is necromancy and demononism.* Its whole teaching is directly attributed to communications from spirits, either of dead men or beings of another order. It is thus directly within the prohibitions of the law forbidding such intercourse with the spirit world.

It is inseparably mixed up with frauds and delusions. Many persons under its influence are entirely honest without doubt; but it invites to its ranks all sorts of impostors, from the mere sleight-of-hand trickster to the adept in the mysteries of the black art. Its secret séance, its darkened room, its required attitude of expectancy on the part of the spectator—indeed all the conditions of the "manifestation" favor the imposition of fraud upon its innocent victims.

Another element of uncertainty in it is delusions produced by *clairvoyance and mesmerism.* Any one who has studied the subject knows that the human mind possesses certain capacities and undeveloped faculties, not in exercise in our normal condition, in the present state. When they do occasionally come into exercise, we catch glimpses of possibilities to be realized, probably in another state of life. Such is that power, exhibited in the mesmeric trance, of putting the mind into connection with things at a distance, or even into direct communication with the minds of other people so as to be able to disclose matters entirely hidden from ordinary knowledge. This is called by the name of clairvoyance.

Similar to this is the power sometimes called

PSYCHOLOGY,

by which one person may obtain such complete control over another person's mind as to make all its faculties subject to his dictation. In this condition the subject may experience delusions of mind and hallucinations of senses, and yet be utterly unable to discriminate between the true and the false, all being equally real to him. He will see things that never existed, and hear sounds that never vibrated in the air; or if there is a slight foundation in fact for these pseudo-phenomena, it is so distorted and exaggerated as to be essentially false as presented to the mind of the confiding dupe. All this is simply mesmerism in one of its many forms.

Now, how much of this there may be in the phenomena of spiritualism at any given time, no one can know except those who work the mechanism of the séance. It is certain that the usual expectancy and credulity of the spectators, as well as the conditions demanded for the "manifestation," favor the frequent intervention of mesmerism. In all this there is nothing supernatural; but it enables bad men to invoke these mysterious agencies, under the guise of the supernatural, to give credit to their vicious and pernicious teachings.

It is entirely unreliable. The spirits themselves are unseen and unknown, and can be judged of only by their own utterances. They come promiscuously—good, bad, and indifferent—and the hearer must judge between them. Now he listens to one who speaks against the Bible and the Christian religion; directly another comes along to tell him that the Bible is a good book, and the better he knows and practises what is in it the better for himself.

Besides this, the spirits often *personate* others. No one can be certain that the spirit communicating is the one he is alleged to be. When a living person comes to inquire of the spirit of a good dead man, it may be a departed relative—there is no assurance that the spirit responding is the one called for. It may be a wicked spirit, or a demon who is passing himself off in place of the one asked for. And if the facts of mesmerism and clairvoyance teach anything, they teach us that it is possible for the medium to be so completely *en rapport* with the inquirer as to be able to obtain from his own mind all those facts which appear so supernatural when given in the communications. Now, amid all this uncertainty, the inquirer is thrown back entirely upon his own judgment to discriminate between the true and the false, the good and the bad. No candid spiritualist will deny the facts stated above concerning spirit communications; and on

ITS OWN TESTIMONY

spiritualism is utterly unsafe and unreliable, either as a medium for finding the truth, or as a practical guide for the present life and the life to come.

It is opposed to God, to the revealed Word, and to Jesus Christ. The very fact that any one turns from the Bible to consult spirits concerning the future world and a due preparation for it, shows that he has lost his faith in the revelation which God has given for our guidance in these very matters. And the further fact is indisputable—that nearly every modern spiritualist *repudiates* the divine authority of God's Word, entirely rejects its teachings concerning sin, atonement, and the necessity of a spiritual regeneration; and especially denies the divine nature of the Lord Jesus Christ, the absolute truth of His teachings, His sacrificial death, and His resurrection-life in heaven. In other words, as of old, so even now, spiritism is entirely against God, His Word, and His Christ.

ITS TENDENCY IS IMMORAL.

In ancient times it was connected with the pollutions of the heathen. Its tendency in modern times is in the same direction. Its doctrine of "spiritual affinities" invades the sanctities of the domestic relations. It tends to a light estimation of the sanctity of marriage and the relations of the sexes; to induce people to enter upon such relations without the binding obligations of marriage itself; to easily lay aside these obligations when they have once actually been assumed; and finally to end in the communism of free love. The restraints of true religion—such as the fear of God, the love of Christ, and the hope of His glory, all bring reward; and the spirit doctrine of an *endless progression in good* for every soul of man in the world to come being substituted for this, each man is left to follow his own natural bent in the moral conduct of this life. The absolute standard of God's law being abrogated, with nothing put in its place but the uncertain and contradictory testimony of the spirits, each man is left to make his own moral standard from his own view of right and wrong. That to each man is a law unto himself, to do what seems good in his own eyes.

Such is spiritualism. It is a revival of the demonism of ancient times. It is a stupendous delusion, a snare of the devil. The only course for any one to take who would not be captured by it and led astray from eternal life, is to *let it entirely, absolutely alone.*

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Quite Satisfied.—Rev. J. G. Cunningham said at a recent meeting: "One of the friends in dealing with an aged woman found that she was in great darkness, weeping bitterly, and she put the question to her, 'Are you satisfied with Christ?' She pointed out a number of passages of Scripture to her, in which it was shown that Christ was infinitely worthy of our confidence. The worker did not see her again for three or four days, when she had a beaming countenance, and, entering into conversation with her, she found that on the night when she had been spoken to she had gone to bed in a very agitated, anxious state, but had not gone to sleep before she was able with her whole heart to say she was satisfied with Christ."

Sad Wreck of a Noble Life.—Mr. Johnstone relates: "Many years ago, when the Juvenile Temperance Movement was started, a fine young fellow joined us and worked with heart, soul, and voice. So highly was he esteemed that the friends of the cause presented him with a fine gold watch as a memento of their admiration for him. His private friends, his mother, father, sisters and brother, were vehemently opposed to the temperance cause, and put every obstacle in the young man's way that they could devise. Every day drink was laid on the table, and he was pressed to partake of it. Woe for the young man! and still greater woe for those who put the bottle to his lips! He gave way to the tempter and fell, never, so far as I have heard, to rise again. He married a young woman and sailed to America, where he did no good, for his father had to support his wife. The responsibility which lies upon those who put drink before their children is very great. How will you who are guilty in this matter answer to God for doing it?"

A Revelation at a Ministers' Conference.—The Rev. William Ross said: "A conference of one hundred and twenty-five ministers met to consider the best means of carrying on the work of God. Some said the efforts should be made among the grown-up people, as they feared it was almost useless to work among children. Others again said that the work among children was surest and best. The discussion waxed warm till a motion was made, and seconded, 'that it be postponed till the evening.' Glad to get rid of it for a time, all agreed. While they were at dinner one young minister suggested, 'Why not get this question settled now; let each of this company, numbering one hundred and twenty-five, write on a slip of paper the age they were when converted to Christ, fold it up, and then let a neutral party examine the slips, and see whether most of the company were converted when children or when grown-up, and let us abide by the majority.' This was at once agreed to, and it was found that one hundred and twenty-two were converted when under fifteen years of age, and all that company were changed in heart before they were twenty-two years of age."

Pinioning the Arms of Cowards.—Mr. Graham, a devoted missionary to seamen, says: "I was going along a street in Ayr one day, and saw two men shamefully abusing a poor half-witted lad. There was no use speaking to the men, so I just got behind one of them and seizing his arms, held them back till the lad escaped from his tormentors. What made these two big strong men ill-use the poor stunted half-wit? They were cowards, and knew that the poor weak fellow could not retaliate, and they therefore thought that they could do wrong with safety, forgetting in their contemptible malice that God saw their actions. What makes the sceptic laugh at God? He thinks that his poor puny mind is stronger than the intellect of God, his Creator. Alas for him! when the mighty God pinions his arms behind his back, and he has to look the Lord straight in the face without being able to cover it (Psalm 53 : 1).

No Grog-Shops in Heaven.—The Rev. William Ross says: "A Sabbath-school teacher, anxious to make her children think of the goodness of God, asked them, 'Will you kindly bring me written on a slip of paper what you think you have most reason to be thankful for?' Next Sabbath, as the lady went over the replies one by one, she came upon a remarkable one. It was, 'I am thankful that there are no grog-shops in heaven.' This told of the little one's hope of heaven, and the certainty with which she felt heaven would be free from the greatest evil which afflicted her on earth. This child had experienced the bitter evils which arise from the use of intoxicating drink; the darkness of the foul demon's presence had fallen upon her home; she had seen others debased and embruted by it, and she therefore thanked God for the absence from heaven 'of whatsoever worketh abomination.' 'Those holy gates forever bar pollution, sin, and shame.'"

A Profane Railway Traveller Rebuked.—"Some years ago I was travelling by rail to the South of England. A young man entered the same carriage, and when bidding his friends farewell, almost every word he used was an oath. When he drew in his head, and had taken his seat, I said very quietly, 'I have a book in my pocket which says, "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."' The young man changed color, and after a silence of half an hour or so, he said, 'Are you a clergyman?' 'Never you mind that,' I replied; 'I have got a book in my pocket which says that, "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."' 'If you have such a book in your pocket,' said the young man, 'you must be a clergyman.' I repeated my answer without a word of explanation. I believe that the young man was convicted of sin before our journey was at an end, and that he was led to find full forgiveness through the blood of Christ. Sow the seed beside all waters."

An Invalid's Sunday Morning Dream.—Mr. Sloan says: "A Christian man was lying ill. One bright Sunday morning the window of his room was opened so that the pleasant sound of the church bells, calling the people to worship, floated into the room. He fell asleep with their musical chimes ringing in his ears, and dreamed that he was carried away to the church where he usually worshipped, and thought that he was looking down upon the assembly, and that he saw shining ones here and there in the gallery and in the body of the church. In a few cases there appeared quite a glow of light, but in most cases there were intensely dark bodies next the shining ones. Still dreaming, he thought he saw the people as God saw them. The shining ones were those who were filled with Christ, and the dark bodies were those who were not 'washed in the blood of the Lamb,' and were therefore filled with a gross darkness. It is even so. All men unillumined by Christ and the Holy Spirit are both dark and dead. In Christ alone is there light and life."

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Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

A wrong date will appear on the address label of some papers this week. A large number of renewals have been received during the past week, and it has not been possible in every case to change the date to that covered by the renewal.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, was Elected by the Senate on Monday, January 14th president pro tem. He, however, felt it his duty, owing to the critical state of his health, to decline the high office, and the Senate then re-elected Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont. At the caucus previously held, Mr. Anthony told the Republicans that he felt he could not accept the office when there was the remotest possible contingency that he might be called upon to step into the seat of the President of the United States. It was decided, however, by the caucus that it would be a graceful recognition of his long services to elect Mr. Anthony. Mr. Edmunds was retained in the chair by his own consent. He told the Senators that if it was their wish he would be willing to serve as long as he could give his time to the duties of the office, but later in the session he would feel compelled to give up the office.

A Temperance Debate in the Senate took place on January 16th. The occasion was the adoption of joint rules, among them Rule 13, which prohibits the sale of spirituous or malt liquors within the Capitol. Senator Bayard, of Delaware, moved to strike out the words "or malt." He had no objection, he said, to the prohibition of spirituous liquors, but he did not believe in shutting out malt liquors. Senator Frye, of Maine, horrified the Senators with a description of what he had seen in the Capitol. He said he had seen the restaurant of one of the houses of Congress become an open, notorious, low, miserable groggery. He had actually seen a man there with his trousers in his boots and wearing an old, coarse blouse, drinking miserable whiskey out of a cheap crockery cup. *They called it "tea,"* and anybody could call for and get his "tea" served in a cup with a saucer. Mr. Frye said he was so disgusted with the sight that he had put in the rule a provision requiring the sergeant-at arms "strictly" to enforce it, so that that officer might not be guided by his own opinion. Mr. Bayard assured the Senate that after the terrible picture drawn by the Senator from Maine he had no suggestion to make against the strictest enforcement of a rule against spirituous liquors, but he wanted no rule against malt liquors. Mr. Frye finally offered to make the rule prohibit only "intoxicating" liquors, and to this Mr. Bayard and the Senate consented, and the rule so amended was adopted. *"Congressional tea"* will probably after this be added to the slang vocabulary of the bar-rooms.

The President Sent to Congress on Thursday a recommendation of an appropriation for an expedition to relieve Lieutenant Greely and his party in the Arctic. The President impressed on Congress the urgency of the case, and reminded it that Lieutenant Greely had been promised, before setting out, that efforts would be made to communicate with him and replenish his stock of provisions in 1882 and 1883, and that in the event of those efforts failing, a well-stored relief station would be established at Smith's Sound. He was also directed to retreat to Smith's Sound, if no communication reached him, and to commence his journey there not later than September 1st, 1883. No relief has reached him, and the station at Smith's Sound is but scantily supplied with provisions. The imperative necessity of prompt action is therefore evident, and the President, in accordance with the report of the Advisory Board, recommended the purchase of two stout steam whalers properly equipped with boats and sleds. These should be ready to start north by May 1st; also that a smaller vessel shall set out even at an earlier date, in the hope that by taking the greatest risks relief may be afforded to the Lady Franklin Bay party earlier than the main expedition can do it. An essential point in the recommendations is that the expedition shall be entirely in control of the Navy Department.

A Remarkable and Gratifying Statement of the progress of manufactures in the South is published in a Baltimore journal. It says there are now 314 cotton mills in the South, having 1,276,422 spindles and 24,873 looms, while at the time the census was taken in 1880 the South had only 180 mills, with 713,989 spindles and 15,222 looms. In 1880 the value of the manufactured cotton produced at the South was a little over $21,000,000, while in 1883 the value had risen to between $35,000,000 and $40,000,000.

The Prospect of Prohibition Legislation in Iowa is reported encouraging. Senator James F. Wilson, of that State, says he has no doubt that the Legislature of that State will pass prohibitory laws, and insure total prohibition. "I am in favor of this course," he says. "Positive prohibition can be enforced and will be enforced." The report to which we recently alluded of a canvass of the members of the Legislature, by a Chicago journal, is declared by correspondents from Iowa to be unreliable, and many temperance men have written us speaking hopefully of the resubmission of the amendment and the determination of the State to carry it at the polls.

A Terrible Steamship Disaster Occurred on Friday last off the coast of Massachusetts. The steamer, City of Columbus, of the Boston and Savannah Line, left Boston on Wednesday, January 16th, and was proceeding on her voyage to Savannah when, about three o'clock on Friday morning, she struck upon the rock at the Devil's Bridge, off the south-western extremity of Martha's Vineyard. The vessel was quickly backed off, but she filled so rapidly that the passengers and crew were compelled, in less than half an hour after she struck, to climb into the rigging, the deck being completely under water. The waves were very rough, and many passengers were washed away. The ship's boats were launched, but could not live in the sea, and were instantly swamped. A raft was constructed on which seven persons took refuge. Small boats were sent at imminent risk from the lighthouse, and by their means seven of the poor creatures clinging to the rigging were taken off. Between twelve and one o'clock the revenue cutter Dexter came in sight, and took the remainder of the passengers and crew off the rigging, except two men, who were frozen to death. One of the rescued men was also so badly frozen that he died in a few minutes after being rescued. One hundred and twenty-four lives, most of them women and children, are believed to have been lost. The captain of the wrecked vessel is a man of experience who has sailed over the same course for fifteen years. The rock on which the steamer struck is well known, and for that reason is not considered dangerous, as, though under water, it is marked by a buoy. It is supposed that the captain was deceived as to the leeway his vessel had made.

The Immigration Returns for the Past Year have been published. The number entered at the port of New York for the year was 388,541. These figures compared with those of 1882, show a falling off in the immigration at this port of 66,864. Of the imgimrants who arrived during 1883 about 170,000 were Germans; a little more than 90,000 came from the British Isles, and of these over one-half were Irish; about 25,000 came from Italy; Sweden followed with about 20,000 immigrants, and Norway and Hungary each contributed over 11,000. During the past year 58,596 cabin passengers from Europe landed at this port. This shows an increase of 549 over the figures of 1882.

The Garfield Memorial Hospital Association held a general meeting in Washington last week, at which Judge Miller, who presided, reported the progress already made. He said: "The property purchased as a site for the hospital contains seven acres of ground and cost $37,500; upon this there was paid cash $15,500, and there remains due $22,000. The title is held in the name of Henry A. Willard, under a declaration of trust. The total cost of the property, together with the improvements so far authorized, will amount to $49,500. The property transferred to the institution by the late Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home, consisting of real estate, has not yet been sold, but produces a small annual return in the shape of rent. It has been the intention of the Board, acting under the advice of the agents managing the property, to offer it for sale during the next spring, when, it is hoped, a satisfactory disposition may be made of it, and the proceeds applied to the extinction of the debt on the hospital."

Governor Murray, of Utah, has Made an earnest appeal to the Legislature to voluntarily reform the affairs of the territory instead of waiting for Congress to compel reform by force. He urges the enactment of local laws that "will retire Utah affairs from the halls of Congress and forever bury out of sight the charge that ecclesiastical power dictates legislation in Utah." The governor's advice, however, is not likely to be heeded, as the representatives are controlled by the heads of the Mormon Church, and they have laid down a line of policy for their followers at the conference of the Church, from which the Mormon representatives dare not swerve. The order was to stand by polygamy and to resist by all means the Edmunds law and all other similar measures which Congress might pass.

The Temperance Question is before the New York Legislature. A bill introduced by Mr. Roosevelt proposes to raise spirit licenses to $500 and fermented liquor licenses to $250. The more radical proposal of prohibition is also under consideration, Mr. Thomas, in the Senate, and Mr. Olin, in the Assembly of this State, having each introduced a proposition to submit to the people a Prohibitory Amendment to the Constitution. In the lower house it is referred to the Committee on Internal Affairs.

The Sad Circumstances Attending the Death of Mr. Charles Delmonico, the proprietor of the four famous restaurants of New York, caused a painful sensation throughout the city last week. He left his home on Saturday, January 5th, in a state of mental aberration, and was supposed to have wandered into New Jersey. The most diligent search failed to secure any satisfactory information of him, until his body was found on Monday, January 14th, on Orange Mountain, near the roadside, where he had perished in the cold a week previous. It is supposed that he was seeking the house of an intimate friend, who resides near the spot where his body was found. Mr. Delmonico knew the neighborhood well, but in the unbalanced condition of his mind was apparently unable to find his way. It often appears to Christian workers that inquiring sinners are similarly afflicted, but in their case the Holy Spirit does not suffer them to perish on their way to an Almighty Friend. (John 14 : 26.)

The Tabulated Reports of the Internal Revenue Department recently issued, show that the people of the United States spend every year not less than $600,000,000 for alcoholic beverages, and $500,000,000 for tobacco. The annual cost of the manufacture of alcoholic beverages in the United States is not far from $65,000,000. To carry on this branch of business, including retail dealers, requires a force of more than 130,000 persons. The growth, manufacture, and sale of the tobacco used require about 75,000. Thus more than 200,000 persons are engaged in these two departments of business. The amount of money expended in those two articles, when compared with the amount raised for religious and philanthropic purposes, suggests matter for sad reflection.

The Name of an Anonymous Philanthropist has been disclosed, owing to his death. For several years past the editor of the New York *Tribune* has been sending at different times parties of destitute children to homes in the West. Their expenses were defrayed by a gentleman who desired that his name should not be disclosed. A few days ago the cable brought the news that Mr. Julius Hallgarten had died in Switzerland, whither he had gone to spend the winter. It now appears that Mr. Hallgarten was the anonymous benefactor for whom Mr. Reid acted as trustee. The deceased gentleman leaves $159,000 to be distributed among charitable and philanthropic institutions. The largest bequests are to Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., and the University of New York, each of which is left $50,000.

Jerry McAuley is again Compelled to Suspend his labors at the Cremorne Mission by illness. He has been laid aside for several weeks, but remained at the mission in the hope of restoration to health. He has, however, made little progress, and the severe weather continuing he has been ordered by his physician to leave the city for a time. He will stay at Lakewood, N. J., until spring. Mr. P. W. Hill will conduct the work of the mission during his absence. Mr. McAuley will be able to continue the work on his newspaper, which will be issued as usual.

The Young Women's Christian Association of New York held its annual meeting on January 14th, when a gratifying report was submitted of its progress and the benefits it has conferred. It was stated that there are believed to be 100,000 working women in the city, a fact which proves the need and the extensive sphere for Christian labor of the character the association performs. The following is an extract from the report: The whole expense of the association, including wages to teachers, house bills, printing, etc., amounted to $10,173.86. To meet this sum, were the annual subscriptions, $2473, and the interest of a legacy and class fund, $450. The deficit of some $7000 was made up by voluntary contributions and donations. After paying expenses there was a small sum on hand, which has been set aside as a nucleus for a building fund, to be used in enlarging the reading and employment rooms. Of the $10,000 which we hope to raise for this purpose, $1000 has already been subscribed. The Bible Class has a permanent membership of 524, and a transient membership of 833. The fresh air fund amounted to $544, and its benefits were enjoyed by sixty-two women. Our free educational classes were crowded. Four hundred and twenty women received instruction.

The Rev. Jacob Freshman's Work among the Jews of New York continues to enjoy God's blessing. His congregation now meets in Room 24, Cooper Union. Services are held on Saturday afternoon in a hall at 73 Allen Street, when the Scriptures are read in English, Hebrew and German. A prayer-meeting is held every Friday evening at Mr. Freshman's home, 25 Seventh Street. Two Sunday-schools are conducted for youth and are well attended. The report states that the Lord has abundantly blessed the efforts put forth in the conversion of Hebrews. The expenses for the year under review were not quite $3000, all met by voluntary contributions. Mr. Freshman has three assistants in the work, young men, who, like himself, are Hebrew Christians. A small monthly paper is now issued for the benefit of Jews, each issue containing matter well calculated to assist them in seeking for light concerning the Messiah. The issue of this journal for January states that $1900 is in hand toward the purchase of a building that shall give a permanent home to the cause.

The Rapid and Alarming Increase in the number of insane persons is a subject to which the New York *Herald* and other journals are calling public attention. From published reports of the various States it appears that in the past ten years the proportion of insane persons to the total population has about doubled. Careful investigation would probably show that the enlarged list is due partly to the fact that more insane people are sent to institutions now than in the days when an asylum was little more than a place of confinement. It is undoubtedly true, however, that insanity is more common in the cities than of old. Excitement and anxiety, two almost inevitable torments of the intelligent classes of city population, are potent causes of insanity, while liquor, which the *Herald* says is "used to excess almost unknown in the rural districts," makes sad havoc with the brains of the million. The remedy is not far to seek. The religion of Christ which, when its influence is not resisted, makes men calm and tranquil of mind and enables them to restrain their appetites, would remove these three potent insanity-producers.

Intense Excitement has been Aroused in Chicago by an exposure reflecting on the character of the matron of a charitable institution near that city. It appears that an Industrial Home was started four years ago, and many prominent philanthropists were enlisted in the scheme. The Home was moved out of the city in September last on the recommendation of the matron, who desired to free the children from the temptations of a great city. According to the statements of officers who visited the place recently all the children were covered with vermin. Their beds were both filthy and insufficiently warm. The food consisted of nothing but mush, bread, potatoes, and cold water served up in small doses; the windows lacked panes so that the snow would drift into the room where the half-starved children were huddled together with every gust of wind. The two stoves which were supposed to heat the floor hardly had a handful of coal in them both. There are also specific charges of acts of cruelty done to the children and unfortunate women, besides starving and half freezing them. Many neighbors have volunteered to testify in that connection. The matron has been arrested, and the charges will be investigated. The accused states that she can disprove the allegations. The money contributed last year for the maintenance of the institution was $3512.

THE SPIRIT OF BONDAGE AND OF ADOPTION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."—ROMANS 8 : 15, 16.

Fourfold Work of the Spirit—I. Bondage—Not Always the Work of the Spirit—The Bondage of Conviction—Not Needless Bondage—Close Sinners—The Result is Fear—Five Kinds of Fear—Outgrowing the Bondage—II. Adoption—Includes Liberty—Confidence—Child-Likeness—III. Prayer—A Child's Cry—The Place for Slaves—IV. The Spirit of Witness—How the Holy Spirit Witnesses.

THESE two verses are full of the word "spirit," and they are also full of spiritual truth. We have read in previous verses about the flesh and of the result that comes of minding it, namely, death. But now, in this verse, we get away from the flesh, and think only of the work of the Holy Spirit upon our spirits, and of the blessed privilege which comes of it—"that we should be called the sons of God." We cannot enter into this except by the power of the Holy Spirit, for spiritual truth must be spiritually discerned; our eyes need God's light, and our spirits need the Holy Spirit's quickening. We breathe our prayer to the Great Spirit that He would make us feel the full meaning of His word.

I think that I see in the text the fourfold work of the Spirit: first, *the spirit of bondage;* secondly, *the spirit of adoption;* thirdly, *the spirit of prayer*—here it is, "Whereby we cry." And fourthly, *the spirit of witness:* "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."

I. Consider, first of all,

THE SPIRIT OF BONDAGE.

Much of the bondage in which we are plunged by our fallen nature is not the work of the Spirit of God at all. Bondage under sin, bondage under the flesh, bondage to the fashions and customs of the world, bondage under the fear of man—this is carnal bondage, the work of the flesh, and of sin, and of the devil. But there is a sense of bondage, to which, I think, the apostle here mainly alludes, which is of the Spirit of God. Before the Spirit of God within us becomes the Spirit of liberty, He is, first of all, the Spirit of bondage.

That part of the bondage which I shall now describe is altogether the work of the Spirit of God. That is, first, *when men are brought into bondage through being convinced of sin.* This bondage is not the work of nature; certainly, never the work of the devil. It is not the work of human oratory, nor of human reason; it is the work of the Spirit of God; as it is written, "When the Spirit of truth is come, He shall convince the world of sin." It needs a miracle to make a man know that he is in very deed a sinner. He will not own it. He kicks against it. Even when he confesses the outward transgression, he does not know or feel the inward heinousness of his guilt, so as in his soul to be stunned, and confounded, and humbled, by the fact that he is a rebel against his God. Now, no man can ever know a Saviour without knowing himself a sinner; even as no man can value a physician while he is ignorant of the existence and evil of disease.

The Spirit of God is always the Spirit of truth, and therefore He only convinces men of that which is true; He puts them into no false, or fanciful, or needless bondage. "When the Spirit of truth is come, He shall convince the world of sin"—because it is sinful. When the Spirit puts men into bondage because they are sinners, He only puts them into their right place. When He came to some of us by the law He made us feel what we were by nature; and what we felt and saw was the truth. He made us see

THINGS AS THEY REALLY WERE.

Until He came, we put bitter for sweet and

sweet for bitter, darkness for light and light for darkness; but when the Spirit of truth was come, then sin appeared sin. Then we were in bondage, and it was

NO FANCIED SLAVERY,

but the very truth.

The Spirit of God also brought us farther into bondage when He made us feel the assurance that *punishment must follow upon sin*, when He made us know that God can by no means clear the guilty, and that He was not playing with us when He said, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." We were made to feel the sentence of death, that we might not trust in ourselves.

And then, further, the Spirit of God operates as a spirit of bondage upon the hearts of those whom God will save, by bringing them to feel the utter impossibility of their hoping to clear themselves by the works of the law. We heard this sentence thundered in our soul—"By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight; for by the law is the knowledge of sin." We could not meet our God under the law; we looked up to Sinai's fiery summit, whereon the Lord revealed Himself, and we felt that its crags were too steep for our tottering feet to climb. Even if the way were smooth, how could we dare to pass through the thick darkness, and hold communion with Jehovah, who is a consuming fire? The Spirit of God once for all weaned us from all thought of a righteousness of our own. This result is always produced in every child of God, but not always by the same degree of bondage. Fetters of different weights are used in this prison-house, as wisdom and prudence appoint. The spirit of bondage comes not to all alike; for some find peace and life in a moment, and come to Calvary as soon as Sinai begins to thunder.

I have known this spirit of bondage come with great force to men who have been open transgressors. Others who have been kept by the preventing grace of God from the extremes of open sin have not felt so much of it; but men that have blasphemed God, broken the Sabbath, and violated every holy thing—when they are brought before God under a sense of sin, have frequently had a hard time of it. I should not wonder if some of my hearers, who may have gone far into outward transgression, are made to feel, when brought to spiritual life, great grief and humiliation under a sense of their sin.

Such bondage often happens to those who, as the old authors used to say, were

"CLOSE SINNERS"

—men who did not even know that they were sinners at all, but, in consequence of their morality and the strictness of their lives, had a high conceit of their own excellence in the sight of God. Certain of these people experience most fearful convictions of sin; as if God would say to each one, "I must rid thee of thy self-righteousness. I must cure thee of trusting in thy moral life; and therefore I will let thee see into the depths of thy depravity. I will discover to thee thy sins against light and knowledge, thy sins against conscience, thy sins against the love of God. Thou shalt be brought into sore bondage; but that bondage shall heal thee of thy pride."

I have noticed one thing more, and that is, that those who are in after life to be greatly useful are often thus digged, and tilled, in order that much fruit may be brought forth by them in after years. I have had to deal with as many troubled souls as any living man, and God has greatly used me for their deliverance; but this never could have happened, so far as I can judge, unless I had myself been the subject of a terrible law-work, convincing me not only of my actual sin, but of the source of that sin, namely, a deep and bottomless fountain of depravity in my own nature. When I have met with persons driven to despair, and almost ready to destroy themselves, I have said, "Yes, I understand all that; I have been in those sepulchral chambers, and can sympathize with those who are chilled by their damps. I know the heart of a stranger, for I also was a captive in Egypt, and worked at the brick-kilns." In such a case this bondage of spirit becomes a profitable preparation for after-work. The sword that has to cut through coats of mail must be annealed in many fires; it must endure processes which a common blade escapes. Do not, therefore, all of you expect that the spirit of bondage will be seen in you to the same degree; for, after all, it is not the spirit of bondage which is to be desired for its own sake, but that which comes after it—the Spirit of liberty in Christ Jesus.

Our text reminds us that *the result of this spirit of bondage in the soul is fear:* "The spirit of bondage to fear." There are

FIVE SORTS OF FEARS,

and it is well always to distinguish between them. There is the natural fear which the creature has of its Creator, because of its own insignificance and its Maker's greatness. From that we shall never be altogether delivered; for with holy awe we shall bow before the divine majesty, even when we come to be perfect in glory. Secondly, there is a carnal fear; that is, the fear of man. May God deliver us from it! May we never cease from duty because we dread the eye of man! Who art thou that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die? From this cowardice God's Spirit delivers believers. The next fear is a servile fear—the fear of a slave toward his master lest he should be beaten when he has offended. That is a fear which should rightly dwell in every unregenerate heart. Until the slave is turned into a child he ought to feel that fear which is suitable to his position. By means of this fear the awakened soul is driven and drawn to Christ, and learns the perfect love which casts it out. If servile fear be not cast out it leads to a fourth fear, namely, a diabolical fear; for we read of devils, that they "believe and tremble." This is the fear of a malefactor toward the executioner, such a fear as possesses souls that are shut out forever from the light of God's countenance. But, fifthly, there is a filial fear which is never cast out of the mind. This is to be cultivated. This is "the fear of the Lord" which is "the beginning of wisdom." This is a precious gift of grace: "Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord." This makes the saints fearful of offending, lest they should grieve infinite love; it causes them to walk before the Lord with the fear of a loving child who would not in anything displease his parent.

When the spirit of bondage is at work upon the heart, there is much of the fourth form of fear, namely, servile fear; and I tell you that it is the Spirit of truth which brings this to us, because we are in a condition which demands it; we are slaves until Christ sets us free, and, being still under the law, servile fear is our most natural and proper feeling. Would you have the bondsman rejoice in a liberty which he does not possess? Is he not the more likely to be free if he loathes his slavery? I wish that every man here, who is not a child of God, would become possessed with servile fear, and tremble before the Most High.

Now, mark that *while this fear lasts it is intended to work us toward God.* I have already touched upon that. This bondage, which causes fear, breaks us off from self-righteousness; it makes us value the righteousness of Christ, and it also puts an end to certain sins. Many a man, because he is afraid of the consequences, leaves off this and that which would have ruined him; and, so far, the fear is useful to him; and, in after life, the sense of the terror which fear wrought in his soul, will keep him nearer to his Lord. How can he return to that evil thing which aforetime filled his soul with bitterness and grief?

But now I want to notice that in due time

WE OUTGROW THIS BONDAGE,

and never receive it again, for "We have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear." There comes a time when the Spirit of truth no longer causes bondage. Why not? Because we are not slaves any longer, and therefore there is no bondage for us. Because we are no longer guilty, having been cleared in the court of God, and therefore no sin should press upon our spirit. Because we are made to be the children of God; and God forbid that God's children should tremble like slaves. No, we have not received the spirit of bondage again, for the Spirit of God has not brought it to us again; and though the devil tries to bring it *we do not "receive" his goods;* and though sometimes the world thinks that we ought to feel it, we are not of the world, and we will not "receive" the world's spirit. We are new creatures in Christ Jesus; we are not under the law, but under grace; and therefore we are free from our former bondage. "We have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear."

II. This brings us to our second head, which is,

THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION.

I should require a week to preach properly upon that blessed theme. Instead of preaching upon it, I will give you hints.

Will you kindly notice that the apostle said, "Ye have not received the spirit of bondage?" If he had kept strictly to language he would have added, "But ye have received the Spirit of" — what? Why, of "*liberty.*" That is the opposite of bondage. Ay, but our apostle is not to be hampered by the rigid rules of composition. He has inserted a far greater word: "Ye have received the Spirit of *adoption.*" This leads me to observe that, from this mode of putting it, it is clear that the Spirit of adoption is in the highest sense the spirit of liberty. The believer feels the love of God shed abroad within him, and therefore he exercises a liberty to draw nigh to God, such as he never had before. He has access with boldness; he learns to speak with God as a child speaks to a father. See what a blessed thing is this Spirit of liberty, this Spirit of *adoption.*

Now, the apostle said, "Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear." What is the opposite of that? He should have added—should he not?—"but ye have received the Spirit of liberty by which ye have *confidence.*" He has not in so many words expressed himself thus, but he has said all that and a great deal more by saying, "Whereby we cry, Abba, Father." This is a joyous confidence indeed! Oh, that God may give it to you, dearly beloved, to the very full! Thus it is clear that the Spirit of adoption is

A SPIRIT OF LIBERTY,

and a spirit of confidence. As a child is sure that its father will love him, feed him, clothe him, teach him, and do all that is good for him, so are we sure that "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly;" but He will make all things to "work together for good to them that love God." The spirit of bondage made us fear, but the Spirit of adoption gives us *full assurance.* That fear which distrusts God—that fear which doubts whether He will remain a loving and merciful God—that fear which makes us think that all His love will come to an end—that is gone, for we cry, "Abba, Father," and that cry is the death of doubting and fearing.

The Spirit of adoption is a spirit of *child-likeness.* It is pretty, though sometimes sad, to see how children imitate their parents. How much the little man is like his father! Have you not noticed it? Do you not like to see it, too? You know you do. Ay, and when God gives the Spirit of adoption, there begins in us, poor fallen creatures as we are, some little likeness to Himself; and that will grow to His perfect image. We cannot become God; but we have the privilege and the power to become the sons of God. "Even to as many as believe on His name" does Jesus give this privilege; and therefore we grow up into Him in all things, who is our Head, and at the same time the pattern and mirror of what all the children of God are to be.

Thus, dear friends, let us see with great joy that we have not received again the spirit of bondage. We shall not receive it any more. The Spirit of God will never come to us in that

form again, for now we have been washed in the blood, we have been taken away from being heirs of wrath even as others, we have been placed in the family of the Most High, and we feel the Spirit of adoption within us, whereby we cry, "Abba, Father."

III. Just two or three words only upon the next spirit, which is,

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

Whenever the Spirit of adoption enters into a man it sets him praying He cannot help it. He does not wish to help it.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer."

And this praying of the true believer who has the Spirit of adoption is very *earnest* praying, for it takes the form of crying. But it is also very *natural* praying; for a child to say, "Father," is according to the fitness of things. It is not necessary to send your boys to a Board School to teach them to do that. They cry "Father," soon and often. So, when we are born again, "Our Father, which art in heaven," is a prayer that is never forced upon us; it rises up naturally within the new-born nature; and because we are born again we cry, "Abba, Father." When we have lost our Father for awhile, we cry after Him in the dark. When He takes the rod to us we cry; but we cry no otherwise than this—"Abba, Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

It seems to me to be not only an earnest cry and a natural cry, but a very *appealing* cry. It touches your heart when your child says, "Don't hurt me, father. Dear father, by your love to me, forgive me." True prayer pleads the fatherhood of God—"My father, my father, I am no stranger; I am no foe, I am Thy own dear and well-beloved child. Therefore, like as a father pitieth his children, have Thou pity upon me." The Lord never turns a dear ear to such pleadings. He says, "I do earnestly remember him still," and in love He checks His hand.

And what a *familiar* word it is—"Abba, Father!" They say that slaves were never allowed to call their masters "abba." That was a word for free-born children only; no man can speak with God as God's children may. I have heard critics say sometimes of our prayers, "How familiar that man is with God;" and one adds, "I do not like such boldness." No, you slaves; of course, you cannot speak with God as a child can; and it would not be right that you should! It befits you to fear, and crouch, and, like miserable sinners, to keep yourselves a long way off from God. Distance is the slave's place; only the child may draw near.

I do not know any more *delightful* expression toward God than to say to Him, "Abba, Father." It is as much as to say—"My heart knows that Thou art my Father. I am as sure of it as that I am that I am the child of my earthly father; and I am more sure that Thou wouldest deal tenderly with me than that my father would." Paul hints at this when he reminds us that our fathers, verily, chastened us after their own pleasure, but the Lord always chastens us for our profit.

IV. Now, the last thing is,

THE SPIRIT OF WITNESS:

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." There are two witnesses to the adoption of every child of God. Two is a legal number; in the mouth of two witnesses the whole shall be established. The first witness is *the man's own spirit*. His spirit says, "Yes, yes, yes, I am a child of God. I feel those drawings toward God; I feel that delight in Him; I feel that love to Him; I feel that wish to obey Him, which I never could have felt if I were not His child. Moreover, God's own word declares, 'To as many as received Him'—that is Christ—'to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name;' now, I have received Christ, and I do believe on His name; therefore, I have the evidence of God's written word that I am one of the sons of God. I have the right, the permission, the authority, to be one of the sons of God. That is the witness of my spirit; I believe, and therefore I am a child."

Now comes in *the witness of the Holy Spirit*. Nobody can question His veracity; but how does the Spirit of God witness to our sonship? First, He witnesses it, as I have already said, *through the word* of which He is the Author. The word contained in Scripture is quite enough for us if we have a saving faith. We accept it and believe it. The Spirit of God thus witnesses through the Word, and that is the surest medium. Next, the Spirit of God *bears witness by His work in us*. The first thing is that He works in us great love to God. None love God but those that are born of Him. There is no true love to God in Christ Jesus except in those that have been begotten again by God's own Spirit, so that our love to God is the witness of the Spirit that we are the children of God. Furthermore, He works in us a veneration for God. We fear before Him with a child-like reverence; everything that has to do with God becomes sacred to us when He communes with us. Shall we not be in subjection to the Father of our spirits? That subjection is the surest evidence that we are indeed the sons of God.

In addition to this, the Spirit of God works in us a holy confidence. By His grace we feel in days of trouble that we can rest in God. When we cannot see our way we go on joyfully without seeing. What is the good of seeing with our own eyes when the eyes of the Lord are running to and fro in the earth to show Himself strong in the behalf of all them that trust in Him? Our faith feels a joy in believing seeming contradictions, a delight in accepting apparent impossibilities. Wherever there is this blessed child-like trust, there is the Spirit's witness that we are the children of God. And then, again, when the Spirit of God works in us sanctification, that becomes a further witness of our sonship. When He makes us hate sin, when He makes us love everything that is pure and good, when He helps us to conquer ourselves, when He leads us to love our fellow-men, when He fashions us like to Christ, this is the witness of the Spirit with our spirit that we are the children of God. Oh, to have more and more of it!

Besides which, I believe that there is

A VOICE UNHEARD

of the outward ear, which drops in silence on the spirit of man, and lets him know that he has, indeed, passed from death unto life. This also is the seal of the Spirit to the truth of our adoption.

Now let us begin at the beginning, and bless Him that ever He made us feel the bondage of sin. Let us bless Him that He made us fear and tremble, and fly to Jesus. Let us bless Him that He has brought us into the adoption of children. Let us bless Him that He helps us to cry "Abba, Father;" and, lastly, let us bless Him that to-night He bears witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.

Dear friend, dost thou believe in the Lord Jesus Christ? If so, all the privileges of an heir of God are thine. If thou dost not believe in Christ, the Spirit of God will never bear witness to a lie, and tell thee that thou art saved when thou art not. If thou art not saved and not yet a believer in Jesus, I tell thee that thou art like a blank document to which the Spirit of God will never set His hand and seal, for He is never so unwise as to sign a blank. If thou hast believed, thou art a child of God, and the Spirit of God sets His seal to thy adoption. Go in peace, and rejoice in the Lord forever.

"Nor fret, nor doubt, nor suffer slavish fear:
Thy spirit is released, thy path is clear.
Let praise fill up thy day, and evermore
Live thou to love, to copy, and adore."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

MISSIONARIES IN A CHINESE HOTEL.

(*See Illustration on page 60.*)

CHRISTIAN work in Fuh-Kien was at first an occasion of much patience and anxiety. The journeys of the missionaries were not confined to Fuh-Chow alone, but they would often take protracted tours among the towns and villages of the province of Fuh-Kien. These journeys involved no small amount of physical discomfort, and of difficulties which can hardly be appreciated by those who labor at home. Often the simple and superstitious mountaineers would fly in terror from the missionaries, whom they called "foreign devils."

On one occasion two men on the road were startled by the appearance of a strange man walking toward them. As he approached they became much alarmed. To their great surprise he addressed them, and wished them peace, and told them something about a strange religion and a Saviour who died for the world. The villagers told them that the "Foreign Child" had been there also, and had "eaten rice," and "talked book." But though they tried to pay no attention to the strange message, one of their number, Ling Chung-Te, could not forget the words. Some time afterward a Christian basket-maker from Lo-Nguong, another town which had heard the Word through the itinerant missionaries, came to live in the village, and Chung-Te heard again the strange doctrine, and gladly received it. Seven years after the roadside preaching, he learned that the missionary, Mr. Wolfe, was to preach at Lo-Nguong. He walked a distance of several miles to hear him, and then, to Mr. Wolfe's amusement as well as thankfulness, related his singular experience.

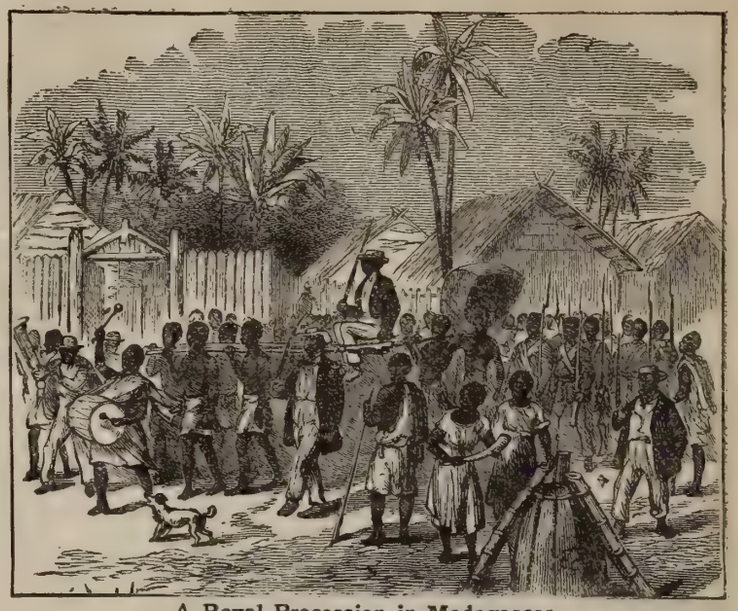
Mr. Wolfe gives an amusing

DESCRIPTION OF A SUPPER

at a little "Yongtaing," or hotel, in Sang-tu-kau: "Our sudden appearance in the dining-room acted like an electric shock. Chopsticks were thrown down, and instantly the house was in a high state of excitement. The villagers crowded in, and filled up every available corner. The small table in this room looked so filthy that in order to obviate the disrelish which it was likely to impart to any food placed upon it, we covered it with a newspaper, which served admirably as a table-cloth. This amused the villagers beyond description. They looked on in surprise as we handled the knife-and-fork, making all sorts of remarks on the manner in which we ate, how clean our plates, etc., were. They discussed among themselves the probable object of our visit, and at length decided that we were tea-merchants, going to the Bohea Hills to buy tea. One asked why we closed our eyes and repeated words before and after meals. I told them I was a disciple of Jesus, and we were taught by Him to thank God, the great heavenly Father, for giving us the food we ate. I endeavored by God's help to lay before them the leading truths of Christianity, no doubt in an imperfect manner; but I am sure they understood all I said, from the attention they paid and from the questions they asked."

Yes, however dull of hearing those ignorant Chinamen might be, the blessing of the Holy Spirit on the simple, earnest words of the missionary caused them to understand with their heads, and in many cases to believe with their hearts. In one city where a preaching place had been erected, and the pulpit supplied by native catechists from other towns, a young man, who even in that heathen community had rendered himself so odious by evil living that his father felt forced to disinherit him, was brought under the power of the truth, and at once began to wrestle with God for his father's soul. The old

Missionaries at Supper in a Chinese Inn.



A Royal Procession in Madagascar.

man yielded also after a time. On a subsequent visit, Mr. Wolfe found both father and son still walking in the truth. But old Sieh, the father, had grown in grace more rapidly than his boy. "Song To," asked Mr. Wolfe of the son, "why is it that your father has gone so far ahead of you in the doctrines, when you were before him in the truth?" "Ah, Sing-tung," was the answer, "my father is *continually praying*." They both had discovered that continual prayer was the great means of growth in spiritual life.

It was no small comfort, too, to their spiritual father to find that so many of these Chinese converts stood the last great test. They "died well." Let our readers take up Aaron and Hur's position in the conflict, and by effectual prayer bring down blessings which shall avail much for the soldiers of the Cross in distant lands.

THE WESTERN FARMER'S STORY.

(*See Illustration.*)

"PLEASE to give me a nickel," said a miserable-looking man to a tall, active young fellow of about two-and twenty years of age, who was stepping briskly out of the Post-office in New York, one cold winter day.

"What for? You ought not to be in want; why don't you work as I do," said the young man.

"Oh, don't refuse me, sir, I cannot get work, and I have had nothing to eat all day. I am so cold and miserable. I came over last week from Ireland, and I have not a friend in America."

"Oh, you are from the old country, are you? Well, so am I. Here's a quarter for you. Now go and get something to eat, and then, if you really want to get work, you come to me at Sweeny's Hotel, and I'll see what I can do for you. Ask for James Marvin."

"Thank you, sir," said the man, "I'll come."

About an hour afterward young Marvin received his visitor. He looked at him suspiciously as he entered, and in a minute or two he said, "Why, you've been drinking."

"Yes, sir, but only one glass just to drink your health. One glass of old Irish whiskey; it warms me in this awful cold. I'd sooner have it than food."

"Ah!" said Marvin, "that accounts for your having to beg. I can't do anything for a man that loves whiskey like that."

"Don't say that, sir. I'll starve to death if you don't help me. No one has spoken a kind word to me since I landed until I met you. Indeed and indeed, I'll give up the whiskey if you'll help me."

"Now, see here," said young Marvin, "I'll tell you what I can do. I want a man to help me on my farm in the West. I'm going to start for there to-morrow. I would sooner employ a countryman than anybody else, and I'll give you the chance if you like. But remember, no whiskey. The first glass I know of your drinking, you leave."

The offer was gladly accepted; Mike Walters, if the truth were told, being pleased that he was to have employment in a place where he would be out of the way of a temptation he knew he could not resist. The next day, seated by the side of the young farmer, Mike was speeding away toward his new home.

"Now," said Marvin, "tell me all about yourself and your home. It's twelve years since I left Ireland, but I remember the old place very well."

Mike's story was soon told. Drinking and idle ways had taken him into bad company. He was implicated in more than one outrage on the law, and finally found it convenient to secure his liberty by crossing the Atlantic.

"Now, you are a new arrival," said Marvin, "and my experience may be useful to you; so I'll tell you about myself. Twelve years ago, when I was a lad of ten, I was about as miserable a boy as you can imagine. My father had drunk himself into the poorhouse, and my mother was out at service. The home was broken up. It was not much of a home at the best, and I hired myself out to do odd jobs on the farm where my father used to live. I had a hard time of it, and there seemed no hope for me.

"There was a school in the village, but there was no chance for me to go, for I worked hard all day; but I used to envy the boys and girls who could go. One day I mustered up enough courage to ask the schoolmaster if he could help me out of school hours. He was very kind to me, and lent me a book, and I used to go to him whenever I had a chance, and very soon I learned to read. That pleased the schoolmaster, and in a little while we got to be fast friends. He took a great interest in me, and would insist on my signing the pledge, and I did. After that we became greater friends than ever.

"One day, I shall never forget it, Mr. Wylie, that was the schoolmaster's name, came over to the farm, and called me to him. 'James,' he said, 'I can send you to America. It'll be the making of you, boy. My brother is over there, and he wants a smart Irish boy who hates whiskey, and he has sent the money for his passage. I think you are exactly the boy.' I can see him now as he said it looking down kindly at me as I leaned against the fence, while the boss stood near trying to hear what we were talking about. It was the turning-point of my life.

"Well, I came out and went to Mr. Wylie's brother and worked on his farm, and I've been there ever since. But now I've saved money, and I've got a farm of my own. I thought before I settled down I would take a run to New York and see the city I passed through when I was a boy, so I came, and when you met me yesterday I had just been getting two post-office orders—one for my poor mother, my father's dead now, and one for Mr. Wylie, and I have written to him to ask him if he can send me just such a boy as I was. Now, you know all about me, and if you like to drop the whiskey and take to work you may soon own your own land."

"Thank you, sir, I will," said Mike. And he kept his word.

REMARKABLE FAITH CURES.

THE following narrative is from the pen of Alford H. McClellan, of Reed City, Mich., whose letter to her, Miss Carrie F. Judd publishes in her monthly magazine:

"One year ago to-day I was the victim of three diseases, *consumption, spinal and heart troubles* combined. My weaknesses were inherited, so for thirty years I have been more or less of an invalid. I have doctored with many physicians, but only received temporary relief, as they all told me my lungs were affected, and I could not be cured. *A racking cough* annoyed me constantly, and each autumn it seemed more desirable to die than to live and suffer as I did during the cold winter. Last fall a good friend in New York sent me 'The Prayer of Faith,' with the remark that as God was no respecter of persons, perhaps there was relief for me. I read the book, but it was so different from what a 'Scotch Presbyterian' training led me to think possible *for me*, I did not think I could receive a similar blessing, and so put myself under the care of a physician in Chicago, only to be disappointed.

"In November, my brother met Miss T., of Kalamazoo, who had been healed, and he was so impressed with what she told him that he talked about it a great deal, and I began to hope again. I wrote Miss T., who advised me to 'trust wholly in the Lord, and, if possible, attend a Faith Meeting in Buffalo, N. Y., as it would be very helpful.' The Lord made it possible, and I went, though I first wrote Miss Judd, who said prayer would be offered for me Thursday eve, December 14th. The morning of that day, after a sleepless night (my cough and pain in my lungs having kept me awake), I trusted myself wholly to the care of the 'Great Physician.' My cough did not leave me, but was not so distress-

ing, and I felt better every day. In two weeks I started for Buffalo, and spent several peaceful days at 'Faith-Rest Cottage,' learning more and more of God's wonderful dealings with His believing children.

"On January 4th I was anointed, and claimed healing for body and soul, according to the command and promises in James 5 : 14, 15. Early in the spring I took a severe cold, which stayed with me a long time, but I waited His time, and soon I was well again. I have had one cold since, but not at all such as I used to have, and my lungs are so well and strong that the colder the weather the better they feel, so I dread the winter no longer. Three weeks ago an old spinal difficulty returned. I suffered it one day, thinking I must ignore its presence. Then I took it to my Lord, and retired; in the morning I felt perfectly well, and so continue to this day.

"I have one fellow-believer whose healing was most wonderful. She is an elderly Scotch lady, whose right hand had gradually withered to skin and bones. She often came into our store, and we would talk of the 'faith-healing,' but she 'did not believe it was for our day.' As I procured books on the subject I would lend them to her to read. Just before going to Buffalo, I loaned her 'The Great Physician.' I did not see her for three months, when she came into the store, and, grasping my hand, said, 'I see by your looks you are healed, and this proves I am,' and she nearly crushed my hand with what had been a useless, shrivelled member. Now it 'was restored whole like the other,' as strong and plump as hand could be. She said, after reading that book, she believed in her soul God could heal her, and she then asked Him to do it. Her hand was healed gradually—day by day it improved. When first healed she did not want it known, but now glories in the fact that Jesus is her great and only Physician; and in Him will I glory. He has saved my soul, healed my body; taken away a strong love for 'light reading,' filled my heart with joy and gladness, and promised me I shall dwell in His Presence '*faultless*' throughout eternity. To Him be all the glory, all the praise."

"I can send you to America."

A ROYAL PROCESSION IN MADAGASCAR.

ON page 60 is an illustration depicting a scene often witnessed a few years ago in Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar. It represents a state procession conducting the king or the native prince on his journey of business or pleasure. Royal personages everywhere feel it incumbent upon them to produce a sensation when they travel around, and barbaric kings and princes are not behind their kind in that idea. But in Madagascar and uncivilized lands the state ceremonies necessarily differ in their character from those in civilized countries. There is the same effort to impress the people with the idea that the royal personage is a being of a higher order than the common herd—a being to be held in reverence and to be greeted with servile homage; but the idea is conveyed in a manner appropriate to the character of the people. The king or prince seats himself on a litter, the poles of which are supported by eight bearers, who carry him whither he desires to proceed. He thus becomes literally, as civilized kings are metaphorically, a burden on the shoulders of his people. Preceded by a band of music, which aims to produce noise rather than harmony, and followed by a company of soldiers, the royal progress is made. It answers the purpose intended as successfully as does the imposing cortege of European sovereigns.

The Malagese had substantial reason a quarter of a century ago to dread the appearance of such a procession. The accession to the throne of the widow of King Radama was the signal for the outburst of oppression and persecution. The missionaries of the Gospel, who in 1818 commenced the preaching of Christ to the people, were in imminent danger of death. A more wicked, cruel queen never swayed a sceptre. The Christian converts among her people especially excited her animosity. They were hunted like wild beasts, tortured, and killed with inhuman barbarities. The missionaries fled from the island. The edict of expulsion issued against them left them no hope that their lives would be spared if they remained. But they had sown seed which God blessed and caused to fructify. A portion of the Bible was already in the hands of the people; many had been taught to read its pages, and a few had been born again of the Spirit.

When, on the death of the cruel queen in 1861, the missionaries returned to the island, they found that not even persecution to death had been able to crush out the Gospel from among the people. They were received with open arms by the native Christians, who longed for further instruction, and from that time until the recent invasion of the French brought odium on all foreigners, the missionaries have been honored by the people. The queen has encouraged them, and has not only listened attentively to their preaching, but has consulted them on questions of government. To their efforts is largely due the advance Madagascar has made in civilization. Unhappily, the progress has been checked by French cupidity and cruelty, but many prayers are offered that even this check may be overruled of God to the good of the country.

An incident of the time of persecution, which was related to the missionaries on their return to the island, reminds us of the time when the disciples were assembled in the upper room secretly, for fear of the Jews, and of the later time when, prompted by the Pope and his priests, kings united to suppress heresy, and Protestants held their services in constant apprehension of discovery and punishment. To reduce the risks of discovery the Malagese Christians held their services at the midnight hour. When the inhabitants generallywere asleep, Christians would gather together in secret, and in subdued tones whisper their devotions. On one occasion, when a few of them were bowed in prayer, an officer entered. He held a high rank in the army, an honorable and friendly man, but not hitherto known as a Christian. Filled with surprise, not unmixed with apprehension, the brethren suspended their service and waited in silence for an explanation. This was frankly given. The officer declared himself to be one of their number, and added that he had been constrained to join them in this their hour of weakness and peril because he abhorred the injustice with which they had been treated by the queen. That was a memorable night in the history of the persecuted flock, as it encouraged them more firmly to endure "as seeing Him who is invisible," and who was by His providence thus raising them up friends in the hour of trial. He who thus, when others shrank away, came bravely forward to share their perils, proved subsequently one of their wisest counsellors and best protectors.

POVERTY'S PREY.

(Continued from page 47.)

Trial and Sentence.

EUCLID'S senses came back to him very slowly; and it was two or three days before he recovered the full possession of his memory, so as to be able to make a deposition before a magistrate. Blackett and David were committed to take their trial at the Central Criminal Court. Victoria had come back to help to nurse her father; and for a short time their life fell back into its old course, excepting that Euclid no longer started off for the market every morning.

Yet how changed the life was from that old life of wretchedness in the garret. Through Mr. Dudley's care and kindness the lives of three people—four really, for Mrs. Linnett had benefited too—had been revolutionized. The old water-cress seller, poor as he was, was comparatively a happy man. Victoria was happily married, and Bess was growing up a strong and healthy woman. The coarse and dirty surroundings of their previous experience they remembered with a shudder, but they would have been there still but for the help Mr. Dudley had been able to afford them. So much had been the fruit of an expenditure so small that many a man wastes more in a single hour in luxury. How they wished that they had known their kind friend a few months earlier. Then David might have been saved. Poverty had taken him for its prey, and had handed him over to vice. It distressed them all to think of David and more than all that they must soon give evidence that would convict him of the burglary.

That dreaded day came at last, when Euclid and Mrs. Linnett, and poor Bess herself, were compelled to appear at the sessions and give their evidence against David and Blackett. Mr. Dudley had engaged counsel to defend David, that every fact in his favor might be made public, and his sentence, in consequence, be mitigated. There was not the shadow of a hope of an acquittal.

When Bess stood up in the witness-box, she saw only two faces clearly. There was David,

pale, abject, frightened, with bent head, and dim, mournful eyes fastened upon her; and there was the judge opposite to her, calm and grave, with a searching keenness in his gaze. As she told her name, David's lips moved a little, as though he was repeating it to himself.

Unconsciously, merely answering the questions put to her, Bess told the story of David's two first convictions, and the sorrow they had wrought.

"He was always a good boy to mother and me," she said, sobbing; "and he's good to me still. He'd never be told where I lived for fear he'd spoil my life. O Davy! Davy!"

She burst into tears, and stretched out her arms to him, as if she would throw them about his bowed-down head, and cling to him in face of them all, in spite of his deep disgrace. David laid his head on the bar at which he stood, and shook with the sobs he forced himself to control.

He did not look up again till Euclid was taking the oath. The old man appeared many years older than he had done before the murderous attack made upon him His gray hair was quite white, and his cheeks and temples had fallen in like those of a very aged man; but he smiled at David, and nodded affectionately. So far as the cruel assault upon himself went, he completely cleared him: it was Blackett alone that had maltreated him.

"David Fell never lifted up his hand agen me, my lord and judge," said Euclid warmly and energetically. "He fought for me, and I'd ha' been a murdered man this minute but for him. Why, I've known David ever since he was this high, and he'd ha' made a good man, if he'd had a chance. He hadn't a chance after he'd been sent to jail, and his mother was as good a woman as ever you see."

At the mention of his mother, David's face grew as pale as death, and his lips quivered. He fancied he could hear her voice calling his name. For years past he had tried to deaden the memory of her; but now it seemed as if he could see her plainly, sitting by the dim, red light of a handful of embers, talking to him and Bess about their father. To work hard and honestly as his father had done had been his mother's religion—the simple code of duty she had tried to teach him. Thank God, his mother was in her grave, and knew nothing of his guilt and shame!

His brain grew weary, and he ceased to take notice of what was going on after Euclid disappeared. Different men stood up and spoke—some for a minute or two, others for longer; but he did not understand them; their speech was as a foreign tongue to him. His previous convictions had been very summary, and the proceedings now appeared complicated and perplexing. Why were they so long over this trial? Everybody knew he had broken into the house for the purpose of robbery. His first two trials, when he was a young lad, had not occupied five minutes each. Why were they so much more careful of him now when it was too late?

At last his wandering attention was caught by the utterance of his mother's name. He turned his eyes to the speaker, and never withdrew them from his face until he ceased to speak. It was the counsel whom Mr. Dudley had engaged for him. The counsel said:

"Elizabeth Fell was left a widow at the age of twenty-four with a boy and girl to provide for. What aid did we offer her? We told her she might take refuge in our poor-house among the outcasts and profligates of her sex, where we would take from her her children, who were as dear to her as our children are to their mothers, and bring them up apart from her. If she refused such an offer, we would leave her to fight her battle alone. She chose drudgery and hunger—a terrible disease, and death itself—rather than take our aid on our terms.

"When she lay dying, gnawed by famine, with a mere pittance of out-door relief, her son, a lad under fourteen years of age, ventured to go out and beg for his mother. He was ashamed to beg, willing, on the other hand, to work, having an ambition to tread in the steps of his father, the honest and skilful artisan. What did we do for Elizabeth Fell's child? We arrested him, dragged him before a hurried and over-worked magistrate, omitted to investigate his statements, and, after a brief trial of four or five minutes, sent him to jail for three months. This was in England!

"David Fell hastened home, when his first imprisonment was ended, to find his mother still alive, but on her death-bed. In her dire extremity she had parted with the most sacred treasure she possessed—her wedding-ring; and she and her young daughter had literally starved themselves to redeem this sacred symbol. It was redeemed the day after David Fell's release from jail; but the ring given back by the pawnbroker was not the familiar, precious relic, so perfectly known to them all. It had either been sweated by the dishonest pawnbroker, or exchanged for another and a thinner ring.

"The lad, in a passion of mingled grief and resentment, rushes away to secure his mother's own wedding-ring. The man assailed his dying mother's good fame; and, utterly reckless of all consequences, David Fell sprang upon him in a frenzy of hot resentment, and felled him to the ground. The pawnbroker was a householder and a rate-payer. Once again there was no investigation made. No credence was given to the boy's angry and bewildered statements. We committed him a second time to jail for three months.

"These were the two first steps—two long stages—on the road to ruin—the road which has led him to this bar to-day. Who is to blame?—the lad, willing to work, but untaught and awkward, with no training but that of the street, whom no man would hire for his want of skill and dexterity? or the magistrate, over-worked with a pressure of serious business? or the police, with their legion of juvenile criminals, whose statements are mostly falsehoods? The magistrate cannot give the time, the police cannot give the trouble, to investigate cases like David Fell's.

"The boy was like other boys, our sons, with high spirits and heedless heads. Have we never known our sons beg—ay, and beg importunately—for what they want? Do they not fight at times on a tenth part of the provocation this boy had? I will go further. Have none of them ever been guilty of some small theft? Would you send those thoughtless, passionate lads of yours, who are to come after you in life as citizens standing in the places you win for them—would you send them, for such crimes as David Fell committed—begging for his dying mother, and defending her good name—to the black shadow of a jail, and the deep brand of imprisonment? Would you bind your boys, hand and foot, and cast them into a gulf, and, if they crawled out of it, crush them down again, because they brought with them the mire and clay of the pit? Yet this is what we do with our juvenile criminals.

"The prisoner is guilty of burglary. He is not yet nineteen years of age, and he has been already four times in jail. I ask again, Whose fault is it?

"He must be punished? True. But let the penalty—too well deserved this time—be tempered with mercy. We have tried severity. We have confounded his sense of right and wrong; it is we who have extinguished the feeble glimmer of light his poor mother had kindled in his conscience. I ask you to remember the prisoner's sad career, his devotion to his mother, his love for his young sister, his defence of the old man from the murderous attack made upon him. I ask you to remember, that, while he was yet a child, in this Christian land of ours, we sent him once and again to jail as the fitting penalty for childish faults."

David heard no more, nor had he fully understood the words he had listened to. His throat was parched, and his sight was dim. The court seemed filled with mist, which blurred all the faces around him. He stood at the bar for a very long time yet before the policeman next to him nudged him roughly, and bade him attend to his lordship.

"Have you any thing to say for yourself?" asked the judge.

"Nothing; only I'd ha' drownded myself before I'd ha' hurt little Bess or old Euclid," he stammered.

In a few minutes after, he was led down a staircase into a room on the floor below the court, and a policeman was fitting him with handcuffs.

"What are they goin' to do with Blackett and me?" he asked.

"Didn't you hear the sentence?" rejoined the policeman.

"No," he answered. "I can't see nor hear nothin' plain."

"Ten years for Blackett," was the reply, "and two for you. You're let off pretty easy."

David returned to jail broken-hearted and weary of life. Circumstances had thrust him into a career to which he had not been born; he could not drift with the tide that was rapidly sweeping him down to utter rascaldom. His early training, and his faithful love for his mother and sister, set him at odds with the mass of young thieves born and bred amid the lowest dregs of the London populace. There had always been a vital difference between him and them.

He had never ceased to be conscious of an aching sense of degradation and loss lurking beneath the artificial pleasure Blackett had taught him to feel in the vicious habits of men like himself. He had learned to associate with them; but he had never been in heart one of them. And now that he had been blindly led into crime against the home that had sheltered Bess, and against her friend old Euclid, who had barely escaped with his life, he felt as if he had sunk to the last depth of infamy and wickedness.

It was little Bess herself who had hindered him from making his escape. Poor little Bess! how desperately she had clung to the thief, lest he should get clear off! Dreams of it visited him in his prison-cell. When he fell asleep he seemed to be about to make some hairbreadth escape into freedom and a better life; but at the last moment, when success appeared sure, Bess would snatch him back, and plunge him again into his gulf of dark despair.

It was always Bess who held him fast till his enemies—sometimes human, sometimes devilish—were upon him. And then, when he was recaptured, and she saw his face, who it was, and called him by his name, she would fall down at his feet, and die; and it was his wickedness that had killed her! Such dreams as these terrified and scared him.

David became a loathing to himself. A thief! It was the name he had been taught to abhor and dread from his infancy. His mother's simple creed had been, to be honest and industrious, and to take all that happened to her as being the will of God. But now he was himself the being his mother had most feared and hated. It was as if some tender-hearted man had found himself guilty of an act of savage cruelty, or an innocent, guileless girl had plunged unawares into an abyss of infamy.

David had become the thing which he abhorred; he was an abomination to himself. Two years would soon pass away. But what after that? He would still be a thief, when he was released from jail, and the ranks of honest men would be more firmly closed against him than ever. If he could have his choice, he would stay within the shadow of the prison-walls, and not creep forth again to find no comradeship except with thieves. His heart failed him to think of having no fellowship but with such men as Blackett. He knew that there was not a chance of anything better. The jail-brand could never be got rid of in this life.

He was no longer classed among the juvenile criminals. He worked at his trade among the adult prisoners; but he held no manner of inter-

course with any of them. The work he did was little—not enough to keep him from frequent punishment; but neither encouragement nor punishment aroused him to any interest in it. He was never heard to speak in answer to praise or blame. His eyes were often fixed on the floor, as if he was lost in a kind of dream. He was silent, apathetic, and sullen. Whatever was going on around him, he appeared deaf and blind and dumb. Often he looked almost imbecile.

Now and then a darker shadow brooded over his face. It was when the thought crossed his brain of how easily he could put an end to his misery, if he were but standing once more on the brink of the river. He could fancy he saw its rapid current hurrying away to the sea. Why had he never escaped from the wretchedness that hemmed him in by this swift and easy road? Here, in jail, it would be difficult to make an end of himself. It had been done; but he shrank from the way to do it. If he could only fling himself into the cool, rapid river, and sink in it!

There was chapel for him, and daily prayers, and the chaplain's visits; but none of them brought comfort to his despair. They were part of the machinery of the criminal court and the jail. The religion was that of the State, which had first neglected him, and then driven him into the gulf which had swallowed him up body and soul. If that religion was for any upon earth, it was for the rich and powerful, not for the poor and feeble like his mother, and the erring and sinful like himself! The poor were pinned down to suffering and crime; while the rich were fenced in from temptation to outward sins, and set in high places to make laws and enforce them. Such Christianity was no Gospel to David Fell.

(To be continued.)

MISSIONARY PROGRESS.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 3, Acts 15 : 36–41 ; 16 : 1–10. Golden Text, 1 Cor. 3 : 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Paul Proposes a Pastoral Journey—A Sad Dispute —Satan's Separating Tactics—The Evil Effects of the Quarrel—Made a Precedent in these Days —Always a Basis for Unity—A New Helper—Timothy a God-Prepared Instrument—A Daily Increase Normal—A Prohibition from God—A Definite Direction.

PAUL and Barnabas continued for some time at Antioch "teaching and preaching the Word of the Lord." These were not the only teachers in Antioch, there were "many others also." It was probably a kind of school of the prophets drawn together by the Holy Ghost, an advanced guard of the Church. But new ground must be broken up, and

TRUE MISSIONARY WORK

done. Accordingly "after some days, Paul said unto Barnabas, Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they do." Nothing is told us as to whether this purpose proceeded from Paul or from the Lord. When they had first gone forth into missionary labor it was at the decided call of the Holy Ghost to just that work at that time (Acts 13 : 2); now *Paul* says, "Let us go." Perhaps in the one instance we are permitted to see behind the scenes and in the other it is not given to us.

Then follows one of the saddest things in the history of the early Church, the contention of these two honored men of God. "Barnabas determined to take with them John, whose surname was Mark." This was in accordance with the spirit of a man who bore the name "son of consolation." Barnabas would see the grace of God equal to restore Mark. Paul saw how grievously he had wronged the cause by leaving it as he did, and felt that it was good discipline for him to be left at home and not put immediately again into a position of trust. Satan is always busy in seeking to

SEPARATE CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

One may understand God's leadings, and another, naturally far more gifted, may judge of them from a human standpoint, and look upon them as delusion. Satan will make everything appear in a wrong light on either side in order to bring about contention. Again, one worker may have something of idolatry for another, may want to occupy himself with the other whether he desires it or not, may feel almost jealous that even God should have intercourse with the other which he has not. Sometimes, as in the present instance, something arises in which God alone can rightly decide. For either to give way would appear to be wronging conscience. But how easy for both to be willingly fools, willingly withdrawing all opinion, all prejudice to let the Lord Himself show His mind. This is the only way to unity.

God, however, overruled this painful and most unchristlike contention. It was so sharp that these two men, called of the Holy Ghost to work together, separated. But by this means four missionaries were at work instead of two: Barnabas and Mark in Cyprus, and Paul, who chose Silas in the place of Barnabas, departed, being recommended by the brethren to the grace of God. "And he went through Syria and Cilicia, confirming the churches." But God's overruling of this thing did not make it right, and did not lessen the injury it has done through many ages to such as justify their own contentions from the example of these men of old.

There is always room for unity if everything is referred to Jesus, and the will of all the parties concerned is indeed renounced. God's way is always perfect; and if we yield to His way He will make our way perfect. *Self is always at the bottom of contention.* While we are completely yielded up to God we can trust Him to bring us right, if we are in the wrong, or others whom we work with, if they happen to be in the wrong. Contention comes from taking the matter into our own hands. Satan says: "But if so and so does not yield, such and such things will happen." And so it seems. But God is equal to undertake all the consequences of our fully trusting Him; we have nothing to fear. Thank God, we have nothing to do with past experience when we are dealing with God; He knows how to do "a new thing in the earth." "Behold, I make all things new" (Rev. 21 : 5).

Paul's journey was from Antioch northward, and then through the south of Asia Minor, "confirming the churches." His purpose had been to confirm those churches which he had founded. Among them was, doubtless, that of Tarsus, his birthplace, where he would have messages for his own family. We are not told with what results this visit was. On coming for the third time to Derbe and Lystra, Paul made acquaintance with

TIMOTHY,

whom he afterward calls "my own son in the faith" (1 Tim. 1 : 2), and of whom he wrote to the Philippians, "I have no man likeminded, who will naturally care for your state" (Phil. 2 : 20); Timothy was an exception to those who "all seek their own; not the things which are Jesus Christ's." Timothy was already a disciple, but was probably very young at this time. It was only about eight years since the Gospel had been preached in Lystra, and the young Timothy had had the greatest advantages in having a godly mother and grandmother who from his childhood instructed him in the Holy Scriptures, in addition to which he was possessed of "unfeigned faith," and he was "well reported of by the brethren that were at Lystra and Iconium." He was *a God-prepared instrument*, and as such Paul recognized him. Whether it was the leading of God or human policy which led Paul to circumcise him, we know not; the only reason given is "because of the Jews which were in those quarters: for they all knew that his father was a Greek;" it looks rather as though Paul were afraid of "the strife of tongues," and himself undertook the management of this matter.

As they went through the cities, they delivered there the decrees which were ordained in that first council of the Church at Jerusalem, blessedly confirming Christian liberty: "and so were the churches established in the faith, and

INCREASED IN NUMBER DAILY."

It is the normal and not the extraordinary state of things in a church for conversions to take place daily, for souls to be sanctified daily, for bodies to be healed daily. There are lost ones enough all around us to work among, there are Christians enough living under the power of inbred sin, there are sick ones enough who need healing. "But we find after a time of revival, when a certain number are gathered, others get hard and the work seems to cease." This is just the moment for God's children to get down low before the Lord, and ask, and *claim* His light upon the situation. He is faithful, and will not fail to show where the hitch is, and how to proceed further.

After the little increased company had gone through Phrygia and Galatia, an unexpected stop was put to their labors. It was not, as in their former journey, from the persecution of the Jews, nor yet from the fury of the heathen.

THE HOLY GHOST HIMSELF

forbade them to preach the Word in Asia. Some Christian workers kick against any hinderance to their work, and set every energy to work to get back into the old groove—God has blest them there, and they cannot conceive of His wanting them in any other work. God wanted Paul in Europe, but he did a great deal of trying to work in Asia before he was still enough to understand the mind of the Lord. Sometimes God takes away the voice of a worker, and instead of going to the Lord and saying, "Lord, is this a hint that I am to leave off talking and take to praying?" he will go to doctor after doctor, try remedy after remedy, seek climate after climate, that he may get cured and return to his beloved work. But it may be *that* work is now meant for others—*God has a needs be* to employ him in quite another kind of work. Or, again, circumstances, and not want of health, may hinder a worker from the service which he has loved, and he frets against them and chafes as though both he and Christ were wronged, while all the time God is behind those circumstances, and is seeking to teach His child precious lessons, which in all the bustle of active service are not so easily learned. Oh, how much time, how much sorrow, how much suffering should we save ourselves, if we took up the position of Habakkuk, "I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved."

Paul had been directed what he should *not* do, but was still not clear as to what he *was* to do. But the Holy Ghost restrained him when attempting to go into Bithynia, and so kept them straight in their course toward the west coast, until they came to Troas, the old city of Troy, and a seaport. Then

A DEFINITE DIRECTION

was given Paul in a vision. "There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us." This was enough; he had got his clue, and could go straight forward. "I wish I got clearer direction from God," one often hears said. The Lord keeps us humble in this thing as in all others, and specially dependent upon Him. Many are left unguided, because they are not sure God is willing to guide them; they have not taken it as an established fact that He has undertaken to guide them, and so they still are in unrest, seeking to help Him by adding bits of human wisdom—not absolutely depending upon Him. His promise is, "I will guide thee with Mine eye;" but this implies close attention on our part. One look away, and the guiding glance may be missed. But nothing is so restful as God's guidance; all sense of responsibility about the thing in which God is guiding us passes from us to Him. His will is lovely, perfect, good, acceptable, and oh, how possible! Here was our God providing for the evangelization of the continent of Europe, and most surely He made provision for the young churches in Asia, too.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Change of Cabinet has Taken Place in Spain. The Sagasta Cabinet proposed in the Cortes an address to the king in which its policy was outlined. The deputies, however, opposed the adoption of the address, and succeeded in defeating the Cabinet. The ministers resigned on January 18th. The king having to choose a new Cabinet from the victorious party, which was composed of Conservatives and Republicans, called the former to his councils, and their leader, Señor Canovas del Castillo, has become prime-minister. There are indications of uneasiness among the Spanish people, and dissatisfaction with the government. The hopes of the Republicans and the fears of the Monarchists are excited.

An Agitation among the Workingmen of Paris has assumed a menacing aspect. On January 13th a meeting of 4000 unemployed persons, including several women, was held in Paris. Violent speeches were delivered, favoring *an armed revolution* as the only means of ending the stagnation in trade. The delegates present from workingmen's associations, however, adopted a more moderate tone, expressing the belief that an appeal to the Chambers would mitigate the crisis. Two days later delegates from the workingmen had a conference with members of the Chamber of Deputies. The delegates pointed out that 150,000 hands were out of employment, and they demanded that the Chamber of Deputies make arrangements to provide work for them. M. Clemenceau advised the delegates to return and obtain a mandate from the workingmen. The delegates refused to withdraw. Other deputies urged the delegates to remain calm, saying that it was necessary before taking action to have an explicit statement of the workingmen's wishes. A proposal is now being discussed for an advance of money from the National Treasury to enable the workingmen to get their tools out of pawn. That, however, will not end the agitation, as the men when they have their tools, cannot do anything with them. The attitude of the men is menacing. They declare that they and their families are starving.

Important Measures are to be Submitted to the British Parliament at its approaching session. Mr. Gladstone has issued a circular to his supporters in the House of Commons requesting their attendance at the opening of Parliament on the 5th of February. He says it is the desire of the government to submit to the House of Commons at the earliest day possible after its opening, proposals of much public interest and importance. The character of these measures is inferred from a speech delivered at Newcastle on January 15th, by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, President of the Board of Trade, and the most influential member of the Cabinet. He said that the government would not consider its task complete until Irishmen possess the same rights and privileges as Englishmen and Scotchmen.

General Gordon, better Known as "Chinese" Gordon, will not be permitted to resign his office in the British Army to go on the Belgian mission to the Congo. His resignation has been rejected, and he has been intrusted with a command in Egypt. A cable despatch states that he started on January 18th for Egypt. General Gordon, before departing, had a long conference with the Duke of Cambridge, the Commander-in-Chief of the English forces, and Lord Wolseley, the Adjutant-General. It is stated that he will go to Khartoum with full power to make the best arrangement possible to settle the affairs of the Soudan. General Gordon is to be in nowise answerable to the Khédive. He was given to understand that the government would strictly adhere to its intention to evacuate the Soudan Prior to his departure General Gordon informed the King of the Belgians that he hoped to fulfil his engagement for service on the Congo River after his return from the Soudan. The London *Times* states that General Gordon is instructed to provide in the best manner possible for the safety of the European population at Khartoum and the various Egyptian garrisons; also to conduct the evacuation of the Soudan, except on the seaboard. General Gordon probably knows more of the Soudan and the tribes there than any other European, a fact which doubtless decided the British Government to retain his services in this crisis.

A Massacre at Khartoum is Apprehended as inevitable. The latest despatches announce that the van of El Mahdi's column is marching down the White Nile River and has halted but a few miles from the city. Colonel Coetlogon, who is in command at Khartoum, contrived to communicate with Baker Pacha and said he intended to try to effect a march to Kassola, as all the other roads out of Khartoum were held by the enemy. Colonel Coetlogon asked Baker Pacha to send him assistance by the way of Massowah. The Egyptian Government, however, refused to sanction the plan. Meanwhile the sole remaining road of escape has been cut off by El Mahdi, and Colonel Coetlogon and his forces are shut up in Khartoum. Hundreds of fugitives have fled from Khartoum, and have reached Kassola in safety; but a body of troops would be cut off and massacred as were those of Hicks Pacha. Reinforcements of troops are leaving Cairo for Suakim, and Baker Pacha's force will be raised to ten thousand men, with some field guns and gatlings. He is also endeavoring by bribes and cajoleries to enlist the aid of natives.

A New King of Tonquin has been Crowned at the capital. The French Minister there thus describes the affair and the policy of the new government, which appears to be favorable to France rather than to China: "The ceremony of coronation was without precedent, and was conducted with Oriental pomp. After salutations had been exchanged the king requested me to approach. He desired me to convey to the French Government the assurance of *his respect and devotion*, and expressed a hope that the severity of the treaty stipulations between the two countries would be mitigated. I assured the king of our sympathy and good-will. The king was crowned under the name of Kien-Phua, which signifies the 'Height of Felicity.' The power is held by one of the regents, who was formerly a leader of the revolution. He is disposed to follow our counsels."

Mohammedan Professions of Loyalty to the Sultan of Turkey have been made by the chief officers of the faith. The Constantinople correspondent of the New York *Herald* telegraphs that on December 23d he had a long conversation with an Arab sheik who is an intimate friend and relative of the Grand Shereef of Mecca, and has just returned from the Hedjaz bearing a message from the Grand Shereef and the Ulemas of Mecca to the Sultan, assuring his Majesty of their loyalty to Abdul Hamid, as Caliph, and that he need have no fear of the self-styled Mahdi spreading contamination or disaffection on the eastern shores of the Red Sea. The sheik explained to him that the ruling caste in the holy cities, though they have no great love for the Turks, have no wish to see them replaced as guardians of the shrines of Islam by *hordes of savage negroes* from the Soudan. The sheik concluded the conversation by saying: "Islam has seen fall too many false prophets to fear the rise of this one. He is a long way from Stamboul, and a wide sea is between us."

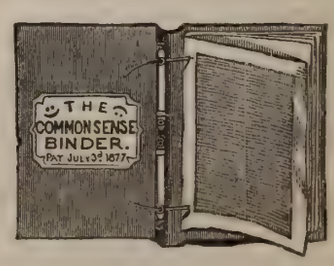
An Extensive Revival of Religion in the Island of Jersey is described in the European press. *Miss Laurie McLatchie*, the eminent Scottish Gospel Temperance Evangelist, has been for some time conducting a Blue Ribbon Army mission there, and has been wonderfully blessed. The Jersey *Observer* says: "It has been our privilege to listen to the greatest lights in every department in science, both in the old world and in the new. We have been entranced as it were at the brilliant oratory of women of note, both on this side as well as on the other side of the Atlantic; but never have we listened to any one with such rapt attention as we have done to the oratory of the lady evangelist and lecturer, Miss Laurie McLatchie. It seems to us that even now the music of her eloquence, the richness and purity of her diction, her beautifully rounded periods, still vibrate in our ears. No wonder, then, that this lady, whose reputation preceded her, should have drawn nightly crowded audiences to listen with rivetted attention to the message of her Divine Master. There was not even standing-room. Both the social status and the numbers present testified to the interest taken in her proclamation of Divine Truth."

Mrs. Amanda Smith is Still Laboring in Grand Bassa, Liberia. In a letter just received from her by Miss Mason, Kilburn, she says: "You will see that I have not yet gone to Cape Town. I do not know when the Lord will bid me go from here, where there is so much to do."

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for January may be obtained, price six cents, from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Annual subscription seventy cents. The January number contains the following articles: "1884–85 to be Black Years of War and Revolution;" "The Church in Transfiguration," by Mrs. Fielder; "The Dead Sea, Past, Present, and Future. A Prophetical Monograph," by Rev. E. Hytche; "Strong Delusion," by Rev. H. W. Congdon; "The Second Advent and Its Glorious Epiphany," by Rev. W. Frith; "The Ninth Day of Ab," by Rev. W. H. Hechler; "That Blessed Hope," by H. M. Barnett; "The Translation of Enoch and Elijah Typical of the two Latter-day Ascensions of Christians;" "The Twelve Signs, being Israel's Banners Borne in the Wilderness," by Rev. J. H. Broome; "Life of the Mahdi, Mohammedan False Prophet; Passing Events viewed in their relation to prophecy.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BINDER.



NUMEROUS applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case, in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding, at the end of the year. To meet this demand a stock of such covers has been prepared and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States on the receipt of *one dollar*. Applications should be made to THE MANAGER, 63 Bible House, New York.

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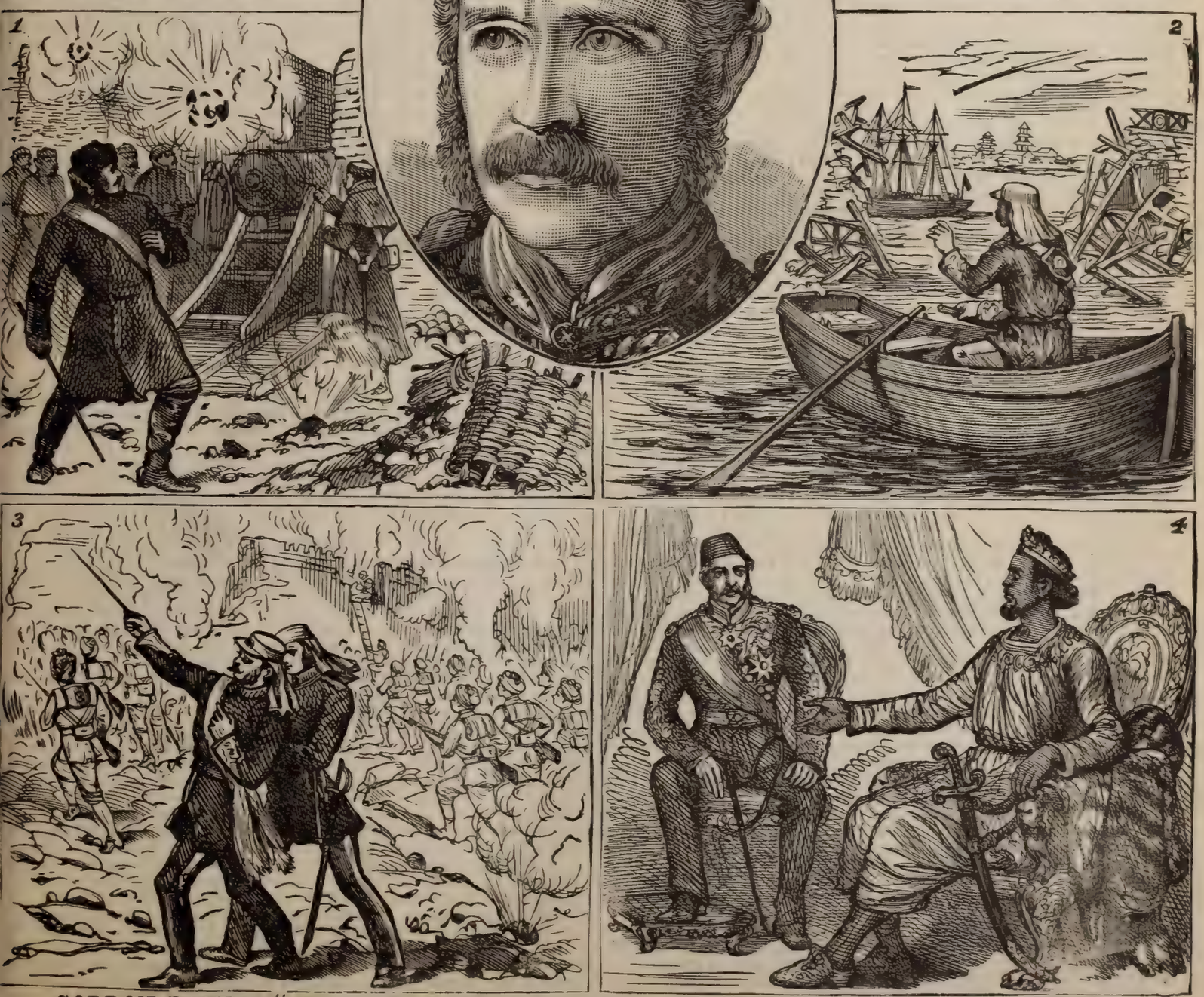

GORDON PASHA ("Chinese Gordon"), the Christian Governor of the Soudan—Scenes in his Life.

"CHINESE" GORDON PASHA,

The Christian Ex-Governor of the Soudan.

Birth, Education, and Cadetship—Enters the Army in 1852—His Part in the Crimean Campaign in 1855—Narrow Escape in the Trenches—A Shower of Shot and Shells—The Tai-Ping Rebellion of 1860—Incidents which Won the Name of "Chinese" Gordon—How the Rebellion Arose and Spread—The Chinese Ask European Help—The "Ever-Victorious Army"—Destroying the Rebellion—Illustrations of Risk and Peril—Shot in the Leg—Return Home—Philanthropic Work—Governor of the Soudan—Singular Journey to Abyssinia—Interview with King John—Work in the Holy Land.

A REMARKABLE work has just been issued by Mr. R. Worthington of New York. It is remarkable not only on account of the extraordinary history related in it, but because it has been written at all. During the last twenty years the world has wanted to know something more than the newspapers have told, of the hero who combined in his character religious principles, which caused people to call him an apostle, and military skill which was characterized as Napoleonic. But until now the story of his life has never been fully told. The Christian hero shrank from public notice with more than feminine modesty. He would not be lionized even when the world was ringing with his name. He would relate incidents, strange and thrilling, at his mother's fireside to a group of spellbound relatives, but in public he was dumb. "The newspapers have said too much already," was his reply to all efforts to induce him to speak. He would not even take the chair at public meetings, and to those who got up banquets and dinners in his honor he wrote declining to attend. "*I have enough*," he said; "*call in the poor and the sick.*" A relative who had been with him in some of the scenes of his life, and who had heard from him descriptions of other scenes, wrote his history. Before publishing it he submitted it to Gordon to revise, and Gordon tore out the pages and burned them. But the demand for a life of the brave, modest hero grew imperative, and at last his cousin, Mr. A. Egmont Hake, who derived his information from Gordon himself verbally and from his letters home, has written this work unknown to its subject, and, doubtless, much to his chagrin. But it is well that it is written, for a life so strange, so romantic, and so noble, the public has never read.

Gordon is a major-general in the British service, a Mandarin of the highest order in the service of China, and a Pasha in the service of the Turkish Government. He was Governor of the Soudan in 1877, over which the so-called "False Prophet of the Soudan" is now spreading his rebellion.

Charles George Gordon was born at Blackheath, near London, about the year 1830, we believe, and is now somewhat more than fifty years of age. His father was an officer of the Royal Engineers, and a man of sterling uprightness and consistent piety. Charles was the youngest of a family of five sons and six daughters. He was educated at Taunton, and at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.

ENTERS THE ARMY.

In June, 1852, he entered the Royal Engineers as a second lieutenant, and was ordered on service to Pembroke. There he was engaged in making plans for forts at the entrance of the Haven. In February, 1854, he was promoted to be first lieutenant, and in November in the same year, he got orders for Corfu, but early in December his route was changed, and he was commissioned to go to the Crimea instead, to take part in the war England, France, and Turkey were waging against Russia.

IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

From February 28th to April 9th, Gordon's task was to make new batteries in the advance trenches, and during this time he met with *a narrow escape* from a bullet fired at him from one of the Russian rifle-pits, about one hundred and eighty yards distant. The missile passed within an inch of his head; but in referring to the incident in one of his letters, the only comment is, "They (the Russians) are very good marksmen; their bullet is large and pointed."

A few days after this one of his captains, named Craigie, was killed by a splinter from the Russians' shells, and in noting the event, Gordon observes, "I am glad to say that he was *a serious man.* The shell burst above him, and *by what is called chance* struck him in the back, killing him at once."

Mr. Hake gives the following stirring description of one of the incidents of the campaign: "On June 6th, 1855, the English opened fire from all the batteries, and there ensued

A TREMENDOUS ARTILLERY DUEL

in which a thousand guns were engaged. Gordon, who was in the trenches during the whole time was returned as among the wounded, but his injury was such that he was able to continue his duty. A stone, thrown up by a round shot, stunned him for a second, but did him no further hurt." The following day the French attacked the Mamelon, and the crash and carnage were tremendous. "Only a few lines," writes his brother from the scene of action, "to say Charley is all right, and has escaped amid a terrific shower of grape and shells of every description. You may imagine the suspense I was in until assured of his safety." With the fall and capture of Sebastopol in September, 1856, the Russian war was ended, and Gordon's duties in the Crimea shortly after came to an end.

In May, 1856, Gordon was appointed Assistant Commissioner in Bessarabia, to help in the work of laying down the new frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Roumania, and subsequently arranging the Asiatic frontiers of Armenia, a work of considerable danger and difficulty owing to the wild character of the tribes of Armenia. In 1859, he was engaged at Chatham as Field-work Instructor and Adjutant.

THE CHINESE REBELLION.

A rebellion broke out at Tai-Ping, Pekin, China, in July, 1860, and Lieutenant Gordon started for Hong-Kong, proceeding thence to Shanghai, whence, after only one day's stay, he continued his journey for Tientsin, having travelled in all sixty-eight days. Being informed that his colleague De Norman, with other Englishmen, had been taken prisoners by the Chinese, and that in consequence of this outrage, the allies (French and English) marched on Pekin in October, and were about to invest the city, Gordon took part in the operations, and was present at the sacking and burning of the Emperor's Summer Palace on October 12th.

For a month after these events, Gordon remained in camp before Pekin, paying occasional visits to the capital, and making his observations on the Chinese and their modes of living. On November 8th, the two armies left for Tientsin, there to take up their winter quarters; and Gordon, with his regiment, went as commanding Royal Engineers. There he remained till the spring of 1862. During this time he surveyed the neighboring country in parts where no European had ever been seen. He also made an expedition on horseback to the Outer Wall, visiting in the course of his journey regions before unknown to Europeans. In May, 1862, the Tai-ping rebels becoming troublesome in the neighborhood of Shanghai, it was considered necessary to undertake some operations against them. It was now that the most romantic incidents of Gordon's career took place—the incidents which won him

THE NAME OF "CHINESE GORDON."

The Tai-ping rebellion was the outcome of the exorbitant pretensions of a schoolmaster, named Hung-tsue-schuen, who took advantage of the general discontent, and gathered to him thousands of adherents, and, deluding them into the belief that they were the soldiers of a divine cause, spread ruin, fire, and famine over the length and breadth of the Flowery Land. Some, of course, thought him mad; but as his clansmen numbered 20,000, and the means he employed to convert them were masterly, he soon collected about him a band of followers not unlike an army.

THE ASSUMPTIONS OF THE CHIEF REBEL.

Among his preposterous and arrogant allegations were the following: he was inspired to usurp the Dragon throne, he saw visions, was a prophet of vengeance and freedom, an agent of the divine wrath, and a champion of the poor and the oppressed. He said also, that he had seen God, and the Almighty had Himself appealed to him as the Second Celestial Brother.

With his little army of converts Hung traversed his province on a proselytizing tour, breaking the idols and effacing the Confucian texts from the walls of schools and temples. A collision soon occurred between these rebels and the Mandarins, or ruling class, and many disturbances arose, in which sometimes the authorities and sometimes the Tai-pings gained the day. Hung's tactics the while were worthy of so great and able a trickster. Once finding himself and his followers hard pressed and obliged to shift their ground for want of provisions, he left his quarters secretly, while a squadron of boys and women went on drumming within the walls, his enemy believing him still on the ground, when he and his men were miles away.

THE "HEAVENLY KING."

Defeat and victory alike drew new recruits to his following; and, in 1851, having got together an army some hundreds of thousands strong, he proclaimed himself the Heavenly King, the Emperor of the Great Peace. Then, with five Wangs, or warrior kings, chosen from among his kinsmen, he marched through China, devastating the country and augmenting his legions as he went. He brought over not only the piratical bands which infested the seaboard of Kwang-tung, but two desperate women brought more than four thousand warriors, all of whom bowed to his authority, and adopted his creed. These predatory hordes passed from province to province, armed with cutlasses and knives, and the quiet, docile Chinese were terror-stricken, and allowed themselves to be robbed of their rice harvests and the products of their farms. A march of nearly seven hundred miles brought this huge army to Nanking, which fell and became the capital of the self-styled Heavenly King.

APPEAL TO THE EUROPEANS.

Up to the year 1860 this monstrous civil war was waged solely between the followers of the rebel king and the Imperial Government. The tactics of the Imperialist leaders had all along been to drive the rebels toward the sea. The consequence was that Shanghai and other consular ports were menaced by the insurgents. Before long, however, the Chinese Government, in terrible straits, applied to the French and English allies for help. It was decided that they would first of all effectually protect Shanghai from attack, and assist the authorities in preserving tranquillity within its walls.

One of the Tai-ping leaders, named the Faithful King, advancing upon Shanghai, the allied French and British troops joined the Imperialists, and drove back the rebels with heavy loss. This was in August, 1860. But in October four great armies were sent forth under four mighty Wangs to drive the Imperialists from the cities immediately north and south of the Yangtze River, over a district extending from Nanking, a distance of about four hundred miles. The British naval Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir James Hope, sailed up the Yangtze, and in February, 1861, entered into communication with the Heavenly King, and arranged that the Yangtze trade was not to be interfered with, nor was Shanghai to be in any way molested by the rebel armies for the space of one year.

THREATENED ATTACK ON SHANGHAI.

At the end of the year the Heavenly King informed the British Admiral that he intended to attack Shanghai. Sir James warned him against any such proceeding, but the warning was disregarded, and the march commenced in January, 1862. This led to the allied forces co-operating

with an American named Ward, who had been given the command of a powerful foreign force, which the wealthy traders of Shanghai had subscribed for, in order to keep the rebels at bay. From February to June the allied forces assisted Ward and the Imperialists. In September Ward was killed, and Burgevine, a fellow-countryman of Ward, succeeded him in the command of

"THE EVER-VICTORIOUS ARMY,"

as the troops were called; but in January, 1863, the new commander was cashiered for corrupt practices, and the British Government was formally applied to, and requested to provide the army with a captain in his stead.

General Staveley, to whom the request was made, at once appointed Gordon, who just after the Tai-pings had achieved a great triumph over the Ever-Victorious Army, took command of it at Sung-kiang, on March 25th, and his reasons for doing so may be seen from the following extract from a letter home. "I have taken the command and am now

A MANDARIN.

I have taken the step on consideration. I think that any one who contributes to putting down this rebellion fulfils a humane task, and I also think tends a great deal to open China to civilization. I think I am doing good service."

Without going into unnecessary detail, the result of Gordon's operations may be briefly told. He found the richest and most fertile districts of China in the hands of savage brigands. The silk districts were the scenes of their cruelty and riot, and the great historical cities of Hungchow and Soochow were rapidly following the fate of Nanking, and were becoming desolate ruins in their possession. Gordon cut the rebellion in half, recovered the great cities, isolated and utterly discouraged the fragments of the brigand power, and left the marauders nothing but a few tracts of devastated country, and their stronghold at Nanking. All this he effected, first, by the power of his arms, and afterward still more rapidly by the terror of his name. On the 11th of May, 1864, he had completely crushed the rebellion, and on December 9th of the same year, he was gazetted a C.B. (Companion of the Bath), in recognition of his distinguished services, having been previously made captain in 1859, major in 1862, and lieutenant-colonel on February 16th, 1864.

RISK AND PERIL.

His risks were many, and his peril great. One evening he was seated alone on the parapet of the bridge at Patachow, when two shots in succession struck the stone on which he sat. These shots, which were purely accidental, had come from his own camp, it not being known that he was there. On the second striking the seat, he thought it time to descend, and *rowed across the creek* to make inquiries as to what was going on. He had not been long on the water when *that part of the bridge on which he had been seated gave way*, and fell into the creek, nearly smashing his boat. The incident is illustrated in the second picture of the frontispiece.

In almost all engagements, Gordon found it necessary to be constantly in front, and often to lead in person. The officers of his force were brave men, but were not always ready to face their desperate antagonists. Gordon, in a quiet way, would take one or other of these by the arm, and lead him into the thick of the fire. *He always went unarmed himself*, even when foremost in the breach. He never recognized danger; to him a shower of bullets was no more than a hail-storm. He carried one weapon to direct his troops—*a little cane*, and this soon won for itself the name of "Gordon's magic wand of victory." His Chinese followers, seeing him always victorious, always foremost in the fight, concluded it was his wand that insured him protection.

SHOT IN THE LEG.

In March, 1864, Gordon was engaged in attacking Kintang, but the crews of his gunboats were so intimidated by the swarming masses of Taipings on the ramparts, that they were driven back. The artillery cleared the breach at once, and Gordon himself leading another storming party, was *shot through the leg*. One of his body-guard cried out that the commander was wounded; but Gordon silenced him, and stood calmly giving orders till he nearly fainted from loss of blood. Still he would not retire, and Andrew Moffit, Principal Medical Officer, came out and carried him by main strength into his boat. Even then Gordon struggled to get away. (*See frontispiece.*)

The Christmas of 1864, Gordon spent quietly with his family. He shrank from eulogium and congratulation, and only by his mother's fireside at Southampton would he refer to the thrilling incidents of the war, the singular encounters, disastrous chances, and moving accidents by flood and field, with which he had been familiar for more than fifteen months. He was content to rejoin his corps, and to resume his duty as a Royal Engineer.

PHILANTHROPIC WORK.

In 1865, he received the appointment of Commanding Royal Engineer at Gravesend, where he remained until 1871. Here he lived wholly for others. His house was school, and hospital, and almshouse in turn. The troubles of all interested him alike. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate were ever welcome, and never did suppliant knock vainly at his door. Many a gutter-boy was rescued by him. The workhouse and infirmary were his constant haunts, and many of the dying sent for him in preference to the clergy, and he was ever ready to visit them, to talk to them of Christ the Saviour, the Resurrection and the Life; but he would not be in any way prominent, though he was always willing to conduct Gospel services for the poor.

He remained for six years in seclusion, superintending the construction of the Thames defences and combining with his official duties labors of love and mercy among the poor. In workhouse, hospital, and slum he interested himself in the sorrows of his fellow-creatures, like a lion-hearted missionary. His house was a refuge for the unfortunate and a home and training-school for boys rescued from the gutter. Many of these urchins he clothed, fed and lodged, teaching them to read and write in the evenings and finding good berths for them on vessels. He corresponded with them when they were at sea, and followed their adventures by sticking pins into a large map of the world which hung over his mantelpiece; and on whatever sea they were sailing, he prayed for them every night. He taught classes in the ragged schools, and his scholars attested their love and admiration by chalking on the fences,

'GOD BLESS THE KERNEL."

He allowed poor families to add to their scanty means by raising vegetables in his garden. He dined on salt beef and made his supper of a pot of tea and a stale loaf; and what he could save from his income he gave to the poor. When flowers and fruits were left at his door he sent them to the nearest hospital.

In 1871 Gordon was appointed Commissioner to the European Commission of the Danube, and he proceeded to Galatz, in Turkey, and early in 1874 he took service with the Khedive, and succeeded Sir Samuel Baker as Governor of the Tribes in Upper Egypt, where he employed himself in settling stations along the Nile, and in the Soudan, penetrating as far as the Victoria Nyanza Lake in Central Africa. He was created

A PASHA,

and in February, 1877, the Khedive appointed him Governor of the whole of the Soudan. He was furthermore deputed to look into Abyssinian affairs, and empowered to enter into negotiations with King John with a view to the settlement of matters in dispute between Abyssinia and Egypt.

SINGULAR JOURNEY TO ABYSSINIA.

He pushed across the desert in an aureole of faith. His confidence in God was superb. The Cross's true soldier, he fights and conquers much as Columbus voyaged and Cromwell ruled. "Praying for the people ahead of me whom I am about to visit," he wrote, "gives me much strength; and it is wonderful *how something seems already to have passed between us* when I meet a chief (for whom I have prayed) for the first time. I have really no troops with me, but I have the Shekinah, and I *do* like trusting to Him and not to men. Remember, unless He gave me the confidence and encouraged me to trust Him, I could not have it; and so I consider that I have the earnest of success in this confidence."

In December, 1878, Gordon was taken prisoner by the Abyssinians. King John received his captive sitting on his throne, or whatever piece of furniture did duty for that exalted seat, a chair being placed for the prisoner considerably lower than the seat on which the king sat. The first thing Gordon did was to seize this chair, place it alongside that of his Majesty, and sit down on it; the next to inform him that he met him as an equal and would only treat with him as such. This somewhat disconcerted his sable Majesty, but on recovering himself he said, "Do you know, Gordon Pasha, that

I COULD KILL YOU ON THE SPOT

if I liked?" "I am perfectly well aware of it, your Majesty," said the Pasha. "Do so at once, if it is your royal pleasure. I am ready." This disconcerted the king still more, and he exclaimed, "What! ready to be killed!" "Certainly," replied the Pasha; "I am always ready to die, and so far from fearing your putting me to death, you would confer a favor on me by so doing, for you would be doing for me that which I am precluded by my religious scruples from doing for myself—you would relieve me from all the troubles and misfortunes which the future may have in store for me." This completely staggered King John, who gasped out in despair, "Then my power has no terrors for you?" "None whatever," was the Pasha's laconic reply. His Majesty instantly collapsed. (*See frontispiece.*)

Gordon returned to Egypt at the end of the year, and sent in his resignation to the Khedive. He longed for rest. He had had three years of desperate labor and almost unexampled difficulties. He sailed for England, bearing with him the memory of an enthusiastic crowd of friends who bade him farewell at Cairo. His name sends a thrill of love and admiration through the Soudan even yet. A hand so strong and beneficent had never before been laid on the people of that unhappy land.

IN PALESTINE.

He has since revisited China, and made an official tour in South Africa and Basutoland. Last year, 1883, he set out on a new pilgrimage to the East, and lived for some months just outside Jerusalem. Most of his time was devoted to research; and it was with an eagerness, that is almost a passion, that he pursued, Bible in hand, the survey of the Holy Sepulchre, the site of the Temple, and the walls of Jerusalem.

A few weeks ago the King of Belgium invited him to render assistance to Mr. H. M. Stanley on the Congo, and Gordon learning that his chief duty would be to intercept the gangs of slaves on their way to the sea, at once consented to undertake it. The British Government, however, represented to him that in the present condition of the Soudan he alone could have any hope of delivering it from the horrors of the False Prophet's sway. Gordon is a name loved and honored there, and he might gather about him a faithful and powerful force. Gordon, always ready in a cause in which the poor and helpless are to be defended, has therefore gone to the Soudan, promising that when his services there are no longer required, he will go to the Congo to suppress the slave trade.

The book from which the materials have been obtained for this brief sketch contains many other thrilling details of Gordon's life, and depicts a character singularly noble and unselfish. It contains a portrait of Gordon in the costume of a Mandarin and in the dress of a Pasha, also two maps of the scenes of his operations. It may be had elegantly bound from Mr. R. Worthington, 770 Broadway, N. Y. Price $4.50.

THE COLD.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, January 27, 1884.

"Who can stand before his cold?"—PSA. 147 : 17.

The Severe Winter—The Challenge—Napoleon's Answer in the Moscow Retreat—Washington at Valley Forge—Admission of Arctic Explorers—Famous Winters—God's Healing Influences—The Best Picture of Martha Washington—Christ's Plan—Two Woodcuts—A Cold World—The Best Way of Warming it—A Great Heater—A Divine Patent—Christian Sympathy—Human Icebergs—A Noble English General—The Good Samaritan—An Engineer's Heroism—A Sailor's Self-Denial—Sisters of Charity in the War—Christ's Sympathy—The only Warming Institution—The World's Fireplace.

THIS whole land has recently been afflicted with depressed temperature. In Dakota, the thermometer forty degrees below zero. Window glass in Chicago cracked under the cold. A sea captain coming last night into port tells me that in Charleston, South Carolina, it has been colder than in one hundred and thirty years with one exception. Flocks of sheep, herds of cattle have perished on the mountains. *One of the severest winters* this land has ever experienced, these severities finding their echo in the text: "Who can stand before his cold?"

The psalmist lived in a more genial climate than this, and yet he must sometimes have been cut of the sharp weather. In this chapter he speaks of the snow like wool, the frost like ashes, the hailstones like morsels, and describes the congealment of lowest temperature. We have all studied the power of the heat. How few of us have studied the power of the frost. "Who can stand before his cold?"

THIS CHALLENGE

of the text has many times been accepted. October 19th, 1812, Napoleon's great army began its retreat from Moscow. One hundred and fifty thousand men, fifty thousand horses, six hundred pieces of cannon, forty thousand stragglers. It was bright weather when they started from Moscow, but soon something wrathier than the Cossacks swooped upon their flanks. An army of Arctic blast, with

ICICLES FOR BAYONETS

and hailstones for shot, and commanded by voice of tempest, marched after them. The flying artillery of the heavens in pursuit. The troops at nightfall would gather into circles and huddle themselves together for warmth; but when the day broke they rose not, for they were dead, and the ravens came for their morning meal of corpses. The way was strewn with the rich stuffs of the East brought as booty from the Russian capital. An invisible power seized one hundred thousand men and hurled them dead into the snowdrifts, and on the hard surfaces of the chill rivers, and into the maws of the dogs that had followed them from Moscow. That freezing horror which has appalled history was proof to all ages that it is a vain thing for any earthly power to accept the challenge of my text: "Who can stand before his cold?"

In the middle of December, 1777, at

VALLEY FORGE,

eleven thousand troops were with frosted ears and frosted hands and frosted feet, without shoes, without blankets, lying on the white pillow of the snow-bank. As during our late war, the cry was: "On to Richmond!" when the troops were not ready to march, so in the Revolutionary War there was a demand for wintry campaign until Washington lost his equilibrium, and wrote impatiently: "I assure these gentlemen it is easy enough seated by a good fireside and in comfortable home to draw out campaigns for the American army; but I tell them it is not so easy to lie on a bleak hill-side without blankets and without shoes." Oh, the frigid horrors that gathered around the American army in the winter of 1777! Valley Forge was *one of the tragedies of the century*. Benumbed, senseless, dead!

"Who can stand before his cold?" "Not we," say the frozen lips of Sir John Franklin and his men dying in Arctic exploration. "Not we," answer Schwatka and his crew falling back from the fortresses of ice which they had tried in vain to capture. "Not we," say the abandoned and crushed decks of the Intrepid, the Resistance and the Jeannette. "Not we," say the procession of Arctic martyrs this moment on their way home for American sepulchre, De Long and his men.

The highest pillars of the earth are pillars of ice. Mont Blanc, Yungfrau, the Matterhorn. The largest galleries of the world are galleries of ice. Some of the mighty rivers are at this moment lying in captivity of ice. The greatest sculptors of the ages are the glaciers, with arm and hand and chisel and hammer of ice. The

COLD IS IMPERIAL,

and has a crown of glittering crystal, and is seated on a throne of ice, with footstool of ice and sceptre of ice. Who can tell the sufferings of the winter of 1433, when all the birds in Germany perished? or the winter of 1658 in England, when the stages rolled on the Thames, and temporary houses of merchandise were built on the ice? or the winter of 1821 in America, when New York Harbor was frozen over and heavy teams crossed on the ice to Staten Island? Then come down to our own winter, when there have been so many wrapping themselves in furs, or gathering themselves around fires, or threshing their arms about them to revive circulation—the millions of the temperate and the Arctic zones who are compelled to confess, "None of us can stand before his cold." One half of the industries of our day are employed in battling inclemency of the weather. The furs of the North, the cotton of the South, the flax of our own fields, the wool of our own flocks, the coal from our own mines, the wood from our own forests—all employed in battling these inclemencies, and still every January with blue lips and chattering teeth answers, "None of us can stand before his cold."

Now, this being such a cold world, God sends out influences to warm it. I am glad that

THE GOD OF THE FROSTS

is the God of the heat, that the God of the snow is the God of the white blossoms, that the God of January is the God of June. The question as to how we shall warm this world up is a question of immediate and all-encompassing practicability. In this zone and weather there are so many fireless hearths, so many broken window-panes, so many defective roofs that sift the snow. Coal and wood and flannels and thick coats are better for warming up such a place than tracts and Bibles and creeds. Kindle that fire where it has gone out. Wrap something around those shivering limbs. Shoe those bare feet. Hat that bare head. Coat that bare back. Sleeve that bare arm.

Nearly all the pictures of

MARTHA WASHINGTON

represent her in courtly dress as bowed to by foreign ambassadors; but Mrs. Kirkland, in her interesting book, gives a more inspiring portrait of Martha Washington. She comes forth from her husband's hut in the encampment, the hut sixteen feet long by fourteen feet wide—she comes forth from that hut to nurse the sick, to sew the patched garments, to console the soldiers dying of the cold. That is a better picture of Martha Washington.

Hundreds of garments, hundreds of tons of coal, hundreds of glaziers at broken window sashes, hundreds of whole-souled men and women are necessary to warm this January weather.

WHAT ARE WE DOING

to alleviate the condition of those not so fortunate as we? Know ye not, my friends, there are hundreds and thousands of people who cannot stand before His cold? It is useless to preach to bare feet and to empty stomachs and to gaunt visage. Christ gave the world a lesson in common-sense when, before preaching the Gospel to the multitude in the wilderness, He gave them a good dinner. When I was a lad I remember seeing

TWO ROUGH WOODCUTS,

but they made more impression upon me than any pictures I have ever seen. They were on opposite pages. The one woodcut represented the coming on of the snow of winter, and a lad looked out the door of a great mansion, and he was all wrapped in furs, and his cheeks were ruddy, and with glowing countenance he shouted: "It snows, it snows!" On the next page there was a miserable tenement, and the door was open, and a child wan and sick and ragged and wretched was looking out, and he said: "O my God, it snows!" The winter of gladness or of grief according to our circumstances.

But, my friends, there is more than one way of warming up this cold world, for it is a cold world in more respects than one, and I am here this morning to consult with you as to

THE BEST WAY OF WARMING

up the world. I want to have a great heater introduced into all your churches and all your homes and throughout the world. It is a heater of divine patent. It has many pipes with which to conduct heat, and it has a door into which to throw the fuel. Once get this heater introduced, and it will turn the Arctic zone into the temperate and the temperate into the tropics. It is the powerful heater, it is the glorious furnace of

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

The question ought to be instead of, How much heat can we absorb? How much heat can we throw out? There are men that go through the world *floating icebergs*. They freeze everything with their forbidding look. The hand with which they shake yours is as cold as the paw of a polar bear. If they float into a religious meeting the temperature drops from eighty above to ten degrees below zero. There are icicles hanging from their eyebrows. They float into a religious meeting, and they chill everything with their jeremiads. Cold prayers, cold songs, cold greetings, cold sermons. *Christianity on ice!* The Church a great refrigerator! Christians gone into winter quarters! Hibernation! On the other hand, there are people who go through the world like the breath of a spring morning. Warm greetings, warm prayers, warm smiles, warm Christian influence. There are such persons. We bless God for them. We rejoice in their companionship.

AN ENGLISH GENERAL.

A general in the English army, the army having halted for the night, having lost his baggage, lay down tired and sick without any blanket. An officer came up and said: "Why, you have no blanket; I'll go and get you a blanket." He departed for a few moments, and then came back and covered the general up with a very warm blanket. The general said: "Whose blanket is this?" The officer replied: "I got that from a private soldier in the Scotch regiment, Ralph McDonald." "Now," said the general, "you take this blanket right back to that soldier. He can no more do without it than I can do without it. Never bring to me the blanket of a private soldier." How many men like that general would it take to warm the world up? The vast majority of us are anxious to get more blankets whether anybody else is blanketed or not.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Look at the fellow-feeling displayed in the rocky defile between Jerusalem and Jericho in Scripture times. Here is a man who has been set upon by the bandits, and in the struggle to keep his property he has got wounded and mauled and stabbed, and he lies there half dead. A priest rides along. He sees him, and says: "Why, what's the matter with that man? why, he must be hurt, lying on the flat of his back. Isn't it strange that he should lie there? But I can't stop. I am on my way to temple services. Go along, you beast. Carry me up to my temple duties." After a while a Levite comes up. He looks over and says: "Why, that man must be very much hurt. Gashed on the forehead. What a pity! Stabbed under his arm. What a pity! Tut! tut! what a pity!

Why, they have taken his clothes nearly all away from him. But I haven't time to stop. I lead the choir up in the temple service. Go along, you beast. Carry me up to my temple duties."

After a while a Samaritan comes along, one who you might suppose through a national grudge might have rejected this poor wounded Jew. Coming along he sees this man and he says: "Why, that man must be terribly hurt. I see by his features he is a Jew, but he is a man and he is a brother. Whoa!" says the Samaritan, and he gets down off the beast and comes up by this wounded Jew, gets down on one knee, listens to see whether the unfortunate heart is still beating, makes up his mind there is some chance for resuscitation, goes to work at him, takes out of his sack a bottle of oil and a bottle of wine, cleanses the wound with some of the wine, then pours some of the restorative into the wounded man's lips, then takes some of the oil, and with it soothes the wound. After a while he takes off a part of his own garments for bandage, for the bandits have nearly stripped the man. Now, the sick and wounded man sits up pale and exhausted, but very thankfully. Now, the good Samaritan says: "You must get on my saddle, and I will walk." The Samaritan helps, and tenderly steadies this wounded Jew until he gets him on the beast.

They pass on toward the tavern, the wounded man holding on with the little strength he has left, ever and anon looking down at the good Samaritan and saying: "You are very kind; I had no right to expect this thing of a Samaritan, when I am a Jew; you are very kind to walk and let me ride." Now they have come up to the tavern. The Samaritan, with the help of the landlord, assists the sick and wounded man to dismount, and puts him to bed. The Bible says the Samaritan stayed all night. In the morning, I suppose, the Samaritan went in to look how his patient was and ask him how he had passed the night. Then he comes out—the Samaritan comes out and says to the landlord: "Here is money to pay that man's board, and if his convalescence is not as rapid as I hope for, charge the whole thing to me. Good-morning, all." He gets on the beast and says: "Go along, you beast, but go slowly, for those bandits sweeping through the land may have left somebody else wounded and half dead." Sympathy! Christian sympathy! How many such men as that would it take to warm the cold world up?

FAMINE IN ZAREPHATH.

Everything dried up. There is a widow with a son and no food except a handful of meal. She is gathering sticks to kindle a fire to cook the handful of meal. Then she is going to wrap her arms around her boy and die. Here comes Elijah. His two black servants, the ravens, have got tired of waiting on him. He asks that woman for food. Now, that handful of meal is to be divided into three parts. Before, it was to be divided into two parts. Now she says to Elijah: "Come in and sit down at this solemn table and take a third of the last morsel." How many women like that would it take to warm the cold world up?

Recently

AN ENGINEER IN THE SOUTH-WEST,

on a locomotive, saw a train coming with which he must collide. He resolved to stand at his post and slow up the train until the last minute, for there were passengers behind. The engineer said to the fireman: "Jump! one man is enough on this engine. Jump!" The fireman jumped and was saved. The crash came. The engineer died at his post. How many men like that engineer would it take to warm this cold world up?

A vessel struck on a rocky island. The passengers and the crew were without food, and a sailor had a shellfish under his coat. He was saving it for his last morsel. He heard a little child cry to her mother: "O mother, I am so hungry; give me something to eat, mother, I am so hungry." The sailor took the shellfish from under his coat and said: "Here, take that." How many men like that sailor would it take to warm the cold world up?

Xerxes fleeing from his enemy got on board a boat. A great many Persians leaped into the same boat, and the boat was sinking. Some one said: "Are you not willing to make a sacrifice for your king?" and the majority of those who were in the boat leaped overboard and drowned to save their king. How many men like that would it take to warm up this cold world?

Elizabeth Fry went into the horrors of Newgate Prison, and she turned the imprecation and the obscenity and the filth into prayer and repentance and a reformed life. The

SISTERS OF CHARITY

in 1863, on Northern and Southern battlefields, came to the boys in blue and gray while they were bleeding to death. The black bonnet with the sides pinned back and the white bandage on the brow may not have answered all the demands of elegant taste; but you could not persuade that soldier dying a thousand miles from home that it was anything but an angel that looked him in the face. Oh, with cheery look, with helpful word, with kind action try to make the world warm.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no generous action done."

DIVINE SYMPATHY.

It was His strong sympathy that brought Christ from a warm heaven to a cold world. The land where He dwelt had serene sky, balsamic atmosphere, tropical luxuriance. No storm blasts in heaven. No chill fountains. On a cold December night Christ stepped out of that warm heaven into the world's frigidity. The thermometer in Palestine never drops below zero, but December is a cheerless month, and the pasturage is very poor on the hill-tops. Christ stepped out of a warm heaven into this cold world that cold December night. The world's reception was cold. The surf of bestormed Galilee was cold. Joseph's sepulchre was cold. Christ came, the great Warmer, to warm the earth, and all Christendom to-day feels the glow. He will keep on warming the earth until the tropic will drive away the Arctic and the Antarctic.

He gave an intimation of what He was going to do when He broke up the funeral at the gate of Nain and turned it into a reunion festival, and when with His warm lips He melted the Galilean hurricane and stood on the deck and stamped His foot, crying: "Silence!" and the waves crouched and the tempests folded their wings. Oh, it was this Christ who warmed the chilled disciples when they had no food by giving them plenty to eat, and who in the tomb of Lazarus shattered the shackles until the broken links of the chain of death rattled into the darkest crypt of the mausoleum. In His genial presence the girl who had fallen into the fire and the water is healed of the catalepsy, and the withered arm takes muscular, healthy action, and the ear that could not hear an avalanche catches a leaf's rustle, and the tongue that could not articulate trills a quatrain, and the blind eye was relumed, and Christ instead of staying three days and three nights in the sepulchre, as was supposed, as soon as the worldly curtain of observation was dropped began the exploration of all the underground passages of earth and sea wherever a Christian's grave may after a while be, and started a light of Christian hope, resurrection hope, which shall not go out until the last cerement is taken off and the last mausoleum breaks open.

Ah! I am so glad that the Sun of Righteousness has dawned on the polar night of the nations. And if Christ is the great warmer, then the Church is

THE GREAT HOTHOUSE

with its plants and trees and fruits of righteousness. Do you know, my friends, that the Church is the only institution that proposes warmth? I have been for twenty-seven years studying how to make the Church warmer. Warmer architecture, warmer hymnology, warmer Christian salutation. All outside Siberian winter, we must have it a prince's hothouse. The only institution on earth to-day that proposes to make the world warmer. Universities and observatories, they all have their work. They propose to make the world light, but they do not propose to make the world warm. Geology informs us, but it is as cold as the rock it hammers. The telescope shows where the other worlds are, but an astronomer is chilled while looking through it. Chemistry tells us of strange combinations and how inferior affinity may be overcome by superior affinity; but it cannot tell how all things work together for good. Worldly philosophy has a great splendor, but it is the splendor of moonlight on an iceberg. The Church of God proposes warmth and hope—warmth for the expectations, warmth for the sympathies.

Oh, I am so glad these great altar fires have been kindled. Come in out of the cold. Come in and have your wounds salved. Come in and have your sorrows solaced. Come in and have your sins pardoned. Come in by

THE GREAT GOSPEL FIREPLACE.

Notwithstanding all the modern inventions for heating, I tell you there is nothing so full of geniality and sociality as the old-fashioned country fireplace. The neighbors were to come in for a winter evening of sociality. In the middle of the afternoon, in the best room of the house, some one brought in a great back-log with great strain, and put it down on the back of the hearth. Then the lighter wood was put on armful after armful. Then a shovel of coals was taken from another room and put under the dry pile, and the kindling began, and the crackling, and it rose until it became a roaring flame which filled all the room with geniality and was reflected from the family pictures on the wall. Then the neighbors came in two by two. They sat down, their faces to the fire, which ever and anon was stirred with tongs and readjusted on the andirons, and there were such times of rustic repartee and story telling and mirth as the black stove and the blind register never dreamed of. And then the best luxury of orchard and farmyard was roasted and prepared for the table to meet the appetites sharpened by the cold ride. O my friends, the Church of Jesus Christ is *the world's fireplace*, and the woods are from the cedars of Lebanon, and the fires are fires of love, and with the silver tongs of the altar we stir the flame and the light is reflected from all the family pictures on the wall—pictures of those who were once here and are gone now.

OH, COME UP CLOSE

to the fireplace. Have your worn faces transfigured in the light. Put your cold feet, weary of the journey, close up to the blessed conflagration. Chilled through with trouble and disappointment, come close up until you can get warm clear through. Exchange experiences, talk over the harvests gathered, tell all the Gospel news. Meanwhile the table is being spread. On it bread of life. On it grapes of Eshcol. On it new wine from the kingdom. On it a thousand luxuries celestial. Hark! as a wounded hand raps on the table and a tender voice comes through saying: "Come, for all things are now ready. Eat, O friends, drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved."

My friends, that is the way the cold world is going to be warmed up by the great Gospel fireplace. All nations will come in and sit down at that banquet. While I was musing the fire burned: "Come in out of the cold, come in out of the cold!"

THE OCCUPATIONS, ETC.

A new pamphlet of Dr. Talmage's Sermons, under the above title, is now ready. Among the twenty-six sermons it contains, are those to Lawyers, Doctors, Merchants, Clerks, Commercial Travellers, The Theatrical Profession, and Telegraph Operators. Also Sermons on Business Life, The East Wind, Silver Wings, The Pouting Son, The Ferry-boat of the Jordan, etc. It may be obtained, postage paid, from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office for thirty cents.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Rapid Change.—The Rev. Dr. Macdonald said at a recent meeting: "A man called at my house in the very deepest distress of mind; indeed, I have seldom seen one more cast down. He was in the deepest sorrow. I had so little time to spare that I didn't know whether I could stay with him then. I went in, however, with him, and having listened to his statement, I presented the Gospel to him in as simple a way as I could, and urged his immediate acceptance. *I never saw anything more rapid.* He seemed at once to lay hold of the truth. Then I prayed, and I asked him to pray, and anything more touching than his prayer I have never listened to, with such a full understanding of the truth. He repeated, 'Just as I am,' over and over again; 'without one plea, O Lord,' and he then said, 'I have full confidence in Thee, O Saviour.'"

A Saved Infidel's Testimony.—A Member of the Cowcaddens choir testified: "Twelve years ago, in the foolish pride of what was thought to be intellectual power, I said, not only in my heart, but with my mouth, 'There is no God.' For ten years I continued revelling in iniquity, and showed open contempt for those who feared God. I actually believed them to be either fools or hypocrites. Two years ago I was led to think over again and again of the lessons I learned in my young days, and became much troubled about my sins. Though I had gone so far astray, the Lord had pity upon me—oh, what a wonderfully loving and forgiving God He is!—and He led me from darkness into light, saving me from atheism, drunkenness and all other sins. From the day that my heart was changed till the present moment, the desire for drink has never returned. I now rejoice in Christ as my Saviour, Healer, and Friend, and delight to tell to others how precious He has become to my soul. 'Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?'"

A Colored Man's Prayer.—Mr. Garland, the sailors' missionary, relates the following: "A colored seaman came to my class one Sunday in great distress of mind, and said, 'Me been to dis place on de Lord's Day four times, and de minister made me feel bad all ober. My fader and moder did love Massa Jesus, till He take um up to glory; and my moder made me say, when she was sick, Me will be good ebery day. But me no good at all; never so sick as now. One day de minister's sermon came into my soul, and me felt, Lost! lost! poor Joseph go to hell. Next day no better; all de week was bad. Me come now to sign temperance book.' When he had signed the pledge, the poor fellow knelt down and said, 'O Massa Jesus, you see me make dat mark (+) in the book. Dear Massa Jesus, help poor Joseph to keep upright; make me no more drink. When me drink, me swear, tell lies, do oder sins, and make me like de debil. My skin all black, but, O Massa Jesus, my soul more black. De minister say all sinners go to hell; Joseph no want to go into de fire. Help me, Massa Jesus, from dis day to find mercy, dat when me die, me go up to glory. De old serpent wants me, but me no want him. Blessed Spirit, wash and fill poor Joseph's soul wid de great light, for Jesus's sake. Amen.'"

Soldiers Won from Satan's Camp.—Mr. Mathers, a soldiers' missionary, reported: "Recently a soldier told me, 'It is impossible to be a soldier and a Christian,' yet in the ten days he was in the kingdom, he learned that it was quite possible to be a soldier for Christ and the Queen. Another soldier said to me, 'I used to think that I was good for nothing but playing cards, but I have found that God has nobler work for me to do. Praise the Lord!' One day, I overtook a soldier on the road. Putting my arm in his, I inquired, 'Anderson, have you any Christian friends?' 'Yes, in the east end of Glasgow.' 'Ask them to pray for you, and I will pray for you as well, and we will soon have you in the kingdom.' 'Thank you, I'll ask them.' Every time I met him, I asked, 'Are your friends praying for you?' 'Yes.' 'So am I.' The result is that he is now a soldier of the cross; his last words to me, before he left me, were, 'I will be out and out for Christ.' On Saturday last we had an open-air meeting. A man under the influence of drink tried to disturb us, but a worker took him in hand and got him calmed down, and persuaded him to enter the hall. In the course of the meeting, which was only for praise and prayer, the man stood up and publicly confessed that he was a backslider, and asked our prayers on his behalf. Last night he returned to the hall, perfectly sober, and gave himself anew to Christ. This one soul rescued from the toils of Satan is a good reward for a whole winter's open-air work."

A Scotchwoman's Portrait.—The Rev. A. D. Robertson related: "Some time ago I visited an old woman in Leith Walk who was dying of cancer, and when I met with her she was very impatient and querulous with pain, and everybody about her was getting wearied of her. I said, 'My good woman, if you were to die to-night, do you think you would go to heaven?' She said, 'I hope so.' I said 'What makes you hope so?' She replied, 'Ye ken I've been a member of the kirk for these fifty years.' She was seventy-three. I said, 'Is that your only hope?' and she said 'Yes.' I said, 'That is not *my* hope,' and then I quoted to her the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the ground of our assurance of being saved with Him in glory. She said, 'I dinna see that.' I said, '*Did you ever see your portrait in the Bible?*' She said, 'No; the Bible could not be written about me.' I said, 'Yes, turn with me, you will find your portrait there.' I got her old Bible and turned it over and put her finger upon it, and said, 'Do you see it? "All we like sheep have gone astray;" that's you and me; "we have turned every one to our own way;" that's you and me; that's our picture, is it not?' She said, 'Ah, that's really God's truth.' 'Look,' I went on, 'it isn't finished yet. "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquities of us all." Why are you afraid of not getting to heaven? Is it your sins? They were laid on the Lord Jesus.' She said, 'Just wait a moment;' she rested, and then she said, 'I see it, I see it!' She lived for a week, and then died rejoicing in Christ."

A Beer-Seller as a Church Member.—The Rev. Mr. Pirrett said: "Some years ago I preached a temperance sermon in Scotland. Shortly afterward a rum-seller brought me his certificate of church membership from another minister, and wished to join my church. I remarked to him, 'Well, I will tell you my views of your trade, so that you may not be pained by anything I may say afterward from the pulpit.' 'Oh, I know your views; I heard that sermon of yours; I do not like the trade, but I am driven into it.' I had no other course open to me but to admit the man into the church. Though he professed to dislike the trade at first, by and by he made it pay, and he openly confessed his preference for it over any other business, and opened other shops in different districts. His family of a wife and nine children filled an entire pew in the front gallery, and he looked a prosperous, well-doing man. I preached another sermon on '*Temptation*,' and noticed that the publican was very uneasy, and I was told that he had his hat in hand to leave the church during the sermon. Next day he sent word that he wished to see me. When I called, he said, 'I intend to leave your church, but before going I wish to give my reasons, and they are: You can't believe me to be a Christian, you can't pray for my family and myself; the money I give to the church must defile the treasury.' I answered, 'You are certainly in a business in which a Christian should not be.' 'Am I not placed by God in my present position?' he inquired. 'No, no, you have gone into it yourself. You bought the business and you told me that you could sell it, therefore it is your own act which places you in it, not the act of God. It is needless to say that he left my church. So long as Christian opinion is in its present state we cannot refuse to admit grog-sellers to church membership, because the buyers and drinkers of strong drink are as bad as the seller; but when real Christians refuse to buy or drink alcoholic beverages, then we can reject the dealer in them; therefore, the responsibility lies not upon ministers alone, but upon the members of churches. Ministers, can, however, speak out plainly on the subject."

THE SECOND ADVENT.

By the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Cavan.

Its Near Approach—Simeon's Example—Three Duties Incumbent on the Waiting Christian—The Typical Representation Peter Witnessed—Three Leading Events to Characterize the Last Days—I. The Restored Nationality of the Jews—II. The Appearance of Antichrist—A Man not a System—His Certain Destruction—The Speaking Image—Heir of Satan—III. The Appearance of Christ—Two Stages of It—Three Vivid Contrasts—Two Women—Two Suppers—Two Armies.

THE subject of our Lord's Second Advent is one that has been too much overlooked, but now in these latter days, those who have closely studied the Word of Christ, and are looking forward to His glorious appearing, cannot but rejoice to give the more earnest heed to it, because it is evidently indicated to be

FAST APPROACHING.

Just as on the occasion of the First Coming of our Lord, there were some, of whom mention is made in Holy Scripture, who were looking for and expecting that First Coming, so in like manner, how much more essential and important is it for us who are living in the Last Days, to be anxiously looking for and expecting a speedy return of our Blessed Lord when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and admired in all them that believe on Him. We read in the second chapter of Luke about Simeon, who, it is said, was "just and devout, *waiting for the consolation* of Israel, and the Holy Ghost was upon him." We find still further in that chapter that "Anna, coming in that instant, gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spoke of Him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem."

Now I believe that the Lord's people at the present day ought to be in a similar expectant and

WAITING ATTITUDE,

looking for the speedy pre-millennial Advent of our Blessed Lord. And I hold it to be clearly shown in Scripture that the personal return of Christ, as foretold in Acts 1 : 11, will take place before the millennium of a thousand years, and that He will reign during that period with the saints of the First Resurrection over the converted nations of the earth.

Our Lord Himself opened up the subject of the prophetic events which will accompany His Second Advent, in the thirteenth chapter of Mark, when His disciples asked Him, "What shall be the Sign when all these things shall be fulfilled," or, as St. Matthew expresses it, "What shall be the Sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the age." That prophetic discourse concludes with most admonitory words, "Take ye heed: watch and pray; for the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work; and commanded the porter to watch: watch ye therefore, for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh; at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning; lest, coming suddenly, He find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch."

Here are mentioned

THREE DUTIES INCUMBENT

upon every Christian—to be *watching*, to be *praying*, and to be *working*: each individual has his appointed work. Our Master has given to each of us one or more talents, and He has said, "Occupy till I come." We are to be diligently occupying until He returns. We cannot

but fear that, at the present day, there is a tendency to spiritual torpor. Even the very activity and bustle of the world around us tend to lead us away from a close walk with God, and from steady, prayerful working in His service. It is needful for us to keep in mind the apostle's exhortation in Ephesians, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." While our Lord has gone away to receive for Himself a kingdom and to return, let us, who are children of the light, and children of the day, be stirred up to greater diligence in His service, and "not sleep as do others, but watch and be sober."

The Apostle Peter, as well as St. Paul, refers fully to this subject. In his Second Epistle he speaks of the scene of the transfiguration, which he had witnessed, as

A TYPICAL REPRESENTATION

of the future Coming of Christ in His kingdom of glory; and he adds, "We have also a more sure word of Prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye may take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts."

Most animating is this prospect which lies before us, "of the power and Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ" to raise from their graves the bodies of the deceased saints, and to transfigure and translate His waiting people, who shall then be living on the earth, to meet Him in the heavens and to gather them all together into His presence in one united and glorified company. As to whether *all*, or only *some* of the saints who shall be found living on the earth at that time, namely, the unwatchful ones, will have to pass through the great tribulation of three and a half years, is a point regarding which we must exercise our judgment upon those passages of Scripture which relate to it. But the speedy Personal and Pre-millennial Advent of Christ, is in itself a grand leading fact, upon which we are all agreed. We do well in the present day not to be turned aside from searching into and giving heed to the sure word of prophecy by any opposition, from whatever quarter it may arise.

We must bear in mind how great contradiction of sinners Christ endured against Himself. Not the railing or deriding of the highest ecclesiastics or chief priests, or of those who tauntingly exclaimed, "Have any of the rulers believed on him?"—not the mocking of the soldiers, nor the gibes of the mob, could divert Him from the purpose upon which His heart was set, namely, the accomplishing of the redemption of His people by His death upon the Cross; and if we have our eyes fixed upon Him as our Great Exemplar and our Glorified Head, we shall be upheld and strengthened in running with patience the race that is set before us, and enabled "to live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works" (Titus 2 : 12–14).

Let us endeavor to keep prominently in our mind

THREE LEADING EVENTS

which are to characterize the Last Days of this Dispensation: first, *the Restoration of the Jews;* secondly, *the manifestation of a Personal Antichrist;* and thirdly, *the Lord's Personal Advent in glory.*

I. First, as regards *the national Restoration of the Jews*, we have this fully predicted in the last chapter of Zechariah, as well as in the four previous chapters, and also in the 38th and 39th chapters of Ezekiel, and in the 11th of Romans. It appears that a restoration of some of the Jews to Palestine in an unconverted state will take place about seven years before the end of this Dispensation, as foretold in the concluding verse of the 9th chapter of Daniel—"He shall confirm a covenant with many for one week or hebdomad [a week of seven years], and in the midst of the week, he shall cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make it desolate, even until that determined shall be poured upon the desolator" (Daniel 9 : 27).

It thus seems that a "Prince that shall come," spoken of in the previous verse, will promote their return to Palestine, by making a seven years' covenant with many of them, but in the midst of the seven years will put a stop to their renewed sacrifices, and temple-worship, and will cause his image, the abomination of desolation, to be set up in their rebuilt temple during the remaining three and a half years. This is referred to by our Lord in Matthew 24 : 15.

II. And this brings before us, in the second place, *the manifestation and career of this*

PERSONAL ANTICHRIST

who, after appearing as the friend of the Jews, and promoting their restoration, will, during the latter half of the week of years, mentioned by Daniel, become the great persecutor both of them and of Christians. This final period of three and a half years, during which the great tribulation and persecution by the Personal Antichrist is to prevail with such unequalled violence and severity, is clearly predicted in Daniel and Revelation as 1260 *days*, or 42 *months*, or *a time, times, and half-time.* I understand these expressions beyond all doubt to signify literally three years and a half. And although the Pope and Popery have been a dreadful Antichrist, yet there will still arise this Last Personal Antichrist,

AN INDIVIDUAL MAN,

as distinctly foretold in St. John's first epistle, "He is an Antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son" (2 : 22). Instead of being a professing Christian like the Pope, he will be an avowed infidel, utterly denying all the doctrines of the Christian religion.

He is further described, in the second chapter of II Thessalonians, as *the Man of Sin* who shall sit, as God, in the Temple of God at Jerusalem, showing himself that he is God, and whom the Lord shall at last destroy with the brightness of His personal Coming. His career is particularly set forth in the 13th and 17th chapters of Revelation, where it is stated that he is to be Head over the ten kingdoms of the Roman Empire, which are to give their power and strength to him, and is to have "authority given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations;" and is to make war with the saints for forty-two months, or three and a half years, and is to overcome them, and all that dwell upon the earth, except the elect, are to worship him; and all the world is to wonder after him, and exclaim, "Who is like unto him? who is able to make war with him?"

THE SPEAKING IMAGE.

I fully believe that nothing has ever yet happened at all approaching to the fulfilment of this description; the power of the Pope and Popery has by no means ever yet approximated to the degree of power here depicted. In fact, the Pope has never claimed or received divine worship as God from any one at all, and far less from *all that dwell upon the earth except the elect* (Rev. 13 : 8). Moreover, the nature of this persecution for three and a half years is further particularized. The Man of Sin is to have an image of himself fabricated by human hands; and by Satanic power this naturally lifeless image is to have life given to it so that it shall speak; and as many as refuse to worship it, or to receive the mark of this Man of Sin in their foreheads or right hands, are to be killed (Rev. 13 : 15–18).

Let us carefully bear in mind that it is by the energy and power of that great and mysterious Being, Satan, that the Antichrist will be enabled to accomplish his miraculous and unparalleled career of evil. The tremendous power of Satan which is incessantly at work, has been too much overlooked by Christian people, but events are approaching which will demand for it much deeper attention. The apostle warns us that we wrestle not merely against foes of flesh and blood, but against wicked spirits in the regions of the air. (See Ephesians 6 : 12.) Satan is the Prince of the power of the air as well as the God of this world.

SATAN INCARNATE.

We find, however, in the 12th chapter of Revelation, that he is to be dislodged and cast down, with all his evil angels, from the air upon this earth previously to the great tribulation of three and a half years; and is then to enter into and energize the Personal Antichrist, and is to give to him "his power and his throne, and great authority," and thus to raise him up as the prime agent by whom to conduct the final struggle against Christ and His people (Rev. 13 : 2). Most solemn is the voice from heaven uttered in reference to that period, "Woe to the inhabiters of the earth and of the sea, for the Devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time" (Rev. 12 : 12).

TWO STAGES OF THE ADVENT.

III. In reference to the third leading event which we should keep in view, namely, *the personal Second Advent of Christ* in glory, it is generally agreed that it will take place in two stages or acts. The earlier stage is when He descends into the air, and when the bodies of the dead in Christ shall be raised to life and be caught up, together with those living Christians who love His appearing, and look for His coming, and are ready for it, to meet Him in the air; this occurrence precedes the final three and a half years which is the term of Antichrist's career (I Thess. 4 : 16, 17; Matt. 25 : 10).

The later and concluding stage of our Lord's Advent will consist in His descent from the air upon the very surface of the Mount of Olives, as predicted in Zechariah 14 : 1, 2, when Antichrist and his hosts will be totally overthrown at the final conflict. This is also set forth in the 19th chapter of Revelation, where we have

THREE VIVID CONTRASTS:

the two women, the Bride, the Lamb's wife glorified, and the Scarlet Woman, harlot Babylon, at the same time consumed with fire; *the two suppers*, the joyous Marriage Supper of the Lamb (which may God grant every one of us may be admitted to sit down at), and the dismal Supper of vengeance, to which the birds of prey are invited to feast upon the flesh of Antichrist's hosts; and *the*

TWO ARMIES,

the army of the Lamb, composed of His Saints clothed in fine linen and mounted upon white horses, and the army of Antichrist, consisting of the kings of the earth and their armies under his leadership, gathered together to Armageddon to war against the Lamb and against His army; but the imperial Antichrist and his ecclesiastical minister, the false prophet, will be cast alive into the lake of fire, and their vast military hosts slain with the sword of the King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Then Satan will be bound in the bottomless pit for a thousand years, and the surviving inhabitants of the earth that are spared, will become converted to true Christianity, and, together with their posterity, will constitute the subjects of the millennial kingdom of Christ and His glorified Saints of the First Resurrection, who will reign over them from heaven during the thousand years. At the close of this period Satan, being loosed from the bottomless pit, will produce a general apostasy of mankind, but is once more captured and consigned to the lake of fire. Then is to follow the creation of a new heaven and a new earth, and the entire disappearance of the sea, in conjunction with the general judgment of the wicked at the Tribunal of the great White Throne. (See Revelation 20 and 21 : 1.) Well may we exclaim, in looking forward to these impressive and solemn scenes, "Oh the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, how unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out!"

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Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

A wrong date will appear on the address label of some papers this week. A large number of renewals have been received during the past week, and it has not been possible in every case to change the date to that covered by the renewal.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Presidential Succession was again under the consideration of Congress last week. Senator Hoar reported favorably from the Committee on the Judiciary his bill to provide for the performance of the duties of the office of President in case of the removal, death, resignation, or inability of both President and Vice-President, and it was read three times in the Senate and passed. The bill provides that in such case the office shall devolve upon that member of the Cabinet highest in rank, beginning with the Secretary of State, provided that such official is eligible to the office under the Constitution, and that the person thus selected shall hold the office until the disability of the President or Vice-President shall be removed or a President shall be elected. It provides also for the convening of Congress within twenty days after such office has devolved on such person.

A Significant Resolution, Intended to Check a rapidly growing abuse, was introduced in the House on January 21st. Mr. Anderson, of Kansas, was the mover, and his resolution requires ex-members of Congress, before being entitled to the privileges of the floor, to obtain an order from the Speaker, which order shall only be issued upon the ex-member declaring upon his honor that he is not interested, directly or indirectly, in any corporation or person having a pecuniary interest in the defeat or passage of a measure before Congress or the committees, and pledging that, while the House is in session he will not communicate with any member respecting any claim which may affect the welfare of any company, corporation, or person having an interest in legislation. In case of the violation of this pledge the Committee on Rules shall declare the ex-member forever deprived of privileges of the floor. While no correspondents are admitted to the floor of the House, the chamber at times swarms with ex-members, some of whom have not been in Congress for many years. This may do something toward checking the influence of the Lobby, but more radical measures are needed.

The Repeal of the Law Requiring "the Administration of the iron-clad oath" was agreed to in the House on January 21st by a vote of 385 to 11. It was proposed by Mr. S. S. Cox of New York. The person taking this oath solemnly swore that he had never voluntarily borne arms against the United States Government, nor given aid or encouragement to those who had done so; that he had held no office under a government hostile to the United States, and that he never would. The oath was a relic of the agitation aroused just after the war, and its repeal was felt to be a necessity of the happier relations now existing. It was practically worthless to effect the purpose contemplated, as any man who was not rendered ineligible to office under the fourteenth amendment, and yet who, on account of service in the Coufederate Army or government, could not take this oath, was permitted to take a much milder one.

The Greely Expedition Appropriation has passed the House. During its consideration in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Randall stated that the Appropriations Committee had thought it best to leave the details of the expedition to the President, and to place no limitation on the amount appropriated. The Senate passed the joint resolution with an amendment, offered by Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, that those who take part in it shall be volunteers. He was opposed to men going on such a dreadful voyage on compulsion, and opposed to giving the President the power to compel any man to go. Several amendments to limit the amount of the appropriation were rejected. The House refused to concur in the amendment of the Senate.

Ex-Speaker Keifer's Stenographic Scandal, now being investigated by a committee of the House, loses none of its disgraceful features by the inquiry. It proves that at the close of the session, and when there was little or no work to be done, Mr. Keifer demanded the resignation of one of the stenographers who had worked during the session and was, consequently, entitled to his pay during the recess, and appointed his own nephew to the position. This nephew, Mr. Gaines, when before the committee, testified that he was a confidential clerk to the ex-Speaker at the beginning of the Forty-seventh Congress. About the middle of the first session he remarked to Mr. Keifer that the positions occupied by Messrs. Dawson and Tyson, the stenographers, were very desirable places, and if "things could be brought about" he would like to have one of them. Mr. Gaines said there was a tacit understanding between himself and his uncle that he should have one of the positions. "At about the close of the last session," he continued, "Dawson and Tyson made a proposition that they would each give me $100 a month if I would allow them to retain their positions. I refused, and a few days later told my uncle of the offer." Mr. Keifer advised him to have nothing to do with the proposition.

A Fire-Damp Catastrophe Occurred in Colorado at Crested Butte, near Gunnison, on January 24th. The day force of sixty-seven men had just descended to their work in the pit, and some of the night force was still there, when a terrific explosion was heard. Eleven of the men were hurled back badly shaken, but otherwise not much injured. Five others were thrown upward by the force of the explosion and were brought to the surface, but they are believed to be fatally hurt. The others, fifty-nine in number, were buried under tons of coal earth, and timber. The pit was known as a dangerous pit, owing to the quantity of gases generated there, but the company states that it was well ventilated. Fifty-seven bodies have already been exhumed. Many have arms and legs broken, skulls crushed in and clothing so burned in many cases that it drops off in rags when the body is moved. The hair, too, is burned from their heads. The skin is burned off the faces and other exposed portions of the bodies, leaving an unrecognizable mass of raw and bleeding flesh. The appearance of these bodies is horrible beyond description, and it is not likely any of them can be recognized. Many of the faces have coal dust ground into them until they are as black as coal itself. Twenty-one were married men, most of whom leave orphan children. The cause of the disaster is believed to have been a disobedience of orders by one of the miners. The mine carpenter had discovered that there was gas in the chamber when the explosion occurred and just before the day shift went to work, and ordered the men not to go into it. Then he left the mine. He had barely reached the opening when the explosion occurred. It is believed that one or more of the men must have ventured into the mine with lights.

The Acquittal of Young Nutt, Charged with the murder of his father's murderer, was, as we said at the time the murder was committed, an issue every one expected. Last week he was tried at Pittsburg, Pa., and acquitted. The general chorus of approval that has followed the verdict is a grave matter. For the murdered man there is no public sympathy; he probably deserved to die, and his own crimes rendered his death by violence a fitting retribution. But the influence of young Nutt's acquittal on society will be wholly evil. It will encourage the belief, already far too prevalent, that there are circumstances beside self-defence which justify murder. It will encourage irresponsible persons who may be dissatisfied with judicial decisions to rectify them with the pistol. It will also incite men who are foully wronged to redress their own grievances, instead of appealing to the law. Apart from the religious aspect of the affair, the moral and patriotic aspect is alarming. In all the States East, West, and South, there is today a far lower view of the sanctity of human life and far greater indulgence for men who use the pistol than there was a quarter of a century ago. Is the country progressing in the direction of lawlessness?

The Prohibitionists of Ohio are Organizing a movement to keep intact the large vote polled for the amendment last fall. It is called "the Voters' Union," and will have State, county, and township branches. The purpose is to organize and make effective the recent vote and to hold that vote in such shape that it can have force and direction *without the raising of political lines*, or the creation of a third party. It has been decided to hold a State Convention in June, but in order that the movement might be kept going and all arrangements made, provisional officers were chosen. The declaration of principles is as follows: "We, the undersigned, voters of all political parties, unite our efforts for the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage." The union also declares that it is "in fellowship with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, and other temperance organizations, and welcomes their co-operation." It is proposed to organize subordinate branches where possible. The union will endeavor to secure a re-submission of the prohibitory amendment in 1885.

The Packages from England Containing copies of *Thy Healer*, *The Prophetic News*, etc., about which subscribers are writing to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, have not arrived. There is reason to believe that they were in the mails which left Queenstown on January 3d by the Germanic. That vessel broke her shaft during the voyage to New York, and returned to Liverpool under sail. She arrived there on January 26th. It is expected that her mails would be sent by the Gallia, which left Liverpool on that day. In that case they may be expected on February 4th. The magazines will be despatched to subscribers as soon as they arrive.

The Rev. E. W. Oakes, whose Pastoral Work at Puebla, Col., was recently mentioned in these columns, is seeking assistance for the completion of his church. It is centrally located, and has a large sphere of operations among a class of people whom it is specially desirable to reach. The building is large and substantial, and is well filled with a congregation among which there is a large proportion of those who are regarded as non-churchgoers. The church members have raised $8000 by considerable effort and self-sacrifice. There is still needed to complete the work the sum of $4000, and Mr. Oakes has returned to the East in the hope that his friends here will assist him in his effort to obtain that amount. He expects to remain about three weeks at the house of his father-in-law, Dr. Burns, 424 West Forty-third Street, New York City, where subscriptions will be gratefully received. A portrait of Mr. Oakes and a sketch of his eventful life will appear in an early number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Hon. David Sankey, the Father of Mr. Ira D. Sankey, is dead. He died at his home at Newcastle, Pa., on January 5th. He was in his seventy-fifth year. He was the youngest son of Major Ezekiel Sankey, one of the earliest pioneers of Western Pennsylvania, and was born in what is now Lawrence County, January 10th, 1809. On September 2d, 1830, Mr. Sankey married Miss Mary Leeper, and the union was blessed with the birth of seven sons and four daughters. He filled various offices of trust, and was elected to the State Senate. In 1867 Mr. Sankey purchased the Lawrence *Journal*, which he conducted as an independent newspaper until 1874. Mr. Sankey was for more than half a century an earnest, active Christian, and a strong advocate of temperance. Though he never had a collegiate education, he filled the many places of trust to which he was chosen with ability and credit to himself and justice to his constituents.

Frederick Douglass, the Colored Leader, was married in Washington on January 24th to Miss Helen M. Pitts, a white woman, formerly of Avon, N. Y. Mr. Douglass has been a widower about two years, his first wife having been a colored woman. Miss Pitts is forty-six years of age, and was employed as a copyist in Mr. Douglass's office. She is well known as a writer on woman suffrage and moral reform, being for a time the assistant editor of the *Alpha*, a paper published in those interests. His marriage is quite a surprise, as he is sixty-seven years of age, and he has, it is said, openly denounced miscegenation as detrimental to the welfare of the colored race.

The Testimony of a Politician to the Value of character is reported. It is related that on his death-bed the late Congressman Haskell, of Kansas, who died on December 16th, 1883, said to the clerk of his committee, his personal friend: "Ed, it pays to be clean. Next to my God, my wife, and my children, I value my good name. Personally I do not care to live; but I would like to live for my family. I have nothing to leave them but my good name. I'm proud of that name. My record is clean, and my children can look back upon it with pride. Ed, I'd rather have the good name than all the world." This is striking testimony to the truth of the scriptural maxim (Prov. 22 : 1).

The Garfield Memorial Church in Washington was dedicated on January 20th. The church is intended to be the central place of worship of the Disciples in the United States. In November, 1880, the work of raising funds was begun, and subscriptions were received from various parts of the United States, and even from Canada and England, the collection being carried on under the auspices of the General Missionary Board. In May, 1882, ground for the new building was broken, and the corner-stone was laid on the first anniversary of the shooting of President Garfield. At the opening of the church there was a very large attendance, not only of members of the congregation, but of members of the Christian Church from several States, members of Congress, who had been Mr. Garfield's colleagues, clergymen of other denominations, and prominent people of the city, including President Arthur and Secretary Frelinghuysen. The services consisted of an invocation, reading of the Scriptures, prayer of dedication, a dedicatory sermon by President Pendleton, of Bethany College, West Virginia; a historical address by the Hon. R. M. Bishop, ex-Governor of Ohio; the formal delivery of the church by the Building Committee, and its acceptance on behalf of the congregation by the Pastor, the Rev. Frederick D. Power.

Governor Sherman, of Iowa, Earnestly Recommends the Legislature to re-submit the prohibition amendment to the popular vote. In the course of his message he said: "The proposition to amend the fundamental law by a prohibition of the sale of intoxicants as a beverage, having passed the several stages of legislation prerequisite, was at last submitted to the citizens of the State and by them adopted by a decisive vote. Notwithstanding the people had so expressed their pleasure therein, and under our theories of government the court of the sovereign people is that of last and highest resort, and their decision had been evidenced through the proper constitutional department of the government, the amendment so adopted was attempted to be nullified by a co-ordinate branch. Various opinions prevail as to such attempt and its binding force and effect; but one only can obtain as to the moral obligation resting upon the representatives of the people in general assembly in such an emergency. The duty remains to the law-making power, that the principle thus adopted by the people must be voiced in proper statutory enactments; and I confidently trust that ere your session shall end, the legal remedies will be provided whereby the people may protect themselves from further devastations caused by this unlawful traffic, destructive alike to present and future generations."

A Rush through Burning Oil was taken by a train near Bradford, Pa., on January 15th. An oil tank on a hill-side near the railroad, began leaking early in the morning, and the oil flooded the track to the foot of the hill, a distance of about a hundred yards. The first train that came along dashed into it, and as the brakes when covered with oil would not hold, the train went down the hill at a terrific speed. The vapor of the oil caught fire at the engine firebox, and almost in an instant the train was enveloped in flame. The engineer kept to his post in spite of the intense heat, until the train jumped the track, when it was consumed. Three passengers were burned to death, and others severely injured. The brakes, unhappily, became powerless at the moment when they were most needed. This has been the experience of many on the down-grade of a sinful life. They have encouraged themselves with the vain hope that they could stop whenever they resolved to do so (Jer. 18 : 11, 12).

A Convict Appeared as Plaintiff in a Suit for damages against a railroad in Georgia recently. He was formerly in the employ of the Western and Atlanta Railway as watchman in Atlanta. One dark night he went up on top of a train while it was in motion to throw off a brake. While he was standing at the brake the projecting shed of a station knocked him senseless to the ground, fracturing his skull. Suit was brought against the railroad for damages at $25,000, and on the first trial a jury gave a verdict for $15,000 in his favor. After the accident, but before his suit against the railroad was tried, he quarrelled with a man, and shot him dead. For that crime he was arraigned and condemned to death. The jury who pronounced his claim against the railroad company valid could not deliver him from punishment for his crime. Divine mercy is not so limited. To the penitent, believing sinner it gives pardon for his sins as well as grace to enable him to lead a new life (Rev. 1 : 5, 6).

"HE SHALL BE GREAT."

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.*

"He shall be great."—LUKE 1 : 32.

Christ Great in His Manhood—Stooped very Low—I. Great from many Points of View—In the Perfection of His Nature—In the Grandeur of His Offices—In the Splendor of His Achievements—In the Prevalence of His Merits—In the Number of the Saved—In the Estimation of His People—In the Glory of Heaven—II. He Deals with Great Things—Restored a Great Ruin—Atones for Great Sin—Offers Great Pardon—Supplies Great Wants—Makes Great Preparations—III. His Greatness will Soon Appear—His Coming Near—Great in Judgment.

STRICTLY speaking, I suppose these words refer to the human nature of our Lord Jesus Christ, for it is as to His humanity that Christ was born of Mary. As to His divinity, we must speak concerning Him in another style than this; but, as a man, He was born of the virgin, and it was said to her before His birth, "He shall be great."

The man Christ Jesus stooped very low. In His first estate He was not great; He was very little when He hung upon His mother's breast. In His after estate He was not great; but despised, rejected, and crucified. Indeed, He was so poor that He had not where to lay His head; and He was so cast out by the tongues of men that they called Him a "fellow," mentioned Him among drunken men and winebibbers, and even accused Him of having a devil, and being mad. In the esteem of the great ones of the earth He was an ignorant Galilean of whom they said, "We know not whence He is." His life binds up more fitly with the lowly annals of the poor than with the court-circular or whatever stood for that in Cæsar's day. In His own time His enemies could not find a word base enough to express their contempt of Him. He was

BROUGHT VERY LOW

in His trial, condemnation, and suffering. Who thought Him great when He was covered with bloody sweat, or when He was sold at the price of a slave, or when a guard came out against Him with swords, and with lanterns, and with torches, as if He had been a thief? Who thought Him great when they bound Him and led Him to the judgment-seat as a malefactor? or when the abjects smote Him, blindfolded Him, and spat in His face? or when He was scourged, led through the streets bearing His cross, and afterward hung up between two thieves to die? Truly He was brought very low, and a sword pierced through His mother's heart as she saw the sufferings of her holy Son. When she knew that He was dead, and buried in a borrowed tomb, she must have painfully pondered in her heart the words from heaven concerning Him, and thought within herself, "The angel said He should be great, but who is made so vile as He? He said that He should be called the 'Son of the Highest,' but, lo! He is brought into the dust of death; and men seal His sepulchre, and cast out His name as evil."

Still, while I think that our text most fitly applies to the manhood of Christ in the first place, I rejoice to think that—

> "He who on earth as man was known,
> And bore our sins and pains,
> Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
> The God of glory reigns."

The very man who was despised and spat upon sits glorious on His Father's throne. As man He is anointed "King of kings, and Lord of lords." As man He has been lifted up from the lowest depths, and set in the greatest heights to reign forever and ever. Peter and the apostles testified, "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses, He being by the right hand of God exalted." Stephen also said, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God." While we believe that, and rejoice in it, we shall be wise never to dissociate the deity of Christ

* His last sermon before his journey to the south of France.

from His humanity, for they make up one person. We shall not labor, therefore, to preserve the niceties of theology, but we shall at this time freely speak of our Lord as He is in His Godhead and in His manhood, and apply our text to the whole Christ, declaring the divine promise that "He shall be great."

As yet, even of Jesus, the face of His full glory cannot be seen, or if seen, it cannot be described. Were we caught up to the third heaven we should have little to say on coming back, for we should have seen things which it were not lawful for us to utter. I shall not therefore fail with loss of honor if I tell you that my utmost success at this time will but touch the fringe of the splendor of the Son of man. This is not the time of His clearest revealing. The day is coming for the manifestation of the Lord; as yet He shineth not forth among men in His noontide. His second advent shall more fully reveal Him. Then shall His people "shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father," because He also shall rise in the clear face of heaven as the Sun of Righteousness, greatly blessing the sons of men.

I. Let me touch my theme as best I can by, first of all, saying of our adorable Lord Jesus that He is great from many points of view. I might have said from *every* point of view; but that is too large a truth to be surveyed at one sitting. Mind would fail us, life would fail us, time would fail us; eternity and perfection will alone suffice for that boundless meditation. But from the points of view to which I would conduct you for a moment, the Lord Jesus Christ is emphatically great. First, in

THE PERFECTION OF HIS NATURE.

Think, my brethren. There was never such a being as our Well-Beloved. He is peerless and incomparable. He is divine, and therefore unique. He is "Light of light, very God of very God." Jesus is truly equal with God, one with the Father. But our Lord Jesus is also man, and this makes the singularity of His person, that He should be perfectly and purely God, and as truly and really man. He is not humanity deified; He is not Godhead humanized. I have admitted latitude of expression: but there is, in fact, no confusion of the substance. He is God. He is man. He is all that God is, and all that man is as God created him. He is as truly God as if He were not man, and yet as completely and perfectly man as if He were not God. Think of this wondrous combination! a perfect manhood without spot or stain of original or actual sin, and then the glorious Godhead combined with it!

He is great also *in*

THE GRANDEUR OF HIS OFFICES.

Remember that He has for our sakes undertaken to be our Redeemer. You see your bondage, brethren. You know it, for some of you have worn the fetters till they have entered into your soul; from such slavery He came to redeem us. Behold His Zion in ruins, heaps on heaps, smoking, consumed! He comes to rebuild and to restore. This is His office—to build up the old wastes, and to restore the temple of the living God, which had been cast down by the foe. To accomplish this He came to be our Priest, our Prophet, and our King; in each office glorious beyond compare. He came to be our Saviour, our Sacrifice, our Substitute, our Surety, our Head, our Friend, our Lord, our Life, our All.

Have you ever stood in Westminster Abbey when some great warrior was being buried, and when the herald pronounced his various titles? He has been greatly honored of his queen, and of the nation, for which he has fought so valiantly, and he is prince of this, and duke of that, and count of the other, and earl of something else; and the titles are many and brilliant. What a parade it is! "Vanity of vanities! All is vanity!" What boots it to the senseless clay that it is buried with pomp of heraldry? But I stand at the tomb of Christ, and I say of His offices that they are superlatively grand; and, moreover, that they are not buried, neither is He among the dead. He lives and bears His honors still in the fulness of their splendor. He is all to His people still; every office He still carries on, and will carry on till He shall deliver up the kingdom to God, even the Father, and God shall be all in all.

His nature and His offices would alone furnish us with a lengthened theme; but oh, my brethren, the Lord Jesus is great in

THE SPLENDOR OF HIS ACHIEVEMENTS.

He does not wear an office whose duty is neglected; but His name is faithful and true. He is no holder of a sinecure; He claims to have finished the work which His Father gave Him to do. He has undertaken great things, and, glory be to His name, He has achieved them. His people's sins were laid upon Him, and He bore them up to the cross, and on the cross He made an end of them, so that they will never be mentioned against them any more forever. Then He went down into the grave, and slept there for a little season; but He tore away the bars of the sepulchre and left death dead at His feet, bringing life and immortality to light by His resurrection. This was His high calling, and He has fulfilled it. His victory is complete, the defeat of the foe is perfect. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Springing upward from the tomb when the appointed days were come, He opened heaven's gates to all believers, according to the Word—"The breaker is come up before them, and their king shall pass before them, and the Lord on the head of them." As He opened the golden gates, He led captivity captive; and, receiving gifts for men, He cast down a royal largess among the poorest of His people that they might be enriched thereby. This was His object, and the design has been carried out without flaw or failure. Within the veil He went, our Representative, to take possession of our crowns and thrones, which He holds for us to this day by the tenure of His own cross. Having purchased the inheritance, and paid off the heavy mortgage that lay upon it, He has taken possession of the Canaan wherein our souls shall dwell at the end of the days when we shall stand in our lot. Is it not proven that He is great?

He shall be great, again, *in the prevalence of His merits.* Never being had such merit as Christ. His life and death cover all believers from head to foot with a perfect obedience to the law. With royal vesture are they clad; Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. His blood has washed believers white as the driven snow, and His righteousness has made them to be "accepted in the Beloved." In infinite power to remove sin, to perfume with acceptance, to clothe with righteousness, to win blessings, to preserve saints, and to save to the uttermost, the Lord Jesus is great beyond all greatness.

My theme will never be exhausted, though I may be. Let me not delay to add that our Lord Jesus Christ is great in

THE NUMBER OF HIS SAVED

ones. I do not believe in a little Christ, or a little heaven, or a little company before the throne, or a few that shall be saved. Hear you this, for I would fain reply to a lie that is often stated, and is the last resort of those who assail the doctrines of grace. They say that we believe that God has left the great mass of His creatures to perish, and has arbitrarily chosen an elect few. We have never thought such a thing. "Oh," they say, "you think that the few who go to your little Bethel or Salem are the elect of God." That, sirs, is what you invent for your own purposes, but *we* have never said anything of the sort. We rejoice to believe that as many as the stars of heaven shall the redeemed of Christ be—that as many as the sands that are upon the seashore, even an innumerable company, are those for whom Christ has shed His precious blood that He might effectually redeem them. In all things our Lord will have the pre-eminence, and this shall be the case in the number of His followers; He shall therein vanquish His great enemy. Multitudes upon earth are now pursuing their road to heaven, and greater hosts are yet to follow them. A day shall be when the people of God shall be increased exceedingly, above anything that we see at this present. The seed of the Lord Jesus Christ shall multiply till arithmetic shall be utterly baffled, and numeration shall fail.

Brethren and sisters, the Lord Jesus Christ shall be great *in the estimation of His people.* I am sure that none of His people would give way to others in a humble sense of supreme indebtedness; but each one would say, "There is something which He has done for me which He never did for you. There is some point of view in which He is greater to me than He is to you." Brothers, I admit that there are many points in which He is greater to you than He is to me; but yet I would make winds and waves my orators, and cause the whole universe to become one open mouth with which to tell out the praises of Emmanuel. If all eternity would speak, as though it, too, were but one tongue, yet it could not tell out all the charms of His love and the sureness of His faithfulness and His truth. We must leave off somewhere, but, truly, if it be the point of our estimation of Him we never can express our overwhelming sense of His honor, His excellence, His sweetness. Can you conceive the unutterable joys of the glorified? Every felicity of eternity is a song to His honor. Heaven and earth shall yet be full of the out-shinings of His glory. Truly, He is great, and shall be great eternally.

GREAT IN HEAVEN.

But, O brethren, how great must Christ be *in the glory of heaven!* We have never seen that. Some of us shall see it full soon.

> "For we are in the border-land,
> The heavenly country's near at hand:
> A step is all 'twixt us and rest,
> E'en now we converse with the blest."

But the greatness of Christ in heaven—surely this is the grand sight for which we long to go to heaven—that we may behold His glory, "the glory which He had with the Father before the world was," and the glory which He has gained by His service of the Father here below. Has He not said, "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory?" What honor and majesty surround our Prince in the metropolis of His empire!

But I must not—dare not—try to touch upon the *glory of Christ upon the throne of the Father.* Certain great divines have written upon the glory of Christ, but I will warrant you that, when they died and went to heaven, they half wished that they could come back again to amend their most glowing pages. Ah me! what can ignorance say of the All-wise? The heavens are now telling the glory of our Lord, but the half of it will never be told throughout ages of ages. Assuredly, concerning our adorable Lord Jesus it is true—"He shall be great."

II. Now, by your leave, I want to turn the subject a little round, and look at it in another light. "He shall be great," and He is so, for He

DEALS WITH GREAT THINGS.

He is a Saviour, and a great one. As I have already said, it was a *great ruin* which He came to restore. The wind came from the abyss and smote the four corners of the house of manhood, and it fell and lay along. Devils laughed and triumphed as they saw God's handiwork despoiled. Human nature sank in shame, Paradise was blasted, sin was triumphant, and the fiery sword was set at Eden's gate to exclude us. It was a hideous ruin. But, oh, when Christ came, He brought a great salvation. He came to prepare a better Paradise, and to plant in it a better tree of life, and to give us possession of it upon a better tenure than before. Oh, He is a great Saviour; He wrought amid the chaos of the fall, and restored what Adam had destroyed!

And, beloved, we were covered with *great sin*

—some of us especially so. But "He shall be great," and therefore He makes short work of great sin. Great sinners, what a joy it ought to be to you to think that He is great, and, therefore, has come to rescue such as you are, and deal with such difficulties as beset and surround *you;* for what if sin be great? His arrangement for its removal is great, too. Look there at Calvary, and, if you can see it through your blinding tears, behold the sacrifice He offered once for all to put away sin. We have none of us a due conception of the grandeur of that vicarious offering, which at once and forever made an end of sin. Think of it carefully and in detail. Count it no light thing that He who was the Father's equal, that He who was pure and perfect in both natures, became a curse for us, and was made sin for us, and presented Himself as a victim to justice on our behalf. This is a wonder among wonders, as much exceeding miracle as miracle exceeds the most commonplace fact. It overtops the highest Alps of thought, that He who was offended should expiate the offence, He who was perfect should suffer punishment, He who was all goodness should be made sin, and He who was all love should be forsaken of the God of love. What merit and majesty are found in His glorious oblation! Great is the sin, but greater is the sacrifice. The atonement has covered the guilt, and left a margin of abounding righteousness.

Beloved, what a mercy it is for us that we have such a High-Priest, for if you and I are burdened to-night with great transgression, there is

GREAT PARDON

to be had—pardon so great that it actually annihilates the sin—pardon so great that the sin is cast behind Jehovah's back, while the pardon rings out perpetual notes of joy and peace in the soul.

"His the pardon, ours the sin,
Great the sin, the pardon great;
Great His good which healed our ill,
Great His love which killed our hate."

He shall be great indeed who has wrought us so great salvation.

And now, dear friends, you and I, being greatly pardoned through the great sacrifice, are journeying through the wilderness toward Canaan, and we have *great wants* and many, pressing upon us every day. We are poverty itself, and only All-sufficiency can supply us; but that is found in Jesus. We need great abundance of food; the heavenly bread lies around about the camp, and each may fill his omer. We require rivers of living water; the smitten rock yields us a ceaseless flood; the outflow never ceases. We have great demands, but Christ has *great supplies*. Between here and heaven we shall have, perhaps, greater wants than we have yet known; but, all along, every halting-place is ready, provender is laid up, good cheer is stored, nothing has been overlooked. *The commissariat of the Eternal* is absolutely perfect. Be great in your experience of His all-sufficiency, and great in your praises of His bounty, and then in heaven you shall pour at His feet great treasures of gratitude forever and ever.

Yes, and He is a Christ of

GREAT PREPARATIONS.

He is engaged before the throne to-day in preparing a *great heaven* for His people; it will be made up of great deliverance, great peace, great rest, great joy, great victory, great discovery, great fellowship, great rapture, great glory. He is preparing for His redeemed no little heaven, no starveling banquet, no narrow delight. He is a great Creator, and He is creating a great Paradise wherein a great multitude shall be greatly happy forever and ever. If we live it shall be our business to sing like the Virgin, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

III. I have come to a close when I have said a few words upon the last point, which is this:

HIS GREATNESS WILL SOON APPEAR.

It now lies under a cloud to men's blear eyes. They still belittle Him with their vague and vain thoughts; but it shall not always be so. It is midnight with His honor here just now; or if it be not midnight, it is much the same, for men are stone blind. But it will not be darkness long, nor shall human minds be blinded forever. My eyes foresee the dawning. Did you hear the clarion just now. I dream not that ears of flesh can catch the sound as yet; but the ears of faith can hear it. The trumpet rings out exceeding loud and long, and after the trumpet there is heard this voice: "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye forth to meet Him." Hear ye not the shouts of armies—"Lo, He cometh! Lo, He cometh! Lo, He cometh!" Right gladly I hear the cry. Let the world ring with the joy-note. He comes. That trumpet proclaims Him.

I shall propound no order now as to how predicted events shall happen; but I know this, that the Lord shall reign forever and ever, King of kings, and Lord of lords. Hallelujah! "He shall be great." The nations shall bow at His feet. Rebellious enemies shall own Him as their King. The whole universe shall be filled with the glory of God. There shall be left no space where His light shall not shine. "He shall be great." To Him "every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Fret not yourselves, brethren, because of the false doctrine which roams through the world to-day. Worry not your hearts as though the Christ were defeated. He is clad in shining armor, through which no dart of error can ever pierce. He lingers for a little while upon the hills, surveying the battlefield with eagle eye. He leaves His poor servants to prove how weak they are, as they almost turn their backs in the day of battle. He lets heaven and earth see the weakness of an arm of flesh. But courage, brethren! The Prince Emmanuel hastens! You may hear His horse hoofs on the road.

HE IS NEAR TO COME.

On white horses shall His chosen follow Him, going forth "conquering and to conquer," for the battle is the Lord's, and He will deliver the enemy into our hands. The Lord shall reign forever and ever; King of kings! Hallelujah! "He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet."

The day is coming when the mighty progress of the Gospel shall make Christ to be great among men; and then you need not listen long to hear that other trumpet which shall wake the sleeping dead. The Risen One descends. *Resurrection* is at hand! Oh, what greatness will be upon Christ in that hour when all shall leave their graves, even the whole multitude of the slain of death! He shall be glorious among them, the Firstfruits of the resurrection, illustrious in those who rise by virtue of His rising. Oh, what honor will He have that day! Jesus, Thou art He whom thy brethren shall praise as they see Thee victorious over death in all those quickened myriads.

GREAT IN JUDGMENT.

Then shall come the *judgment;* and oh, how great will Christ be in men's eyes in that day when He sits upon the throne and holds the scales of justice, and judges men for the deeds done in the body! I warrant you that none will deny His Godhead in that day. None will proclaim themselves His adversaries in that dread hour. The earth is reeling! The sky is crumbling! The stars are falling! The sun is quenched! The moon is black as sackcloth of hair! and Jesus is sitting on the throne! A cry is heard from all His enemies, "Hide us, mountains. Rocks, fall upon us. Hide us from His face." That face of His—calm, quiet, and triumphant—shall be terrible to them. They will cry in horror, "Hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb."

He shall be great, finally, *when He shall gather all His elect about Him*—when all the souls redeemed by blood shall assemble within His palace-gate to worship Him. Oh, what a sight it will be when He is seen as the centre, while, far away from north, south, east, and west, a blazing host of shining ones, all glorious in His glory, shall in ever-widening circles surround His person and His throne, all bowing down before the Son of God, and crying, "Hallelujah!" as they adore Him! Truly, He shall be great.

Oh,

MAKE HIM GREAT

now, poor sinner, by trusting Him! Make Him great to-night, dear child of God, by longing for Him. Make Him great as you come to the table by hungering after Him. Count it a great privilege to eat and drink with Him with overflowing delight. Come with a great hunger and a great thirst after Him, and take Him into your very self, and say, "He is my bread; He is my drink; He is my life; He is my all." All the while let your spirit live by adoring, and let every pulse of your body beat to His honor. Tune your hand, your heart, your tongue to this one song, "Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! Unto Him that loved us and died for us, and rose again, be glory forever and ever!"

"To the Lamb that was slain all honor be paid,
Let crowns without number encircle His head:
Let blessing, and glory, and riches, and might,
Be ascribed evermore by angels of light."

A CHINESE OFFICIAL'S PALANQUIN.

(*See Illustration on page 76.*)

THE narratives sent home by missionaries in China show how wide a contrast exists between the manners and customs of that country and those of Christian lands. They vary in almost every detail of life. At the table, in dress, and in the streets, they have customs which appear to the American and European observer as ridiculous. They do not eat with knives and forks, but with two short pieces of bamboo, called *chopsticks*, which they handle with a dexterity surprising to the uninitiated.

On the streets Chinese ladies never appear with a male escort; even married ladies do not walk with their husbands. Neither cars, hacks, nor private carriages are used. The poor and the middle classes use the wheelbarrow; for the rich there are palanquins. *Our picture on page 76* shows the travelling palanquin or sedan chair of a Mandarin official. Sometimes they have eight bearers, but people of subordinate rank have only four, and ordinary people two. The State palanquin of a functionary is covered with rich green cloth, and the fringe on the roof and window-curtains, in order to denote the rank of the owner, is green, too.

Rank is sharply marked in China. In this very matter of palanquin locomotion, for the first three recognized and accredited ranks of noblemen and officials, the tips of the bearing-poles may be of brass, in the form of a dragon's head; the fourth and fifth ranks would have a lion's head. On the top of these travelling chairs is a ball of tin. Private gentlemen have blue cloth upholstery and trimmings, and the ends of their chair-poles are tipped with plain brass.

But the most interesting feature is the travelling wheelbarrow. It is the cheapest of all cheap conveyances. For a marvellously small sum the coolie will trundle his fare for several miles along the busy streets; and many a journey into the country for ten to twenty miles at a stretch is often so performed by the agents of the China Inland Mission. Wheelbarrow travelling, however, cannot boast of its comfort as it can of its cheapness. The wheelbarrows have no springs, and as the seats are immediately over the wheel, the passenger cannot fail to know of any inequality in the road or on the wheel. As the wheelbarrow narrows toward the front, there is only room for one foot up; the other is accommodated with a stirrup of simple construction, which helps the rider to maintain his seat when the vehicle gives a jolt, which is not infrequent, and which might have been designed to test whether the passenger were a true celestial or a barbarian foreigner! The regulation pace is about two miles an hour.

A picture on page 76 illustrates the Chinese ladies' favorite style of hair-dressing, which the

A Chinese Lady's Coiffure.

The Palanquin of a Chinese Mandarin of the First Order.

ladies of the upper classes almost universally adopt. It is intended to represent a large shell. Many young ladies, however, wear their hair hanging down their backs in plaited queues. Both shells and queues are secured by large ornaments, and those worn by the aristocratic ladies cost large sums of money. The eccentricity of head-gear is, however, surpassed by the operation of fashion at the other extremitv of the body. Chinese ladies suffer torture of their feet in order to be in the fashion. When very young, a little girl's foot is tightly bandaged round, the end of the bandage being first laid on the inside of the foot, then carried round the toes, under the foot, and round the heel till the toes are drawn under the sole, in which an indentation becomes made and the instep swells out. Every time the bandage is taken away another is put on, and tied more tightly. The effect is to produce a shape of foot which we should consider ugly—in fact a club-foot. Of late years, through Christian influence, anti-foot-binding societies have been formed in Canton and Amoy.

The custom seems to us strange and unnatural as well as cruel. Ladies, however, in our own land who wear high-heeled boots, of which the heel is not under the heel of the foot, but under the instep, may be able to understand the Chinese practice.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

"Tired of Life" was the Cause Assigned in the diary of a man who has committed suicide in New York. He was under thirty years of age, in good circumstances, having a considerable balance to his credit at his banker's, and was not of dissipated habits. Yet in the prime of his life he wrote as his final entry in his diary the words, "Tired of life," and then went out and shot himself. It is remarkable that this weariness of life is frequently endured by men who have the means of enjoying life according to the world's idea of enjoyment. It shows that mere earthly pleasures can never give the peace and happiness which the Christian, however poor, is privileged to enjoy (Isaiah 26 : 3).

A Thrilling Scene in a Circus was Witnessed in Chicago on January 14th. The lion tamer entered the apartment of the lions, in company with two other men and the wife of the proprietor of the show. Entering the cage of Prince, the large African lion, he told the men to close the door after him. This, however, was forgotten ; and the ferocious beast sprang through the opening with a deafening roar, which created a panic among the audience. The people escaped by climbing upon the hyena cages and thence to the loft. The lion sprang upon a Shetland pony, and soon drank its blood. Outside people, learning of the desperate situation, thrust long poles through the partitions, bearing sponges saturated with chloroform ; and when the huge beast was rendered partially insensible, he was lassoed and placed back in his cage. Not until the beast was safely behind the bars did any one venture near him. Unhappily, people do not display the same caution as to the great enemy of souls, who is typified in Scripture as a lion. Like the lion in this incident he is treacherous, and those who think it is safe to go where he is are sometimes alarmed by a tragedy which shows his true nature and ferocity. Happy they who by the mercy of God escape destruction at his hands (1 Peter 5 : 8).

A Number on a Bride's Boots was Relied upon by her to reconcile her conscience to an assertion required by the law. She had set her affections on a young man whom her parents were not willing to receive as a son-in-law. They refused their sanction to the marriage, but the undutiful daughter decided to dispense with it, and going with her lover to a town in which she was not known, they were married a few weeks ago. It was necessary in order to obtain the license that she should either state that she was over eighteen years of age or that she should produce evidence that she had the consent of her parents to the marriage. When asked how the difficulty was surmounted she explained that although under the prescribed age, she conscientiously swore that she was "over eighteen," that number having been placed on the soles of her boots for the special purpose. If that device really reconciled her conscience to her statement, it would appear that the conscience sadly needs enlightening. A statement so made as to intentionally deceive, is a lie (Jer. 9 : 5, 9).

The Cunning of a Hare Caused the Death of three useful dogs recently. The Ione (Cal.) *Echo* thus describes the incident : "Three valuable dogs—a bird dog, greyhound and shepherd dog—belonging at the ranch of James Martin, met death in a singular manner last week. The dogs had accompanied Will Martin out on the ranch, and, starting up a hare, all gave chase. They were close together and in hot pursuit when the hare suddenly jumped to one side, and the dogs, unable to check their speed, ran a few feet further on and disappeared, one after the other. When Mr. Martin came to where the dogs had all gone out of sight, he found that they had fallen into an old well that was hidden by brush and weeds, the water in which was at least twenty feet from the surface. It being impossible to secure ropes, boards, or anything with which to rescue them, all the dogs were drowned." How many immortal souls have been lost by the use of similar tactics! They have been incited by Satan to the pursuit of riches or fame or power, and have been lured along a road on which there are many pitfalls (1 Tim. 6 : 9).

NETTIE'S AERIAL VOYAGE.

(*See Illustration on page 77.*)

"WILLIE, do come and see this great big thing," said Nettie Harvey, an eight-year-old child, to her little brother, four years her junior.

"What is it, Nettie?" asked the boy, as he and his sister stood gazing up at a large balloon tied to a tree in their father's field.

"I don't know," said Nettie, "but father knows ; let us go and find him." Away ran the two children, eager for information about this strange, gayly-painted silk monster, which was tugging at the rope that held it, as if it would tear the big tree up by the roots. Father was not easily found, for he had walked down town with his friend, Mr. Brooks, the aeronaut, to whom the balloon belonged. The children at last saw him coming, and ran off to meet him. They soon had him by the hand, dragging him to the spot where the balloon was tethered.

Then Mr. Harvey had to explain to his little ones all about the big air-ship in which Mr. Brooks was to ascend that afternoon.

"Will it go right up into the sky, father?" asked Nettie.

"Yes, my dear, up, and up, until it gets so high that it looks quite a tiny little dot no larger than Willie's top."

"Does it go to heaven, father?" said Willie. "Nurse says heaven is up in the sky."

"O Willie, what a silly question," said Nettie. "You know mamma told us only dead people go to heaven. It is a long way off, isn't it, papa?"

Mr. Harvey found the question a difficult one to answer. It seemed to him that heaven must be very near to some people. It was only since his marriage that he had attained a definite hope of ever entering that abode of the blessed. Happily for him the lady he married was an earnest, devoted Christian. Her prayers and pleadings and, more than all, the calm, deep peace which, like a river, flowed through her life, had won him to seek for himself the joys of peace in Christ. "Ah! Nettie," he said, "heaven is a long way off only to those who do not seek it with all their heart. Ask your mamma ; she will tell you it is possible to enjoy something of heaven here."

"But, papa," Nettie persisted, "people cannot go to heaven in balloons, can they?"

"Oh no, my child, heaven is not to be reached that way. God takes care of those who love Him while they are here, and when they die we bury their bodies in the cemetery, but their souls are in God's keeping, and He takes them to heaven. We are sure of that, but we do not know how. He will take Nettie and Willie both some day, if they love Him and try to do as He wishes them, and listen to mamma, and be good like she is. She will tell you about Jesus, and how He loves children. Some He takes to heaven while they are quite children, and others grow up and try to make the world better and to help the poor and the sick and the suffering all they can, and they become old, and when they die they go to heaven too, as the children did who died young. The way to get near to God and heaven is not by going up in a balloon, but by living and working for Him in the world."

At that moment the father saw Mr. Brooks approaching, and left his children to go and meet him. They had business to transact together, and went indoors, leaving the two children still gazing at the balloon. Half an hour later a loud shout from the field startled the two gentlemen, who, running to the window, saw the balloon rapidly soaring upward. To their horror they could see, too, that in the car attached to it were two children. There could be no doubt who those children were. Nettie and Willie were both missing, and Nettie's voice, though only faintly heard, could be distinctly recognized by her agonized father.

The utter helplessness of the two men was realized at that moment. Not a thing could be done to rescue the children. Mr. Harvey went to seek his wife, who was absent on a visit to a sick villager. The good lady's distress was severe, as she stood gazing on the balloon in which her children were travelling none knew whither. "Let us go home and pray," she said to her husband. All through that summer day the prayers of father and mother and one or two Christian neighbors were offered to God for the safety of the balloon and its precious freight.

Meanwhile, what of the children? After their father left them they had remained curiously speculating about the voyage of the balloon. They wondered how Mr. Brooks would go up, what he would do, and where he would go. Finally they climbed up the tree to peep into the basket car, and at length, after many attempts, they succeeded in getting into it. Whether they inadvertently loosened the ropes that held the balloon, or whether their slight weight gave just what added force was needed to drag the ropes from their grip on the tree could not be learned; but suddenly, with a strange, exhilarating sensation, they found themselves rising above the trees. A momentary joy filled their childish hearts at their novel situation, but it was turned to distress in a short time. All around them was the empty air, and Nettie, who could only just look over the top of the basket-car, saw with dismay that they were far above the roof of their home. Then she shrieked, and, very faintly, she heard the shout which had alarmed her father and Mr. Brooks. Then the balloon went up, up, and she heard no more.

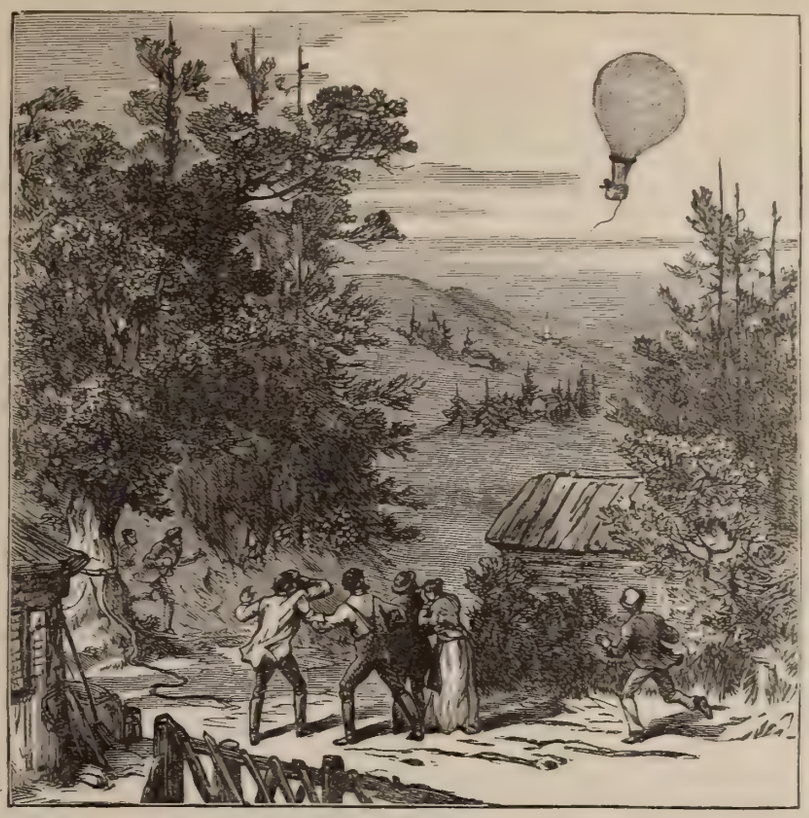
At first the two children were overcome with fear, but soon, as no harm came to them, and they were happily unable to see how far they were above the surface of the earth, they grew calm. Willie complained of the cold, and Nettie put her arms about him and tried to keep him warm.

"May I go to sleep, Nettie?" he asked presently, and Nettie, whose own eyes had been drooping, agreed. "But first," she said, "we will say our prayers as we do when we go to bed."

Surely a stranger sight could not have been witnessed, had there been any one there to see, than those two children kneeling in that car, now being carried swiftly through the upper air, putting their hands together and saying, "Our Father which art in heaven." That prayer blended with the prayer being offered by the anxious friends below. The two children, their little prayer said, clasped each other in a close embrace, and before long were fast asleep.

How that balloon travelled, how it was guided, no one can say. A farmer in northern Illinois, some hours later, saw it drifting low across his field, and seizing the trailing rope, secured it around a tree and found in its car the two little adventurers safe and unhurt.

Nettie is now a staid and matronly lady, who sometimes tells the incident to little people, whose wide-open, astonished eyes are very much like her own. Happily she is conscious that she is now no farther from heaven than she was when, six and twenty years ago, she sailed with her little brother a thousand feet nearer the sky. Much discipline, some sorrow, and an unwavering faith in God have united in preparing her for the land in which rest and safety succeed labor and peril.



Two Children in the Fugitive Balloon.

POVERTY'S PREY.

(*Continued from page 63.*)

The Prisoner Liberated.

DAY after day, night after night, through long weeks and months, David Fell's heart died within him. Very slowly, almost imperceptibly, his physical powers failed him also. His hand lost its cunning, and his sight grew dim. Wrapped up in his wretchedness, he made no complaint, and asked for no favor. His body filled up its appointed place, sat at his bench, crawled to and fro along the corridors, crouched in his cell; but he hardly felt or knew what he was doing, or where he was. He was the mere shadow of a man. The life and spirit and heart of being was dying out of him.

There was only one thing that stirred the flickering life within him. This was the letters that Bess wrote to him, always loving and cheerful, promising that all should yet be well for him when he was once more free. She would go with him to some far-off land, she wrote, and they would begin life afresh together. But David would shake his head mournfully over these dear promises. Would it not indeed spoil her life if he let her leave old Euclid and Mrs. Linnett, and the home in which she was so happy? That could never be.

He was changed, but he was conscious that still he was no fit protector for Bess. In spite of himself, fierce passions and blasphemous words, the result of companionship with criminals, often made him ashamed of himself. He despaired of ever being a good man. He knew that he could not reform himself, and he did not know of that almighty power which could give him a new heart and change his whole being as of one new-born. Therefore, though he longed for his beloved sister's companionship, he distrusted himself, and he loved her too well to drag her down to his level.

One Sunday morning, after chapel, he found a letter in his cell. He had been twelve months in jail, and Bess had written three times. It was time for a fourth to come, and he seized it as eagerly as a man dying of thirst clutches at a draught of cold water. But this letter was not from Bess.

"DEAR DAVID: I'm a seaman now, earning good wages, and I've saved twenty pounds; and Mr. Dudley says, if I get on well in learning navigation, I shall be a mate soon. So I've asked Bess if she'll be my wife. O David! nobody knows how I love Bess. I'm thinking of her night and day when I'm aboard, and when I'm ashore I can't bear to be out of her sight. She's prettier and dearer every time I see her. But she says, 'No; I belong to Davy. He's got nobody and nothing, save me.' She never says that she can't love me, or I'd never have wrote to you.

"Now, I want you to write to her, and tell her you'd like her to marry me; and you'll have a brother as well as a sister. It would be better for you if I married Bess, instead of another man, because I couldn't never be ashamed of you, as father's a thief, and my own two brothers. If she married any one else, he might taunt her some day, and I couldn't. *Don't stand in my way*, dear old Davy. I'll be a good husband to Bess, and a good brother to you; and I'm earning good wages; and perhaps I may rise to be a captain, and then Bess shall be a lady. Only write to her, and say you'd like to have me for a brother, and you'll never repent it. From your loving friend,

"ROGER BLACKETT."

David sat motionless for a long time, crushing the letter tightly in his feverish hand. There was no work to be done, and he had leisure to ponder over it bitterly. Roger Blackett! How well he could remember the timid, browbeaten, half-starved lad, who lived in terror of his savage father!—a poor, idling, weak, despised boy held cheap by all the other boys in the street; the son of a notorious scoundrel, whose elder sons were London thieves. And now, after being trained on board ship, he was a seaman, earning good wages, and looking

forward to be a mate, and thinking of marrying —ay, of marrying Bess! Some day he might rise to be the master of a vessel, and be called Captain Blackett; while he—David Fell—what was he?

A castaway, a housebreaker, and a convict!

Roger would marry little Bess. David seemed to see it in a dream—Bess in a house of her own, pretty and loving and good, with little children growing up about her; and Roger coming home from his voyage, bringing gifts from foreign places, to show how he had thought of each one of them while he was far away. A life of honest, cheerful toil lay before Roger, with gladsome home delights, such as make this earth a pleasant world to live in. He seemed to see the children's faces, and hear their voices ringing in his ears. All that for Roger; but what for him?

Death on a jail-bed!

He felt it for a certainty as he crushed Roger's letter in his fingers. The passage through jail to the grave had not been a long one; and he was glad of it, if his dreary sense of making his escape out of an evil world could be called gladness. Death was very near at hand, and could not come too soon.

The next day his warder recommended him to go into the hospital; and he went. The medical officer could not say what ailed him, or under what name to catalogue his disease. There was no column in his report for hopelessness and heart-sickness.

Roger never received an answer to his letter to David. But a few days after it had been despatched, and after Roger was gone again to sea, there came an official permission to old Euclid and Bess to visit the prisoner. David Fell was dying, and requested to see them at once. There was no time to be lost, if they wished to see him alive; and they hastened to obey the summons, scarcely realizing the grief that had come upon them.

David had begged to be taken back into his own cell, where there was quiet and loneliness, rather than to lie dying in the midst of the rascality of a prison-hospital. A softer mattress and pillow had been laid under him; but, in every other respect, the bare, whitewashed cell remained as it was when he had entered it more than a year ago. Through the closely barred window, high up against the ceiling, could be seen only a patch of wintry sky, gray and cold with clouds. The heavy door, with its small round eyelet, through which the jailer could at any time watch the prisoner unseen, closed quietly upon Euclid and Bess as they entered David's cell, and stood just within it as if afraid of stepping forward to the prison-bed.

He was lying with his eyelids fast closed, and his white and sunken face resting so still upon his pillow, that as they stood there hand in hand, hardly daring to stir, they believed that he was already dead. But, when Bess tremblingly approached him, and laid her warm hand on the thin skeleton fingers lying on the dark rug which covered him, he looked up at once into her face, with no light or smile in his eyes, but with a gaze of speechless love and sorrow.

"Davy!" she cried, sinking down on her knees, and laying her cheek close against his upon the pillow, "Davy! speak to me."

"Little Bess," he said, "and Euclid!"

"Ay, David!" answered Euclid, looking down upon him in unutterable pity. The old man's face wore an air of peace and of quiet gladness, which had smoothed away its former gloom and roughness; and his voice fell more softly on David's ear than he had ever heard any voice, except his mother's and little Bess's. He turned his dim eyes to the old man's face.

"I'm dyin'," he said, "in jail!"

Euclid only nodded silently, while Bess drew his chilly hand to her lips, and kissed it tenderly.

"It's been a cursed life for me," he groaned; "but it's almost over."

"O Davy!" sobbed Bess, "if you get well, and only live to come out o' jail, you and me'll go away to some country a long way off, where you can live honest and happy."

"It's best as it is," he said, stroking her rosy face fondly with his thin hand: "I should ha' spoiled your life, little Bess. Roger'll make you a good husband, and care more for you when I'm gone; and you'll think of me sometimes. No, no! Hell can't be worse for me than this world's been."

"Davy! Davy!" she cried, "you don't think you're goin' there!"

"There's no other place for me," he answered. "Folks don't go from jail to heaven. I've broke God's laws; and they say He'll punish us worse there than they've punished us here. God couldn't set me free to go to heaven."

"But you're sorry," said Bess, weeping.

"Ah! I'm sorry I hadn't a better chance, like Roger," he muttered. "I might ha' made a good man; but it's too late now."

"God knows all about it," sobbed Bess.

"Ah! and God can forgive you yet," said Euclid. "Didn't Jesus forgive the thief that was dyin' side by side with Him when He was bein' crucified? A thief, David! Bess, my dear, you read it out to us, for I fear I might make some mistake about it."

Still kneeling by the bedside, with David's cold hand clasped in her own, Bess read, in a faltering, sorrowful voice, these words:

"And there were also two others, malefactors, led with Him to be put to death.

"And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left.

"Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.

"And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on Him, saying, If Thou be Christ, save Thyself and us.

"But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?

"And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this man hath done nothing amiss.

"And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.

"And Jesus said unto him, Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

"That's it!" exclaimed Euclid; "the malefactors only received the due reward of their deeds; but He had done nothing amiss. They'd broke the laws, and were bein' crucified for it; but Jesus was bein' crucified with them! It seemed as if there wasn't any other place for them to fall into, save hell. But there was a road to Paradise, even from the three crosses on Calvary; and Jesus was goin' up that shinin' road Himself. They might both have gone with Him to Paradise; and you can go to Him there from jail, David. The poor thief was dyin'; but it wasn't too late to ask Jesus to remember him. I don't say as you're fit to go to heaven, David; I can't say anything about that. But that poor fellow went into Paradise with our Lord Jesus Himself. That must be a place worth goin' to. He says, 'In My Father's house there are many places;' and he'll know where you are fit for."

Euclid's face quivered and glowed with earnest entreaty, and his husky voice seemed to gain a softer and more appealing tone as he spoke. David fastened his dreary, hopeless eyes upon him, listening as one listens to the distant sound, which foretells that help is coming.

"Jesus Himself was bein' crucified as if He'd broke the laws as well as them," said Bess, a light shining through her eyes. "He hadn't ever done any sin; but it's like as if He said to Himself, 'There's poor wicked folks as will be put to death for their wickedness; and maybe they'll think I didn't come to seek for them and save them, as well as the rest, if I don't die like them.' He must have meant to save the worst folks, or He might have died different, not as if he'd been breaking the laws Himself. I never thought that of Him before. He came to save thieves and murderers, and so He died as if He'd been one of them. Davy, you're no further away from Paradise than the poor thief was!"

The faint dawn of hope in David's sunken eyes was growing brighter, as if the sound of help was coming nearer to him; and he grasped the hand of little Bess more firmly in his trembling fingers.

"Ay! there must be room for you there," said old Euclid. "He'll know where it's best for you to be; and, O David! He loves you. Only think of that! Why, Bess and me, we'd have found a place for you, out o' love and pity, if you'd only lived to come out o' jail; and His love's a hundred times more than ours. It stands to reason as His love is a hundred times more than what we poor creatures have. Only you think about Him, and call to Him. If you can't say nothing else, just say, 'Lord, remember me,' like that poor fellow on the cross beside Him. I wish I knew his name; but that don't matter. You'll not hear Jesus speakin', like he did; but all the same He'll say, 'To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.' Bess, my dear, when we hear as David's gone, you and me'll say, 'To-day he is with Jesus in Paradise.' It seems to me as if it 'ud be better than comin' out o' jail into the streets o' London."

The tears were rolling down old Euclid's withered cheeks as David gazed up at him. The boy made a great effort to speak; but the words faltered on his tongue.

"A thousand times better if it's true," he gasped.

"If it isn't true, there's nothing else for you or me of any good," answered Euclid. "We're worse off than dogs. If there isn't any God as loves us, nor any Saviour as died for us, this world's a cruel, cursed place."

"Oh, it's true!" cried Bess, clasping his hands fondly in her own. "I love you, Davy! and God loves you; and Jesus died on the cross with a thief beside Him. He wouldn't ever have done it if He didn't love us all."

But the time allotted to them had expired, and the warder warned them that they must go in a few minutes. Bess laid her bonny face against David's dying head on the prison-pillow, and put her hand upon his clammy cheek. The last moments were flying fast. Yet what more could they say to one another? Would they ever see one another again? Was all the sorrowful past brought to this end at last? Must they leave each other here, and break forever the bonds of love and memory which had linked their lives together?

One more minute only. Euclid laid his hand on David's chilly forehead.

"Good-by! God bless you!" sobbed the old man.

"Good-by!" breathed David faintly. "I didn't mean to be a thief. Good-by, little Bess!"

She pressed her lips to his once more in a long last kiss. Then they were compelled to leave him. The night was falling, and the light faded away slowly in the solitary cell. The warder came in to light the gas; but David asked to be left yet a little longer in the gathering dusk. The gray of the wintry sky glimmered palely amid the surrounding blackness as the jail-walls vanished from his dim eyes, and it looked the only way of escape from the thick darkness of the bare cell. He was alone. Love had been forced to quit him before life did. There was no hand to hold his as long as the icy fingers could feel its loving grasp; no voice to whisper words of hope into the ear growing deaf to earthly sounds; no touch on the cold damp forehead, telling of faithful companionship down to the very threshold of death.

Now and then the warder glanced through the aperture in the thick door, seeing, in the dim twilight shed through the prison-window, that the prisoner lay still, and made no signs of needing help. Who among them could help

him to die? The chaplain had visited him, and his friends had been to see him; there was nothing more to be done. The spirit, in all its ignorance and sorrow, bereft of human love, was slowly preparing to wing its flight into the dark and drear unknown. Alone and in prison David Fell was casting off the last link of the heavy chain of grief and wrongs and crimes which we bound about the boy when we sent him to jail (for begging for his mother).

At last a nurse came in to see him. The heart still beat feebly, though the gray change that is the forerunner of death had passed over his face. She stooped down over him; for his lips moved, as though he were trying to speak.

"Lord, remember me!" he whispered.

So God opened the prison-door, and set our prisoner free.

THE END.

This story is published in book form by Mr. Thomas Whittaker, No. 2 Bible House.

THE CONVERSION OF LYDIA.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 10, Acts 16: 11-24. Golden Text, verse 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Paul Prompt to Obey—The Sabbath Service by the River—The First European Convert—Lydia's Opened Heart—Her Complete Surrender—The Cost of her Avowal—Her Hospitality—The Joy of Encouragement in a New Field—Preparation for Trial—The Demoniac Following—Her Recognition of Paul's Mission—The Proclamation—The Exorcism—Resentment of her Employers—The Loss of one Devil.

PAUL, once clear as to the course which God would have him take, lost no time in directing his steps thither. He took ship, and went first to Samothracia, an island, which lay in the direct route for Macedonia, thence to another island, Neapolis, from whence to Philippi, the chief city of that part of Macedonia. At first the little missionary company of four, now including Luke, who writes the account, "abode in the city certain days." It is easy to conceive what was their occupation; they were undoubtedly asking orders from Headquarters, and *receiving* them, too.

AN ILLITERATE CONSECRATED MAN

in a meeting last night said: "I used to be afraid, and shrink from speaking to a drunkard or a poor lost woman, for fear that I should not know what to say; but now, since I have given myself up to be the instrument of the Holy Ghost, He is always within me, telling me what to say. I never have to think or plan about it, I just go forward, trusting the Holy Ghost, and He never lets me be at a loss." When we go hither or thither on God's account, it is never at our own charges; He is responsible, not we, for the words, the power, the results; our only need is to be quite sure about His will, to obey it, and then to go on trusting Him.

THE RIVERSIDE PRAYER-MEETING.

It was, no doubt, by the direction of God that Paul and his company went out on the Sabbath day to a riverside, "where prayer was wont to be made." There they found a little company of women gathered together. "Nothing very important in that," man would say. Important enough to change the course of a man like the Apostle Paul! so God esteemed it; as we see by the result. Prayer has come to be such an unreal thing with many of God's children, that they look upon answer to prayer as quite an uncertain thing, not to be relied upon in the same way at all as human plans and common-sense. Oh, how few take in that God makes silence in heaven to hear the prayers of His saints! (Rev. 8: 1-4) that He moves heaven and earth to answer the prayer of His children! (Ps. 18: 6, 7, 9, 16.) Jesus has given us the very authority of His own name as our guarantee for the answer to our prayers. But oh, how few there are who pray the prayer of faith, there and then believing that they receive, and so having! (Mark 11: 24.) How few ask *and receive*, that their joy may be full! (John 16: 24.)

Here was a little company of women, who probably had become dissatisfied with idolatry, through the influence of some godly Jews. What they had heard of the God of heaven had been used of Him to awaken an intense desire for something of experimental acquaintance with Him. He who heard the cry of the children of Israel in Egypt, heard these women, probably mothers of families, whose souls were burdened, not for themselves alone, but for their husbands and children. Among them was one avowed worshipper of God, Lydia, the leader of the meeting, most likely. This heart was already prepared, and now God, who had been at work upon her, opened it so "that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul." This was the first European convert, a woman, and one who, even before she was baptized, was used of God to bring her complete household to the Lord, although baptism in those days was administered immediately upon believing. It was a very full surrender for Lydia; she was making herself a stranger to all her relations and friends, who still worshipped false gods; she might ruin her business and with it the earthly prospects of her family.

BUT SHE COUNTED THE COST,

and considered that to gain the Messiah was worth it all. There were no half measures in this woman's consecration; "when she was baptized, and her household, she besought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house, and abide there." It was womanlike as God made woman; it was womanlike as Christ makes woman; and one cannot but be reminded of David and Abiathar, when David said, "Abide thou with me, fear not: for he that seeketh my life seeketh thy life: but with me thou shalt be in safeguard" (1 Sam. 22: 23). Lydia had cast in her lot with Christ, and therefore with His servants.

Those must have been days of precious joy. Paul and his company had been feeling what every missionary feels on new ground, the oppression of all the forces which were against him—the very religious ideas of the people being full of sin; the gods whom they worshipped personifications of drink, of lust, of various vices, as well as some of virtues—so that the very idea of God might be connected in their minds with some unholy thing. And now, God Himself had purified hearts by faith, and already there were some who could take in spiritual ideas. With what joy must He have opened the Scriptures to these newly converted ones! and what a heaven it must have been to them! A God who was love, and who would impart Himself to them as well as die for them! One who would care for them like a mother! it was all so new, so wonderful! Perhaps little business went on in those days. Jesus was the one all-absorbing theme; but the time was not lost, either by Paul or this newly converted family; the home life was being permeated with Jesus, and their faith and practice was taking solid root in preparation for coming trials.

And trial soon followed, in a way which none would have divined. The little praying company had been left pretty much alone, and meanwhile they were learning what it was to have the Lord for their God, and to have real and constant answers to their prayers. "It came to pass, as we went to prayer," Luke writes, "a certain damsel possessed with a spirit of divination met us, which brought her masters much gain by soothsaying: The same followed Paul and us, and cried, saying, These men are the servants of the Most High God, which shew unto us the way of salvation."

POSSESSION BY THE DEVIL

was not confined to apostolic times. We see many instances of it. There are those so possessed with the spirit of lying that it is impossible to any but God to discover when they speak the truth. There are those who still are possessed with a spirit of an unclean devil (Luke 4: 33) driven in spite of themselves into thoughts, words, looks and actions of uncleanness. There are others who are possessed by a spirit of blasphemy, others, through strong drink or opium, put themselves under a power stronger than themselves, and thus become possessed by it. Thank God, there is deliverance. "The Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil" (1 John 3: 8).

It must have been most painful to Paul to hear the truth of his message proclaimed by this poor possessed one; he would rather have had no herald. "Why did he not immediately cast out this evil spirit?" some would ask. "Had he not received the commission to cast out devils?" Yes, surely; but so he had the commission in common with other believers, to preach the Gospel to every creature, and yet was forbidden at this very time to preach the Word in Asia. God gives particular, as well as general, directions to all His children, who let themselves be guided by Him. After many days, "Paul being grieved, turned and said to the spirit, I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her. And he came out the same hour." No one could doubt the deliverance of the poor girl; it was a glorious triumph of God over Satan; and no doubt the little company of the disciples rejoiced exceedingly.

INTERESTED MOTIVES.

But there were those who were far from rejoicing. The poor girl's masters were spiritualists, who made use of her as a medium by which they might deal with familiar spirits (Deut. 18: 11). Just as the fortune-tellers of our own time make gain through the superstition of the people, so did these men of Philippi. There is no doubt that some events were really foretold by this possessed girl, and thus she got a name, and her masters made a fortune, trading upon the power which the devil had over his victim. It did not answer their purpose for the devil to be cast out, and these merchants of iniquity began the persecution against Paul and Silas. Just as now it does not answer the purpose of some of the legislators in England to make laws which will protect the virtue of some poor unprotected girls, it does not answer the purpose of the government in Switzerland to protect the Salvation Army which rescues drunkards, and lessens the audiences at the dancing saloons and cabarets. It does not answer the purpose of men who themselves live lives of sin, to let sinners be rescued to any great extent.

When these men "saw that the hope of their gains was gone, they caught Paul and Silas, and drew them into the market-place unto the rulers." There stood the arrested men of God, and the charge brought against them was simply this, "These men, being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city." Alas! that

THE LOSS OF ONE DEVIL

should be counted such an injury to the city! Alas! that the introduction of Jesus should be counted a misfortune. Yet so it was. They "teach us customs, which are not lawful for us to receive, neither to observe, being Romans." What customs? To acknowledge their Creator, to renounce sin, to believe in Jesus to the saving of their souls! These were the customs dangerous to the course of this world, and these ever will be so. Let no man think, when he goes on a message for his Master in the power of the Holy Ghost, that all will go smoothly. Wherever the kingdom of Satan begins to fall, there the opposition will commence. Liquor-sellers, keepers of gambling dens, dancing saloons, and dens of infamy will soon find some very plausible reason why such preaching is dangerous. The multitude, always ready to repeat any popular cry, "rose up together against them; and the magistrates rent off their clothes, and commanded to beat them." This command was obeyed in no sparing manner; and finally they cast them into prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. A grand opportunity to manifest of what spirit they were! A glorious chance to show forth the real spirit of Christ! In the prison they had an opportunity to preach the Gospel by an object lesson, and we shall see this opportunity was not lost.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Gordon Pasha has Arrived in Egypt. His instructions are to effect a complete evacuation of the Soudan, inclusive of Khartoum. It is asserted that General Gordon is opposed to the evacuation, believing that it would entail less expense of life and money to hold the Soudan than to hold Egypt with El Mahdi occupying the Soudan. The Khedive has appointed him Governor of the Soudan with full powers, and has strongly advised him to take measures to secure the safety of civilians and Europeans. General Gordon, on his arrival, visited the Khedive and held a conference with Sir Evelyn Baring, the British Minister, Nubar Pasha, the Egyptian Prime-Minister, and General Evelyn Wood, commander of the English troops in Egypt. General Wood, after parting with General "Chinese" Gordon, likened him to the Chevalier Bayard, "without fear and without reproach." Sir Evelyn Baring has given General Gordon both a military and diplomatic mission, with indefinite orders, which he is at liberty to modify as emergencies arise. General Gordon is reported to have said in an interview at Cairo that he advises retaining the control of the Soudan if England is willing to first pay for its conquest and then govern it with a firm and judicious hand. Rumors are in circulation that General Gordon will find the sheiks and the people in a different mood from that of his former experience. The tribes between Suakim and Berber, from whom General Gordon expected a warm welcome and safe escort to Khartoum, are fiercely hostile.

The Garrison at Khartoum Still Holds out in spite of the approach of El Mahdi and disaffection among the troops. Colonel Coetlogon, who is in command, reports himself well supplied with provisions. If the town is evacuated there will be beside the army 25,000 people who must quit the town. The total number of soldiers in Khartoum aggregates 6100, of whom 2000 are Chaggias, who are known to be disaffected. The black troops are also unreliable, and the whole garrison is in a state of demoralization on account of long arrears of pay. There are only two small steamers which can navigate the river to Berber, and it is evident that the evacuation of Khartoum would take months to accomplish. Meanwhile the rebel forces are daily increasing at all points south of the town. It is also reported that a number of rebels are coming in the direction of Khartoum from the west.

No Open Declaration of War between France and China has yet been made. There is considerable apprehension on the part of foreign residents, however, that it is inevitable. China is placing large forces at various posts on the Tonquin frontier. A telegram from Hong Kong, dated January 25th, says: "Serious news comes from the Island of Hainan. The arrival of Chinese troops to protect it from French seizure caused great excitement among the population, especially among the foreign settlers. Those at Hoihou, a port of the island, are daily insulted by the mob and threatened with violence. Placards are everywhere posted calling the people to massacre the foreign devils. Two residents have been stoned, but not seriously injured. A British gunboat lies in the harbor, prepared to render assistance, but as the port is over three miles broad its efforts cannot be effective. The town is quiet, though settlers expect an outbreak. No advance on Bacninh has yet been made."

Nihilism has Broken out in Austria. A telegram from Vienna, dated January 25th, says: "The discovery of a great Socialist plot to murder policemen has caused the greatest excitement here. Detective Bloech, who arrested the murderers of Commissary Klubeck, has himself been murdered. As the police were about to arrest the murderer quite a lively combat ensued. The murderer fired at his assailants four shots from a revolver and threw about handfuls of dynamite cartridges, wounding several lookers-on. The murderer declines to give his name, but declares that he was ordered by a committee to murder policemen. There is no doubt but that there exists a plot, the object of which is the murder of the much hated police officials. On account of the extent of the Socialist conspiracy against the police the government has decided to introduce in Parliament a bill called the 'Socialistengesetz,' after the model of the German act providing for a minor state of siege. The greatest excitement continues. The police believe that the plot proves the existence of an alliance between the Austrian anarchists and the Russian Nihilists."

The Ill-Health of the Aged Emperor of Germany causes concern. His indisposition was caused by a slight cold and hoarseness, which developed at one time alarming symptoms, which have now abated. It is not considered serious, yet it agitates Berlin. The agitation has been increased by the statement of a sentry on duty at the palace, who asserted that he saw "The White Lady," an appearance which superstitious people in Germany declare is always followed by a death in the Imperial family. It cannot be denied that the alleged appearance of the "White Lady" in the old palace on the evening after the festival of the Order of the Black Eagle is much in the minds of the people. The publication of the alleged appearance by the Berlin papers has been officially stigmatized as "indiscreet."

Another Steamship Collision is Reported. On January 25th the ships City of Lucknow and Simla, engaged in the Australian trade, collided in the English Channel, and the Simla was sunk. The Simla was bound for Sydney, New South Wales, and the City of Lucknow was from Adelaide. The collision took place at nine o'clock in the evening off the Isle of Wight. During the collision some of the crew of the Simla got on board the City of Lucknow. Two boats that put off from the latter were swamped by the heavy sea, but the steamer Guernsey saved their occupants. When the Simla was abandoned she had nine feet of water in her hold. The City of Lucknow was seen laying to and burning red lights. It is believed that she is safe. No lives were lost so far as is known.

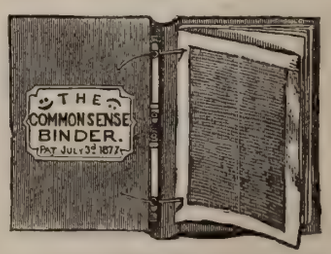
The Coronation of the new Queen of Madagascar, Ranavalona III., is announced in recent letters from the island. Two thousands persons were present. At the ceremony the Queen and her chief minister made speeches in which they declared that they would not surrender an inch of their country to the French. This defiance, however, makes no impression on the foreign invaders who are pushing their conquests along the coast. The French admiral reports that he has two companies of Creole troops, from the Isle of Bourbon, in the field, who are rendering good service. One of them was stationed at Tamatave and the other at Majunga. The latter had repulsed a second attack of the Hovas upon Majunga. News has been received of the bombardment by the French of the town of Mahanor, on the east coast of Madagascar, occupied largely by English residents. Two hundred shells were thrown, but beyond *the killing of a pig* and the wounding of another no damage was done. When the United States steamer Brooklyn was at Tamatave the captain intended to visit the town, but, as he was prevented from landing in his own boat, he declined landing in a French boat which was tendered him.

In Madagascar the Vice of Drunkenness has attained deplorable proportions. The Rev. G. A. Shaw, the missionary arrested by the French admiral, has written to the *Pall Mall Gazette* a description of his preaching tours in the island. He states that more than 400,000 gallons of rum are imported in one year to the eastern coast of the island, and this is retailed at twelve cents a quart. In the hamlets along the coast if the traveller arrives late he will be distressed and horrified to find that the demon of the rum-barrel has been before him, and the people are all more or less under its influence. "Frequently," says the missionary, "have I entered a village after sundown only to find *every person in it drunk*, and even the little children staggering in their play round the fire or in the moonlight. In the village to which I have conducted you there were on my first visit but six houses, each one of which was supplied with a large stock of rum; and while I sat at my evening meal a young urchin of perhaps ten or eleven years came in with a small piece of silver, which he tendered for the purchase of this vile spirit, and had I not been present I have not the least doubt the man would have supplied this child at his request. But what can the missionary do against this powerful agent for evil, introduced in European vessels by professedly Christian men, to the complete destruction of all morality among these ignorant natives? Not only are the people being ruined in body and soul, but they are becoming so debauched that they cultivate barely sufficient rice to supply their most pressing wants.

Herr Lasker's Body was Received with honors at Bremerhaven on January 25th. Herr Baumbach, a member of the German Reichstag, welcomed home the body, and passed a glowing eulogy upon Herr Lasker's activity and work in the interest of freedom and right. He praised his unselfishness, which had served us as an example to all popular representatives. He also thanked *the Germans in America* for the honors that had been paid to the deceased. The coffin was placed on a catafalque which was decorated with flowers. Herr Lasker's brother and brother-in-law and several hundred mourners grouped around the catafalque, and the procession marched to the railway station. The vessels in the harbor and the public buildings of Bremerhaven displayed flags at half-mast. Deputations of friends and relatives escorted the body to Berlin.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Commenced their mission on January 23d in another London district—that of Stratford-le-Bow. Although a hurricane prevailed, some six thousand people were present and joined in the hymns and prayers. Mr. Moody, in his address to the multitude, said it was very encouraging to see so many people come out in the storm, and he hoped that the mission would achieve a great success in that district. They met with much success in their mission at Battersea. The people living by the Hall proved in the heartiest possible manner that they could appreciate to the full the services of the American evangelists. Neighboring ministers of all denominations were in full sympathy with the work, and together with members of their churches rendered hearty and valuable assistance. Mr. Moody was absent one day, suffering from a severe neuralgic attack, but was able to conduct the services on the following day. He says that nowhere have they had greater blessings.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BINDER.



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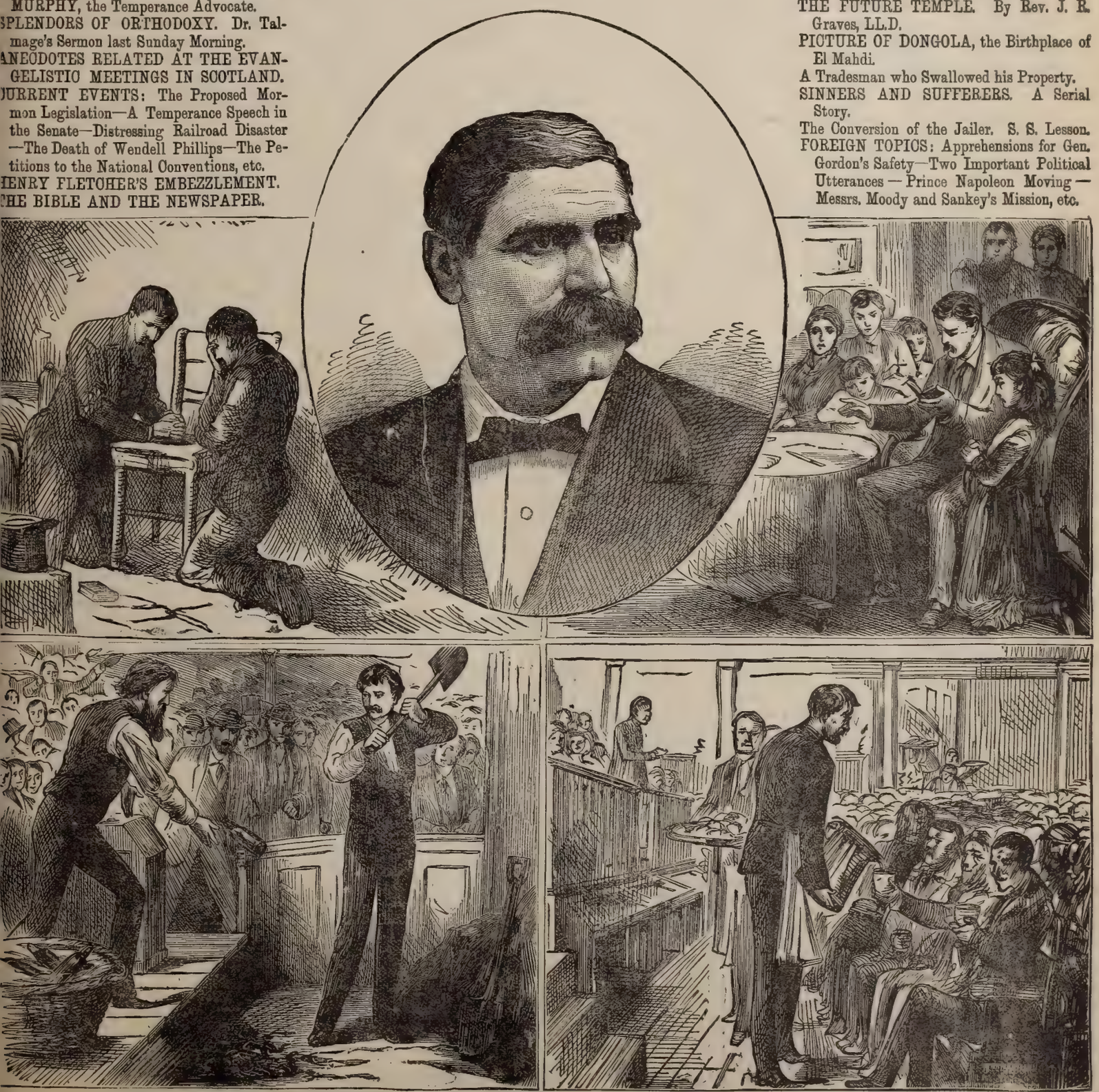

Mr. FRANCIS MURPHY, The Famous Temperance Advocate—Scenes in his Life.

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FRANCIS MURPHY,

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THE story of the life of Francis Murphy, whose portrait appears this week on the frontispiece, is well and widely known. It has been published in many places, and has been told by himself, with much humor and pathos, on hundreds of platforms. It will, therefore, be necessary here only to briefly recount the principal facts and explain the incidents depicted on the frontispiece.

Francis Murphy was born on April 24th, 1836, in the County of Wexford, Ireland, and is now in his forty-eighth year. He is the youngest of a family of seven children. When quite a lad Francis Murphy left Ireland for America. During the voyage he had made the acquaintance of some other young Irish adventurers, and when they arrived at the port of New York they all went together to a hotel, where suitable rooms were found, and, unfortunately, an abundance of too congenial companionship. For a whole week after their arrival they indulged, without restraint, in a continued course of dissipation, and then, their money all gone, the landlord, who, as a matter of business, had been exceedingly polite, without further ceremony turned them out of doors.

Without home or friends, for three more weeks Francis Murphy, by turning the contents of his trunks into money, was able to continue in a career of inebriety. Not only was his money gone, but at the end of this time everything he had brought with him from across the ocean had also passed out of his possession. His situation was a most wretched one, and, as he began to realize the fact, he saw the urgent necessity for some way of escape. But the prospect was very gloomy, and he was exceedingly depressed. Becoming, of necessity, quite sobered, he sought the interest and influence of several persons, and started

IN SEARCH OF A SITUATION.

He was successful, but his drunken habits speedily ended that employment. In obedience to the advice of a friend, he concluded to go to Quebec, Canada, in the hope of breaking away from his ruinous companionships, and seeking anew the means of a respectable livelihood. But success did not seem to smile upon him, and at times he trembled on the very margin of despair. His scanty funds were now nearly exhausted, and he resolved to go to Montreal and seek employment. Soon after his arrival he obtained a situation at a hotel, which, at least for a time, satisfied his necessities, if not, indeed, his tastes. At the end of two years, however, he was finally obliged to relinquish it on account of his drinking habits.

He now returned to the State of New York, where he was compelled to engage in *farm-work*. His duties were arduous, and his remuneration scanty. Nevertheless, through unflagging industry, both at his labor and in his attempts to subdue his craving for strong drink, he realized a measure of success.

At the age of eighteen he had to some extent succeeded in overcoming his appetite for strong drink, and was living a sober and circumspect life, and, falling in love with an intelligent and attractive young lady, about a year younger than himself, he won her hand, and subsequently married her. On the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the New York Volunteers, and served all through the war.

HOTEL KEEPING.

At the conclusion of the war he joined his brother in running an hotel in Portland, Me. Before undertaking the business he thought he would like to consult his wife, yet, with the full determination that even if she did not indorse his project, he would take it up, nevertheless. Upon being informed of the proposal, Mrs. Murphy said, "I would sooner beg in the city for a living, than have you keep an hotel." In course of a short time the establishment was started, and a most strenuous effort was made to conduct it with respectability; but that Mr. Murphy, with his propensities, could not do. In the progress of time the elder brother, becoming weary of the business, withdrew in favor of Francis, who now became the sole proprietor. His friendliness and geniality were proverbial; his success was assured, and he became increasingly prosperous.

For about five years Mr. Murphy continued in the proprietorship of the Bradley Hotel. But during this time he fell under the repeated assaults of the demon of strong drink. The habit grew with frightful velocity, and he rapidly sank from a position of prosperity and comparative opulence to one of bankruptcy, both moral and financial. Habits of self-indulgence were followed by neglect of business, and he found his old patrons leaving him one after another, until at length his affairs became hopelessly involved. For a year he continued drinking desperately, became reckless, and was a heavy burden both to his family and to society.

A PATHETIC CONFESSION.

Detailing his experiences as an inebriate, Mr. Murphy has said: "I lost everything I possessed in this world in the city of Portland. On the night of September 25th, 1869, I was a bankrupt, without a dollar, and, I think I can say, without a friend. When misfortune came my friends passed away. I then kept on drinking, trying thereby to forget the sorrows that had come upon me. I did not care much whether I lived or died. Even the men who were in the same business I had followed, and who had been on the best terms with me, gave me the cold shoulder."

ARRESTED AND SENT TO JAIL.

Some persons thought that the best thing they could do for him and his family would be to have him arrested and sent to the county jail for reformation. They applied for a warrant, and he was incarcerated. While he was there he was visited by Captain Cyrus Sturtivant, who was in the habit of visiting the jail to endeavor to reclaim the prisoners. Captain Sturtivant pleaded with him and prayed with him in his cell (*see frontispiece*). The effort was blessed, and Mr. Murphy rose from his knees saying, "God helping me, I will make another effort to become a sober man."

Captain Sturtivant, with others, became deeply interested in the case of Mr. Murphy. He was well known, and many prayers had ascended in his behalf; many visited him and encouraged him, and his wife was often with him. One day, it was Sunday, August 15th, 1870, he was visited by his friend and by his devoted wife and children. And these, in the anxiety of their souls, accompanied him to his cell, there to sympathize with and cheer him in his desires to attain to firm and deep resolves against his former mode of life.

The worship of God now recommenced in the cell. We will give the occurrences of the brief but eventful service in Mr. Murphy's own words: "Captain Sturtivant was close by my side. He placed his arm about my neck and said, 'Mr. Murphy, give your heart to Christ, and all will be well with you!' In a little while my wife was by my side, with the children. I hardly dared to look to heaven; but a ray of hope came to my poor aching heart, and then, with my dear suffering wife and children, we all knelt down together upon the cold, dark prison floor, and supplicated God, for Christ's sake, to make manifest His saving mercy and triumphant grace. The work was then and there accomplished. I arose from my knees with an evidence in my soul that God had accepted and saved me."

BEGINS TO SPEAK ON TEMPERANCE.

Having been set free on October 31th, 1870, the Temperance Crusaders of Portland took Mr. Murphy by the hand, and frequently referred to him as an example of what could be done by prayerful efforts on behalf of lost and dissipated men. He at once commenced a Christian life by setting an example of piety at home. Family prayer was regularly conducted, and it was a convincing evidence of the power of divine grace to see the once notorious profligate sitting at his own fireside reading the Bible to his children (*see frontispiece*).

He was induced by some temperance friends to speak at a temperance meeting one evening. It was his maiden speech, and characterized by so much earnestness, humor, and pathos, that he was cordially congratulated upon the effort. The earnest solicitations of his friends resulted in his relinquishing a situation he had obtained as bookkeeper, in order to devote himself to the work of lecturing upon the evils and dangers of strong drink.

His faithful and devoted wife died in 1870, and during her illness he was very poor. He had no money wherewith to buy either medicines or food, yet, as he thankfully acknowledges, God provided both by the instrumentality of Christian people. When it became evident that Mrs. Murphy could not recover, she was told that nothing more could be done for her. Turning to her husband, she said in a pathetic mutter, "Never mind about me; I'm quite satisfied, for God has saved you!" Her dying message was, "Keep the children together, and meet me in heaven."

On April 3d, 1871, he delivered his first temperance lecture in Portland to a full house. From that time to the present he has been almost constantly engaged in lecturing all over the United States and in Canada with extraordinary success.

THE SMUGGLED WHISKEY.

The following dramatic incident, *a picture of which appears in the left panel of the lower portion of the frontispiece*, occurred at Fair Point, Lake Chautauqua, where Francis Murphy and Mr. Gough, the veteran orator, were conducting a campaign in the summer of 1877. During a council meeting one day, Dr. Vincent

stepped to the front of the platform and carefully unwrapped what proved to be a bottle of ardent spirits. He said it was well-known that the sale of either liquor or tobacco was not permitted on the grounds, and that some nights previously a quantity of whiskey had been confiscated which a person was trying to smuggle in. Those present were at a loss to know what to do with it, but finally appointed Brothers Murphy and Gough a committee to dispose of the same. The services were resumed only to be shortly interrupted by the appearance of the committee *in their shirtsleeves*, Murphy carrying a shovel and Gough two bottles of whiskey, which he placed on the desk.

When near the close of a short, thrilling speech, Mr. Gough by an accidental gesture swept one of the bottles to the floor. Mr. Murphy at once demolished it with his heel. He then knocked the remaining bottle from the desk, and served it in a like manner. There was the most intense excitement among the audience of several thousands. "Now," said Murphy, in stentorian tones,

COME TO THE BURIAL

of the rest." There was a rush to the rear of the platform, where the two had dug the grave. One after another Mr. Gough tossed about twenty bottles of the seized liquor to the ground, while on the descent of each Mr. Murphy, swinging his shovel, and with every crashing blow giving utterance to some genial expression. "Come, Johnnie," he said to Mr. Gough, "and take a hand." After they had all been disposed of in this manner, the broken glass was shovelled into the trench. The earth was replaced, the surrounding crowd sang an appropriate verse, and the interrupted services were resumed.

SUNDAY MORNING BREAKFASTS

to the destitute proved to be a most valuable accessory to Mr. Murphy's work in Philadelphia. They were given in the commodious hall in the annexe of the Academy of Fine Arts, and at eight o'clock on Sunday mornings hundreds of hungry guests might be seen hastening thither. They were received and quietly seated by a competent corps of ushers, and at the appointed time the breakfast, consisting of hot coffee and sandwiches, a hymn being sung and a prayer offered, a force of volunteer waiters distributed large white mugs among the waiting visitors, which were quickly filled with fragrant coffee, fully flavored with milk and sugar, and then the guests received a sandwich, and the feast began. *Our picture in the right-hand corner of the lower portion of the frontispiece represents one of these free breakfasts.*

VISIT TO ENGLAND.

In the first week of August, 1881, Mr. Francis Murphy, accompanied by his son Edward, set sail for Great Britain, and arrived there on the 18th of the same month. On the 27th he received a most cordial welcome at Hoxton Hall, the headquarters of the Blue Ribbon Army in England, with which the name of Mr. William Noble is so honorably identified. The noble building was crowded in every part, and on the platform were representatives of the leading temperance societies and the Christian press, and many others.

In England Mr. Francis Murphy conducted campaigns of longer or shorter duration in the following cities and towns of the United Kingdom: Bolton, Burslem, Stockton, Sunderland, Forfar, N.B., Dundee (where Provost Moncur enthusiastically identified himself with the movement), Manchester, Dublin, Perth, Stirling, Montrose, Brechin, Aberdeen, Norwich, and Edinburgh. Mr. Murphy responded to a pressing invitation to visit Lord Kinnaird, when two of his lordship's daughters adopted the blue ribbon. He also spoke to a crowded audience in the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London. The numerical result of these visits is estimated at no less than a net gain of nearly 200,000 signers to the pledge, and the adoption of the ribbon in Scotland alone by 300,000 persons more.

A LIQUOR DEALER OUTWITTED.

At Forfar, Scotland, one half the inhabitants are said to have signed the pledge during Mr. Murphy's mission. It had a considerable effect on the business of the liquor dealers, one of whom, more enterprising than the others, endeavored to check the movement. He made it known that he would give a glass of whiskey free to every member of the Blue Ribbon Army who presented himself. The Forfar *Evening Telegraph* of December 28th, 1881, thus describes the result: "Some of the real 'drouths' of the place got word of the liquor dealer's offer, and with the waggishness characteristic of experienced topers they resolved to get a free dram. A milliner's shop was visited, and a quantity of blue ribbon purchased, and cutting it up in lengths the 'drouths' decorated themselves, and presented their credentials at the bar. True to his word the liquor dealer exchanged his whiskey for the blue ribbon, and soon had his window decorated with what he called 'broken pledges.' Meanwhile the 'drouths' obtained another blue ribbon and exchanged it for whiskey again. At length the liquor dealer detected the trick, and then it was admitted by the 'drouths,' who enjoyed the liquor dealer's chagrin and mortification.

DUNDEE.

In December, 1881, Mr. Murphy was in Dundee, where the first man to put on the blue ribbon was the Provost of the city; and on the first night of the meetings ten volunteer clerks were kept busy until a late hour entering the names of persons who came to sign the pledge. A daily noon prayer-meeting was established in the city, and was largely attended. A British journal, writing of the work in Dundee in February, 1882, said: "Mr. F. Murphy's work in Dundee has been marvellous. In a population of 200,000, no less than 32,000 have newly signed the pledge, and above 45,000 put on the blue ribbon. The month's campaign closed on January 30th, by a large social meeting in the Drill Hall. There were more than 3000 persons present.

MANCHESTER.

From Dundee Mr. Murphy went to Manchester, the centre of the cotton trade, where large numbers of inveterate inebriates may be found. At his first meeting 500 persons signed the pledge and 900 persons put on the blue ribbon. He remained there two weeks, during which 20,800 persons were enrolled in the blue ribbon army.

DUBLIN

was the scene of the next crusade, which opened on March 4th. The Dublin *Daily Express* says: "One of Mr. Murphy's first converts in Dublin is *a blind gentleman* whom many temperance workers had frequently tried to persuade to sign the pledge. He attended one of the meetings, and after hearing some of the addresses he was so impressed that he was immediately induced to come forward as an advocate of temperance. He signed the pledge, and before leaving the building he was instrumental in getting a lady with whom he was acquainted also to enrol her name. This woman, it appeared, is the mother of a large family, and for a length of time past she has been in the habit of drinking secretly, not only in her own house, but in the house of her son, where she was able to get the drink secreted, without the knowledge of her husband. Since she signed the pledge it has been reported that she has kept it faithfully, and her husband now enjoys peace and comfort.

"One evening the meeting was presided over by *Surgeon-General Moffatt*, and one of the great features of the proceedings was the appearance on the platform of two gentlemen who had been engaged up till the previous day in the liquor traffic, but who now came forward to announce that for the future they would turn to some other business, close their present establishments, and do their utmost to spread the temperance cause. Their statements were received with great enthusiasm by the crowded audience."

AT PERTH,

in Scotland, a monster meeting was held in the City Hall. A town councillor presided, who said: "In that hall during the last two months they had held regular meetings, with an average attendance each night of 1800 people. As the result of these meetings 2400 people had signed the pledge, and nearly 10,000 had donned the little badge of blue. They greatly rejoiced at the great impetus the temperance movement was receiving at the present time throughout Scotland, and they hoped it would move on until it moved the drink traffic out of their beloved Scotland."

IN ABERDEEN,

during a four weeks' crusade of seventy meetings 99,000 persons attended, 15,000 pledges were taken, and 25,000 persons put on the blue ribbon. Daily prayer-meetings were also established there, and were largely attended. In Glasgow and Paisley like success attended the meetings.

AT NORWICH

Mr. Murphy received an ovation, which the local papers describe as a royal welcome, the whole city turning out to see the monster procession which accompanied him. The Norwich *Mercury*, speaking of his reception, says: "Mr. Murphy was met on the platform by Mr. Councillor White, the Chairman of the Committee, and by the local clergy and gentry. Accompanying Mr. Murphy were his daughter and the Rev. J. B. Inglis, of Dundee. *An open carriage had been provided, drawn by four gray horses, with postilions in blue jackets* and wearing blue ribbon on their hats; and in this carriage Mr. Murphy and a few friends at once took their seats, and the procession was formed. The wearers of the blue ribbon were largely reinforced 'for this occasion only' by some well-known liquor-sellers and devotees of Sir John Barleycorn; but their attempt to ridicule the affair proved a complete failure." The St. Andrew's Hall that evening was filled to overflowing, and many went away disappointed at not getting in.

We have no space to follow Mr. Murphy's campaign in Great Britain to its close, but the files of English journals prove that the enthusiasm continued unabated, and throughout the land such a wave of total abstinence zeal was produced as had never been known before.

We may remark that there is no likelihood of the movement in Great Britain losing its strength.

THE BLUE RIBBON GOSPEL ARMY,

which has been organized by the Rev. M. Baxter with vast labor and at an enormous expense, the bulk of which he has defrayed from his own private income, is doing a magnificent work at all its stations. It is eminently successful, because its vital principle is that temperance reformation in the individual, to be permanent, must be founded on conversion to Christ, and in God's strength alone is there for the drunkard any hope of fidelity to total abstinence.

In August of last year Mr. Murphy returned to America, and on September 25th

AN ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME HOME

was tendered him at a monster meeting in Cooper Union. It is doubtful if ever the immense hall was so thronged before. The seats were chiefly occupied by ladies, while men crowded the aisles, corridors, and every place from which a view of the platform could be obtained, or the words of the speakers heard. Chief Justice Noah Davis, of the Supreme Court, presided, and in his address of welcome gave a sketch of Mr. Murphy's life, portraying its lights and shadows with considerable feeling. When Mr. Murphy stepped forward to make his response the audience broke forth into long-continued applause. Handkerchiefs were waved, and three hearty cheers were given. In a broken voice Mr. Murphy expressed his gratitude for the generous reception given him. His absence abroad, he said, had not weakened but had strengthened his love for the land of his adoption. He expected to devote the remainder of his life to Gospel temperance work.

SPLENDORS OF ORTHODOXY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, February 3, 1884.

"Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."—JEREMIAH 6 : 16.

Ministers in a Fog—Advanced Thought—A Continent of Mud—The Bible Inspired and Protected—The Criticisms of Modern Exegetes—Events Recorded not Approved—Trivial Errors of Copyists—The Road to Atheism—The Achievements of Orthodoxy—Heterodoxy Barren—The Sure Foundation of a Church—Hell-Fire Corner—The Character of Orthodoxy—The Certitudes—The Palace and Penitentiary—The Orthodox Death-bed—Believing the Bible in Spots—Isabella Graham's Will.

A GREAT London fog has come down upon some of the ministers and some of the churches in the shape of what is called "advanced thought" in Biblical interpretation. All of them, and without any exception, deny the full inspiration of the Bible. Genesis is an allegory, and there are many myths in the Bible, and they philosophize and guess and reason and evolute until they land in *a great continent of mud*, from which, I fear, for all eternity they will not be able to extricate themselves.

The Bible is not only divinely inspired, but it is

DIVINELY PROTECTED

in its present shape. You could as easily, without detection, take from the writings of Shakespeare *Hamlet*, and institute in place thereof Alexander Smith's drama, as at any time during the last fifteen hundred years a man could have made any important change in the Bible without immediate detection. If there had been an element of weakness or of deception, or of disintegration the Book would long ago have fallen to pieces. If there had been one loose brick or cracked casement in this castellated truth, surely the bombardment of eight centuries would have discovered and broken through that imperfection. The fact that the Bible stands intact, notwithstanding all the furious assaults on all sides upon it, is proof to me that it is a miracle, and every miracle is of God.

"But," says some one, "while we admit the Bible is of God, it has not been understood until our time." My answer is, that if the Bible be a letter from God, our Father, to man, His child, is it not strange that that letter should have been written in such a way that it should allow seventy generations to pass away and be buried before the letter could be understood? That would be a very bright father who should write a letter for the guidance and intelligence of his children, not understandable until a thousand years after they were buried and forgotten! While as the years roll on other beauties and excellencies will unfold from the Scriptures, that the Bible is such a dead failure that all the Christian scholars for eighteen hundred years were deceived in regard to vast reaches of its meaning, is a demand upon my credulity so great that if I found myself at all disposed to yield to it I should to-morrow morning apply at Bloomingdale Insane Asylum as unfit to go alone.

Who make up this precious group of

ADVANCED THINKERS

to whom God has made especial revelation in our time of that which He tried to make known thousands of years ago and failed to make intelligible? Are they so distinguished for unworldliness, piety, and scholarship that it is to be expected that they would have been chosen to fix up the defective work of Moses and Isaiah and Paul and Christ? Is it all possible? I wonder on what mountain these

MODERN EXEGETES

were transfigured? I wonder what star pointed down to their birthplace? Was it the north-star, or the evening star, or the Dipper? As they came through and descended to our world did Mars blush or Saturn lose one of its rings? When I find these modern wiseacres attempting to improve upon the work of the Almighty and to interlard it with their wisdom and to suggest prophetic and apostolic errata, I am filled with a disgust insufferable. Advanced thought, which proposes to tell the Lord what He ought to have said thousands of years ago, and would have said if He had been as wise as His nineteenth century critics! All this comes of living away back in the eternities instead of 1884. I have two wonders in regard to these men. The first one is how the Lord got along without them before they were born. The second wonder is how the Lord will get along without them after they are dead.

"But," say some, "do you really think the Scriptures are

INSPIRED THOUGHT?"

Yes, either as history or as guidance. Gibbon and Josephus and Prescott record in their histories a great many things they did not approve of. When George Bancroft puts upon his brilliant historical page the account of an Indian massacre, does he approve of that massacre? There are scores of things in the Bible which neither God nor inspired men sanctioned. Either as history or as guidance the entire Bible was inspired of God.

"But," says some one, "don't you think that the copyists might have made mistakes in transferring the divine words from one manuscript to another?" Yes, no doubt there were such mistakes; but they no more affect the meaning of the Scriptures than the misspelling of a word or the ungrammatical structure of a sentence in a last will and testament affect the validity or the meaning of that will. All the mistakes made by the copyists in the Scriptures do not amount to any more importance than the difference between your spelling in a document the word forty, forty or fourty. This book is the last will and testament of God to our lost world, and it bequeaths everything in the right way, although human hands may have damaged the grammar or made unjustifiable interpolation.

These men who pride themselves in our day on being advanced thinkers in Biblical interpreation will all of them end in atheism, if they live long enough, and I declare here to-day they are doing more in the different denominations of Christians, and throughout the world, for damaging Christianity and hindering the cause of the world's betterment than five thousand Robert Ingersolls could do. That man who stands inside a castle is far more dangerous if he be an enemy than five thousand enemies outside the castle. Robert G. Ingersoll assails the castle from the outside. These men who pretend to be advanced thinkers in all the denominations are fighting the truth from the inside, and trying to shove back the bolts and swing open the gates.

Now, I am in favor of the greatest freedom of religious thought and discussion. I would have as much

LIBERTY FOR HETERODOXY

as for orthodoxy. If I should change my theories of religion I should preach them out and out, but not in this building, for this was erected by people who believe in an entire Bible, and it would be dishonest for me to promulgate sentiments different from those for which this building was put up. When we enter any denomination as ministers of religion we take a solemn vow that we will preach the sentiments of that denomination. If we change our theories, as we have a right to change them, then there is a world several thousand miles in circumference, and there are hundreds of halls and hundreds of academies of music where we can ventilate our sentiments.

I remember that in these cities, in time of political agitation, there are the Republican headquarters and the Democratic headquarters. Suppose I should go into one of these headquarters pretending to be in sympathy with their work, at the same time electioneering for the opposite party. I would soon find that the centrifugal force was greater than the centripetal! Now, if a man enters a denomination of Christians, taking a solemn oath, as we all do, that we will promulgate the theories of that denomination, and then the man shall proclaim some other theory, he has broken his oath, and he is an out-and-out perjurer. Nevertheless, I declare for largest liberty in religious discussion. I would no more have the present attempt to rear a monument to Thomas Paine in New York interfered with than I would have interfered with the lifting of the splendid monument to Washington in Wall Street. Largest liberty for the body, largest liberty for the mind, largest liberty for the soul.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF ORTHODOXY.

Now, I want to show you, as a matter of advocacy for what I believe to be the right, the splendors of orthodoxy. Many have supposed that its disciples are people of flat skulls, and no reading, and behind the age, and the victims of gullibility. I shall show you that the word orthodoxy stands for the greatest splendors outside of heaven. Behold the splendors of its achievements. All the missionaries of the Gospel the world round are men who believe in an entire Bible. Call the roll of all the missionaries who are to-day enduring sacrifices in the ends of the earth for the cause of religion and the world's betterment, and they all believe in an entire Bible. Just as soon as a missionary begins to doubt whether there ever was a Garden of Eden, or whether there is any such thing as future punishment, he comes right home from Beyrout or Madras, and goes into the insurance business! All the missionary societies of this day are officered by orthodox men, and are supported by orthodox churches.

Orthodoxy, beginning with the Sandwich Islands, has captured vast regions of barbarism for civilization, while heterodoxy has to capture the first square inch. Blatant for many years in Great Britain and the United States, and strutting about with a peacockian braggadocio it has yet to capture the first continent, the first State, the first township, the first ward, the first space of ground as big as you could cover with the small end of a sharp pin. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the Protestant churches of America were built by people who believed in an entire Bible. The pulpit now may preach some other Gospel, but it is *a heterodox gun on an orthodox carriage.* The foundations of all the churches that are of very great use in this world to-day were laid by men who believed the Bible from lid to lid, and if I cannot take it in that way I will not take it at all; just as if I received a letter that pretended to come from a friend, and part of it was his and part somebody else's, and the other party somebody else's, and it was a sort of literary mongrelism, I would throw the garbled sheets into the waste basket.

THE SURE FOUNDATION.

No church of very great influence to-day but was built by those who believed in an entire Bible. Neither will a church last long built on a part of the Bible. You have noticed, I suppose, that as soon as a man begins to give up the Bible he is apt to preach in some hall, and he has an audience while he lives, and when he dies the church dies. If I thought that this church was built on a quarter of a Bible, or a half of a Bible, or three quarters of a Bible, or ninety-nine one hundredths of a Bible, I would expect it to die when I die; but when I know it is built on the entire Word of God, I know it will last two hundred years after you and I sleep the last sleep. Oh, the splendors of an orthodoxy which, with ten thousand hands and ten thousand pulpits and ten thousand Christian churches, is trying to save the world!

In Music Hall, Boston, for many years stood Theodore Parker battling orthodoxy, giving it, as some supposed at that time, its death wound. He was the most fascinating man I ever heard or ever expect to hear, and I came out from hearing him thinking, in my boyhood way, "Well, that's the death of the Church." On that same street, and not far from being opposite, stood Park Congregational Church, called by its enemies "Hell-fire Corner." Theodore Parker died, and his church died with him; or, if it is in existence, it is so small you cannot see it with the naked eye. Park Congregational

Church still stands on "Hell-fire Corner," thundering away the magnificent truths of this glorious orthodoxy just as though Theodore Parker had never lived. All that Boston, or Brooklyn, or New York, or the world ever got that is worth having came through the wide aqueduct of orthodoxy from the throne of God.

Behold the

SPLENDORS OF CHARACTER

built by orthodoxy. Who had the greatest human intellect the world ever knew? Paul. In physical stature insignificant; in mind, head and shoulders above all the giants of the age. Orthodox from scalp to heel. Who was the greatest poet the ages ever saw, acknowledged to be so both by infidels and Christians? John Milton, seeing more without eyes than anybody else ever saw with eyes. Orthodox from scalp to heel. Who was the greatest reformer the world has ever seen? so acknowledged by infidels as well as by Christians. Martin Luther. Orthodox from scalp to heel.

Then look at

THE CERTITUDES.

O man, believing in an entire Bible, where did you come from? Answer: "I descended from a perfect parentage in Paradise, and Jehovah breathed into my nostrils the breath of life. I am a son of God." O man, believing in a half-and-half Bible—believing in a Bible in spots, where did you come from? Answer: "It is all uncertain; in my ancestral line away back there was an orang-outang and a tadpole and a polywog, and it took millions of years to get me evoluted." O man, believing in a Bible in spots, where are you going to when you quit this world? Answer: "Going into a great to be, so on into the great somewhere, and then I shall pass through on to the great anywhere, and I shall probably arrive in the nowhere." *That is where I thought you would fetch up.* O man, believing in an entire Bible, and believing with all your heart, where are you going to when you leave this world? Answer: "I am going to my Father's house; I am going into the companionship of my loved ones who have gone before; I am going to leave all my sins, and I am going to be with God and like God forever and forever." Oh, the glorious certitudes, certainties of orthodoxy!

Behold the splendors of orthodoxy in its announcement of

TWO DESTINIES.

Palace and penitentiary. Palace with gates on all sides through which all may enter and live on celestial luxuries world without end, and all for the knocking and the asking. A palace grander than if all the Alhambras and the Versailles and the Windsor castles and the Winter Gardens and the imperial abodes of all the earth were heaved up into one architectural glory. At the other end of the universe a penitentiary where men who want their sins can have them. Would it be fair that you and I should have our choice of Christ and the palace, and other men be denied their choice of sin and eternal degradation? Palace and penitentiary. The first of no use unless you have the last. Brooklyn and New York would be better places to live in with Raymond Street Jail and the Tombs and Sing Sing, and all the small-pox hospitals emptied on us than heaven would be if there were no hell. Palace and penitentiary. If I see a man with a full bowl of sin, and he thirsts for it, and his whole nature craves it, and he takes hold with both hands and presses that bowl to his lips, and then presses it hard between his teeth, and the draught begins to pour its sweetness down his throat, shall we snatch away the bowl and jerk the man up to the gate of heaven, and push him in if he does not want to go and sit down and sing psalms forever? No. God has made you and me so completely free that we need not go to heaven unless we prefer it. Not more free to soar than free to sink.

Nearly all the heterodox people I know believe all are coming out at the same destiny; without regard to faith or character we are all coming out at the shining gate. There they are, all in glory together. Thomas Paine and George Whitefield, Jezebel and Mary Lyon, Nero and Charles Wesley, Charles Guiteau and James A. Garfield, John Wilkes Booth and Abraham Lincoln—all in glory together! All the innocent men, women, and children who were massacred, side by side with their murderers. If we are all coming out at the same destiny, without regard to character, then it is true. I turn away from such a debauched heaven. Against that cauldron of piety and blasphemy, philanthropy and assassination, self-sacrifice and beastliness, I place the two destines of the Bible forever and forever and forever apart.

Behold also the splendors of the Christian

ORTHODOX DEATH-BEDS.

Those who deny the Bible, or deny any part of it, never die well. They either go out in darkness or they go out in silence portentous. You may gather up all the biographies that have come forth since the art of printing was invented, and I challenge you to show me a triumphant death of a man who rejected the Scriptures, or rejected any part of them. Here I make *a great wide avenue.* On the one side I put the death-beds of those who believed in an entire Bible. On the other side of that avenue I put the death-beds of those who rejected part of the Bible, or rejected all of the Bible. Now, take my arm and let us pass through this dividing avenue. Look off upon the right side. Here are the death-beds on the right side of this avenue. "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" "Free grace!" "Glory, glory!" "I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb!" "The chariots are coming!" "I mount, I fly!" "Wings, wings!" "They are coming for me!" "Peace, be still!" Alfred Cookman's death-bed, Richard Cecil's death-bed, Commodore Foote's death-bed. Your father's death-bed, your mother's death-bed, your sister's death-bed, your child's death-bed. Ten thousand radiant, songful death-beds of those who believed an entire Bible.

Now, take my arm and let us go through that avenue, and look off upon the other side. No smile of hope. No shout of triumph. No face supernaturally illumined. Those who reject any part of the Bible never die well. No beckoning for angels to come. No listening for the celestial escort. Without any exception they go out of the world because they are pushed out; while on the other hand the list of those who believed in an entire Bible and gone out of the world in triumph is a list so long it seems interminable Oh, is not that a splendid influence, this orthodoxy, which makes that which must otherwise be the most dreadful hour of life—the last hour—positively paradisaical?

Young men, old men, middle-aged men,

TAKE SIDES

in this contest between orthodoxy and heterodoxy. "Ask for the old paths, walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." But you follow this crusade against any part of the Bible—first of all you will give up Genesis, which is as true as Matthew; then you will give up all the historical parts of the Bible; then after a while you will give up the miracles; then you will find it convenient to give up the Ten Commandments; and then after a while you will wake up in a fountainless, rockless, treeless desert swept of everlasting sirocco. If you are laughed at you can afford to be laughed at for standing by the Bible just as God has given it to you and miraculously preserved it.

Do not jump overoard from the stanch old Great Eastern of old-fashioned orthodoxy until there is something ready to take you up stronger than the fantastic yawl which has painted on the side "Advanced Thought," and which leaks at the prow and leaks at the stern and has a steel pen for one oar and a glib tongue for the other oar, and now tips over this way and then tips over that way, until you do not know whether the passengers will land in the breakers of despair or on the sinking sand of infidelity and atheism.

I am in full sympathy with the advancements of our time, but this world will never advance a single inch beyond this old Bible. God was just as capable of dictating the truth to the prophets and apostles as He is capable of dictating the truth to these modern apostles and prophets. God has not learned anything in a thousand years. He knew just as much when He gave the first dictation as He does now, giving the last dictation, if He is giving any dictation at all. So I will stick to the old paths. Naturally a sceptic, and preferring new things to old, I never so much as this morning felt the truth of the entire Bible, especially as I see into what spectacular imbecility men rush when they try to chop up the Scriptures with the meat-axe of their own preferences, now calling upon philosophy, now calling on the Church, now calling on God, now calling on the devil. I prefer the thick, warm robe of the old religion—old as God—the robe which has kept so many warm amid the cold pilgrimage of this life and amid the chills of death. The old robe rather than the thin, uncertain gauze offered us by these wiseacres who *believe the Bible in spots.*

On July 27th, 1814, at seventy-two years of age, expired Isabella Graham. She was the most useful woman of her day amid the poor and sick, at the head of the orphan asylums and Magdalen asylums, and an angel of mercy in hospital and reformatory. Dr. Mason, one of the mightest men of his day, said at her funeral that she was mentally and spiritually the most wonderfully endowed person he had ever met. She was an impersonation of the most orthodox orthodoxy. Her last word was peace. As a sublime peroration to my sermon, I will give an extract from her last will and testament, showing how one who believes in an entire Bible may make a glorious exit:

AN EXTRACT FROM A WILL.

"My children and my grandchildren I leave to my covenant God, the God who hath fed me all my life with the bread that perisheth and the bread that never perisheth, who has been a Father to my fatherless children and a husband to their widowed mother thus far. And now receiving my Redeemer's testimony, I set to my seal that God is true; and believing the record of John Wesley that God hath given to me eternal life and this life is in His Son who, through the eternal Spirit, overcomes without spot unto God, and being consecrated a priest forever hath with His own blood entered into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for me. I also believe that He will perfect what concerns me, support and carry me safely through death, and present me to His Father, complete in His own righteousness, without spot or wrinkle. Into the hands of this redeeming God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost I commit my redeemed spirit.—ISABELLA GRAHAM."

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers. "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen and Amen!"

THE OCCUPATIONS, ETC.

A new pamphlet of Dr. Talmage's Sermons, under the above title, is now ready. Among the twenty-six sermons it contains, are those to Lawyers, Doctors, Merchants, Clerks, Commercial Travellers, The Theatrical Profession, and Telegraph Operators. Also Sermons on Business Life, The East Wind, Silver Wings, The Pouting Son, The Ferry-boat of the Jordan, etc. It may be obtained, postage paid, from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office for thirty cents.

The Objects at which Freethinkers are Aiming were disclosed at the convention held last week in Boston, Mass. On January 28th a Freethinkers' Association was formed, with by-laws demanding that churches should not be exempt from taxation; that the judicial oath should be abolished; that all laws enforcing *the observance of the Sabbath and Christian morality* should be repealed; that the Bible should be removed from the public schools.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Dying Christian Soldier.—Mr. Jack Said at a recent meeting: "I went recently to see a dying soldier lad. For months back he has been suffering most painfully with consumption of the bones and lungs, yet he never complains. This fact alone is a powerful testimony of the grace of God. Patiently the lad endures the actual physical torture, and what is even more trying to the nerves, the mental weariness incidental to a long sickness. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ is sufficient for him at all times."

Three Spanish Evangelists.—Signor Rodriguez says: "Two or three weeks before the Spanish Revolution, a few years ago, I was converted to Christ at a little meeting of earnest Christians. My parents were converted by reading the Gospel of St. John. My mother prayed that her beloved sons might be also converted, and had the great joy of seeing two of her sons working for Christ before her death. Could she rise from the dead, she would see her three sons working together in gathering in souls for our beloved Master. Our work is not connected with any society; our trust is in the Lord and those friends who help us"

Used to the Roar of Niagara.—Mr. MacFarlane related: "I was speaking with a gentleman who had just returned from a visit to Niagara, where he lived in the Clifton Hotel, which is close to the Falls. He asked a waiter, 'Are you not annoyed by the noise of the waterfall?' 'Positively I don't hear it; when I first came here I hardly heard anything for it; now it is quite quiet to me.' Why is this? Because he is accustomed to it. That is the reason Christians are content to sit with folded hands, looking calmly on while so many of their fellows are gliding down the broad road to eternal death. Rouse yourselves, ask God for Christ's sake to give you grace and strength to 'rescue the perishing.'"

A Scotch Pharisee's Folly.—The Rev. Mr. Riddell remarked: "It is saddening to think how obtuse some men and women are to the first principles of the Gospel, even though they sit and listen to a truly earnest evangelical preacher Sunday after Sunday for years. I remember one who had attended all the services during the ministry of the sainted Murray McCheyne, yet had never realized that she was a lost sinner. I was called to her death-bed, where all her children were gathered in much anxiety because, being converted themselves, they knew she was not. I pressed upon her the need of seeking the Saviour before it was too late; but she only replied, 'Well, sir, if every one in Dundee lived as I have done, there would be no need of police.' In this state she passed away, having wilfully closed her eyes to the truth, preferring to trust in her own goodness rather than to the Lord. Oh, that men would ask God to open their eyes to their sinful condition in His sight! How soon would He answer their prayer and lead them to Jesus."

Singular Conversion of a Wicked Officer.—Mr. Ross related: "I heard a military officer testify he was leading a wicked, abominable life, caring nothing but for opportunities to indulge in his evil passions, till he fell off his horse and was so seriously injured that he was confined for some time to his bed. A lady friend visited him, read the Bible, sang hymns, and urged him to give himself to Christ. For a long time no beneficial impression seemed to be made, but one day the lady was going to a prayer-meeting, and said, 'I am going to a meeting where we shall pray for you; won't you pray for yourself as well? I will leave my Bible with you.' When she had gone he took up her Bible, and prayed, 'Oh, Lord! let it open at the verse that will suit me, for Christ's sake.' He opened the Book, and his eye fell on the verse, 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool' (Isa. 1: 18), and the next verse, 'If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land.' He thought, 'This is my condition, am I willing?' Then he cried, 'Lord, I *am* willing; Lord! make me as snow; my sins are flaming like crimson, make me as wool.' His cry was heard, for the Lord opened his eyes and he saw Christ as his Saviour, and realized the power of His precious blood to cleanse from all sin. When his friend returned, he was glorifying God with heart and voice."

A Boy that Couldn't be Killed.—Mr. McFarlane relates: "Last summer a friend and myself were passing from one loch to another one some distance off; neither of us knew the way, but we got a rough-looking boy to guide us. His hair was uncombed, clothing in rags, feet bare, hands brown with peat water, and he was very glad to earn a sixpence. As we walked through the wild picturesque glen, with its overhanging rocks and brawling stream, my friend asked the boy, 'Are you a Christian?' 'Aye, that I am!' 'Well, suppose that rock fell down and killed us, where would you be?' 'That couldn't kill me.' 'Yes it could, your body would be rushed to atoms.' 'My body might be crushed to pieces, but IT'S not me. How can I be killed when I have got everlasting life?' My friend was silenced; the boy had attained to a higher level than himself in the Christian life."

Escape of Entombed Miners.—Mr. Hill Tells of some miners who were intercepted below by a heavy fall of coal, so that they could not get out by the shaft. "There was one man among them who had strong faith in God; he took them into a recess, where they prayed and sang together. Soon their lamp went out for want of oil, but they continued in believing prayer till God brought to the remembrance of the man with strong faith that there was an old disused shaft in another part of the mine, the difficulty being to get there in the dark and to find the opening, which, as it stood, was too small for a man to pass through. He consulted with his mates, and after prayer they decided to try to find it. They went in the direction, and found it almost at once. By a little labor they enlarged the opening, and every man passed through safely, and was taken up the old shaft. God had speedily delivered them in answer to believing prayer in the name of Christ."

A Brave Fireman's Death.—At a Meeting on the Broomielaw, Glasgow, Major Colquhoun said: "Suddenly a cry of 'Fire! fire!' was raised in the darkness of midnight. It was in a town where they use the fire-escape, which is not done here. Shortly after the alarm was given, the engines and escapes were on the spot, but by this time, short as it was, the flames had got the mastery, so that there was no hope of saving the house. It was thought that all had escaped from the building. To the horror of the excited spectators, a face appeared at one of the windows; it was that of a child. In an instant the fire-escape was in position, and a brave fireman soon drove in the window with his axe and saved the child. The next moment it was discovered that a woman was in danger, and she was also saved. Then it was found that four other human beings were in the burning house. There was only one way that they could get from it, and that way was soon ready for them, for the same fireman was soon driving in their window and pulling them out of the fire. By incredible exertions all were at last lowered to the ground amid the plaudits of the people who gathered around. Forgetting the rescuer, they thought only of the rescued. A voice cried out, 'Three cheers for the fireman,' the crowd turned to see the hero of the night, but alas! where was he? Entangled in the network with his belt and axe, he was writhing and struggling to free himself, but could not do it for some time. With a last convulsive effort he was free. Free to do what? To fall a mangled corpse upon the pavement below. He saved others, himself he could not save. Is it any wonder that the country was moved and sorrowed for the death of that brave man? No, it is not; yet when we think of the feeling displayed over that man, we do wonder that the indifference of men to the death of the Lord Jesus who died for them—their ingratitude is such that only the great loving heart of God can pardon them for Christ's sake."

A Sicilian Lady Led to Christ.—Major Colquhoun said: "A few years ago I became acquainted with a young lady living with Christian friends in Paris. Her mother and sister lived in Sicily, and she had come to France to push her way as a governess. Two years since this lady, hearing that I was going to Italy, requested me to visit her mother and sister in Palermo. When I reached that city I remembered my friend's request, and took the first opportunity I could get to call on her relatives. My friend's mother was a fine-looking, elderly lady, who moved in good society, and had seen much of the world. Wearied of its pleasures, she had been seeking rest, but found only sorrow. Her heart opened up to me at once, and I spoke of divine things; our conversation was brief, but it was touching to hear her tell, with tears running down her face, of her concern about her future state. She said, 'When I reached womanhood I believed I found a true friend in a Jesuit father, my confessor; I opened my whole heart to him, but I woke up to the fact that this man was seeking not my soul's salvation, but its damnation. Since then I have distrusted all religious teachers. From the approaches of the priests, knowing them as I do, I shrank with horror, I felt myself a sinner before God. I have cried to heaven for relief, but found none; I have read the New Testament, but no one could explain it to me. I am not ready to die; tell me the way of life.' In that brief hour I preached Christ to her; we asked His blessing and guidance, and I believe that was the moment of conversion for her, when ceasing the struggles of a lifetime, she came to the Saviour's feet."

THE FUTURE TEMPLE.

By Rev. J. R. Graves, LL.D.*

A Temple to be Built—Superior to Solomon's—For all Nations—General Assistance in Building it—What God has Said about the Temple—The Feast without an Antitype—The Shekinah Light—Its Effects on Life and Vegetation.

It is distinctly foretold that Christ, the Archetype of Solomon, will, at the commencement of His reign, build a house that will be far larger and more glorious than the former, or Solomon's (Zech. 6: 12–14). It is the glory of this, the latter or last house, that shall exceed that of the first or former house.

The first thing inaugurated by Christ after the nations have been subdued to His sceptre and the rule of the saints, is the establishment of true religion and a divine system of worship in Jerusalem, the metropolis of this Empire.

If the reader will open to Ezekiel, and read the last verses of chapter 39, he will see that God declares that He will gather the whole house of Israel out of the nations, after they have borne their shame for their trespasses, and that He will plant them in their own land, and that "He will dwell among them," and never more hide His face from them. In the chapter following, the prophet describes with great particularity a temple that is to be built on Mouut Zion in Jerusalem, far superior in

SIZE AND GRANDEUR

to the first temple built by Solomon—indeed, the glorious archetype of that. There are six full chapters given to a description of that one temple and its ordinances. From the dimensions given (Ezek. 40), the court of the temple will be *one mile square*, covering more than the whole of the present site of Jerusalem, which will bear the name of the "Sanctuary of the Lord's house," in the midst of which this larger and more glorious temple than Solomon's will be built.

Commentators are staggered at its contemplation, and know not what to do with it! They

* From his excellent work on "The Seven Dispensations," published by the Baptist Book House, Memphis, Tenn., price $2.

say that its size is against the prophecy being construed literally, and they are free to admit that they know not how to spiritualize it to edification, but they all do so after a fashion.

The description of the dimensions of this temple are as literal as those of the first temple (see 1 Kings, chap. 6), and no indication of a figure, emblem, or symbol in them, and, therefore, it must, by all the laws of interpretation, be understood literally. It is to profane the record to attempt to allegorize it, and no sense can be made by so doing.

We can scarce conceive anything farther from facts and reason than the suggestion of Dr. Clark, that this was but an outline of the first temple, by which the Jews were to rebuild after their return from Babylon! Could they not rebuild by the original pattern given by God in 1 Kings 6? And then it is not a duplicate of that, but different and much larger. For this is to be the "house of worship

FOR ALL NATIONS,"

which declaration of itself proves that it does not allude to Solomon's temple restored, since that never was. It is computed that more than a million of Jews were wont to assemble at Jerusalem during their great annual festivities, as that of the Tabernacles, but who can estimate the countless multitudes gathered out of all nations, peoples, kindreds and tribes who will come up to worship the Messiah and keep the antitypical feast of the tabernacles? Grant the site of the old city is insufficient to contain the court of this Temple, is it not foretold that there will be physical changes made, enlarging the surface of the Mount (Zech. 14 : 10), and then the whole enlarged area will be occupied by the court and temple, and be the sanctuary of God.

Now let us see what God hath said about a temple, larger and more glorious than that of Solomon's, being built in Jerusalem, after the Advent of Christ, and by Christ after the restoration of all Israel, as well as Judah: "And speak unto him, saying, thus speaketh the Lord of hosts, saying, Behold the man whose name is The BRANCH: and He shall grow up out of His place, and He shall build the temple of the Lord: Even He shall build the temple of the Lord; and He shall bear the glory, and shall sit and rule upon His throne; and He shall be a priest upon His throne: and the counsel of peace shall be between them both" (Zech. 6 : 12–14).

Hiram, King of Tyre, and his Tyrians, built the temple for Solomon, and so will the nations which are afar off assist in building this last temple. "And they that are far off shall come and build in the temple of the Lord, and ye shall know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you. And this shall come to pass, if ye will diligently obey the voice of the Lord your God" (Zech. 6 : 15).

Isaiah thus speaks of it: "And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills: and all nations shall flow into it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths; for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem" (2 : 2, 3).

Zechariah foretells its use for all nations, while Solomon's, as we have seen, was but for the Jews only: "And it shall come to pass that every one that is left of all the nations which came against Jerusalem, shall even go up from year to year to worship the King, the Lord of hosts, and to keep the feast of tabernacles. . . . In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord: and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar. Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts; and all they that sacrifice shall come and take of them, and seethe therein: and in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts" (Zech. 14 : 16, 20, 21).

THE FEAST

here alluded to is the only one that has had no antitype as yet, and will be fulfilled when the representatives of all nations shall assemble upon Mount Zion to worship in this house, the glory of which will far exceed that of the first temple. "For thus saith the Lord of hosts: Yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land; and I will shake all nations, and the Desire of all nations shall come: and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts. The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts. The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts; and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts" (Hag. 2 : 6–9).

It is concerning this last house that God says: "And He said unto me, Son of man, the place of my throne, and the soles of my feet, where I will dwell in the midst of the children of Israel forever, and my holy name, shall the house of Israel no more defile, neither they, nor their kings, by their whoredom, nor by the carcasses of their kings in their high places" (Ezek. 43 : 7). This cannot be said of any one of the three Temples, for they did defile them all, and the last one they made "a den of thieves."

But the most marvellous manifestations of God's presence and favor to this city is yet to be mentioned. Isaiah tells us that when the inhabitants of Jerusalem shall have been restored and purged from all their iniquities, that the Lord—"And the Lord will create upon every dwelling place f Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night: for upon all the glory shall be a defence. And there shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the day-time from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain" (Isa. 4 : 5, 6).

And will not this

SHEKINAH-LIGHT,

that will rest, day and night, over the city like the pillar of cloud that accompanied the camp of Israel through the desert—the shadow of a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night—explain these several passages?

This is the glory time, and the holy hill which the Psalmist so often refers to. Let the reader see 2 : 6–15; 143 : 3; 24 : 3; and read especially Ps. 87; and the holy mountain of the prophets. Isa. 11 : 9 and 65 : 25; 56 : 7; 57 : 13; 65 : 11; Joel 3 : 17. "Thus saith the Lord; I am returned unto Zion, and will dwell in the midst of Jerusalem; and Jerusalem shall be called A city of truth; and the mountains of the Lord of hosts, Thy holy mountain" (Zech. 8 : 3). May it not be that the wonderful changes wrought upon the climate of Judea and the animal and vegetable kingdom, and the prolongation of human life which the prophet likens unto the creation of a new heaven and new earth, when he shall create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy, can all be attributed to the effects of this Shekinah-light and presence of the Lord, described by Isaiah 65 : 17 and onward.

It may be asked, Of what particular interest can this hill and temple be to us, and what profit that we should regard them? Much every way. Are not these eight chapters of Ezekiel a part of God's Word, which it is our duty to study? and though somewhat difficult of apprehension, are they not "Scripture," and therefore given by God, and "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," that we, if His children, may be thoroughly furnished unto all good works?" But if we are indeed His children, and of His blood-washed, shall we not stand on this Mount Zion with the 144,000? Will not our eyes be ravished with these bright visions of delight? Will not our feet, in company with the redeemed, walk the streets of this city of our God, and tread the sacred courts of this glorious temple? Will not our voices mingle with the thousand choirs in swelling the high praises of our God and the Lamb?

Should not the contemplation of these transcendent scenes of pleasure and delight fire our cold hearts with fresh ardor of hope and strengthen our hands in the work of our Lord? God commanded her prophet to "show this house to the house of Israel that they might be ashamed of their iniquities," and should not the contemplation of it wean us from the idolatries of earth, and influence us to seek this city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

THE HULL TRADESMAN WHO SWALLOWED HIS PROPERTY.

In the autumn of 1871, I was asked to call upon a woman in Hull, England, who was ill. I knew the woman very well. She lived in a thickly populated district, and had two sons and two daughters. They were very poor, and I was aware of the cause of their sad condition. The room was very scantily furnished, and some of the articles had been lent by a kind neighbor. I saw the woman several times before her death, and had abundant opportunities of witnessing the reality of the change which had been wrought in her by the Holy Spirit, through attending the mission services held some few months before at the parish church. At these services there was one hymn frequently used which produced a wonderful effect upon her the first time she heard it sung, and to the day of her death it was her favorite hymn. She sang it repeatedly, and for the last time only an hour or two before her death. It was the hymn commencing,

"Art thou weary, art thou languid?"

During her last moments she realized the presence of her Saviour, who she believed had forgiven her many sins, and was about to take her unto Himself.

There is a sad history connected with this family. Some years before, they occupied a very different position. At that time they lived outside the town in a fashionable residence, fitted up, regardless of expense, with everything that could contribute to their comfort. The father conducted a flourishing business in the town, and the premises in which he carried on his business, together with some tenements immediately behind the same, were his own property. Unfortunately, however, he began to frequent the public-house, and became a drinker and a gambler.

The business in time fell off because it was neglected; and eventually the property was sold. Shortly after this he became a bankrupt, and his household furniture and effects were sold to satisfy the claims of his creditors. Even these reverses failed to arouse the man from his fatal stupor, and, if possible, he drank more heavily than before; so by degrees the family was dragged down in the social scale along with the husband and father, until at last they came to dwell in the attic where I first met with them, and where the mother died. Thus it came to pass that a once respectable and affluent family were reduced to the lowest condition through drink and other evils.

Soon after their effects were sold by auction, the mother unfortunately followed her husband's example, as she thought to drown her sorrows, but in reality the consequence was to increase them a hundredfold. And as a candle when lit at both ends is speedily consumed, so when both husband and wife commenced to drink, their ruin was speedily effected. The two sons and two daughters had to provide for themselves, and it cost them many a hard and painful struggle to do so. At the present moment, the daughters are engaged as assistants in one of our large establishments—striving to keep themselves respectable and to pay their way. Having suffered so much themselves through the intemperate habits of their parents, they are all total abstainers, and one at least was for some time a member, and took an active part in the management of a Band of Hope.

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New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

A wrong date will appear on the address label of some papers this week. A large number of renewals have been received during the past week, and it has not been possible in every case to change the date to that covered by the renewal.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate Refused, on Thursday, to Accept the action of its conference-committee on the Greely Relief Expedition Bill. The difficulty between the two Houses is as to the selection of men to make up the expedition. The House would empower the President to select, through the Secretary of the Navy, the officers and men for the expedition; but the Senate amended the bill by providing that only volunteers should be sent. The House rejected the amendment, and at the conference the Senate committee withdrew it. On the report Mr. Saulsbury, of Deleware, strenuously opposed the withdrawal of the amendment, declaring that he was against forcing naval officers to go on such an extraordinary service, when it was outside of their regular line of duty, and declared that he was opposed to giving the Secretary of the Navy such a chance to punish any officer, if he desired to do so. After a long debate a new conference committee was appointed with instructions to insist on the amendment. As the case is urgent, it may be hoped that this difficulty will soon be settled. There is not likely to be any lack of volunteers.

The Senate Listened to an Earnest Temperance speech on January 30th from Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, in reference to the petitions sent to that chamber by the Woman's National Christian Temperance Association, praying that the manufacture and sale of intoxicants might be prohibited in the District of Columbia. Mr. Blair made an earnest plea for action upon them. He pointed out how similar petitions had been received year after year without any attention being paid to them, and that to know how to deal with the liquor question had become one of the most serious problems of statesmanship. Mr. Blair referred to Mr. Frye's recent description of what he had seen in a Capitol restaurant, and said it had come to be understood by the nation at large that the Capitol was *a great national grog shop.* If this was an error it should be corrected; if it was a fact it should cease to be a fact. Mr. Blair declared that in his State, prohibition worked well and did prohibit. He quoted statistics to show that prohibitory laws also worked well in other States, and urged that the liquor traffic should be shut off by Congress in that district. During his remarks Mr. Blair expressed the belief that the root of the evil would never be removed until it was attacked by constitutional restrictions. This is *bearding the lion in his den.* Washington is the last city on earth in which one would expect to see prohibition enforced.

The Confiscation of the Funds of the Mormon Church is the essence of the measure proposed by Senator Edmunds for the suppression of the Utah evil. Few people have any idea of the momentous character of the bill now under the consideration of the Senate. At present Utah is really governed by the officers of the Mormon Church. The taxes, which are large, are exacted, collected, and expended by the Mormon elders, and the necessities of life can only be had through them. They control the schools and all the avenues to social position and advancement. By their power of excommunication they hold the people in terror, for excommunication means ruin socially and financially to the excommunicated person. In proposing to strip the Church of its power and substitute for it a commission, nominated by the President, having the power to collect and disburse the revenue of the territory, the bill strikes at the root of the great upas tree, and would take off the shackles which now hold every citizen under the tyranny of the priests, a tyranny which in all ages and in all lands has been the most cruel and intolerable of all tyrannies.

Another Keifer Investigation has been Ordered by the House. Mr. Keifer, in his examination before the House Committee on the charge of having, during his Speakership, appointed his nephew by a dishonorable arrangement to an office in the House, made an accusation of unfairness against the newspaper correspondents in Washington. Being pressed to mention names, he gave those of two well-known correspondents, and a committee has been appointed to investigate the charges. The accused correspondents enjoy a wide reputation for honesty and integrity, so that Mr. Keifer's complaint has caused some surprise. The ex-Speaker appears to think that his unenvjable reputation in the country has been caused by the letters of newspaper correspondents, and to some extent he is right. Their accounts of his peculiar official conduct are defended on the ground that correspondents are employed to give true reports and not to conceal facts.

The Petition to the Forthcoming National Conventions of the Republican and Democratic parties on the subject of prohibition, to which we have already referred, has been prepared. It reads as follows: "The National Temperance Society, entirely non-partisan as an organization, earnestly asks your attention to the alcoholic liquor traffic as an issue of urgent and vital importance, involving very largely the nation's welfare and prosperity; and it furthermore respectfully requests that you will, by resolution, favor the submission to the several States of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified, will prohibit the manufacture, importation, and sale of all alcoholic liquor for drinking purposes, and that you will nominate for President and Vice-President candidates who will favor the prohibition of the liquor traffic throughout our national domain."

Wendell Phillips, the Famous Orator and anti-slavery leader, died on Saturday last at his residence in Boston, Mass., after a short but painful illness. He was in his seventy-third year, having been born November 29th, 1811. He studied for the law, but abandoned the profession after a very short practice in order to take part in the anti-slavery agitation then commenced by William Lloyd Garrison. His first public speech on the question was made in 1837 in Faneuil Hall, Boston, and from that time onward to the passing of the fifteenth amendment the agitation was the main business of his life. In his later years he advocated the doctrines of the Greenback-Labor party and woman suffrage. His fame as an orator was unrivalled. The charm of his eloquence was admitted even by those whose principles were diametrically opposed to his own. He had a deep and generous sympathy with any man or people whom he believed to be wronged or oppressed, but in denouncing the men whom he regarded as the oppressors, his indignation was liable to overpower his judgment. His most intimate friends and warmest admirers speak with regret of "his wrong-headedness," and his readiness to adopt schemes and advocate measures which would have involved those whom he sympathized with, and those whom he denounced in disaster. He was an ardent advocate of temperance, and his private charities were liberal.

A Railroad Disaster of an Exceedingly Distressing character occurred on Thursday last about eight miles from Indianapolis, Ind. A passenger train about ten A.M. was crossing the bridge over White River and Broad Ripple between Indianapolis and Monon, on its way to the former city, when the fireman felt the rear of the train sink and pull. The bridge was undergoing repairs, and he instinctively realized that the structure had given way. He instantly opened the throttle, and the engine sprang forward with great force, breaking the couplings between the tender and baggage-car. The locomotive kept the track, but the baggage and smoking-cars and a passenger coach dropped through the bridge and were piled up in one mass at the foot of the pier, the smoking-car being nearly crushed by the baggage-car. The wreck was partially submerged, but the portion above water immediately took fire from the stoves. Six persons were imprisoned by the seats, and were burned to death or were drowned before the flames reached them. The shrieks of the victims were heard by people in the neighborhood, who rushed to the rescue, but there were no axes or buckets, or several lives might have been saved. Later, when both appliances were procured, it was too late. The passengers who were not held by the broken timbers crawled out, and were picked up by the boats.

Dr. Elisha Harris, the Eminent Philanthropic physician of New York, died on Thursday last at Albany. He was sixty years of age, and at the time of his death occupied the position of Secretary of the State Board of Health. He was conspicuous among the physicians and philanthropists who have labored arduously and successfully in the cause of sanitary reform. One of the greatest works for the benefit of the people in which Dr. Harris was engaged was the first thorough tenement-house survey, known as the Sanitary Survey of 1869. The immediate result of this work was to render tenement-house life less hideous, by making ventilation of dark bedrooms compulsory. By Dr. Harris's suggestion or direction over 50,000 windows, for ventilating purposes were put in such rooms. Dr. Harris was also actively engaged in fighting the epidemic of fever in 1870, when, there being no hospitals for contagious diseases, a thorough system of disinfecting and fumigation was made necessary. To him also is due much credit for taking the first step in establishing the system of public vaccination. This was in 1869, and about fifty physicians in that year vaccinated between 50,000 and 60,000 persons.

Mrs. M. F. Shipman's Services at the Park Avenue Church, Brooklyn, have been extensively blessed. Members of the church say that for years they have been praying for such an outpouring of the Spirit as has now been granted them. The pastor and people labored earnestly with Mrs. Shipman in the work, and not only the church, but the outlying sphere around has felt the effect of the revival.

The Report that Rev. John S. Inskip had been prostrated by a second paralytic seizure, which was widely published last week, is contradicted. Mrs. Inskip writes that the attack, which was at first thought to be another attack of paralysis, was vertigo, and was caused by indigestion. She states that Mr. Inskip, though weak, is recovering, and that he is now able to sit up, and is as well as at any time since his attack of paralysis.

The Rev. E. Payson Hammond's Services at Camden, N. J., have been attended by large numbers of children and young people, over a hundred of whom have made a profession of religion as the result of God's blessing on his labors. The services were held in the Methodist and Baptist churches alternately. There were three meetings each day; prayer and conference in the morning, a children's meeting after the day-schools closed in the afternoon, and the adult gathering in the evening. Many of the meetings were attended by crowds, who filled every available space, and many went away not able to gain admission.

A Remarkable Case of Faith Cure is thus described by *The Christian at Work:* Miss Sarah Alton, of Putnam, Mass., a young lady aged twenty-three years, has for four years been suffering from spinal disease. She could not move without the use of crutches. The best physicians of the State and of Boston pronounced her case incurable. After her last return from Boston, bound up in a jacket of plaster of Paris, she became rapidly worse. Miss Alton had been frequently importuned by pious friends to have recourse to prayer and faith for a cure. Last Monday night she had a dream in which she thought that she saw herself cured by prayer. She communicated with her friends in Boston asking them to pray for her recovery. At three o'clock Tuesday afternoon she invited some of her neighbors into her house to pray with her. They prayed together. Miss Alton immediately became conscious of a change for the better. Since then she has discarded her crutches, is improving rapidly, and confident of entire recovery.

Mr. Anthony Comstock Described the Progress made during the past year by the Society for the Suppression of Vice in a speech delivered in Association Hall, New York, on January 22d. Mr. Comstock said: "We have advanced one step in 1883 over any previous year. We have checked a licentious French art, or rather copies of it. By a single verdict in the Oyer and Terminer Court in New York City we have cleared many shop windows and checked the tide of obscenity which had been coming from France and other European countries under the specious protection of art. We maintain that genius has no more right to be nasty than the common mind; that the French artist has acquired no right to debauch the morals of our land simply because he has conceived in his mind a lascivious picture and then wrought it upon canvas. It is not a question of art at all. It is simply this: Shall foreigners or others bring lewd, obscene, and indecent pictures here and display them in the public windows to the detriment of the morals of our youth? The law says no." The year closes with a deficiency in the treasury of the society of $274. The expenditure of the society last year was about $9000.

At the Thirty-first Annual Meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York, held on January 28th, the secretary made an interesting statement of the progress of the association. From his remarks it appears that during last year 246,693 persons visited the reception-room, and 104,994 the reading-room, a daily average in the first instance of 757 and of 336 in the latter. The library was made use of by 45,690 persons, and the gymnasium by 36,596. During the year 1410 secular meetings were held and 888 religious services. The attendance at the religious services aggregated 37,843. The total membership of the association on December 31st, 1883, was 3356. The Employment Committee reported that they received last year 1142 applications from employers and 2388 applications from employés. Secretary McBurney stated that the American International Committee of Christian Associations had expended during 1883 $30,715.17, and that it closed the year free from debt. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, treasurer of the association, reported that the receipts from all sources last year were $31,408.66. The amount expended was $30,374.12, leaving $1034.54. It is proposed to spend $15,000 this year in improving the accommodations of the class-rooms and library. Judge Noah Davis, of the Supreme Court, delivered an address, in the course of which he assailed the evil of intemperance vigorously, and described the strength and power of the liquor-dealers. "On the subject of the liquor traffic," he said, "I wish it were in my power to say that *such an evil should not have the license of public law.*" In another part of his speech the judge alluded to the importance of liquor as an element in politics, and said that it was too often the case that "the direct way to become an Alderman is to float through the rum shops."

Prayer for Tenement House Inmates has been answered in a remarkable manner in Brooklyn. Seven months ago a young man asked for prayer that God's blessing might rest upon himself and others, as they sought to do some mission work in a particular tenement house. The house was notorious for the rough nature of its inmates, who numbered forty-two in all. Moreover, they were all Roman Catholics, who, while not attending church, bristled with prejudices against anything in the way of Protestant endeavors to present the truth. The result is now reported. A mission prayer-meeting has been established, and is held in the house regularly one evening of the week. The children in the house, ignorant and wild before, have been led to the Sabbath-school, and in some instances to day-school, and a hold seems to have been gotten upon them. Two of the inmates of the house profess to have found a Saviour in Christ since the work commenced, and there is a deep interest manifested by others.

The Kansas City, Mo., Young Men's Christian Association is making rapid progress, and is doing a useful work in the city under the vigorous and energetic management of its General Secretary, Mr. F. A. Hatch. It has added over two hundred new members during the past year; new rooms have been secured and occupied, more imposing with one exception than any others in the whole West. A debating society has been organized, also classes in German, short-hand and book-keeping. A series of social meetings and a course of familiar talks and lectures were the most successful ever held by the Association. The religious work is in a healthy state, and some fifty religious meetings are held monthly.

The Rev. Thomas Harrison's Revival Services at Rockford, Ill., still continue with good results. The meetings are held in the Centennial Church. A local paper states 950 have asked for prayer and 840 have found Christ. The work is spreading to the other churches. Mr. Harrison's next sphere of labor is St. Louis.

A Baron Applied for Charitable Relief in Cleveland, Ohio, on January 15th. To a reporter who visited him, he said: "My right name is Gustave Von Rosenstein. The Rosensteins were an old Swedish family, of which I am the last. My mother was Baroness Von Rosenstein, born in Silesia, near the Saxon border. When the revolution for the overthrow of Bernadotte, the French usurper, failed, I with others was exiled. I arrived in New York in 1833 without any means, the Swedish Government having confiscated all my property. I became a whitewasher and house-painter, and remained at that work for six years. I have lived in Cleveland nearly forty-five years." The Baron's pitiable condition is an example of the way earthly kings deal with rebellion. The King of kings did not thus punish those who rebelled against Him. He gave His only-begotten Son to die in their stead (Rom. 5 : 8-10).

THE LORD WITH TWO OR THREE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."—MATTHEW 18 : 20.

The First Mention of a Church-Meeting—A Prayer-Meeting—The Heart of a Prayer—Luther's Prayer—Not a Farce—General Meetings—I. Matters not Essential—Numbers—The Rank of the People—The Place—The Time—The Form—Unbrotherly Brothers—II. A Matter Essential—In Christ's Name—Press to the Centre—Leave an Empty Stall—III. An Encouraging Assurance—How Jesus is there—In Each Christian—In His Work and Ordinances—In the Midst—To Bless—A Lord Mayor Keeping an Appointment—What an Agnostic is.

WE have in the verses preceding the text a mention of the first *church-meeting* of which I remember to have found mention in the New Testament. The Saviour declares of His assembled people, "Verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." A few believers, gathered out of the world, have met in the name of the Lord Jesus, to attend to the affairs of His household here below. It is

A CASE OF DISCIPLINE.

A brother has trespassed against another brother. The offended one has sought him out privately, and by personal expostulation has endeavored to bring him to a better mind; but he has failed. He has then taken with him two or three brethren of the church, and they have together pleaded with the offender that he would do that which is right; but he is obstinate; even in the presence of two or three witnesses he persists in his trespass, and refuses to be won over by kindly entreaty. It only remains that they shall tell it to the church.

The church is grieved; it hears the case patiently, and waits upon God in prayer. It asks guidance, and, at last, finding that there is no help for it, removes the member of the body who is not in true sympathy with the rest, and is acting as if he had not the life of God in him. This being done, according to Christ's rule—justly, impartially, lovingly, with prayer—that which is done by a few men and women assembled here below, is registered in the court above. What they have bound on earth is bound in heaven. What they have loosed on earth is also loosed in heaven. It is *a happy privilege* when they can loose the bound one. When repentance is expressed, when the backslider is restored, when the church has reason to believe that the work of the Spirit is truly in the heart of the offender, then the bond is loosed on earth, and it is also loosed in heaven. The meetings of God's servants for the necessary discipline of the church are not trifling meetings, but there is a divine power in them, since what they do is done in the name of Jesus Christ their Lord. Oh, that church-meetings were more generally looked at in this solemn light!

Next, we are introduced to

THE PRAYER-MEETING;

in the nineteenth verse we read, "Again I say unto you, that if two of you," *two* of you, "shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven." It is a very little meeting, it could not be smaller to be a meeting at all. There are only two there, but they are two praying men, and two believers. They are two of the Lord's own servants, whose great concern is His kingdom; they are two earnest persons who very greatly desire the prosperity of the church. They are two of kindred spirit, agreeing in love to God and the truth, and they have talked over the matter, and considered it, and they feel moved by the Spirit of God to unite their supplications about one important subject. Will they meet together and pray in vain? As they are only two, will not the meeting fail to count with God? Assuredly not; the Lord Jesus Christ has aforehand left them this gracious promise, that if they shall agree on

earth touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of His Father which is in heaven; they are only two, but this suffices to secure them the promised hearing.

Perhaps the exact petition which they offer may not apparently be answered. Remember that God often hears the prayer of our prayers, and answers *that* rather than our prayers themselves; by which I mean, that there is an inner soul within true prayer which is the quickening life of true supplication. The body of prayer may die, but the soul of prayer lives and abides forever. If I am asked what my inmost heart prays for, I should reply,

THE HEART OF MY PRAYER

is—"The will of the Lord be done." Is not this the essence, quintessence, and extract of the prayer by which our Saviour taught us how to pray? He bade us say, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

Mean we anything more than this by our prayers? I think that, when well instructed, this is neither more nor less than what we intend, and if it be really so, and we come together, delighting ourselves in the Lord, He will most certainly give us the desire of our hearts. When we come together with our wills sanctified into the likeness of the divine will, then our prayer succeeds, till it becomes no presumption even if we dare to say with Luther in one of his bold prayers, "O my Lord, *let my will be done this time!*" He ventured to speak thus because he felt sure that his will must be in accordance with the Divine will. Only there do you stand on solid ground; only there may you plead without any reserve for special blessings.

The prayer-meeting is *not a farce*, no waste of time, no mere pious amusement. Some in these times think so, but such shall be lightly esteemed. Surely they know not the omnipotence that lies in the pleas of God's people. The Lord has taken the keys of His royal treasury, and put them into the hand of faith. There is an accumulated power in united supplication; two do not only double the force, but multiply it tenfold. How soon the gate of mercy opens when two are knocking! God grant to each one of us a praying partner; when John pulls the oar of prayer let James join him in the hearty tug. Better still, may we always believe in our Father's presence at our prayer-meetings, so that we may find the words of Jesus true when He says, "It shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

Now, thirdly, we come to a promise which includes *every meeting of any sort* or kind which is for Christ's glory. So long as it is a sacred meeting of saintly men and women for the purposes of devotion or service—for the purposes of prayer or praise, or whatever else may be most suitable for the occasion, here is the promise for them—"for where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Now, first, we shall mention with regard to these meetings, *matters not essential;* then, secondly, we shall carefully mention *a matter most essential;* and, thirdly, we shall dwell upon *an assurance most encouraging*.

I. First, let us speak of

MATTERS NOT ESSENTIAL.

At the outset, we know that *numbers are not essential*, for "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I." It is very important in a large church that there should be large gatherings for prayer, for it would be an evidence of a slighting of the ordinance of united supplication if a fair proportion of the members did not come together for that holy and blessed exercise. But, still, where that cannot be—where the church itself is small—where, for divers reasons which we need not here recapitulate, it is not possible for many to gather together—it is a very encouraging circumstance that numbers are not essential to success in prayer. "Where *two or three* are gathered together." The number is mentioned, I suppose, because that is about the smallest number that could make a congregation. We can hardly call it a congregation where the minister has to say, "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth us in divers places," as we have heard was once done by a clergyman; truly it was an assembly of two, and so was within the number, and under the circumstances might find the Lord present. But two out of a large church would have been a wretched sign of decline. Two or three are mentioned, not to encourage absence, but to cheer the faithful few who do not forget the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is.

Still, the number has this advantage, that it is the readiest congregation to be gathered. It is not difficult to make up two or three. A husband and wife: there are two. A husband and wife and a child: there are three. It is a very handy congregation, because it can meet in a bedroom; it can meet in a kitchen; it can meet in a closet; it can meet anywhere, for it is so small. It is also easily hidden away; in persecuting times two or three could get together in a corner, a cave, a cellar, or a garret. For the matter of that, two or three may be in prison together, and they can pray in one narrow cell; or they can do what Latimer and Ridley did when they stood back to back at the stake, and lifted up their hearts as one man. That was brave praying, when the two bishops stood to burn with devotion as well as to burn with fire for Christ's sake. I am sure that Jesus was in the midst of them when they met upon the faggots.

Numbers are not important at all; we need say no more about them except this—I like to note that the text puts it "two or three," for, as one remarks, that is much better than "three or two." For if "three or two" are gathered together, they are getting smaller; but if it be "two or three," they are evidently upon the increase. If they have only increased from two to three, they have advanced fifty per cent, and that is something.

Next, *the*

RANK OF THE PEOPLE

is not important. Does it say, "Where two or three *ministers* are gathered together in My name?" By no means. Ministers may expect the Lord to be in the midst of them, but they have no special promise as ministers; they must come before the Lord as plain believers. The "two or three" may be unable to utter a word by way of teaching the great congregation, but this is not mentioned in the promise. It may be that a poor man and his wife are praying together before retiring for the night. The Lord is there. A couple of servants unite their supplications in the kitchen. The Lord is there. Two or three little boys have come out of school, and they love the Lord, and so they have met in a corner to pray. The Lord is there. Do you remember how Luther was encouraged while he, and Melanchthon too, were down in the dumps about the Lord's work? They were dreadfully downcast; but as Luther passed by a room, he heard the voices of children and he stopped. Some women, the wives of good men, had gathered with a few holy children, and they were praying the Lord to let the Gospel spread in the teeth of the Pope and all his friends from below. Luther went back and said, "It is all right. The children are praying to God. The Lord will hear them. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hath He ordained strength." So you see in the promise of the divine presence there is nothing said about numbers, and nothing about rank.

THE PLACE NOT IMPORTANT.

Neither is a word said as to *place*, except that it says "*where* two or three." "*Where*" means anywhere. In any place where two or three are met together in Christ's name there is He. Not in the cathedral only, but in the barn; not in the tabernacle only, but in the field. "Where" means everywhere. In the loneliest place, in the far-away forest, in an upper room, or on board ship, or in an hospital. Anywhere Christ will be with you when you are with Him in prayer. Have you never read how the Covenanters, when the times of peace came on, and they could worship in the kirk, yet, nevertheless, often looked back with sadness to the glorious days they had in the mosses and on the bleak hill-sides when they were hunted by Claverhouse's dragoons, and the Lord covered them with the skirts of His garments? Anywhere we may meet for prayer and expect Jesus to be in the midst of us. The place is not essential even in the lowest degree.

When I see people running out every morning to church, it savors of a superstition which ought to have died out long ago. When you look into the church you will find no great number assembled; generally the rector and one or two of the family make up the company. But if the whole parish came trooping out to church, I should say that they had better stay at home and pray with their families. Family prayer is a better institution than the tinkling of a bell every morning, and the collecting of people in a church. Have a bell of your own, and be your own priest, and open your Bible, and pray yourself with your children, and that will be a more acceptable sacrifice than if you plod in your superstition half a mile to a so-called sacred place to enjoy the voice of a supposed priestly man. Dedicate your parlor; consecrate your sitting-room; make your kitchen into a church for God; for there is no sacredness in bricks, and mortar, and stone, and stained glass. The outside of a church is as holy as the inside.

THE TIME UNIMPORTANT.

And will you please to notice this, that as numbers and rank and place are all non-essentials, so also is the *time?* There may be—there ought to be to us from holy habit—an hour of prayer. But though that be especially and rightly the hour of prayer—for he that has no appointed time for prayer may probably forget to pray—yet still that pious custom must never degenerate into superstition as though heaven's gate were opened at a certain quarter of an hour, and shut during all the rest of the day. Meet whenever you please, no time will be unseasonable. The hour of prayer is the hour of need, the hour of opportunity, the hour of desire, the hour when you can come together. Let every hour, according as occasion permits you, become the hour of prayer.

And, once more, there is nothing said here about *the form which the meeting is to take.* "Where two or three are met together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

"They are going to break bread together." Very well, they are quite at liberty to do so, and if they have met in the Lord's name, He will be in the midst of them. "But they are going to hear a sermon." All right; so they may. Preaching is an ordinance of God, and He will be in the midst of them. "But they are neither going to hold the communion, nor to hear a sermon; they are going to pray." Quite right; the Lord will be in their midst. "But they are not going to pray, that is to say, vocally; they are going to read a chapter, and sit and think of it." Quite right; the Lord will be in the midst of them. "But they are not even going to read, or sing, or pray vocally; they are going to sit still." The Lord will be in the midst of them if they meet in the name of Jesus. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

Do not be the dupes of those who say, "This one particular form of service is the only one." Christ has not put it so. And we will not be brought into any bondage by those who call themselves "Brethren," and are *the most unbrotherly brothers* that ever lived. They tell us that we are all wrong; we cannot expect to have the Lord with us. To answer these is not difficult. Dear brothers, we are not at all grieved by your talking as you do, for we know you are wrong, since *we have the Lord with us.* It does not matter at all to us what you say so long as we enjoy *His* company, and see the prosperity which *He* gives to us. So long as we do not

quarrel with one another once every few years, we are not anxious to follow you in your methods, which are illustrated by your bitter feuds.

As long as we do not split up into the most miserable sections of sectarians that ever disgraced the name of Christ, we shall not be greatly wounded by any remarks which you have to make. Condemn and welcome, for your condemnations are mere wind. May your objurgations be blessed to us, and may they ease your minds, also, by relieving your minds of a little of your bitterness. We believe that any form which true worship takes is a form which the Lord Jesus Christ not only tolerates, but sanctions, if His Spirit be there. But if you meet without that Spirit of God, even though you should think yourselves infallibly correct in the form which your meeting assumes, that form will be of very little use to you. So much on non-essentials.

II. But now, secondly, there is

A MATTER WHICH IS ESSENTIAL,

and that is, that they should be gathered *in Christ's name.* Does not this mean that the gathering must be that of Christians met together as Christians to have fellowship with Jesus Christ and so with one another? Does it not mean that they must be met together in obedience to His will as they understand it, to carry out His will as they find it in the New Testament, and as the Spirit of God opens up that New Testament to them? Does it not also mean that they must be met together distinctly for the Lord's purposes?—to honor Christ, to bring glory to His name, to worship Him? They must be met together not to a kind of mystic, invisible, unknown Christ, but in His name, for Christ has a name—a distinct personality, a character; and that must be known, loved, and honored; or else we have not met in His name.

And does not this gathering into His name mean that we are, first, to be known by His name, and then to get close to one another by drawing more and more near to Him? The way to be gathered together is to be gathered by Him and to Him. If all

PRESS TO THE CENTRE,

they all press to one another. If each man's aim be personal fellowship with Christ, personal knowledge of Christ, personal trust in Christ, personal adoration of Christ, personal service to Christ, and the getting of a personal likeness to Christ, then we are all coming together. You do not meet to listen to a certain preacher, but because through that preacher you have been helped to get nearer to the Lord Jesus Christ, and, therefore, you are glad to hear His voice, and glad to worship God with those friends with whom you have fellowship in Christ. You do well to come where you have found Christ before; and you do well to stay away from any gathering wherein you have not found Christ.

Some, as they go out of the place where they usually worship, are sadly compelled to cry, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." Do not go to any church or meeting-house merely because you have been in the habit of going. If your father used to live in Islington, but has now removed, you do not think it needful to go and call at his empty house; do you? Go where the Lord has met with you, and where you may expect that He will meet with you again. Sabbaths are too precious to be thrown away by sitting still to be starved. Even a cow does not care to be tied up in an empty stall, and a horse does not run to an empty manger. Seek the Lord Jesus, and do not rest till you find Him. We must gather into His name and get closer and closer to it, or else the Lord's day will run to waste, and barrenness will devour our souls.

III. Now, as usual, I have taken up too much time with these first two heads, for the last is the most important, and that is,

AN ASSURANCE

most encouraging—"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

First, then, very briefly, *how is the Lord Jesus there?* Notice the exact words. Catch the gracious sense. He does not say, "I *will be* there," but He does say, "I *am* there." He is the first at the gathering. As we, His people, meet, He is there, because He is in every one of them. It is a blessed thing to see Christ in His people. Did you every try to do that? I know some who try to see the old man in Christ's people. It does not take them long to see the body of sin and death, and it is not a refreshing sight when they do see it. But, oh, to see Christ in His people—what a charming sight it is!

And, next, He is with us in His Word. Christ is in His ordinances. And then the Lord Jesus Christ is with the assembly by His Spirit. The Spirit is His representative, whom He has sent as the Comforter to

ABIDE WITH US FOREVER.

You must have felt Him sometimes convincing you of sin, humbling you, and bowing you down; then cheering you, comforting you, enlightening you, guiding you, relieving you, sustaining you, sanctifying you. Oh, what light He brings! What life He brings! What love He brings! What joy He brings! When the Spirit of God is in the midst of God's people what merry days they have! What days of heaven upon earth!

Next, *where is the Lord in the assembly?* He has promised to be with His people; but where is He? "There am I *in the midst of them.*" The Lord Jesus Christ does not come into the assembly of His people to bless the minister only. No, you are all equally near in proportion to the grace and nearness you have received. He is in the midst of you, in the centre of all hearts. Like the centre of a wheel, from which all the spokes radiate, Jesus Christ is the middle of the company.

And if He be in the midst of His people, *what will He do?* He is there *to bless* those who supplicate and adore. But, mark you, the text does not say this in so many words; and do not you say it, brother, next time you pray. Did I not hear you say, "Lord, thou hast said, 'Where two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them, *and that to bless them, and do them good'?*" That last little bit is your own. That addition is not in the Bible, for it is not the Lord's way to say what never need be said. What other blessing do we want than Christ in the midst of us?

Now, dear friends, if Christ Himself be in the midst of His people, He will bring us peace, just as He did when He dropped into the assembly of the eleven, the doors being shut. Does not this make our meetings delightful—Christ in the midst of us? Does not this make our meetings important? How one ought to strain a point to be there! If we have met with Christ aforetime we shall not bear to be away. We shall long to meet Him again, and count it a great denial if we must be absent. When Sir Thomas Abney was Lord Mayor of London, in the middle of the banquet which takes place on the first night, he disappeared for a quarter of an hour, and when he came back, he said to the friends around him that he had been keeping

A PARTICULAR ENGAGEMENT

with a most intimate friend, and so he had retired for awhile. That appointment was to have family prayer with his household in the Mansion House, and that gathering for prayer he would not have given up on any account whatever. Say to all other things, "You must stand back, I have a particular appointment; I must meet the Lord Jesus Christ with two or three of His people. He says that He will be there, and I should not like Him to say, 'Where is My servant? Where is My son? Where is My daughter? Are they absent when I am here?'"

It is such a blessing to get to know the Lord Jesus personally. I heard the other day of a famous infidel, *an agnostic—that is, an ignoramus*, a person who knows nothing—and he went to a certain house to meet an elderly lady of considerable literary renown. He was told that she believed in the Word of God, and was a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus, so he thought that he would have a word with her before he went away. "Madam," said he, "I have been astonished to hear one thing of you. I hear that you believe in the Bible." "Yes, sir," she said, "every word of it." "And pray, madam," he said, "however came you to believe in that book?" She replied, "One of the principal reasons that I have for believing in the Book is that I am intimately acquainted with the Author of it." That was a blessed answer.

Faith gets to know Christ; and so, knowing Christ, and meeting Him in the midst of His people, it becomes armed against all unbelief, and goes forth in its panoply conquering and to conquer. So will it be with you, beloved, if you meet the Well-beloved alone in your closets, and if you add to this a frequent attendance at the holy assembly. I pray you, do not let us have to complain that one of you is away. Come always. My heart will rejoice if our meetings are filled with men and women who there see communion with Jesus. Come, for Jesus is with us. Come, for it would be most unseemly for Him to be here and you away. I pray you come, and make this house like heaven, which is thronged with shining ones who rejoice because Jesus is in their midst. Amen.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE MAHDI OF THE SOUDAN.

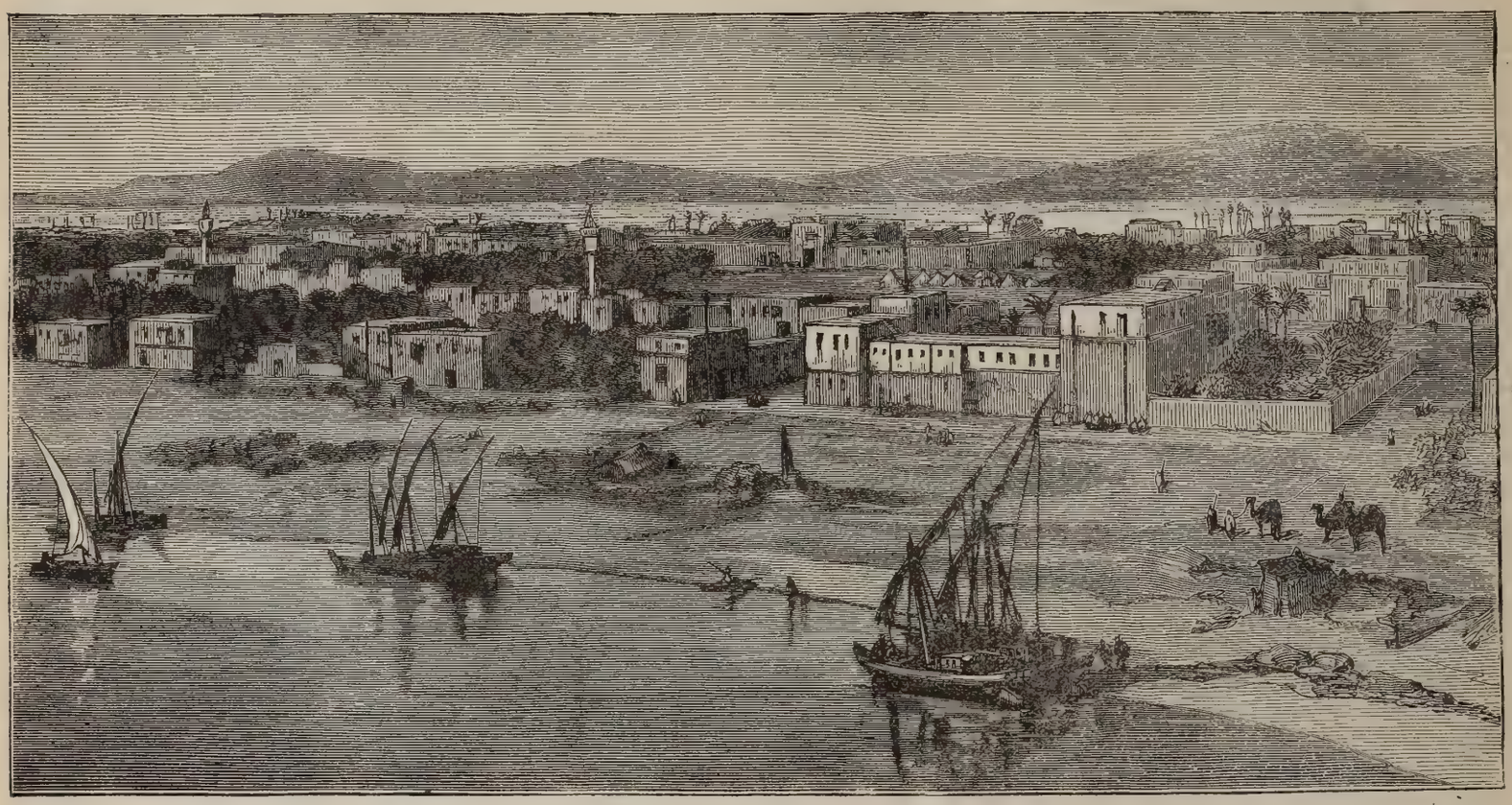
(*See Illustration on page 92.*)

ON the next page is an engraving of Dongola, the reputed birthplace of Mohammed Ahmed, whose recent exploits in the Soudan have occasioned such excitement and astonishment. Aba, a small island on the White Nile, is said by some to have been the place of his birth, but as time passes on, the preponderance of evidence seems to point to Dongola, which is situated in the centre of the Soudan, not far from the town of Khartoum.

The view of the place on the next page is taken from a drawing made by Mr. Fowler, who has surveyed all the way up the Nile to Dongola. The principal building in the picture, nearest the river, is the Governor's residence. It is a quadrangle, with a garden on its northern side. The Governor resides in the part next to this, the wing or side of the quadrangle. Next the river is the prison; so it seems that here, as in Venice, we have "a palace and a prison" in very close conjunction. To the south of the palace is the post-office. The street between it and the Governor's residence leads up to an open space, beyond which is the Bazaar, with a two-storied gateway. Still farther from the river comes the desert, with hills in the distance. This town is New Dongola, on the left bank of the Nile. Old Dongola was higher up, on the right or east bank. All that is left of it now is an old Coptic church, with a solitary priest belonging to it. The people have all moved to New Dongola.

The Mahdi is now about forty years of age, tall, and of copper-red complexion. For a long time he worked with his two brothers in the neighborhood of Khartoum at building boats for the Nile, but got tired of his trade and aspired to become a Fakir, which is about the same thing as a priest. He applied to the Sheik of the island of Tuti, situated close to Khartoum, a little to the north of the junction of the White and Blue Niles. After a few years' study with the Sheik, he succeeded in taking the order of Fakir.

He then sought to become a Sheik, and was again successful. Thenceforth he had but one object in view, namely—to assume the character of a prophet. He retired to the Island of Aba, near Kana on the White River, and, taking up his abode in a dry cistern, he led the life of a Sheik in the strictest sense of the word. He remained there for six years, only leaving his retreat on Fridays to go to the mosque. His reputation for piety spread in course of time throughout the country, and when, subsequently, he came to be regarded as a saint, he expounded his mission to a numerous assembly of Moslems at Kana.



Dongola, the Birthplace of the False Prophet.

He told them that the Archangel Gabriel had twice commanded him to unsheath the sword of faith, in order to reform the bad Moslem and to found a Mussulman Empire, which would be followed by universal peace. He held his mission from the Prophet, and would achieve what Mohammed had been unable to do. His recent military successes are fresh in the memory of our readers, and he is now practically master of the whole of the Soudan.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

An Extraordinary Interruption to a Funeral service took place at Jeffersonville, Ind., on January 15th. A well-known woman was taken suddenly ill a few days before, and in two hours was pronounced dead. Heart disease was assigned as the cause. The funeral was set, and an immense number of people were in attendance. The sermon was preached, sorrowing friends had taken their last look at the face of their loved one, and the undertaker was about to place the lid on the coffin, when a glance at the supposed corpse caused him to draw back with an exclamation of horror. All was confusion in an instant, as the preacher said, "She is not dead." It appears that just as the coffin lid was about to be placed over the face, a flush and slight tremor as of one in a desperate struggle for life passed over the neck and face. Measures were immediately taken to resuscitate the woman. The incident has caused no little excitement in that locality, and for a time, at any rate, there and elsewhere, more care will probably be taken to prevent so horrible a mistake as premature burial. The mistake is often made of regarding hardened sinners as spiritually dead and beyond the reach of hope. Not even in the worst cases ought Christians to despair or cease their efforts and prayers for the conversion of the impenitent (Rom. 11 : 23).

A Burglar was Employed as a Messenger by a lady in New York recently. Inspector Thorne, of the city police, in conversation with a reporter, thus described the remarkable incident: "A lady living in a large brown-stone house just off Fifth Avenue was in her home one night last week with an invalid mother in her charge and nobody but a woman servant to assist her. All the men had gone off to a ball. Just before eleven o'clock the sick woman became worse. The daughter was alarmed, and went to ring the bell intending to send the servant for a particular kind of medicine. The girl appeared just at this moment, and, in a terrified voice, informed her mistress that there was a burglar in the basement. The mistress showed no alarm, but decided that she would use the man as a messenger to procure the medicine. She went down to the basement and encountered a burly negro in one of the lower rooms. 'Come out!' she said in an imperative tone. The negro, who had been a slave, instinctively listened to the tone of authority, and obeyed. He took the order for the prescription, had it filled, and returned with the medicine and change." He thus rendered valuable service to the family he intended to wrong. Violent men have at times been so used in God's service. Saul of Tarsus stopped on his way to Damascus, and commissioned to carry the message of the Gospel to the Gentiles, was an instance of God's power in this respect, and the history of the Christian Church contains many instances of it less eminent but not less remarkable (1 Tim. 12 : 13).

HENRY FLETCHER'S EMBEZZLEMENT.

(*See Illustration on page* 93.)

IN the year 1870 two young men were seated, one day, in the smoking-room of a hotel in Philadelphia. One of them, whose name was Henry Fletcher, was dressed in the height of fashion. His companion, who was about his own age, was his cousin, William Lyon. His appearance betokened his position in society, which was that of a tradesman of the smaller class.

"Now," said Lyon as he sipped his coffee, while Fletcher put down his glass of hot whiskey, "perhaps you will tell me why you have come to Philadelphia, and why you could not come up to the house as usual and see Annie and the children, instead of bringing me down to this hotel where I hate to come?"

"Do not be mad, old fellow," said Mr. Fletcher. "I wanted to have a serious talk with you."

"Say on then," Lyon answered. "You are not in trouble, are you, old man?"

"I am though, and it is a very serious trouble, one that I do not see my way out of."

"That's bad," was Mr. Lyon's comment. "If I had been disposed to envy any one it would have been you, but I never grudged you your good fortune. When you went to the gas company I thought you were a lucky fellow. What's the trouble?"

"The fact is," said Fletcher, "I am heavily in debt to the company."

"What, do you mean that you have embezzled their money?"

"Hush," said Fletcher, "don't breathe such a word here. Some one might hear it who knows me, though I do not see any one from our city here. But it isn't safe to use ugly words like that in a promiscuous crowd. That is what an enemy would call it, but when you have heard the story you will see that I am right in saying I owe the company money."

"Sorry to hear it, my boy; I am afraid no story can change the fact. Borrowing without the consent of the owner is—what I called it just now. How on earth could you have done such a thing?"

"That is the question I often ask myself, but it came about almost insensibly. If any one had told me ten years ago, when you and I used to read the Bible and pray together, that I should ever do anything of the kind I would not have believed it."

"I should think not!" William Lyon ejaculated. "What does Elsie say about it?"

"Oh, my wife does not know. But it was on her account I got into the muss. She was left alone when her father died, and would have had to go to live with one of her married sisters if we had not been married, and she did not like that prospect. So we agreed to commence in a small way. My commission was $2500 a year, and we thought we could live on that and save a little, and so I bought the furniture on credit, and we were to pay for it in four quarterly instalments. As it was only one expense, and it was for our life, it seemed the wisest plan to have it all good. So as you know I furnished the place nicely."

"I know you did," said Mr. Lyon. "I thought when I went down to see you

the first time after you were married, that you had a perfect gem of a place."

"It cost a thousand dollars altogether, and after that Elsie missed her piano so much that I was sorry for her, and I gave five hundred more for an instrument that was dirt cheap at the money. When the first bill came due for the furniture I was fifty dollars short; but my commission on the next week's collections would cover it, and I just anticipated it by a week. My accounts were all correct the next week, so though I was a little uneasy for a few days, I was soon out of my misery. The next three months was a bad time. Elsie was ill; and the house expenses, and the doctor, and the druggist made it a heavy time, so when the next furniture bill came due I was a long way out. I had a lot of the company's money by me at the time, and recollecting how quickly I had put the former matter right I did the same thing again. The accounts have never been right since. The company's books show that consumers are owing accounts that they paid me long ago. I tried to economize to put it right, but I have never succeeded, and for more than a year I have been in dread lest it should be discovered. I have led a miserable life. Now you know all; what do you think I had better do?"

Henry Fletcher Arrested.

"How much are you short?" Mr. Lyon asked.

"I don't know. I have been afraid to add it up. I am afraid it would so unnerve me that I could not go about my duty. But it must be over twenty-two hundred."

"I know what I should do," William Lyon said. "I should go to the directors and tell them the whole story and offer to work on half commission until the shortage was paid."

"That would never do; they would arrest me right off; or, if they would not do that, they would discharge me. No, there is another plan. I could borrow the money if you would become security for it, and then I could pay the company right away and pay the other debt in instalments. Come, we have been friends from boyhood; you will not refuse?"

"I will not say no positively, now, though I do not like the plan; it is not straightforward, and will get you deeper in the mire; but I will think of it. I must consult Annie, too; I would not sign without her consent."

But Annie was never consulted. Henry Fletcher had a plausible tongue, and his influence over his cousin was supreme. Before he left Philadelphia on the night train, William Lyon's name was on a promissory note for two thousand dollars, and Henry Fletcher was on his way to the money-lender with it in his pocket.

William Lyon knew he had done a foolish thing, but he was warm-hearted, and could not endure the thought of deserting his cousin, even though he knew he had acted wrongly. He wrote in a few weeks asking Fletcher if his accounts were now straight, but to his horror he learned that they were not. Fletcher explained that the sum must be paid in small amounts, or it would occasion surprise and inquiry. It would, however, soon be settled. A few weeks later he wrote again, but this time he received a letter from his cousin's wife saying that her husband had left home, and she did not know where he had gone.

The directors of the gas company knew, however. A detective in London had received a cable message, and, accompanied by a police inspector, awaited an incoming train from Liverpool. As it drew up to the platform the inspector opened the door of one of the carriages, and invited Henry Fletcher to accompany him before a judge. There an extradition, on the charge of forgery, was procured, and he was soon making his way back across the Atlantic. The money from the money-lender had been dissipated, and had never gone into the company's treasury. Fletcher, in his desperation, knowing that his cousin would have to suffer, and being himself inured to evil-doing, forged a check and decamped with the proceeds.

Poor Lyon was ruined. In the endeavor to help a villain he had sacrificed his own position, which he had striven so hard to maintain. In bitter poverty for many a year he had to regret that he had not heeded the wise king's warning, "Be not one of them that are sureties for debts" (Prov. 22 : 26).

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

The Bookseller.

LITTLE ASTON is one of those small midland towns in England, lying in the midst of an agricultural district, which offer no attraction to tourists, and where very few events seem to happen. Every family in it, even to the lowest classes, possesses a staid respectability and decency, which is chiefly the heritage of those who live in isolated places, divided from the busier, and perhaps the more wicked, world by a girdle of cornfields and meadows. The population cannot be more than five thousand, which in these day constitutes little more than a family party, whose members must be very closely allied.

A large proportion of the townspeople consists of professional men, and people with means, who keep up the tone of its society. The grosser vices, if there be any, hide themselves diligently from the microscopic scrutiny of the town. Murder has never stained its precincts with blood; suicide is almost unheard of; intrigue is unsuspected. There are scandals, but scandals of the gentler kind, such as one might whisper of one's own mother's son. From day to day, and from year to year, its narrow stream of life flows in commonplace channels, seldom quickened into rougher and swifter currents. There are births, deaths, and marriages; old men retiring from business, and young men attempting small innovations; but the town of Little Aston is always very orderly, and strictly respectable.

Some years ago the centre of respectability was the Market Square, and to dwell elsewhere was to be a grade or two lower in society, and to be inadmissible to the selecter circle. But the next best place was Chapel Street, opening out of the north-west corner of the Square. It was narrow, and very dull, even upon market days; the dullest street in the town. The shops were dark and dingy, and about half-way along it, they gave place to small, poor houses, built capriciously, each one of different height and size. Nearly at the end stood a large and ugly chapel, with a pretentious portico, supported by four square pillars of red brick, and surmounted by a pediment and architrave of blue and yellow tiles. This chapel gave its name to the street.

A few houses distant from the entrance into the Square stood a very old and very dingy dwelling, which had undergone but little alteration from the date of its erection, a century and a half before. Not that there was any of the picturesqueness of antiquity about it; its aspect was only gloomy and weather-beaten, the windows being of small panes of discolored glass, and its walls blackened by smoke and age. The roof formed three gables, and the moss and house-leek grew along the gutters, and choked up the water-pipes. It was a large building, occupying more basement than would have sufficed for two handsome modern houses. It was on the north side of the street, which the sun never gladdened, and looked as if a perpetual cloud overshadowed it. Whether the gloom was within or without one could scarcely tell.

The street was narrow, and the side pavement exceedingly so; yet the old house thrust upon it two ancient bow windows, with casements

painted black, and small dark panes, through which a passer-by with good sight might decipher the titles of long rows of books, the bindings and lettering of which were faded by damp, rather than by excess of light. The books were dry, judged by modern taste. They were certainly old, and mostly theological; with here and there a lighter volume of religious biography. Latin and Greek classics might have been found among them. Between the two windows was a door, always closed, but which rang a bell as it opened; and the black lintel above it bore, in dim and tarnished letters, the words "John Morley, Bookseller."

Within, the shop was always dusky, partly because of the books filling the windows; and partly because of its northern frontage; a cool and pleasant shade in summer, but in winter a very den of chill and darkness. As you opened the heavy door, and entered the shop to the tinkle of a noisy bell, John Morley himself would step down into it from some apartment beyond, and meet you face to face. It was less like addressing a tradesman behind his counter, than the meeting of friends or acquaintances. Most of his customers shook hands with him.

At the first glance it would have been said that John Morley was a grave and bookish man; at the second, that he was solemn; at the third, that he was sorrow-stricken. Some souls have a vast capacity for sorrow, and drink it in as a parched land drinks in water. There was no glimmer of sunshine about him any more than about his dwelling. Like it, he was stationed on the northern side of life, where no laughter or splendor of sunlight could fall upon him. Involuntarily, every voice was lowered to a subdued and respectful tone. Not a sound from the rest of the premises penetrated to the dusky and quiet shop; and when John Morley bowed out his customer, and closed the door as upon some departing guest, the little bell rang loudly, like one jingling to the hard pull of a schoolboy in an empty house.

The rest of the dwelling consisted of a number of half-furnished rooms, with steps down or steps up into them, as the fashion is in old buildings; with low, long casements, high and narrow doors, stained ceilings, and half-wainscoted walls. The windows at the back looked upon an inclosed yard, part of which had, a long time ago, been planted as a garden. A few melancholy lilacs and thin privet bushes still sucked a feeble life out of the sooty mould, and sent up slender black branches and a handful of pale leaves, to catch any stray sunbeams which might shine over the surrounding walls. There was a rambling range of outbuildings, including a stable filled to the rafters with rubbish; above which was a small room with a shelving roof, which was approached by an outside staircase. A sad and sombre little room, with dingy ivy-leaves growing round the door, and tapping at the dusty panes of its lattice window, as if in parody of ivied doors, and windows in the country. This room—nobody knew why—bore the name of the nursery; though no children, within the memory of man, had ever played in it.

About a mile from Little Aston stood Aston Court, a handsome, brand-new, desirable family mansion, with pleasure-grounds, conservatories and gardens, all surrounded by a fine, well-timbered park. The old Court had been bought and pulled down ten years ago by David Waldron, Esq., M. P., a famous man among the dissenters, and naturally the great man of the chapel at the end of Chapel Street. The portico had been built in honor of him. The church at Little Aston—by which we mean that "congregation of faithful men" worshipping in the dissenters' chapel—had been small and of no repute, before the advent of Mr. Waldron. It had been looked upon as low and vulgar, fitted only for the poorer classes. There had been but one member of any standing, of any education or learning, belonging to it—a man who had the original tongues on his lips more aptly than the rector himself, and who knew the whole origin, motive, and history of dissent. That man was John Morley.

If these two, David Waldron, M. P., and John Morley, bookseller, had met each other in the aisles of the parish church, they would have kept to their own legitimate spheres, and been no more to one another than the squire and his tradesman. But they were brought together on the democratic platform of a church-fellowship, in which all the members were professedly equal. They called themselves brethren. All the rest of the brethren were content to look up to Mr. Waldron from a long way off, as a brother far above them; and they were quite willing that he who helped to rule the nation should rule their church absolutely. But John Morley was a deacon, like Mr. Waldron; he was also a trustee, like Mr. Waldron. He knew what equality and fraternity meant. If Mr. Waldron had political influence, John Morley had literary influence; for he could use his pen well in defence of their sect and its tenets. These two men held a somewhat uneasy position with regard to one another. John Morley was the Mordecai in the gate; but let it be understood that Mr. Waldron was a very worthy Haman, a really good man, only a little jealous of the homage and authority he believed to be his due.

The room behind John Morley's shop was spacious enough; but it had a low ceiling crossed by a massive beam, and it was lighted only by a long low casement of small panes and thick woodwork, opening upon the mournful garden at the back. It looked like an addition to the crowded shop in front; for the walls were lined with shelves closely packed with books, dull and dark in their bindings, with narrow strips of crimson baize, which had long lost their bright tint, nailed along the edge of each shelf. The furniture was heavy and old; the carpet threadbare and faded. No curtains shut out the black night when it pressed against the window outside.

On the table, during the daytime, there usually lay a pile of business books, a ledger, a day-book, which no neat, meddlesome hand of woman moved from time to time. No woman's work lay side by side with them, neither sewing nor knitting; such as had once, for a brief space of two years, sometimes ruffled John Morley a little by its disorder and interference with his own more important occupations. He had remembered them often, when they could come in his way no more, with a pang too sharp to be shown by any other sign than the deepening shadow under his eyes, and the threads of white growing plainer in his dark hair. In this room, haunted by memories becoming more and more dreamlike, John Morley had spent his evenings alone, without companions, and wishing for none, having his books and his remembrances only; the latter dying away softly and slowly, as if they had merely lingered for a while out of pure good-nature, before leaving him to his solitude.

This room was not, however, yet solitary at six o'clock one winter's evening; though John Morley was occupied with a customer in his shop. It was unlighted, except by a good fire burning brightly in the grate. Stretched at full length upon the hearth lay a little girl, reading by the fire-light, her face glowing partly with the heat, and partly with the interest excited by her book. Her hair, cut short over the forehead, had been flaxen, then golden, and was now taking a sunny chestnut shade of brown. The eyes were large, well opened, and clear, with that peculiar gaze of wonder and innocence which some children's eyes still retain at the age of ten years. In spite of the glow upon the face, it was grave and sad.

You might have seen, looking at her closely, and reading rightly the expression of the eyes and mouth with its sweet and pliant lips, that this was a child whose life would be most completely shaped and colored by the temperaments of those around her. She could never be childishly gay while others were suffering; nor grave in the presence of mirth. By a more direct necessity of her nature than most others possess, she would weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice. Only encircle her with gladness, and she would be the most joyous among the happy; here she was the most subdued among her mournful and sad surroundings.

This child caught at last the sound of animated voices, and lifted up her head, which had been bent over her book. A minute or two afterward she crossed the room quietly to the door which connected it with the shop, and pushed it open far enough to get a glimpse of the talkers. She could see her father's face, and she leaned forward more eagerly to look at it. She could hardly remember to have seen it without its profound and unbroken gloom, which never lightened when looking at her. But now the gloom was gone; the dark eyes glittered, the stern lips smiled, and the heavy eyebrows expanded with an unmistakable pleasure, as he gazed into the face turned toward him. This face the child could not see. The little solitary heart was as quickly troubled as the surface of a mountain tarn, which lies open to every breath that blows; and the tears came, she did not know why, into her eyes.

"Come in, and see my little girl now," said John Morley, in a tone which reached her ears.

The child shrank back shyly, and retreated to the hearth, reaching it just in time to turn, and front the stranger, who seemed to hesitate for a moment on the threshold of the comfortless and sombre room. The face was girlish and exceedingly pretty, set round with rich masses of fair hair, and lit up with blue eyes, which appeared to shine into the gloom, and disperse it. Her hesitation, if it were hesitation, was gone in an instant, and she crossed the floor with a light and eager step to the child, who waited timidly her approach. She laid her arm about her shoulders, and stooped down to kiss her cheek.

"What is your name, my dear?" she asked, in a gay young voice, which seemed to thrill through the child's sensitive frame.

"Hester Morley," she answered, speaking with quaint self-possession, and in measured tones: "what is your name, and where do you come from?"

"My name is Rose Mary," said the stranger, with a laugh breaking through the long, dull silence of the place, with a promise of more music like it; "is it a pretty name, Hester?"

"I think so," replied the child after a moment's musing; "does my father like it?"

"Oh, you droll little creature!" exclaimed the girl, with a sidelong glance at John Morley's radiant face. "I dare say he does, but I sha'n't ask him. How old are you, Hester?"

"I am nine years old," she said, sighing as if she had found the nine years a heavy burden; "but you are older than me. How old are you, Rose Mary?"

"Oh fie!" she cried, lowering her voice to a mock whisper, "you must never ask a lady her age; that is always a secret. But I will tell you; only you must never, never tell your papa. I am twenty-three years old; positively an old woman. What an odd little mortal you are!"

The girl's manner had a light and graceful vivacity about it, full of charm and novelty to both of her grave listeners. She glanced again at John Morley with an expression which the child could not altogether comprehend, but which caused her to withdraw her hand from hers. John Morley came forward to the hearth, and laid his hand upon his little daughter's head.

"She has been sadly neglected," he said, looking fondly at the pretty girl beside him; "but you will soon put her right; Hester, this lady has promised to be your mother."

Hester neither spoke nor moved, except that her clear eyes went quickly from the one face to the other; but dwelt longest on the sombre, yet handsome, features most familiar to her.

"Don't you understand, my little Hester?" asked Rose, putting her hand through John

Morley's arm, with a coquettish and caressing gesture. "I am going to be your mamma, and take care of you."

"Yes, I understand," said the child, nodding her head, "you are going to be my stepmother. I have read all about it in books, and Lawson has told me about it. My real mother is dead; and my father is going to marry you. Yes, I know all about it. At first the stepmother is very kind, and is very fond of the children; but as soon as she has a baby of her own, she gets cross with the others, and everything is quite different."

John Morley's face flushed and darkened while his little daughter spoke in her measured tones; but Rose laughed her blithe and musical laugh again, and fell down on her knees before Hester, so as to bring her bright face on a level with the child's serious eyes.

(To be continued.)

THE CONVERSION OF THE JAILER.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 17, Acts 16: 25-40. Golden Text, Acts 16: 31. By the Editor.*

The Midnight Service in Prison—Prisons of the Soul—Those who Listen—The Strange Interruption—The Jailer's Alarm—Paul Reassures Him—A New Anxiety—The Essence of the Gospel—The First Step—Practical Results—Sorrow and Atonement—Judicial Perturbation—A Fearful Prayer and its Terrible Answer.

THE Spiritualists had been successful. Paul had ruined their business by casting the demon out of the medium, and they, being no longer able to tell fortunes, had appealed to the law, and Paul and his companions had been publicly beaten and put in prison. The jailer received strict injunctions to keep them securely, and he, knowing his responsibility, took special precautions to prevent their rescue or escape. He put them in the inner prison, and put their feet in the stocks. He consulted his own interests in doing so, for the Roman law was very strict in such cases. The penalty of negligence or connivance on the part of a jailer was death. The jailer who suffered prisoners to escape was executed without mercy. (See Acts 12: 19 and 27: 42.)

THE MIDNIGHT SERVICE.

The prisoners, despite the pain from their lacerated flesh and their cramped position, were not depressed. They could not lie down, nor kneel, nor sit in comfort, their ancles being held securely in the apertures of the wooden instrument of torture, but they could pray. Their offence was simple obedience to the orders of the Master, who had commissioned them, among other duties, to cast out devils. Paul had obeyed, and this was the result. Therefore, he was not dismayed. He knew what his mission would involve, and was prepared for an occasional sojourn in prison and other evils (Acts 20: 22-24). The prisoners cast all their care upon God, and even in their pain and bodily misery could pray and sing praises.

It must have sounded strangely in that prison Probably those walls had never before echoed. such sounds as during that midnight service. Curses, profane ejaculations, fierce threats, the sounds of quarrelling and fighting doubtless were familiar enough there, but prayer and especially praise must have been unprecedented. No wonder that, as Luke says, "the prisoners listened." What must it have been *to hear Paul pray?* The words he wrote have thrilled the world through eighteen centuries. The prisoners in that jail that night heard such words from his lips, and they listened.

Paul may not have known that there were listeners. Being in the inner prison, he and the other Christians were probably shut up by themselves, away from the other prisoners, and also, as we know from the narrative, they were in the dark, because in the general alarm that took place later, the jailer had to call for lights. But still there were listeners, and there are observers and listeners now, who silently watch and draw conclusions from the behavior of Christians. They, even the boys in the class, watch their teacher; the boys who do *not* go to Sunday-school watch those who do, to see how they act under trial. There is a noise in the school, a stubborn boy in the class, a draught from an open window; the boys know how much the teacher dislikes such things, and they expect an outbreak of temper, or to see the flushed face, the underlip bitten in the effort to control the impulse to angry words. A boy sees another boy irritated, teased, provoked, and he says, "That is a Sunday-school boy; let us see how he will act. I know what I should do. I should fight. Let us see if religion makes any difference." Yes, there are listeners everywhere. In that jail at Philippi, at midnight, the listeners heard a sound of prayer and praise, and it came from that underground cell in which were confined the men who had suffered more, and had suffered more unjustly, than any man in the jail, from those who, of all the prisoners, had most cause for discontent.

But while this midnight service was going on there was a marvellous interruption. There had been prayer and singing of hymns, and *there was to be a wonderful sermon*, making up a complete service; but before the sermon, came

AN EARTHQUAKE.

Every man's bands were loosed, and the doors were opened. What a startling occurrence in an age when dynamite had not yet been applied to prisons! God had interfered. Probably it was *not* in answer to prayer. It was not like Paul to pray for release. He would leave all that to God, and would be content to stay in prison until God saw fit to release him. But God interfered, and opened the doors. The jailer was caught napping. What a state of bewilderment he would be in when the shock came! His first thought was of the consequences to himself. Before him appeared, as inevitable, a disgraceful death; and rather than endure that, he drew his sword, and would have killed himself. In some way, how we are not told, the impending crime was revealed to Paul, who, realizing what was passing in the jailer's mind, cried with a loud voice, "Do thyself no harm; for we are all here." That was sufficient to reassure the jailer as to his own physical safety, but another anxiety was upon him.

THE JAILER'S QUESTION

to Paul revealed what it was. He quickly realized that this convulsion was supernatural, and connected it with these strange prisoners whom he had thrust into the inner prison, and who now were solicitous for his welfare, and had interfered to prevent his suicide. Who were they? What was it that the clairvoyant had said about them? She was evidently a well-known woman, and the jailer doubtless knew all about the affair. She had said of these Christian teachers that they were "the servants of the Most High God." To the jailer's mind the earthquake was a confirmation of her words. Yet he had ill-treated them. The jailer, who knew well enough the consequences of ill-treating a citizen of Rome, might well tremble at the thought of having ill-treated the servants of a Power who could send an earthquake. But the clairvoyant had said something else: "*They show unto us the way of salvation.*" He called for lights, sprang in, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and said, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

How many times has that momentous question been asked in this world? It is the natural question of the partially enlightened soul. The idea of *doing* something, paying some penalty, doing some meritorious service, is the one idea of affrighted man. Yet not that way is there hope. Even in our own relations we would not admit it. The kind father whose rebellious son has disobeyed him, dishonored him, defied and insulted him, would not be reconciled on such terms. The payment of a fine, the performance of some menial work would not satisfy him. It might be done hypocritically or with a rebellious spirit. What He requires is a change of heart. Yet like Naaman the Syrian, the jailer and men in all times would prefer to do some great thing.

PAUL'S ANSWER

set aside once for all any such notion. "Believe on the Lord Jesus and thou shalt be saved." Not repentance, not penance, not the building of a church, not even reformation; simply believe. Yet is belief so simple? Ask the man afflicted with a mortal disease to believe in one physician out of a hundred. Ask the man charged with a capital offence to trust one lawyer out of a hundred with his defence. Ask the man standing on a ledge of a precipice, with a thousand feet of rocky depth below him, to trust his life to one rope. Ask the man in a burning building to trust himself to the strength of a fireman's arm. Belief in those cases is a serious matter; yet what is it to trust to Christ *for eternity!* That was the sermon which completed the midnight service. "The servants of the Most High God" are this day showing the same way of salvation to perishing men. "Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved."

"What," say men, "do nothing?" "Is belief to be all?" No; but belief is the one indispensable necessity. Repentance and reformation count for nothing without belief. But let that belief enter into a man's soul, and what mighty results follow! "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," said the wise king (Prov. 23: 7), and he never uttered more pregnant philosophy. How was it with the jailer? "And he took them *the same hour of the night*, and washed their stripes." What was that? Was it not repentance? An effort to undo the evil of yesterday, an attempt to make amends, as far as he could, for the wrong done? That humiliation had been made no part of the bargain for salvation. It was the impulse of the believing man. In the same hour faith was in action. He was already showing his faith by his works. "And he rejoiced greatly with all his house, having believed in God" (Revised Version). There was another fruit of faith. The believing man always rejoices, if he believes aright. So in one night the jailer believed, repented, and rejoiced greatly. He is a type of thousands of converts since.

Let no man think that faith is an insignificant thing. It transforms the life. It becomes the mainspring of existence. It changes motives, disposition, conduct, imparts energy, provides forces of control. It changes the whole man. It is like the leaven in the bushel of meal. It has no need of law, because it prompts action that is on higher and better lines. There is no need to say to a believing man, "Thou shalt not steal." He recoils with horror from the thought of stealing. He is reaching to something far higher than mere honesty. All that is taken for granted. He has passed long ago any impulses of that kind. In a word, *he is born again.*

But Christianity had still more noted effects in Philippi. The magistrates were alarmed; the earthquake, the converted jailer, the Roman citizenship of the prisoners were facts of a serious character for them. They felt as the Philistines did when they had captured the ark, and were so dismayed at the consequences that they were anxious chiefly to be rid of it (1 Samuel 5: 6-12). They came and besought Paul and Silas, and begged them to leave the city. So had the Gadarenes begged the Saviour to depart from them, and for the same reason (Matt. 8: 34). They wanted to be let alone, to wallow in their iniquity. They had learned the lesson which the impenitent always have to learn, that our God is a consuming fire. The Christian teachers, like their Master, acquiesced. They departed. So does the Holy Spirit depart when repulsed, and there can be no more terrible state imagined than that of the man, who loving his sin, shrinking from sacrifices, asks to be let alone. Happy they who, like the jailer, believe, and repent, and rejoice.

* Mrs. M. Baxter's exposition of this lesson has not been received. It is probably among the mail sent by the Germanic, which steamer was disabled during her voyage to New York, and returned to Liverpool. The mails have not yet arrived here.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Political Affairs in Great Britain are the subject of much interest, as the opening of the Parliament approaches. The Rt. Hon. John Bright's address to his constituents on January 29th has attracted much attention, owing to his known intimacy with the Premier. He intimated that the first duty of Parliament should be to give every citizen a vote, whether he resides in a city or a rural district. After the franchise had been extended, the next question should be the reform of the land laws. He referred to Mr. George's scheme for the nationalization of the land, and denounced it as likely to lead to "immeasurable evil and confusion." Mr. Bright said the scheme was called American because of Mr. George's nationality; but it had not been tried in America, and Mr. Bright took occasion to warmly eulogize the wisdom of the American people. Mr. George's scheme, he said, was "an insult to the common-sense and honesty of the English nation." He said: "Nevertheless, the system of land tenure must be altered so as to enable the land to come gradually and naturally into the hands of those most requiring and desiring it, most able to pay for and best able to work it for the public advantage. It would be easy to abolish the laws of primogeniture and entail, to facilitate the transfer of land. Englishmen should try these reforms before attempting wild and extravagant schemes."

Mr. Chamberlain, who is a Member of the English Cabinet, predicted that the bill for extending the franchise would be passed by the House of Commons by a large majority, and said that if the Lords rejected it Mr. Gladstone might appeal to the people at a general election against the Lords. He promised that he would press his own bill to *protect the lives of sailors* from the nefarious schemes of ship-owners in spite of all opposition. In this he will have the support of the people, who are naturally indignant at the facts recently disclosed. These show that rotten and unseaworthy ships are sent to sea insured far beyond their value, in expectation that they will founder. The owners gain more money by their being lost than by making a safe voyage. Mr. Chamberlain's bill is a stringent measure designed to stop the practice and punish those who violate the law.

The London Chambers of Commerce Gave a banquet on January 28th, at which Mr. Lowell, our minister to Great Britain, delivered an interesting speech, in the course of which he said the duty of proposing the chief toast of the evening had been confided to him as an expression of kindness and good-will toward the United States —a country which had exemplified what the English colonies might come to if not wisely treated; but neither he nor his countrymen desired such a consummation for those great commonwealths which were bound to England by so many filial ties. Commerce, he said, was the great pacificator between countries. It brought men face to face, and it was the great corrector of the eccentricities of nature, so that a bad harvest in England meant a good season for Minnesota, Kansas, and Manitoba.

Chinese Gordon's Mission to the Soudan was the subject of a lecture delivered in New York on January 29th by Lieutenant-General C. P. Stone, whose long service in Egypt has given him an intimate knowledge of the country. In Egypt he is called Stone *Pacha*. In the course of his lecture he said: "General Gordon's going to Khartoum single-handed is *a daring act of devotion* to his country. The only chance of success he has is his own personal courage and his prestige as a former Governor of Soudan. The latter is not likely now to be of much service to him. Before, he found the people submissive to the Khédive. Now he goes as a representative of the British Government. The chances are small that he can reach Khartoum. If he fails, the loss to British prestige will be great, and the gain to El Mahdi will be greater. There is a chance that the defence of the Suez Canal may, in a short time, require a force as great as the British now have in India. If Mohammed is really a great leader of men, the chances are that in a few months his home will be Mecca and his title 'El Mahdi Caliph.'" Referring to the tradition of El Mahdi, he said that during his residence in Egypt he was told of the existence of a tradition that in the last days of the world would arise a false prophet—the Mahdi—who would proceed from one conquest to another throughout the world, and would rule it. His rule, it was believed, would be bad and short, for Jesus Christ would soon appear near Jerusalem and gather up all the great dead warriors of the world. Christ would march to Mecca, seize it, and proclaim peace on earth.

Anxiety for General Gordon's Safety is Felt both in England and Egypt. The *Sun's* correspondent says: "The fear is strong that the large sums of money he carries afford additional temptation to murder him. He cannot reach Khartoum till February 18th. His expedition began with a bad augury in the discovery that the youth sent for restoration as the legitimate Sultan of Darfur has turned out a confirmed drunkard, with already two and forty wives." It is, however, believed that the drunken polygamist is not the man he is represented to be, but an impostor whom the Egyptians have foisted on General Gordon. The Egyptian Government are secretly opposed to General Gordon, are jealous of him, and do not desire him to succeed. The general is not sanguine himself. Before setting out for Khartoum he said to his friends that he had misgivings as to his success, and that he believed it was now too late for him to do any good. Baker Pacha, who is advancing to relieve the besieged garrison at Sinkat, has been checked by the disaffection of his colored soldiers. It is feared that a mutiny may break out, the effects of which would be as disastrous to him as a conflict with the False Prophet.

A Destructive Hurricane Swept over Western Europe on January 27th. In Paris it severed railway and telegraph communication in all directions. The gale blew down telegraph wires and did much other damage in the suburbs. Many persons were injured while walking in the streets. An immense number of lamps and windows were smashed, scaffolds overthrown, trees uprooted, and chimneys destroyed. In London many persons were injured. The glass roof of the Westminster Aquarium was demolished, causing a panic among the audience, in which several persons were hurt. A printing office in the Haymarket was unroofed, and a boy was killed by the falling débris. Many vessels were wrecked off the coast, and a large number of lives were lost. Telegraph wires to the Continent and Atlantic cables were interrupted for several hours. At Hastings the electric lights were extinguished, and the seas dashed over the streets, making walking dangerous. At Torquay there were many casualties. A mail cart was overturned by the violence of the wind. *Gas-lamps were blown down and trees uprooted.* At Leeds the roof of a dwelling collapsed, killing the daughter of a workman and injuring his four sons. The mail train between Durham and Darlington was twice stopped by the gale. The Freethinkers' Hall at Portsmouth was completely demolished by the wind. The hurricane demolished an iron chapel at Newcastle. The roof in falling killed a woman and two children.

"Gloomy Forebodings for the Current Year are," says the New York *Herald*, "heard on every side throughout Europe. It is not the financial situation, although that is bad, that inspires the European press with misgivings, but the revival of nihilism and the unmitigated failure of the repressive measures adopted by the Russian Government to keep it in check. The murder of Colonel Sudeikin, the rumored assassination of a still higher official, and the strange reports connected with the Czar's recent accident are not the only ominous symptoms of approaching trouble in Russia. The *Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung*, which is often remarkably well informed on the revolutionary movement, states that intelligence of a most serious character has lately reached St. Petersburg from London. The Russian authorities, it asserts, have obtained possession of a cipher letter found at the lodgings of a nihilist refugee in London. This letter has been deciphered at St. Petersburg, and contains a passage to the effect that a revolver can be more safely used than dynamite, and that it will be best to wait for an opportunity when the Emperor and the Czarevich can be attacked together, so that anarchy may set in at once. A simultaneous warning is said to have been sent to St. Petersburg from Paris."

Prince Napoleon's Patience Appears to be exhausted. The French people have shown no disposition to invite him to rule over them, and, indeed, seem, if they abandon the Republican form of government, to lean toward the Orleanists. On February 1st Prince Napoleon informed a Bonapartist deputation which waited upon him that the time had arrived to commence a legal, open, and untiring agitation for the promotion of the Bonapartist cause. It has been decided to hold a large meeting on the 17th inst. for the purpose of discussing the necessity of a revision of the constitution, the object being, it may be supposed, to suggest such changes as will facilitate a Bonapartist restoration.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are now Laboring in the London District of Stratford. The meetings at Battersea are described as the most successful yet held in the British metropolis. The building was continually thronged, and on Sunday, January 13th, more than 20,000 people found their way into the vicinity of the hall, which necessitated the holding of *three overflow meetings* at night—one in the open air, another in the neighboring Wesleyan Chapel, and another in the Baptist Chapel. It was the most memorable that has been experienced since the London campaign opened. At the hall alone in the evening the inquirers numbered close upon 500. Nearly all the neighboring ministers and clergy assisted, and at times as many as twenty of them were seated together upon the platform. The choir was the largest Mr. Sankey has had at his command, numbering 400. A men's meeting was conducted nightly in the Wesleyan Chapel by Major Whittle, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan. The local committee in each district follow up the work after the departure of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. In Islington fifty ladies are still engaged visiting the inquirers, whose names were taken, and the same practice is adopted in the other localities.

The Intolerance of the Spanish Priests was evinced last week in an unmistakable manner. A press dispatch, dated January 28th, says: "The small city of Astorga, in Spain, was the scene yesterday of a religious commotion. A party of students, under the leadership of priests, made an attack upon an Englishman and a native, who were hawking Bibles about the streets. They even threatened to burn the Spaniard. The victims made unavailing appeals to the police for protection."

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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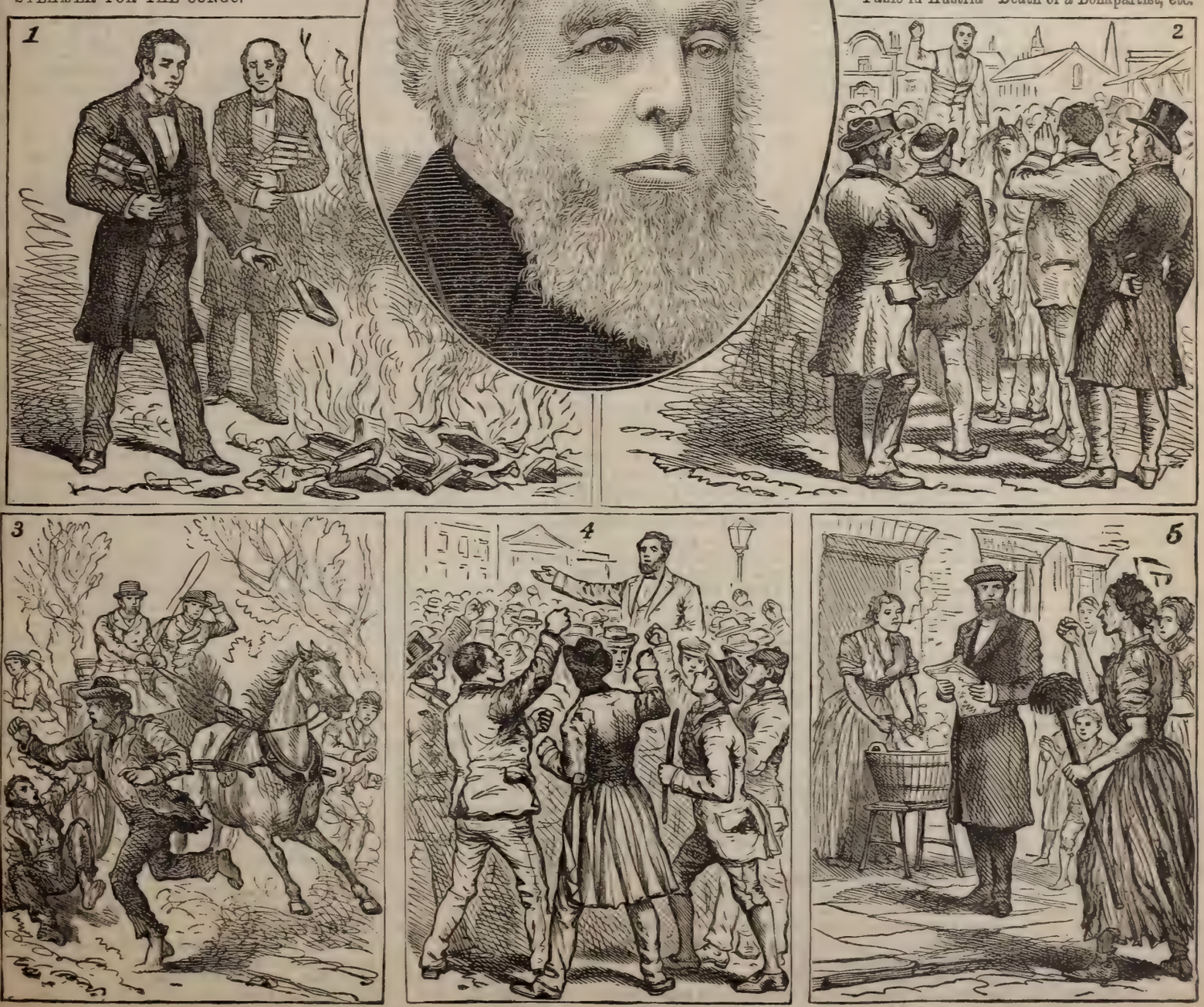

ISAAC MARSDEN, The Heroic Local Preacher—Scenes in his Life.

ISAAC MARSDEN,

The Heroic Local Preacher.

Early Escapades—His Mother's Prayers—Memorable Sermon by the Rev. R. Aitken—A Bonfire of Infidel Books—Conversion to Christ—Warns his Old Companions — Becomes a Preacher—His Consecrated Horse "Short"—Preaching at the "Big Lamp" at Wigan—A Virago Meets her Match—Last Days and Death.

ISAAC MARSDEN, *whose portrait, together with scenes in his life,* appears on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week, was born at Skelmanthorpe, England, on June 3d, 1807, and died on January 17th, 1882, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. His parents were hand-loom weavers of woollen cloth; their house was a scene of ceaseless activity, for it required all their energies to keep out of debt and make their way in the world.

At the age of twelve Isaac was taken from the little rural school, and set to learn the art of weaving; but, owing to his inveterate carelessness, he was soon removed from the loom in disgrace, and was taught "cropping," another branch in the industry of cloth production, and at this he remained till he was about seventeen years old; but during that period home lost all its charms for the light-hearted lad, and he formed companionships that seriously affected his character.

The business of Isaac's father became very prosperous, and he took long journeys with a horse and cart into Lincolnshire and Yorkshire for the purpose of finding customers for his cloth. In these journeys his son Isaac accompanied him, and showed signs of becoming a good salesman. The fact is, the new employment was to Isaac's taste, and he did his best to please his father in every respect.

At length, Mr. Marsden trusted his son on some of these journeys alone, and placed him in charge of a warehouse he had hired at Doncaster. His duties required him to attend certain hotels, in order to meet his customers. Thus he soon learned to drink and to mix with the idle, dissolute characters who haunted the kitchen and taproom, and as he was free and open-handed, and fond of practical joking, he became exceedingly popular with them.

In those days good books were scarce and dear. The Christian Church had not awakened to the value of pure literature; and as Isaac could not read good books, he read bad ones. He carefully studied every tract and pamphlet issued from

THE INFIDEL PRESS

of that period. He adopted the opinions therein enunciated, and used the arguments used there to excuse, if not to defend, his own wickedness. Thus he learned to sneer at virtue, and ridicule religion, and hold up good men to scorn and derision. Nothing pleased his companions better than a pot-house discussion on religion or politics, especially when he could find a foeman worthy of his steel; but he was so dogmatic and contentious that few dared to contradict him. If he failed to find an able opponent to argue with him, he would vary the evening's performance by ridiculing religion and playing practical jokes on all who did not indorse his opinions.

Through ten years of sin and guilty folly there was only one person in the world who had any influence over him for good. He had cast off every other bond that saved him from drifting to shipwreck and ruin, but his love for his mother. Her love was

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that held him fast. Her piety secretly charmed him, and she could touch a chord in his heart that was beyond the reach of all the world beside. Every day she prayed, "Lord, save my Isaac. He is beyond the reach of every other arm but Thine." This was the burden of her prayer, morning, noon, and night.

In her agony and distress one night she forgot all about the flight of time. Her husband was away from home, and the children were in bed, and Isaac was away in some scene of folly and sin; so she

PLEADED WITH GOD ALL NIGHT

for his conversion. About four o'clock in the morning a sudden conviction filled her mind that her prayer was answered, and Isaac would be saved. Filled with this blessed assurance, she determined to try night and day to reclaim him, and watch for the signs of any change in his conduct, and pray incessantly, "Lord, save my Isaac."

One Sunday, in the autumn of 1834, the Rev. Robert Aitken was announced to preach special sermons at Doncaster, and Isaac resolved to go and hear him, in order that he might compare him with other preachers whom he had heard, and get as much fun out of the service as possible. The preacher was a "son of thunder," and with "thoughts that breathed and words that burned," his utterances so completely overcame the young man, that he was induced to remain at the prayer-meeting after the service. He felt, at last, that he was a sinner needing mercy, but though sorely wounded by the Holy Spirit's sword, he did not at once yield himself to Christ.

Very shortly after this, he attended a meeting at Skelmanthorpe, with the intention of parodying the service. The testimony he heard, however, revealed to him the falsity of his infidel notions. His proud intellect was confessedly beaten, and he sprang to his feet. In a few brief sentences he told the people present how he had heard first one and then another tell how the religion of Christ made them happy. He was not happy, but he had made up his mind that if there was a heaven he would gain it; and if there was a hell, he would miss it. Then bringing down his hand on the pew-door before him like a sledge-hammer, he finished his remarks by saying, "And if I ever do get converted, the devil may look out."

Providentially he fell into the company of a few friends at Doncaster who gave him most valuable help and counsel at this critical period. Among them was "Friend Waring," who went to visit him in his rooms at the "Wellington Inn," and found he had a library of infidel books that had cost him nearly one hundred dollars. He pointed out that these writings had done incalculable harm to the cause of Christ, and had supplied Isaac with arguments and information that helped to bring religion into contempt. How could he ask the Lord to receive him with these unclean and mischievous things in his hands? They talked the matter over, and prayed about it, till Isaac resolved that all his bad books should be destroyed by fire. They carried them down-stairs into the brew-house in the yard, and consigned them, one by one, to the brew-house fire. But this mode of destruction was too slow; so they made

A BONFIRE OF THE BOOKS,

and when the last book had been burned to tinder he walked into the house, saying to himself: "There, they will never do anybody else the harm they have done me" (*see frontispiece*).

From this time, in penitence and prayer, he diligently sought for mercy. The crisis was reached on Sunday morning, October 11th, 1834, when he resolved to pray until his prayers were answered and his sins forgiven. He attended the six o'clock prayer-meeting that morning, asked his friends to pray for him every hour of the day, and told them privately that *he "meant business."* And that day deliverance came. He attended all the public means of grace, but it was in his room, during the interval of service, that his prayers were answered. It was while he was alone, on his knees, offering himself as a poor captive exile to God, and pleading for mercy, that he found Christ, and his soul was set at liberty.

Immediately after his conversion, he went to the "Wellington Inn," the scene of many of his wildest pranks; and finding a number of his old companions there, he told them of

HIS CONVERSION,

and invited them to follow his example. He warned them that if they would not go with him to heaven, he would take care he did not go with them to hell. He solemnly admonished them that he had done with them forever, unless they repented. Then he knelt on the sanded floor, and fervently prayed for their conversion. The landlady told him he had lost his senses, and some of his comrades ridiculed him; but he went again and again, and, with tears in his eyes and anguish in his soul, he tried to save them.

Three of his companions were either killed or carried away by swift and fatal disease, and they died in their sins. Their sudden deaths made a great impression on him. It was now a terrible revelation to him that it is much easier to lead men to ruin than to bring them to Christ. Some of his old companions threw his former deeds in his teeth, and laughed him to scorn. But he faithfully warned them, and continually prayed for them, until some of them yielded themselves to Christ, and became His spiritual children.

He now became

A PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL,

and was instant in season and out of season. Often, after he had sold his cloth in the market-place, his cart became his pulpit and the market-people his congregation, and he would stand, on hot summer days, bare-headed and without coat, warning sinners and inviting them to the Saviour (*see frontispiece*). The people would gather round, and spend a few minutes listening to his rough but powerful language. He had a ready wit and a fluent tongue; and though he had now begun to fear God, he never was afraid of either man or devil. He sometimes met with rudeness and insolence; but if any man tried to silence him, or put him down, he found it a formidable task. These street harangues were signally owned of God in the conversion of sinners of the worst kind.

At the time of Mr. Marsden's conversion, when he consecrated all he had to God, he included his horse "Short" in the list. Henceforth "Short" was to be the Lord's horse. It was to carry him to his preaching appointments, and be the messenger of the Gospel. Occasionally it was in danger. Its master and his friend Butler had been preaching at Smeaton one night, and were driving home, when a tramp stopped them and wanted to ride. It was a lonely part of the road, and the district was then infested with "footpads" and thieves. These highway robbers often used violence if their victims resisted, and it was evident the tramp was one of a gang, for they could hear him exchange signals with his confederates. But while they were parleying with the tramp, "Short" bolted at such a speed that he dashed through the men, scattering them right and left, and leaving them prostrate in the road (*see frontispiece*). He never stopped till he had safely reached Doncaster.

One Monday at noon he went to a contractor's yard at Wigan, and gathered the workmen together during the dinner-hour for worship. He knelt among the bricks and timber, and prayed so touchingly and fervently for these rough workmen that many were moved to tears. Then Mr. Marsden announced that he would preach at

THE BIG LAMP

in the market-place at seven o'clock, and asked the workmen to come and hear him preach. As soon as it became known that he intended to preach in the market-place, a number of rough Irishmen, who objected to all kinds of preaching as a rebuke to their own lives, and especially to a layman preaching, instead of leaving it to the priests, declared that they would take his life rather than he should preach there. Undeterred by threats of violence, he took his stand by the "big lamp" at the appointed hour (*see frontispiece*), and his friends from the contractor's yard formed his body-guard and surrounded him on every side.

They sang and he prayed; but as soon as he began to preach, a mob of Irishmen attempted to storm the position and drag him into their midst. But they were met with cries of "Stand

ack," "Touch him if you dare," "We'll de-nd him."

Regardless of these warnings, the Irishmen ame on to the attack; but his body-guard re-elled the onset, and kept the disturbers at bay ll the sermon was ended. Then they formed procession, and, followed by an immense owd, marched to the chapel and crowded it. he service was a grand success. The Spirit of od arrested several of his opponents, and many the men were converted.

In his evangelistic work Mr. Marsden was ntinually receiving invitations from new iends in strange places, and he always tried to lapt himself to the special needs of the place. e would first of all take a stroll through the wn or village, and get into conversation with ungers at the street-corners or women at their ouse-doors. A favorite plan of his was to walk to a stranger and ask if he could tell which ouse the Lord Jesus Christ lived in. Of course e received some curious answers to such

A STRANGE QUESTION,

it he was satisfied if he could only set people inking.

A young wife was nursing her baby at the or, when he walked up to her and said: Does the Lord Jesus Christ live here?" She niled and said, "*I hope so.*" Looking at the ng on her finger, he said: "You are married; es your husband live here?" She answered omptly, "Yes." He replied: "You don't *pe* so, you *know* it. And if the Lord Jesus hrist lived here, you would know it. He ould not put a ring round your finger, but He ould put His love in your heart, and make you happy that life would be one sweet song. ou will know it when He comes to live with ou."

In one of the lowest parts of a certain town as a row of wretched cottages called "the ookery." He was coming through the street ith a newspaper in his hand, when a rough-oking woman shouted after him: "You are a arson, and parsons should not read news-apers." He turned back, and found that the eaker was a middle-aged woman, standing ashing at her door, with *a short black pipe* in er mouth; her children were ragged and dirty; nd her home was remarkable for its dirt and isorder. He said: "I am compelled to read ne newspapers to see what the devil is doing all ver the country. How can I defeat him if I on't know what he is doing?"

"You are always talking about the devil" she nswered; "you might know a deal about him." I ought to know a great deal," he replied; for he used to be my master, and I served him ithfully for a good many years. But I quar-elled with him, and left his service, and now I n serving the Lord Jesus Christ. Eh! if you ould only join His service, you would find such difference as you little imagine. He would ash your heart—not in that wash-tub, but in lis precious blood, and make it pure and clean. ome and join us to-night at the service, and ive your heart to God."

Just then

A VIRAGO

om a neighboring house came rushing into the reet, flourishing a wet mop, and abusing the reacher, and the woman also for talking with im (*see frontispiece*). This increased the small rowd of dirty ungainly women and ragged chil-ren who had assembled to hear the contention. he new-comer was a tall, gaunt, masculine oman, with a dirty face and hair unkempt, and eculiarly offensive with her tongue. As soon s he had a chance of putting in a word, he asked ne crowd if that woman's husband had not gone way and left her. Somebody told him that she ad been deserted for a long time.

"I thought so," he replied; "no sane man ould live with such a woman as that. Those erce eyes and frowning features are *signs hung utside* to show what is within. I would not ear such a face as that for a thousand a year. t is time somebody came to preach the Gospel n this Rookery." By this time the virago had effected her escape from his raking fire of home truths, so he distributed a few tracts, and pressed upon the people their need of Christ's salvation, and of His willingness to pardon and bless them.

STRANGE SCENE AT A BALL.

At Accrington, in Lancashire, on one occasion, Mr. Marsden was about to conduct a series of services, when he heard that a grand ball was to be held at one of the principal hotels in honor of a lady and gentleman who had been newly married. Such an opportunity of speaking a word for the Master was one Mr. Marsden was not the man to miss. He knew it would need tact and delicacy, but he believed all necessary qualifications would be given him for the effort, and was not anxious. He said to a few friends: "I will go to the ball, if some of you will accompany me." They went with him, and he marched up to the pianist during one of the intervals in the dancing and said, "Will you play a tune for me?" He agreed to do so; and while the rest were gazing in blank astonishment, he gave out a suitable hymn, and the company joined in singing it.

He then gave an address to the newly-married pair, showing them the true way of happiness for time and eternity. His manner was so gentlemanly and courteous that the company listened with respect, and when he proposed that they should unite with him in prayer, they knelt down with him while he prayed. As he pleaded the Holy Spirit touched the consciences, and many of them were in tears; and when he concluded, he invited them all to his services. Many of them accepted his invitation, and several of them were converted.

Year after year Mr. Marsden continued to toil for the glory of his Lord and Saviour. But in the year 1881 his labors began to tell heavily upon him, and he showed signs of failing health. Still he struggled bravely on in spite of old age and infirmity and exhausting toil. He would keep his engagements as long as he was able, but in November of that year the Rev. J. I. Britten spoke to him, and advised him to abandon his engagements in other circuits, and preach only occasionally in his own. He promised to take his advice, and shortly afterward, feeling his utter prostration, he said, "It is all over,

MY WORK IS DONE."

For some time his friends hoped that he would rally again. His vigorous constitution and uniform good health led them to expect a longer lease of life. But there came symptoms of an obstruction of the intestinal canal, with nausea, vomiting, and sleeplessness. Various remedies were tried to remove the obstruction, but they were unavailing. Writing on December 24th, 1881, he said: "I gradually get worse and worse, and now I am very poorly. I have two to look after me—one a doctor, and the other more than a doctor—my beloved wife. Oh what nights of sickness and vomiting, and no rest nor desire for food! I am in such a state I shall have to give up some of my engagements—many, unless I improve. I am in the Lord's hands, and they are safe and right—infinitely right. Should a man complain who has had health nearly seventy-five years? No, no complaining after so much good health for such a length of time. Oh what a wicked thing to have given to the devil my younger part of it! But God is merciful, and on that mercy I stand."

PEACEFUL CHRISTIAN DEATH.

From that time he slowly but surely lost strength, and gradually wasted away. He uttered no murmur. He breathed no complaint. He was not anxious to die, but perfectly submissive. He spent much of his time in prayer. Then he became so weak that he could scarcely speak, and finally he fell into a stupor and gently breathed his last about two o'clock on Tuesday morning, January 17th, 1882, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was interred at the Doncaster cemetery on Friday morning, January 20th.

PASTORAL TESTIMONY.

The Rev. J. I. Britten, in an address at the interment of the mortal remains of Mr. Marsden, said: "Isaac Marsden was a grand man. Take him all in all, we shall not soon see his like again. For nearly fifty years he worked and preached. He loved soul-saving work. He was never so happy as when surrounded with broken-spirited penitents. With my colleagues I often visited him. It was a pleasure and profit to sit by his bedside. His patience was 'lamb-like.' His resignation was complete. The strong will was merged in the divine. The strong man lay still and placid as a child. He said one day: 'I don't feel anything or think anything of Isaac Marsden, it is all Christ!'

"On another occasion he said to me: 'I have been looking back and reviewing seventy years, but I see nothing but the *Atonement!*—the Atonement at every turn!' He got weaker and weaker, and then could scarcely speak. The day he died I saw him, and a few hours before his decease. For a time he seemed gone, his eyes were closed, and there was no response. I said to Mrs. Marsden: 'I should like him to recognize me once more; you speak to him.' She said: 'My dear, Mr. Britten is come to see and pray with you once more.' He paused, and then feebly said: 'Bless him!'

"Taking advantage of the momentary consciousness, I bent down and said: 'Brother Marsden, is Christ precious?' The lips moved, a smile gleamed, and he replied, with marked emphasis: 'Very!' A few moments afterward he passed painlessly and peacefully away, and Isaac Marsden's name was added to the honored roll of the sainted dead, who have left us noble examples in their lives and deeds. Let us be 'not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.'"

WHY HE REFORMED.

(From the Arkansaw Traveller.)

THERE was a drunkard in an Arkansas town who became a sober man through a kind Providence granting him what Burns longed for:

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

One day several acquaintances, on asking him to drink, were surprised to hear him say, "You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I can't drink anything." To their question, "What is the matter with you?" he said:

"I'll tell you. The other day I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. I would not have stopped at this, but my friends had to hurry away to catch a train.

"To a man of my temperament, to be half drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his efforts to get more to drink.

"Failing at the saloons, I remembered that there was a half-pint of whiskey at home, which had been purchased for medicinal purposes.

"Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden, and looking over the fence I saw my little son and daughter playing. 'No, you be ma,' said the boy, 'and I'll be pa. Now you sit here an' I'll come in drunk. Wait, now, till I fill my bottle.'

"He took a bottle, ran away, and filled it with water. Pretty soon he returned and entering the play-house, nodded idiotically at his little girl, and sat down without saying anything. Then the girl looked up from her work and said:

"'James, why will you do this way?'

"'Whizzer way?' he replied.

"'Gettin' drunk.'

"'Who's drunk?'

"'You are, an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged, an' we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breakin' my heart?'

"I hurried away. The acting was too life-like. I could think of nothing all day but those little children playing in the garden, and I vowed that I would never take another drink, and I will not, so help me God!"

THE BEAUTY OF RELIGION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, February 10, 1884.

"The crystal cannot equal it."—JOB 28 : 17.

The Star of the Mountain—Job's Estimate of Value—Religion Superior to the Crystal—I. In Exactness—The Precision of God's Methods—No "Happen-so's"—An Unfrayed Robe—A Bereavement in Philadelphia—II. In Transparency—Its Revelations—A Clear Bible—Light on Persecution—III. In Beauty—Its Symmetry—Its Freshness—IV. In Transformations—Will God Wear Jewelry?—The Carbon becoming a Solitaire—Its Settings—Three Crystals—The Carthage Martyr's Fiery Boat.

MANY of the precious stones of the Bible have come to prompt recognition. But for the present I take up the less valuable crystal. Job in my text compares saving wisdom with a specimen of topaz. An infidel chemist or mineralogist would pronounce the latter worth more than the former, but Job makes an intelligent comparison; looks at religion and then looks at the crystal, and pronounces the former as of far superior value to the latter, exclaiming in the words of my text, "The crystal cannot equal it!"

Now, it is not a part of my sermonic design to depreciate the crystal, whether it be found in Cornish mine or Hartz Mountain or Mammoth Cave or tinkling among the pendants of the chandeliers of a palace. The crystal is

THE STAR OF THE MOUNTAIN;

it is the queen of the cave; it is the ear-drop of the hills; it finds its heaven in the diamond. Among all the pages of natural history there is no page more interesting to me than the page crystallographic. But I want to show you that Job was right when, taking religion in one hand and the crystal in the other, he declared that the former is of far more value and beauty than the latter, recommending it to all the people and to all the ages, declaring, "The crystal cannot equal it."

I. In the first place I remark that religion is

SUPERIOR TO THE CRYSTAL

in exactness.

That shapeless mass of crystal against which you accidentally dashed your foot is laid out with more exactness than any earthly city. There are six styles of crystallization and all of them divinely ordained. Every crystal has *mathematical precision.* God's geometry reaches through it, and it is a square or it is a rectangle or it is a rhomboid or in some way it hath a mathematical figure.

Now religion beats that in the simple fact that *spiritual accuracy* is more beautiful than material accuracy. God's attributes are exact. God's law exact. God's decrees exact. God's management of the world exact. Never counting wrong, though He counts the grass-blades and the stars and the sands and the cycles. His providences never dealing with us perpendicularly when those providences ought to be oblique, nor lateral when they ought to be vertical. Everything in our life arranged without any possibility of mistake. Each life a six-sided prism. Born at the right time; dying at the right time. There are

NO "HAPPEN-SO'S"

in our theology.

If I thought this was *a slipshod universe* I would go crazy. God is not an anarchist. Law, order, symmetry, precision, a perfect square, a perfect rectangle, a perfect rhomboid, a perfect circle. The edge of *God's robe of government never frays out.* There are no loose screws in the world's machinery. It did not just happen that *Napoleon* was attacked with indigestion at Borodino so that he became incompetent for the day. It did not just happen that *John Thomas*, the missionary, on a heathen island, waiting for an outfit and orders for another missionary tour, received that outfit and those orders in a box that floated ashore, while the ship and the crew that carried the box were never heard of. The barking of *F. W. Robertson's* dog, he tells us, led to a line of events which brought him from the army into the Christian ministry, where he served God with world-renowned usefulness. It did not merely happen so. I believe in a particular providence. I believe God's geometry may be seen in all our life more beautifully than in crystallography. Job was right. "The crystal cannot equal it."

Just after my arrival in Philadelphia to take a pastorate I was called to a house of great sorrow. The family had been to Cape May for a summering. The son of the household had been drowned in a pond not far from the beach. As I entered the afflicted home and the lad prepared for sepulchre lay in one room, there rang through the hall the wailing of the father and the mother, a grief appalling and indescribable. The parents said they could not forgive themselves, because they had changed their plans for the summer and had not gone to the White Mountains as they had purposed, and had gone to Cape May. "Oh," I said to them, "do not say, 'I wish we had gone to the mountains instead of going to Cape May;' do you not think God has arranged all this? You cannot understand now the mercy of it, but trust Him; there are no accidents; the God who arranges all the affairs of your life arranged the death of that boy." Do not say, as I have often heard some of you say, "Oh," if I had not gone here and if I had not gone there, this would not have occurred, and that would not have occurred!" Things are not at loose ends. Precision, accuracy. Job was right. "The crystal cannot equal it."

II. Again, I remark that religion is superior to the crystal

IN TRANSPARENCY.

We know not when or by whom glass was first discovered. Beads of it have been found in the tomb of Alexander Severus. Vases of it are brought up from the ruins of Herculaneum. There were female adornments made out of it three thousand years ago—those adornments found now attached to the mummies of Egypt. A great many commentators believe that my text means glass. What would we do without the crystal? The crystal in the window to keep out the storm and let in the day—the crystal over the watch defending its delicate machinery, yet allowing us to see the hour—the crystal of the telescope by which the astronomer brings distant worlds so near he can inspect them. Oh, the triumphs of the crystals in the celebrated windows of Rouen and Salisbury!

But there is nothing so transparent in a crystal as in our holy religion. It is *a transparent religion.* You put it to your eye and you see man—his sin, his soul, his destiny. You look at God and you see something of the grandeur of His character. It is a transparent religion. Infidels tell us it is opaque. Do you know why they tell us it is opaque? It is because they are blind. The natural man receiveth not the things of God because they are spiritually discerned. There is no trouble with the crystal; the trouble is with the eyes which try to look through it.

WE PRAY FOR VISION,

Lord, that our eyes might be opened. When the eye-salve cures our blindness then we find that religion is transparent.

It is *a transparent Bible.* All the mountains of the Bible come out: Sinai, the mountain of the law; Pisgah, the mountain of prospect; Olivet, the mountain of instruction; Calvary, the mountain of sacrifice. All the rivers of the Bible come out—Hidekel, or the river of paradisaical beauty; Jordan, or the river of holy chrism; Cherith, or the river of prophetic supply; Nile, or the river of palaces; and the pure river of life from under the throne clear as crystal. While reading this Bible after our eyes have been touched by grace, we find it all transparent, and the earth rocks, now with crucifixion agony and now with judgment terror, and Christ appears in some of His two hundred and fifty-six titles, as far as I can count them—the bread, the rock, the captain, the commander, the conqueror, the star, and on and beyond any capacity of mine to rehearse them. Transpa religion!

The providence that seemed dark before comes pellucid. Now you find God is not ing to put you down. Now you understand you lost that child and why you lost your p erty; it was to prepare you for eternal t ures. And why sickness came; it being precursor of immortal juvenescence. And you understand

WHY THEY LIED ABOUT YOU

and tried to drive you hither and thither. was to put you in the glorious company of s men as Ignatius, who, when he went out t destroyed by the lions, said: "I am the w and the teeth of the wild beasts must first g me before I can become pure bread for J Christ;" or the company of such men as P carp, who when standing in the midst of amphitheatre waiting for the lions to come ou their cave and destroy him and the people in galleries jeering and shouting, "The lions Polycarp," replied: "Let them come on," then stooping down toward the cave where wild beasts were roaring to get out, "Let th come on." Ah, yes, it is persecution to put in glorious company; and while there are m things that you will have to postpone to future world for explanation, I tell you that the whole tendency of your religion to unr and explain and interpret and illumine irradiate. Job was right. It is a glorious tr parency. "The crystal cannot equal it."

III. I remark again that religion surpa the crystal

IN ITS BEAUTY.

That lump of crystal is put under the magn ing glass of the crystallographer and he see it indescribable beauty—snowdrift and splint of hoar-frost and corals and wreaths and s and crowns and castellations of conspicu beauty. The fact is that crystal is so beaut that I can think of but one thing in all the u verse that is so beautiful, and that is the ligion of the Bible. No wonder this Bible r resents that religion as the daybreak, as the ple-blossoms, as the glitter of a king's banq It is the joy of the whole earth.

People talk too much about their cross not enough about their crown. Do you kn the Bible mentions a cross but twenty-se times while it mentions a crown eighty tim Ask that old man what he thinks of religi He has been a close observer. He has b culturing an æsthetic taste. He has seen sunrises of a half century. He has been early riser. He has been an admirer of cam and corals and all kinds of beautiful thin Ask him what he thinks of religion, and he w tell you, "It is the most beautiful thing I e saw." "The crystal cannot equal it."

Beautiful in its symmetry. When it prese God's character it does not present Him as h ing love like a great protuberance on one s of His nature, but makes that love in harmo with His justice—a love that will accept those who come to Him, and a justice that w by no means clear the guilty. Beautiful religi in the sentiment it implants! Beautiful ligion in the hope it kindles! Beautiful religi in the fact that it proposes to garland a enthrone and emparadise an immortal spir Solomon says it is a lily. Paul says it is crown. The Apocalypse says it is a fount kissed of the sun. Ezekiel says it is a foliag cedar. Christ says it is a bridegroom come fetch home a bride. While Job in the t takes up a whole vase of precious stones—t topaz and the sapphire and the chrysopras and he takes out of this beautiful vase just o crystal and holds it up until it gleams in t warm light of the eastern sky, and he exclain "The crystal cannot equal it."

Oh, it is

NOT A STALE RELIGION,

it is not a stupid religion, it is not a toot less hag as some seem to have represent it; it is not a Meg Merrilies with shrivell arm come to scare the world. It is the fa

daughter of God, heiress of all His wealth· cheek the morning sky; her voice the ic of the south wind; her step the dance of sea. Come and woo her. The Spirit and Bride say come, and whosoever will, let him e. Do you agree with Solomon and say it lily? Then pluck it and wear it over your t. Do you agree with Paul and say it is a vn? Then let this hour be your coronation. you agree with the Apocalypse and say it is pringing fountain? Then come and slake thirst of your soul. Do you believe with kiel and say it is a foliaged cedar? Then e under its shadow. Do you believe with st and say it is a bridegroom come to fetch e a bride? Then strike hands with your l the king while I pronounce you everlast- one. Or if you think with Job that it is a l, then put it on your hand like a ring, on neck like a bead, on your forehead like a while looking into the mirror of God's d you acknowledge "the crystal cannot l it."

Again, religion is superior to the crystal

ITS TRANSFORMATIONS.

e diamond is only a crystallization of coal. onate of lime rises till it becomes calcite or onite. Red oxide of copper crystallizes into s and octahedrons. Those crystals which n our persons and our homes and our ums have only been resurrected from forms were far from lustrous. Scientists for ages been examining these wonderful trans- ations. But I tell you in the Gospel of the of God there is a more wonderful trans- ation. Over souls by reason of sin black as and hard as iron God by His comforting stoops and says: "They shall be Mine in ay when I make up My jewels."

What," say you,

"WILL GOD WEAR JEWELRY?"

e wanted it He could make the stars of n His belt and have the evening cloud for andals of His feet; but He does not want adornment. He will not have that jewelry. n God wants jewelry He comes down and it out of the depths and darkness of sin. e souls are all crystallizations of mercy. uts them on and He wears them in the nce of the whole universe. He wears them e hand that was nailed, over the heart that pierced, on the temples that were stung. y shall be mine," saith the Lord, "in the hen I make up my jewels." Wonderful ormation!

HE CARBON BECOMES A SOLITAIRE!

he crystal cannot equal it." There she is, of the street; but she shall be a sister of y. There he is, a sot in the ditch; but he preach the Gospel. There, behind the bars rison, but he shall reign with Christ for- Where sin abounded grace shall much abound. The carbon, the solitaire. "The l cannot equal it."

v, I have no liking for those people who ways enlarging in Christian meetings about early dissipation. Do not go into the ulars, my brothers. Simply say you were ut make no display of your ulcers. The tock in trade of some ministers and Chris- orkers seems to be their early crimes and ations. The number of pockets you picked e number of chickens you stole make very prayer-meeting rhetoric. Besides that, it rages other Christian people who never unk or stole anything. But it is pleasant ow that those who were farthest down een brought highest up. Out of infernal m into eternal liberty. Out of darkness ght. From coal to the solitaire. "The cannot equal it."

my friends, the chief transforming power Gospel will not be seen in this world and til heaven breaks upon the soul. When ght falls upon the soul then you will see rstals. Oh, what

A MAGNIFICENT SETTING

se jewels of eternity! I sometimes hear people representing heaven in a way that is far from attractive to me. It seems almost a vulgar heaven as they represent it with great blotches of color and bands of music making *a deafening racket*. John represents heaven as exquisitely beautiful. Three crystals. In one place he says: "Her light was like a precious stone, clear as crystal." In another place he says: "I saw a pure river from under the throne, clear as crystal." In another place he says: "Before the throne there was a sea of glass clear as crystal."

THREE CRYSTALS.

John says *crystal atmosphere*. That means health. Balm of eternal June. What weather after the world's east wind! No rack of storm clouds. One breath of that air will cure the worst tubercle. Crystal light on all the leaves. Crystal light shimmering on the topaz of the temples. Crystal light tossing in the plumes of the equestrians of heaven on white horses. But "the crystal cannot equal it."

John says *crystal river*. That means joy. Deep and ever rolling. Not one drop of the Thames or the Hudson or the Rhine to soil it. Not one tear of human sorrow to embitter it. Crystal, the rain out of which it was made. Crystal, the bed over which it shall roll and ripple. Crystal, its infinite surface. But "the crystal cannot equal it."

John says *crystal sea*. That means multitudinously vast. Vast in rapture. Rapture vast as the sea, deep as the sea, strong as the sea, ever changing as the sea. Billows of light. Billows of beauty, blue with skies that were never clouded and green with depths that were never fathomed. Arctics and Antarctics and Mediterraneans and Atlantics and Pacifics in crystalline magnificence. Three crystals. Crystal light falling on a crystal river. Crystal river rolling into a crystal sea. But "the crystal cannot equal it."

"Oh," says some one putting his hand over his eyes, "can it be that I who have been in so much sin and trouble will ever

COME TO THOSE CRYSTALS?"

Yes, it may be—it will be. Heaven we must have whatever else we have or have not, and we come here to get it. "How much must I pay for it?" you say. You will pay for it just as much as the coal pays to become the diamond. In other words, nothing. The same Almighty power that makes the crystal in the mountain will change your heart which is harder than stone, for the promise is, "I will take away your stony heart and I will give you a heart of flesh."

"Oh," says some one, "it is just the doctrine I want; God is to do everything and I am to do nothing." My brother, it is not the doctrine you want. The coal makes no resistance. It hears the resurrection voice in the mountain and it comes to crystallization, but your heart resists. The trouble with you, my brother, is the coal wants to stay coal. I do not ask you to throw open the door and let Christ in. I only ask that you stop bolting it and barring it.

O my friends, we will have to get rid of our sins. I will have to get rid of my sins and you will have to get rid of your sins.

WHAT WILL WE DO WITH OUR SINS

among the three crystals? The crystal atmosphere will display our pollution. The crystal river would be befouled with our touch. The crystal sea would whelm us with its glistening surge. Transformation now or no transformation at all. Give sin full chance in your heart and the transformation will be downward instead of upward. Instead of a crystal it will be a cinder.

A BURNING BOAT.

In the days of Carthage a Christian girl was condemned to die for her faith, and a boat was bedaubed with tar and pitch and filled with combustibles and set on fire, and the Christian girl was placed in the boat, and the wind was off shore, and the boat floated away with its precious treasure. No one can doubt that boat landed at the shore of heaven. Sin wants to put you in *a fiery boat* and shove you off in an opposite direction—off from peace, off from God, off from heaven, everlastingly off; and the port toward which you would sail would be a port of darkness, and the guns that would greet you would be the guns of despair, and the flags that would wave at your arrival would be the black flags of death.

O my brother, you must either kill sin or sin will kill you. It is no wild exaggeration when I say that any man or woman that wants to be saved may be saved. Tremendous choice. A thousand people are choosing this moment between salvation and destruction, between light and darkness, between heaven and hell, between charred ruin and glorious crystallization.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A Loan on a Brick Resulted in the Arraignment of a man in a New York police court last week. A physician, who invests the proceeds of his profession in speculative ventures, was induced to entertain a proposal for a loan on *a gold brick*. He was taken by two men to a room on Sixth Avenue, where what was represented to be a gold brick was exhibited to him. This was represented to be worth several thousand dollars, and the men said that they desired a loan of $1000, for which they would give the brick as security. The doctor was permitted to bore the brick in three different places, and at the United States Assay Office the scrapings were reported to be ninety per cent fine gold. Finally the doctor gave the men $1000 in cash, and received the brick. To his sorrow he subsequently learned that it was of base metal washed with gold. The doctor says that he was swindled by an exchange of the envelopes in which the scrapings of the brick were placed. The physician doubtless thought the precaution he took was sufficient to prevent his being outwitted, but he was baffled by superior cunning. Ministers of the Gospel and Church officers are often so outwitted by men who seek to advance their worldly interests by a false profession of religion. They pick up, parrot-like, the phraseology of Christians, which they offer as tests of their own condition (Isa. 30 : 1).

A Destitute Scotch Immigrant Recently heard of an inheritance to which he was entitled in a very remarkable manner. He came to this country two years ago to make his fortune, but was unable to obtain work. For a time he had employment with a truckman named Bedloe, who has stables near the Bible House, New York, but his fondness for Scotch whiskey soon caused him to lose his place, and he drifted into a furniture house on Eighteenth Street, where he was employed as porter. Becoming tired of this work, he made his way to Chicago, where he went from bad to worse, working at odd times, drinking hard, and spending many nights in the station-house. Afterward he drifted to Philadelphia, where he became so utterly destitute that he had to beg his bread. Some one gave him a parcel of broken meat. He ate it, and having nothing to do, sat reading the copy of the *Ledger*, in which it was wrapped. There he saw his own name, William Anderson, among the advertised letters, and, while doubting that it was for him, he went to the Post Office and applied for it. It was several weeks old, and had been sent to his old address in New York. Though the number was correct, the street was given as "North Eighteenth Street," instead of "East Eighteenth," and the envelope for this reason was indorsed, "Try Philadelphia." It was this letter, from a firm of attorneys at Inverness, which told Anderson of the death of his father in December, leaving him the sole heir to the property, amounting to £6000. He sailed for Scotland on February 6th to claim his inheritance. He showed no disposition to continue his miserable life here after he heard a fortune was awaiting him. In this he differed from many who listen to the offer of eternal riches made to them in the Gospel. They are content with their present condition of spiritual destitution (Rev. 3 : 17, 18).

THE CZAR AND THE BABE.

By Rev Charles F. Deems. D.D., LL.D.

ON the 17th of March, 1855, I was going from Petersburg, Va., to my home in North Carolina. In the car was a gentleman with New York papers bearing the intelligence of the recent death of Nicholas, Autocrat of all the Russias. He was gone. A man of great stature, of iron will, of vast energies, a born king, ruling fifty millions by his simple word, he had bowed to destiny and death, and dropped the sceptre which swayed an empire.

He had died at a crisis in which he was the most conspicuous and important personage among men, at such a juncture in affairs as will draw an arresting line across the page of human history. He had brought thousands into fortified towns, and stretched tents and camp-fires along miles of hills and valleys. The stride of his ambition had made troops of orphan children and thrilled the nation with woe. He was known to all the world, and his history, his words, his deeds, his policy, were the study of all who read or thought. But he had gone.

Europe stood still and held its breath as the curtain dropped upon the colossal actor on the stage trembling with the thunder of artillery and red with the gore of the gallant. And then the cabinets of all governments, and the traders upon the marts of the busy nations, began industriously to calculate the probable effects of this great departure upon all the operations of mankind; and Russia was preparing to bury "the father" with mingled barbaric pomp and civilized splendor.

I was not indifferent to the importance of such an event as the death of the emperor; but it stirred my heart very little. *It was far off.*

Twenty miles further south I heard of another death. In this case it was a babe, only ten months old. He was heir to no great estate or title. He was known to very few, and very few had any interest in him—he had never uttered a word. He was in no one's way. His life made no great promise. He had always been delicate. He was a merely intelligent, "pretty little fellow," as his father was fond of calling him. He was dead. How sad, how very sad a thought was this to me! *He was our little George.*

All the potentates of Europe might have died and my heart felt no pain. But this was a near grief. This was the first departure from the little flock. There was no pomp at his funeral. He lay calm and lovely in his little coffin—beautifully dead. His brothers and his little sister stood in the awe which the first invasion of the invisible feet makes in a family. A few friends went from the humble house of the bereaved living to the humble resting-place of the shrouded dead. No retinue, no plumes, no emblazonry of ostentatious sorrow marked the child's removal to his last home. *But he was our babe.*

How little thought his mother of the grand griefs of a European empire! Her little kingdom was darkened. While we had read accounts of the slaughters which marked the Crimean campaign, and shuddered at the desolations they must have brought thousands of homes, none of the thrilling reports had penetrated and agonized us like the sight of our own dead. Nothing I ever read, or saw, or felt, transfixed me with such cold pain as the kiss of the little hands folded over the breast of our serene and breathless little boy. They were beautiful hands. How often I had admired them as he clapped them when his earnest gaze had brightened into a smile and broadened into infantile glee! How often had they pressed their soft little palms upon my aching head, and buried their little dimples under my chin!

Death had not discolored the lovely flesh, but had made it clearer and finer, as if it had been purged of all taints of corruption. And so I could hardly believe him dead. But when I stooped to kiss those hands for the last time, they met my lips with such an unexpected chill that I felt stricken. It was as though I had been stabbed in the heart with a dagger of ice.

Oh, how different the far and near! A quarter of a century lies between that death and this writing, but that dead babe to-day has more power over me than any living man. He walks the streets with me. He goes to all the funerals of infants. Before his death I did not know how to talk at the funeral of a babe. Now I know at least how to sympathize with the parents. When a man comes into my house and tells me with quivering lips that there is a babe lying dead in his home, I go with him, led by the hand of a little child whose mortal body was buried a quarter of a century ago.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Worse than a Wrecked Ship.—Mr. Hill Said at a recent meeting: "A friend of mine, who is a large shipowner, lost one of his ships at sea. I went to sympathize with him, as the loss amounted to $40,000. When I spoke about it, he replied, 'Never mind the loss; I can bear that and another $40,000 to that, and another $40,000 to that, without feeling it much; but (opening the drawing-room door and pointing to his wife lying on a sofa helplessly intoxicated) if I could remedy this I would give all I have in the world.'"

How a Cobbler Got a Good Coat.—The Rev. Dr. Bonar said: "A Christian worker once enlisted under the banner of Christ a non-church-going shoemaker by a prompt testimony of the goodness of the Lord. The worker inquired, 'Why don't you come to church?' 'I have not got a coat,' the cobbler replied. 'I fear, then, that you don't serve a good master; for my part I don't know a Christian who has not got a good Sabbath coat to his back.' This clear and emphatic reply made the cobbler come out and attend church just as he was, and it was not long before he had a capital coat, and the knowledge of salvation through Christ who died for him. God's wardrobe and larder are sufficiently large to supply all who trust in Him."

Husband and Wife Made One in Christ.—Mr. Jack related: "A husband and his wife, who evidently belonged to the better class of society, came to a little meeting where the message of salvation was proclaimed. The wife was much moved. A worker seeing her emotions spoke to her, and had the pleasure of hearing her decide for Christ. Immediately the light had entered her own heart, she began to be concerned about her husband. The wife told, with loving tenderness, the decision she had come to, and was able to persuade her husband to return to another meeting at which the Lord opened his eyes and gave him grace to decide for Jesus. They are now both living to the 'praise of Him who called them out of nature's darkness into His marvellous light.'"

Three Thousand Conversions in a Moment.— Mr. Oatts related: "An evangelist was travelling in the north of Scotland. In the same compartment of the railway carriage there was a minister who did not believe in sudden conversion. They both had some distance to travel together, and entered into conversation till, almost insensibly, they glided into a discussion upon sudden conversion. Their talk was brought to a point by the evangelist saying, 'Well, sir, take your Bible, and search for all the cases of gradual conversion mentioned in it, and I will do the same for the cases of sudden conversion.' At the end of half an hour the evangelist asked, 'How many have you got?' 'None.' 'In Acts 2 you will find that three thousand were instantaneously converted at one time.'"

Impressive Dream of a Swedish Lady.—Mr. Napier said: "A lady in Sweden took charge of some thirty poor children for the love of God. There was one of them a poor, decrepit, ulcerated, loathsome child; she could not love it, notwithstanding she gave it special attention and care, but the same repulsive feeling continued in her heart toward the poor child. One day the lady was sitting in the garden with t child on her knees; she fell asleep and dream that she had changed places with the child, a that the Lord held her in His lap, and said, ' I can bear so patiently and lovingly with one full of sin as you, why cannot you love t child?' The lady awoke, and acting on the i pulse of the moment, bent down and kissed t child, who returned the caress with the smile an angel. The little one felt that she was n loved. Love brought forth love."

A Jew Saved through Open-Air Preaching Mr. Matthew said: "When I first came to t country I heard an old gentleman preaching the open-air. He was standing on a chair, a had no large choir to support him. His the was 'Jesus,' nothing else. I went on my wa but could not get rid of that name 'Jesus;' never left me. I prayed to God as a Jew to sa me from the annoyance, but it only beca worse. Next Sunday I was irresistibly drawn hear that old gentleman in the open-air, a again for seven Sundays I listened to the Wo spoken by him. I never shook off the impr sion the Holy Spirit made upon me throu his instrumentality. That gentleman is now heaven, and died without knowing that a J was converted through his preaching. 'Let not be weary in well doing, for in due season shall reap, if we faint not.'" (Gal. 6 : 9).

An Unknown Gem for Christ's Crown.—M Aaron Matthew related: "I visited Dunc about eighteen years ago, and preached in t church of which Mr. Lund was the pastor. delivered the message of my Divine Master, a went on my way, thinking no more about it. was at Bishop Auckland one day, and on t way to a Wesleyan chapel there, I saw a gent man nodding and smiling in my direction. could not think it was to me; but when caught my eye, he came running across t street, and said, 'Mr. Matthew, do you reme ber preaching in Mr. Lund's church in Dunc some time ago?' 'Yes.' 'That sermon w the means of my conversion to Christ. Goo by! I have to catch my train.' Off he we without another word; and I have never se him since; and I do not know his name. I l sight of everything that night but the one gr fact, that the Lord had given me a soul."

A Safe Voyage up Channel.—The Rev. J Sloan said: "I remember coming up Chan once on board a fine Indian merchantm When the sun set, lights appeared on every si and to those not acquainted with the rule of t road it seemed as if it was impossible for c ship to avoid coming into collision with some the other vessels. How was it that we did cape? On the top-gallant forecastle a man w keeping a lookout right ahead; he look neither to the right nor left, but straight bef the bow. On the bridge the captain and secon mate had night-glasses and kept a constant loo out on every side. We knew by experie that we could trust them with our lives, and tired to our staterooms confiding in them. I similar way, when the night of sorrow or p overtakes us, we should confide ourselves to t Captain of our salvation, the Lord Jesus, w will take every care of us, and do it better th we can ourselves."

How a Lady's Indignation Ended.—Mr. G diner related: "We had a series of Gos temperance meetings, and the blessing of t Lord attended our efforts. At one meeting, chairman asked those who knew that their s were forgiven to stand up. Two young wom among others responded; and they were asl to lead in prayer. A lady whose husband w much given to drink saw them, and remarked herself, 'How dare these women stand up th saying their sins are forgiven when they owing me money; besides that, they are go to pray for me!' The lady at once left meeting in great tumult of mind, which resul in deep anxiety about her soul; she return another night and found rest in Jesus. Wh the lady informed her husband that she wa Christian, he got angry and forbade her to

tend any more of the meetings; but she declined to obey. This inflamed his anger still more, and he went to a tavern at the entrance of our hall, so that he might get up his courage to insult his wife as she left the hall. Having sat too long over his cups, he missed his wife, but he went home and threatened to drag her out of bed. The wife did not speak back as she used to do, but patiently bore his threats in silence. At length she asked, 'Will you let me speak?' 'No; I'll kill you.' She put her arms round his neck and said, 'Is this to be the end of it?' The tender action and voice touched his heart, and made him break down. The next night he went to the meeting, where he was awakened to a sense of his sins. In his distress he cried to the Lord, who revealed Himself to him as his Saviour at once."

A French Knife-Grinder's Happy Death.—Mr. McCall, of Paris, relates: "A knife-grinder came for bodily healing to our dispensary. He was excessively ignorant, so that when the Gospel was preached to him he did not understand it. His sickness was incurable, so he was sent to the hospital, where he read the Bible which he got from us. The nurses were nuns, and were very kind to him, but cruel to his soul. In a few days they told him, 'You are going to die; we must send for a priest.' 'No, I don't want a priest; I want some one else.' 'Who is he?' 'The gentleman at the dispensary.' When the nuns understood that he wanted to see a Protestant, and above all an evangelical, they immediately sent him from the hospital to his own poor house. He sent for us, and we visited him in his own home. He was dying in poverty, wretchedness, and filth, but there was no whine for bodily aid. He wanted to tell us that he was saved. He said, 'Now, sir, I can see clearly that we can be saved only by the meritorious death of Jesus.' His last word was 'Jesus.' There was a large attendance at the funeral, and an earnest pastor had the opportunity of preaching the Gospel to the mourners."

PREDICTED CHANGES IN THE NATURAL WORLD.

(*A Sequel to "The Future Temple," page 87.*)

By Rev. J. R. Graves, LL.D.*

The Living Streams—Literal Fulfilment Necessary—The Dead Sea to Become a Living One—The Tongue of the Red Sea.

THE LIVING STREAMS.

THE next vision shown the prophet, after the coming of Christ and the completion of this glorious Temple, was the bursting forth of two perennial streams of water from near the Temple. It is thus foretold by the prophet:

"And it shall be in that day, that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem; half of them toward the former sea, and half of them toward the hinder sea; in summer and in winter shall it be" (Zech. 14 : 8).

Ezekiel more specifically describes the one flowing down from the mountain into the Dead Sea, and its effects: "Afterward He brought me again unto the door of the house; and, behold, waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward; for the forefront of the house stood toward the East and the waters came down from under, from the right side of the house, at the south side of the altar. . . . Then said He unto me, these waters issue out toward the East country, and go down into the desert, and go into the sea; which being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed. And it shall come to pass, that everything that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live; and there shall be a very great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither: for they shall be healed; and everything shall live whither the river cometh. . . . But the miry places thereof and the marshes thereof shall not be healed; they shall be given to salt" (Ezek. 17 : 1, 8, 9, 11).

Can language be more

EXPRESSIVE AND SPECIFC

than this? Is there a figure of speech in it? Are not the places well known—"Jerusalem," "the plain eastward," and the "Dead Sea"—the salt-bituminous waters, destitute of life—its salt marshes on the south of it? This is demonstrative that the language of the prophecy is to be construed literally.

The reader may see that this prophecy is to be literally fulfilled, and that the fulfilment of another, if possible, more singular and improbable, depends upon it, by looking at a map of the locality of the Dead Sea; also of the Red Sea and its peculiar northern formation, called "The Tongue," also the Gulf of Akabah, and the "River of Egypt" with its "seven mouths," noted in the Scriptures of truth, touching which changes are foretold.

It certainly is not impossible for God to cause a large spring to break forth from under the threshold of the temple in Jerusalem; and nothing improbable, if we refer it to natural causes, as the earthquake that is to break up the Mount of Olivet, running one part of it northward and the other southward, opening a valley from the west to the east as far as Azal [Nazal ?].* This valley through the cleft of the mountain opens a way for the stream that is rapidly augmented by the springs that burst forth from the rent bowels of Mount Olivet, as it rolls down this valley into the Dead Sea.

A MIGHTY RIVER.

Dr. Barclay, resident missionary and explorer of Jerusalem, in his great work, of this river says:

"Should this river rush immediately down this valley—the Wady Anak Nazal—into the Dead Sea it would produce a succession of rapids, cascades and cataracts unequalled in all the world, for the distance being only fifteen or twenty miles, and the difference in altitude nearly 4000 feet [*i.e.*, from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea], the rate of descent could not be less than an average of 200 feet per mile, or one foot in twenty-six—a fall of 4000 feet in twenty miles! while the entire fall in the Mississippi River, throughout its whole course of 2000 miles, is only 1575 feet!

What a vast inconceivable power for the propulsion of machinery! What teeming luxuriance must crown the banks of this fertilizing and vivifying stream, and especially if the waters be made to meander along the declivities of the once frightful and barren and desolate deserts! How surprisingly beautiful the ever-green landscape in which the life-giving river sweetly meanders, where grow all trees for food, whose leaf fadeth not, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed—bringing forth new fruit according to its months—the fruit thereof for meat and the leaf for medicine! (Isaiah 46 : 12.) Then indeed will the wilderness and the solitary place be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose. These are the gladdening waters of which the Psalmist spoke in vision."

THE DEAD SEA.

The natural result of this large body of fresh, living waters, with the large increase from all the other streams flowing into this sea, swollen by the bursting of springs all over Palestine, occasioned by the return of the latter rains, would fill its deep basin and increase its length southward, until its swollen volume would finally break forth, and, sweeping the sands from its old channel, carry them on with it into the Gulf of Akabah, and by this means its salt and bitter waters would be eventually carried into the Red Sea, and the waters of the Dead Sea be healed, and become cool, sweet, living waters. In this way the glowing prophecies with respect to this wilderness of Zin and desert land will be literally fulfilled, for they can be fulfilled in no other way, which are now interpreted figuratively; *e.g.*: "In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert, and the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water."

If this river is navigable, as it doubtless is designed by God to be, the Dead Sea will indeed be a haven for ships of all nations, and the wealth of the East and the commerce of the mighty West will be laid down at the feet of the new commercial city which is to be built at the head and on the eastern shore of the present Dead Sea, when the Suez Canal is destroyed.

THE TONGUE OF THE RED SEA.

There is another prophecy that must be literally fulfilled or the Scriptures rejected as unauthentic: "And the Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian Sea; and with His mighty wind shall He shake His hand over the river, and shall smite it in the seven streams, and make men go over dryshod. And there shall be a highway for the remnant of His people, which shall be left from Assyria; like as it was to Israel in the day that He came up out of the land of Egypt" (Isa. 11 : 15, 16).

If the reader will refer to the map, he will be struck with the peculiar formation of the northern part of the Red Sea. It has somewhat the appearance of the head of an animal—the Gulf of Akabah its upper jaw, and the Gulf of Suez its tongue outstretched to lap the waters of the Mediterranean.

This western gulf, God calls "the tongue of the Egyptian Sea," which He declares He will, after the Advent and before the restoration of the ten lost tribes, "utterly destroy," which certainly means a permanent filling up of its bed, which is now quite shallow, so that there will evermore be dry land where this gulf now is, and that there shall be a highway [a railroad ?] for the remnant of His people, who are left from Assyria, etc. Now, God can do this by a slight physical change, the instantaneous work of an earthquake, uplifting this gulf or "tongue of the sea," or He can allow it to be accomplished by the laws governing currents and deposits.

Any one familiar with these will easily perceive that the vast "mountains of sand" that will be swept out of the river channel of the old Jordan, carried into the Gulf of Akabah, and thence pushed by the mighty current of this river, flowing out of the Dead Sea into the Red Sea, and this sand carried by the eddying waters back into the Gulf of Suez, will very soon fill its bed with sand and dry up, without the interposition of a miracle.

THE SUEZ CANAL DESTROYED.

This prophecy literally fulfilled, and if fulfilled at all, it must be literally, will by "utterly destroying the tongue of the Egyptian Sea" utterly destroy that work of man, "the Suez Canal," and bring to naught the design of man to bring the wealth of the East, past Jerusalem and Palestine, and lay it down at the gates of western Tarshish. As it was in the days of Solomon, the wealth of the nations was laid at his feet—for ships from the East and from the West brought the commerce of the world to Palestine; so will it be, only in a far greater degree, in the Saturday of the world's week—the returned Jews will handle the commerce of the world.

The Dead Sea will become a harbor for vessels—a haven for ships—by means of the river flowing from it into the Red Sea, and Zebulon, whose portion will be bounded by the Mediterranean Sea on the west, and by the Gulf of Akabah on the east, would have seaports on the former and a port of entry on the latter, so that in the new division of the land will then in very deed "dwell at the haven of the sea, and be for a haven of ships," and "suck the abundance of the seas and of treasures hid in the sand." This never has been fulfilled in any sense, and cannot be until the redivision of the land and the conversion of the Dead Sea into "a haven for ships."

It seems to us that these Scriptures are, of themselves, sufficient to convince every one that these prophecies must have a literal fulfilment.

* From his excellent work on "The Seven Dispensations," published by the Baptist Book House, Memphis, Tenn., price $2.

* Quite a large river burst forth from a mountain in Armenia a few years ago, and not long since a large stream of water made its appearance in South America after an earthquake. Dr. Barclay says that it is a little singular that a few yards below the surface, among some broken rocks in the valley opposite to Jerusalem, the ripple of a stream can now be heard.

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A wrong date will appear on the address label of some papers this week. A large number of renewals have been received during the past week, and it has not been possible in every case to change the date to that covered by the renewal.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Proposal to Establish a New Department is made in a bill introduced into the House by Mr. Hopkins, which has been favorably reported by the House Committee on Labor. It is proposed by the bill to establish a Department of Labor Statstics, under a Commissioner empowered to "acquire all useful information upon the subject of labor, its relations to capital, and the means of promoting the material, social, religious, and intellectual prosperity of the laboring men and women." There can be no question as to the utility of such an inquiry, and it ought to lead to the acquisition of information of vital importance to the community, especially as regards the liquor question. Whether a government department is the best agency to employ, is a different question.

The New Attempt to Settle the Tariff Question, by a horizontal reduction, which Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, is making, excites determined opposition. His bill proposes to make a general reduction of twenty per cent except on certain articles for which a special rate is fixed. His object appears to be to avoid the interminable debates, and the interested opposition which would be stirred up by an effort to reform the tariff in detail. It is a rough-and-ready method of reducing the tariff, which must necessarily involve some anomalies, but which will certainly effect the reduction promised, but not given by the Forty-seventh Congress. The exceptions Mr. Morrison proposes to the twenty per cent reduction are important. Among them are the articles placed on the free list, which include iron, copper, lead and nickel ores, coal, timber and jute butts, dextrine, cements and the products of coal tar. The clause which is likely to be most strenuously opposed is the following: No duty shall, after the 1st of July, 1884, be levied, collected, or paid in excess of forty per cent ad valorem or its equivalent on cotton and cotton goods; fifty per cent ad valorem or its equivalent on metals, and sixty per cent ad valorem on wool and woollen goods. Provided that nothing in this act shall operate to reduce the duty above imposed on any article below the rate at which such said articles were severally dutiable under the Morrill tariff of 1861. It will be seen that Mr. Morrison has tried to disarm opposition by giving the manufacturers cheap raw material and by fixing the minimum rate at that of the ante-war period.

The Anxiety felt Throughout the Country as to the fate of Lieutenant Greely and his brave companions in the Arctic, and the desire that the nation shall keep its promise of sending them relief, appears to find little sympathy in Congress. Through the whole of last week no progress was made in granting the appropriation. Senator Ingalls, indeed, was indignant because the Secretary of the Navy has purchased a vessel without waiting for the Senate to finish its debate. It was explained, however, that the Secretary had acted from motives of humanity, and that he and Secretary Lincoln were prepared to pay for the vessel if Congress declined to indorse the purchase. The Greely party were led to expect that relief would be sent them in 1882 and 1883, but they did not receive it in either year. They were ordered to commence, in September last, a long and perilous journey homeward to a point where provisions would be stored for them, but when they arrive there they will find that the promised provisions have not been sent. The knowledge of these facts and of the urgent necessity existing for prompt action to rescue the party from a horrible death should lead the Senators to hurry through with their talking, lest they delay the expedition on which valuable lives depend. While they are debating points of order and standing on their dignity, these explorers may be dying of starvation.

The Republican Party in New York has gained nothing by the new arrangement which, it was thought, would effectually reform it. The labors of the Committee of Eighteen have either been thwarted or made subservient to the old control. Mr. John J. O'Brien is practically the manager, the County Committee having elected him temporary chairman. That fact is a sufficient proof of the failure of the attempt to reform the party in the State. If any doubt still remained it would be removed by the behavior of the heelers at the meeting of the committee last week. Their hisses, howls, and cat-calls, and the disorder which prevailed, proved that the old methods will continue. With John J. O'Brien in command at the Republican headquarters, John Kelly as Democratic boss at Tammany Hall, and William P. Kirk, the liquor-seller, presiding in the Board of Aldermen, the members of either party who are hopeful of better methods in politics must be more sanguine than sagacious.

The Floods in Many Districts of the Country caused appalling suffering and a heavy loss of property last week. From all parts of Ohio, from Wheeling, W. Va., from Pittsburg, Pa., Madison, Ind., Louisville, Ky., and St. Louis, Mo., come reports of desolation. Early in the week the Ohio was stated to be rising rapidly, and in Cleveland and Cincinnati precautions were taken in the expectation of a flood. On Tuesday the river at Cincinnati rose to a height of fifty-four feet, and as it was raining then business was partially suspended, and all unemployed men were set to work removing goods from the points of danger. The next day the river rose to above sixty-one feet, and only two railroad companies were able to receive freight. On Saturday the water reached sixty-four feet, only twenty-four inches below the mark of last year. The losses, however, in personal property and furniture will not be so serious as last year, owing to the precautions taken. At Wheeling, W. Va., the suffering appears to have been worst. On Wednesday all the lower portions of the city were deluged, and the people were living in the upper floors of their houses and going to and fro in skiffs. The railroads were under water, and no mails were received or dispatched. The gas was extinguished, and the work of rescue was carried on in Egyptian darkness. The next day increased the horror. An observer, telegraphing from Wheeling on Thursday night, thus describes the scene: "At the windows of every house were men, women and children who hailed passing skiffs and boats, and implored aid. The plunge of heavy logs of wood through the windows of deserted houses, the crashing and crushing of blocks of ice, the surging of drift-wood, the displacement of outhouses and other small buildings, the floating fencing and dwellings, *the shrieking women and crying children*, all served to make a scene that one wants to see but once in his lifetime. All this was intensified by a steady downpour of drenching rain, which only added to the awful gloom." Countless houses were overturned by the torrent, and it is feared many lives must have been lost. In adjacent towns the horror of fire was added to that of flood. The gas house and several factories were fired by slaking lime, and were totally destroyed. The waters receded a little on Friday, and the work of relieving the destitute and homeless commenced. Although $6000 was promptly raised, it was insufficient, and an appeal for aid has been issued by the mayor. Similar reports come from the other cities mentioned, and Pittsburg, especially, is suffering terribly. Nearly *six thousand houses in that city were said to be under water* on Saturday. It was then feared that the climax had not been reached in the Lower Ohio and Mississippi, and the region south of Louisville, and that between Cairo and Vicksburg were in imminent danger. On Monday the waters were reported as still rising.

An Influential Prohibition Meeting was held in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., on February 5th. Six hundred ladies and gentlemen from all parts of Massachusetts assembled, in answer to a call of the committee having in charge the movement to promote the prohibition of the alcoholic drink traffic by a constitutional amendment. Dr. Daniel Dorchester said that a sharp, energetic campaign for constitutional prohibition had been carried on all over the State within the past six weeks with unexpectedly flattering results. The Rev. A. A. Plumb, D.D., of Boston, was chosen president. A plan of action was reported to the effect that if the prayer of the prohibitionists for such legislation as they desire is not granted by the present Legislature, then in 1885 a campaign shall be inaugurated to secure as large a petition as possible, which would bring the question directly before the people for their vote. A contingent fund of $10,000 is to be raised for the purpose of carrying out this policy.

The Special Services Conducted by Rev. Thomas Harrison at St. Louis, Mo., are already fruitful in results. The St. Louis correspondent of a Boston journal, in describing the meetings, says: "Thomas Harrison has been here a week now, and it is claimed that there are already nearly two hundred conversions. He succeeded from the very start. *The first man to kneel* at the altar, 'with his face buried in his hands,' was a member of a church whose pastor had previously made the cheerful remark that he thought Harrison possessed of the devil. Others knelt beside him, and every night since scores have been at the altar. Yesterday the audiences were greater than at any of the previous week meetings, and they bid fair to go right on increasing. Just as it has been elsewhere, people come from all parts of the surrounding country. In personal appearance the evangelist has changed somewhat since last year. His face has aged very much, and he looks as if he would soon wear and tear himself away. It is hardly short of a miracle that his little body has endured the strain thus long."

The Gallant Efforts for the Rescue of Life at the Gay Head disaster of January 16th have been publicly recognized. The Massachusetts Humane Society has awarded to the crew of the revenue cutter Dexter $200, to be divided among them. They have also awarded to Lieutenant John U. Rhodes, of the Dexter, the society's gold medal for his heroic exertions; to Captain Eric Gabrielson, of the same vessel, the society's silver medal. The society has also awarded to each of the Gay Head Indians who went in a boat to rescue the survivors, a silver medal and $25; to the members of another crew, each a bronze medal and $15. The certificate of the society and a cash award are given to Light-house-keeper Pease, the Rev. A. P. Shields and several women of Gay Head for their heroic efforts in saving life. Money awards from $5 to $10 each are given to a large number of other persons on the island. The fund for Lieutenant Rhodes, of the cutter Dexter, has reached $2001, and the Gay Head Indian fund now amounts to $4251.

The Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Ohio assembles this day at Dayton, and will continue in session four days. This is the seventeenth annual convention, and it promises to be of an exceedingly interesting character. Rev. Arthur Mitchell, D.D., of Cleveland, Rev. H. F. Williams, former State Secretary, L. D. Wishart, International College Secretary, R. R. McBurney, Secretary New York City Association, and other prominent workers will be present and take part in the programme. Many important phases of association work will be considered, such as Bible Study, Young Men's Meetings, Boy's Work, Reading Rooms, Work among Railroad Men and in Colleges, State and International Work, etc.

Mr. Ben Hogan, the Converted Pugilist, is now laboring in Montana. He thus writes to the *Witness* of his work: "I have been working in Montana going on three months. I have been working in Butte City two months, one of the richest mining camps in Montana, over three thousand men averaging $5.50 per day; the most of this is spent for whiskey and gambling, the gambling-house being as public as a business house, on account of being licensed. I started a reform club and reading room; *about five hundred have joined* themselves together as a band of co-workers in this cause. Those men were all low down by drinking and gambling, but now they are happy with their families in the new life. I am now working in Helena at present. I have been speaking to crowded houses every night. Hundreds have signed the pledge, and are now going to the house of God. For the last fifteen years the dance and gambling-house was their home. I meet men here from all parts of America, that have come here to make their fortune, but being entangled with bad associates they made their misfortune."

"Billy" McGlory, the Proprietor of the Notorious resort in New York known as Armory Hall, was sentenced last week to six months' imprisonment, to the astonishment of himself and his friends. The place has enjoyed an immunity from interference so long, that the arrest and punishment of its proprietor has naturally caused general surprise. Some earnest temperance workers visited McGlory in prison, and showed him much kindness. He was deeply moved by the unexpected attention, and vowed that if he escaped punishment he would become a total abstainer, and would work in the temperance cause. *Mr. Gibbs*, the president of the Manhattan Temperance Association, exerted himself in McGlory's behalf, and stood beside him in the dock when he was called up for sentence, while his quondam friends deserted him. The judge, however, appears to have been influenced by the fact, which could not be truthfully denied, that whiskey was sold in McGlory's place after his license was withdrawn, and that he had shown no disposition to reform until he was locked up. There can be no doubt as to the character of McGlory's Hall. If, when he is liberated, McGlory closes it or uses it for a better purpose he will serve the cause of morality and give practical evidence of the sincerity of his own reformation. Mr. Gibbs informs us that his confidence in McGlory's reformation is unabated.

The Success of the Services in Cooper Union, conducted by Mr. C. W. Sawyer, continues and increases. At a special meeting held on Sunday, February 3d, the hall was crowded, even the aisles being full of standing people. Many of the early friends of the Park Theatre and Cooper Union religious meetings occupied seats on the platform. Mr. William E. Dodge gave a general outline of the work accomplished by the meetings. Their principal object, he said, is to bring together in a familiar, home-like way the thousands of strangers who are continually coming here from all countries. He wished the meetings would be kept up this year as they were last, and prove as great a blessing. He hoped those who were members of and had churches to go to would not occupy the seats in Cooper Union, but leave them for those who had no other place to worship. The work costs $10,000 a year.

The Rev. John S. Inskip is Suffering from a relapse. The journal of which he is editor makes the following announcement: "Brother Inskip is very ill at Ocean Grove. He, however, recognizes his friends. He extended a cordial greeting to Rev. Dr. Lowrey, who recently called upon him. There can be no doubt that matters have reached a very serious crisis in his condition. He seems happy and triumphant. He sends greeting to all, and his message to the Church is, 'All is well!'"

The Annual Meeting of the Association of Young Men's Christian Associations of New York State will be held at Buffalo, February 21–24. There are now about one hundred associations in this State, and from three to four hundred delegates are expected to be present. The Buffalo associations are making preparations to entertain all accredited delegates, and reduced rates will be secured on the railroads and at the hotels. A welcome social reception is to be given in the new building of the Buffalo association. The increasing interest in this work, the growth of the numerical as well as financial strength of these associations, make the annual gatherings increasingly valuable. Further information in regard to this meeting can be obtained by addressing Rev. George A. Hall, State Secretary Y. M. C. A., Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Aid for Mr. McAll's Paris Mission is Being obtained with considerable success in this country. At the annual meeting of the Brooklyn Auxiliary to the mission, held last week, it was stated that the collections of that auxiliary last year amounted to $1698.66. Dr. Chamberlain said that out of a population of 300,000,000 on the continent of Europe, 74,000,000 are now Protestants. The first station was established in January, 1872, in Paris, by Mr. McAll. Now there are eighty stations and thirteen thousand two hundred sittings. The expense of the entire work has been only $61,000. Miss Elizabeth R. Beach, one of the most devoted friends and advocates of the mission in this country, was *one of the victims* in the recent disaster of the City of Columbus.

A Suicide Averted. The Following Incident was related at the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting last week: A young woman called at a minister's house, and being asked what led her to call, as she was an entire stranger, she told her history, and a sad one it was. Three years in prison, and now just released, with no money, no friends, no home, no character, and no bread, she was wandering toward the river with evil intent, when she saw the minister's name on the door, and by a mysterious influence rang the bell at the door, and was soon in his presence. The minister gladly pointed her to the Friend of the friendless, and showed something of the Saviour's love in his care for her. She was led as a sinner to the Redeemer, and is now giving evidence by her quiet, Godly life of a change within.

HIGH DOCTRINE AND BROAD DOCTRINE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.*

"All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." —JOHN 6: 37.

Two Great Truths — No Need to Reconcile Friends—Waiting for the Pilot—Two Jewels to be Worn Together—Night in the Highlands—I. The Eternal Purpose — The Hooks in the Fence—Some People will Surely Come—What is Done by the Father and the Son—Saved Because they Come—II. The Everlasting Gospel —Generous as to Character—No Limit—As to Time—An Aged Convert's Threat—The Personality—A Captain Surprised on the Amazon—Baskets Wanted for a Pear Tree.

THESE two sentences have been looked upon as representing two sides of Christian doctrine. They enable us to see it from two standpoints—the Godward and the manward. The first sentence contains what some call high doctrine. If by "high" they mean "glorious toward God," I fully agree with them; for it is a grand, God-honoring truth which our Lord Jesus declares in these words, "*All that the Father giveth me shall come to me.*" Some have styled this side of truth Calvinistic; but while it is true that Calvin taught it, so also did Augustine, and Paul, and our Lord Himself, whose words these are. However, I will not quarrel with those who see in this sentence a statement of the great truth of predestinating grace.

The second sentence sets forth blessed, encouraging, evangelical doctrine, and is in effect a promise and an invitation, "*Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.*" This is a statement without limitation of any kind; it has been thought to leave the free grace of God open to the free will of man, so that whosoever pleases may come and may be sure that he will not be refused. We have no permission to pare down either sentence, nor is there the slightest need to do so. The first sentence appears to me to say that God has chosen a people, and has given these people to Christ, and these people must and shall come to Christ, and so shall be saved. The second truth declares that every man who comes to Christ shall be saved, since he shall not be cast out, and that implies that he shall be received and accepted. These are

TWO GREAT TRUTHS;

let us carry them both with us, and they will balance each other.

I was once asked to reconcile these two statements, and I answered, "*No, I never reconcile friends.*" These two passages never fell out; they are perfectly agreed. It is folly to imagine a difference, and then set about removing it. It is like making a man of straw, and then going out to fight with it. The grand declaration of the purpose of God that He will save His own is quite consistent with the widest declaration that whosoever will come to Christ shall be saved. The pity is that it ever should be thought difficult to hold both truths; or that, supposing there is a difficulty, we should have thought it our duty to remove it. Believe me, my dear hearers, the business of removing religious difficulties is *the least remunerative labor under heaven.* The truest way is to accept the difficulty wherever you find it in God's Word, and to exercise your faith upon it. It is unreasonable to suppose that faith is to be exempted from trials; all the other graces are exercised, and why should not faith be put to the test? I often feel a joy within my spirit in having to believe what I cannot understand; and sometimes when I have to say to myself, "How can it be?" I find a joy in replying that it is so written, and therefore it must be so. Instead of all reasoning stands the utterance of God. Our Father speaks, and doubts are silenced; His Spirit writes, and we believe.

I feel great pleasure in gliding down the river of revelation, upon a voyage of discovery, and

* Mr. Spurgeon having fully recovered from his recent illness has returned from Mentone, and preached in the Tabernacle last Sunday.

hour by hour obtaining fresh knowledge of divine truth; but where I come to an end of progress, and see my way blocked up by a sublimely awful difficulty, I find equal pleasure in casting anchor under the lee of the obstacle, and waiting till

THE PILOT TELLS ME

what next to do. When we cannot go through a truth, we may be led over it, or round it; and what matters? Let us not therefore run our heads against difficulties of our own invention, and certainly not against those which God has seen fit to leave for us.

Take, then, these two truths, and know that they are equally precious portions of one harmonious whole. Let us not quibble over them, or indulge a foolish favoritism for one and a prejudice against the other; but let us receive both with a candid, large-hearted love of truth, such as children of God should exhibit. We are not called upon to explain, but to accept. Let us believe if we cannot reconcile. Here are *two jewels*, let us wear them both. The two truths of my text are by no means inconsistent the one with the other; they are perfectly agreed. Happy is the man who can believe them both, whether he sees their agreement or does not see it

I was cruising one day

IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

It had been a splendid day, and the glorious scenery had made our journey like an excursion to Fairy Land; but it came to an end, for darkness and night asserted their primeval sovereignty. Right ahead was a vast headland of the isle of Arran. How it frowned against the evening sky! The mighty rock seemed to overhang the sea. Just at its base was a little bay, and into this we steamed, and there we lay at anchorage all night, safe from every wind that might happen to be seeking out its prey. In that calm loch we seemed to lie in the mountain's lap, while its broad shoulders screened us from the wind. Now, the first part of my text, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me," rises like a huge headland high into the heavens. Who shall scale its height? Upon some it seems to frown darkly. But here at the bottom lies the placid, glassy lake of infinite love and mercy: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Steam into it, and be safe under the shadow of the great rock.

First, I shall bid you view that goodly mountain, and then we shall sail into that pleasant loch.

I. Consider, then, with reverential joy

THE ETERNAL PURPOSE.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, when He found that the mass of the people rejected Him, turned round upon them, and said, "Ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep." He knew in His own heart, however, that if *they* refused Him all would not do so; a number would assuredly believe on Him. Therefore He boldly said, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." He threw this grand fact in the teeth of His fierce revilers. It was His own comfort, and their rebuke. Now, I do not want to throw it at anybody to-night; on the contrary, I desire to use it as a beckoning finger to any troubled heart that longs to come to Jesus and be saved.

I saw the other day, round a gentleman's park, a very strong and lofty palisade, and to complete the exclusive apparatus a superabundant number of tenter-hooks were nailed upon the top of the fence, and a liberal quantity halfway up. I somewhat jocosely observed upon the kindness of the proprietor, in placing so many nails for the boys to climb up by, and so many more for them to hold on by when once they were up. "Why," said my companion, "those tenter-hooks would tear fingers and clothes to pieces; they are no help to climbers." "No," I replied, "no more help to climbers than the remarks which your minister made upon the sovereignty of God could be considered to be a help to seekers of the Lord Jesus."

The good man set forth the truth in the most awkward and pernicious manner possible; not making thereof steps for earnest climbers, but tenter-hooks for unwelcome intruders. I never yet saw such a crowd desirous of salvation that there was the slightest call for fences and tenter-hooks to keep them out; but I do see so many tremblers needing encouragement, and so many doubters needing instruction, that I delight to turn every word, and promise, and doctrine of the Lord into sweet invitations to all around me to come and welcome to the great heart of the Crucified. I am not afraid that too many will come; my fears are all in the opposite direction. Oh, that I could hope that all my present hearers would come to Jesus at once!

First notice, carefully, that if all that the Father giveth to Christ shall come to Him, then

SOME PEOPLE SHALL SURELY COME

to Christ; and why should not you be among them? Suppose there is a plague in the city, but there are some people predestinated to be healed. I should be glad to know of that fact. I should be almost glad of it if I was sure that I was not one of the favored ones, for I rejoice in the good of others; but I should be still more glad to press to the physician with this assurance upon my mind—Some must be healed; why should not I? There is a famine in the land. I hear that it is revealed by a sure prophet that a certain number never shall die of famine. Then why should not I outlive the dreadful days and be among them? Why not?

I hear one say, "Suppose I am not one of God's elect." To him I answer, "Suppose you are." Better still, *suppose that you leave off supposing* altogether, and just go to Jesus Christ and see. To go to Him is your wisdom; your immediate business, as laid down in His Word, therefore, delay not. Instead of shutting myself *out*, as some do, because it is written, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me;" I shut myself *in*, and say, "Then I will be among them." Why should I not? O Lord, if thou hast ordained that some shall come, then I see that to them no difficulties can be insuperable, and I will therefore come to Thee myself, and in Thy name enter in where every coming one is welcome.

In the next place I find that *those that come to Christ, according to this text, come because of the Father and the Son.* Read it. "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." That is, they come to Jesus. Why is it that they are made to come? Because the Father has given them to Christ. There never was a soul that really wanted to come to Jesus but what it could come and did come. There never was a pining, longing sinner that was long kept away from Christ. When he wanted Christ, Christ wanted him a hundred times as much. If thou hast the least desire or the faintest longing after the Lord Jesus Christ, then the cords of love are about thee, and His mighty hands are drawing home those cords. Yield to the sweet pressure and thou shalt come, not because of what thou art, or what thou ever hast been, but because of what the Father is doing, and because of what the Son is doing. It is written, "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him;" but when He is drawing thou canst come.

Notice, thirdly, that *these people are all of them*

SAVED BECAUSE THEY COME

to Christ. Observe the words—"All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." They are not saved otherwise than by coming to Christ. Here are certain people that are different from others, for the Father has given them to Christ. Yes, but it does not matter how different they are from others; they have to be saved in the same way as other people. There is no way of salvation specially prepared for these peculiar people; they must follow the King's highway. The one common way of salvation is by coming to Christ, and all that the Father has given to Christ must come in by this gate. This is the one door that God has opened; there is no other; there never shall be any other. Come; pluck up heart, my dear friend—thou that art bowing thy head like a bulrush—the best saint in heaven found his way thither by a simple trust in Jesus Christ. Why canst not thou get there in the same way?

"Oh," says one, "I sometimes wish that I knew whether I was one of God's elect." Why should you wish to know anything out of its turn, when you can learn every truth that you need by studying other truths which lead up to it? You come to Christ, and

YOU SHALL KNOW

that you were given to Christ; for none come to Him but those who are His, and by their coming to Him they give the best evidence of their election. You know what the brother in Cornwall said to Malachi, who was rather a stout Calvinist. He said, "Now, Malachi, I owe you two pounds. Before I discharge the debt, I want you to tell me whether I am predestinated to pay you." Malachi opened wide his hand, and said, "Put the two pounds there, and I will tell you directly." Like most sensible folk, he preferred to *prophesy after the event;* and there are many advantages in keeping to that method. It is evidently the natural order of things for uninspired folk.

So much about that huge, overhanging mass of rock. Of that I am going to say no more; only under its lee I have anchored long ago, and at that anchorage I mean still to remain. This may be called old-fashioned doctrine, I care not what it is called, it is my life, and I dare rest my soul's weight upon it for time and for eternity.

II. Now we enter into smooth water; the mystery is opened, let us partake of the joy of it. We have, in the second place, to speak to you for a little time on

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL

—"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." You may forget my first head if you like, especially if you are troubled by it, but I earnestly beseech you to recollect the second.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." This is one of the most generous Gospel texts that I do remember to have met with between the covers of this book. Generous, first, as to *the character to whom the promise is made.* "Him that cometh to me;" that is the character. The man may have been guilty of an atrocious sin, too black for mention; but if he comes to Christ he shall not be cast out. To that atrocious sin he may have added many others, till the condemning list is full and long; but if he comes to Christ he shall not be cast out. He may have made himself as black as night—as black as hell; yet, if he shall come to Christ, the Lord will not cast him out. I cannot tell what kind of persons may have come into this hall to-night; but if burglars, murderers, and dynamite-men were here, I would still bid them come to Christ, for He will not cast them out. Backsliders! Are there some such here, who have almost forgotten the way to God's sanctuary, for whom the Sabbath-bell proclaims no Sabbath now? Come you to Jesus, and He will not cast you out.

The old man took the fair-haired child upon his knee, and threaded his fingers through its locks, and said, "Young child, God keep you from the sin into which I have plunged. My old life is full of evil. It is now almost over, and I am past hope. Would God I were a child again!" Lo, the angel of mercy whispers to any one in that condition, "You may be a child again!" The man a hundred years of age may yet be made a child; and he that is a graybeard in infamy may yet become a babe in innocence through the cleansing power of the water and the blood which flowed from the riven side of Jesus. Go ye, and write it athwart the brow of night; write it in new stars if you can—"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." No limit is set to the extent of sin; any "him" in all the world—any blaspheming, devilish "him" that comes to Christ shall be welcomed. I use strong words that I may open wide the gate of mercy. Any "him" that comes to Christ—though he come from slum or tap-room, betting-ring or gambling-hell, prison or brothel—Jesus will in no wise cast out.

Further, this text is a very generous one because it gives

NO LIMIT TO THE COMING.

The only limit to the way of coming is that they do come *to Christ*. I have known some come to Christ running to Him—a willing, speedy, earnest pace. You read of that in the Gospels. They were so glad to hear of a Saviour that they flew to Him at once. Many young children and young people do this, and they are blessed in the deed. Come along with you, ye lively and tender spirits; He will not cast you out if you leap and rush to Him. If you run all on a sudden to Him to-night—if you make a dash for Christ—He will not cast you out.

Alas! a great many, when they come to Christ, advance very limpingly. They are burdened with a huge load of sin and fettered with doubts and fears, and so they make slow progress. They do not look to Jesus and live, all at once. They keep looking here and looking there, instead of looking *to Him*. They are a long while in coming, for they are afraid, and ignorant and dull. Never mind, brother. The snail got into the Ark; and if you come to Christ He will not cast you out though your pace be sadly sluggish. Oh, this is glorious truth to my mind; is it not so to yours? So long as we do but come to Him, our Saviour will not cast us away; I feel glad to be preaching this Gospel; are you not glad to hear it? *If you are not*

YOU ARE A SORRY SET.

Thirdly, there is no limit here as to time. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" is a glorious, free utterance, compassing every age. There may be some little children here; indeed, I am glad to see boys and girls mingling with the congregation. Listen to me, my children! I am always glad to see you, and we preachers make a great mistake if we do not preach to you. Do not think that you have to wait till you are grown up before you may come to Jesus. We have baptized quite a number of boys and girls of ten, eleven, and twelve. I spoke the other day with a little boy nine years of age; and I tell you that he knew more about Christ than ever so many gray-headed men do; and he loved Jesus most heartily. You young children are like rosebuds; and you know everybody likes a rosebud better than a full-blown rose. My Lord Jesus will gladly receive you as rosebuds. Offer yourselves to Him, for He will not cast you away. I am sure He never will.

If any here are in the opposite

EXTREMITY OF LIFE,

I would remind them that "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" applies to the aged as well as to the young. I heard it said by a minister—a very earnest man—that if persons were not converted before they were five and forty, he hardly believed that they would ever be converted afterward; and he gave it as a note of his observation that he had not seen any persons converted after five and forty. I wished that I had been in his pulpit. I should not have questioned his statements, but I would have overlaid them with others of another character. Surely this brother had been living in some minute hamlet or other; or else he had not preached the Gospel in its fulness to every creature. Perhaps he did not believe in the conversion of the aged, and consequently no aged persons were converted by his means. I have seen as many people converted of one age as another; that is to say, in proportion to the number of them, for there are not so many people in the world over fifty as there are under fifty; and consequently a large proportion of those persons who make up our congregations are young. We have baptized, upon profession of faith, men and women over eighty years of age, about whose conversion we had as firm a conviction as we had about the conversions of the little ones; neither more nor less.

Who shall dare to say that there is an age after which God's grace does not work? I challenge any one to bring a text which looks that way; furthermore, I challenge the truth of any observations which arrive at such a result. My own preaching has been such that young and old in equal proportions have attended it, and in equal proportions they have been saved. However old you may be, my Master bids me say to you, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Come along, come along, dear old friend, though you cannot come without your stick. Come along, though your eyes are failing; come in your spectacles.

Though *you* cannot do much for my Master, He can do everything for you. Though you have only a little time to live on earth, you will have all eternity in heaven through which you can praise Him. I am sure you will be one of the most eager at that work. I think you will be like an old woman of my acquaintance. When I spoke to her about her conversion at an advanced age, she said, "Sir, if the Lord Jesus Christ ever does save such a poor old sinner as I am, *He shall never hear the last of it.*" That is just why I want Him to save you; for then He never will hear the last of it. You will praise Him forever and forever for what He has done for you. Will you not?

So I shall close here, dear friends, with just a word or two of further encouragement by noticing *the personality of my text;* for in this a part of the liberality consists. Do you observe that the first part of the text began with, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." Ay, but when Christ began to deal with sinners with broken hearts, He dropped the "all" and every form of general statement, and He came to the personal pronoun singular: "*Him* that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." You alone; your servant alone; your child alone; but specially

YOURSELF ALONE;

if you come to the Lord Jesus He will not cast you out. You cannot doubt this.

Faith is simply to trust Christ; and trusting Christ brings with it the new life, and salvation from sin. I sometimes put it in Watts's way—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Christ's kind arms I fall."

But after I had once been preaching, a young man said to me, "Sir, I cannot *fall*." "Oh dear," I said, "then I do not know how to talk; for I meant not a thing you could do, but the cessation of all your efforts, just falling, or if you will see it better, just tumbling down—because you cannot stand upright; and that is it." Because I cannot save myself, I fall into Christ's arms. Ceasing to hold to anything of my own, I just drop upon Him. "Still," you say, "there must be something more than that." There is nothing more than that. If thou believest that Jesus is the Christ, thou art born of God.

Have you never read the story of the good ship that had been a long time at sea, and the captain had lost his reckoning; he drifted up the mouth of the great river Amazon, and, after he had been sailing for a long time up the river without knowing that he was in a river at all, they ran short of water. When another vessel was seen, they signalled her, and when they got near enough for speaking they cried, "Water! We are dying for water!" They were greatly surprised when the answer came back, "Dip it up! Dip it up! You are in a river. It is all around you." They had nothing to do but to fling the bucket overboard, and have as much water as ever they liked. And here are poor souls crying out, "Lord, what must I do to be saved?" when the great work is done, and all that remains to them is to receive the free gift of eternal life. What must *you* do? You have

DONE ENOUGH FOR ONE LIFE-TIME,

for you have undone yourself by your doing. That is not the question. It is, "Lord, what hast thou done?" And the answer is, "It is finished. I have done it all. Only come and trust me." Sinner, you are in a river of grace and mercy. Over with the bucket, man, and drink to the full; for you will never exhaust the stream of grace.

That river runs near to you to-night. Stoop down, you thirsty one, and drink and live. But you say, "I must feel different from what I do now." But you need not; come with your bad feelings. "Oh, I have not yet a broken heart," says one. Come to Christ, and He will break your heart. "But I do not feel my need as I ought." Come to Christ and He will help you to feel your need. "Oh, but I am nobody!" You are the very person that Christ delights in, for to you He will be everybody.

EMPTY BASKETS WANTED.

Do you see that beautiful tree in the orchard loaded with fruit? It is a pear tree. From top to bottom it is covered with fruit. I think I never saw such a sight; every branch is bowing down. Some boughs are ready to break with the luscious burden. As I listen to the creaking boughs, I can hear the tree speak. What does it say? It says, "Baskets, baskets, baskets! Bring baskets!" Now, then, who has a basket? "I have got one," cries yonder friend, "but it is of no use, for there is nothing in it." Bring it here, man; that is the very kind of basket the tree wants. A person over there says, "Oh, I have a basket—a splendid basket. It is just the thing. It is full from top to bottom." You may keep your basket to yourself. It is of no use to my loaded tree. Where is there an empty basket? Who has an empty basket? Come along with you; come and pick from the tree as long as you like. Bring all your baskets. Bring thousands and thousands of baskets, all empty, and fill them all! Do you notice as we fill the baskets that the fruit begins to multiply? There is more when we have filled the baskets than there was at first, for this inexhaustible tree produces more and more fruit, as fast as we pluck from it. What is wanted by the Lord Jesus is an empty soul to receive out of the fulness which God has treasured up in Him.

God bless every one of you, for His name's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

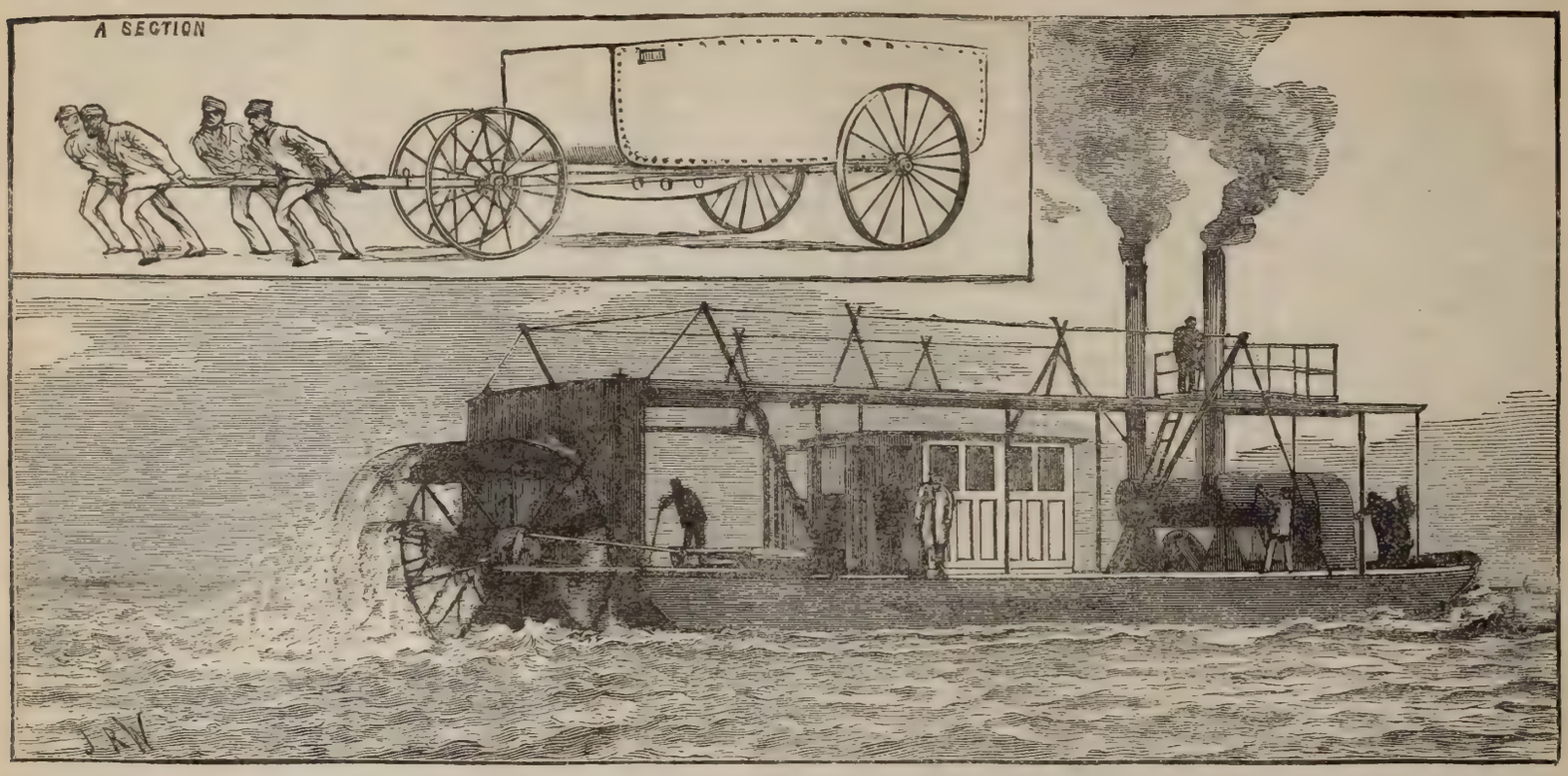
THE NEW STEAMER FOR THE CONGO.

(*See Illustration on page* 108.)

A VERY remarkable steamboat was recently dispatched to Africa. A sketch of it appears on the next page. It is intended for the use of Mr. H. M. Stanley in his explorations in Central Africa.

As was stated in these columns on October 18th, 1883, when a portrait of Mr. Stanley and a sketch of his life appeared, that eminent American explorer is now engaged in conducting an expedition organized by the King of the Belgians. Its object is to open up the region of the Congo to trade and civilization. When Mr. Stanley went on his search for the great missionary explorer, Dr. Livingstone, he had abundant opportunities for observing the character of the country and its people. During the weeks when he and Dr. Livingstone travelled together that knowledge was corrected and increased, and he conceived the idea of turning it to practical account. On his return he pointed out to the civilized world the splendid advantages to be reaped by any nation enterprising enough to proceed with the work Dr. Livingstone had left unfinished.

Eventually, the King of the Belgians took up the project, and the intrepid explorer returned to Africa abundantly supplied with means for continuing his explorations. No living man possesses so many qualifications for the arduous task of penetrating through that unknown region. It is an enterprise full of danger. Natural obstacles have to be encountered and overcome; perils from wild beasts have to be faced; the deadly climate must be endured, and savage tribes conciliated or overawed. All this Mr.



The New Steamer for Mr. H. M. Stanley's Expedition on the Congo.

Stanley realizes, and his experience has encouraged him to proceed. In order to assist him in his journey the new steamer has been built at the cost of the King of the Belgians. It was necessary to build it in sections, and send it out in that condition, as it will have to be carried overland at some points. The method in which that will be done is depicted in the picture, where the men may be seen dragging a section on a wheeled carriage.

The vessel is composed of six oblong pontoons of galvanized steel eighteen feet long by eight feet six inches wide and four feet deep. These pontoons, which form sections of the vessel, and each of which is watertight, and can float by itself, are placed side by side and fastened together, and to them is added a bow-piece and a stern-piece. The whole forms a hull seventy feet long by eighteen feet beam. The sections are so bolted together that they can be readily disunited at will and as readily put together again.

The ship is steered from a bridge placed forward, and about twelve feet above the water, giving the steersman a good view all round. Above the main deck, and completely covering it, will be a wooden awning deck, which in an African climate will be necessary to protect the passengers and crew from the sun. On the main deck is a small well-ventilated saloon. The draught of water, when unloaded, is only fourteen inches with the machinery on board, and six inches without it. The steamer has a speed of nine or ten miles an hour.

It is gratifying to know that Mr. Stanley's labors will not be beneficial to commerce alone. Closely following in his wake are the missionaries of the Gospel. There are tribes living in those wilds to whom the glad message has never been carried, and farther on in Central Africa there are vast tracts which the foot of the white man has never trodden. We have already from time to time described the operations of these devoted men. They are sent out in faith, and are supported entirely by the contributions of those whom God has inclined to give of their substance for His glory. Mr. and Mrs. Guinness were led to organize the Congo mission, and already many laborers have been equipped and sent out. Thus the brave American explorer is helping on the cause of Christ while laboring to advance the interests of commerce.

HOW GERTRUDE ELLIOTT WAS CURED OF ENNUI.

(*See Illustration on page* 109.)

How to kill a morning was the problem a young lady was trying to solve, but apparently with little success. A few minutes at the piano, a few stitches of fancy work, an attempt to write a letter, and the perusal of a page of *Harper's Magazine* had altogether used up less than an hour, and there were yet several hours more to kill. Gertrude Elliott was clearly suffering from an aggravated attack of *ennui*, a complaint it was never expected that the Anglo-Saxon race would suffer from, or an Anglo-Saxon name would be provided for it, instead of forcing us to borrow a term from another language to describe it. But this was certainly *ennui*, and nothing else. Gertrude looked at the clock again, and yawned from sheer weariness and disgust.

A ring at the bell caught her ear, and she brightened, for even the dullest visitor would be welcome in her present mood. It was not a dull visitor, however, who entered.

"Mr. Leigh," said the lady, as a clergyman greeted her, "I believe a merciful Providence sent you here this morning. I am positively weary of my life. If you will only stay and talk for half an hour you will be doing an act of Christian charity. You may tease me, or scold me, or preach to me, if you will only stay and help me to pass the morning."

"Ah!" said the visitor, "do you find the hours so hard to kill? I am afraid if you and I could have our way with time, we should be sadly at issue. I would lengthen every minute of every hour if I could. There is so much to do and the time is so short."

"Oh, I have plenty to do, also, but it is so difficult to find an agreeable occupation, that is the difficulty. I am like a child, I think—I must be amused."

"And you do not find a child's amusements amusing now, I suppose? A doll and a set of Lilliputian furniture do not give the delight they did when you were seven years old. Your lot seems unfortunate; it is too bad to have a child's tastes and desires and yet no way of gratifying them. Be assured, Miss Elliott, I pity you."

"I am inclined to think, Mr. Leigh, that you are laughing at me rather than pitying me; but, indeed, I am miserable and discontented, and I am ashamed of being so, and would change if I could."

"Are you sure that you would do so? There are many ways of effecting the change. Even now I could supply you with a prescription which never fails, if I thought you were in earnest."

"I am, indeed, Mr. Leigh. Advise me. I will take your prescription cheerfully."

"You must take it, then, without question and with the same faith as if I were a physician and wrote you a few hieroglyphics and Latin abbreviations."

"I agree," said Miss Elliott.

"Then I will set you to work. Here is an address; you will easily find the place. Go there, and you will find plenty to do. The people are very poor; the mother, who is a widow, is ill, and her eldest daughter does not seem to know what should be done. Poor girl, she works in a factory and has little idea of how to make home comfortable. There are two or three little children, too, who need some attention."

"O Mr. Leigh, that is not fair. I do not know how to read and pray with sick people. I never did any district visiting. You must excuse me."

"On the contrary, Miss Elliott, I intend holding you to your bargain. That is my prescription. You want to get through your morning, and I prescribe your spending it in a certain room. I do not require you to read, or pray, or teach. Go there, and do what your heart prompts you."

"I will keep my promise, Mr. Leigh, but I shall not ask you to prescribe for me again."

"We shall see about that; but now, having prescribed for your trouble, I present my own need, which was my business in calling upon you and of which your difficulty took precedence. I am trying to buy a sewing-machine for a poor woman who is anxious to earn an honest livelihood. The dealers, not unreasonably, will only sell for money, and I have no money. If you will give me a dollar or two and I can persuade a few other friends to do the same, I shall be relieved of my trouble."

That was soon arranged, and Miss Elliott, having extracted a promise from Mr. Leigh to look in upon her later, started on her mis-

sion. She found the sick-room very comfortless. The sufferer, a poor, patient woman, lay in agony, while the eldest daughter, who was about Gertrude's age, was making some clumsy attempts at laundry work, the results of which hung on a line strung across the room. One little boy of six years old sat on a high chair whining miserably, his cheeks flushed and his eyes glistening.

"Mr. Leigh told me you were ill," said Gertrude, going up to the side of the bed on which the sick woman lay. "He thought, perhaps, I could do something for you."

"Bless you, young lady, for coming, and him for sending you. I am very ill, but I seem to suffer more from seeing everything neglected than from my pain. Mary does her best, but she hasn't been used to this work, and she does not know. If you could stay with me a few minutes while she goes to the drug store for the medicine it would be very kind. It's a poor place for the likes of you, though."

Mary was dispatched to the drug store, and then Gertrude looked about the room. A little "tidying-up" was soon done, while the widow looked on with approving eyes. The poor pillows were smoothed and the bed clothes re-arranged. The little boy, who had ceased his whining, was taken to kiss his mother, and Gertrude had noticed how hot his little hands were. By that time Mary had returned with the medicine, which Gertrude carefully poured out and administered. Then she dispatched the girl on another errand for lemons and tea and a few other things, putting the money into her hand from her own pocket-book. She soon came back, and Gertrude, having made some lemonade, took the child on her lap and watched him drink the cooling mixture with evident relish. He had just fallen back on her knee in sheer weakness, and was looking gratefully into Gertrude's eyes, when the door opened and Mr. Leigh entered. He noticed instantly the changes effected in the room, and saw from the bright look on Gertrude's face that his prescription had taken the desired effect. He remained but a few minutes, uttering a few words of consolation to the invalid, and then hurried away. But as he passed the chair in which Gertrude was sitting, he said, "It is five o'clock, Miss Elliott."

A quiet "Thank you" was the only answer, but Mr. Leigh understood that he was being thanked for something other than that information.

Miss Elliott had learned that in visiting the fatherless and the widow in their affliction there were rewards to be enjoyed even in the doing of it. And as she wended her way homeward in the evening, contrasting her feelings with those of the morning, and with the tones of the grateful widow's thanks in her ears, she acknowledged that she had learned a valuable lesson in the art of curing *ennui*. It was a lesson she never forgot, for she thereafter practised it regularly.

Gertrude Elliott's Ministry.

BOOK DISTRIBUTION ON THE NILE.

MISS M. L. WHATELY, whose Christian work in Egypt has been described in these columns, has written the following account of her recent operations:

"Some of your readers may be interested in a few brief notes of mine about book distributing on the Nile. During the last three days of the old and the first three of the new year, I was on the river in a Nile boat, with a little party from the mission, with the special view of bringing some Bibles and Scripture portions to several villages we had visited last year, chiefly occupied by Mohammedan peasants.

"Owing to bad weather we could not go to some that we greatly desired to see again, but at those within reach, especially at two rather large and densely populated villages, we had great success. One (to which I walked, escorted by a boatman, as it was a mile inland) had a small daily market, which was the resort of peasants from other smaller villages in the neighborhood. The doctor of the mission joined me here, after having seen several poor patients on board our boat; and such was the eagerness of the men for books when they found we had brought a bagful of them, that the doctor nearly had his coat pulled off by the vehement hands which dragged him on opposite sides, exclaiming, 'One for me, sir! a book for me. I read well, and I want a Gospel.' 'No, give it me, sir; I had one last year, and the children tore it. Do give a Gospel.' 'Sir,' exclaimed a third, 'I am a Copt, a Christian; ought not I to have one?' 'The effendi says they are good for all of us, and I want one!' cries another, and so on till the bag is empty.

"I had meantime got out of the crowd, and was speaking to a respectable man who kept a very small shop on the market-place. 'You have books,' said he; 'please let me see one. Ah!' turning over the leaves, with a nod of either interest or approbation, and he begins to read aloud, "'In the beginning was the word,' and 'Yes, yes, that is good.' He reads about a page, and pauses to ask me questions, which I reply to as suits the occasion, calling his attention especially to the words at which he had paused, 'The law came by Moses, but grace and truth by Jesus Christ,' and explaining them as well as I could. Presently he says, 'What's the price of this little book? I want to buy it.' 'I will give it to you with pleasure.' 'Nay, I will buy it willingly.' (It was a Gospel of St. John.) I persisted in giving it free, however, and he cordially thanked me, as I told him I prayed God to bless it to his soul.

"When all our store was finished, we returned to the boat, and the same afternoon a poor man came from the village to ask for a book for his lame son—a young man whose chief delight was in reading, he said, and who only heard after our departure, from the neighbors, that some books were being given away. He knew nothing apparently of the contents, but I talked to the father before giving him two Gospels for the poor fellow. In another village the people sat listening while we read at intervals for hours to them; and many carried away books, having earnestly begged for them. One, a poor Albino, received a whole Bible, he being a good scholar and full of intelligence. Some appeared very bigoted Moslems, but yet willing to read God's Word, this not being prohibited in their Koran. Others had more enlightened views, and allowed the need of an atoning Saviour, but these were persons we had read and talked to before.

"I could mention many other very interesting visits, showing that the seed is being sown at all events; even a few days of earnest work is not lost, and in several of these villages among the palm groves on the river-shore the mission party are known and welcomed as 'the people of the book.'"

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 95.*)

A Remonstrance.

"LOOK at me, little Hetty!" said Rose, "just look at me. Do I look as if I could ever be cross or unkind? I'm not an old dragon of a stepmother. I shall want somebody to play with me, and your papa is years and years too old to play; but you and I will have fine games together. Oh, I am sure you will love me."

Hester gazed into the blue eyes of the girl with the deep, full, unconscious scrutiny of a child. The color came and went upon Rose's cheeks, and her lips pouted under this inspection. At last Hester half held out her small hand to her future stepmother, but checked herself, looking up to her father.

"Will it make you happy?" she asked with a grave air.

"Happier than I could tell you," answered John Morley passionately.

"I like you," she said, turning to Rose, "and we shall all be very happy—at first."

"No! no! no! Not at first; but always," cried the girl, pressing kiss after kiss upon Hester's mouth, "we will love one another very dearly. You will be very glad to have me for your mamma?"

"Yes," answered Hester, still regarding her wistfully.

"And you promise me to be like my own daughter," continued Rose, half playfully, "for-

ever and ever? You will love, honor and succor me—those are the words, I think—as if I were your mother? When I am old and ugly, and nobody cares for me, you will care for me and never forsake me. Let me whisper a little secret, Hester. Your father will grow tired of my by and by, and we shall quarrel sometimes, and he will be very angry, and dreadfully cross; oh! so cross! But you must never get tired or cross with me. You must try to be exactly, just exactly, the same, as if you were born my own little girl. Will you promise me this, Hetty?"

She had spoken quite as much to John Morley as to Hester, with little coquettish charms and prettinesses which infatuated him. Hester's small, serious countenance deepened with thought, as she deliberated for a minute or two, gazing into her father's beaming face.

"Ought I to promise, father?" she asked at last.

"Certainly," answered John Morley; "she is to be your mother. You cannot be too good a child to her."

"God hears me promise," said the little girl, with simple solemnity; "I promise that I will be the same as if I had been born your daughter. I do promise it."

The gloomy room was silent again as Hester's childish voice ceased speaking; and the girl, who still knelt before her, grew pale, and the tears sprang into her eyes. John Morley also felt a passing chill and shadow of doubt crossing the brightness of his new joy. It was a gloomy niche in a gloomy household, which he was about to fill up with this gay and girlish creature. She glanced round the room with its dingy rows of books, and peeped up into John Morley's face, already marked with austere lines; and an involuntary shudder ran through her. But the next moment she laughed merrily. She embraced Hester with warmth, and held out her hand for John Morley to assist her in rising from her knees. It was one of her charming ways to seem to require help upon the slightest occasions.

"Thank you," she said, giving him a smile which made his heart beat quickly again with delight; "this is a queer child! She made me feel, I can't tell you how solemn! It was almost like being married, and hearing you vow all you will have to vow, you know. Are you quite sure you will be as much in earnest?"

John Morley murmured a reply which could not reach Hester's ears.

"Well! I must go now," she said. "I ought to be back already at that wretched school. Oh, I am tired to death of it; I long to get away from it. I believe I am only marrying you to be sure of never going back to it. There, now! It is such a shame for a pretty girl like me, and I am a pretty girl you know, to be chained to a long table, hearing stupid dolts repeat stupid lessons. You will save my life, sir; and I thank you a thousand times for it."

She courtesied to him playfully, kissed Hester, and tripped away lightly out of the dark room, which seemed darker than ever after she had left it.

When John Morley returned to the sitting-room, he busied himself for some minutes in lighting the lamp, and setting everything into unbroken order, without once venturing to meet the eyes of his little girl, who still kept her station upon the hearth, watching him timidly but steadily. There was an undefined shyness and disquietude in his feelings toward her, which he could not well have explained to himself. He was accustomed to perform these small feminine duties of setting his room in order; but to-night he found himself embarrassed and awkward, with Hester's eyes upon him. After completing his methodical arrangements, he reached down a thick old volume from the bookshelves, and appeared to absorb himself in its contents.

But he was not reading. Hester was not to be deceived by the transparent artifice; and he felt it uneasily, and moved restlessly in his arm-chair, shading his eyes with his thin and scholarly hand. But all his features were kindled with a sunshine from within, brighter and stronger than a smile. For he would not smile; though he could not dim the light in his eyes, or make harsh again the strange softness which was smoothing away the rigid lines upon his face. Hester comprehended, but vaguely and as a child only, that a sad life, solitary and unnatural, was coming to an end, and that already the light shone upon him from afar off. Her young heart was full of sympathy for him; but for some time she kept silence. Her short life had been full of lessons of reserve and taciturnity.

"Father," she said after a long while—and he put down his hand, and looked across to her, where she sat in a large, deep, old arm-chair which had always been her mother's seat—"I am not at all sorry to have a step-mother."

The child's approbation had something quaint about it, but its oddity did not seem to strike her father; though he allowed a vivid smile to flit across his face as he heard it.

"Will it be long before you are tired of my stepmother?" inquired Hester.

"I shall never be tired of her!" he answered.

"But you are tired of me," she continued, "and you are tired of my mother, or else you would not want to marry another wife. So I thought you would get tired of Rose Mary some day."

"Hester," said John Morley, his face overclouded again, "I should never have been tired of your mother if she had lived."

"But you tell me she does live," persisted the child, "and Lawson says she comes back sometimes and walks about the house, though I cannot see her. Sometimes I think I can feel her kissing me very softly. Perhaps she is here this evening, and heard me promise to be like a daughter to my stepmother. Do you think she would like it, father?"

It was seldom that Hester spoke so freely and fluently; but this evening she was excited, her cheeks were crimson, and her large gray eyes were lit up. John Morley lowered his voice, and looked stealthily round the room as he answered her.

"My love, if your poor mother, who was very dear to me—dearer than you can think—could know of this, I am sure she would rejoice for your sake as well as mine. I am doing what I believe to be good for you as well as for myself. You need some woman to stand in a close relationship to you; and you will need it more as you grow older. Rose will be a second mother to you."

"You are quite sure?" said Hester, with a childish love of reiterated and positive assurance.

"Quite sure," he answered.

Perhaps he had had but little thought of his child till this evening, but now he began to believe that she had been his chief consideration; and as he turned back to his book, he said to himself several times, "Certainly, Rose will be a second mother to her."

The silence which followed seemed scarcely like a silence to him; while the eager face of Hester was bent forward out of her great arm-chair, and her speaking eyes were fastened upon him. But he would give no attention to her eloquent looks; and in a few minutes she seemed aware of this, for she nestled down into her mother's chair, as she might have nestled into her mother's lap, and produced a book which she had kept wrapped up in her pinafore since the first interruption of her evening's reading. John Morley and his daughter sat thus for half an hour, no sound reaching them from without; when the sharp tinkle of the shop-bell broke upon the stillness.

The persons who entered were two men, one old, the other elderly; unlike in feature, yet possessing an undefinable and subtle resemblance, which linked them together, and seemed also to link them to John Morley. It might have been that the order of their thoughts, and the convictions and conclusions at which they had arrived, had been the same; for the brain works out its own family likenesses. It was evident that in some way or other they belonged to one class; though John Morley, a handsomer man than either of the others, had also most the look of a scholar. The smallest, meekest, and eldest of the three men was distinguished as a minister by his dress, and the spotless whiteness of a large neckcloth, which served to withdraw the eye from dwelling upon his somewhat feeble features. The third was a robust, thick-set, elderly man, with a square and massive face, and with the air of one not much accustomed to be gainsaid, yet who would not altogether dislike to meet with a worthy antagonist.

"Brother Morley, we come as friends," said the minister.

With a courteous but formal bow John Morley ushered his guests into his sitting-room, and set chairs for them at the table, as if they were about to sit in committee. The minister alone took any notice of Hester, who slipped down from her high seat upon their entrance, to offer them a shy welcome. She was used to listen earnestly to the discussions and controversies often held in her father's parlor.

This evening, however, there was some difficulty in introducing the subject of conversation, and when the minister broke silence it was in a faltering, apologetic voice.

"Brother Morley," he said, "cannot you divine the purport of our visit to-night?"

Over John Morley's face closed again much of the old gloom and austerity, as he looked from one to the other of his visitors; gazing longest and hardest into the square, set face of the younger man; who regarded him, in his turn, with an unflinching judicial eye. The three men were three brothers doubtless, though the weakness and mercifulness of age were creeping over the eldest.

"We are come," he continued, deprecatingly, "because certain rumors have reached the ears of the church—"

"The church has many ears," interrupted John Morley, with a grim smile, "but no doubt it has heard correctly. I apprehend the purport of these rumors."

"But, brother," pursued the minister, in his most soothing accents, "it is not as if you were one of the unknown and inconsiderable members of the church. You are one of our chief men. We come only to expostulate and beseech. It is written in the Scriptures, 'Thou shalt rebuke thy brother, and not suffer sin upon him.'"

The minister gazed at John Morley with mingled entreaty and sadness; but his companion, who was eager to pursue the assault with greater vigor, quickly broke the reverential pause which followed his quotation from the Bible.

"Come, Brother Morley," he said, speaking as if he were a brother very far removed, "there's no need to beat longer about the bush. You are thinking of taking a second wife."

"That is essentially a domestic arrangement, Mr. Waldron," said John Morley, girding himself willingly for the contest; "the church has nothing to do with it. If it were a question of moral discipline the church must needs take note of it. But it has no voice in this matter; neither of assent nor veto."

"Tush, brother!" answered Mr. Waldron, sharply; "we come but semi-officially. As your brethren, we are bound to watch your conduct; and if your choice had fallen upon a godly woman, not a word would have been said. But when we see one of ourselves about to form an ensnaring union, our constitution as a pure church gives us the right, and lays it upon us as a duty, to warn, rebuke, and protest. This marriage ought not to be."

"Yes, dear brother," said the minister, emboldened by Mr. Waldron's words, and pressing into the breach he had made, "the rule of the apostle is simple: 'Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers.'"

"The unbeliever," replied John Morley slowly, "signified to the early Church the heathen and idolater. My future wife cannot be

called an unbeliever in that sense. But there is another saying of the apostle: 'The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband.' I trust that this marriage may prove the entrance into a purer faith and truer creed for my wife."

There was a short silence again, while Mr. Waldron drew a well-worn Bible out of his pocket, and turned over its pages impatiently.

"Listen then, John Morley," he said; "in the thirteenth chapter of Nehemiah, beginning at the twenty-third verse, it is thus written:

"'In those days also saw I Jews that had married wives of Ashdod, of Ammon, and of Moab. And their children spake half in the speech of Ashdod, and could not speak in the Jews' language, but according to the language of each people.

"'And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair, and made them swear by God, saying, Ye shall not give your daughters unto their sons, nor take their daughters unto your sons, or for yourselves.

"'Did not Solomon King of Israel sin by these things? yet among many nations was there no king like him, who was beloved of his God, and God made him king over all Israel: nevertheless, even him did outlandish women cause to sin.

"'Shall we then hearken unto you to do all this great evil, to transgress against our God in marrying strange wives?'"

Mr. Waldron read the passage with an evidently keen sympathy with the indignant governor; and he looked hard into John Morley's rigid face. The latter was not a man to yield quietly to arbitrary rule; and he met the judicial frown bent upon him with cool composure.

Just then there came a gentle tap at the door, and it was opened from without before John Morley could reach it. Rose, the subject of the good men's warning, appeared in the doorway.

(To be continued.)

TRUTH RECEIVED AND REJECTED.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 24, Acts 17: 1–15. Golden Text, 1 Thess. 5: 21. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Paul's Yearning for the Conversion of his Race—Living his Prayers—Practical Effects of his Preaching—Neutrality Impossible—Gentiles Less Hindered than Jews—Envious Preachers—Their Colleagues—A Testimony from the Enemy—Avoiding Persecution—Receptive People—The Women Foremost—The Uses of Persecution.

PAUL and his two followers on leaving Philippi went through Amphipolis and Apollonia [both cities of Macedonia] on their way to Thessalonica. Here Paul found a synagogue of the Jews. This was no uncommon thing; in many of the Roman and Grecian colonies Jews who possessed commercial enterprise, and who were oppressed by the Roman yoke in Palestine, had settled and carried their religion with them, and thus it came to pass that synagogues were scattered all over the then civilized world. Paul's heart always yearned for the salvation of his own people. In writing to the Romans (chap. 10: 1), he says: "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." And he

LIVED HIS PRAYERS;

thus we find, Paul, "as his manner was, went in unto them, and three Sabbath days reasoned with them out of the Scriptures, opening and alleging, that Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead; and that this Jesus, whom I preach unto you, is Christ."

Paul was led of the Holy Ghost in all his work; here he was guided to appeal to the Scriptures with which these Jews were necessarily acquainted, and parts of which they were bound to learn by heart; and he grounded all. which he had to teach them on that which they already knew. It is very possible that many an evangelist may do the same thing, and find it eminently successful in some instances, but that in other instances it does not answer at all. How is this? Just that the Holy Ghost, who is the real Agent in all evangelizing work, cannot be reduced to system; "the wind bloweth *where it listeth.*" If we are led by the Spirit to reason out of the Scriptures, the reasoning will be divine and convincing, because the Spirit of God will open hearts to receive it, thus making His work through the teacher answer to His work in the learner. At Lydda and Saron He used the healing of Æneas to awaken and convert souls; at Philippi, the earthquake was the chief instrument. How often have we heard a preacher, full of the soundest scriptural arguments, preaching Sunday after Sunday, and yet no conversions taking place, because the Holy Ghost was not using him. He was relying on his own understanding of, and power in handling, the Scriptures, instead of being the pliable instrument of the Holy Ghost, willing to be wise or foolish as best suited His purpose.

The preaching of the Holy Ghost, through Paul, was of such a character that neutrality was impossible; if this Jesus of Nazareth were indeed the Christ of God, it was the bounden duty of these Thessalonians to believe on Him, yield themselves up to Him, leave all for Him, and proclaim Him everywhere. "Some of them believed," for the Gospel came not unto them "in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance" (1 Thess. 1: 5). They became out-and-out disciples at once, "and consorted with Paul and Silas," not afraid to show their colors. Of these many were not born Jews, but Greeks who who had come under Jewish influence. This was natural, for the Greeks had nothing to lose, but the Jews had to brook the displeasure of the priests and of the members of their own families. To the Greeks, this truth was only a glorious quickening into blessed experience of that which they already knew of God. They had already made the step out of heathenism in holding Jewish ideas; so they lost nothing and gained everything in becoming Christians. But every Jew had to lose his

RELIGIOUS REPUTATION

in becoming a Christian; he had to sink in the eyes of those whom he most valued, and to be looked upon as almost worse than an infidel. Thus the chief converts to Christianity were Greeks, and not a few of the chief women—perhaps both Jewish women and Greek. The truth was taking root, and getting a hold upon the people; and Satan was at no loss for instruments to disturb this progress of the Gospel. The Jews which believed not were moved to envy. *They* had been preaching in this synagogue for years past, and had never attracted such congregations as came to hear Paul; they had brought people from time to time under serious impressions, but this wonderful change in men from darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God—this turning of sinners from their sins, of money-lovers from their gains, of pleasure-seekers from their pleasures—this was an effect which they had never produced; and instead of being humbled they were moved to envy. It is the old story, and oft-repeated, how those who have no spiritual power themselves hate, because they envy, those who have, and do all in their power to prove that spirituality is to be suspected.

These Jews, finding no better colleagues, "took unto them certain lewd fellows of the baser sort" (the

SKELETON ARMY

of those days), "and gathered a company, and set all the city on an uproar, and assaulted the house of Jason, and sought to bring them out to the people." In every city, and in every age, there are a number of unhappy men, ready for any tumult, any disaffection. The mob was disappointed at not finding the objects of their search in the house of Jason, so they drew him and "certain brethren unto the rulers of the city, crying, These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." A glorious testimony to the power of the Gospel, coming, as it did, from an enemy. Thank God the victory that overcometh the world is our faith (1 John 5: 4).

The Jews lodged an accusation against Jason—that he had been guilty of receiving the disciples of Christ, and that "these all do contrary to the decrees of Cæsar, saying that there is another King, one Jesus." It is marvellous how much of ingenuity the opponents of the Gospel possess. It is most true that these men of God taught, "There is another King, one Jesus," but it was just as untrue to say that they defied the authority of Cæsar. In all probability, none kept the laws with the same conscientiousness as these Christians. It is one of the privileges of Christ's followers that all manner of evil shall be spoken against them *falsely* for Christ's sake, giving them the joy of leaving their reputation in the hands of Him who knoweth all things. The people and the rulers of the city were very naturally more inclined to trust their own citizens than a few foreigners who had recently come among them; and they were troubled about these accusations; but they "took security of Jason and of the other, and let them go." It does not appear who this "other" was.

"When they persecute you in this city, flee into another" (Matt. 10: 23). The brethren, finding the place too hot for their beloved teachers, "sent them away by night unto Berea." But they were

NOT CURED OF PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

They knew that their presence in every city to which they came was no accident, but was watched over by God, and was part of that which must serve His purpose. They knew that He was responsible, not they, for all which should take place while they were there, and consequently they took the first opportunity to enter into the synagogue, and there preach the Gospel. The Jews in this place were in a more prepared state; they "received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so. *Therefore* many of them believed." Every convert in Thessalonica had much against him; he became a follower of the believers and of the Lord, having received the Word "in much affliction," but, thank God, "with joy of the Holy Ghost" (1 Thess. 1: 6) they heard the much contention (1 Thess. 2: 2) with which the Gospel was preached, whereas in Berea there was, at first, no opposition whatever.

All evangelists know what a difference it makes when the people are receptive; after Paul's experience at Thessalonica he must have prayed the prayer of faith about Berea, and claimed from God a people ready to receive the Word of truth. In Berea, as in the two former cities, Philippi and Thessalonica, the

WOMEN WERE FOREMOST

among the converts, and especially the "honorable women" or "chief women." A prosperous little church was forming, and all seemed to be doing well, when the Thessalonian Jews heard that the Word of God was preached at Berea, and they "came thither also and stirred up the people." Why did not God prevent them? some would say, "Why did not Paul pray, and claim in answer that such a blessed work should not be hindered? Is not God mightier than the devil or men?" Yes, truly; but the trial of our faith is more precious than of gold which perisheth, and the reality of faith in God must be put to the test. These infant churches must be weaned from Paul and his companions, and brought to trust in the Lord alone. Therefore, He permitted the wickedness of men to work out His purposes.

The Berean brethren sent away Paul, the chief object of the wrath of these Jews, but Silas and Timothy remained behind, as Luke had done at Philippi, to strengthen the brethren. Thessalonica was not uncared for. A little later in the same year, Paul sent Timothy there (1 Thess. 3: 2), after he had himself written from Athens the two epistles to the Thessalonians, to ground them in their faith, and put them right about the coming of the Lord.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Baker Pacha, the English Colonel who Commanded the expedition against the False Prophet of the Soudan, has been utterly defeated near Tokar. The telegram announcing the disaster states that he was attacked by about a thousand troops. At the first onset the Egyptian officers and men bolted. Colonel Sartorius, one of the English officers, tried hard to rally them, but without success. The Europeans fought well, but were outnumbered, and Colonel Sartorius narrowly escaped with his life. The enemy pursued almost into Trinkitat. The Europeans, police and Turkish infantry were cut to pieces. Fourteen European and three native officers are missing. The fight was begun by a few Arab horsemen attacking Baker Pacha's cavalry, which fled. Baker then formed a square, which the enemy surrounded. The rest of the Egyptians then fled in confusion and the gunners deserted their guns. Baker Pacha was several times surrounded by the enemy, but with his staff managed to cut his way through. He is now at Suakim, to which place re-enforcements have been sent. News has also been received that Tewfik Bey, one of the Khédive's bravest officers, has been killed with four hundred soldiers, and Sinkat, an important city, has been captured.

General Stone, whose Knowledge of Egyptian affairs is more intimate than that of any other American, remarked, on hearing of these victories of El Mahdi: "The moral effect of the disasters will be very great, not only in the Soudan but also in Egypt proper and in all Moslem countries. This unbroken series of victories, due to the want of foresight and prompt action on the part of the British authorities, will make tens of thousands of Mussalmans believe that Mohammed Ahmed is really the Mahdi, and it will be more than ever difficult to make Mussulmans fight against him. It would be surprising if the news of these late victories does not cause serious agitation in Arabia as well as on the frontiers of Egypt, and General Gordon's position is by these same victories of the rebels rendered vastly more precarious. The logical result will be almost certainly the uprising of more Bedouin tribes in the Egyptian dependencies, and possibly the uprising of Bedouins in Arabia, Syria and Palestine. It would not be surprising at all should it also create serious trouble in Tripoli, Tunis and Algiers. Each man who comes to believe that Mohammed Ahmed is the Mahdi believes also that he is certain to conquer the whole world."

M. Rouher, the Trusted Minister of the Late Emperor Napoleon III., died in Paris on February 3d. M. Rouher was Minister of State under the Empire, and after the dethronement of Napoleon he was the leader of the Bonapartists and the faithful and confidential friend of the Emperor's family. M. Rouher was seventy-one years of age, and had been prominent in public life since 1848. He has been suffering from a severe malady for more than three years. Six months ago he had an attack of paralysis, and since that time he has been subject to fits of derangement.

The British Parliament was Opened on February 5th. The Queen's speech, which is really the production of the Cabinet and is accepted as the government programme, was delivered by commissioners and not by the Queen in person. The chief interest in it this year centred in the Egyptian question. On this subject it contained the following declaration: "Having had every reason to be satisfied with the tranquillity of Egypt and the progress made in the establishment of orderly institutions, I gave, during the autumn, instructions for the evacuation of Cairo, the further reduction of my military forces and their concentration mainly in Alexandria; but in November the Egyptian army appointed to maintain the rule of the Khédive in the Soudan was defeated and broken up with heavy loss. Upon the occurrence of this defeat I deemed it wise to recall the order I had given. While unforeseen and calamitous necessity has thus required me to suspend the measure I had adopted, the aim of my occupation, which has been explained to you at former times, *continues without change*. I have offered to the Egyptian Government such counsel as appeared to be required by a prudent regard to the amount of its resources and to the social condition of the country." The speech also promises the introduction of the bill to extend the franchise to citizens not now possessing it who live outside the cities, the bill for the protection of sailors from unscrupulous shipowners, and several minor measures.

Considerable Dissatisfaction Prevails in England with the Cabinet in respect to their policy in Egypt. The opposition has moved a resolution in both houses censuring the Cabinet, and which is practically an expression of a want of confidence in them. It is expected that it will be passed by the House of Lords, but rejected by the House of Commons. Mr. Smalley cables to his journal a vivid description of the state of public opinion in the country. He says: "People cannot understand a policy of indifference to massacres in a country where England rules, and of indifference likewise to the defeats of armies which Englishmen officer. All the ordinary signs of rapidly growing agitation abound. Two London journals, which endeavor to reflect the opinion of the majority of Englishmen, vigorously denounce the Ministry. Liberal journals outside London, which usually support Mr. Gladstone, while opposing the vote of censure, plainly declare their dissatisfaction with the Ministerial policy. Letters from constituents pour in upon members insisting that something must be done." Nevertheless, the Premier appears resolved to persevere in his policy with respect to Egypt.

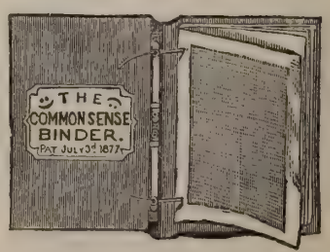
The Alarm in Austria Caused by the Discoveries of Nihilism has not subsided. The Vienna correspondent of the New York *Herald* cables that the city is passing through a crisis of anxiety and alarm. The government is in possession of what it believes to be most trustworthy evidence of a plot to assassinate the Emperor. Dynamite cartridges were found near his box in the opera house exactly similar to those found near the body of the detective who was recently assassinated. On February 4th eight battalions of infantry were kept standing in their barracks under arms, prepared for an immediate movement. During the whole night no officer was allowed to leave the barracks, even for a moment. Ball cartridges had been distributed to the troops. A regiment of cavalry was also held in readiness during the night, and their horses were saddled. The government considers the situation most critical. Peaceful citizens are in constant dread of two terrible and detested extremes—the police on the one hand and the anarchists on the other. Among the list of persons proscribed for sentence to death by the anarchists are the Emperor and Empress, the Crown Prince Rudolph, and the Crown Princess Stephanie.

The Symptoms of Discontent in Jamaica Grow more ominous daily. A leading Jamaica journal, criticising the recent concessions made by the British Government, declares them to be utterly inadequate and unsatisfactory. It urges the people "to spurn them with contempt." It says: "The people of Jamaica have been downtrodden and tyrannized over for a number of years, and have had the spirit of manhood almost ground out of them by repeated oppression, heaped upon them by irresponsible officials sent here from abroad to rule them as if they were a lot of half savages, but the time for that sort of business has terminated." Residents of Jamaica now visiting New York inform us that the people are practically excluded from the government of the island. Men who have been in the civil service for twenty years and more are not allowed to advance beyond the lower grades. When a vacancy occurs in the better-paid offices a man is sent from England to fill it. Sometimes he is willing to be taught his duties or to permit his subordinate to perform them while he draws the salary. In that case the island benefits; but when he insists on performing the duties of his office his ignorance of the country and people generally involves trouble for all concerned.

Rijutei, the Converted Corean Nobleman, whose portrait was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of October 25th, 1883, has sent to American Christians an earnest appeal for missionaries. He writes: "Tens of thousands of people in our country are still ignorant of the way of the true God and live as heathen. In this day of the propagation of the Gospel, our country is unfortunately situated in an obscure corner of the globe where it has not enjoyed the blessings of Christianity. Therefore, I am translating the Bible into the Corean language in order to make it a means of extending the Gospel. Five of my countrymen are of the same mind with me. They have been baptized already. There are many more who receive the teachings of the Bible gladly, and the number of those whom we expect to become Christians increases daily. At present the government has opened the country to foreign intercourse, and is trying hard to improve the condition of the people. Consequently it is more lenient toward the Christian religion; and although it has not permitted it openly, it does not seek to persecute Christians. Although I am a man of no influence, I will do my utmost to aid such missionaries as you may send. I beg most earnestly that you will send some one to Japan at once who can consult with those who are laboring here and prepare himself for the work. This, I think, is the best and safest plan. I beseech you to give a careful consideration to these words of mine, and if my request is granted my joy will be unbounded."

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BINDER.



NUMEROUS applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case, in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding, at the end of the year. To meet this demand a stock of such covers has been prepared and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States on the receipt of *one dollar*. Applications should be made to THE MANAGER, 63 Bible House, New York.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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THE LATE REV. G. THEOPHILUS DODDS,

Of the M'All French Mission.

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THE sad circumstances attending the death of Mr. M'All's chief helper in his Paris mission are doubtless fresh in the recollection of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mr. Dodds had endeared himself to many Christian hearts here during his three months' tour through the States in 1880. His earnestness, his eloquence, and his modest, unassuming demeanor won the regard of all with whom he came in contact. When, too, it was realized that the cultured scholar and the brilliant orator, who might have been enjoying the comforts of home life and receiving a large salary as pastor of a regular church, had voluntarily relinquished all those advantages to do the laborious and often thankless work of an evangelist in the slums of the French capital, it was impossible to withhold admiration of his self-sacrificing spirit. He was a noble fellow, and, though our acquaintance with him was brief, we loved him. Two years later came the melancholy intelligence of his death, accompanied by Dr. Hitchcock's warm eulogium of his life and services. This week we are enabled to publish his portrait and a brief notice of his life and work, compiled from the interesting memoir of him recently written by his eminent father-in-law, Dr. Horatius Bonar, whose expositions of unfulfilled prophecy have frequently appeared in these columns.

George Theophilus Dodds was born at Lochee, a suburb of Dundee, Scotland, on June 2d, 1850, and died on September 9th, 1882, at the early age of thirty-two. His father is the minister of the Free Church at Dundee, and his mother, who died only a few months after her son, was the daughter of the Rev. John Dickson, missionary for some time at Astrakhan, in southern Russia.

From his very birth, Mr. Dodds was consecrated by his mother to the Lord, and she desired that Theophilus should be one of his names, asking for him that he might early love the Lord. In childhood he was cheerful and buoyant; full of energy and vivacity; always studious, and desirous of gleaning information on all subjects, wherever he might be. Uprightness and steady conscientiousness were his characteristics, even from childhood. It was remarked of him that "he always seemed to know what was right." And what he knew, he did.

HIS MOTHER'S INFLUENCE

upon him was powerful and beneficial. She was a marvellously gifted woman, and her attainments were far beyond the average of ladies even in the most cultured circles. She had a deep sense of her responsibility as a mother, and earnestly endeavored to cultivate the mind of her boy as well as to lead him to the Saviour. In her walks with him in childhood she taught him botany and the rudiments of other departments of natural history. Being also a linguist, and knowing several modern languages, including Italian, Russian, and Tartar, the two latter of which she had acquired while residing with her father in his mission field in Russia, she gave an early impulse to her son's desire for the acquisition of foreign tongues. Above all, as the daughter of a missionary of Christ's Gospel, she filled his young mind with missionary yearnings which never left him, though the extent of his missionary ideas then was that "he would go and preach to the heathen somewhere."

Dr. H. Bonar quotes the statement that "from infancy he" (Mr. Dodds) "had a

DESIRE TO BE A MISSIONARY."

How profoundly his mother's spirit and teaching had affected the child may be inferred from an interesting scene which occurred when he was only *six* years old. His mother occasionally found him at that time crying bitterly in his bed, and on asking the cause of his grief he would sob out in reply, "I'm afraid I'll never be good enough to be a missionary of Christ." (*See frontispiece.*)

His entrance on the "narrow way which leads to eternal life" had nothing about it sudden or marked. Like many persons whose childhood is passed in the society and under the influence of a deeply religious mother his conversion was a gradual process, a growing into divine knowledge rather than an abrupt and startling revelation of the truth. He had saving faith while yet a child, and a passionate desire to preach Jesus to the world, but it was not until a later period that he attained the fuller knowledge and experience of Christian life.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

He received his preliminary education at the Lochee Free Church School, and in 1861 entered the High School of Dundee, where he proved his diligence as a student, and the thoroughness of his mind. He was noted among his associates for his earnestness in that particular; nothing short of unqualified success satisfied him in anything which he undertook. As relaxation from sterner occupations, he cultivated music and the arts, in which he delighted, and undertook numerous country rambles in which he fed and fostered his love of natural science, and added to the knowledge of botany which he had gained from his mother.

In November, 1866, he entered the University of St. Andrew's, and remained there during the greater part of the four years' course; exhibiting proficiency in all his classes, but especially in languages and moral philosophy. But the love of Christ's Gospel and the desire to preach it to his fellow-men, far off or near, soon absorbed all other longings and aspirations, and he became a leading spirit in the Students' Missionary Society. Unwisely, however, he studied so closely and continuously that his health was seriously impaired, and the completion of his course of study was retarded by nearly two years.

A STUDENT OF THEOLOGY.

Mr. Dodds now accepted a tutorship near Liverpool, in the family of R. P. Wood, Esq., moving about with his pupils, sometimes to Yarrow and sometimes to Edinburgh. His affection for, and interest in his pupils appeared to be almost paternal in character and depth, and the period was one of profitable quiet and of great enjoyment to himself. In 1871 he commenced his career as a student of theology at New College, Edinburgh. He went expectingly to his classes, and always with prayer. He returned to his apartments to digest and to pray over what he had learned.

HOME-MISSION WORK.

In 1875, the last of his college years, while yet attending classes, he was appointed missionary to a district, in connection with the church over which Dr. Horatius Bonar presides. On his work there he entered with energy and zeal, though it was only temporary—a preparation for more permanent duty elsewhere. This home-missionary work was most congenial. He threw himself into it with his whole heart. He forgot no one, however poor and wretched; and his patient way of treating them showed how carefully he had studied each case, and when the good seed began to spring up, he rejoiced with great heartiness.

FIRST VISIT TO PARIS.

In August, 1876, he married Mary, the daughter of Dr. Horatius Bonar, and in the following month went on his wedding tour up the Rhine, returning through Paris. His passing visit to that city was to be the link between it and himself, and to determine his great though brief life-work for the working-people there. He was prevailed upon to give a short Gospel address at one of the halls which he visited, and writing about it to his brother, he said: "They asked me to address a meeting; and I began with an interpreter; but finding that slow work I dropped it, and made a desperate plunge at French, and succeeded. The people were most attentive, eager listeners." Only two months before his marriage he had completed his student-life in Edinburgh, and on June 14th was "licensed" as a preacher by the Dundee Presbytery, and to the grand work of preaching the Gospel of Christ he most deliberately and solemnly consecrated without reservation the remainder of his days.

MR. M'ALL'S COLLEAGUE.

The following is from a letter to his father and mother regarding Paris. It is dated February 9th, 1877: "Since we were in Paris I have never ceased to be deeply interested in the work there among the Communists. Miss Howard, whom I have often met there, has often asked me if I would not think of Paris, but I always refused. Lately, however, I have had my thoughts turned there more than ever, and wrote to Mr. M'All asking for information. He writes—to our surprise—entreating us to think of the work, and says that he and his wife have long wished for a helper. He says that the want is very great, that they could do much more if they had more workers."

The prospect of being able at once to enter on the work, without a preliminary year, or two years, of language-learning, was an inviting one. He was already well equipped for the service of Christ there, and his past studies and training seemed to be of exactly the kind needed. The matter having been laid before the Lord in prayer, His will seemed to be clearly revealed, and in a short time all arrangements were made by Mr. Dodds and his wife for going to the sphere of their future labors. A house was taken for them at Belleville,

THE CENTRE OF PARISIAN POVERTY

and crime; and in the beginning of November, 1877, with his wife and first-born son, the missionary, now twenty-seven years of age, started for his destination. Mr. M'All received him with cordiality and affection, and from that day their mutual regard continued to increase.

The rugged natures which he had now daily to encounter did not in the least daunt him. What their natures and dispositions are, the world learned in those days when Paris was dominated by the men of Belleville, who slew the Archbishop of Paris and other eminent men, and burned the Tuileries and other noted buildings. The men, many of them atheistical and desperate, spoke to him without reserve, and so did he to them. They soon found out that he was no "clerical," no "Jesuit," no spy, but one who had come from another land to speak to them about a religion of love and peace, and that he was in earnest. The words of grace which fell from his lips were words the like of which they had never heard before.

ATHEISM AND COMMUNISM,

open and undisguised, met Mr. Dodds on every side; but with singular tact and Christian kindness he encountered and disarmed both; nor had he ever to complain of rudeness or unkindness. Boldly, but kindly, he went to the worst with his divine Master's message of "salvation even to the uttermost," and was never repulsed. "It was touching, sometimes, to notice the infidel listening to the voice of entreaty, to see the rude man softening, to watch the hardened melting into tears, to witness the respectful bow, or the cordial shake of the hand, or the kind welcome from the grateful *ouvrier*."

GROWTH OF THE PARIS MISSION.

But though Belleville was Mr. Dodds's home for the first eighteen months, his work went far beyond that remarkable faubourg; and the mission gradually crept round the whole city, and permeated through its streets. On foot, in hacks, in omnibuses, on tramways, in boats, he went forth on his missionary errand of preaching or visiting. He was not confined within any limit or locality. All Paris was his district;

afterward all France. Even before his arrival, Mr. M'All, with apostolic enthusiasm, had opened *twenty-one* stations, all craving help from the new missionary, and each year continued to add to their number.

Tourists have seldom troubled themselves about missionary work in Paris. Even most Christian people have hitherto overlooked it. They have visited the Louvre, the Madeleine, Notre Dame, the Arc de Triomphe, the Place de la Concorde, and the Champs Elysées; but the grandest sights of all—the *Salles*, with their *ouvrier* gatherings—they have not inquired for. They have "done" Paris, and wearied themselves in body and soul; but they have rushed past these interesting halls which angels might "desire to look into," without even stopping to listen to the happy songs, or the good news, or the invitations of divine love to the passing crowds.

THE TRUE SIGHTS OF PARIS

are not those the gay crowd flocks to, or those the paid commissionaire points out, or those that form the subject of conversation at the *table d'hôte*, or those the handbook enumerates, but those in which humble Christ-loving men and women are gathering in the refuse of Parisian society, the furthest sunk of the waifs of humanity. The real "spectacles" of the French capital are the nightly gatherings of the poor *ouvriers* listening to the "new religion" with happy eagerness, and singing with all their strength, both old and young, not the "Marseillaise" or the lewd song, but the "Cantiques Populaires," the hymns of everlasting life.

A SUMMARY OF WORK.

An idea of the extent of the work in Paris during the first year of Mr. Dodds's entrance upon it, may be obtained from the following figures from the Summary of the Mission for 1878: French meetings for adults, 2788; German ditto, 250; adult Bible classes, 249; French prayer-meetings, 151; Sunday-school meetings, 800; children's week day services, 145; young people's meetings and juvenile Bible classes, 469; psalmody meetings, 250; to say nothing of domiciliary visits, distribution of tracts and sale of Bibles and New Testaments, industrial schools for girls, special meetings and arrangements for women, etc., etc. *Two incidents* in illustration of the good done by these arduous and multifarious evangelistic agencies are selected from among many similar ones enumerated in the summary. The first is that of Eugene Petit,

A BELGIAN WORKMAN,

long employed in one of the large sugar factories of Paris. His health suffered, like that of many, from the exhausting heat he was obliged to endure in his work, and for years he was gradually sinking in consumption, sometimes in hospital, sometimes resuming work, at last confined to his lonely garret in one of the dark, densely-peopled tenements of Gare d'Ivry. There Mr. Dodds often visited him, and showed him the way of salvation. Many would have regarded the density of the man's ignorance as a hopeless obstacle to conversion, but Mr. Dodds never wavered, and after a time he had the satisfaction of seeing the sick man accept the Lord Jesus Christ in all His fulness as his Saviour and Friend, and witnessed his triumphant death.

RESCUE OF MARIE.

In Mr. Dodds's journal, under date July 5th, 1878, there is this brief entry—"Grenelle: *la porte étroite;' poor girl* stood at the end weeping bitterly for sin; *had dropped in from a hall;* leading a sinful life; took her home with us." This poor girl had once been a domestic servant in a Christian family, but she had left the occupation to enter upon a vicious career. Her mistress's prayers had followed her during her wild life, and her dying words had been a prayer that poor Marie might still be found. Thus she had a knowledge of the Bible and of the sinfulness of her ways beyond most; and stumbling into the meeting accidentally, not knowing where she was going, some words, made powerful by the Holy Spirit, roused her sleeping conscience to agony; and when the meeting was over, *she grovelled on the floor* in her spiritual anguish, asking if she could be saved. (*See frontispiece.*) A happy home was subsequently found for her, and she became "a new creature in Christ Jesus," and is now industriously employed in winning others to the knowledge of His power and willingness to save.

In November, 1878, Mr. M'All went to Lyons, a city of 350,000, a home of early martyrdom, now a seat of extreme Popery, unblushing infidelity, and blatant communism. Here he opened four mission stations, and upon his return to Paris he induced Mr. Dodds to develop the work, and he accordingly labored there for two months. At the end of this time, however, failure of health, the effect of the moist climate of Lyons, made him glad to return to the more salubrious atmosphere of Paris.

A "MISSION JOURNEY."

Next year, 1879, Mr. Dodds went on a "mission journey" to England, and also to receive *ordination* from the Free Church. On May 9th he addressed a large meeting in Exeter Hall, London, and on the 15th the Free Presbytery of Edinburgh met in the Grange Church for his ordination, when a most solemn sermon was preached by his father-in-law, Dr. Bonar. For the next few days he spoke at a large number of meetings, and on June 5th crossed over to Ireland, preaching and speaking wherever he went on France and her readiness to accept the Gospel of Christ. He returned to Paris on the 15th, and recommenced work again immediately, paying frequent visits to Bordeaux, Boulogne, and other towns and villages, declaring the glad tidings of salvation, and everywhere conscious of the approval and benediction of the Lord.

VISIT TO AMERICA.

In September, 1880, the three great French religious societies—Société Centrale d'Evangelization, Société Evangelique de France, and Mission Intérieure—resolved to send representatives to the American churches, and Mr. Dodds was chosen to accompany the eloquent and accomplished M. Réveillaud as companion and interpreter, and they sailed, on September, 18th, from Havre for New York, where they arrived on the 30th, and were received by M. Elie Charlier.

Three months were spent in visiting different cities in the United States, among them being St. Louis. There M. Réveillaud was seized with sore throat, and Mr. Dodds proceeded alone to Cincinnati and Indianapolis, where he held a series of meetings on behalf of the French mission. In one of these cities he experienced one of the purest joys of his journey.

CHINESE LAUNDRYMEN.

A little community of Chinese—laundrymen by trade—had been converted to the Christ proclaimed in the Gospel. On hearing Mr. Dodds eloquently speak of the needs of France, these converts felt pressed in their hearts to contribute their part to the work, and at the close of his meeting they brought him a round sum of thirty dollars, which they had saved from their wages, and begged his kind acceptance of their gift. The incident is illustrated in the frontispiece. The tangible results of the visit of M. Réveillaud and Mr. Dodds amounted to about 30,000 dollars, which was divided among the French evangelistic societies, and, as we have had occasion to remark, they so thoroughly impressed the Christian churches among us with the needs and deserts of the French mission that large sums of money are still being collected for the support of the mission.

Mr. Dodds passed through America in haste, just as he passed through life. Yet, not in vain. He has left traces behind him, and many American hearts warm at the mention of his name.

After three months' absence he returned to Paris, and resumed his beloved though arduous work with untiring loyalty and deepening devotion. Had he a premonition that his time for earthly service would be but short? We know not. But he continued to labor on, and in May, 1882, when Dr. H. Bonar paid him a visit, he found him "thin, and not altogether like his former self; jaded and harassed as if his strength had been overstrained, and his placidity taxed to the uttermost. His appetite was giving way, his headaches were more frequent, and his general health by no means vigorous."

A REST.

The beginning of the end had already come, though Mr. Dodds thought himself "well though weary," and shut his eyes to the enfeeblement of his system. For a long time he had been working by forestalling his strength, and the heavy strain was now telling upon him. Having been prevailed upon to take a little rest, at last he consented, though reluctantly, and on August 27th, 1882, started with his wife and family for Le Buisson Luzas, a quiet little place, on the edge of a barren moor, about seventy-five miles south of Paris. But he seemed very weary when the journey was over, and for days afterward, and his racking headache showed no signs of yielding. He grew worse and worse, and on the sunny afternoon of Saturday, September 9th, 1882, he died.

FRUIT AFTER DEATH.

His remains were taken to Paris about the time of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's visit to that city, and it was in the old church of the Oratoire that the funeral service was conducted by M. Monod. On the platform where the coffin rested, the choir which assisted Messrs. Moody and Sankey stood and sang praise during their meetings, and there the anxious ones came forward to be spoken to. One day two sisters, well dressed, were seen sitting on the step weeping bitterly. "Are you weeping for your sins?" said a worker. "Oh, no, they are pardoned. We are weeping at the thought of dear Mr. Dodds." "Was it by his means you were brought to Christ?" "We have attended the Grenelle meetings regularly, and helped the singing ever since he used to go there, but it was *his death* that brought us to Christ." (*See frontispiece.*)

Mr. Dodds's mortal remains were buried in the beautiful Passy Cemetery, Paris, where an upright head-stone, with an appropriate inscription, marks the spot where his body lies awaiting reunion with the soul, which has passed into the presence of Him whom he so deeply loved and so faithfully served.

An Assembly of Medical Students Received a severe rebuke recently in Philadelphia. While waiting for the arrival of the professor who was to deliver a clinical lecture, they amused themselves by bantering three lady students present. When the mirth was at its height one of the ladies rose and addressed them. She said: "Gentlemen, I have been for *eighteen years a missionary* in China. The Chinese have no medical science, and superstitious rites are chiefly relied on in the treatment of disease. All the people are in need of medical aid, but the women are the neediest. A Chinese woman would under no circumstances go to a male physician for the treatment of any disease peculiar to her sex. She would be prevented by her own womanly delicacy and by all the notions of modesty held by those around her. She would suffer lifelong agony rather than violate her sense of propriety. Full of sorrow for the sufferings of these women, I have been looking in Christian America to see what hope of help for them might be here. I have been glad to find that in some of our great medical schools earnest and self-sacrificing women are fitting themselves for a work of mercy in Asia and other lands. Unless such women learn to do such work well there is no physical salvation for those afflicted ones. And, in behalf of those women, who have no medical care while they so sorely need it, I ask from you the courtesy of gentlemen toward ladies who are studying medicine in Philadelphia." The speaker was *Miss A. M. Field*, and it is gratifying to learn that her courageous address was heard with attention and elicited an apology from the male students.

THE GREAT FRESHETS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, February 17, 1884.

"The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice."—PSALM 93 : 3.

The Marriage of the Rivers—The Ohio their Magnificent Offspring—Possessed by a Demon—Its Revel of Death and Darkness—The Mercilessness of Natural Forces—The Dead Failure of Natural Religion—The Voices of the Floods—They have no Pity—Religions Dear at a Nickel—Advantages Turning to Disasters—Rivers of Prosperity—Disaster not a Sign of Divine Displeasure—Repetitious Misfortunes Hard to Bear—Walter Scott's Series of Trials—Job's Calamities—A Divine Insurance.

A CRY of anguish has rung across the land, and pulpits that are not icebergs of abstraction must sympathize with the national calamity. The rivers of America are its pride and wealth. The glory of New York is its Hudson, of New England is its Connecticut, of Canada is its St. Lawrence, of Virginia is its James, of Pennsylvania is its Susquehanna, of the continent its Ohio and Mississippi.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE RIVERS.

Far back in the geological ages the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers were married. What shaggy old prophet of the mountain proclaimed the banns and from what clusters of wild grape and bushes of whortleberry the wines were pressed for the nuptial festival we know not, but all the world knows they were married. Their one child was the Ohio, which soon outgrew its parentage and marched across the vast reach of this continent, and has had supreme mastery of much of its fertility and wealth. The rivers have paid it obeisance and poured their waters into its lap, for on its banks every day you may see kneeling the Muskingum, the Miami, the Wabash, the Sandy, the Licking, the Kentucky, the Cumberland, the Green, and the Tennessee. The area of the drainage of the Ohio and its branches 214,000 square miles.

Grand and majestic and stupendous Ohio! Farms and vineyards on this bank, coal and iron mines on the other bank. Vast commerce of many States floating this way and that on its surface. Great cities standing on its mighty terraces. Its topography bewildering for beauty and magnificence. Yet ordinarily one of the gentlest of rivers, excepting only about three miles of its long way, without rapids or precipice or sudden break. By day and night it pronounces its almost silent benediction upon the whole continent. But some demon of devastation now, as last year, seems to have possessed it. The luxuriant farms that it invited to look down into its mirror it seems determined to obliterate. With hands besoiled and wrathful it clutches for the vineyards. "Come with me," it cries to the mills, and the homes, and the churches, and the villages, and the cities, "come with me in my midnight revels and dance with

DEATH AND DARKNESS

and woe!" The voices of lullaby and the voices of good cheer of other days have been turned into voices of terror, voices of destruction, voices of fury, voices diabolic, till the whole land hears the wailing and the shriek, and with all the emphasis of the psalmist in the text we can appropriately cry, "The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice."

My first lesson is *the mercilessness of natural forces* and the dead failure of natural religion. Men in our times say nature is enough. The sunshine and the refreshing flower and the beautiful flora of garden and field are all they want for a religion. They learn from the natural world God is love. The volume of nature is all they need for divine revelation. But what of the Ohio floods? How can the naturalist find any mercy in them. They whelm a human life with no more commiseration than they feel when they float the log of a saw-mill. They have no more pity for a drowned man or woman or child than for a muskrat. They look at the bereavement of a household with no more emotion than they would at seeing two planks parted. According to my text

THE FLOODS HAVE VOICES,

but no one of the drops of the overflowing torrents has a tear in it save the tear of human anguish.

Poetically we speak of the rain as the weeping of the clouds and the wind among the tree branches as a sigh of sympathy and the heavens as veiled in mourning at some great disaster, but it is only a poetical figure. The clouds thunder and strike, but they never weep. The winds howl, but they never give sympathetic sigh. The sun will shine as brightly along the Ohio on the wrecked homesteads and the graves of this terrible casualty as though there had been no dirge and no heartbreak along all the swollen waters. Nature can smite as with lightning, can rend apart as by earthquake, can eat up as by locusts, can prostrate as by malarial sickness, can blind the eye as by explosion, can cripple the limb as by falling rock, can dethrone the reason as by a blow on the brain, but it cannot pity. It can blast, it can cut, it can scorch, it can grind, it can lacerate, it can consume, it can drown, but

IT CANNOT PITY.

If all those sufferers for the last week on the banks of the Ohio had knelt in the mud and slush, and prayed, saying, "O ye clouds, stop raining! O ye February floods, hush your voices! Stand back from my homestead! Spare my hard-earned fortune! Save my drowning wife and child!" the only answer would have been continued plash of rain, continued gurgle of waters, continued crash of falling farm-houses, continued bleat and bellowing of perishing flocks and herds. O my hearer, the world wants more than a religion of flowers, a religion of sunshine, a religion of art, for such religions fail when the floods of disaster lift up their voices.

I know of only one religion that comes in and offers better riches than the floods capture, better life than that which expired under the rily waters, and a future explanation, grand, glorious, and satisfactory of things we cannot understand now.

THIS OLD RELIGION,

old but not superannuated, old but not *emeritus*, it works to-day as well along the banks of the Ohio and the East River as it ever worked along the Jordan and the Euphrates. It is revealed religion that comes in to fill up the awful gap in natural religion.

Natural religion is a good foundation on which to build revealed religion, but it is only a bare foundation. When the floods come, what a poor shelter is a mere foundation! You want then a home such as God builds in the Gospel, its corner-stone the rock of ages, its chief pillar made out of the Calvarean cross, its altar of one great sacrifice, its dome catching and pouring down illumination celestial. What I say through these words to the penniless and bereft thousands of the West I say to you who, not suffering from the freshets of breaking-up winter, nevertheless have been swept again and again by floods of sorrow and calamity.

Take for yourselves that religion which has its mightiest triumphs when your earthly prospects are inundated. It did most for David when his son went into wickedness and rebellion, most for Mrs. Sigourney when her home was desolated, most for John Bunyan when the prison doors shut against him, most for the martyrs when the fires were kindled around them or the horses were fastened to draw their limbs apart or the hot lead was poured down their throat, and most for those children of God who in these dreadful days have been turned out from their homesteads under the dashing clouds and bounded, on north and south and east and west by the floods that have lifted up their voices.

You can have your religion of sunshine, but give me the religion for all weathers. You can have your religion of daisies and buttercups and daffodils and morning larks and robin redbreasts, but give me a religion that, while full appreciative of the brightness of this world shows its mightiest power when the lights o Cincinnati have gone out by the submergence o the gas-houses and whole villages are inundated and that can plant its foot on an all-sweepin inundation, crying, "The Lord sitteth upon th flood, the Lord is mightier than many waters an ever-present help, though the waters there of roar and be troubled, though the mountain shake by the swelling thereof."

I would not give a five-cent nickel for all th comfort of all the religions that were eve hatched out of the human skull or came up a malaria from the pit. I want a religion that ca sail not only a smooth river at noon when all th paddle-wheels drop opals and emeralds and sap phires, and all the sails are white as wings o sea-gull, but a religion that can calmly ride midnight freshet. Hear it, brothers and sisters Paul's religion of the dungeon, John's religio of tempest-lashed Patmos, Daniel's religion o the lockjawed lions.

ADVANTAGE TURNING TO DISASTER.

Another lesson of the Ohio overflow is that our advantages may turn out to be our disaster. Lands are more valuable near the rivers. There is nothing in fertility like the alluvium. Transportation is easier. The prospect is finer. How many retired merchants select building sites in landscapes irradiated by rivers. Nothing can take the place of water scenery. How often we see it advertised as a special advantage that property has river front. Many of the highest cultured farms and many of the wealthiest agriculturists are on the banks of the Ohio, but the reports say that some of these farms are thirty feet under water, and in many places only the chimneys of the farm-houses are visible. So our advantages may become our disaster. There are great

RIVERS OF PROSPERITY

on the banks of which men build expecting to stay forever. But some day the overflow comes in dissipated habits, which sweep to ruin a whole family. The land is strewn with the wrecks of men whose overflowing success swamped them forever. As long as the Ohio and Mississippi stay within their banks they are the highways of national blessing. When they overleap their usual channels they whelm the land with destruction. As long as our worldly successes are kept within bounds they are of advantage to us and to the world; but half of the United States to-day is inundated with monopolistic freshet. When small brooks get out of their usual bed they may damage a mill-pond or destroy a few haystacks or gully a road, but when these vast rivers of worldly gain break embankments a nation suffers.

Let us not through an overbearing disposition or our lack of self-control make the blessings of our life agencies of devastation to ourselves or others. The business of the Ohio River is to stay at home and carry lumber rafts and steamboats from Pittsburg and Wheeling to Louisville and Cincinnati. Instead of that it has gone to hunting down inoffensive farmers and their families, and take roughly by the bit great national industries, for there is not a great commercial house in New York to-day which does not directly or indirectly feel the effect of this business stoppage.

Go home, you red-mouthed torrent! Get back to your place, you vaulting monstrosity! Your father and mother, the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers, never sent you forth for such

AN ACCURSED MISSION.

So there are men now swallowing up everything they can reach, gathering up all the tributaries of wealth, great Wabashes and Muskingums and Miamis of resource, and are waiting for more, hoping there will be other fortunes that will melt and pour into their fortune and other providential skies will rain emoluments upon them, and they cry to earth and heaven and hell, "Give! Give! Give! And after awhile they begin to swell, and they go too far out on this side, and they keep on swelling till they

are too far out on the other side, and they gulp down these creditors who cannot pay, and these arms by foreclosure, and they swallow the result of this Wall Street panic and the result of that Chicago corner in wheat and the result of the watering of this railroad stock, and swallow and swallow and swallow and swell and swell and swell till they are great rivers of social and moral and financial damnation rolling through the land. Whether we may have on a small scale or on a large scale, let us keep within our proper channels, and not turn our capacity to help carry the world's burdens into destructive inundation. Let mountain stream and meadow rivulet, as well as every Ohio, keep its proper course.

Another lesson of this hour is that great calamities are in our time

NO SIGN OF DIVINE DISPLEASURE.

There are no more moral people on earth than many of those put out of fortune or life by this Ohioan submergence. Cattletsburg and Maysville, Kentucky, Huntington, West Virginia, Manchester and Gallipolis, Ohio, partly or entirely gone under this flood, are as moral villages as can be found on the continent. Moreover, the churches went under as well as the warehouses, the homes of Christian people as well as the homes of un-Christian. It is no evidence of divine displeasure with any locality that it suffers. There are men very liberal with divine judgments, and when tongues of fire lick up half a Chicago, some people say that is because Chicago is so wicked, and when tongues of fire lick up a large part of Boston, some say that is because Boston is so conceited. And now some might call this affliction of the South-west a divine judgment. That will not do.

There are hundreds of places by their iniquity inviting the divine judgments who were never struck with lightning or washed under inexorable wave. If Brooklyn and New York had been punished for all their sins, the Hudson and the East River would now stand higher than the piers of the East River Bridge, and bluefish, which our sportsmen have not been able to catch, would be holding carnival in our dining-halls and pantries. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth" is a precept we apply to bereft individuals, and why not to afflicted neighborhoods?

States and nations, as well as individuals, may be scourged in mercy. Who knows but that God means for these afflicted regions in time to come harvests that shall more than make up for the present despoliation? Who knows but there shall come to them moral and religious advantages that shall turn this awful ravage of the elements into highest blessing? God is rich, and He can pour into these valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi a tide of mercy deeper, broader, mightier than these awful surges of doom. Because as individuals, or as neighborhoods, or as a nation you are called to suffer, do not conclude that you are under the divine displeasure. Reaching under all those raging Ohios of grief there are alluviums for whole gardens of grace. Every river of suffering has on both sides foliaged terraces reaching on up to the hanging gardens of the heavenly paradise.

Another lesson of this destruction is that

REPETITIOUS MISFORTUNE

is hardest to bear. Last year and now this year! They had just got their houses and barns rebuilt. They had just got their fences restored. They had just purchased their stock for their farms. They had mortgaged the lands that they might start again, and now all is gone. In the three cities of Cincinnati, Covington, and Newport 30,000 people are to-day reported homeless, and 20,000 laborers without work. We thought that last year was enough, but now comes the duplicate of wretchedness. Scores of thousands of good people are at their wit's ends. Repetitious misfortune is hard to bear, as some of you know. In one man's life comes despondency, then comes bankruptcy, then comes sickness, then comes bereavement. Loss after loss, trouble after trouble, floods chasing floods.

Eighteen hundred and fourteen was the year of Walter Scott's greatest prosperity. Fortunes and sceptres and crowns at his feet. In 1824 Constable & Co., the publishing house, failed, and crippled

WALTER SCOTT'S FORTUNE.

Soon after, Ballantine & Co., the publishing house in which Walter Scott was secretly a partner, failed, and the two failures threw him over $600,000 in debt. With his magician's pen he went to work to pay it. But then his wife died. A little while after came paralysis. A little while after that came apoplexy. A little while after that came the cold shoulder of the world. A little while after that, lying in his invalid chair, he asks his daughter to put his pen in his hand, and that hand which had given to the world "Ivanhoe," and "Heart of Midlothian," and "Rob Roy," and "Guy Mannering," and "Maid of Perth," and "Kenilworth," could not write his own name. You would say bankruptcy was enough, you would say the neglect of the world was enough, you would say sickness was enough, but it was flood after flood.

Behold Job. First came the destruction of his servants and of his oxen. Next came the destruction of his sheep. Next came the destruction of his camels. Next came the death of his children. Next came the cluster of carbuncles. Next came the impertinent philosophizing of Zophar and Bildad and Eliphaz. Next came the clatter of his termagant spouse. Trouble after trouble. Flood of 1884 annex to 1883. Joel in his prophecy describes what figuratively has come upon some of you, when he says, "That which the palmerworm hath left hath the locust eaten, and that which the locust hath left hath the cankerworm eaten, and that which the cankerworm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten."

Blessed be God, great and repetitious misfortune has great and repetitious mercy. The floods that rise over the top of the highest mountains have on the top of them an ark. The blackest storm clouds are buttresses for the brightest bridge of rainbow. But do not let us be unsympathetic with repetitious misfortune. Through all the channels that open before you, by the Mayor of this city and other cities, and through committees of relief, and by direct telegram to western cities, show your generosity. Do not say, "God bless them." Let us bless them ourselves before we say "God bless them." The meanest people I have ever known are full of "God bless you's."

Surely no man who has a full loaf of bread in his house will consent to eat it till he has done something to appease this woe. Some thoughtless people say: "Why don't those inhabitants get out of those places and prepare farms and homes elsewhere?" To this idiotic suggestion I oppose the remark that a calamity may not come there again in ten generations. Because two years have been scourged, it is no reason to believe that any other will be scourged. Beside that, it is impossible for vast multitudes of them to remove to other places. Beside that, all rivers are liable to overflow. Do you say, "Go, then, away from all the rivers and seek the uplands?" I reply then the farm may be scourged with drought or eaten up of grasshoppers. Better not build a barn anywhere, because it might be struck with lightning. Better not build a house anywhere lest it be unroofed of a hurricane. There is no better or safer place on earth to live than on the banks of the Ohio. Let the people stay there, and let us by outrushing charities from all parts of the land make it possible for them to stay there. "But," you say, "I helped them last year, and I can't always be helping them." So God fed you last year, and the year before, and the year before that, and if the Lord should drop you next year because He helped you this year, your earthly residence would be very much abbreviated.

Beside that, it would be well to get

A DIVINE INSURANCE

for ourselves. You know the Tontine plan in many of the insurance companies by which, in consideration of the payment of a certain amount of premium annually, at the end of ten, fifteen, or twenty years the amount of the policy is paid back to the man himself, and so it differs from ordinary insurance, which pays the amount after death to one's survivors. But I have a divine insurance policy on an improved Tontine plan, which makes that which you pay in charity a premium to be returned to you at any time you need it. Psalms 41 : 1 : "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

How soon we may need that Tontine policy paid to us I know not. People who have lived in larger houses than we live in have, through the misfortunes of life, come to be homeless, and I have known men who were puzzled about what investments they should make after a while not able to get fifteen cents for a dinner in a cheap restaurant. All other insurance companies, with their millions of capital, might give way, but God will never become poor, and the banks of heaven will never suspend payment, and an insurance backed up by all the resources of the universe and all infinity will never fail to meet its obligation.

The floods may whelm thousands of millions of property, the farms and the cities, but concerning the love of God we are assured, "Many waters cannot quench, many floods cannot drown it." And the tides of destruction shall stand back at the promise, "Surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him." All the forces of nature shall become our coadjutors, and the wild waters instead of crying out in objurgation against us will, at God's behest, help celebrate our victory as He commands: "Let the sea roar and the fulness thereof, and let the floods clap their hand."

A Letter Worth $44,000 was Recently Produced in a Maryland court. The recipient of the letter was the plaintiff in a suit which has been decided in the Court of Appeals at Westminster, Md. Mrs. Eliza Ann Byers claimed $40,000 from the estate of the late J. Henry Hoppe, which the executors refused. Her claim was based on a letter from Mr. Hoppe, by whom she had been reared from childhood, which terminated with the words, "And, Ann, after my death you are to have $40,000. This you are to have, will or no will. Take care of this letter until my death." The claimant will now have two years' interest on her legacy, so that the letter is worth just $44,800 to her. The lady showed her prudence in attending to the injunctions of the gentleman, whose adopted child she was. Those who trust in God's Word will receive a still more precious and enduring inheritance, and they will not have to sue for it. God will honor His own promise (Heb. 10 : 23).

An Undesirable Immigrant from Ireland was last week returned to that country. His name was Hugh Wallace, his age forty-five, and he arrived on February 10th by the White Star Steamship Republic. He informed the Immigration Commissioners that he was an inmate of the Union Work-house at Cootehill, County Cavan, for about twenty years. A government official named Dooly told him that he would have to go to America, and gave him a passage ticket and ten shillings. Wallace is totally blind in one eye, and can see but little with the other, and is unable to maintain himself. As the man was likely to be a public burden, he was sent back to his native land. That course was in conformity with our arrangements with the British Government, which has no right to pay the expenses here of people unable to maintain themselves. The would-be immigrant is thus placed in a humiliating position between the government anxious to be rid of him and the government refusing to receive him. Happily for him and others he need not be in such a position in reference to his eternal future. It is the boast of the Christian religion that even the vilest and the most helpless are welcome, if they repent and believe (Luke 14 : 21).

THE FUTURE ANTICHRIST.

By Frederick Brodie.

IN Daniel 9 : 27, a portion of Israel make a covenant with the Antichrist, and things go on fairly enough under it until the middle of the week, when he seems to break through it with violence, and cause all to worship him, and then it would seem that persecutions and martyrdoms begin to take place.

The Apostle John in Revelation 13 sees a wild beast rise from the sea, a very different word to that translated beast in chapter 4, and here especially meaning a beast of prey. It comes up from the sea, that symbol for all anarchy and confusion of men. Out of such a tumultuous concourse comes Antichrist.

So confident are they who make a covenant with him that they even defy God, and, as seen in chapter 17 : 14, are overcome. He has power to continue or make war, or as the Sinaitic version has it, to do what he will, as it is written in Dan. 11 : 36, for forty-two months or three years and a half; these are the last three years and a half of the Tribulation. He rises up at the very commencement of it, for he makes a seven years' covenant with the tribes in Jerusalem, but only when he gets this supreme Satanic power has he power to kill the two witnesses in chapter 11 : 7. The reason why he blasphemes God and them that dwell in heaven is shown in II Thess. 2 : 4, for there we read that this one "opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God," and that he "sitteth in the Temple of God, showing himself that he is God." The dwellers on the earth (or in the land) are seen now to worship the Antichrist, all except the sealed ones whose names are written in the book of life. This book is referred to in Dan. 12 : 1, where speaking of the great tribulation it is written, "*at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found* written in the book." This power of the Antichrist continues a time, times and a half, or 1260 days, as in the following verse 7, which further states, that then the Lord "*will have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people,*" as also is written in Deut. 22 : 36, and when this takes place the Lord will Himself descend and restore His ancient people to a power and position that they never have before experienced.

The second wild beast of Rev. 13 seems to be the Satanic imitation of the Holy Ghost, leading souls of men to worship the first wild beast, and therefore to rank idolatry. It is seen "to come up out of the earth" as though this would indicate that its origin was from the more organized or most probably from the ecclesiastical authorities on the earth, and not from democratic anarchy. This wild-beast must be looked upon not so much as a person as a spiritual influence, and this is borne out by chapter 17 : 13, where the ten kingly powers have one mind to give their power and strength to this second wild beast, or their whole influence. These kingly powers are seen on the head of the first beast as crowned horns. They are doubtless the resuscitation of the old Roman Empire under the leadership of Antichrist, which is seen in chapter 17 fully symbolized, and is now in spirit on the earth in the shape of the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. This great masterpiece of the devil still remains up to this period, and is carried on by the Antichrist himself, until he breaks the covenant with the Jew in the midst of the week, and then is worshipped himself as God, and all ecclesiasticism is forever abolished.

The Third Vial of Revelation 16, results in bloodshed instead of wormwood bitterness as under the Third Trumpet. This is evidently the judgment of that ecclesiastical portion of Babylon of chapter 17 : 16, when the idolatry of the Antichrist is set up, and that which up to this time had retained a certain form of godliness is forever cast down. Babylon in fact tramples upon its own Babylonian worship, and idolatry commences. The reference of verse 6, "for they have shed the blood of saints," has evident allusion to chapter 17 : 6, and Isa. 49 : 26, and now the righteous judgment of God will "*reward her double, unto her double according to her works.*"

Antichristian dominancy lasts until the end, and is only extinguished by the destruction of Antichrist by the Lamb, whose title in Rev. 17 is also mentioned in Deut. 10 : 17. The war there mentioned is that of chapter 19 : 19, where the Lord and His armies come down from heaven; it is also the same as the Armageddon battle, which is spoken of in the identifying terms, of "*the battle of that great day of God Almighty.*"

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

An Actor's Confession.—Mr. Maughan, an Indefatigable town missionary in Glasgow, said at a recent meeting: "An actor once told me that since his conversion to Christ, nine years before, he had never entered a theatre. One of his old friends asked him, 'Why! do you never visit the theatre?' 'No,' he answered, 'and never will. I thank God that I am changed, "old things have passed away, all things have become new." With my altered views of things, it would be impossible for me to be a Christian and an actor.' This declaration should be a sufficient reply to those Christians who ask, 'Is it right to go to the theatre?' How would they like to *die* in a theatre?"

A Graduate of the Billiard-Room.—Mr. Oatts related: "Some terribly real tragedies are being enacted daily in our midst. A lady called upon me yesterday about her son. He was in a situation where his master gave him great liberty. He spent sometimes as many as two or three hours during the day in a billiard-room, and every night he was there till between twelve and one o'clock. The mother, with a breaking heart, told me this, and asked if I could do anything to find out where he now was, as he had gone from home, and she had not heard from him for more than a year, and is in an agony of suspense about him, fearing the worst. Her heart is like David's when he bemoaned the awful fate of Absalom." Employers should look after their servants, and not leave them without friendly counsel and help. More especially is it the duty of Christian employers to inquire into the habits of their young men and to encourage them in every good thing.

The Value of Good Friendships.—Mr. Oatts, speaking on the great benefit which fellowship-meetings are to young men, recently said: "If it had not been for the influence of one of these meetings, more than twenty years ago, it is not probable, according to human calculation, that I would have been engaged in Christian work today. I had a letter from a gentleman in Colombo, last Monday, in which he says that when he came to Glasgow, a Christian worker took him by the hand, and introduced him to a fellowship-meeting, where he formed friendships which resulted in his finding Jesus, the best of friends, and moulded his life into the paths of Christian usefulness. Business called him to Colombo, and there he has started a 'Young Men's Christian Association,' which has become so strong that it has begun to publish a paper for young men. The first number came to hand by the last mail, and it certainly gives much promise of being very useful."

A Memorable Watchnight.—Mr. Mathews said: "The Wesleyans have held for many years a Watchnight service to bring in the new year. A Jew who had confessed Christ joined that body, and thought he would like to go to the Watchnight meeting. His wife, being a Jewess, was against his going; but he went, and stayed till half-past twelve, and got home early in the morning. The wife was angry, and said, 'Where have you been till this hour? if you were a good Christian you would have been home like a good husband long before this.' He replied, 'I have been at the Watchnight meeting.' 'Watch meeting! What have you been watching?' 'I can't explain it to you, but when God gives you light you will understand it. It is a good many years since we were married, but we have never had family-worship. Let us begin the New Year with prayer.' He at once fell on his knees. She did not kneel with him, but as he went on in prayer she knelt, and when he rose she still remained in the position of a suppliant. The wife had there and then surrendered herself to the Lord as her Saviour, and lived to testify for Him."

A Victim of Dishonest Greed.—Mr. Garrioch related: "Some years ago a magnificent East Indiaman was wrecked on the British coast, but all the crew were saved with the exception of one sailor. This man knew that one of the ship's mates had about three hundred gold sovereigns stowed away in his chest, and as the vessel was fast settling down, he thought, 'If I can get these sovereigns they are mine.' He went down to the cabin to execute his avaricious wish, and stole the money. Putting it into a handkerchief, he tied it round his waist. When he got on deck again, the last boat, heavily freighted with precious lives, had pushed away from the sinking ship, and was a short distance off. The man's only chance, therefore, was to jump for the boat. Bracing himself up, he made a desperate spring, but, alas! fell short, and sank like a piece of lead to the bottom, with the weight of the money from the mate's cabin. His sin had found him out. One sin of any sort is quite enough to sink any man."

A Procrastinating Centenarian.—Mr. John Thomson related: "I was in North Shields one day, and was struck by the very aged appearance of a woman I met. In the course of our conversation I remarked, 'You appear to be very old.' 'Yes, sir,' she promptly replied. 'I shall be one hundred and five years next birthday.' 'I trust you have made full preparations for eternity?' When she told me her age, there was an accent of gratified pride in her voice which rather amused me, but as she replied to my last query her tones were changed into an angry snarl. She declared, 'There is time enough for that'—the very words which are used by girls in their teens when Christians press upon them the need of having Christ in their hearts to guide and to help them through the dangers of the world. It saddened me to think of the answer, coming from one who had reached such an advanced age. God says, 'Now is the accepted time.' The devil whispers, 'There is time enough for that.'"

Waifs and Strays in the Colonies.—The Rev. Mr. Duff said: "We have great need to pray for our young men in the Colonies. Shortly after I landed in Melbourne I met a young man in the street whose appearance showed me most clearly that he was not doing well. At first, I did not know him, but on closer examination I recognized him as a fellow-student with me in my college days. After mutual inquiries as to friends, and so on, I asked, 'What are you doing now?' He sadly answered, 'I am utility man in the theatre.' Some time afterward, in the streets of Sydney, I was stopped by a young man whose face was very winning, but whose clothing was very, very poor. It was the old story; he wanted help. He belonged to Glasgow, and had come out to better himself; but instead of doing so by spending laborious days, he had simply ruined himself by giving way to the temptations which surround young men in the Colonies, as well as in Glasgow. Both these cases, one an educated, cultured man, the other a simple working man, prove that what our young men need is the grace of God in their hearts and Christ as their Saviour and ever-present Friend."

Invited to a "Free and Easy."—Mr. Galloway related: "A friend of mine, when a little boy, was taught by his mother to bow at her knee every night, and pray. Before rising he had to repeat the verse, 'My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not' (Proverbs 1 : 10). In course of time he went to Glasgow, and entered a large warehouse, where there were a set of fast, or rather loose, men banded together to hold a

free and easy,' where smoking, drinking, and ribald or comic song-singing formed the staple of the night's enjoyment. They used every means to make him join them, first by enticements, then by jeer and laughter, till they extorted from him an unwilling promise to attend their meetings. The influence and memory of the faithful training and believing prayers of his Christian mother never left him, for on the evening he had agreed to go, as he went from his lodgings, the text rang through his mind. His mental struggles were so great that he was overcome and had to lean against a lamp-post to keep from falling. The Holy Spirit conquered; the lad turned and fled back to his lodgings and fell upon his knees in tears and prayer. It was the turning point of his life, for that very hour he dedicated himself to the service of Christ, and ultimately rose to the highest position in the city of Glasgow, and died a few years ago much respected by Christian men and women all over the country."

THE RESTORATION AND CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

By the Rev. E. J. Edgren,

Professor of Biblical Interpretation in the Morgan Park Theological Seminary.*

Prophecies Relating to Literal Israel—Some to be Saved Individually—When Israel will be Saved in the Mass—The Overthrow of Gog—Great Prophecies—Israel to Return Unconverted.

THE prophecies concerning the restoration and conversion of Israel are of vital interest. There are many prophecies with regard to this people, which cannot with any just method of interpretation be applied to spiritual Israel. There is a spiritual Israel, children of Abraham by faith, and there is much in prophecy applicable to it. But there is also

A LITERAL ISRAEL,

children of Abraham by nature, and this Israel is preserved in the world to the present day for some great purpose in the future, a purpose richly indicated in the prophetic word. Israel shall yet be converted to God. About their conversion Paul clearly states, that "a remnant shall be saved" (Rom. 9 : 27), and that hardness in part has come upon Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles come in; and so all Israel shall be saved" (Rom. 11 : 25, 26). Hence, some will be saved before that time, but not until then will Israel be saved in mass.

Of this great salvation, still in the future, even the prophets of the Old Testament evidently were directed by the Holy Spirit to write, and that very fully. See for instance, Amos 9 : 11–15; Isa. 11 : 11–16; Jer. 23 : 3–8; 30–33; Ezek. 36 : 22–38; 37 : 39. Some of these prophecies received a partial, subordinate fulfilment at the restoration from Babylon, but evidently not the ultimate fulfilment. Notice, besides the description of the condition of Israel, such expressions as, that *they shall no more be rooted out* of their land (Amos 9 : 15); strangers shall no more exact service of them (Jer. 30 : 8); they shall fear God forever, and He will not turn away from them, to do them good (Jer. 32 : 39, 40); He will no more hide His face from them (Ezek. 39 : 29). The wicked shall be judged, but Israel saved, and this in the latter days. "In the latter days ye shall consider it" (Jer. 30 : 24). Surely these prophecies have not yet been fulfilled, for even now Israel is rooted out of its land, and God has turned His face from them and they serve Him not. But the time will come, when all that is foretold shall be realized. It will be in the latter days, when the fulness of the Gentiles shall have come in.

That the prophet is writing about literal Israel, is certain from the language used. We cite from Ezekiel: "Therefore say unto the house of Israel, thus saith the Lord God: Not for your sakes do I this, ye house of Israel, but for my holy name's sake, which ye have profaned among the nations whether ye are gone. . . . And I will take you from among the nations, and gather you out of all countries, and will bring you unto your own land. And I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean. . . . And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and my judgments ye shall keep and do. And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers, and ye shall be my people, and I, even I, will be your God. . . . In the day that I shall cleanse you from all your iniquities, I will also cause you to inhabit the cities; and the ruins shall be rebuilt, and the desolate land shall be tilled, whereas it lay desolate in the sight of all that passed by. . . . And the nations that are left round about you shall know that I, the Lord, rebuilt the ruins, and plant what was desolate. I, the Lord, have spoken, and I will do it" (Ezek. 36 : 22–38).

In the following chapter this restoration is figuratively represented in a vision of the resurrection of dry bones. See the divine explanation in 5 : 11–14. In the 39th chapter, v. 22–29, we read: "And the house of Israel shall know that I am the Lord their God from that day and forward,"* *i.e.*, from the day of the overthrow of Gog and forward.

"And the nations shall know that the house of Israel went into captivity for their iniquities. . . . Now will I restore the captivity of Jacob, and have mercy upon the whole house of Israel, and I will be jealous for My holy name. And they shall bear their shame and all their trespasses whereby they have trespassed against me, when they dwell safely in their land, and none maketh afraid; when I bring them again from the peoples, and gather them out of their enemies lands, and am sanctified in them in the sight of the many nations. And they shall know that I am the Lord their God, who caused them to be led into captivity among the nations, when I shall have gathered them unto their own land, and have left none of them any more there. And I will no more hide My face from them; for I shall have poured out My Spirit upon the house of Israel, saith the Lord God." Surely the Israel of this prophecy is not spiritual but literal Israel. Here, then, we have with certainty the return to Palestine of literal Israel, and their conversion to God at

THE OVERTHROW OF GOG.

Now what is this overthrow of Gog? The conversion of Israel will take place when the fulness of the Gentiles have come in, *i.e.*, at the close of the present great missionary period. But will this be premillennial or postmillennial? Evidently the first; because Israel is thenceforward to know God and to inhabit and use their ancient land, and there shall be nations round about them, who shall know them and recognize in their history the hand of God. For all this there would scarcely be time after the millennium. Besides, it is not only highly improbable that Israel will remain unconverted during that blissful period, but certain from other Scripture that it will not be so. The overthrow of Gog, the mighty enemy of Israel, in his powerful attack upon it, must then be the destruction of Antichrist and his host, predicted in Rev. 19. Hence Gog, a term borrowed from the northern barbarian Asiatics who, in Ezekiel's time, descended from their highlands on an expedition against Egypt, here symbolizes Antichrist, as at another time Gog and Magog symbolize the final deluded rabble, a thousand years later, in its attack upon the beloved city (Rev. 20 : 8). The symbol is the same, because of the similarity, not the identity, of the foe.

There are other prophecies making mention of the overthrow or punishment of a mighty enemy, in connection with the salvation of Israel. So Joel 3. When God shall restore the captivity of Judah and Jerusalem, He will judge the hostile nations in the valley of Jehosaphat. So in Isa. 59. Paul by inspiration makes the 20th verse a prophecy of Israel's future conversion (Rom. 11 : 26). In connection with it we read that God will pour His fury upon His adversaries, and the islands, *i.e.*, distant countries, shall be recompensed. The enemy coming in like a flood, shall be driven away by the breath of Jehovah (Isa. 59 : 18–20). So also very clearly Zech. 12–14. The nations shall be gathered against Jerusalem, which shall suffer greatly; but the Lord shall fight against those nations, and the remnant of Israel shall be saved. These

GREAT PROPHECIES

are evidently parallel with one another and with Ezek. 39; then also with Rev. 19. This is further corroborated by the fact that they are all followed by some allusion to, or description of, the millennium. But from Rev. 19 and II Thess. 2 we have already seen that Christ comes personally and visibly to the destruction of Antichrist. The conversion of Israel, therefore, takes place at the visible coming of the Lord.

Since this is so, the language of prophecy regarding the salvation of Israel will naturally agree with this fact. Thus in Joel 3, "the Lord will roar out of Zion, and utter his voice from Jerusalem." In Isa. 59, "the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob." Though this prophecy may be regarded as having had an incipient fulfilment in the first coming of the Lord, yet it may, and doubtless does, refer to another by and by. In Hos. 6 : 1–3, where repentant Israel seeks God and is raised on the third day—a symbolic expression pointing to Israel's conversion—the going forth of the Lord is "certain as the morning dawn." In Ezek. 38 : 19, 20, the whole land shall shake at the presence of the Lord; the mountains shall be thrown down and the steep places fall, when He interferes to overthrow Gog. In Zech. 12–14 chapters, we also read of the presence of the Lord as actual and visible: "I will pour upon the house of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and of supplications, and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced" (12 : 10). Again: "Then shall the Lord go forth and fight against those nations, as when He fought in the day of battle. And His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east" (14 : 3, 4).

These prophecies have often been differently interpreted, but certainly the parallelism requires for them a reference to Christ's visible coming and presence at the overthrow of Antichrist, and the salvation of literal Israel. This interpretation is also perfectly natural. It is indeed difficult to see how, for instance, Zech. 14 : 4 can be interpreted otherwise, without a very doubtful spiritualizing of the text. As in Ps. 22 the piercing of the hands and feet of the suffering Messiah is a literal element in the midst of figurative language, so here, the feet of the Lord standing upon the Mount of Olives, in all probability is a literal element in a prophecy containing also highly figurative parts. Notice also the Saviour's own words while in the flesh. Just as He was to be pierced by the Jews, He mourned over Jerusalem, foretold its desolation, and added: "Ye shall not see Me henceforth till ye shall say, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord" (Matt. 23 : 39). This they will not say until they are converted. Then they shall say it.

But does not then this prophetic utterance of the Saviour most naturally combine His visible return to the earth with the conversion of Israel? In the light of prophecy, well known to the Saviour, as well as from the utterance itself the conclusion seems almost unavoidable that it does. But then *we have it from Christ's own lips that His coming will be premillennial.* How perfect the agreement of prophecy throughout! Israel shall largely return to Palestine, unconverted. There they shall witness the overthrow of the last great leader of antichristianity, see the Lord coming in glory, and say at last believing: "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." *Thus the Scripture referring to the conversion of Israel strongly points to the premillennial coming of Christ.*

* An extract from his new book entitled "Epiphaneia," published by F. H. Revell, of Chicago, 105 pages, price 75 cents.

* The Hebrew, Greek and Syriac texts express exactly the same thought here, word for word.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Total Immigration Statistics for the past year have now been published by the chief of the bureau of statistics, who reports that during December there arrived in the customs districts of Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, Huron, Minnesota, New Orleans, New York, Passamaquoddy, Philadelphia, and San Francisco 28,216 passengers, of whom 23,766 were immigrants, 3615 citizens returned from abroad, and 1053 aliens not intending to remain in the United States. The total number of immigrants at the above ports for the year 1883 was 560,196, as against 712,544 in 1882. England and Wales contributed 70,033, Ireland 63,841, Scotland 19,541, Austria 11,032, Germany 180,812, Italy 29,446, Norway 19,704, Sweden 28,034, Dominion of Canada 62,218. All other countries 65,821.

The Report of the Court of Inquiry on the Proteus disaster reflects on General Hazen and Lieutenant Garlington, who it considers are both responsible with others for the failure to relieve Lieutenant Greely. After citing several blunders which contributed to the failure, the court says: "While the foregoing grave errors and omissions are regarded as having either directly led or largely contributed to the abortive issue of the expedition, yet, as they are all deemed to have been due to the lack of a wise provision and sound judgment in the exercise of a wide administrative discretion and *unattended by any wilful neglect* or intentional dereliction of duty, the court, after mature deliberation, is of opinion that no further proceedings before a general court-martial are called for."

The Greely Relief Expedition Appropriation is at last safely through Congress. Senator Hale, last week, in an earnest speech begged the Senate to reconsider its decision to insist on its amendment, as the dispatch of the expedition was a matter of urgency. Senator Cockrell opposed the proposal that the Senate should yield, and strongly urged it to be firm, although the expedition might be delayed thereby. Happily on a vote being taken, the number for agreeing with the House was twenty-nine. *Twenty-two senators* voted for a continuance of the deadlock. Captain W. A. Kirkland has been selected to command the Greely Relief Expedition. He has been examined by the Naval Medical Board as to his physical fitness to go on the expedition. He was found to be sound, with the exception of a slight rheumatic affection in one of his arms. It is thought that his slight disability will not interfere with his being assigned to the command of the expedition. Twelve line officers will be needed, six for each vessel. As was expected, the caution of the Senate was wholly unnecessary, as five times the number of men needed have already volunteered to go.

Ex-Speaker Keifer's Accusation against General H. V. Boynton, of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, has been referred to a special committee of the House, General Boynton having asked for an investigation. Mr. Keifer's charge is that while he was Speaker, General Boynton approached him with a corrupt proposal. The committee met for the first time on February 16th, when Mr. Keifer, who was represented by counsel, begged for delay. He said the witnesses he intended to produce resided in various States, and were not ready to give evidence. The chairman pointed out to Mr. Keifer that his request was unreasonable, as several weeks had elapsed since the charge was made, during which the evidence, if any exists, could have been collected. Also that the matter was not one that ought to be delayed, as, if Mr. Keifer had told the truth, General Boynton ought not to remain in the gallery another day. Nevertheless, as the ex-Speaker was not ready to proceed, an adjournment for a few days was ordered. General Boynton declares that he can prove his innocence beyond a doubt, and is anxious that there should be no delay. It is obvious that the investigation ought to be prompt and most thorough, as the question involved affects the honor of the press. It may be hoped that the committee will proceed in such a way as to leave no doubt on the public mind as to the truth or falsity of ex-Speaker Keifer's accusation.

The Rumors in Circulation as to the Critical state of General Grant's health since his accident in the winter are dispelled by an announcement in last week's *Medical News*, which states authoritatively that General Grant is doing very well, although his recovery from the effects of his fall has been delayed by an intercurrent rheumatism, affecting first the uninjured limb and then flying about to various regions. He walks about the house on crutches, and is waiting only for pleasant weather to go out.

The Constitutionality of the Nashville Sunday law has been declared by the Supreme Court. In deciding the test cases submitted to it, the court said: "To preserve the quiet and peace of a city or town on the recognized Sabbath of the people of the United States is a legitimate object to be consummated by the governing body of a city in such appropriate manner as shall serve the end, and when the power is granted its exercise by that body is a legitimate exercise of legislative power."

The Floods Caused Severe Suffering Last week in the afflicted cities. In Cincinnati on Wednesday the water-gauge registered over seventy feet, *the highest point reached in a hundred years.* Six thousand people were sleeping in the school-houses, and nearly a thousand relief boats plied in the submerged streets carrying provisions and fuel to people imprisoned in the upper stories of their dwellings. The following graphic description of scenes in the neighborhood was telegraphed on Thursday by a correspondent of the *Times:* "Bad as the situation is in Cincinnati and its suburbs, it is slight compared to that in some of the smaller river towns. The tow-boat Kate Waters began yesterday to make daily trips to up-river points. Between here and Maysville there are a dozen towns that are in the greatest extremity. The river had been closed for several weeks by ice, and supplies had run low. Many families when they fled to the hills had nothing in the way of food to carry with them except potatoes. These they have roasted in the fires they have kept burning when rain was not falling. There is a little town called Neville, where the Kate Waters found *only a few roofs and the steeple of a church out of water.* At Point Pleasant were two houses that were not inundated; one of these was the birthplace of General Grant. The water was all around the house and the cellar was full. At California, Augusta, Higginsport, and Ripley a like condition of things was found. Farm-houses along the banks were also flooded. One isolated house was seen with the occupants *standing on the roof.*. A skiff was going to their rescue from the shore. It was learned that they had been living in the second story, which the flood had invaded during the night. The man of the house cut a hole through the roof and lifted his wife and six children and the family dog up through it. Then he handed up some articles which they specially valued, and clambered up through the hole himself. There they had been for several hours waiting for some one to come to their rescue. The people on the hills were in a dreadful plight; their only protection from the storm was rude tents made with blankets." From Jeffersonville, Ind., Scranton, Pa., Wilkesbarre, Pa., Louisville, Ky., Wheeling, W. Va., come heartrending reports of suffering, and in some places there has been loss of life from falling buildings. On Saturday morning there was a general report from all quarters that the flood was stationary, and during the day came the welcome intelligence that it was slowly falling. On Monday a further improvement was reported in the Ohio valley, but in the Indiana and Kentucky towns the water was rising.

An Appropriation for the Relief of the Sufferers by the floods in the Ohio Valley was granted by Congress on February 12th. The sum of three hundred thousand dollars was appropriated by an almost unanimous vote of the House, and the bill passed the Senate immediately after. Mr. Follett, speaking for the Appropriations Committee, said a bill for an additional sum would be offered if necessary. The Secretary of War immediately took active measures to carry out the wishes of Congress. Orders were issued for General Amos Beckwith, Assistant Commissary General, stationed at St. Louis, to proceed to Cincinnati, where he has general charge of the distribution of supplies. He will establish headquarters at Cincinnati and act directly under orders from the Secretary of War. Orders were also issued for the purchase of supplies, and the charter of a sufficient number of boats to distribute them at places where they are most needed. It has also been arranged that an officer of the army shall accompany each boat and superintend the issue of supplies. The general plan of relief determined upon is the same as that pursued in affording relief to the sufferers from the overflow of the Mississippi River last year. On Friday another grant of $200,000 was made and promptly signed by the President. A telegram received from Cincinnati says that the Secretary of War had done grandly in the matter; that red tape, whose interference had been feared, had been all cut up and thrown away; that the cold weather, though better than rain, had increased the distress; that neither pen nor imagination could sufficiently describe the sufferings of the people. Beside the appropriations of Congress large sums have been raised for relief in New York and other cities. *Miss Clara Barton*, of the Red Cross Society, has gone to Cincinnati to assist in the work of distributing relief.

The Copies of "Thy Healer," Ordered by our subscribers, we are still unable to send. From some cause, as yet unexplained, no copies have been received from the London office of the new periodical. They will be forwarded to subscribers immediately on their arrival, and we trust they will excuse the delay, for which we are not responsible.

The Aims of Socialists and Communists were declared at a meeting held in Irving Hall, New York, on February 10th. It was called by the International Working Men's Association to express approval of the recent murders in Vienna. The room was decorated with a large red flag on which was inscribed the motto, "*No God, no Master.*" Herr Most and other speakers addressed the audience, which numbered about a thousand persons. A number of resolutions were passed applauding the conduct of the Vienna assassins, whom the association thus addressed: "Brothers, your cause is that of the oppressed against the oppressor. That cause is a holy cause—the cause not only of Austria but of all countries. Brothers, we approve your action; we approve your methods. Between you and your oppressors there can be no truce. Kill, destroy, annihilate, assassinate, even to the germ of your aristocracy."

Mormon Preachers are Making Dupes in the South in spite of the efforts of Christian preachers and teachers to enlighten the people on the true character of Mormonism. A party of emigrants from North Carolina started for Utah on February 14th, under the guidance of a so-called Mormon "apostle." A journalist on the same train entered into conversation with the travellers with the view of ascertaining how they had been duped. His account of the conversation discloses the Mormon methods. The fertility of Utah, the beauties of the co-operative system, and the mutual aids which the church promises its members are held out, while never a word is said of polygamy except to denounce Gentile misrepresentations. Thus people are induced to emigrate rather than to change faith, and it is only when under the thumb of the Council of Seventy that they realize themselves to be but serfs of the Mormon priesthood.

Anniversary Services were Held at the Cremorne Mission, New York, conducted by Jerry McAuley, on Sunday, February 10th. Mr. McAuley, though evidently suffering, was present, and took part in the evening meeting. Dr. Alexander and Dr. Cullis, of Boston, also delivered addresses. Many testimonies were given of the good the mission is effecting, and an appeal was made for assistance in carrying on and extending the work this year.

The Increasing Prosperity of Princeton College is a source of general gratification. At the meeting of trustees last week Dr. McCosh stated that an effort is being made to erect a building for the accommodation of the art school, at an expense of $40,000, to enable work in that department to begin in September. The plan devised by the Committee of Eastern Colleges for avoiding excesses in intercollegiate athletics was laid before the board and adopted, with a statement that Harvard had done likewise. The president announced that a number of lectures would be delivered in the college this year on pedagogics, with a view of training teachers. He reported that the college was in a very quiet state, there being a good amount of study and much religious feeling.

The New "People's Church" in Boston, Mass., has been formally dedicated by eight days' services, which commenced on Sunday, February 10th. It has been built mainly through the efforts of the Rev. J. W. Hamilton, a Methodist clergyman, but his object was to make it distinctively an undenominational church for the people. The money required has been collected all in small sums and chiefly in the New England States. The corner-stone was laid in 1877, when Mr. D. L. Moody, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D., of the Episcopal Church, and Dr. Manning, of the Congregational Church, took part in the ceremony. The interior of the church differs from the ordinary house of worship. Instead of pews, it has single folding chairs, provided with hat and umbrella racks, arranged in a semi-circular form on a gradually sloping floor. The church itself seats twenty-five hundred people; and the chapel, which can be thrown open so as to make one large hall, seats seven hundred and fifty more, thus giving a total seating capacity of three thousand two hundred and twenty. The edifice contains a window in memory of the pastor's wife, given by the women of Boston. Mrs. Hamilton died about a year ago. This is the people's church in name and in fact. No pew system of any kind exists. All seats are free.

Rev. George F. Pentecost has Accepted an invitation from Mr. D. L. Moody to assist him in his campaign in England, and intends to sail early next month. On receiving Mr. Moody's invitation Mr. Pentecost summoned a meeting of his church in Tompkins Avenue, Brooklyn, at which he read Mr. Moody's letter, and said if the call had come to him at a time when free from the obligations and duties of a settled pastorate he would have instantly accepted it and taken the next steamer to England. In view, however, of his relations to his church, the importance of which he fully realized, he felt his inability to determine what he should do, and had decided, after prayerful consideration of the subject and a conference with the members of the Boards of Trustees and Deacons, to lay the matter before the church, and whatever its decisions might be it would be accepted by him as an indication of the Lord's will. The church by resolution advised the pastor to accept the call, and recommended that Mr. Stebbins, the precentor of the church, should accompany him. Some surprise has been expressed at Mr. Moody's request, as it was understood that the English ministers were rendering him hearty and cordial assistance in his work.

The Church Porch is the Title of a Useful association organized in connection with Harvard Church, Brookline, Mass., of which the Rev. Reuen Thomas is pastor. The object of the association is to promote Christian discipleship among the young. The membership consists of three classes—active, associate, and honorary. Active members are those who take part in the devotional meetings. Associate members are those who engage to attend regularly the devotional and social meetings of the society. Honorary members are those adults who wish to identify themselves with the society without taking part. The following simple formula signed by each member well defines the aim and scope of the society: "Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I purpose to try to do whatever He would like to have me do. I will pray to Him, and read the Bible every day, and henceforth I will try to be His disciple." The association is doing a useful work among the young people of the church and the city.

A Sad Affliction has Befallen the Singing Pilgrim, Mr. Philip Phillips and his wife, who are mourning over the very serious illness of their son James, who is gradually but surely sinking toward the grave. He is graciously sustained by divine power, and is full of good cheer. His father has cancelled all engagements, and gives himself entirely to caring for his boy. James has been the constant companion of Mr. Phillips for several years, and has helped him in sacred services in all parts of the world. His pastor, J. A. Kummer, writes: "He is a fine Christian young man, and is fully ready to depart and be with his Lord."

Christian Work in the Rigging of a Wrecked ship. Mr. F. H. Tibbetts, one of the survivors of the City of Columbus disaster, relates the following incident of a "stout man" near him in the rigging who was terribly afraid to die: "I told him to pray, but he said he couldn't. I told him that there was little chance for life, and he should take the opportunity to make his peace with God. I prayed with him and he did so, and said he felt better. A young man near me was in great mental distress. He told me he didn't know how to pray and couldn't, he had led such a wicked life. At last he said: 'I will not go before my Maker with a pack of cards in my pocket,' and he threw his cards overboard, but he perished with the wreck."

KNOWLEDGE, WORSHIP, GRATITUDE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"So that they are without excuse: because that, when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful."—ROMANS I: 20, 21.

Knowledge not Invariably a Blessing—Does not Justify Boasting—To be Desired Nevertheless—Two Forms of Atheism—I. Knowing God without Glorifying Him—Not Tracing Their Good Things to Him—A Farmer's Idea of Providence—No Sense of Obligation—No Worship—No Recognition of His Omnipresence—Do not Trust Him—II. Not Thankful—For Mercies Possessed—Coveting Other Mercies—A Singing Minister—III. The Result—Falling into Vain Imaginings—IV. Fly from the Sins.

THOSE who boast of their knowledge betray their ignorance. Knowledge is not a possession to be proud of, since it brings with it so great a responsibility that a nurse might as well be proud of watching over a life in peril. Knowledge may become good or ill according to the use which is made of it. If men know God, for instance, and then glorify Him as God, and are thankful, their knowledge has become the means of great blessing to them; but if they know God, and fail to glorify Him, their knowledge turns to their condemnation. Our Saviour could plead for some, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." But what plea is to be used for

THOSE WHO KNOW

what they do, and yet do evil; who know what they ought to do, and do it not? Accursed is that man who heaps to himself knowledge till he becomes wise as Solomon, and then prostitutes it to base ends by using it to aggrandize his wealth, to pamper his appetites, to bolster his unbelief, or to conceal his vices. A man may by knowing more become all the more a devil. His growing information may only increase his condemnation.

It is clear, then, that knowledge is not a possession of such unmingled good that we may grow vain of it; better far will it be if the more we know the more we watch and pray. Go on and read, young man. Go on and study with the utmost diligence. The more of knowledge you can acquire the better; but take care that you do not, like Sardanapalus, heap up your treasures to be your own funeral pile. Do not by a rebellious pride curdle the sweet milk of knowledge, and sour your precious blessing into an awful curse. It is soon done, but not so soon undone.

It was the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil the eating of which brought all this evil upon us which ye see this day. Ye may eat of that tree still, if so it please you; but if ye taste not of the tree of life at the same time, your knowledge shall only open to you the gates of hell. Knowledge of itself alone is as land which may either become a blooming garden or a howling wilderness. It is a sea out of which you shall bring pearls or dead men's bones. Life and death, heaven and hell, are here; if it was said of old, "Take heed what you hear," I also will say, "Take heed what you know."

The people mentioned by Paul in our text fell into two great evils, or rather into two forms of one great evil—atheism; the atheism of the heart, and the atheism of the life. They knew God, but they glorified Him not as God, neither were they thankful.

We will first consider *the first sin mentioned here*, and then *the second*. I shall not look at these two evils as if you were Romans, but I shall adapt the text to your own case, and speak of these sins, as Englishmen are too apt to commit them. Thirdly, *let us view the consequences*, or, what comes of men not glorifying God, and not being thankful. Then, fourthly, *let us fly from these sins immediately, God helping us.* O Holy Spirit, help the preacher now, for all his help is in Thee!

I. At once, then, let us look at this first sin, a sin very common in these days. They knew God, but

THEY GLORIFIED HIM NOT

as God. Even in old Rome, with all its darkness, there was some knowledge of God; how can the creature quite forget its Creator? Of course the people had not that spiritual knowledge which the Holy Ghost communicates to the renewed in heart, for the carnal mind cannot know God spiritually; its fleshly ideas cannot come near to His holy spirituality. But Paul means that they perceived the eternal power and Godhead of the Great Former of all things; and they might have perceived much more of His divine character and glory if their foolish hearts had not been darkened by their evil passions. When you go among the heathen, whether they are Pantheists or Polytheists, or whatever they may be, there is still a notion in the background of all their mythology of some one great superior being, elevated above those whom they call gods, some serenely just father, preserver, avenger, and rewarder of men.

Some among the heathen no doubt attained to a very considerable knowledge of God, or at least they walked upon the borders of marvellous discoveries of the Godhead. We are greatly surprised at the language of Socrates, and Plato, and Seneca, and others; such men have lately been held up as patterns; but if their lives are studied, they will be found to be sadly defaced with what Paul fitly calls "vile affections." These were wise men, but the world by wisdom knew not God; they were great thinkers, but a clear revelation of God was not in all their thoughts. They did not like to retain God in their knowledge, and so they remained steeped in loathsome vice which we dare not mention, for it is a shame even to speak of the things which were done of the most enlightened of them in secret. They had knowledge, but they forgot its responsibilities; they knew God, but they glorified Him not as God, neither were they thankful.

We may now let all the heathen go, for it is more true of us than it is of them, that we know God. We know God, but I am afraid that there are many thousands and millions of our fellow-creatures who glorify Him not as God; let us see to it that we do not ourselves belong to the unhappy number. Those do not glorify God as God *who do not trace all their good things to God.* "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above," but many ungrateful hearts forget this truth, and receive the blessings of this life with dumb mouths and cold hearts. In the old time there were those who traced everything they saw to what they called "Chance;" that misformed deity has been laid aside, and on its pedestal men have set up another

IDOL KNOWN AS "NATURE."

Nowadays swarms of people attribute everything that is great and wonderful to "nature"—they talk forever of "the beauties of nature" "the grandeur of Nature," "the laws of Nature;" but God is as little spoken of as if He were not alive. As to laws of nature, these occupy with moderns much the same place as the deities of Olympus with the ancients. What are laws of nature but the ordinary ways in which God works? I know of no other definition of them. But these people attribute to them a sort of power apart from the presence of the Creator.

One standing up in the street, venting his infidelity, said that we could not do better on Sunday than go abroad and worship nature. There was nothing that was so refining and elevating to the mind as nature. Nature did everything. A Christian man in the crowd ventured to ask, "What is nature?" And the gentleman said, "Well, nature—well—it is nature. Don't you know what it is? It is nature." No further definition was forthcoming; I fear the term is only useful as enabling men to talk of creation without being compelled to mention the Creator.

I find nowadays that people talk about "Providence," and yet discard God. Among the vulgar and the ungodly this is another subterfuge to avoid the ascribing of their blessings to the Giver of them. A farmer, whose crops had failed a second time, was consoled by a clergyman, because he suffered from the hand of Providence. "Yes," said he, "that Providence is always treating me shamefully; but *there's one above that will stop him.*" The poor soul had heard of Providence till he thought it an evil power, and hoped that the good God would curb its mischievous influence. This comes of not speaking plainly of God. For what is Providence? Can there be such a thing without the constant working of the Great Provider?

Men talk of "Foresight." But is there any foresight without an eye? Is there not some living eye that is watching for our good, some living hand that is following up the eye, and providing for our needs? Man does not like to think of his God. He wants to get away into a far country, away from God his Father; and he will adopt any sort of phrase which will help him to clear his language of all trace of God. The heathen often attributed their prosperity to "fortune;" some of them talked of "chance;" others discoursed of "fate." Anything is to man's taste rather than blessing the great Father, and adoring the one God. If they prospered, they were "lucky;" this was instead of gratitude to God. They looked into the almanac to find lucky days; this instead of faith in the Most High. Have we not some now who bless their good luck, and still talk about their fortunate stars? God whom they know they do not honor as God. Yes, and we have among us men who talk neither of "fortune" nor of "nature," but of themselves. They are styled "self-made men," and they are very prone to

WORSHIP THE GREAT SELF

who made them; they are never backward in that cult. Their adoration of themselves is constant, reverent, and sincere. "Self-made men," indeed! Infinitely better is it to be a God-made man. Justice makes a black mark against those who do not ascribe their good things to God, from whom they flow.

But we can also commit that sin, in the next sense, *by not feeling any obligation laid upon us through partaking of the divine bounty.* Are there not many rich men to whom it never occurs to feel bound to serve the Lord who gave them power to get wealth? Are there not many healthy persons, sound of limb, and strong in constitution, who yet do not praise the God who has kept them from sickness and death? Are we any of us sufficiently grateful for our talents, our faculties, our friends, our daily provisions? Do we not all receive a large amount of blessing for which we do not render praise to God? The fact is that every mercy brings an obligation with it, and we that receive most ought to render most; for we receive nothing from God without being thereby naturally and of right laid under bonds to return to Him the glory due unto His name. We are tenants, whose rent is to be paid in service and praise.

Many may be met with who know God, but never glorify Him as God, because they never adore Him, and worship Him, with the love of their hearts. They go to church or to some place of worship regularly, and sing psalms and hymns, and they may even have family-prayer at home; but their heart has never adored the living God with living love. Their worship has a name to live, but it is dead. They present to the Lord all the external harvest of worship, but the corn is gone, only the straw and the husk are there. And what is the value of your

HUSKY PRAYERS?

your prayers without a kernel, made up of the straw of words, and the chaff of formality? What is the value of professions of loyalty from a rebel? What is the worth of professed friendship to God when your heart is at enmity against Him? O my brethren, if we accept Jehovah as the living God, let us give Him the utmost love of our souls. Will you call a man brother, and then treat him like a dog? Dare you call God your God, and then act toward Him as though He were not worthy of a thought?

There is another way of not glorifying God as God, and that is by *never recognizing His omnipresence.* Have we not among us those who on Sunday feel some kind of reverence of God, but during the six days of the week are godless? When they are in a place of worship they have some sense of God's being there; if they do not fear and tremble, yet they behave with decency and respect; but in other places they dare to act as if they were out of range of God. Do they fancy that God is not in that serect chamber where they follow out their passions? The skies are the roof of His temple, and beneath God's blue sky we ought not to find a place to sin in. Nowhere in time is there space for evil, nor in the universe is there room for sin. Yet, alas! how few recognize, "Thou God seest me," as being a death-blow to sin? "They know God, but they glorify Him not as God," but think that He is absent either in person or in mind, and that in some secret places they can hide away from Him, and with impunity follow their own desires.

There are some others who know God, who fail to glorify Him as God, because

THEY DO NOT TRUST HIM.

In revelation God has presented Himself as the object of trust to His creatures, and He has promised that all who trust in Him shall be forgiven their transgressions through the atonement of His Son, Jesus Christ. When proud man replies, "No, I shall trust in myself, trust in my own works, trust in my own prayers, but I shall not trust in Christ," then he knows God, but he glorifies Him not as God, and when he perishes he will be without excuse. What kind of God is that whom we will not trust? How do we honor Him when we refuse to believe Him? Do we accept His Godhead, and yet refuse His mercy? This cannot be.

The counts are many against men, but this one more must be mentioned—many know God, but they never glorify Him as God by submitting themselves to Him, and yielding up their members to be instruments of His glory. If I glorify God as God, then I desire to obey God's commandments, to spread His glory, to magnify His name. I desire in all things to please Him, if indeed I treat Him as God should be treated. What enthusiasm ought to be kindled in our breasts by the belief that we are God's servants! "I am Thy servant," is our happy claim, our honored challenge. This it is that makes a man of a man, and something more than man. Oh, to learn this lesson, and to practise it! To glorify God as God will make us akin to angels! Even you Christians may feel that this is much beyond you yet, but toward it you must ever fly. I shrink before my Lord in speaking of Him, but I desire what I have not yet attained—that I may truly glorify Him as my Lord and my God.

II. Now we come to consider the second sin. May the word which I may have to say about it be blessed to many of my hearers by the power of the Holy Spirit! The second sin is

"NEITHER WERE THANKFUL."

Did you know, dear friends, that unthankfulness was such a sin as this? Have you ever thought of it in this light before—that men were without excuse because when they knew God they were not thankful? Unthankfulness is a sin for which there is no excuse if it be attended with knowledge. I fear there are thousands who *call* themselves Christians, who are not thankful, and yet they never thought themselves very guilty on that account. Yet you see these sinners were without excuse, because they were guilty of a great sin before God, and that sin was unthankfulness. I tremble both for myself and you when I see want of thankfulness thus set in the front rank of sins. How is it that we may be unthankful?

I answer, first, *there is in some a want of gratitude for mercies possessed.* They receive many blessings without making a note of them, or even seeming to know that they have them. Their daily mercies seem to come in always at the back door, where the servants take them in,

and never tell their master or mistress that they have arrived. They never receive their mercies at the front door with grateful acknowledgments; but they still continue dumb debtors, daily owing more, but making no attempt at a return. Many professors are of that kind—recipients of countless mercies, but destitute of such common thankfulness as even beasts might manifest.

Some show this unthankfulness in another way, for *they always dwell most on what they have not got.* They have manna, and that is angels' food; but then they have no fish, and this is a ready theme for grumbling. They talk very loudly of "the fish we did eat in Egypt," and lament those ample feasts provided by the muddy Nile. Moreover, they have none of those delightful vegetables—the leeks, and the garlic, and the onions. They have none of these rank luxuries, and therefore again they murmur, and call the manna "light bread." They put this complaint over and over again to Moses, till Moses must have been *sick of them and their garlic.* They said that they could not get leeks, and cucumbers, and onions, and that they were therefore most hardly done by, and would not much longer put up with it. Thankless rebels!

And have I not known some of God's servants say that they enjoy much of the presence of their Lord, but they have no riches; and so they are not among the favored ones. Over their poverty they fetch a deep groan. Some live in the presence of God, so they tell us, and they are full of divine delights, but yet they are greatly afflicted with aches and pains, and all the dolors of rheumatism, and therefore they murmur. I admit that rheumatism is a dreadful pain enough, but at the same time to dwell always on the dark side of things, and to forget our mercies, is a sad instance of ingratitude. We are few of us as thankful as we ought to be; and there are some people who are not thankful at all, for instead of a song concerning their mercies, their life is one long dirge for their miseries.

Some show their unthankfulness by

FRETTING

under their supposed ills. They know from Scripture that even their afflictions are working for their good, yet they do not rejoice in the prospect, or feel any gratitude for the refining process through which the Lord is passing them. Heaven and perfection are left unsung, but the present processes are groaned over without ceasing. Their monotonous note is always this pain, this loss, this burden, this uncomfortable sensation, this persecution from the world, this unkindness from the saints, and so on; all this goes to show that, though they know God, they do not glorify Him as God, neither are they thankful.

We can be guilty of unthankfulness, also, by *never testifying to the goodness of God.* A great many people come in and out of your houses; do you ever tell them about God's goodness to you? Did you ever take up a single ten minutes with the tale of the Lord's lovingkindness to you? Oh, what backwardness there is to testify to God as God, and to all His goodness and love! Our mouths are full of anything rather than the goodness of the Lord. Shame on our wicked lips!

Some fail, also, in their *singing of God's praises.* I knew a dear old Methodist preacher, who is now in heaven, who when he came downstairs of a morning was always tooting a bit of a hymn over, and he did the same in the barn, and the field. I have passed him in the street, and noted his happy melody; indeed he was always singing. He never took much notice of anybody, so as to be afraid of being overheard. Whether people heard him or not did not make much difference to him. He was singing to the Lord, not to them; and so he went on singing. I do not think that he had much of a voice, or an ear for music, but his soul was made up of praise, and that is better than a musical education. God does not criticise our voice, but He accepts our heart. Oh, to be singing the praises of God every minute of our lives, and never ceasing therefrom!

It is plain that many are not thankful to God, for they *never praise Him with their substance.* Yet when the Jew was thankful, he took care to give a portion to the house of the Lord; before he would eat of his corn, he would send his sheaf to the sanctuary. If we are grateful to God, we shall feel that the first thing to do is to give of our substance an offering of thanksgiving to the Most High. But this does not strike some people, whose religion is so spiritual that they cannot endure to hear of money, and they faint at the sound of a collection. I am afraid their thankfulness is not worth more than what they pay to express it; that is to say, nothing at all. God deliver us from such a state of heart as that; and may we never, in any of these senses, be found among those professors, of whom it is said that, when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were they thankful.

III. Listen to me now carefully for two or three minutes while, in the third place, I mention, very briefly and solemnly, what was

THE RESULT OF THIS.

They knew God, but they glorified Him not as God, neither were they thankful. And the first result of it was that *they fell into vain imaginings.* If we do not glorify God, the true God, we shall soon be found setting up another god. This vain-imagination business is being done quite as extensively now as in Paul's days. Depart from the inspiration of the Bible, and from the infallibility of the Spirit of God who wrote it, and where will you go? Well, I cannot tell where you will go. One wanders into one vain imagination, and one into another, till the dreamers are on all sides. I expect to see a new doctrine every day of the week now. Our thinkers have introduced an age of inventions, wherein everything is thought of but the truth of God. We do not want these novelties. We are satisfied with the Word of God as we find it. But if you do not glorify God as God, and are not thankful to Him for all His teaching, then away you go into vain imaginations.

And what next? Well, *away goes the mind of man into all sorts of sins.* The chapter describes unnatural lusts and horribly fierce passions. Men that are not satisfied and thankful—men that have no fear of God before their eyes—it were a shame for us to think, much more to speak, of what they will do. A heart that cannot feed at God's table will riot somewhere. He that is not satisfied with the cup that God has filled will soon be a partaker of the cup of devils. An unthankful spirit is, at bottom, an atheistic spirit. If God were God to us, we should not be unthankful to Him.

It seems that these people, of whom Paul wrote, fell into all kinds of bitterness, such as envy, murder, deceit, malignity, whispering, backbiting, hating of God. They became spiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, and so forth. Well, if your spirit is not sweetened by the adoration and the love of God, it will grow bitter. If love does not reign, hate will rule. Look at unthankful people. Hear them talk. Nobody's character is safe. There is no neighbor whom they will not slander. There is no Christian man whom they will not misrepresent. O brothers and sisters, dread unthankfulness! Perhaps you did not think that it was so bad, but it is horrible! God help you to escape from it!

IV. And that you may escape from it, let us finish up by this exhortation.

LET US FLY

by the help of God's Spirit from these two sins. "Oh," says one, "I am full of sin." Come and glorify God, then, by confessing it to Him. "Oh, but I am not pardoned." Come and glorify Him by accepting pardon through the blood of His dear Son. "Oh, but I am of an evil heart." Come and glorify Him by telling Him so, and asking His Spirit to renew you in your mind. Come, yield yourself to His sweet Gospel. May His blessed Spirit incline you so to do. Come, take Him now to be your God. Have you forgotten Him? Remember Him. Have you neglected Him? Seek Him. Have you offended Him? Mourn before Him. Say, "I will arise, and go unto my Father." Your Father waits to receive you. Glorify Him as God.

And then, next, let us begin to *be very thankful,* if we have not been so before. Let us praise God for common mercies, for they prove to be uncommonly precious when they are once taken away. Bless God that you were able to walk here, and are able to walk home again. Bless God for your reason; bless Him for your existence. Bless God for the means of grace, for an open Bible, for the throne of grace, for the preaching of the Word. You that are saved must lead the song. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name." Bless Him for His Son. Bless Him for His Spirit. Bless Him for His Fatherhood. Bless Him that you are His child. Bless Him for what you have received. Bless Him for what He has promised to give. Bless Him for the past, the present, and the future. Bless Him in every way, for everything, at all times, and in all places. Let all that is within you bless His holy name. Go your way rejoicing. May His Spirit help you so to do!

FIRST STAGE OF THE MISSIONARY JOURNEY IN AFRICA.

(*See Illustration on page 124.*)

BEFORE the discovery of diamonds at the New Rush, or Kimberley, in 1871, travelling up country in South Africa was very slow and tedious, the journey having to be accomplished the greater part of the way by bullock-wagon, and often taking several weeks to accomplish from Cape Town. But as Kimberley increased in population and importance, fresh facilities have been provided. There is now an express coach with ten horses, of which a picture appears on the next page. It has the appearance of rapid transit, but when one takes into consideration the heavy, barren, desolate, and sandy nature of the country, the marvel is sometimes that an average of six miles an hour is maintained.

Bullock-wagons form the next stage of the missionary's journey from the Cape northward. With a good team of eighteen oxen, they rarely accomplish more than twenty-five miles per day—generally less—and the greater part of that distance is done after sunset and before sunrise, as the heat greatly fatigues the cattle.

The late Rev. Dr. Moffat was in his early days well and painfully acquainted with this mode of travelling, and wrote thus concerning it:

"Having travelled nearly a whole night through deep sand, the oxen began to lie down in the yoke from fatigue. The next day, arriving at the place where we had hoped to find water, we were disappointed. As it appeared evident that if we continued the same route we must perish from thirst, we altered our course, crossing over a dreary, trackless, sandy waste, without one green blade of grass, and scarcely a bush on which the wearied eye could rest. Becoming dark, the oxen unable to proceed, ourselves exhausted with dreadful thirst and fatigue, we stretched our wearied limbs on sand still warm from the noontide heat, it being the hot season of the year. Thirst aroused us at an early hour; and finding the oxen incapable of moving the wagon one inch, we took a spade, and, with the oxen, proceeded to hollow-in a neighboring mountain.

"Here we labored for a long time, digging an immense hole in the sand, whence we obtained a scanty supply, exactly resembling the old bilge-water of a ship, but which was drunk with an avidity no pen can describe. Hours were occupied in incessant labor to obtain a sufficiency for the oxen, which, by the time all had partaken, were ready for a second draught; while some, from the depth of the hole and the loose sand, got scarcely any. We filled the small vessels which we had brought, and returned to the

The First Stage from the Cape to the Interior of Africa.

wagon over a plain glowing with a meridian sun; the sand so hot that it was distressingly painful to walk on. The oxen ran frantic, till they came to a place indurated with little sand. Here they stood together, to cool their burning hoofs in the shade of their own bodies, those on the outside always trying to get into the centre." Three days had they to remain on this burning plain, with scarcely a breath of wind stirring, what there was of it feeling as if coming from the mouth of an oven.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

An Undermined City in Pennsylvania was the scene of a panic last week. A few months ago the inhabitants of Hazleton were alarmed by cracks appearing in some houses over the Laurel Hill pit, one of the mines which extend under the city. No serious damage was done, and the alarm subsided. But last week two more houses began to sink, and, after going down about eight feet, they fell together. In this condition they now stand. The families had ample time to get out in safety, but their household effects were lost. A great crowd quickly gathered, and before an hour had passed over four thousand people had been on the grounds. A sinking and cracking of the earth took place for some distance around these houses, and the hasty exit of many families in the neighborhood, with their household effects, soon followed. Many families began moving their household goods to places of safety without loss of time. In this they only displayed ordinary regard for life and property. It is astonishing that people who have made no provision for eternity do not display similar prudence, knowing, as they do, that this world must soon cease to be their home (II Peter 3 : 10).

An Exciting Scene was Witnessed at the Elevated railroad station at Fifty-ninth Street, New York, on February 12th. A young man named Victor André, said to be a grand-nephew of General André of Revolutionary fame, entered the station at eight o'clock, and passed on to the platform. Soon afterward a young lady closely veiled followed. She crept up behind André and, placing a revolver close to his left side, fired. Then stepping back a few paces she pointed the pistol at her own head and fired again. She fell dead, but André was alive, and was carried to the Presbyterian Hospital. It was found that he was dangerously wounded, and the physicians give no hope of his recovery. At first André professed not to know who had shot him, but letters found in his rooms led to an investigation, which proved that the woman was Miss Jennie H. Almy, a lady earning her living as a short-hand writer and teacher, to whom he had been betrothed. An expression in one of the letters implied that improper relations existed between them, and that Miss Almy was agonized by shame and believed that André contemplated deserting her for a more wealthy lady. She had been in deep distress for several days, but had given no intimation of her murderous and suicidal intentions. It is not our custom to chronicle crimes in these columns, but the principles of society in this and other cities in such matters as led to this double crime, are becoming deplorably lax, and it is well that a warning such as this should be published from time to time. Almost every day crimes resulting from the same cause are recorded by the daily press, proving the truth of the apostolic warning (James 1 : 15).

LAWYER HUNT'S CLIENT.

(*See Illustration on page* 125.)

A RISING young lawyer was one day visited in his office by a poorly-clad, emaciated woman accompanied by two children, a boy and a girl. She laid on his desk a poor little pile of bills, and looked pleadingly in his face.

"I have come to you, Mr. Hunt," she said, "to beg of you to appear for my husband. I am very poor, and I cannot pay you a proper fee; but I have sold a few things, relics of better days, and have brought you all they realized. It is only thirty dollars. I am ashamed to offer it you, but if you would accept it out of pity for a poor distressed wife and her children, you would be doing an act of Christian charity."

The tones and manner of the suppliant were in startling contrast to her garb. They told of refinement and education The lawyer looked searchingly in her face, and he saw there, in spite of its pallor and emaciation, that she could not be more than thirty years old, and that she was still very beautiful.

"Of what is your husband accused, madam?" he asked.

"He is charged with burglary, sir. He was arrested yesterday, and I came to you as soon as I could raise the money. Believe me, sir, I would have been glad to pay more if I had been able."

"Do you know anything of the evidence against him?"

"No, sir, nor anything of the defence he has. I thought you would see him in prison."

"I will, madam. You may rely on my doing all I am able in his behalf."

"God bless you, sir, and reward you, as I cannot."

Mr. Hunt visited the man according to promise. He found him a degraded brute, evidently guilty of the crime, and without contrition or shame. He had many interviews with him, and defended him ably at his trial. It puzzled him that he should take so much pains and labor with so much energy, and take so much interest in the fate of a man for whom he felt a deep repugance, and who, withal, could never recompense him. His costs out of pocket were more than the thirty dollars, but the lawyer worked on, and in spite of the clearest evidence he nearly succeeded in getting his client acquitted. But not quite. His brilliant speech powerfully affected the jury, but the judge's charge left them no alternative but to bring in a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner received a heavy sentence.

Passing out of the court-room Mr Hunt met the prisoner's wife. She thanked him through her tears. Her emotion was almost too deep for utterance, but her broken words seemed to the young lawyer an abundant recompense for his effort.

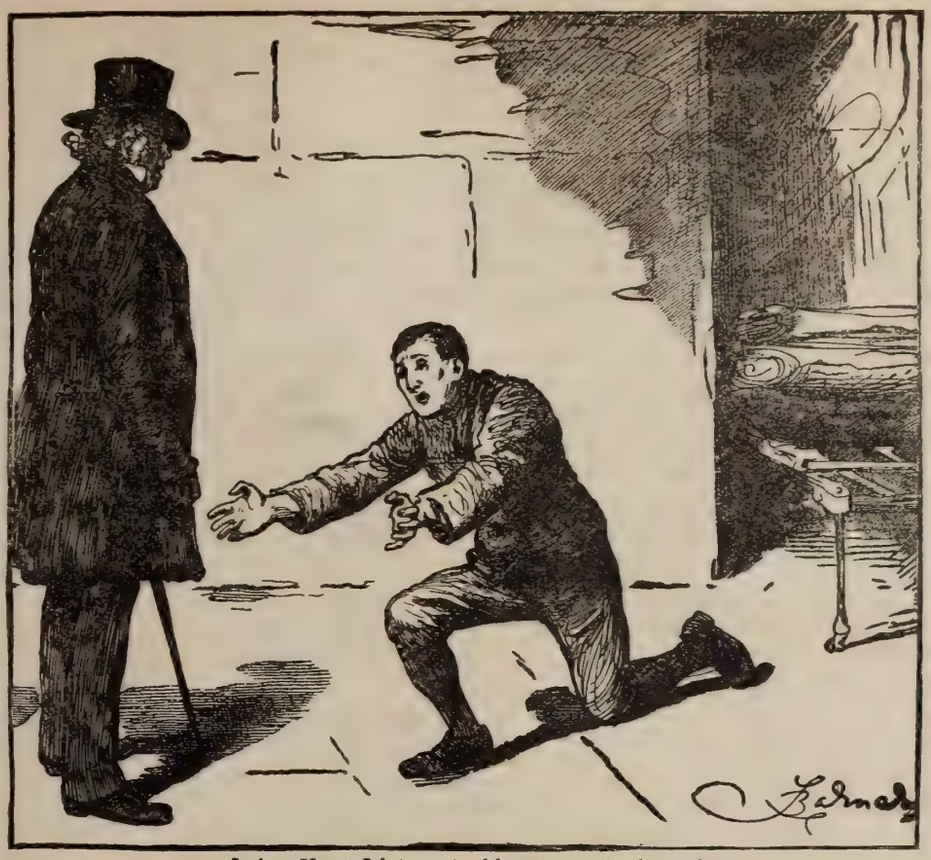
The next day Mr. Hunt visited her wretched lodging. There he heard her story. It was a familiar one. A girl well educated and refined attracted by a showy, fascinating scoundrel. Her heart's affections captivated; induced to consent to a clandestine marriage, and then the discovery that she had married a villain. But she had been true and faithful to him through seven years of misery. She had refused the offer of her father to receive her again if she would abandon her husband, and had set herself to the hopeless task of trying to win the depraved man to the ways of virtue and religion. Now he was in jail, and she with her two children had come to the verge of beggary. Mr. Hunt procured her some copying work to do, and, finding that she was an accomplished linguist, brought her more profitable occupation as a translator.

One day she received a letter from the prison in which her husband was confined, requesting her to come there immediately. She went, and found her husband dying. In a quarrel with another convict, which ended in a fight, he had been thrown heavily, and sustained internal injuries which proved fatal. The widow closed his eyes, and returned home to her fatherless children.

Mr. Hunt continued to befriend her, and found his respect and regard for her increase as he saw more of her. Some two years after her husband's death he made her an offer of marriage, and was accepted. With the changed

circumstances of her life came a revival of her health and spirits, and soon no one could have recognized in the graceful, beautiful lady the woman who went a few years ago in her shabby clothes to Lawyer Hunt's office as a suppliant.

The years that followed were happy ones for husband and wife. The lawyer was elected to a judgeship, and was honored and respected by his fellow-citizens. Only one cloud cast a shadow over the household. The boy Ralph appeared to have inherited all the bad qualities of his bad father. The difference between the two children was astonishing. Emily grew like her mother, and a more gentle, tractable, obedient child could rarely be found; but Ralph, in spite of his mother's teaching and prayers and his stepfather's manly expostulations, had an apparently incurable propensity to vicious ways. Kindness had as little influence over him as severity. With him, as with his father, the pious mother pleaded and prayed, and her tears fell upon him many a time as she besought him to avoid the path his father trod. It was all of no avail, and finally, after committing a grievous sin, when he was seventeen years old, he stole all the money he could lay his hands on in the house, and ran away.



Judge Hunt Listens to his step-son's Appeal.

Fifteen years passed away, and during all that time the wicked lad was followed by his mother's earnest prayers. No word came from him. The mother fell ill, and during her illness her one anxiety was about her erring son, and the last word on her dying lips was a prayer for his reclamation. Judge Hunt and his daughter followed her to the grave, weeping.

The day after the funeral a letter from Ralph arrived. It was addressed to his mother, but the judge opened it. Ralph was in a jail in a distant city condemned to death for murder. Immediately Judge Hunt started to visit him. As he entered the prison and stood face to face with the young man his thoughts travelled back thirty years, to that day when he visited Ralph's father. The resemblance was startling in its accuracy. The bullet head and the little cunning eyes and prominent cheek-bones proclaimed his descent, but the closest bond of all was the look of degradation which was present in the son as it had been on the father. Flinging himself on his knee before his stepfather, Ralph said: "Oh, save me! They are going to hang me. I never meant to kill the man. Go to the governor for me. He will listen to you. Oh, save me for my mother's sake!"

"Stop," said the judge, "not that name. Your misconduct shortened her days. She would have been happy but for you. As I loved her, I hate you for wounding her."

"But you will go to the governor for me? My mother would have wished you to do that."

"I cannot say now. I must think. I will see you again," and the judge turned away and left the prison. He went to an hotel, and sat down in his room alone. He had to determine his course. Ralph had touched a responsive string. There was not a good quality in the condemned man. As the judge said, he hated him for his badness not so much as because he had wrung that dear heart out of which the bereaved man had hoped to keep all sorrow. Yet the spirit of the dead seemed to plead for the bad fellow. She had loved him. "Yes," said the judge, "he has no right to plead her name, but he was right in saying she would have wished it. My dear darling, for your sake I will try."

Judge Hunt did try. He told the governor all the facts, and had the satisfaction of carrying back to the prison the governor's promise that the sentence of death should be commuted to one of imprisonment. More than that he could not do. He could not pardon him; he could not change his nature. But Ralph was grateful, and the judge promised him that his sister should visit him, and then commending him to the prison chaplain he left.

What a flood of light such an incident throws on the sinner's position before God. Utterly, hopelessly depraved, we may plead with Him for mercy for Christ's sake. That blessed name seems to aggravate our guilt, yet God, whose ways are above our ways, pities us in spite of our depravity, and, loving us while we are yet sinners, welcomes us for Jesus' sake, forgives us, and gives us a new nature, which no human helper could give us. It was the realization of this amazing love that filled the heart of the great apostle when he broke out into that ecstasy of joy which concludes his argument in the epistle to the Romans: Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord (Rom. 8: 38, 39).

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page* 111.)

Lawson's Resentment.

JOHN MORLEY, the minister and Mr. Waldron regarded Rose with surprised admiration. Again the sombre room seemed the brighter for her presence, and her clear, fresh young voice sounded pleasantly to their ears, after their own grave and deep tones.

"I thought I should find you and Hetty alone, Mr. Morley," she said; smiles and blushes following one another closely upon her fair face; "and the bell did not ring, so I came straight on here. I have only left a book behind me, and I came back to fetch it."

John Morley approached Rose, and drew her hand through his arm with an air of pride. Hester too, as if attracted by some irresistible charm, had descended from her seat, and pressed close beside her. This girl possessed some fascination which drew all hearts to her; though one might know lovelier women, wiser women, women tenfold better. The few words she had uttered were simple; but like the foolish old songs with sweet tunes, which are heard by chance, and which one always wishes to hear once more, the three men were silent in the dull parlor when she ceased speaking, as if they waited to hear her voice again.

"This is the young lady who has consented to be my wife, Mr. Waldron," said John Morley, with an ill-concealed triumph in the effect her appearance had produced.

She stole a bashful look at the great man of the neighborhood, and courtesied profoundly; a boarding-school courtesy, yet not without a certain diffident grace of its own. Mr. Waldron's face relaxed from its severity.

"Well, brother," he said, with greater affability than before, "I wish you joy. And you also, my dear; only we must make you one of ourselves as speedily as possible. We have just been speaking of it to John Morley. You must join the church when you become his wife and the mother of this little girl."

"Yes, sir," murmured the girl, with charming shamefacedness; while a shade of gravity clouded her sunny face for a moment. The old minister came forward, and addressed her in a tone of earnest solemnity.

"It will be the turning point of your life," he said, "to become the wife of a godly man. Hitherto you have been wandering in the paths of vanity, but here you will be safely enfolded from the snares of this world. Morning, noon, and night a voice will sound in your ears: 'This is the way; walk ye in it.' You will be snatched from the world, and gathered into the bosom of the church."

Once again the girl shivered, and looked in bewilderment at the faces around her, wondering what their strange manner of greeting her might mean. But they had each put on a smile for her, and her nature was buoyant enough in itself to find complacency everywhere. John Morley's handsome face, moreover, wore an expression which any woman would be pleased to see in her future husband; and she bridled her pretty head with a half-affected air of coquetry.

"I must go directly," she said in a girlish tone of importance; "I have a hundred things to do yet to-night. There is my book on the table, Mr. Morley. Thank you very much. Good night; good-night. Good-by, my little Hetty."

The door closed upon her, but the three men did not resume their seats, and Hester remained standing on the hearth, listening eagerly for their next words. The controversy had come to an unexpected end. Yet John Morley drew his little daughter within his arms, in an unaccustomed caress, and stroked down her tangled hair with a trembling hand.

"If the church be scandalized," he said, in a voice which he rendered steady by a great effort, "I can withdraw from it. There are other forms of worship and other sects not greatly differing from my own. My intended wife has

been brought up in the Episcopal Church. If it be necessary—"

The pause was of even more significance than the words; and the old minister opened his eyes widely in unutterable astonishment. Mr. Waldron was the first to speak.

"It is a matter for expostulation," he said, "not of reproof or censure. Let each man act according to his own conscience. What do you say, Mr. Watson?"

"It is a question encompassed with difficulties," answered the minister diffidently; "and every man must act according to his own inward light. But since Brother Morley has gone so far as to promise marriage to this young creature, I do not see how he can conscientiously break off his covenant with her."

With that utterance the subject seemed settled. A few minutes later Mr. Waldron shook hands with John Morley with distant brotherliness, and went away with the minister. John Morley kissed his child, and bade her go to bed. But Hester loitered for a minute or two after he had reopened his large book, as if longing to say something to him. It was evidently an effort, an effort which she felt constrained to make; and at last, when he believed himself to be alone, John Morley heard a small, timid voice speaking from the threshold, and saw Hester looking back at him with anxious eyes. What she had to say before she left him was simply this: "*I hope you will not make God angry with you, father.*" Then she went to her little chamber, and John Morley returned to his book with disquieting thoughts in his mind. And the old house was still and silent.

One of the three gables of the house rose a story higher than the others, and under its pointed roof was a large attic, lighted by a great dormer window, which overlooked the neighboring buildings, and caught a glimpse of fields and woods beyond, with a range of distant hills, lying blue and cloudlike against the sky line. It was the pleasantest room in the dark old house. Beneath it lay some printing-offices, black and grimy, containing ancient presses, covered over with dust and cobwebs; for John Morley had given up the printing business, which his predecessor had carried on, and the attic in the gable was his only workroom. He employed also but one workman, a stranger, who looked like a foreigner, and who had been passing through the town on the tramp the first week after his marriage with Hester's mother.

The young wife had taken pity upon the footsore and famishing wanderer, and had persuaded her husband to give him a trial at his professed trade as a bookbinder. This trial was a complete success. He had learned his trade in Paris; his father having been an English artisan who had married a Frenchwoman from Burgundy. The amount of work accomplished by this single man was marvellous, and the price he set upon it extravagant; yet such was the taste and beauty of the workmanship, that John Morley seldom received less for it than the high sum at which his binder valued it. Throughout the whole county no binding was esteemed unless it had issued from John Morley's workshop.

The binding room, wherein this solitary artisan had worked for ten years, was not only light and sunny, but it was odorous with the pleasant scent of Russia leather and morocco and in the summer with the flowers which he cultivated in boxes and pots about his window-sill. His press and work-table stood in the wide bay formed by the casement, where the daylight fell upon him, long after the court below and the sombre parlor were obscured in twilight. Over the rusty old grate, which was formed only of a few rude bars of iron fastened into the chimney jamb, stood a rack containing his tools for the printing of his ornamental devices upon the gold-leaf. All around on the shelves and the sloping ceiling were displayed specimens of the tasteful branch of art which he carried on in unbroken monotony from day to day, and from year to year.

He was a man so quiet, perhaps from his ten years of lonely work, that never was any sound heard of him in his attic; which indeed was isolated from the rest of the house by the empty rooms below, though there was a door out of them which communicated with the second floor of the dwelling. There was another entrance to the workroom by a door into a passage running along the side of the house, of which he kept the key, in order to let himself in at any hour; for he was an early riser, and often came to his work at five o'clock in the morning and remained until late at night; taking neither pleasure nor rest, beyond that absolutely necessary for health.

He was a small, tough, withered-looking man, stooping a good deal in the shoulders, and with thin, scanty hair. Always upon reaching the deserted printing-offices, it was his custom to exchange his boots for a pair of soundless list slippers, which could make no noise upon the bare boards of his attic. He was a nervous man, starting at every sound, of which however but few ever reached him in his solitude, for the window opened upon the court instead of the street; and whatever rare tumult might be in the latter only came to his ears softened by the distance. So quiet was the gable that the house-sparrows gathered there in numbers, and their shrill, pert chirping seemed the only sound that did not discompose him.

The sole pleasure of this secluded and laborious being was to see Hester push open the door of his attic, and, with her book under her arm, creep quietly in and climb upon a tall chair which stood at a corner of the press. There she watched him spreading the delicate gold-leaf upon the crimson or blue morocco of his bindings, and stamp them carefully with his elegant devices. Very seldom any conversation passed between these two; but sometimes the child mounted upon a ladder and sat on the highest step, which reached nearly to the ceiling, and there read aloud, in a low, pleasant murmur of a voice, which was as soothing as silence itself, from the book which happened to be the favorite of the day. That was the crowning point of his pleasure; but he never sought it, and never put his sense of delight into words.

If Hester ever brought him any book to be mended, however old and stained and worn, he lavished all his art upon it; pondering in his mind what new device he could discover to embellish it. The nursery rhymes and primers of Hester Morley were marvels in the decorative art of bookbinding; though they lay unseen in her bedroom, upon some shelves which he had made for her.

The second marriage of John Morley was solemnized in a distant town, and afterward he took his young bride a short excursion, while his house was being set in order for her reception. During this time Hester almost lived in the attic, to the inexpressible delight of Lawson; a delight, however, which was mingled with a profound and smouldering resentment against his employer. He could not understand how he could need any companionship besides his child's.

"Lawson," said Hester, one day recurring to a subject which had secretly troubled her ever since the visit of Mr. Waldron and the minister to John Morley, "do you think that God will be really angry with my father for being married to another wife?"

"Ay, do I," answered Lawson, in deep accents and brief words.

"But, Lawson," she said, her face growing pale and awe-stricken, "it is *a dreadful thing to make God angry.* Miss Waldron has taught me all about it at the Sunday school. Don't you know what He did to Sodom and Gomorrah? Suppose He sent down fire from heaven, and burnt all the house up? Or suppose He should strike my father and my new mother dead, like Ananias and Sapphira? I can't help thinking about it all day long, and at nights when I awake. What should God be angry for?"

Lawson stooped over his work, breathing softly on the gold-leaf, and smoothing it out carefully with his smoothest finger.

"If God is angry with my father," continued Hester, sobbing, "I think I should like Him to be angry with me as well. If Ananias and Sapphira had any little children, who would take care of them after they were struck dead? But I don't think He will be angry. Have you ever seen my new mother, Lawson?"

"You must not call her mother," said Lawson; "your mother is in heaven, with God."

"But I've promised to be like her very own daughter forever and ever," answered Hester; "I don't know what made me promise, only my father said I ought, and it would make him happy. Lawson, I would do anything to make my father happy. And I don't think she will be the same as the stepmothers in books. What was my own mother like, Lawson?"

With slow and quiet movements, for he seemed incapable of any quick or energetic action, Lawson mounted the step-ladder, and reached an old portfolio from the highest shelf. From this he drew out an engraving, mounted upon board, and surrounded by an exquisite scroll of gilding and coloring; it was a woman's face only—a sweet, calm, colorless face, long and oval, with a placid serenity approaching to sadness upon it. The child and the workman bent over it some time in silence.

"That was how she looked," he whispered, "the last time I saw her, just before she died; and I promised, and your father promised, on our bended knees, that we'd neither have thought, nor care, nor plan, save for you and your happiness, Miss Hester. And this is the way," he cried, smiting his hands together with a sudden agony of passion which seemed impossible in so quiet and subdued a creature, "that my employer keeps his promise! Yes. God will be angry and I do well to be angry."

It might have provoked a smile to hear this puny, shrivelled, insignificant workman identify himself and his impotent resentment with God and His anger. But there was no one to smile, except Hester, who looked up into his face with wide open eyes of terror and amazement.

"Miss Hester," he said, more wildly, "this is how it is. It is seven years ago, and I've been toiling ever since to make a *dot* for you. Why, I've only taken small wages from your father, while he gets six or ten times the amount by my work! I found out a new way of bevelling the edges, which nobody knows how to do save myself. There was a very nice little fortune for you already. Everybody was saying John Morley is rich. And so this bold, laughing, flirting, flaunting madam has married him for his money, and she will make it fly like chaff before the wind. We shall all be poor again. I've been keeping down my poor mother and myself, when I might have made money for us both."

"Is your mother very poor?" asked Hester.

"Yes. She is living with my sister in Burgundy," he answered; "both of them are widows, and they are quite poor, but for what I send them, and I haven't sent them as much as I could."

"Is my father very rich, Lawson?" asked Hester again.

"He would have been by the time you wanted your *dot*," answered Lawson.

"I don't know what a *dot* is," said Hester.

"It is the money you will want to marry a good husband with," he replied; "and now you will be poor, very poor. It's all over, and I've been a fool, and John Morley is a fool."

He threw himself half across his binding press, and covered his face with his hands, while Hester stood by, looking doubtfully at his downcast attitude, and going over in her mind the strange things he had been saying.

"Do you think my own mother knows?" she asked at last in a hushed voice.

"Ay! does she," answered Lawson; "many and many a time she comes up here, and walks about with her soft, quiet feet, which I couldn't hear at all if there was any noise in the room; and she looks over my work, and pushes the

right tool toward me, when I don't quite know what to do for the best. Oh, she knows all that goes on in the old house she has left. Don't you think she is often and often with you, Miss Hester, watching over you in your little bed, and sitting by you in the parlor of an evening, when you're reading? Do you never feel her near you?"

"I think I do," whispered the child, pressing close to the visionary man, and laying her small fingers upon his warm living hand.

"She may die yet! She may die yet!" he muttered to himself; "people die easily sometimes. Then we should be all right again. There's no room for two mistresses in one house. I shall never feel her near to me when the other is here. My best work is over. I shall do no more good in the world as long as the other one is alive."

He continued muttering to himself at intervals, while he burnished the gilding under his hands.

Hester then mounted to her high seat upon the step-ladder, and sat watching the evening clouds, which could be seen slowly sailing toward the west across the field of sky which was visible from the window. Now and then she sighed as a child seldom sighs. The sun went down and the distant corners of the attic grew dusky and filled with shadows; and when the child awoke from her long reverie, cold and troubled, she fancied readily that in the darkest of the gloom there stood the soft, light outline of a figure clothed in white, whose dim face was calm and sweet and sad. It was her mother; but *she had entered into a covenant* to be as a daughter to her father's second wife.

(To be continued.)

PAUL AT ATHENS.

S. S. Lesson for March 2, Acts 17: 16-34. Golden Text, verse 23. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Paul's Waiting Thoughts—His Spirit Stirred—The Appeal of Unsaved Souls—Paul among Devout People—No Apparent Results—Summoned before the Areopagus—His Text—His Logical Argument—The Moment for Decision—Mockers and Procrastinators—The Witnesses Left Behind.

PAUL, driven out of Berea by the persecution of the Thessalonian Jews, and accompanied by some of the Berean brethren, came to Athens. None of these brethren remained with him, for he sent them back to hasten Silas and Timotheus in joining him. But whenever Paul was sent forth, as he had been by the Holy Ghost, he must be a missionary; it was woe unto him if he preached not the Gospel. No prayers of earnest devout Athenians seeking after truth had preceded his arrival, and thus the ground was by no means prepared, like that at Philippi. Jews there were, but their spirit resembled that of the Athenians themselves.

While remaining at Athens alone, the sole representative of Jesus in that city, then most renowned in the world for learning,

PAUL'S SPIRIT WAS STIRRED

within him "when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry" [or full of idols]. Paul knew, as the Athenians did not, the eternal issues which were at stake in the life of each individual man and woman who passed him in the street. He knew the glorious possibilities for God in each life; every one whom he met might become, not only saved, but a temple of the Holy Ghost, and a very river of blessing to others. And each one was now missing this glorious, and only worthy, end of existence—each was "dead in trespasses and sins," and a fount of corruption, instead of blessing, to those around. He knew the power of God to do mighty work upon souls, and alone though he was, the work before him appearing impossible, he was ready to the hand of his God for anything to which He should call him.

It is strange if the state of unsaved souls does not stir our spirits. If we really believe that heaven and hell are realities, if we really know what it is to have God in our own lives, and if we know, on another hand, "the depths of Satan," it is very clear that the love of Christ can have little constraining power over us, if we are not ready at any time to work under the Holy Ghost for their rescue. It is true the work of some may be necessarily more a work of prayer than of effort, and the work of others may be more of effort than of prayer; but if the Spirit of God does not constrain us to one or to both, there is little evidence of His really dwelling in us.

Paul, as usual, began in the synagogue, seeking to work on ground prepared by scriptural knowledge, among the "devout persons." Devout, but unspiritual; devout, but unteachable. Oh, how many souls are thus, "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof" (II Tim. 3: 5)—having "a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge . . . being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness" (Rom. 10: 2, 3). These are always the bitterest opponents of all really spiritual work. To such the Gospel is not only foolishness, they believe it to be subversive of all true ideas of right and wrong. Why? Because they believe that something good is still to be found in human nature, and they really depend on themselves and not on God for salvation.

TO THEM GOD IS A MYSTERY,

a distant Being to be regarded with solemn awe, never to approach without fear and dread. Paul's complete freedom of spirit, and his real personal acquaintance with God, his certainty of sin forgiven, his entire devotion to God and his real love to Him, were to them so incomprehensible, as to arouse suspicion rather than sympathy. And if so with the Jews, much more so with the polite but heathen Athenians, with whom he disputed daily in the market. Who can find access to such hearts as these? Only God Himself.

For some time Paul went on with this work every day, his own patience tried by seeing no result, but learning more than ever what he afterward wrote to the Corinthians—

"I AM NOTHING"

(I Cor. 12: 11). Two years later he saw the wonderful work of the Spirit at Ephesus; but as God educates His instruments while He uses them, we see how frequently the manifest power of the Spirit of God is preceded or followed by a time of comparative dearth and powerlessness. At first Paul's preaching and personal conversations did not go deep enough into these Jewish and Athenian hearers even to stir up opposition. At last some of the philosophers deigned to notice him, saying, "What will this babbler say?" A somewhat contemptuous way of speaking! "Other some, He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods: because he preached unto them Jesus, and the resurrection." This was something against the national feeling, and could not be tolerated. Hope was reviving in the heart of Paul. At any rate, the people began to see that something was stirring, and the apostle saw in it the hand of God, creating listeners to His truth. The unknown man who had so boldly stood up in the synagogue uninvited, and who had spoken in the market to one and another, was now creating such a sensation that the highest court in Athens took cognizance of it, and Paul was called to stand before the Athenian council in

THE AREOPAGUS.

It was such an opportunity as had not been given him in all the days of his previous ministry. Many a man in such a case would no doubt have studied and prepared the whole night beforehand, that through eloquent phrases and rhetoric he might produce an impression which would incline his hearers to pay attention to the real Subject of his discourse; and thus having impressed himself upon the audience, he would introduce Jesus. Not so Paul; he would put himself out of sight and introduce the God in whose cause he came among them, and the Saviour whose messenger he was. God the Holy Ghost prepared the words which Paul should speak according to the promise of Jesus. "When they shall lead you, and deliver you up, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate: but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye: for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost" (Mark 13: 11).

The man of God stood in the midst of this renowned company of men bent on satisfying their curiosity and love of acquiring human knowledge, and one can well feel how the spirit of that critical, unsympathetic audience, with few souls yearning for the truth, must have weighed on his spirit. But God had given a clue, and shown him how to speak in a way which, even though it might not convince them, would never be forgotten.

In the course of his walks about Athens Paul had noticed an altar with this inscription, "To

THE UNKNOWN GOD."

He knew that it was not by chance that his eye had fallen upon this, and as he traced God in all things, so in this little incident; and this was the text which God gave him for his discourse. It was masterly in its very simplicity, as all the teaching of the Holy Ghost is. He argued with reason and common-sense, at least, on his side that men should know the God they worship. That if men count Him worthy to be worshipped, and believe in His creative power, they should at least "seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him,

AND FIND HIM."

Paul then quoted from the well-known authors of the day, mostly poets. These heathen men-of-letters had got beyond the superstition of polytheism, and there was already a movement toward the worship of one God "in whom we live and move and have our being," to which Paul added "For we are also His offspring." And on this fact he grounded an appeal addressed to their dignity as being God's offspring, "Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." As though He would say, "How can the creation create the Creator?" so turning idolatry into a meaningless absurdity. Having thus established God's position, and His claim upon His creatures, Paul spoke fearlessly of God's command to men everywhere that they should repent, should turn from and turn to, for this is repentance from sin, from self, from the world, from idols—to God. Paul showed the justice of God, "The times of this ignorance"—*i.e.*, when men heard and knew no other way but to serve idols—"God winked at; but *now* commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

THE RESULT.

It was a moment for decision. Those who were swayed by no personal consideration, but who wanted to know the truth for the truth's sake, could not but be convinced how untenable was their position, and how really they were now accountable to the God who had sent His servant to make Him known. Paul did not mince matters; he spoke of coming judgment, saying, "Because He hath appointed a day, in which He will judge the world in righteousness [in] the Man whom He hath ordained having offered faith to all in that He hath raised Him from the dead." It has gone out of fashion to preach judgment, but Paul dared not leave it out of his discourses, because he would not be wiser than God. He had given his message; that which he had said could never be unsaid; his hearers were under its responsibility. Neutral they could no longer be. "Some mocked, and others said: We will hear thee again on this matter." But neither the mockers nor the procrastinators decided for God, and were saved. "Howbeit certain men clave unto him and believed;" among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them." It did not look as though much had been done, but there was at least a witness for the truth left behind at Athens.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Motion for a Vote of Censure on the Gladstone government for its incapacity in Egypt was passed by the British House of Lords, but the debate was continued in the Commons through the week without reaching a vote. Mr. Gladstone's reply to his opponents is said to have been a masterly defence of his policy. He denied that it had been vacillating or inconsistent. He informed the House that 4000 men had been ordered to Suakim. General Gordon, he said, had a plan of his own for extricating the garrisons and restoring the country to its former pacific condition. General Gordon's plan would restore the former rulers to their ancestral power, usurped by Egypt. He denounced as a gross error the dual control of England and France, which, he said, had been left him as a legacy by the Conservatives who were now denouncing him. England had not, he declared, withdrawn from the hands of the Egyptian Government the control of its institutions. She had simply made Egypt understand that the British military occupation of Egypt entailed the necessity of seeing British advice followed.

The Details of the Fall of Sinkat on the Soudan frontier of Egypt have been telegraphed. Tewfik Bey, one of the ablest Egyptian officers, was in command, but the valor of the general was powerless against famine. For a fortnight the garrison had been eating roots and tree leaves. Tewfik Bey harangued his men, saying that by fighting they might save themselves, but that by remaining they must die from hunger in a few days; flight was impossible. The men, thus animated with Tewfik Bey's spirit, destroyed the military stores, exploded the magazine, filled their pouches to the utmost with cartridges, and issued forth, 600 strong, against the rebels. El Mahdi's hordes rushed to the attack. Tewfik Bey and his men fought nobly. For a long time they repulsed every attempt to break their ranks. Finally superior numbers prevailed, and with a tremendous rush the rebels burst through one of the sides of the Egyptian square. A general massacre ensued, and not a soul escaped. According to the latest reports only four sick men, who were unable to take part in the sortie, the Cadi of Sinkat and thirty women were spared by the rebels. Sir Evelyn Baring, the British Minister at Cairo, telegraphs that after the battle the rebels entered Sinkat and put every one to the sword.

Baker Pacha States, in Explanation of his recent defeat, that it was due to the fact that the Egyptian forces under him were forced into the army against their will; that, in addition to their being in sympathy with the False Prophet, they had a religious fear of him. Believing that the Egyptians were likely at any moment to turn on him and aid the rebels, and not wishing to run the risk of sacrificing the few brave Europeans he had with him, he thought it best to leave Trinkitat for Suakim, where a better opportunity would be afforded for reorganizing his forces.

Extracts from Queen Victoria's New Book have been cabled across the Atlantic. It is in the form of a disconnected diary of her life for twenty years, commencing August 21st, 1862. The book is dedicated to the memory of John Brown, the Queen's late attendant. His portrait adorns the book, and a glowing tribute to his virtues is contained in its pages. Details of the Scotch gillie's services are recorded, and a minute description is given of an accident which befel him during an excursion on the mountains, in which one of his legs was scratched. The betrothal of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne is narrated, with other matters of family interest. The Queen also mentions with deep respect the eloquent and earnest sermons she heard from the late Dr. Norman McLeod. The concluding page is devoted to the death of John Brown. It contains these sentences: "His loss to me is irreparable, for he deservedly possessed my entire confidence. He served me truly, devotedly, untiringly. To say that he is daily, nay, hourly, missed by me, whose lifelong gratitude he won by constant care and devotion, is but a feeble expression of the truth."

Mr. Bradlaugh Again Administered the Oath to himself in the House of Commons on February 11th. He was informed that his proceedings were irregular, and by a formal vote of the House he was excluded. He has since resigned his seat, and has gone to Northampton to seek re-election.

Russia is Steadily Creeping on Toward British India. Her latest step is the annexation of Merv. The German press says the submission of the tribes of Merv to Russia is worse for England than the disasters in the Soudan. It comments upon the remarkable success of the Russian policy in Central Asia, and says it is always directed against England. If the Russians should stand again before the walls of Constantinople the English would be disabled from commanding them to halt, as they did in 1878. Russia will become the immediate neighbor of the British in India, and will be able at any moment to create disturbance in Northern India. Now only Afghanistan is between Russia and India. The frontier tribes are always ready to invade the rich Indian provinces, if only their rear is covered, and this Russia can now guarantee.

The Czar of Russia is Reported as Suffering tortures from fear of the Nihilists. A prominent English journalist says: "I hear from St. Petersburg that for the last month the Czar has been in such a deplorable state of nervous depression that to all intents and purposes he may be regarded as insane. He is thoroughly terror-stricken, and lives in a state of panic which would be ludicrous if it did not produce such melancholy consequences. The present state of things in Russia cannot last many months, and what the issue will be no man can predict. The attitude of Russia toward Germany has become absolutely servile in its dependence."

A Massacre of Christians in Tonquin is Reported, and it is stated that it was the result of the French invasion, the people being unable to distinguish European nationalities and regarding all Europeans as alike enemies. *La Patrie* says that over fifty Christians have been massacred in the neighborhood of Hue and that the mission houses have been demolished. Bands of men in the pay of the mandarins of Nguien and Vantoung are pillaging and murdering and crying "Death to the Christians!" The Vicariate of Eastern Cochin China is endangered. The Christians in the vicinity of Tourane are fleeing to Puinhoin, hoping to find the French there.

Mr. Bastian, an American Spiritualist, was last week expelled from Vienna. He gave a seance in the Imperial Palace, and during the manifestations the Crown Prince Rudolph detected and exposed him. When the Prince caught Bastian he was gliding about in the dark with his shoes off. When the room was lighted the Crown Prince says he saw Bastian conceal something in his clothes. Bastian at once ran out of the room, and in his stocking feet escaped from the Archduke Johann's palace into the street, leaving his shoes behind him. Archdukes Johann and Rainer, Prince Batthyany and other distinguished guests chased him through the corridors of the palace into the street at the front door.

The Universal Unrest was the Subject of Episcopal comment in a sermon recently preached by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who, discoursing on the words "Peace on earth," said the natural question evoked would be, "What! Peace on earth; is there peace now?" Who should dare to say that there was now peace on the earth? Was not the present state of things rather an armed watchfulness? Was not nation now watching nation? Was there not a condition of unrest throughout all the nations, which a great statesman of our own day spoke of a few years ago as *a moaning wind* throughout Europe, which would soon arise into a mighty storm? What meant Nihilism? What meant Communism? What meant that which had been spoken of as the red spectre of anarchy? It might be that some of these things of which he had ventured to speak to them were, as it were, the *sounds of the footfall of the coming Antichrist*, and if it were so, well then, let every true heart take courage. They knew the final issue, and if their redemption was in truth drawing nigh, let them lift up their heads.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Removed to another London district, that of New Cross, on February 12th. The Stratford Mission, which closed the previous day, was exceedingly successful. So crowded were the services, that overflow meetings were found to be indispensable, and many thousands of persons attended them. Those meetings were addressed by Major Whittle, Lord Kinnaird, and Lord Radstock, and by several of the neighboring ministers, while Mr. and Mrs. McGranahan conducted the musical part of the services. Mr. McGranahan has organized a choir of male voices, and the innovation is justifying itself by its effectiveness and utility.

A Ladies' Fire-Brigade has been Organized in England in connection with Girton College, Cambridge. The lady graduates displayed characteristic persistence in their undertaking, against adverse circumstances. Having recently had cause for alarm by the overheating of one of the stove-pipes of the college building, they resolved on forming themselves into a fire-brigade, and very naturally applied to Captain Shaw, the Chief of the London Fire Department, for assistance in instructing and drilling them. As the captain was reluctant, they hired an ordinary fireman. In a short time they became proficient, and as nimble as any member of a simple country brigade. They can work the engines and execute the manœuvres with the greatest precision, and when Captain Shaw was called upon to witness their drill, he complimented them heartily on their proficiency.

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The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for February may be obtained, price six cents, from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Annual subscription seventy cents. The February number contains the following articles: "The Coming of Christ for His Saints," by J. R. Graves, LL.D., of Memphis, Tenn.; "The Judgment of Service," by Rev. J. Averill; "The Second Advent of Our Lord Jesus Christ, as Foretold by the Prophets;" "The Dead Sea—Past, Present, and Future," by Rev. E. Hytche; "The Slaughter of the Witnesses," by Mrs. Fielder; "Christ's Kingdom a Literal Kingdom," by J. Denham Smith; "The Speedy Coming of the Lord," by Rev. G. F. Pentecost; "Churches and Synagogues," by Rev. Dr. Dann; Passing Events viewed from a prophetic standpoint, etc.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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DR. CHALMERS,

The Founder of the Free Church of Scotland.

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THOMAS CHALMERS was *born* in the town of Anstruther, Fifeshire, Scotland, on March 17th, 1780. He was the sixth child in a family of fourteen. His *father*, John Chalmers, was a "dyer, shipowner, and general merchant," and a citizen of the old God-fearing type. He was characterized by much moral worth, and honored for his steady adherence to evangelical truth and his fervent but unostentatious piety. His *mother* seems to have been like minded, and was spoken of by all who knew her as "a devout and most worthy woman."

Thomas was, almost from the first, committed to the care of *a nurse*, whose cruelty and deceitfulness haunted his memory through life. To escape from her he went of his own accord to the parish school at the age of *three*. He grew a strong, brave, merry boy, exceedingly boisterous, with big head, matted dark hair, large plain features, broad shoulders, well-proportioned but brawny limbs, his laugh always loudest, and his figure always foremost at football and the other games in which the boys were contending.

Among the books which he read at a very early age was the "Pilgrim's Progress." But his chief delight was in a *Pictorial Bible*, where he learned, first from the illustrations, and afterward from the letter-press, the scenes, incidents, and lessons of Scripture. When quite a child, he formed the resolution to become a *minister*; and, as a good many boys have done, he *played at preaching* to his companions. This resolution, however, sprang from none of the stirrings of youthful piety, of which we sometimes hear; for he showed none of the religious impressions which might have been expected of one brought up in an exemplary home. It was merely because at that time the *minister* was the greatest and cleverest of men in the eyes of a country boy; and if such a boy had any intellectual ambition in him, he generally aspired to distinguish himself in the pulpit.

ENTERS AT ST. ANDREW'S UNIVERSITY.

In the Session, 1791–92, when he was only *twelve* years old, Chalmers entered the University of St. Andrew's. There he spent his first two sessions in much the same way as were his school days at Anstruther. A great part of his time was occupied in boyish amusements in which, as at school, he was ever ready for fun and frolic.

It was in his *fourteenth* year that the mind of the student woke as from sleep, and gave indication of its giant energies. Mathematics, which seems to some a cold, hard science, had for him a charm beyond the fascinations of romance. The classics, although expounded by John Hunter, one of the most admired scholars and grammarians of his day, called forth no response from Chalmers's mind. He had little of the critical and mere literary faculty; his delight was only in demonstrations and certainties.

A CONSPICUOUS STUDENT.

Having found in mathematics the natural bent of his mind, he plunged into the study of it with the intensity of his temperament. He became one of the conspicuous students of his college. The earlier fancy for the ministry now gave place to a new ambition to become professor of mathematics in one of the national universities. This awakening of an intellect long inert could not be confined to the mere ardent pursuit of mathematics and physics; it sought vent for itself in the outlets of *literary composition*. Specimens of his later college compositions are written with singular force and beauty of language, and are interesting as the first-fruits of that billowy Chalmerian style, which is as marked as the Johnsonian, and which proved capable of marvellous rhetorical effect.

At this time there was everywhere a violent reaction against the previous ages of passive belief. Various forms of scepticism and materialism prevailed largely, though secretly, among the *literati* and upper class of Scotland, and had infected even the professors of the universities and the ministers of the Church; and it is clear that by the hands of his own academic superiors Chalmers, when a lad of *seventeen*, having then been for two years a Divinity student, was first infected with these doctrines.

It was not until his *twenty-first* year that he found his way out of the labyrinth of speculations into which he had been drawn, or his mind cleared of the last distempered dreams in which he had been indulging; and it was while attending the lectures of the evangelical Professor Robison, that the true light dawned upon his mind, and showed him a pathway from the miry pit of atheism.

After completing the course of study prescribed by the Church of Scotland, Chalmers obtained *license as a preacher* of the Gospel on July 31st, 1799; but there was as yet no burden of a divine message in his spirit, which his tongue should make haste to utter. About a month afterward he made his

FIRST APPEARANCE AS A PREACHER

in a chapel in Wigan, and on the Sunday following he delivered the same discourse in Liverpool. In October, the same year, he established himself in the house of a relative in Edinburgh, and pursued with great ardor his favorite studies of mathematics and philosophy. In November, 1801, he was

ELECTED TO THE LIVING OF KILMANY

by the University of St. Andrew's. At the same period he was installed as Assistant-Professor of Mathematics in the university.

On May 12th, 1803, Thomas Chalmers' was *ordained* with the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery of Cupar. The charge committed to him was a compact rural parish in Fifeshire, occupied by a purely rural population. The young minister began his work with a very inadequate sense of its serious character. Intent on academical distinction, he gave to parish duty but a small proportion of his time. He took a deep interest in local and national politics, and was a prominent public man. Europe was at that time agitated by the conquests of the first Napoleon, and volunteer corps were organized in Scotland, of one of which Chalmers became captain.

From the various accounts which have been given us by Dr. Hanna, Dr. Fraser, and others, we are enabled, in thought, to see Thomas Chalmers in his manse at Kilmany, dashing off his sermon, quick as the pen could run, in the late hours of Saturday night, intent only on doing a necessary duty, and neither aiming at nor expecting the conversion of souls as a result of his ministry. So he continued until the year 1810. That was for him

A MOMENTOUS YEAR.

Death made havoc in the Chalmers family. Within a few months his uncle and a dearly loved brother and sister were carried to the tomb. Two other sisters were declared to be dying of consumption, and Thomas Chalmers himself, then thirty years of age, was prostrated with a dangerous illness. For *four months* he never left his room; and it was *more than a year* before he could resume his parochial duties.

During this enforced retirement, the Holy Spirit led him to review his past life, and the result was that he became entirely dissatisfied with himself. Then he read books that searched his spirit closely—Pascal's "Pensées," Wilberforce's "Practical View," Scott's "Force of Truth," Baxter on "Conversion," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," and many others; and from that dim and lonely chamber issue forth these words:

"My confinement has fixed on my heart a very strong impression of the insignificance of time. This should be the first step to another impression still more salutary—the magnitude of eternity. Strip human life of its connection with a higher scene of existence, and it is the illusion of an instant, an unmeaning farce, a series of visions and projects and convulsive efforts, which terminate in *nothing*."

These changes were not sudden, except in their beginning; they were not violent; they were not terrifying, as some have experienced. They were gradual, but fundamental, growing as the light grows; they were deep and enduring as life. In short, Thomas Chalmers was converted. The humblest, the most unassuming of men in himself, Chalmers now feels that he is charged with a divine message of reconciliation to perishing sinners; through the grace of God he rises to the height of his grand commission, and with heavenly fire upon his lips proclaims to all around:

"I AM AN AMBASSADOR FOR CHRIST!"

The little sequestered Kirk of Kilmany, once so thinly attended, and the few so careless, was now crowded in every corner, even the standing room, not by the parish folk only, but by strangers from Dundee and Edinburgh. Thomas Chalmers was a name in the country. It had come to be widely recognized that a man of rare power and devotedness was rusticating in a small parish of Fifeshire; and it was inevitable that he should be invited to fill a wider and more conspicuous sphere.

The Tron parish church of Glasgow was without a minister, and hearing of the fame of Chalmers, the Town Council, in whose gift the appointment lay, offered it to him in such a cordial manner tha he at once *accepted* it. The *election* was made on November 25th, 1814, but the new minister was not formally admitted until July, 1815. Chalmers was then just *thirty-five* years old.

He speedily rose to an unparalleled degree of popularity in consequence of his extraordinary eloquence and power. But he did not think that the end of his ministry was answered by crowded churches and enthusiastic admiration of his oratory, he felt that nothing was really gained unless souls were brought into living relationship with Jesus Christ. Though the people of Glasgow were speaking of his "Astronomical Discourses"—the Principia of Newton set to music—as the most magnificent sweep of intellectual power they had ever witnessed, and though on the Sabbath he found it necessary to preach the same sermon morning and evening in order to prevent the overcrowding of the Tron Church, he was yet for some months in a state of despondency because he saw no fruit of his labors.

During the eight years that he labored in Glasgow, he laid the foundation of his national fame by such preaching as Scotland had never known before, and by such methodical evangelical efforts to grapple with the physical misery and spiritual destitution of the masses, as had never before been witnessed, and which remain to this day a model and stimulus to all Christian workers. But mighty as he was as preacher and parish pastor, there was deep-rooted in his heart a passion for Academic work, and for contact with intellectual youth; and he held that the Professorial Chair presented, above all other positions, the opportunity for the most intensive and far-reaching influence.

BECOMES PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

In 1823 the Chair of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrew's became vacant, and it was spontaneously and unanimously *offered* to Chalmers. Feeling that he could now be more usefully employed at the fountain-head of thought, in filling the souls of the young men who, in their various vocations, would have the moulding of future generations, he resolved to *accept* the appointment, and commenced his long career as professor, extending over *twenty-three years*, and terminating only with his death.

Chalmers highly valued an Established Church,

ncipally because it was, in his opinion, the st instrument for the extension of the paro- ial system into the remotest and most needy rts of the country. But recent judicial deci- ns were entirely subversive of his cherished liefs and convictions, and effected a reversal, the time, of all his aims and purposes. He sired that the public funds should be applied the support of the Church, but he would not mit that those who disbursed those funds had ight to govern the Church. He wanted State pport without State control.

Foreseeing, in the summer of 1841, that his sire would not be granted and that the law rts would still by their decisions govern the urch, he saw that separation from the govern- nt was inevitable. Chalmers then applied his nd to the first tracing out of a scheme by ich the Church of Scotland, disestablished by force of circumstances, could be carried over the platform of a Free Church, with its char- er, capabilities, and services unimpaired.

n view of a clearly impending crisis, *a special vocation of the Evangelical ministers* assem- d in Edinburgh—four hundred and fifty ong—in the month of November, 1842. It s opened by Chalmers with a serene and minous discourse, from these words of the almist, "Unto the upright there ariseth light the darkness." He took the opportunity to iew the position of the Church in conse- ence of recent decisions of the Court of Ses- n, and discussed "the exact principles which st determine whether we can remain within, must withdraw from, the endowed Church, it is, retain our stipends or throw them to the ds, whatever be the consequences."

HIS SCHEME OF SUSTENTATION.

Chalmers also sought permission to expound scheme of *Sustentation* for a Free Church. e four hundred and fifty brethren listened h admiration, but the scheme was regarded h general incredulity; and the prospects d out by it were considered as the visionary icipations of a too sanguine imagination. It s a perilous experiment for the ministers to render their sure and regular incomes paid the government with punctuality, and to ve the parsonages which the government had ovided for them for life, and go out poor and pendent to live on voluntary gifts.

The following year, however, the Convocation emnly voted the following resolution: "It is determination of the brethren now assem- d, if no measure such as they have declared be indispensable be granted, to tender the ignation of their civil advantages, and to cast emselves on such provision as God in His ovidence may afford." "*Will they come ?*" was the universal inquiry. "Surely they l think twice before they give up their com- table manses and well-paid stipends," said people. These may be their principles, t will they be prepared to carry their prin- ples to the extent of giving up their prop- y?

THE DAY OF DISRUPTION.

It was Thursday, May 18th, 1843. The ex- ement and suspense in Edinburgh and roughout Scotland was intense. The morning se dull and cloudy; but as the day advanced, became clearer and more settled. For several ys previously there had been an unusual influx strangers into Edinburgh, some drawn by riosity, but tens of thousands from profound mpathy, and the anticipation of beholding a blime spectacle. By *four* in the morning ge numbers had taken their seats in St. An- ew's Church of the New Town, in which the siness of the Assembly would be transacted, ere they sat in expectation for upward of *nine urs*. A still greater number had taken their ats, as early, in the large hall of the Canon- lls, where preparations had been made for the ception of the New Assemby if they withdrew d made the formal inauguration of the Free urch of Scotland. Long before the middle the day all ordinary business was suspended. ense but eddying crowds were to be seen at the various points where there was any cause of interest or attraction.

The Marquis of Bute, Royal Commissioner, was keeping state at Holyrood. Troops of cavalry, mounted on their proud coursers, and glittering in armor, with banner and trumpet, were circling round the palace. Carriages and equipages were rushing to and fro, and richly caparisoned steeds struck fire from their hoofs as they dashed past with their lordly riders. By midday the long spacious Chamber of State was filled with a splendor such as old Holyrood does not now often exhibit, the representative of royalty, the highest of the nobility, ermined judges, star-bespangled warriors, and the dark array of the clergy *still national*; while the whole scene was adorned with cheeks as fair and eyes as bright as if the court of Mary Stuart had been revived.

But the air was electrical for all that; any turn of the wind might dissolve the dark cloud in a destructive shower; passions are all the more intense when repressed under the show of easy nonchalance. This Chamber of State is hung with portraits of the old Scottish kings; among the rest is one of William of the "glorious Revolution." The Royal Commission was standing opposite, in a circle of all that was outwardly august, and imposing, and venerable in the nation—surely it was the very marriage-day of Church and State—when this picture of King William accidentally broke away from the wall, and came crashing down upon the floor. A voice like Cassandra's proclaimed, "There goes the Revolution settlement!"

The ever-increasing multitude, who have been floating about the town all day, now concentrate and await the birth of events. The galleries are crammed with their nine-hours' occupants; the back seats below are also filled; and the ministers and elders pour in hastily, till every seat in the body of the church holds its man.

THE SCENE IN THE CHURCH.

Dr. Welsh, always calm and dignified, enters and takes his Moderator's chair; Chalmers on his left. The Commissioner next appears, and fills his Chair of State. After the opening devotions, and after the great assemblage had resumed their seats, there was a bending forward, and a universal cry of "Hush! hush!"

"Fathers and brethren!" Dr. Welsh began, and every accent circulated like an electric current through the breathless assembly. Distinctly and concisely he explained that the brethren had decided that rather than be subject as ministers to secular government they would resign government pay and found a Free Church. He thus concluded: "We protest that it is and shall be lawful for us to withdraw to a separate place of meeting, for the purpose of taking steps for separating in an orderly way from the Establishment. And we now withdraw accordingly, humbly and solemnly acknowledging the hand of the Lord in the things which have come upon us, because of our manifold sins, and the sins of the Church and nation."

He bowed to the Commissioner, left his seat, and walked down the aisle. Chalmers followed him; and other venerable fathers—Gordon, Macdonald, Macfarlane—rose and departed. The people in the galleries, spellbound at first, broke out into one rapturous shout. Then minister after minister passed away, elder after elder, until many seats were left empty. More than *four hundred* ministers, soon afterward increased to *five* hundred, and a still larger number of the elderhood, pass from the church into the streets.

The great shout inside is the signal to the multitudes outside; and as the well-known faces appear in front, the cry reverberates through the city—"They come! they come!" One loud ringing cheer after another hails the brave men. They came out in no regular order; but the dense multitudes gathering and forming a narrow lane, they were forced into an unintended procession of three and three, a quarter of a mile in length; and through the crowded streets, and under the crowded windows, they made their way to the hall of Canon-mills.

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Amid acclamations, continued for several minutes, Chalmers takes the chair. He calls upon them to join in the psalm—

"O send Thy light forth and Thy truth;
Let them be guides to me,
And bring me to Thine holy hill,
Ev'n where Thy dwellings be."

As the 3000 voices swell through the building, a ray of sunshine—rare on that cloudy day—suddenly breaks in, and irradiates the assembly; and many present are at once reminded of the text of Chalmers's sermon six months before, "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

SUCCESS.

Whatever may be the doubts in some minds as to the wisdom of the Disruption, there can be none as to the successful operations of the Free Church. Its multiplication of religious agencies in large towns; its care for the rural population; its educational and other philanthropic institutions; its Foreign Mission honored by large success in heathen lands—all show that even if the Disruption could be proved to have been an evil, it has been over-ruled by Providence for good.

In the year 1881 the Free Church had about 1030 ministers, and raised during the previous year, for all purposes, the sum of nearly $3,000,000.

Exigencies of space forbid any reference to the after work of Thomas Chalmers, much as we should like to describe his splendid home-missionary success in the degraded neighborhood of the West Port, Edinburgh, where he subsequently built a church. This was the crowning achievement of his life, for a few months after he was called to his eternal rest.

DEATH.

Dr. Chalmers died on the night of May 30th, 1847, in the *sixty-seventh year* of his age. He had recently returned from a visit to London, and was apparently in his usual robust health. "During the whole of the evening he was peculiarly bland and benignant." Immediately after prayers he withdrew, and bidding his family remember that they must be early to-morrow, he waved his hand, saying, "A general good-night."

The housekeeper, who had been long in the family, knocked next morning at the door of Dr. Chalmers's room, but received no answer. Concluding that he was asleep, and unwilling to disturb him, she waited till a second visitor called with an important message; she then entered the room—it was in darkness; she spoke, but there was no response. At last she threw open the window-shutters and drew aside the curtains of the bed. He sat there, half erect, his head reclining gently on the pillow; the expression of his countenance that of fixed and majestic repose,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

She took his hand, she touched his brow; he had been dead for hours; very shortly after that parting salute to his family he had entered the eternal world.

"His spirit at a bound
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent at sunrise on the ground
A darkened ruin lay."

A king of men had passed from the earth, and through all Christendom there went a wave of tender sorrow. He was the greatest orator, the greatest preacher, and one of the most magnanimous, wise, and honorable men, in the illustrious scroll of those who have shed lustre on the name of Scotland.

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THE ARCTIC MARTYRS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, February 24, 1884.

"By the breath of God frost is given: and the breadth of the water is straitened."—JOB 37: 10.

Where Winters are Hatched—The Unexplored Region—The Returned Passengers—Contrast between their Going and their Coming—The Jeannette Voyage—Not a Failure—In what it Succeeded—I. It Proved that Religion Could be Carried into all Enterprises—Extracts from De Long's Journal—Prayer all the Way—II. Gave a Demonstration of Unparalleled Courage—The Most Formidable Foes—The Men Needed by Church and State—Christian Expeditions to Unchristian Arctics—But Few De Longs in the World—The Day of General Rectification—III. It Persuaded the World to Stop Arctic Exploration—IV. Departed Friends Ours after Death—The Meaning of that Eight Thousand Miles' Journey—The Greatest of all Explorers.

THIS is a river or lake or sea frozen over. The waters that would otherwise be free are straitened and in crystal shackles. In Job's time there had been no polar expeditions, but this text is descriptive of an Arctic sea. In the most ancient times the tyrant Cold went forth and assailed the waters while at play, and took them into everlasting captivity, and the crash that the Arctic explorer hears at midnight is only the restless captive turning over in her chains. It is the home where all our winters are hatched in nest of iceberg under the wings of the north wind. There are long rows of castles in which

THE GIANTS OF THE COLD

live. There are great battlements of glaciers—Gibraltars and Sebastopols—guarding the realm of frigidity, and ponderous gates of glass that swing open long enough to let adventurers sail in and then swing shut, leaving the world to guess about the lost shipping.

Great cities of palaces and castles and minarets and domes and bridges and archways and obelisks and statuary lifted up with such splendors that the human eye is extinguished if it gaze too long. Cathedrals in which eternal silence worships. Thrones on which eternal stillness reigns. Continent uninhabited save by walrus or bear or wild geese or ptarmigan or deer. Hundreds of miles that have never heard human voice or the sound of human footstep. Immensities of chilled quiet. "By the breath of God frost is given: and the breadth of the waters is straitened."

From these lands ten

SILENT PASSENGERS

have now arrived. Oh, the contrast between their going and their coming! July the 8th, 1879, summer day, steaming out from San Francisco Harbor. Decorated yachts filled with distinguished citizens accompanying. Wharves and hills covered with enthusiastic spectators. Fort Point with twenty-one guns of salutation. Blast of steam whistles and dipping of colors, and by telegraph the whole country sympathetic with the gallant undertaking. Now their return after nearly five years! The poor remains of a fragment of the expedition passing amid lines of sorrowful thousands, but the chief objects of interest hearing not a sound of gun and seeing not an uplifted hat. "*A failure!*" say thousands of people. Two or three bare islands discovered, and the most of the bones of the adventurers flung by the polar winds or gnawed by the polar bears, while here and there a relic, from which all signs of humanity has been obliterated, comes home to revive the prolonged anguish of bereft households. I protest here and now against this misleading cry of failure.

In at least four respects the De Long expedition has been

A MAGNIFICENT SUCCESS.

I. *First*, it has demonstrated in most stupendous manner and before all nations that religion may be carried into all enterprises, and especially into those which are scientific. Christ was not more certainly on the ship in Galilee than he was on board the Jeannette. Of their first Sunday out De Long's diary records: "Had the articles of war read and the ship's company mustered. Then read divine service, and was much pleased at observing that every officer and man not absolutely on watch voluntarily attended." Yea; it was divine service every Sunday.

I again open De Long's ice journal, and read: "Sent back for Lee. He had turned back, lain down, and was waiting to die. All united in saying Lord's Prayer and Creed after supper." Further on I find the record: "Alexy dying. Doctor baptized him. Read prayers for sick."

De Long further records these words: "I was much impressed, and derived great encouragement from an accident of last Sunday. Our Bible got soaking wet, and I had to read the Epistle and Gospel out of my Prayer-book. According to my rough calculation it was the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, and the Gospel contained some promises which seemed peculiarly adapted to our condition—Matthew 5: 24: 'Take no thought for your life what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on.'" The ice-journal of the closing days of that awful journey reads thus: "Lee died at noon. Read prayers for the sick when he found he was going." Again he writes: "We are in the hands of God, and unless He intervenes we are lost." Of

THE LAST SABBATH

he says: "One hundred and thirty-third day. Everybody pretty weak. Read part of divine service." Alas! he could read no more than part of it. Far away from home, and hungry and freezing and dying, they cried unto the Lord, and they went right out of a cold earth into a warm heaven. Oh, we who neglect divine service because it is too cold or too hot, or we are too busy, or have company, let us take the chiding that comes down from the North in the box containing the ice-journal of George W. De Long, the Christian commander.

They did not wait to pray till the cutters parted in the gale and the last can of pemmican was exhausted and they were reduced to a little willow tea and a fried boot-sole, but while the Jeannette was in good trim and sailing on for a scientific conquest so promising that it excited the jealousy of naval officers at San Francisco, the Tuscarora, and the Alaska, and the Alert, and the Monterey of the United States Navy joining not in the cheers and the salvos at the departure of the Jeannette. The prayers of the Arctic explorers in good weather as well as severe are illustrious example for all who go down to the sea in ships as well as for all landsmen. Do not wait to pray till your provision gives out and your boat must be abandoned, and there is no game to bring down or fetch in and you are lost in the snowdrifts.

PRAYER ALL THE WAY

from San Francisco to Lena Delta. Prayer, though the fingers were too numb to turn the leaves, and the lips too stiff with cold to speak the words, and the eye too dim with fatigue to see the page.

They were men of splendid physique, if their portraits are accurate, and of cultured intellects, if we may judge from their diplomas and correspondence, and were armed with all the meteorological instruments and philosophical apparatus, but they did not consider themselves strong enough or wise enough to do without God. Let the infidel and atheistic and blatant philosophy of our day hear it and repent. Do not stultify yourselves and your religion by saying that any expedition is a failure which sets up the banner of the Son of God on the glittering pinnacles of iceberg till all the nations behold the crimson standard.

Gloria Patri, which we sang this morning, sung by these Arctic voyagers, while heaving icebergs played the accompaniment. Glory be to the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost as it was, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen! Oh, did it merely happen so? Was it only accidental? Was there no significance wide as earth and high as heaven in the fact that in that unending winter on monumental hill on Lena Delta the tomb was crowned with a cross? On that cold forehead of th world is set the most precious symbol of th Christian religion.

II. Another success of the polar expedition i in giving the world demonstration of

UNPARALLELED COURAGE.

Remember that it is different from tha courage which we all admire—courage in battl It was a more difficult courage, for it was agains the dumb elements. Going into ordinary battl the soldier knows that there is a possibility tha the enemy may give way through cowardic But icebergs never get afraid, and are neve thrown into panic. Going into ordinary battl the soldier knows that it is possible that th enemy may be overcome by a flank movemer or assailed from the rear. But the Arctic Ocea never was flanked. A soldier going into ord nary battle knows that there is a possibility tha the enemy's ammunition may give out. But th polar regions never lack ice for bullets, and it for guns, and ice for cavalry charge, and ice fo thunderous bombardment, fleets of ice, an squadrons of ice forever armed against shippin "Come to me," these

ARMIES OF COLD

cry, "come to me, thou proud Jeannette, and will crush in thy bows, and take off thy mast and loosen thy rudder, and I will bury thee wit no funeral honors in the same grave where dropped the Resolute, and the Intrepid, and th Fury, and the Pioneer, and the Resistance. The most difficult of all courage was the courag of De Long and his men, for they fought n other men who may be routed, but dumb forc of nature which never give any quarter an never surrender and never die.

God in olden time sent forth Joshua an Elijah and Paul by their example to teach th world courage. Now He sends the Schwatka the Franklins, the Dr. Kanes, the Livingstone the Stanleys, the De Longs, the Amblers, th Collinses, who do honor to the human rac More now than ever before there are gian among men, great throngs of men still conque ing fatigue and hunger and physical woe th they may present the round earth to the cause geographical discovery. We have found out last *how the world is bounded*—on the North, the South, on the East, and on the West by th courage of man and the goodness of God. It not more weighty, such explorers' discovery the features of the globe, than what they discov of the capacity of man when he sets out f great enterprises. The influence of such e ample is most salutary.

We want more men of that kind to work t reforms of State and Church, endurance th cannot be frozen out by the world's frigidit What is detaining the Church of God in o days is its namby-pamby membership. V have plenty of Christians in the vineyard rea to sit down and eat grapes,

BUT FEW DE LONGS

to push out into the cold. Yet God is fitti out expeditions on all sides, and men and wom are wanted who care little for their own comf and everything for what they can do for othe Frederick Oberlin commanded such an expe tion, Florence Nightingale another, Alexanc Duff another, John Howard another, Bish Asbury another.

If you cannot command an expedition you c join one. The day will arrive when all the gr Christian expeditions shall come back in t presence of many worlds, not only the lead but the led, not only the commanders but t commanded, not only the celebrated but the scure shall get celestial and divine recognitio

As Christ introduces His friends, and t question is asked, "Who are these Thou int ducest into our imperial company?" Christ v say: "This is the woman that gave a cup cold water to the thirsty traveller. This is t child that read the Scriptures to her bli mother. This is the nurse that rocked the s child's cradle. This is the female clerk of t store who patiently endured the insolence customers. This is the mother who brought

her children for God. This is the man who forsook not his religion amid the ridicule of the hat factory. This is the fireman who fell dead in trying to get a child out of the third story of a burning building. This is the machinist or the coal-heaver or the fireman of the sunken Jeannette who, kneeling in the Arctic storm, prayed that their sins might be made whiter than snow." And then Christ, waving His hand over a great multitude that no man can number, will say, "They were cold, they were sick, they were poor, they were despised, they were wronged, they came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the lamb."

That day will be *the rectification of everything*, and those who expected to take back seats in heaven will be called to take front seats, and those who would have been satisfied to occupy a footstool will be awarded a throne, and those who had no ambition except to get inside the shining gates will be made rulers over many cities.

III. Another success of this polar expedition is in the fact that it has persuaded the whole world that it is now

TIME TO STOP PUSHING

in that direction. It is a great thing for the world to know when it has struck the impossible. Never until now has every reasonable and enterprising man been willing to call a halt. All down through the days of Cabot and John Franklin and Dr. Kane and Nordenskjöld and Schwatka the world has thought that there was an important passage to be discovered and great things to be won for geography, but the impression has come upon the most hopeful of us that God does not mean the race to move any further that way. If there were fifty north-west passages of what use would they be to the world if only one ship out of a hundred could reach one of them?

Beside that the whole demand for a north-west passage has changed from the fact that this continent has been cut through three times—by the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, and Northern Pacific railroads, and what is the use of going so far around when we can go straight through? Beside that, it is demonstrated that there is nothing there more valuable than frozen islands, and that the only crop yielded is ice, sheaves of ice, stacks of ice, harvests of ice to fill garners of ice.

This De Long expedition has proved that God does not want the world to be occupied any further up that way. By the solemn emphasis of this polar disaster, He says: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Without this last expedition the world would not have been satisfied.

Let neither private munificence nor governmental authority pay another dollar or allow another life to be lost in Arctic expedition, except it be relief enterprises like that now being fitted out. God has bolted and barred that gate and written on it, "No admittance." Let not our foot attempt to pass it, for there are too many

ARMED SENTINELS

pacing up and down to make it safe for us to attempt to break through. *God has some reservations.* The Bible says that He keeps something even from the angels, and is it strange that He should keep something away from the human race? There must be paths where Jehovah can walk alone and without being questioned by human impertinence. De Long and his men have made for us most important discovery, for they have found for us the limits of useful exposure.

If Columbus was to be honored for finding the shore of this continent, let these dead men have an imperishable monument for the fact that they have, with their suffering predecessors, found the shore of the divine secret. It is a great thing to have seen for themselves and for all ages the burnished barriers of the Omnipotent, and to have just looked through the crystal pickets of the fence marked "No thoroughfare." Blessed are those men and those nations who are wise enough to know that there is a limitation to human thought and to human courage, and that at the highest latitude ever reached by ship's prow or reindeer sled is the white altar on which the human race must kneel in humble defeat, crying with Job, "He stretcheth out the North over the empty place."

IV. Another great success of this polar expedition has been the demonstrating to the world, more powerfully than ever before, that our departed friends, however far off and however long gone out of life, are

OURS AFTER DEATH,

as much as before, and this by divine and unmistakable intuition. Why this funeral march half round the earth, from Siberia to Russia, from Russia to Germany, from Germany to America, and one of them here to take steamer for Liverpool, keeping up the march of death for at least two weeks more? Why not let their bodies sleep where they fell? Neither private nor governmental largess can build so high or so brilliant or so vast a monumental shaft for those men as those uplifted splendors around the North Pole. No such sarcophagus as those of the eternal congealment, no such American or European cathedrals for pillar and dome and altar and lights as those St. Marks, those St. Pauls, those Holy Trinities of collonaded and arched and transepted and chancelled and chandeliered architecture of the icy dominions. Lieutenant Chipp and his men, who were never found, are resting in Westminster abbeys of splendor far beyond London's acropolis. No. The forty reindeer must be harnessed to the sixteen sleds, and through the atmosphere 69 degrees Farenheit the dead are brought to Yakutsk, then 2000 miles further to Irkutsk, then on to Moscow, then to Berlin and Hamburg, where wreaths are showered and bells rung in honor of these bodies coming home. Two men in our time were found mean enough to shoot a president, but I do not believe in all the land there is a man mean enough to criticise the expense of this

LONG MORTUARY TRAVEL.

Every man says that is right. Bring them back to their own land, and, as far as possible, put them beside their own kindred, so that when they rouse in the great day of the awakening, which shall be to all graveyards and cemeteries, they may come hand in hand with those who were rocked in the same cradle and sheltered in the same mother's arms.

An instinct planted in all hearts must have been divinely planted and for some useful purpose. The divine lesson is that the dead are ours. Five years, fifty years make no difference. Write it on the cemetery gate and chisel it on the stone and embalm it in the heart. Ours. Never did God, since the day when He hung the world upon nothing give such magnificent demonstration of that truth as by these 8000 miles of obsequies, all nations with uncovered head bidding God-speed to the silent procession.

Some people recklessly say they do not care what becomes of their bodies after they leave this life. I care very much. I want to lie down in the midst of my kindred. The same springtime that puts bloom on their graves I must have put bloom on my grave, and though we go there one by one, one by one, and years pass between this arrival and that arrival in the still country, I want us all to get up together and substitute for the last kiss of earthly heartbreak the good-morning kiss of resurrection reunion. We must come out of the gates side by side.

Yes, yes. Give De Long back to the widowed soul. Let Collins go to the arms of his brothers now waiting. Take Dr. Ambler back to his beloved Virginia, and Boyd to the Philadelphians waiting for him. Let dust seek kindred dust. And if any are not claimed, let the United States Government be mother to the homeless dead, and at the naval cemetery in Annapolis point to these as to others already garnered, saying, "These are my jewels." Do not say, "Why all this waste of human life?" There has been no waste. If all these explorers had lived a hundred years at home they could not have given to the world such an irresistible lesson as now of the triumphant and world-electrifying fact that the dead are ours.

As we close up this volume of thrilling crystallography, let us rejoice that another volume of

THE WORLD'S SUFFERING

has ended. Volume after volume of pain and struggle added to the long shelf. Story of architects who fell from the scaffold of great buildings they were constucting. Story of chemists whose eyesight was blasted while making important experiments. Story of men who by sword or pen or ship's compass or trowel or hammer or spade or plough or needle or kind word achieved liberty for others. Volumes of suffering filling up nine tenths of the world's library. Volumes illustrated with vignettes and plates of martyr's stake and perishing Arctic expeditions. Pages printed in blue and black and red ink, blue for the bruises, black for the infamy, and red for the carnage. While overtopping and outmeasuring all other volumes in importance is the ice-journal of

THE GREATEST OF ALL EXPLORERS

and sufferers who sailed into the Arctic repulsions of this world that He might open passage for all the race to sail through, yet frozen of the world's neglects, and flung dead in the exploration. The first picture of that ice-journal a disagreeable manger, and the last picture an agonizing cross. God hasten the day when all the volumes of the world's suffering shall be ended and a new library be opened, all its shelves filled with stories of escape and jubilee and scrolls of new songs unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood and made us kings and priests unto God forever.

THE OCCUPATIONS, ETC.

A new pamphlet of Dr. Talmage's Sermons, under the above title, is now ready. Among the twenty-six sermons it contains, are those to Lawyers, Doctors, Merchants, Clerks, Commercial Travellers, The Theatrical Profession, and Telegraph Operators. Also Sermons on Business Life, The East Wind, Silver Wings, The Pouting Son, The Ferry-boat of the Jordan, etc. It may be obtained, postage paid, from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office for thirty cents.

The Urgent Need of Concerted Action between the Legislatures of all the States in the matter of marriage and divorce has received confirmation in the message of Governor Bowen, of Rhode Island. After drawing the attention of the Legislature to the bad eminence attained by the State for its numerous divorces, he said: "In 1882 there was one divorce to every nine hundred and seventeen marriages, and when we consider that probably one third of our population are adherents of the Roman Catholic Church (in which divorces are not recognized for any cause), the proportion of divorces becomes absolutely startling. For the ten years ending December 31st, 1882, there were two thousand eight hundred and twenty-four applications for divorce in the State, of which two thousand two hundred and one were granted. The large majority of these divorces were granted without opposition, and therefore, upon *ex parte* depositions, which are practically only such depositions of interested parties as would make a *prima facie* case. About one fifth of the applications allege adultery as a cause for divorce, and yet I am informed by the attorney-general that no prosecution for adultery was ever known to him based on evidence brought out in a divorce case. In fact, a divorce for this cause would be granted upon evidence that would not warrant for a moment the holding of a person upon a criminal charge." It appears that the statistics do not indicate a low state of immorality in Rhode Island. Many of the applicants are citizens of other States, who go there to bring suit because divorces are more easily obtained there than elsewhere.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Safe on the Rock to the Last.—The Rev. Mr. Brown said at a recent meeting: "At the deathbed of an old Christian friend, whose life had been devoted to the service of God, I inquired, 'Are you safe on the rock Christ Jesus?' 'Ah, yes, I have trusted Christ all along, and He never yet failed me, nor will He fail me now.' There was no exuberant joy, but a quiet trust in the holy promises of God, that He, for His Son Jesus' sake, would not forsake those who trusted in Him during prosperity, when the darkness of death began to cover their eyes. Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Lost for Want of a Bright Light.—Mr. Sloan says: "Some years ago a steamer was coming up the Firth of Clyde on a stormy night. Careful watch was kept, and all was going well, till suddenly a dim, flickering light appeared right over her bows. In another instant the steamer went crashing into a ship which was lying at anchor. Several lives were lost, and much damage done. What was the cause of the accident? The anchored ship had allowed her light to grow dim from want of oil. It was only neglected. This is like what many Christians do; they forget to read the Word, to meditate upon it, and to watch with prayer, therefore their light is almost out, to the injury of themselves and others. 'Watch and pray.'"

A Jewish Missionary's Experience.—Mr. Mathews relates: "Seventeen years ago I started as a missionary to the Jews in Spitalfields. I have come out in the morning with a good coat on my back and a new hat on my head, and returned home with my coat torn, my hat smashed, and my face spit upon. These days have passed away, we hope, never to return. We have stood our ground, and now our missionaries are free to come and go as they please. For eighteen months after my conversion my wife lived separate from me, because she considered I had become an apostate, and had forsaken the living and true God. As a true Jewess she was bound to leave me; but I thank the Lord that she had her heart changed so that she now loves and serves Jesus Christ as her Saviour."

Daft Davie's Smart Appearance.—"At a meeting held in a northern town several persons were brought to the Lord, and found peace for their souls. One of them was a half-witted fellow who had a rather untidy appearance. Davie, after his conversion, thought it unbecoming in a Christian to be dirty, so he scrupulously washed his body and cleaned his clothing. On the next Sabbath, while on his way to the church, the minister met him going to church, and greeted the lad with, 'You're fine to-day, Davie!' 'Aye, sir, He was fine Hissel' the mornin' He rose frae the dead.' The poor imbecile lad showed to all that he was truly converted, and was able to give a reason for the hope that was in him, for by the change in his outward appearance those who knew him in former times were moved to inquire into the cause, so that his light was shining and glorifying God."

A Ship Captain's Dying Cry.—Major Colquhoun said: "Some few of us know a gentleman who is now a rich shipowner, but for more than forty years he sailed the seas, taking all chances of wind and weather. When a poor Newfoundland boy he went to sea, and rose step by step to the position he now holds in our city. He tells us that just as he kept the commandments of God he succeeded. If he neglected prayer and broke the law of God he always suffered for doing so. He had six brothers, all sea captains, and sometimes he tells of the death of one brother, who, before he was out of his teens, commanded a fine ship and sailed her for years. One dark, stormy night the ship was driven on the rocks not far from his mother's house, and all hands were drowned except the mate, who was saved by being washed ashore. When the mate recovered he peered into the darkness, hoping to see his ship, but could not; he only heard his young captain's voice crying to God for mercy. Sadly he turned toward the captain's house. When the mother saw him, her heart sank, and she cried, 'What has become of my son?' With a sorrowful mien he replied, 'He's gone.' 'Did he send me no message?' 'No, there was no time; the last words I heard him say as I stood on the rocks were, "God have mercy on my soul."' Turn to the Lord Jesus now, do not wait till death stares in your face, but cry for pardon now, and the promise is yours."

A Gambling-House Employe Saved.—Mr. Newal, who does good work for Christ in France, said: "We noticed a man and his wife coming into our hall very often. On inquiry we learned that the man was employed in a gambling-house. Our missionary got their address and called upon the little family, and spoke to and prayed with the wife, who was soon converted to Christ. One day the wife said to the missionary, 'Oh, sir, if only my husband was converted how happy we would be!' 'If you believe that God will answer our prayers I will pray with you for his conversion.' 'Yes, I do believe,' she answered. They prayed together, pleading that God would open his eyes and his heart to see and admit Jesus. When the husband came home, he said, 'I have had a very strange feeling to-day. I almost think it is what those Protestants call conversion. I must give up my employment and trust to God for food.' 'At what hour did you experience this strange sensation?' I asked. It was the very moment we were kneeling in prayer for his conversion."

Weeping at a Sermon on Heaven.—Mr. Deware related: "An aged couple in America had one son. They were earnest, devout Christians, but their boy was a fast young man; yet he could listen with interest and even rapture to a good sermon. He went with his parents to hear one on 'Heaven,' and enjoyed the address very much. When the speaker had finished, with a fervent appeal to his hearers to prepare for spending eternity, the young man looked into his parents' faces expecting to see them glowing with happiness, but he saw them shedding tears of deep, heartfelt sorrow. Surprised, he said, 'Why, father, mother, what makes you cry? the sermon was on "Heaven," and though I've little chance of ever being there, *you* are certain to enjoy that glorious place.' 'That's just it,' was the affectionate answer; 'we know that *we* shall be there through faith in Christ's finished work for our salvation; but our only son, where will *he* be?' This reply was the means used by the Holy Spirit to reach the youth's heart, and resulted in his becoming a Christian. It was the answer of fainting, doubting hearts, yet the Lord used it to pierce his soul, and He gave power to the youth to stand firm in the faith. 'Be not faithless but believing.'"

A Family of Jews Converted.—Mr. Aaron Mathews, the devoted missionary to Jews, said: "I will relate a case of a Jewish family being brought to the Lord Jesus through the instrumentality of one of our missionaries. I was in Jersey lately, where I met a converted Jewish family. The head of the family asked me to visit on my return to London a Jew named Mr. W. I asked, 'Why should I visit him?' and elicited the following reply. He said: 'I had occasion to visit Covent Garden Market on business, and met Mr. W. there. He invited me to take a glass of wine, but I declined, saying, "I am now a Christian, and ever since I became one I have never crossed the door of a liquor-saloon."' Mr. W. began to abuse my friend, stating that it was for mercenary purposes that he had changed his faith, though the Jew who does so is foolish, because a converted man must not tell lies. Now, lying is a very convenient thing in business, so that an unconverted Jew has a much better chance than a Christian Jew. My Jersey friend, in concluding, pressed me to visit Mr. W., but I remarked, 'Why delay? I'll send word to another missionary, and he will gladly call.' This was done and the Lord blessed our brother's efforts, and Mr. W. and his family are now rejoicing in the Saviour. To dispose of the fiction that we bribe Jews to be converts, I may tell you that Mr. W. sent us £5 for distribution among the poor, and gave the missionary a fine gold watch as a token of his gratitude."

THE SEVEN APOCALYPTIC CYCLES

By J. Alexis Edgren, D.D.*

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The Seven Representative Churches—The Opening of the Seals—The Trumpets—The Persecuting Era—A Missionary Period—The Seven Vials—Destruction of Antichrist and the Millennium.

THE Apocalypse probably covers the whole period of world-history from the apostolic age to the end. In structure it is repeating and progressive. Six times it goes over the same or part of the same period, ending in the coming of Christ and the glory which is to follow. At every repetition it brings out some new feature of this pre-millennial period, until prophecy about it is nearly complete; and then, in the seventh cycle, it sweeps on through the millennial Sabbath and into eternity.

Thus we have *first* of all the letters to THE SEVEN CHURCHES of Asia. Why are these seven selected, and not all the churches of the district? Evidently because seven is the sacred number of completion, and because just these seven furnished a typical representation of professed Christianity during the whole pre-millennial age. The conditions, tendencies and dangers of these seven churches would always recur, throughout the age, and the warnings, encouragements and promises given them would constantly be needed.

Possibly also the seven, in the order in which they are placed in the prophecy, point to successive predominant conditions within professed Christianity during the present world-age. This seems very probable from the description of the several churches. *Ephesus*, the church of the first love, but declining, well represents the close of the apostolic age and some time after it. *Smyrna*, the church faithful in trial, the represents the period of the heathen persecutions. *Pergamus*, the church faithful in confession of essential truth, but tolerating those in its membership who taught an unholy alliance with heathenism and the world, represents the period of such men as Athanasius, Jerome, Augustin and Chrysostom, and also the period of the formation of a persecuting State church and the introduction into it of heathen customs, saint and relic worship, from the early part of the fourth to the beginning of the eighth century.

Thyatira, the church of works and love and service, but also of fornication, represents the succeeding period to the Reformation, with its zealous missionary operations in Britain, northern, central and eastern Europe, but also with its unholy union of church and State, and its heathenish image worship, etc., perfected and with its scholasticism and mysticism.

Sardis, the church having a name that it lives but is dead, yet in part declining and ready to die, and having a few names, of God called worthy, and promised a portion with him, fitly represents the period of Protestant and Reformed State churches, almost entirely dead although, in distinction from Catholicism, they have a name that they live. To this period belong a few worthy names, and in part these churches have been spiritually revived through the great awakenings of the last two centuries.

Philadelphia, the church of faithful and loving activity for God, which shall be kept from the hour of trial, which is to come upon all the world, and is so emphatically reminded of the speedy coming of the Lord, represents the wondrous period of loving and aggressive missionary work, in the midst of which we live, the period

* From his work entitled "Epiphaneia," published by Mr. F. H. Revell, Chicago, price, 75 cents.

of mission societies, Bible societies, Sunday-schools and all the various blessed activities for God. This period began with our century, or a little before. It seems to be synchronous with the "angel flying in mid-heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and tribe and tongue and people" (Rev. 14 : 6).

Laodicea, melancholy Laodicea, the church of lukewarmness, and riches, and self-content, though spiritually wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked, represents the period to follow the predominantly genuine mission age and to precede the coming of the Lord. It coincides with the parable of the ten virgins and with the time of the last antichristian dangers, and will probably be very short, for it embraces the days that shall be shortened for the elect's sake.

Now, since these periods do not have sharply defined limits, but blend into one another, we may, and indeed must in the present period, see those elements forming, which shall bring about the Laodicean condition, the final goal of the worldly tendencies in evangelical churches. Be on thy guard, Philadelphian, lest thou lose thy Christian humility, love, spirituality and true consecration to God. For, remember, there will be a Philadelphian element running through the Laodicean age. To Philadelphia is the promise, that it shall be kept from the hour of trial which is to come upon all the world.

Then begins

THE SECOND CYCLE

of the prophecy, the opening of the seven seals. In the first six we go over the same period as before, but viewed in a different aspect. It continues throughout the period, but with it also war, and dearth, and pestilence, and distress, and martyrdom, as symbolized under the following seals up to the sixth. Under it we have the gloom and terror of the impending great day of the wrath of God. In the seventh chapter follows a sealing of a symbolically complete number of the servants of God, whereupon a heaven-scene opens to view, and we see the saved from all nations, and kindreds, and tongues standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, with palms in their hands, and loudly praising God. This is a glimpse of the heaven side of the millennial glory.

After a significant silence in heaven follows

THE THIRD CYCLE

of prophetic visions, going over again the pre-millennial world-age, and bringing out more particularly some of its great leading events. On account of many and striking coincidences with history we think the first four trumpets symbolically set forth the overthrow of the Western Roman Empire by the ravages of Goths, Vandals and Huns, and by the abolishing of the name and office of Roman Emperor in the West by Odoacer ; while the fifth and sixth likewise set forth the overthrow of the Eastern Empire by the Saracens and Turks.*

This mighty movement of overwhelming barbarian and Mohammedan forces, by which the civilizations of Europe and historical Asia and Africa were deeply affected, the life of the church seriously threatened, and nominal Christianity keenly afflicted, is a theme grand enough for a place in prophecy. Then follows in the tenth chapter, we think, an allusion to the Reformation. The little book, the Bible, closed by the Catholic Church, is opened again to the world. Next in order is the end. Then time, pre-millennial time with its opportunities and struggles will be no more. Hence prophecy passes on to the witnesses who are to be killed by Antichrist, but rise again, and ascend to heaven in a cloud—a glimpse of the first resurrection. This prophecy may have an initial fulfilment in a line of witnesses through the period of State church oppression, and a final in two special witnesses in the very last days. In one of these we may meet again with Elijah.

* [Dr. Edgren refers here to the year-day fulfilment. There will also be a literal-day fulfilment.—ED.]

In the twelfth chapter we come to

THE FOURTH CYCLE,

beginning with a representation of the living church of God, under the figure of a virtuous woman. Of her Christ was born after the flesh. The devil attempted to destroy Him, but failed. Then he fearfully persecuted the church, which through the providence of God, found a place of refuge in the wilderness. In the thirteenth chapter is a symbolic representation of the world-power, antichristian in heart and persecuting the saints of God, and having at its side a sacerdotal power, a deceiving priesthood, performing lying wonders and oppressing those who do not obey its will. The first fulfilment of this prophecy, we believe, is to be found in the world-powers under influence of a nominally Christian priesthood, especially, though not exclusively, the Roman Catholic. But it has, no doubt, also another fulfilment in a last personal Antichrist and his false prophet. It therefore points to antichristianity in the world, of which Catholicism in its political and priestly aspect is a preparatory form, essentially antichristian in spirit and works, but not in fulness of development. It is, perhaps, the *apostasia*, the falling away (II Thess. 2 : 3).

After it comes *the Antichrist*, the man of sin and son of perdition, in and with whom is the climax of sin, the absolute denial of the Father and the Son, and perfect self-deification, working with all the power of Satanic hatred, deceit and unrighteousness. Toward this goal the materialistic atheism of our day strongly tends. Then follows again a scene of the redeemed with the Lamb, singing a new song before the throne —a millennial scene.

The latter part of the fourteenth chapter and the fifteenth contains

THE FIFTH CYCLE,

in which we have the prophecy of a great missionary movement, the preaching of the Gospel to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people ; the declaration of the fall of the mystical Babylon ; warnings against the beast and his worship, with allusion to serious times for the children of God in the world, and finally a heaven-scene, in which those who have gained victory over the beast sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb, and foretell that all nations shall come and worship before God, because His judgments are made manifest. It opens to view the millennium.

Now comes

THE SIXTH CYCLE,

going over more fully the judgments alluded to in the former. Thus in the sixteenth chapter seven angels pour out seven vials of wrath upon the antichristian world, and the kings, deceived by spirits of devils, gather themselves to the battle of that great day of God Almighty, and the judgment on Babylon. In the seventeenth chapter the beast appears again, bearing upon his back a lewd woman, drunken with the blood of the saints, and having upon her forehead written : "Mystery, Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth." The symbolism and the explanation so plainly points to the Roman Catholic Church that we cannot mistake in our interpretation here. It is that church, unfaithful in covenant relation with God, borne up by the political world-power, guilty of the blood of a great host of martyrs, abominable in doctrines and practices, and mother of other dead and persecuting churches, if not so bad, yet largely of the same spirit that we see here. And her doom is announced in the same and the following chapter. The horns of the very beast upon which she has been seated shall destroy her, and she shall be cast as a millstone into the sea, and be found no more at all. That is according to the inspired explanation ; the worldly kings, who lend their power to the last form of antichristianity, shall hate and destroy that church which before was upheld by the world-power of which they are representatives.

Who shall say that this prophecy has not already begun to receive its fulfilment ? When Victor Emmanuel, in 1870, set up his throne in Rome, despising the pope's bull, then papacy received a fatal deathblow as to its political power, and it was not long after, when the pope, who just before this significant event had with great pomp declared himself infallible, was heard complaining that *not one government in Europe upheld him.*

It is remarkable that this happened just about 1260 years after the time when the wicked Emperor Phocas really established the papacy by constituting the Bishop of Rome the head of all the churches by his decree of 607 and his aid until death, 610. This is the period (42 months —1260 days, or years on the year-day scale, as in Dan. 9), predicted in Rev. 13, as the time during which the first beast exercises his blasphemous and oppressive power. But, if this beast is the antichristian political power, then the 42 months is the period of that power under influence of the papal priesthood, *i.e.*, aided by the second beast with lamb's horns. It is the period of politico-papal reign. This period, like that of the Babylonish captivity, evidently has two or more beginnings, *termini a quo* and corresponding endings, *termini ad quem*. Of such *termini* the following are conspicuous : Justinian's decree, constituting the Bishop of Rome head of all the churches 533, and the death of Phocas 610. To the first corresponds the year of the reign of terror in the French Revolution, a fearful deathblow to papacy ; to the second the overthrow of the papal political power by Victor Emmanuel.

The last concentrated form of antichristianity will be the beast himself, who will lead the kings to battle in the great day of the Lord. Already, in the words of materialistic leaders, the power which will carry him to the supreme elevation may be recognized. They cry, "Away with God, this mere shadow of ourselves ; nature, aye, man himself is God, there is no other." Remember the worship of that woman in Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, during the Revolution ! Remember the conclusions of the Positive Philosophy ; man is to be worshipped ! Look at the socialistic movements of our day ! Fearful symptoms these ! Who can tell what terrible forms of evil may yet come out of them ? We have seen the incredible barbarities of civilized atheism already. Let us not imagine that the scenes of the French Revolution cannot be repeated, and that on a far larger scale ! In the present infidel movement in the world there are many antichristian leaders. At last it will, in all probability, bring forth a personal Antichrist, in whom is concentrated all the wickedness of preceding antichristianity, who is representatively and pre-eminently the beast in his last form, the man of sin, the son of perdition, who will have sway literally 42 months, three years and a half, and who will meet his doom at the hands of Christ at His coming. Before this last judgment of Antichrist, in which antichristianity, wherever it exists, will be reached and punished, we have a scene of much people in heaven praising God for His righteous judgment, and of the marriage of the Lamb, thus connecting itself with the first resurrection and the opening up of the heavenside of the millennium.

Then comes

THE SEVENTH AND LAST CYCLE,

including the final judgment on Antichrist, the binding of Satan, the millennium, the final judgment on Satan and on the wicked before the great white throne, and then a glorious symbolic description of the eternal heavenly abode and state of the righteous.

Thus the Revelation of John sets forth Christ's double coming, and gives us to understand, that until His return to the earth, there will be fearful struggles with evil, although the Gospel shall be preached to all nations, and the fulness of the Gentiles be gathered in. After his manifestation to destroy Antichrist, will come the golden age foretold for this world—and then, after the last shock of the final judgment, the absolute glory of heaven.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The National Convention of the Democratic party for the nomination of candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency is to be held in Chicago on July 8th. St. Louis, Saratoga, and Louisville contended for the honor, but Chicago was ahead on the first ballot, and was finally selected. The call for the convention concludes as follows: "Each State is entitled to a representation therein equal to double the number of its Senators and Representatives in the Congress of the United States. The Democrats of each organized Territory and the District of Columbia are invited to send two delegates, subject to the decision of the Convention as to their admission. All Democratic conservative citizens of the United States, irrespective of past political associations and differences, who can unite with us in the effort for pure, economical, and constitutional government, are cordially invited to join in sending delegates to the Convention."

The Resolution of the House of Representatives expressing sympathy at the death of Herr Lasker, who died in New York on January 3d, has been returned by Prince Bismarck. The House directed that a copy of its resolution should be sent to our minister to Germany, with instructions to communicate it through the legitimate channel to the presiding officer of the legislative body of which Dr. Lasker was a member. Mr. Sargent sent it through the German Foreign Office, but Bismarck would not allow it to be presented to the Reichstag. One of the clauses of the resolution ran thus: "His loss is not alone to be mourned by the people of his native land, where his firm and constant exposition of and devotion to free and liberal ideas have materially advanced the social, political and economic condition of those peoples, but by the lovers of liberty throughout the world." As Lasker had been one of Bismarck's most persistent opponents he did not approve of the eulogium, and has sent back the resolution with a polite note intimating that his thirty years' experience in the public affairs of Germany justified him in holding an opinion differing from that of the House, expressed in the resolution. The House formed a perfectly correct estimate of Dr. Lasker's labors, but it did not act courteously or prudently in sending its resolution. In future it will probably refrain from officiously meddling with the internal affairs of other countries.

The Tariff Bill Passed by the Forty-Seventh Congress proves, as evidence accumulates, to have effected a smaller reduction than was supposed. Every new fact disclosed indicates that its reductions were apparent rather than real. The following figures, taken from the report of the New York *Times*, respecting the statement furnished to the Ways and Means Committee by the Bureau of Statistics, last week, are specimens of the relief afforded. Six principal classes of goods were reported on. Of these four showed *an actual advance* in the average rate of duty paid for the first six months of the operation of the "reduced" tariff. They were glass and glassware, woollen goods, cotton goods, and earthen, stone, and pottery ware. On each of these there was also a falling off of imports amounting in the aggregate to $1,374,491. It is evident, also, that the depression was not the result of the bill. On two classes of goods there was a decrease in the average duty. One was sugars, on which the duty was cut down 2.77 per cent, and the imports increased by $2,368,860. The other was iron and steel, on which the average duty was lessened 2.71 per cent, while the imports were reduced by $8,804,709.

The Senate of Iowa Passed a Stringent amendment, on February 20th, to the prohibitory measure now passing through the Legislature of that State. It provides that "no person shall manufacture for sale or sell or keep for sale as a beverage any intoxicating liquors whatever, including ale, wine, and beer, and the same provisions and penalties of law now in force relating to intoxicating liquors shall in like manner be construed to apply to violations of this act and to the manufacture or sale, or keeping for sale, or keeping with intent to sell, or keeping or establishing a place for the sale of ale, wine, and beer, and all other intoxicating liquors whatever." The penalties range from $20 to $1000 fine and imprisonment. The House commenced its debate on the temperance question on Friday.

The Command of the Expedition for the Relief of Lieutenant Greely has, it is now announced, been given to Commander William S. Schley, who is making arrangements for the early despatch of the expedition. The Bear and the Thetis, the two vessels purchased for the voyage, are being strengthened and prepared for their perilous undertaking. Some changes in the original plan have been rendered necessary by *an agreeable episode*. The British Government has presented to the United States a fully equipped ship suitable for the expedition. Secretary Frelinghuysen last week reported to the President that in searching for vessels adapted to Arctic voyaging, attention had been directed to the Alert, a ship belonging to the British Government, and Mr. Lowell was instructed to ascertain if it could be purchased. The British admiralty responded by offering the Alert as a present to the United States. The Alert is a steam vessel, which was specially fitted out for Arctic explorations by the British Government. She was the advance ship of the Nares expedition of 1875. She is much larger than either the Thetis or the Bear, the vessels purchased for the Greely expedition, and will carry about as many men as the two combined. On account of her size she will be used as a supply ship, and will follow in the wake of the other vessels, so as to be of service in case of need. The British Government in tendering the vessel observe that they have not forgotten the considerate conduct of the United States in the matter of the Resolute, a British ship which was abandoned by her crew, but was saved and brought home by American seamen, and bought and returned to Great Britain by the United States Government. This graceful recognition of past kindness will be appreciated by America.

The Suffering from the Ohio Floods Still Continues, although the waters have subsided in the majority of the afflicted cities. In some places the people are entirely dependent on government relief and private charity, there being no food to be bought, even by those who have money. Within a space of fifty miles from Evansville, Ind., fully one half the buildings have been swept away, and seventy thousand bushels of corn have been lost. At Point Pleasant, W. Va., the people at the close of last week were still on the mountains, dependent for blankets and food on the supplies sent by government and adjacent towns. The rivers fall slowly, and as they subside the full extent of the desolation becomes apparent. It is more serious than was at first supposed. In Cincinnati the floods have so injured the buildings that several of those four stories high fell last week, and others will have to come down. It is most gratifying to notice how prompt and liberal is the assistance rendered from all quarters; the South, especially, being prominent in the good work. Little towns, comparatively poor, contributing $5000 besides clothing.

A Destructive Cyclone Ravaged Six Southern States on February 19th. Reports of its devastation come from Georgia, Alabama, North and South Carolina, Louisiana, and Kentucky. A lengthy despatch from Macon, Ga., describes the appearance of the storm in that locality. About five o'clock the sky, which had assumed a threatening appearance, was irradiated with a remarkable electric display, and then the storm burst, wind, rain, and hail striking the city at all points. A path twenty miles wide was cut by the tornado, and it left in its track the ruins of dwelling houses, public buildings, and uprooted trees. Its full force was not experienced at Macon, but Jones, Wilkinson, Hancock, and Washington counties all suffered severely. The deaths reported numbered twelve, and many persons were seriously, if not fatally, injured. From Raleigh, N. C., *twenty-three deaths* are announced, and eighteen suffered injuries from which they cannot recover, while in South Carolina ninety persons were killed and one hundred injured. Birmingham, Ala., New Orleans, La., Charleston, S. C., and Louisville, Ky., all suffered heavily in property, no storm so destructive having been known since 1878. All reports agree as to the suddenness of its approach, and that it was of very brief duration.

The High License Law Passed by the Legislature of Illinois has been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of that State. This law will apply to Chicago as well as other cities, and the result will be watched with interest. The law was not opposed by any city beside Chicago, but there the saloon men resisted its charge of $150 for a beer license and $500 for a liquor license, and have tested the case before each tribunal up to the highest court. They opposed it on technical grounds, but have not been able to overthrow the law. The Chicago liquor-dealers will now have to pay as high rates as those outside that city have already done; and if the law is enforced in the metropolis of the State as faithfully as it has been in the rural districts, the gain to the cause of temperance will be marked. That is probably the nearest approach to temperance legislation there is any hope of effecting at present for Chicago.

"The Devil's Auction," a Notorious Play which has been performed in the theatres of many of our chief cities before crowded houses, cannot be presented at Schenectady, N. Y., the mayor having refused a permit. His decision has caused considerable surprise, the mayors of New York, Brooklyn, and other cities having raised no objection to the play, which is of the spectacular order. A very cogent reason for the mayor's action is, however, now given. "Mayor Young," says a telegraphic despatch, "has been converted, has joined the Church, and patronizes the Salvation Army."

The Large Bequests Left to Religious and charitable institutions by Miss Sarah Burr, of New York, will, it appears, reach the treasuries of those institutions in spite of the prolonged litigation, the surrogate having last week admitted the will to probate. The suit has been going on for nearly two years, an attempt being made to break the will on the ground that the decedent was of unsound mind. She lived to an advanced age and in a penurious style, although she was worth *three millions of dollars*. But Miss Burr had never been accustomed to any other method of life, and, as the surrogate pointed out in his decision, any radical change late in life would have shown mental incapacity more marked than any sought to be established by the contestants.

The New City Council of Salt Lake City qualified on February 20th. For thirty years Salt Lake City has been governed by a polygamous Council and officers. A new Council has now been elected under the Edmunds law. Alderman Raleigh, a Mormon bishop, boasted of having served ever since the city had had a Council. He said no act of his gave greater satisfaction than the one which disfranchised him, and he called upon the members of the new Council to enter into polygamy and gain disfranchisement. D. H. Wells protested against the election conducted by the Utah Commission, and said he would not give up his place in the Council if the newly elected members had not been Mormons. Raleigh and Wells have several wives each, and are prominent church officials. James Sharp, the new mayor, made a speech, indicating that he and all the new Council would obey instructions in defiance of law, and go into polygamy. Thus, while the city government is in the hands of supposed monogamists, it is influenced by the church and is rebellious to the law of the land.

A Veteran Missionary Died at New Haven on February 9th, deeply honored and regretted. Dr. S. Wells Williams, the author of "The Middle Kingdom," who during the past eight years has been Professor of Chinese in Yale College, has gone to his rest at the age of seventy-two. He went to Canton as a printer for the American Board of Foreign Missions in 1832. He rapidly learned the Chinese language, and shortly afterward acquired Japanese. He translated a portion of the Bible into the latter language. Many missionaries who have gone to China have derived material assistance from two other books he prepared and published, the "Chinese Tonic Dictionary" and "Easy Lessons in Chinese." Dr. Williams also issued "The Syllabic Dictionary of the Chinese Language," which was the most arduous, as it was the most useful, of his literary undertakings. He made occasional visits of brief duration to his home in this country, but did not leave China finally until 1876, when the presence of the Chinese students at Yale afforded him an opportunity for laboring in the United States on behalf of China. He had suffered during recent years from slight attacks of paralysis.

The Remains of Lieutenant De Long and his dead comrades of the Jeannette expedition arrived in New York on February 20th, from their long journey from the mouth of the Lena in Siberia. Lieutenant Harber, who was commissioned to disinter them from the grave where Engineer Melville buried them two years ago, arrived at the spot in March, 1883. He, assisted by Lieutenant William Schuetze, had the ten bodies placed in coffins sent from New York for the purpose, and then, I travelling night and day, transported them across the Siberian wastes three thousand miles to Yakutsk, whence they went to St. Petersburg, and thence to Hamburg, where they were put on board the Frisia to be conveyed to New York. Last Friday a public reception of a most imposing character was tendered to the remains, and they were carried in procession, escorted by soldiers, sailors, and deputations from the government departments and scientific societies, to Brooklyn, where they lay in state in the equipment building of the Navy Yard. Thousands of people lined the whole route of the procession, and intense interest was manifested in the melancholy proceedings. Lieutenant Danenhower, Engineer Melville, and the other survivors of the expedition followed the bodies of their ten comrades. An empty hearse and pall was also included in the procession, in memory of Lieutenant Chipp and his eight comrades, whose bodies have not been recovered. It is supposed they were drowned in the Lena on the night of the storm, which separated the boats, in which the crew of the Jeannette took refuge after the ship went down. On Saturday seven of the bodies were buried at Woodlawn Cemetery, the corpse of Jerome Collins was placed on board a steamer for conveyance to Ireland, where he was born, that of Surgeon Ambler was sent to Virginia, and that of Fireman Boyd to Philadelphia. Assistant-Bishop Potter preached an appropriate sermon at the obsequies.

The Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of New York State, in session at Buffalo, listened, on February 21st, to the report of the State committee, which showed that the total number of associations in the State is ninety-five, with a total membership of 17,073. Thirteen of these associations own buildings valued at $829,900. Four others own real estate, eighteen have building funds, and many of them have libraries. The total value of the association property in the State is estimated at $1,566,685, a net increase in 1883 of $342,870. The report stated that the State work was being done by the secretary and assistant secretary, and added that $5000 was wanted to continue this work. At the conclusion of the next morning's address the matter of raising this money was taken up, and the associations represented subscribed sums of from $250 to $5 each. A delegate announced $300 from Cornelius Vanderbilt. The total amount subscribed was $3700. At the afternoon session James McConaughy, Chairman of the College Committee, gave an account of the committee's work. He said that at Cornell University plans had been laid for work in a building on the college campus.

An Anti-Tobacco Pledge has been Adopted by the Cincinnati Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Eight ministers presented the following resolution to the Conference: "*Resolved*, That while we deem it proper to require young ministers just entering Conference to abstain from the use of tobacco and opium, in order to help them in this reform, consistency, justice, religion, and the Scripture, 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ,' demand that the older, yea, all, the members of the Conference do assume the same obligation, and to this pledge we invite the consideration and unanimous conformity of the Conference." The resolution was adopted by the Conference without dissent.

The Effects of Prohibition Legislation in Kansas are described by Rev. James A. Troutman, who has recently made a thorough investigation in that State. He sent inquiries into each of the eighty-one counties of the State, and has received replies giving a full report from sixty-six, including all the populous counties. These replies demonstrate three facts favorable to prohibition: *First*, that it has materially decreased the number of saloons. *Second*, that an unusually large per cent of the prosecutions under the law have resulted in convictions. *Third*, that the principle of prohibition is growing stronger. In the sixty-six counties heard from there were seven hundred and eight saloons prior to May 1st, 1881, the date that the prohibitory law took effect. There are now, in the same territory, three hundred and thirteen saloons. Prohibition, in less than two years, has closed three hundred and ninety-five saloons. During this time the population has increased twelve per cent. If the saloons had kept pace with the population, there would now be seven hundred and ninety-two saloons, so that in reality prohibition has prohibited four hundred and seventy-nine saloons in the territory named.

JOHN AND HEROD.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man, and an holy, and observed him; and when he heard him, he did many things, and heard him gladly." —MARK 6: 20.

John the True King—The Nominal King—I. Hopeful Points in Herod's Character—Respect for Holiness—Admired John—Listened to Him—Obeyed Him—Conscience Affected—II. Flaws in His Character—Never Looked to John's Master—No Desire for Goodness—A Foxy Man—Did not Love God's Word—Disliked the Seventh Commandment—Under the Sway of Sin—III. What Became of Herod—Slew the Preacher—Mocked the Saviour—The Devil's Raw Material—An Infamous Name.

JOHN sought no honor among men. It was his delight to say concerning our Lord Jesus, "He must increase, but I must decrease." Yet, though John sought no honor of men, he had honor; for it is written, "Herod feared John." Herod was a great monarch, John was but a poor preacher whose garment and diet were of the coarsest kind; but "Herod feared John." John was more royal than royal Herod. His character made him the true king, and the nominal king trembled before him. A man is not to be estimated according to his rank, but according to his character. The peerage which God recognizes is arranged according to a man's justice and holiness. He is first before God and holy angels who is first in obedience; and he reigns and is made a king and a priest whom God hath sanctified and clothed with the fair white linen of a holy life. Be not covetous of worldly honors, for you will have honor enough even from wicked men if your lives are "holiness unto the Lord."

Let it be written on John's tomb, if he needs an epitaph, "Herod feared John." Only there is one better testimonial which any minister of the Gospel might be glad to receive, and it is this: "John did no miracle, but all things which he spake concerning this man were true." He wrought no marvellous work, which astonished his generation, but he spake of Jesus, and all that he said was true; God grant that our Master's servants may win such praise.

My subject at this time does not lead me to speak so much of John as of Herod. I desire to have no Herod in this congregation, but I am anxious about some of you lest you should be like him; therefore I will speak out of the tenderness of my heart with the desire that none of you may follow the steps of this evil king.

I. I would ask you to consider the hopeful points in

HEROD'S CHARACTER.

First, we find that *Herod respected justice and holiness*, for "Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy." I like to see in every man a respect for virtue even if he himself has it not, for it may be that the next step will be to desire it, and he that desires to be just is almost so. Some have brought their minds to such a pitch of sinfulness that they despise goodness, and ridicule justice and devotion. May God grant that we may never by any process be brought into such a fearful condition as that. When the conscience comes to be so confused as to lose its reverence for that which is good and holy, then is a man in a sad plight indeed. Herod was not in that condition: he honored justice, honesty, truth, courage, and purity of life. Though he had not these things himself, yet he had a salutary dread of them, which is a near approach to respect for them. I know I am speaking to a great many who respect everything that is good and right; they only wish they were good and right themselves. So far, so good.

The next good point I see in Herod was that *he admired the man in whom he saw justice and righteousness*, and that is a step further; for you may admire an abstract virtue, and yet when you see it actually embodied in a man you may hate him. The ancients recognized justice in Aristides, and yet some of them grew sick of hearing

him called "the just." A man may be acknowledged to be just and holy, and for that very reason he may be dreaded. You like to see lions and tigers in the Zoological Gardens, but you would not like to see them in your own room; you would very much prefer to view them behind bars and within cages; and so very many have respect for religion, but religious people they cannot bear. They admire justice! How eloquently they speak of it, but they do not like to deal justly. They admire holiness! but if they come across a saint they persecute him. "Herod feared John," and tolerated John, and went the length of even keeping John for a while out of the hands of Herodias. Many of you like the company of God's people; in fact, you are out of your element when you get with the profane, you cannot endure them, and from those that practise debasing vices you fly at once. You delight in choice company. So far, so good; but that is not enough; we must go much further, or else we may remain like Herod after all.

A third good point about Herod was that

HE LISTENED TO JOHN.

It is nothing wonderful that you and I should listen to sermons; but it is rather wonderful that a king should do so, and such a king as Herod. Monarchs do not often care for religious discourses, except such as come from court preachers, who wear fine raiment, and use soft speech. John was not the kind of man for a king's palace—too rough, too blunt, too plain-speaking; his words thrust too much home; yet Herod heard him gladly. It was a hopeful point in his character that he would hear a man who preached justice, holiness, and the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." It is a fine point and a hopeful point in any man that he will hear and listen to an honest proclamation of God's Word, even though it come home to his conscience.

Perhaps I address some of you who hear the Gospel only now and then; and when you drop into a religious meeting you are like the dog in the library who would gladly have changed all the books for a single bone. There are many such people in London. Religion does not suit them; places of entertainment are much more to their minds. Some say of the preacher, "I won't hear him again, he cuts too closely; he is too personal." John said to Herod that it was not lawful for him to have his brother's wife; but, though he spoke so plainly, Herod listened to him, because "he was a just man and an holy." That was well of Herod, and it is well in you, my friend, if you are willing to hear the Gospel, however practically it is spoken. So far, so good.

But there was a better point still in Herod;

HE OBEYED THE WORD

to which he listened. Herod heard John gladly,, "And when he heard him he did many things." Many of our hearers do nothing; they hear, they hear, they hear, and that is the end of it. They learn the way, they know the way, they are expert in the way, but they do not follow the way. They hear the Gospel invitation, but they come not to the feast. Some seem to think that religious duty lies in hearing first, and talking afterward; but they are mistaken. Herod knew better than that. He was not a hearer only, he did *do* something, and it is remarkable that the text tells us that "he did *many things*." Perhaps these were some of the many things: he discharged a tax-gatherer who imposed upon the people, or righted the wrongs of a neglected widow, or altered a cruel law which he had promulgated, or changed his habits and manners in certain respects; certainly in many points he was an improved man, for John the Baptist had an influence with him for good, "For Herod feared John, and when he heard him he did many things."

I am speaking to some who, when they hear a sermon, put a part of it into practice, and they have done many things since they first attended here, for which we are very grateful. I have known a man become charmed with the Gospel, and he has given up his drunkenness, and his Sabbath-breaking, and he has tried, and succeeded, in a great measure, in leaving off profane language, and thus he has greatly improved. And yet, and yet he is only a Herod, after all; for Herod *was* Herod, after he had done many things; and, in his heart, he was still prepared for all sorts of wickedness. Yet he did amend somewhat, and so far, so good.

There was another point about Herod, namely, that *he continued to hear the preacher gladly;* for it is put into the end of the verse as if to indicate that he heard John still. John touched his conscience; but after all, he still

HEARD HIM GLADLY.

He said, "Send for John the Baptist again." Harry the Eighth would listen to Hugh Latimer though he denounced him to his face, and even sent him on his birthday a handkerchief, on which was marked the text, "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge." Hal cried, "Let us hear honest Hugh Latimer." Even bad men admire those who tell them truth. However unwelcome the warning, they believe it to be honestly spoken, and therefore they respect the preacher. A good point this. You who are present and unconverted have heard most cutting sentences from me, you have heard of "judgment to come," and of that eternal wrath which rests upon those who die in their sins; let me warn you then, that if, after hearing the denunciations of God's Word, you are still willing to hear, I have great hopes of you. So far, so good.

There was yet one other point about Herod, and that is,

HIS CONSCIENCE WAS AFFECTED

through the preaching of John; for I am inclined to think that a certain translation, which renders the passage, "Herod did many things," in another way, may be a correct one, "Herod was perplexed," or, "Herod was made to hesitate." Such a sense is found in some manuscripts. He loved his sin, and he could see a "beauty of holiness" in religion, and he wished to be holy; but there was Herodias, and he could not give her up. When he heard a sermon, he was like a relative of his in after days, "almost persuaded," yet he did not give up his lust. He could not go the whole length John would have him go. He could not leave his bosom sin, and yet he felt as if he wished to leave it. There was a halting between two opinions, a hesitating, a wavering; he was inclined to good if he could have good and have his pleasure too; but his pleasure was so very much his master that he could not escape from it. He was like a bird taken with lime-twigs; he wanted to fly; but, sad to say, he was willingly held, limed by his lust.

This is the case with many of our hearers. Their consciences are not weaned from their sins; they cannot give them up, and yet they wish they could. They linger on the brink, and fear to launch away. They are almost out of Sodom, have almost escaped the fire shower, and yet in all probability they will stand like Lot's wife, a pillar of salt, because they will look back, and love the sin that lingers in their heart. Consciences nowadays seem to have gone out of fashion; but to have a conscience sensitive to the preaching of the word is an admirable thing; and if you have such a thing, so far, so good.

II. There were six good points about Herod then. But now, very sorrowfully, I want to indicate the

FLAWS IN THE CASE

of Herod. The first flaw was this, that *though he loved John, he never looked to John's Master.* John never wanted anybody to be *his* disciple, but he cried, "Behold the Lamb of God." Herod was, after a sort, a follower of John, but never a follower of Jesus. It is easy for you to hear the preacher and love him and admire him, and yet the preacher's Master may be all unknown to you. I pray you, dear friends, do not let this be the case with any of you.

I am *the bridegroom's friend*, and I shall rejoice greatly when the bridegroom wins your hearts. God forbid that my ministry should ever lead you to myself and cause you to stop there. We are only sign-posts pointing to Christ. Go beyond us. Be ye followers of us as far as we are followers of Christ, but in no other respect. It is to Christ you must go; the end of all our ministry is Christ Jesus. We want you to go to Him direct, to seek from Him pardon, from Him redemption, from Him a change of heart, from Him a new life; for vain will it be if you have listened to the most faithful of preachers, and have not listened to the preacher's Master and obeyed His Gospel. You will be Herods, and nothing more, unless grace leads you to Jesus Christ.

The second flaw about Herod's case was this, that he had no respect for goodness in his own heart. He admired it in another, but there was none of it in himself. Our Saviour described Herod admirably. What a master-sketcher of human portraits was Christ! He said of Herod, "Go ye and tell that fox." Herod was

A FOXY MAN,

selfish, full of tricks; timid when he was in the presence of his superiors, but both cruel and bold when he was in the presence of those who could not defend themselves. We sometimes meet with these foxy people; they want to go to heaven, but they like the road to hell. They will sing a hymn to Jesus; but a good roaring song they like also when they get merry companions together.

By all manner of means, a guinea to the church. Oh yes! admirable thing. But how many guineas are spent upon some secret lust? So many try to dodge between God and Satan. They do not want to fall foul of either; they hold with the hare and run with the hounds; they admire all that is good, but they do not want to have too much of it themselves. It might be inconvenient to carry the cross of Christ on their own shoulders and become precise and exact in their own lives, yet they never say a word against other people doing so. It is a fatal flaw to have no root in yourself—a damning flaw, condemning your own self—to know the right and disregard it, to feel respect for it and yet trample it under foot. I judge that the doom of such will be far more dreadful than that of those who never knew the good, who were trained up in the purlieus of vice, and never had a glimpse of holiness or purity, and therefore never deliberately turned away from them.

Another flaw in Herod's character was that he never loved the Word of God, as God's Word. He admired John, and probably said, "That is the man for me. See how boldly he delivers his Master's message; that is the man I should like to hear." But he never said to himself, "God sent John; God speaks to me through John; oh, that I might learn what John is speaking, and be instructed and improved by the word John is uttering, because it is God's Word." No, no, I do pray you, ask yourselves, dear hearers, whether this may not apply to you. May it not be that you listen to a sermon because it is Mr. So-and-so's discourse, and you admire the preacher? It will be fatal to you if you treat the Word in that way. It must be to you what it is in truth, the Word of God, or it will not save you. It will never impress your soul unless you accept it as the Word of God, and bow before it, and desire to feel all its power as coming to you fresh from the lips of God, and sent into your heart by His Holy Spirit.

Now, we know Herod did not receive the word as the Word of God because he was a picker and chooser in reference to it. He did not like John's discourse when he spoke of

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

If he spoke of the fourth commandment he would say, "That is admirable; the Jews ought to keep it;" but when he dealt with the seventh commandment Herod and Herodias would say, "*We do not think preachers should allude to such subjects.*" I have always noticed that people who live in the practice of vice think the servants of God ought not to allude to things so coarse. We are allowed to denounce the sins

of the man-in-the-moon and the vices of savages in the middle of Africa; but as to the every-day vices of this city of London, if we put our finger upon them in God's name, then straightway some one cries, "It is indelicate to allude to these things."

John dealt with the whole Word of God, and he did not only say, "Behold the Lamb of God," but he cried, "The axe is laid to the root of the trees." He spoke plainly to the conscience. Herod, therefore, had this fatal flaw in his character that he did not attend to *all* that John delivered of the Word of God; he liked one part, and did not like another. He resembled those who prefer a doctrinal discourse, but cannot endure the precepts of God's Word. I hear one exclaim, "I like practical discourses; I do not want any doctrine." Don't you? There is doctrine in God's Word, and you are to receive what God gives you; not half a Bible, but the whole truth as it is in Jesus. That was a great fault in Herod; he did not receive the testimony of John as the Word of God.

Next, Herod did *many* things, but *he did not do all things*. He who receives the Word of God in truth does not only attempt to do many things, but he tries to do all that is right. He does not give up one vice or a dozen vices, but he endeavors to forsake every false way, and seeks to be delivered from every iniquity. Herod did not care for a thorough reformation, for that would call for too great a self-denial. He had one sin he wished to keep, and when John spoke plainly about that he would not listen to him.

Another fault with Herod was that *he was*

UNDER THE SWAY OF SIN.

He had given himself up to Herodias. She was his own niece, and had been married to his own brother, and was the mother of children by his own brother, and yet he led her away from his own brother's house that she might become his wife; he, himself, casting off one who had been a good and faithful wife to him for years. It is a mess of filthy incest one hardly likes to think of. The influence of this woman was his curse and ruin. How many men have been destroyed in that way! How many women are ruined daily in this city by coming under the vicious influence of others!

My dear men and women, you will have to stand before God on your own account. Do not let any one cast a spell over you. I pray you, escape for your life; run for it when vice hunts you. I may be sent at this moment with a word on purpose for you, to stir up your conscience, and arouse you to a sense of your danger. It is always perilous to be under the influence of an unconverted person, however moral he may be, but it is supremely dangerous to be under the fascination of a wicked woman or a vicious man. God help you to rise above it by His Spirit, for if you are hearers of the word and doers of evil, you will end in being Herods, and nothing more.

I will only allude to another point in Herod's character, that *his religion*, although it made him do many things, *was rather one of fear than of love*. It is not said that Herod feared God, but that he "feared *John*." He did not *love* John; he "*feared* John." The whole thing was a matter of fear. He was not a lion, you see; he was a fox—fearful, timid, ready to run away from every barking cur.

There are many people whose whole religion lies in fear. With some it is the fear of men—the fear of what people would say if they did not pretend to be religious—the fear of what their Christian associates would think of them if they were not reputable. With others there is the fear that some awful judgment would come upon them. But the mainspring of the religion of Christ is love. Oh, to love the Gospel, to delight in the truth, to rejoice in holiness; this is genuine conversion. The fear of death and the fear of hell create a poor, poor faith, which leaves men on Herod's level still.

III. I conclude by showing you very sorrowfully

WHAT BECAME OF HEROD.

With all his good points he ended most wretchedly. First, *he slew the preacher whom he once respected*. It was he who did it, though the executioner was the instrument. He said, "Go and fetch John the Baptist's head in a charger." So it has happened with many hopeful hearers; they have become slanderers and persecutors of the very preachers before whom they once trembled, and far as they could they have taken off their heads. After a time men dislike being rebuked, and they proceed in their dislike till they scoff at the things they once reverenced, and make the name of Christ a football for their jests. Beware! I pray you, beware! for the way of sin is downhill. Herod feared John, and yet he beheaded him. A person may be evangelical and Calvinistic, and so on, and yet, if he is placed under certain conditions, he may become a hater and a persecutor of the truth he once avowed.

Herod went a step lower, however; for this Herod Antipas was the man who *afterward mocked the Saviour*. It is said, "Herod with his men of war set Him at nought, and mocked Him, and arrayed Him in a gorgeous robe." This is the man that "did many things" under the leading of John. His course is altered now. He spits on the Redeemer and insults the Son of God. Certain of the most outrageous blasphemers of the Gospel were originally Sunday-school scholars and teachers, young men who were "almost persuaded," yet they halted and hesitated, and wavered until they made the plunge and became much worse than they possibly could have become if they had not seen the light of truth. If

THE DEVIL WANTS RAW MATERIAL

to make a Judas, "the son of perdition," he takes an apostle to work upon. When he takes a thoroughly bad character like Herod, it is necessary to make him plastic as Herod had been in the hands of John. Somehow or other, border men are the worst enemies. In the old wars between England and Scotland the borderers were the fighting men; and so the border people will do more harm than any until we get them on this side of the frontier. Oh, that the grace of God may decide those who now hesitate!

I may mention to you that, before long, Herod *lost all the power he possessed*. He was a foxy man, and always tried to win power, but in the end he was recalled by the Roman emperor in disgrace. That was the end of him. Many a man has given up Christ for honor, and has lost himself as well as lost Christ. Like the man who, in the old Catholic persecuting times, was brought to prison for the faith. He said he loved the Protestant faith; but he cried, "I cannot burn." So he denied the faith, and in the dead of night his house took fire; the man who could not burn was forced to burn, but he had no comfort in that burning, for he had denied his Lord. If you sell Christ for a mess of pottage it will scald your lips; it will burn within your soul like molten lead forever; for "the wages of sin is death." However bright the golden coin shines, and however musical may be its chink, it will prove an awful curse to the man who sells his Lord to gain it.

To-day the name of Herod is *infamous forever*. As long as there is a Christian church, the name of Herod will be execrated. And is it not a solemn reflection, that "Herod feared John, and did many things, and heard him gladly?" I know that no young man here believes that he will ever turn out to be a Herod. I might, like the prophet, say, "Thou wilt do this, and do that," and you would answer, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" But you *will* do it, unless you are decided for God.

An appeal like this once startled me. When I was young and tender, there was a hopeful youth who went to school with me, who was held up to me as an example. He was a good boy, and I used to feel no particular affection for his name, because I was so perpetually chided by his goodness, and I was so far removed from it. Being younger than he, I saw him enter upon his apprenticeship, enter upon the gaieties of a great city, and come back dishonored. It horrified me. Might not I dishonor my character? And when I found that if I gave myself to Christ He would give me a new heart and a right spirit, and when I read that promise of the covenant, "I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me," it seemed to me like a Character Insurance Society. If I believed in Jesus Christ my character was insured; for Christ would enable me to walk in the paths of holiness; this charmed me into desiring an interest in Christ.

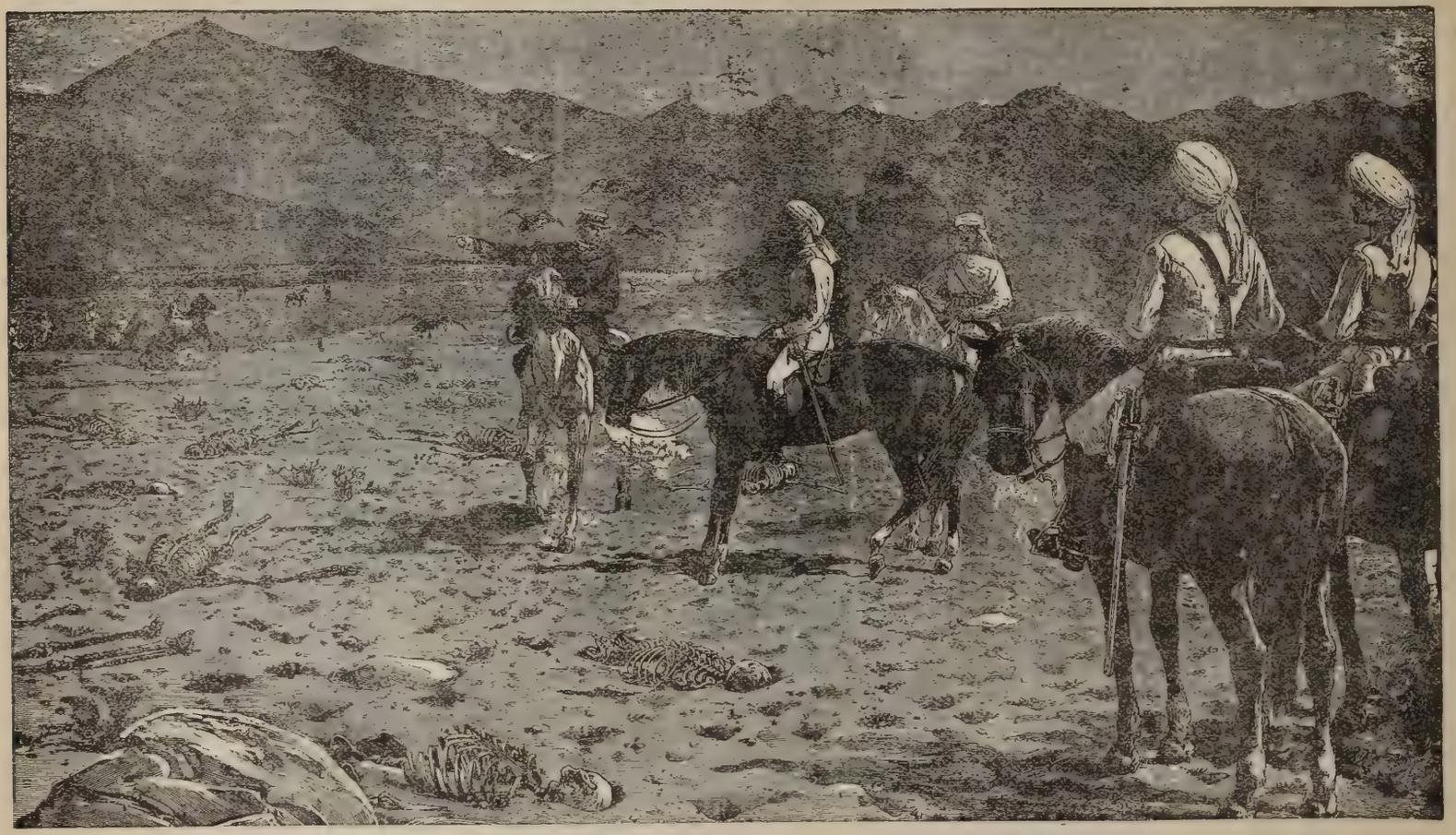
If you would not like to be a Herod, be a disciple of Jesus Christ; for there will be no choice for some of you. Some of you are of such powerful natures that you must either thoroughly serve Christ or serve the devil.

AN OLD SCOTCHMAN

was once looking at Rowland Hill, and the good old gentleman said, "What are you looking at?" He said, "The lines of your face." "What do you think of them?" He replied, "I think that if you had not been a Christian man you would have been an awful sinner." Some people are of that sort; they are like a pendulum; they must swing one way or the other. Oh, that you may swing Christ's way to-night. Cry, "Lord, help me to cleanse my way; help me to be wholly Thine; help me to possess the righteousness I admire, the holiness I respect! Help me, not only to do *some* things, but everything thou wouldst have me to do! Take me, make me Thine, and I will rejoice and joy in Him who helps me to be holy!" God bless you, dear friends, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

The Dangers of the American Missionaries in China have caused some anxiety. In the course of a private letter from Dr. A. P. Happer, dated Canton, December 13th, the missionary remarks: "For three days we had a very anxious time—on the 5th, 6th, and 7th inst. The Imperial Commissioner Pang, who has come here to defend Canton, prepared a proclamation in relation to prospective war in China, and what would be necessary to be done then. Before officially issued, it was surreptitiously circulated and sold by the thousand in the street, giving the impression that war had been declared, and that foreigners had to leave. It created an immense excitement, and immediate disturbance was threatened. I got Consul Seymour to send a letter to the Governor-General, to inquire if it was a true and genuine paper, and telling of the evil it was doing, and the danger to our chapels and lives. The Governor-General immediately sent an order to stop the sale by arresting all the newsboys engaged in selling it. We stopped opening the chapels for a few days. The Hong Kong *Press* says that it has reliable authority for the statement that France has diplomatically informed the Treaty Powers in China that she does not propose to attack any of the Chinese ports, nor to declare war against China; that in case the Chinese send troops to Annam to help the Annamites, of course the French will fight any force that appears, without asking who they are. If these statements are true, then the quietness of China is assured; for the naval forces of the Treaty Powers are sufficient to suppress any outbreak that may occur, and to protect the foreign residents. So I hope the present excitement will soon subside, and that we shall be permitted to resume our usual work."



A Visit to the Battle-field on which Gen. Hicks and his Army were Massacred.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A Dog Saved Another Dog's Life at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on January 31st. The Poughkeepsie *Eagle* relates that on that day a gentleman was looking from his window at the ice on the river when he saw a dog in the ferry track, struggling hard to get out. The dog would swim along the edge of the ice, then get both feet on it, and raise himself partly out of the water and fall back. The animal did this once or twice, when another dog was seen hurrying to the spot. The latter seized the half-drowned dog by the neck and pulled and tugged away, vainly endeavoring to haul him out. He got him nearly out two or three times, but each time he dropped back. Suddenly the would-be rescuer started like lightning for the shore and the dog in the water kept up his struggles. In a minute or two the other dog was seen returning, and there was a man with him who was running. Dog and man reached the drowning dog in time to pull him out, and all started for the shore. When the two dogs reached the bridge which leads from the ice to the Brewery pier they laid down side by side, and made extraordinary manifestations of joy and delight, and their cries, not barks, were incessant. The dog that was saved is owned by Mr. George Lumb, of Swart & Lumb Brothers, and the dog that went to his rescue is a hunting dog belonging to Isaac H. Wood, of the Exchange House. The dog's action was an example to Christian workers. When he failed in his attempt to rescue he went to his master for aid (Mark 9 : 17–29).

A Difficult Question was Addressed to the secretary of a Young Men's Christian Association by a man in sore need of employment, who had searched for it many days at Auburn, N. Y., and had at length been offered work in a liquor saloon. He was almost despairing when the offer was made, and though conscientiously opposed to the business, his necessities tempted him to yield. He told the liquor-dealer he must have the evening to decide, and he went to the Young Men's Christian Association to ask advice. There he was counselled to decline it and trust in God. The matter was carried to God in prayer, and an assurance came that the prayer was heard, but there appeared no visible ground for hope. Faith was, however, justified in the result, for in less than three hours after the meeting closed, an eligible situation in one of the largest stores in the city was offered to the hesitating man and was thankfully accepted. He was saved from temptation and from violating the dictates of his conscience. Thus are we taught how wise it is to cast our cares on Him who careth for us (1 Peter 5 : 7).

HELEN TURNER'S DECISION.

(*See Illustration, page* 141.)

IN the parlor of an old-fashioned farm-house two young people sat one winter evening conversing earnestly. There were evidences all around of comfort, even of luxury, but not of the display which indicates vulgarity.

But neither Helen Turner nor Frank Fulton, who was talking to her, had any thought just then to spare for their surroundings. Frank was going to Harvard the next day, and he was pleading very hard with Helen to give him a promise before he went that she would be his wife when his college course was complete and he had entered on his profession.

"You have known me all my life, Helen; as boy and girl we played together with our brothers and sisters; you know me thoroughly, and I cannot understand your hesitation on religious grounds. The match would please your mother and father as much as it would mine. But, more than all, you know that I love you dearly, and you admit that you love me. Come, dear, you will promise, will you not?"

This pleading had been going on for more than an hour; but apparently it was not successful. Helen was weeping silently, and she shook her head.

"Any one listening to you, Helen, would believe that I was a depraved, vicious fellow, unfit for the society of godly people. Have you ever known me do anything mean or cruel or even sinful as society understands the word? I do not drink, nor play cards, nor do any of the things you object to. Compare my life with any other young man who is a member of the Church, and tell me if I am not as pure as he."

"Frank, I admit it all, but that does not affect my decision. You do not understand why I refuse, and until you are converted you will not understand it. A relationship so close as that of husband and wife involves a community of feeling. With the dearest, best, and most cherished feelings of my heart you have no sympathy. An explicit injunction of God's Word prohibits our union, and my reason approves it. You would chafe under the occupations I delight in, and think them a bore. I should be chilled and depressed by your want of sympathy. Indeed, Frank, though my heart bleeds for you in your disappointment, I am sure I am acting wisely for us both. It has cost me bitter suffering to come to that decision. But it is irrevocable."

The tone in which Helen uttered those words could not fail to carry conviction into the mind of any hearer, and Frank Fulton, who knew her well, knew it was useless appealing further.

"Helen," he said, "you are incurring a serious responsibility. You do not know how strong an armor for me your love would have been. I could have resisted any temptation for your sake. Now, it seems to me it is no use trying to be good."

"God keep you, Frank, from such thoughts. They are unworthy of you. Your way to the light is not through the love of a woman. Until you feel that you love Jesus so much that you could, if it were necessary, give up me for His sake, which is, I think, the greatest test of love to Him you could give, you will not be safe for time and eternity. Now go, my dear friend. It grieves me to wound you. Believe me, I am suffering too. I must be alone, and I will pray for you."

Very reluctantly Frank bade farewell, and the next day was on his way to college. It was a sad heart he carried away with him. He was

disappointed in the most cherished desire of his heart, and it seemed to him that all the world could give him would not compensate him for that disappointment. But as the days passed amid pleasant and congenial society, he grew more cheerful, and even became light-hearted and jovial. He entered into the pleasures of his companions, and took his enjoyment with the others. But at the end of his first term Frank would have acknowledged, if he had been bound to give an honest opinion, that he was not so good a man as he was at its beginning.

During the next three years his course had a uniformly downward tendency. He saw but little of Helen, for his vacations were not spent at his father's house, which was near that of the Turners. He seldom thought of her now; she seemed a thing incongruous with the scenes of dissipation among which Frank spent most of his leisure time. Occasionally, rumors of his wild course reached Helen's ears, and she wept and prayed in secret.

Helen Turner Hears Glad News.

One morning she heard that Frank had returned home. She did not expect to see him, for on his rare visits home latterly he had avoided her. But the fact of his being near her affected her strangely. Something seemed to be impending. She thought she was getting nervous, and would take the best of all remedies—fresh air. With her two little sisters she walked out through the frosty fields. Still the sense of some strange circumstance weighed upon her, and after an hour's walk the little party were returning home when the clatter of a horse's hoofs rang on the road. In a few minutes the rider had overtaken them and had alighted, and Helen saw that it was Frank Fulton.

"I have come, Helen," he said, "to bring you news that will surprise you. I am going to leave America for many years."

A quick spasm of pain crossed Helen's face, which Frank was not slow to perceive.

"I have," he went on, "abandoned all intention of practising as a physician here, and I am going away."

"You cannot be serious, Frank?"

"I am, indeed. Before I went I thought I would come to see if you still adhere to your decision about our union. You have heard bad accounts of me, I dare say. Have you ever thought you might save me by marrying me?"

"I grieved to hear the reports, Frank, but I could not do that. No, God will save you yet, but I still adhere to my decision."

"Then I claim you," said Frank joyously. "Helen, I am a new man. I can give you no better proof of it than that I have given up my prospects here and I have pledged myself to go as a medical missionary to China. I did that without knowing whether you would go too, but I am prepared even to give you up for the sake of the dear Lord, who saved me on the very brink of destruction. Helen, I understand you now. You were right when you said that there could be no true marriage between a believer and a worldling. I realize Christ's love, and I know it to be the mainspring of life."

Such joy as it is seldom given for human beings to enjoy filled Helen's heart as she heard Frank's avowal and listened to his account of the circumstances which had led to his conversion. And Frank did not go on his mission alone.

THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE OF GENERAL HICKS AND HIS ARMY.

ON page 140 is a picture depicting the recent visit of Major Giles and a few cavalry soldiers to the scene of the slaughter of eight hundred Egyptian soldiers by the Arabs associated with the Mahdi in his rebellion against the Egyptian Government.

General Hicks and his army were attacked by the Mahdi's troops on November 1st. The want of water and the long march had weakened the Egyptian troops, but they appear to have made a determined stand. They formed a square, against which the Arab horsemen dashed impetuously. At the close of the day's fighting General Hicks still held his ground, the Arabs having failed to penetrate the square. The next day the attack was renewed with the same result. But the following day the Arabs succeeded, owing to the exhaustion of the Egyptian troops, in making a gap in the lines of men, and a general panic ended in a massacre. A native who was with the Egyptian army, and who was enabled to escape because of his black color and because he wore no uniform, says that Hicks Pasha fought like a lion, and was the last officer to fall. The members of his staff fell in one group. After the battle one hundred and fifty soldiers were found wounded. The bodies of the European and Egyptian officers were decapitated, and *their heads fixed over the gate* of El Obeid. The Arabs resolved to erect a tomb for Hicks Pasha's body because of his great bravery.

"We started," writes Major G. D. Giles, describing his visit to the scene of the massacre, "from Suakim, at about 8 A.M., our original intention being only to make a reconnaissance parade. The battlefield where, on November 4th, eight hundred black troops had been defeated and annihilated, had never been visited, so, finding a Bashi-Bazouk who knew the way, we thought we might as well ride on and see the spot, which was about fifteen miles distant. The first indications we found were several bodies lying on the ground, the skin having dried up, showing in some instances the wound which the spear had inflicted. The ground was stony, with a few stunted shrubs, and intersected by deep water-tracks, which had no doubt enabled the rebels to surround the black troops unseen. As we were speculating as to how the catastrophe had happened, and agreeing that from the number of vultures hovering over a ridge just in front of us the main battle must have been fought there, some of our scouts came up and reported that the enemy was in front of us. The rebels appeared to be in considerable numbers, and, as we were out without orders, we thought we had better return. The enemy fired a shot or two at us, and were no doubt disappointed at not making our closer acquaintance."

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page* 127.)

A Cloud on the Horizon.

THE motives which had determined the second Mrs. Morley to become the wife of a man fifteen years her senior, and altogether different to the beau ideal of a husband which her girlish fancy had painted, were as complex as the motives to such marriages generally are. In the first place she had attained the age of three and twenty, yet, though very pretty and engaging, had met with no real opportunity of escaping from the life she hated—that of a governess in a middle-class boarding-school. There was a dreadful possibility that her attractions might fade away before she met with an establishment worthy of her; and she longed to be the mistress of a house of her own. On the other hand, John Morley had the reputation of being rich for his station, and he was a handsomer and more polished man than any of the younger men with whom she was brought into contact.

Except one memory, which was sentimentally brooded over in her heart, no one had so nearly touched her frivolous affections as this grave, melancholy, handsome man of middle-age, who had abandoned himself to a passionate devotion to her. On these grounds she had determined upon becoming John Morley's second wife.

Very naturally she resolved to put his attachment to the test, and not to spare it. She found the new house of which she was the mistress gloomy and poverty-stricken in aspect, and she set her heart upon beautifying it. It was a large, rambling old place, much too large for the small family dwelling in it; and she forecast her plans for turning it all into a habitation suitable to herself. But here she met a sudden and unexpected check, even in the first weeks of her married life. John Morley assured her, with a hundred protestations of his love, that he could not give her permission to do as she pleased with the dreary, half-furnished rooms. One room should be her own, he said, the largest in the house; and she might buy whatever she chose for it. It was a compromise which was dis-

agreeable to her; but she resolved to make the most of it.

Up-stairs there was a large apartment, extending from the front of the house to the back, and wainscoted with panels of oak throughout, which had been hitherto used as a warehouse. This she fixed upon, insisting upon the fulfilment of her husband's promise, and upon it she lavished all her taste and caprice, while John Morley looked on and laughed, as one laughs at a child playing at keeping house. It was a pleasant time for Rose. She enjoyed the unconditional permission given to her with the full enjoyment of one who has always been obliged to look closely to her expenditure; with a gay good nature she gave up her plans of embellishing the rest of the house, while she concentrated herself upon this room allotted to her.

John Morley's home grew full of sound, in the place of its unbroken stillness. The blithe laugh of his young wife rippled from room to room, blended with the quieter but happy tones of his little girl. Now and then there came to his ears notes of music from Rose's piano overhead, short, merry tunes, tinkling through the empty rooms, with a suggestion of dancing steps accompanying them, though there was no one to dance except Hester, whose small feet had never before been set to music. The time was as blissful for John Morley as for his second wife, or rather, immeasurably more so.

The pity was that the girl was no more than a school-girl, with nothing but a school-girl's idea of happiness. She was good-natured, and good-tempered, and quite willing to do what she could to please her husband. But it had never entered her mind that his companionship alone would be sufficient for her. She had no wish whatever to reign over her new household unseen and unenvied by her neighbors. As soon as her drawing-room was furnished and decorated after her own taste, she longed to receive guests in it, who would admire and praise it to her satisfaction. There John Morley, reserved and self-contained, made a stand. He wanted no witnesses to his happiness.

The people of Little Aston were not of his kind; there were none among them who could become his associates, or whom he would choose to be the friends of his wife. On the one hand were the worldlings, the people who wasted their time at the card-table or in the dance; on the other were the members of the church, ignorant and ill-bred, with whom he had nothing in common beyond the religious conventionalities of church membership. He was separated from the world and the church alike. His wife might welcome to his hearth the old minister and his equally aged wife, whose gentleness could never offend or displease him; but there was no other person whom he could receive into his house with the cordiality of friendship. Mere acquaintances John Morley could not understand. To eat bread at his table was a pledge of living friendliness between host and guest. On this point no charm, or persuasion, or rebellion, could avail his wife anything. He was like a rock; and the poor, silly girl, with her empty mind and light heart, beat against it in vain.

After the first novelty had worn away, John Morley, though retaining his passionate and proud love of his young wife, fell back into his old studious habits—lost himself, and her, and all his new life in the books which came almost daily to his hand. If she invaded his quiet room where he sat all day long, and which was too heavy and sombre for a butterfly creature like her, to ask him for some new indulgence, or to display some new possession, he put down his book only for a few minutes, and soon grew absent if she prolonged her visit. He had no thought of any unkindness in this neglect. Hester's mother had been willing to sit hour after hour, his silent companion, ready to hear him if he should like to read aloud some sentence which pleased him more than others, a sentence which to her stood alone, with none before or following it; and he had taken it for granted that Rose would do the same. Since she did not do it, but avoided his dull room, he did not complain; but it never occurred to him to alter his own habits. Besides, after the lapse of a few months *his eyes were opened to the snare* into which he had fallen. He had been guilty of a blunder, he would not call it a sin, which he had formerly blamed harshly in others. He, a chief member of the church, a deacon, had entered into marriage with *a worldly woman.*

John Morley's creed was colored by his gloomy temperament. He began to look upon Rose, whom he had made his nearest and dearest companion, as a soul which still walked in darkness, under the tyranny of Satan; and whose destiny was an eternal separation from all goodness and happiness. The gaiety and charms of his young wife began to make his heart ache. He saw her treading mirthfully along the path leading to ruin and perdition. The possibility of eternal punishment, which he had calmly and philosophically considered from a distance, was brought into his own home, he had himself taken it to his heart; it was the only dowry his wife had brought him. In the quiet of his room this thought presented itself to him with innumerable and stinging variations—that the voice which he heard singing and babbling about his house would one day wail in hopeless anguish, and that the heart which he had won for himself would be pierced through with unutterable and unavailing repentance.

It is no marvel that John Morley set himself with his whole heart and mind to the task of enlightening and converting this beloved, but lost, soul. He argued with his wife; he read to her; he prayed for her. He called in the minister, as he would have called in a physician had she been stricken with some malady. Rose was frightened at first, and yielded readily to tears. But after a while she grew indignant, and then weary. Never before had it been suggested to her that anything was amiss in her. She had been christened and confirmed, and had been a communicant of her church. She ran over the Commandments, and found that she had kept them from her youth up. Certainly if she stood in any kind of danger the whole world was full of souls who were in equal, if not greater, peril. All this commotion was the result of having married an austere and narrow-minded man, who first shut her out from all the pleasures and enjoyments of her age, and then surrounded her with imaginary terrors. She began to harden herself against him, and resolved to bring up Hester after a fashion opposed to the strict rule of her father.

If there was any influence which could have won over the worldly spirit of Rose Morley to the grave but peaceful religion into whose sweet safety John Morley vainly strove to drive her, it would have been the simple faith of the child, who knew nothing of the technical phrases of any creed. Like the child Christ, Hester both asked and answered questions in such a manner as to startle and trouble the giddy mind of her young stepmother. But how could this gay and thoughtless girl help growing weary of her monotonous life, with a husband always burdened with spiritual anxieties for her, and a child who cared less for the plays of childhood than for the thoughts and pursuits of older years? She found herself altogether out of her element—a mere butterfly, which had flown heedlessly into a damp and chilly cave, where it could only fold its wings, and lose the brilliant hours of the summer which was swiftly passing away. The merry laugh and the tinkling of music ceased in the house; her step grew languid, and her voice low; the blue eyes were dimmed, and the cheeks faded; but John Morley saw in the change only what he wished to see—the pain and travail of a soul which was struggling into life. But a congenial friendship was about to be formed with momentous results.

Mr. Waldron's parliamentary duties deprived the church at Little Aston of his presence, and that of his daughter, during a considerable portion of each year. The church and the minister were perhaps a little more at their ease during their absence; but they felt all the increased importance of their personal attendance at the chapel, and their return was anxiously looked forward to. It had become a point of etiquette for Mr. Watson to proceed at once to Aston Court as soon as the rumor of their arrival reached his ears, in order to congratulate himself and them upon their reunion with the little church of which they were the most conspicuous pillars.

They had come down from London upon the commencement of the long autumnal recess, and Mr. Watson set out the next morning upon his visit of homage. Aston Court was about a mile from Little Aston, but most of the road lay through the fine old park which surrounded the newly-built mansion. Mr. Waldron was a utilitarian, and had sold off the deer which had belonged to the former owner, and divided his park into regular divisions, for the grazing of cattle and the growth of hay. The new house was plain, square, and massive, flanked by two smaller, but equally formal, wings. The windows of plate glass were of uniform size, distributed along the front of the building at even distances, and one large entrance door, with a portico, stood in the exact centre of the ground floor. The garden stretching before it was laid out in long, straight borders of the same breadth and length; and the trees separating it from the park were kept well clipped.

The usual reception-room, which was the dining-room of the mansion, was a large handsome apartment, but heavy and dull. Its principal decoration consisted of two life-size portraits of Luther and Melanchthon, excellently painted; the former hard, acute, and intrepid; the latter soft and feminine, with mournful blue eyes which seemed weary of gazing upon life. There was also above the fireplace a richly illuminated and gilded testimonial, signed by a thousand Nonconformists—inscribed to David Waldron in gratitude for his eminent services in the House of Commons in defence and advancement of the cause of Nonconformity. The middle of this apartment was filled by a long wide table, similar to those seen in committee rooms, and covered with dark leather; a number of leather-covered chairs were ranged along the walls. Curtains of deep crimson damasks, always drawn a little over the window, shed a solemn light into the room—a twilight which was not mournful gloom, but rather a wealthy and grand obscurity.

It was into this reception-room that the minister was ushered. It was Saturday morning, and on the next day Mr. Waldron and his daughter would occupy the large curtained pew in the corner of the chapel, which was appropriated to their use. Miss Waldron was seated at the table, a small insignificant person to look at, but the daughter of David Waldron, M. P. She received her pastor with mingled fervor and condescension, and invited him to a seat beside her. Mr. Waldron soon joined them, and a close conversation, a sort of religious gossip, about the affairs of the church and its members, ensued.

"Brother Morley is married again, as you know," said Mr. Watson, after some other subjects had been discussed, "and he is beginning to feel sorely troubled about his young wife. She remains the same worldly, thoughtless creature she was before her marriage."

"Ay! ay!" answered Mr. Waldron, shaking his head, "we gave in too soon there. You and I, as well as John Morley, were smitten with the young woman's beauty."

"Father!" interrupted Miss Waldron, in a tone of reproof.

"It is true," continued Mr. Waldron; "I never felt so checkmated in my life as when she appeared suddenly in the very midst of our expostulation with John Morley. But we must get her into the church. There must be ways and means of winning her over. We will put her into Miss Waldron's hands."

Miss Waldron was one of those persons who

are never called by their Christian names even by their nearest relatives. It is possible that, in conversation with her, her father or her brother might sometimes address her by it; but it was not known beyond her own family circle. There seems something significant in this suppression of the name by which one is enrolled under the banner of the cross.

"By what means shall I get at this young woman?" asked Miss Waldron, not at all unwilling to undertake the conversion of Rose Morley, and entering into it as a business.

"I scarcely know," answered Mr. Watson, in perplexity.

"There is my Sunday-school class," continued Miss Waldron, "and my Mothers' Meeting on Monday, my Wednesday evening Bible Class, and my Saturday night Female Prayer-meeting."

"I am afraid we could not get her to attend any of these," replied the minister.

"Why not?" inquired Miss Waldron.

"She is quite an educated person," he said, timidly, "and has all the manners of a lady. She has been a governess, and plays very well, and can draw. She holds herself rather above the rest of our people. They are a little unpolished, you know."

"I do not see then what can be done in such a case," said Miss Waldron, with a stiff and chilly air.

(To be continued.)

PAUL AT CORINTH.

S. S. Lesson for March 9, Acts 18: 1–17. Golden Text, verse 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Alone in the City—His Independence—An Example to Discontented Teachers—Physical Need not the First Care—A Pressure of Spirit—The Turning Point—Henceforth a New Field—Crispus Converted—The Church in Paul's Lodging—Directions for the Sisters—God's Assurance of Safety—Gallio's Impartiality—Another Prominent Jewish Convert.

WHILE Paul was at Athens, he did not forget his converts at Thessalonica. When he was sent away from Berea, Silas and Timotheus were left behind, and Paul sent word to them to come to him with all speed. If they did so, it was at this time that Paul sent Timothy again to the Thessalonians. "Wherefore when we could no longer forbear, we thought it good to be left at Athens alone; and sent Timotheus, our brother, . . . to establish you, and to comfort you concerning your faith" (1 Thess. 3: 1–3). We hear nothing about Silas at this time. But when Paul wrote the two epistles to the Thessalonians [from *Corinth*, not from Athens as wrongly stated in our authorized Bible], we find the names of Silvanus [the Greek form of Silas] and Timotheus joined with that of Paul in his greeting. Perhaps Silas had remained at Berea to strengthen the young church there.

DAILY LIFE IN CORINTH.

Anyway, Paul came alone to Corinth. There he made acquaintance with some fugitive Jews, refugees from Rome. Suffering is often used of God to soften the heart and prepare it for the reception of His truth. We are not told, but we may be almost sure, that Aquila and Priscilla were among Paul's first converts at Corinth. With them he labored for his daily bread that he might "make the Gospel of Christ without charge" (1 Cor. 9: 18). This was Paul's usual custom. He had done the same at Thessalonica. "Neither did we eat any man's bread for nought; but wrought with labor and travail night and day, that we might not be chargeable to any of you: not because we have not power, but to make ourselves an ensample unto you to follow us" (1 Thess. 2: 9; 11 Thess. 3: 8, 9). At Ephesus again he did the same thing six years later; he says: "I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me" (Acts 20: 33, 34). Would to God there were more of this spirit among us now! Honest hard work seems to have gone out of fashion. The luxury of giving the remaining hours to God after a hard day's honest work seems to be at a discount.

Many a young man who has been idle, and not altogether trustworthy in his situation, thinks himself fit, not only to win souls, but to teach holiness. Such an one often says the strongest things in the way of reproach to hard-working men and women who love the Lord, if they do not give all they can possibly screw out to maintain him, as though there were no other work of God abroad. Many a young girl, by no means remarkable for exactitude, for obedience, for conscientiousness, and for truth in her place as servant thinks she is equal to teach those who have known the Lord ten times as long as she, and bitterly reproaches those who do not liberally give for her maintenance. There is such a thing as being called of God to a life of faith and entire dependence on Him, but we do no call that faith which makes known the need to man, and we never find begging authorized in Scripture. Paul truly exhorted liberality on the part of the churches: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be

NO GATHERINGS WHEN I COME"

(1 Cor. 16: 2). Paul's rule for himself and other workers was to work for a living, or to trust in God. His rule for the churches was to have a store always ready for any necessity of God's work which He might bring before them. Paul never refused gifts where they were given out of a loving heart (Phil. 4: 15–18), but he never made his personal needs known so as to ask for them.

But the apostle, while he worked for his daily bread, did not make this the first thing. We do not hear of his being pressed in spirit because prices were down, but when Silas and Timotheus were come from Macedonia, he was pressed in spirit to testify to the Jews that Jesus was Christ. Up to this point he had reasoned and persuaded; but when his two fellow-laborers came, fresh from revival ground, and gave their testimony to what the Lord had done for them and by them, Paul was not backward; the scholar in him gave way to the glad redeemed child of God. Perhaps up to this time his learning and erudition had commanded respect from the Jews, but now that he was determined to know nothing among them save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified—now that he was with them in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling—now that his speech and his preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power (1 Cor. 2: 2–4), these Jews must come to a decision. From the presence of a remarkable man, they had been brought into that of God, from doctrines they had been brought to personal responsibility, and now it was a

POINT OF WILL,

whether they would or would not accept Jesus as Christ. Everything hung on the decision. All their national, their family, and their religious prestige must be sacrificed if they accepted Jesus; but, on the other hand, they would lose their souls if they rejected Him. To most of them God was no real acquaintance. His presence was intolerable instead of being "the fulness of joy," as it always is to His own people. So "they opposed themselves and blasphemed." This brought Paul to a decision to which God had been leading him throughout the whole period of his ministry; he said: "Your blood be upon your own heads; I am clean: from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles." From this time he acknowledged that he was "the apostle of the Gentiles" (Rom. 11: 13), and now he was free to regard all men alike who were in Christ. "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3: 28).

No sooner had Paul fully yielded his own ideas to God, and given up his natural thought as a converted Jew and that through the Jews at that time all the nations of the earth were to be blessed, than God gave him

A TOKEN FOR GOOD.

"Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, believed on the Lord, and all his house." No wonder this made a sensation, and set all the people talking; and Crispus must have had his hands as full as Paul's with the earnest inquirers who now saw there was something in it, since such a man as he had gone over. "Many of the Corinthians hearing believed, and were baptized." Paul lodged with Justus, close by the synagogue, and we may well believe that as the synagogues emptied, the conventicle filled, and that they had many a squeeze for room as Paul, Silas, Timotheus and Crispus spoke out of glad hearts, and one and another testified to blessing received. Life in the church increased—men and women taking part in the meetings—until Paul had to order that the sisters when they prophesied should have their heads covered, to distinguish them, doubtless, from the immodest priestesses of the gods. Paul describes this church thus: "When ye come together, every one of you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a revelation, hath an interpretation" (1 Cor. 14: 26), there were no dumb spirits among them, and they "came behind in no gift" (1 Cor. 1: 7). It was the strongest contrast to his visit to Athens, and Paul must have been filled with joy. At this time the Lord spoke to him in a vision, and said: "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city." The work was broader and deeper than Paul knew; only God knows all the results of preaching His Word. The apostle remained there eighteen months, "teaching the Word of God among them." He found time to work for his living, to superintend all the evangelizing by others who also worked for their living, and to write long letters to his converts in other parts. He had nothing to pay for halls, and thus a glorious work of evangelization was going on free of cost.

The Jews did not long keep silence. They waited for a favorable opportunity of creating

A DISTURBANCE,

and this they thought they had found when there was a change of administration. Gallio was made the deputy of Achaia, and as he knew nothing of the state of things before his government began, the Jews thought they could easily make out a case against Paul. They brought him to the judgment seat, and now they had to prove that he had broken the laws of the community. No theft, no dishonesty, no brawling, no uproar could be proved against him. The only charge which they could substantiate was this, "This fellow persuadeth men to worship God contrary to the law."

Paul knew, for God had told him, that no man should set on him to hurt him; he knew that if they set him on fire he would not burn, and if they stabbed him the point of the knife would be turned back—it could not enter if God did not permit. But perhaps he was hardly prepared for the complete confusion of his adversaries by the part which Gallio took: "If it were a matter of wrong or of wicked lewdness, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you: But if it be a question of words and names, and of your law, look ye to it; for I will be no judge of such matters. And he drove them from the judgment seat." The wrath of the Jews then changed its object, and Sosthenes, the then ruler of the synagogue, the successor of Crispus, came in for the remainder of their ire. Perhaps then for the first time he had declared himself on the side of Christ. Later on Paul writes of him as a brother (1 Cor. 1: 1). How blessedly we see here the glorious working of God. While Paul was bent chiefly on the conversion of the Jews he made little progress among them. As soon as he recognized his mission to the Gentiles and left God to deal with the Jews, the rulers of the synagogue in succession became converted to God.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The News of the Surrender of Tokar, the stronghold in the Soudan, which Baker Pacha was attempting to relieve when his army was defeated, was cabled here on Friday. Five soldiers who fled to Suakim from Tokar, brought the news of the surrender. They reported that the rebels beset the town and kept up a constant fire of artillery and rifles. On Tuesday the garrison recognized the necessity of conferring with the rebels, and on Wednesday Yakoob and Maccaivi Effendi, chief of police, with a sergeant of artillery, went out and held a conference with the rebels. On their return they informed the garrison that they must surrender their arms on Thursday. Many of the soldiers murmured at this, and a large proportion of them escaped during the night. But as the conference had arranged, Tokar was surrendered on Thusday. Later reports show that the capitulation was an act of cowardice on the part of the officers, or that *they had been bribed* to favor a surrender. It is known that the privates were bitterly opposed to the surrender, and that all the officers favored it and overruled the objections of the subordinates. After the surrender Osman Digna, El Mahdi's lieutenant, gave a number of presents to the officers, which he said were as a mark of respect for their bravery in holding out so long; but the soldiers think they were given as part payment for the capitulation of Tokar, and were insignia of cowardice instead of bravery. With the exception of the bombardment, which was being constantly kept up and which did very little damage, Tokar was secure, as a majority of the rebels had been drawn away from the vicinity of Tokar and were being massed at Teb, where they were fortifying and awaiting the advance of General Graham. An effort is being made to induce the British Government to recapture the city.

Russia's Annexation of Merv has, as was Expected, alarmed the British Government, which sees only Afghanistan now between the Russian lines and British India. It is evident that the Russians have followed their usual policy of taking advantage of the English embarrassments in Egypt to creep another stage nearer India. The English minister at St. Petersburg has received instructions to ask of the Russian Government an explanation full and explicit of their annexation of the Merv oasis. He is at the same time *to protest against this action* as a breach of the assurances given to England by the Czar Alexander. Besides extending an English protectorate over Beloochistan, the government proposes to send a military commission to Herat, to ascertain the exact boundaries of Afghanistan and the condition of the border line defences. The government has sent Lord Ripon, Viceroy of India, instructions to re-enforce the garrisons upon the north-western frontier of India and to send troops to Quetta and Kandahar. The English agent at Cabul is negotiating a new treaty with the Ameer, which proposes to give the Ameer further subsidies than those which he receives at present on condition of the complete submission of foreign relations to English control.

General Gordon is Adopting Conciliatory tactics in the Soudan, and is acting with his usual high-spirited love of justice. He has opened two new gates in the forts of Khartoum, so that the people can pass in freely. He has abolished the octroi and market duties. He has also established boxes in the streets into which the people may drop petitions or complaints. A sheik was carried into his presence a few days ago with his feet mutilated by the bastinado, administered by the orders of Hussein Pacha, late Vice-Governor of Khartoum. Gordon telegraphed to Cairo ordering the stoppage of a portion of Hussein's pay for the benefit of the outraged sheik. If Hussein Pacha objects to this he will be returned to Khartoum to be tried. Hussein Pacha recently flogged a man to death. The common people have given General Gordon an enthusiastic welcome. He believes that he can pacify the Soudan without firing a shot. The New York *Times*, sketching the character of the Christian general, says: "Gordon is without doubt the most heroic figure of the day, and his marvellous ride to Khartoum will live in history. Gordon rode alone to meet a foe that had exterminated armies. Between Assouan and Khartoum the road swarmed with rebels filled with hatred of Egyptian and English rule and maddened with Mohammedan fanaticism, but Gordon did not hesitate to make his way through them. His confidence that he bears a charmed life so long as Providence has work for him to do was justified by the result. He reached Khartoum, where his authority is as absolute and unquestioned as it could be were he at the head of an English army corps. *The secret of Gordon's fearlessness is his religious faith.* The source of his power is the conviction among the people that he is as just as he is fearless."

Prince Jerome Napoleon Gave Audience on Saturday to eighty delegates from Bonapartist committees. He had his son by his side, the young man whom a section of the Bonapartists desire to make the head of the party. The Prince made his friends a speech of the true Napoleonic type. He said, in the course of his remarks: "Your presence here proves that when it is necessary to defend the national sovereignty and the rights of the people *a Napoleon can always be called upon.* I am happy to have my son at my side. It is a confirmation of the union of our family, and shows that it is as impossible to separate father and son as to separate the Napoleons from the cause of the people. The constitution of 1876, imposed upon the country by Orleanist intrigue, which subordinated everything to Parliament and handed over the government of the country to irresponsible majorities, is the cause of our present ills, the symptoms of which are becoming alarming. I trust you will not listen to the few individuals who are preaching a narrow, bombastic seditious policy, but that you will follow a great and loyal policy which shall revindicate the rights of the people. To the people alone belongs the right of constituting the government by the choice of that man for head whom it deems capable among the nation." It is evident that the Napoleons have yet much to learn.

Mr. Bradlaugh, the English Atheist, has been elected member of Parliament for the fourth time by Northampton. His object in resigning and then seeking re-election is apparently to convince the House of Commons that his constituency is determined on having him for its representative. Nevertheless the House has refused to allow him to take the oath, and has by resolution forbidden him to enter its precincts. Mr. Gladstone opposed the resolution, but it was passed by a vote of 226 to 173. As soon as the result was announced Mr. Bradlaugh retired under protest. He is being prosecuted for having voted on the last resolution in his case, he at that time not having taken the oath in the prescribed form.

The Proposed Palestine Canal is Considered feasible by Colonel Colville, who has returned from the Holy Land, having made a complete survey of the country between the Gulf of Akaba and the Jordan Valley, in the interests of the Palestine Canal Syndicate, of which the Duke of Sutherland is chairman. He reports that a range of low hills, having an average elevation of 400 feet and an extent of ten miles, must be cut through to make the Canal; but as the soil is capable of easy excavation he believes the undertaking to be possible.

Misrepresentations as to the Cause of Pauperism in England are being widely circulated here in connection with the discussion of free trade. Free trade *is not the cause* of the poverty of the lower classes in England. There is no great quantity of land there, and much of it is owned by large landholders, who monoplize it for their parks and in other ways, and do not cultivate it. Farmers' sons, despairing of ever owning a farm, drift into commercial life in the cities, and, being often without capital, swell the already numerous class of employés. Mechanics also put their sons into trade or into clerkships as being an employment more genteel and cleanly than manual labor; and thus the army of employés, who can do nothing but keep accounts or serve behind a counter, is again increased. The market is glutted, and the unemployed sink into poverty. Skilled mechanics, if they are honest, sober, and industrious, are seldom poor, and are rarely out of employment. Newspapers and public speakers, when they hold up the condition of England as a warning to us, are apt to mislead the people by misrepresenting the true cause of the distress now existing in England.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Continue to Enjoy the blessing of God on their London work. Night after night the monster hall is filled to overflowing, and available chapels in the locality have been utilized for overflow meetings. Mr. Scroggie, who helped the evangelists very largely in Scotland, is rendering excellent service again, and many have been led to Christ through his instrumentality. A special effort has been made for the reclamation of drunkards, and Mr. Moody has formed a "Mizpah Band" of those who have been brought to the knowledge of Christ during the mission, which has already commenced operations. The Bible lectures have also been well attended. Many interesting incidents have taken place, which must greatly cheer the hearts of all who are desirous of the success of the mission. One evening an atheist stood up, and publicly proclaimed that his was a false belief, and he visited Mr. Moody in his room for private conversation, which led to his conversion.

Mr. H. M. Stanley, the American Explorer of Africa, is thus referred to in a letter written by Dr. Sims, of the Livingstone Inland Mission, to Mrs. Grattan Guinness, of Harley House, London. He says: "His methods are very kind, wise, and patient. He is working excellently in the interests of the expedition. Without Stanley's expedition, the interior would be, humanly speaking, unopened and dark as ever, as it will yet be if he fails. He works under serious disadvantages, and has much trouble. During the time he has been here, our intercourse has been extremely pleasant. He is so kind, and has given us much important help."

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for February may be obtained, price six cents, from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Annual subscription seventy cents. The February number contains the following articles: "The Coming of Christ for His Saints," by J. R. Graves, LL.D., of Memphis, Tenn.; "The Judgment of Service," by Rev. J. Averill; "The Second Advent of Our Lord Jesus Christ, as Foretold by the Prophets;" "The Dead Sea—Past, Present, and Future," by Rev. E. Hytche; "The Slaughter of the Witnesses," by Mrs. Fielder; "Christ's Kingdom a Literal Kingdom," by J. Denham Smith; "The Speedy Coming of the Lord," by Rev. G. F. Pentecost; "Churches and Synagogues," by Rev. Dr. Dann; Passing Events viewed from a prophetic standpoint, etc.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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BAKER PASHA.

The commander of Egyptian troops, of whom an outline portrait appears this week on the first page of The Christian Herald, is said to be the best cavalry officer in Europe. German, French, and Russian officers have all spoken in his praise. His skill, bravery, and gallantry have excited their admiration. He was formerly the colonel of a regiment in the British army, but about ten years ago, he was dismissed, for cause. While travelling in a railroad carriage he insulted a young lady, who was the only person in the compartment beside himself. For this offence he was arrested. He put in a plea of guilty, and was sentenced to pay a fine and to undergo a year's imprisonment. The judge who passed the sentence remarked that he considered it a just sentence, to which any other penalty should not be added. The meaning of his remark was made clear at the end of Colonel Baker's term of imprisonment, when he was dismissed from the army, thus losing an appointment worth more than $5000 a year. It was done, as was publicly stated, at the direct command of the Queen, who was indignant at his conduct. She stated that she would allow no officer, however distinguished, to remain in her service who could be guilty of an act such as that Colonel Baker had committed. It was stated that her uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, who is Commander-in-chief of the British army, begged her to abandon her resolution, as Baker was the finest officer in the army; her son, the Prince of Wales, also pleaded with her on the same ground, but Her Majesty was immovable. So Colonel Valentine Baker was notified that "the Queen had no further occasion for his services." He left England, and offered his sword to the Sultan of Turkey, who readily accepted it. Baker was received with delight by the Turkish monarch, who gave him an important command, and made him a pasha. Since the outbreak of the Egyptian war Baker has served the Khedive of Egypt, by whom he is highly honored.

THE BATTLE OF TEB.

The region of Africa in which the conflict, which occupies so large a space in the newspapers at the present time, is being waged, is called the Soudan. The name bears different meanings, according as it is used by the Arabs or by Egyptians. The former apply it to designate the interior of Africa generally, and, following them, the geographers of Europe have given this name to all the countries along the southern edge of the Great Sahara, from Senegambia and Sierra Leone on the west, to Darfur on the east. Etymologically, Soudan means simply "the Blacks," and is a corruption of the Arabic name Balad-us-Sûdân, "the country of the Blacks."

As employed, however, by the Egyptians, and as referred to in the numerous telegrams lately received from Egypt, "the Soudan" means not the immense tract of Africa just described, but a tract to the east of it, which comprises the countries, except Abyssinia, on both sides of the Nile, south of the second cataract, which have during the last sixty years been formed into an Egyptian province bearing that name.

The dependent province or empire—for, be it understood, the Soudan is not Egypt, any more than Algeria is France—comprises much of Nubia, all Sennaar, all Kordofan, and all Darfur, and has really any length and any breadth that the Pashas can reach. A report recently made, gave its length from north to south, or from Assouan to the Equator, at about 1650 miles, its width, on the same authority, from Massowah, on the Red Sea, to the western limit of the Darfur Province, is from 1200 to 1400 miles. It probably, therefore, does not fall far short, if at all, of the dimensions of India. It is inhabited by two totally distinct races, the northern half by almost pure Arabs, most of them nomad tribes, professing some form of Mohammedanism, and the southern half by negroes, who, though officially classed among Mussulmans, are really pagans, and are, roughly speaking, all sedentary and agricultural.

Up to 1819 the Soudan was divided into a number of petty kingdoms and chieftaincies; but in that year Muhammad Ali, the then Khedive, sent his son Ismail to conquer the country. From that time to the present the Egyptians have gone on extending the borders of their nominal sovereignty, but have never yet managed to obtain an undisturbed footing in any part of the vast territory they claim. The seat of the provincial government is at Khartoum, which can be reached from Cairo, from which it is some 1500 miles distant, by the Nile—the railway stopping short at Assiout, less than 300 miles from Cairo—but the quickest route is by the Red Sea from Suez to Souakim, which may be regarded as the seaport of the Soudan, and thence by a caravan route of about 280 miles to Berber, where the Nile is touched, and from that point southward for about the same distance to Khartoum.

El Mahdi has excited the hopes of the Arabs of the Soudan by representing himself as the deliverer whom the prophecies of the Koran said would appear about this time. They flocked to his standard with enthusiasm, and he has hitherto been able to defeat every army sent against him. General Hicks and his men were massacred, and one stronghold after another fell into his hands. The Khedive sent General Baker to endeavor to relieve Tokar, which the Mahdi was besieging, but Baker was defeated when only one day's march toward Tokar from the sea. The battle in which the Mahdi routed his forces is known as the battle of Teb.

DESCRIPTION BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The special war correspondent of a leading daily journal thus describes the attack and route of the army:

"Upon the evening of Sunday, February 3d, our force (*i.e.*, the Egyptian force led by Baker Pasha), three thousand six hundred strong, encamped two miles from Trinkitat, the ground having been carefully chosen, and a vigilant watch being kept up all night against surprise. On Monday morning the troops were paraded, and at half-past seven our three hundred baggage camels were ready to move forward. The guns moved in advance of the column, the infantry following them, and the greater part of the cavalry were scattered round in a circle of skirmishers, a half mile or so from the column, thus effectively protecting it from any sudden attack. The Turkish cavalry were in reserve.

"The country was open, but scattered here and there were patches of scrub and thorn, mimosa and other prickly shrubs, which should be at least as impenetrable for naked savages as for well-clad men. The scrub grew thicker as we advanced, but the ground was still open enough for the operations of cavalry, Shortly after eight o'clock parties of

THE MAHDI'S TROOPS WERE SIGHTED.

These retired slowly upon the approach of our cavalry skirmishers, but showed more and more thickly as we advanced. At half-past eight the column halted. A Krupp gun was brought forward and unlimbered, and a few rounds of shell were fired. It was hardly to be expected that any execution would be done upon the scattered parties of the Soudanese, but the effect was to cause them again to fall back.

"The morning was dull, with heavy showers, and just at this time a rain storm burst upon us and greatly obscured our view of the country in front. This was an advantage for the Arabs, who probably regarded it as an interposition of God in their favor, and they now gathered thickly and advanced toward us, and at nine o'clock showed in considerable force on some slightly-rising ground, near the water springs, while on our left front I could see

SPEARS WITH BANNERETS

partially concealed amid the hillocks and bushes.

"Our guns again opened fire; but the shell seemed to me to pass over the Arabs' heads. The force was now ordered to advance; but as soon as they got into movement the clumps of spears were no longer to be seen. When our cavalry skirmishers, however, reached the spot they were soon engaged, and could be seen firing wildly in all directions from the saddle.

"Presently about a dozen Arabs, riding bare-backed on wiry little horses, appeared from behind a hillock, and coolly galloped round our right flank, within three hundred yards of our cavalry on that side, running the gauntlet of the latter's fire. They passed scatheless, and as they still kept along parallel to our column, with the evident intention of gauging its strength and disposition, the general ordered the Turkish cavalry to charge them and cut them off. After a hot chase the daring Arab cavalry escaped, but as the Turks rode back again toward the column, they again appeared, and this time galloped across our front, and round to the left.

"While our attention was distracted from the front by this incident, a sudden commotion arose in the midst of our cavalry skirmishers on our left flank. The Mahdi's soldiers must for some time have been lying concealed close to them, and they now sprang to their feet, and with wild cries charged the Egyptian horsemen. These at once turned rein, and came galloping in in a wild and very disorderly fashion.

"Just before this I had ridden along by the infantry column, and saw that it was advancing in the most disorderly manner. There was no sign of discipline or of steadiness; it was

A MERE ARMED MOB

tramping along. I at once determined that if the Arabs attacked I would not trust myself among them, for I was convinced that they would break at the first charge. To this resolve I probably owe my life. As the cavalry rode wildly in, the order was given for the infantry to form square—a manœuvre in which they had been daily drilled for weeks. At this crisis, however, the but half-disciplined mass failed to accomplish it. Three sides were formed after a fashion, but on the fourth side two companies of the Alexandria Regiment, seeing the Arab spearmen coming on leaping and brandishing their spears, stood like a panic-stricken flock of sheep, and nothing could get them to move into their place.

"Into the gap thus left in the square the Arabs hotly poured, and at once all became panic and confusion. The troops fired indeed, but for the most part straight into the air. The miserable Egyptian soldiers refused even to defend themselves, but, throwing away their rifles, flung themselves on the ground, and grovelled there, screaming for mercy. No mercy was given, the Arab spearmen pouncing upon them and driving their spears through their necks or bodies. Nothing could well surpass the wild confusion which the mass presented—

CAMELS AND GUNS MIXED UP

together, soldiers firing in the air, with wild Arabs, their long hair streaming behind them, darting among them hacking and thrusting with their spears. Cavalry, infantry, mules, camels, falling baggage, and dying men were crushed into a struggling, surging mass. Men were loading and firing into the air or into one another, without aim or object; all were madly shrieking and groaning in abject terror, hardly attempting to run away, but struggling madly to shelter themselves one behind another, and passing into the centre of the square. Shrieks and prayers, soldiers bellowing, camels' screams, mules and horses joining in the deafening noise, the firing and hooting of the rebels, added hideously to the horror of the scene in the square.

"Colonel Sartorious, aided by Maxwell and Bewley, sought to inspire some courage into the soldiers. I saw also for a brief moment Morice Bey and Dr. Leslie side by side. Morice had his revolver ready in his raised hand; Leslie's sword was raised above his head, as though about to strike. Captain Walker was seen on foot struggling, and had been apparently wounded and separated from the guns.

"When the charge had been made by the Mahdi's troops on the left flank, General Baker

ith his staff were out with the cavalry in front. Upon riding back they found that the Arabs ad already got between them and the column. hey at once charged them and

CUT THEIR WAY THROUGH,

ut not without several being killed, among iem Abdul Rusac, the chief Egyptian staff fficer. His horse was hamstrung, and as it fell e was instantly speared by the Arabs. On earing the square the general had to run the auntlet of the fire of the Egyptians in front, ho, regardless of what was going on around iem, were blazing away in their front. When ie general reached the square the Arabs had lready broken it up, and it was clear that all as lost.

"It now became a total rout, the shattered olumn streaming across the plain toward rinkitat, preceded by the flying cavalry, the Mahdi's troops pressing hotly on the rear of the nfantry, and slaughtering at will. All mounted ien unable to ride well were dismounted by the ush of the flying horsemen, and killed. When ist seen, Dr. Leslie, Morice Bey, and Captain Walker, with drawn swords and pistols, were anding in a group, surrounded by the rebels, ose to the guns, in the front face of the quare. There also the Turkish Battalion and irty-six Italian policemen were annihilated, arce one escaping. For five miles

THE FLIGHT AND PURSUIT

ere kept up. The Massowah black battalion ehaved well, and for a portion of the distance etired steadily, firing volleys into the Sou anese. Zobeir's blacks were undrilled and hard able to fire their rifles, not having arrived long nough before the advance to enable the officers o get them into any shape. They therefore olted for their lives as promptly as did the gyptians.

"When the earthwork was reached where we ad encamped the night before, the general ade great efforts to protect the rear of the fly ng fugitives by a charge of the Turkish cavalry, ith a few Egyptian horsemen whose flight had een stopped by the officers, but nothing could nduce them to charge. Half a regiment of Ind an cavalry would have swept the plain of the cattered Arabs with the greatest ease. How ver, although the general could not induce the urks to charge, he got them to form in line at he earthwork, and to halt

FACING THE MAHDI'S MEN.

The pursuit then ceased, the Arabs doubtless eing afraid of the fire of the ships, which they uspected were near at hand, but, in fact, no gun oat was in the harbor, the admiral having rdered away the Decoy on the previous day.

"When the pursuit ceased, the weary fugi ives, horse and foot, with many riderless orses here and there among them, made their ay across the two intervening miles of deep nud to Trinkitat. On reaching the shore they ould have crowded into the few boats there nd swamped them, had not the English officers, evolver in hand, kept them back. Then they tood huddled together on the beach like a lock of sheep, and had the Arabs come on, the hole would have been butchered as easily and ith as little resistance as so many sheep might ave been.

"Gradually, as it was found that the Arabs ad really ceased in their pursuit, the panic sub ided.

THE WORK OF EMBARKATION

continued all night long, the general, the Euro pean officers, and the crews of the English ships working unceasingly in getting on board the men, horses, and baggage. Not one Egyptian officer lent his aid to keep order or to help in the work of embarkation.

"By morning all were on board, and we were then able to see what the loss really was. Of the English officers Morice Bey, Dr. Leslie, Captains Forrester, Walker, Carrol Smith, and Watkins, the last named having only joined the day before, were missing, also some ten other foreign officers. Colonel Hay, Majors Harvey and Giles, with Bewley and Burnaby, are safe. Melton Prior, the special artist, was, fortunately, owing to an accident, in hospital, and did not accompany the force. The four guns and the two Gatlings are lost, and so sudden and rapid was the Arabs' onset that the guns and Gatlings could fire but one round; the Egyptian gunners then bolting instantly. The whole of the baggage was lost. The number of

THOSE WHO HAVE ESCAPED

is officially estimated at fifteen hundred, but I think that it will be found larger, for, if the Egyptians cannot fight, *they can certainly run.* Still, the loss cannot be much under two thousand men.

"A good many of the Arabs fell before the revolvers and swords of the European officers, and the Turkish battalion and Italians made a stout fight, and killed a good many of their assailants before they were overpowered. Still, the total must be small indeed in comparison with the loss we have suffered. The enemy's loss is estimated at 600 men.

MANY VERY GALLANT ACTIONS

were done by the European officers, who were all engaged in hand-to-hand struggles with the Mahdi's spearmen. Major Harvey saved his European servant, when exhausted in the fight, by placing him on his horse and running himself on foot beside it.

"The Arabs betrayed the most profound contempt for Egyptian troops, and clearly regarded themselves as invincible. One man would fall upon a score of Egyptian infantry, and a mounted Arab rode single-handed at a troop of our cavalry. He slashed on the back and severely wounded the Egyptian commander, who was too frightened even to attempt to defend himself; but was at last shot by an English officer.

"After such an experience no one here will ever trust themselves in action again with Egyptian troops, except, indeed, with bodies of well-drilled blacks, who only under such circumstances can be relied upon. The Mahdi had not three thousand men in the field, but it must be owned that these came on with all the pluck and gallantry of the Moslems of old. Those of us who saw their long line charge down through the scrub at a steady pace, after uttering a wild whoop, will not soon forget the sight."

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

In the following incidents, the strictest adherence to facts has been preserved, and it is because these facts have given in the mind of the writer beauty and vivid forcefulness to the Scripture teaching, that he relates them in the hope that they may help to establish the faith of some, and create, under the blessing of God, the same faith in others.

THE WORKMEN'S WAGES.

It was Wednesday night. On Saturday at two o'clock the men must be paid, and though there was plenty of work in hand, it so happened that on none of it could "a draw on account" be made. The young master was much perplexed and troubled, for hitherto he had been helped to keep things going for his mother, who had been bereaved of her husband a year before; but now it began to look like disaster and defeat. True, he had often prayed about other things; but *was prayer any use in such prosaic matters as finding workmen's wages?* He would try. Laying bare the case before God, he earnestly pleaded that somehow, he knew not how, the needed money might come. Thursday came and still no answer was seen; faith began somewhat to waver, while Satan whispered, "God hath forgotten you." But with desperateness born of dread, prayer was offered again. Friday came, and still no reply, while the thought of Saturday two o'clock and the file of men waiting for their wages began to loom up as a chilling, ghostly possibility. By Friday night torturing fear and tossing doubt struggled with a weak hope that yet God might hear and send relief in time; and again with much of trembling distress he prayed that help might be sent. By the last post on Friday night there came

A LETTER IN STRANGE HANDWRITING

and with foreign postmark. Glancing at it with curiosity, he saw that it had come from Sweden, and had been five days on its way; but when he opened it and saw the contents, what was it that made him go deathly pale and then flush with excitement, his eyes filled with tears?—an order for goods from a perfect stranger of whom he had never heard, and enclosed was a draft for payment beforehand, *more than sufficient to cover the wages of the men on the morrow.* Was it any wonder that as it flashed upon him that *the money had started on Monday though his first prayer for it had not been offered until Wednesday*, there burned into his soul as with letters of fire, photographed on his heart as with words of tender, pearl-like light, this text so richly illuminated by the divine faithfulness, "*Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear?*"

RECONCILIATION OF THE MINISTER'S ENEMY.

As a pastor sat in his study busy with letters and thoughts about his work, the cloud of care and sometimes fear might have been seen passing over his face; while now and again, as though agitated by some special anxiety, he would rise from his chair and pace the room, half muttering to himself, half praying to God, "I hope the Lord will overrule all this, and work good out of seeming evil." One of his congregation, taking sudden offence at too outspoken a declaration against sin, too Nathan-like a home-thrust about wrong-doing, had gnashed his teeth in anger, and roundly asserted that the minister "should repent of having so attacked him." Had he left the place and renounced his sitting, there might have been pain at his departure; but it would soon have been over; but no, his power to wound, to malign, to annoy by his very presence would have been gone had he left; and so he stayed, listening only to carp and criticise—stayed to mingle with the people only to undermine the preacher's influence. It was this that sent

THE SPECTRES OF ANXIETY

flitting over the pastor's face, and often the shadows of foreboding falling on his spirit.

It was bad enough for Hezekiah to have Rab-shakeh's *letter;* but to see Rab-shakeh *in the pew*, and to know that he mingled with the people, wounding by tongue, and look, and hint, the pastor's character and influence was no small trial. What should the preacher do? Preach at him, and make it too hot for him? Or, remembering his Master's precept, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in doing so thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head;" should he hear and endure, leaving

HIS DEFENCE IN CHRIST'S HANDS?

He resolved upon the latter course, and waited.

One day, meeting another member of the congregation in the street, the pastor was shocked to learn that his old enemy was lying seriously ill, having met with a terrible accident, which it was feared would prove fatal. He hurried away to the house, and was admitted, but the sick man was too feeble and prostrate to be seen; so a message was left promising to call another day. He went with curious, half-fearful feelings, wondering how he would be received, and to his joy found the old anger and hatred were gone, killed by his readiness to help in time of distress. Do you marvel that now the pastor says that in all the Book there is no word, even to him, more lovingly true, more glorious with divine brightness than this, "When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

Cyclones are Dreaded Less than Liquor Saloons in a town in Iowa. The Hon. J. B. Grinnell, for whom the town of Grinnell was named, recently said: "In Grinnell there are no sallons, and no one has been sent to jail, to the poor-house, or to the penitentiary for twenty-five years. *We can stand a cyclone occasionally*, if you will keep whiskey away from us."

TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, March 2, 1884.

"And sitting down, they watched him there."—Matt. 27 : 36.

A Murderous Mob—Three Victims—The Scene of the Tragedy—The Spectators—The Soldiers—Nobility of a Soldier's Life—The Dregs of the Army—Their Ruffianly Conduct—The Precious Coat—The Soldiers Raffling it—Official and Clerical Spectators—Judges who Forgot their Dignity—Ministers Taunting a Dying Man—Animosity still Survives—The Railing Thief—His Descendants—Sympathetic Spectators—His Mother—A Sick Child's Request—His Friend Simon—No One Need Bear a Whole Cross—The Penitent Thief—A Group of Friends—An Indian Chief Dying for his Son.

THERE is nothing more wild or ungovernable than a mob. Some of the older people in the audience may remember the excitement in New York during the riot, when the people went howling through the streets at the time Macready stood on the stage of the Astor Place Opera House. Those of you who have read history may remember the excitement in Paris during the time of Louis XVI., and how the mob rushed up and down frantically.

There is

A WILD MOB

going through the streets of Jerusalem. As it passes along it is augmented by the multitudes that come out from the lanes and the alleys, to join the shouts and the laughter and the lamentation of the rioters, who become more and more ungovernable as they get toward the gates of the city. Fishermen, vagabonds, rude women, grave officials, merchant princes, beggars, mingle in that crowd. They are passing out now through the gates of the city. They come to a hill white with the bleached skulls of victims—a hill that was itself the shape of a skull, covered with skulls, and called Golgotha, which means the place of a skull.

Three men are to be put to death—two for theft, one for treason, having claimed to be King of the Jews. Each one carries his own cross, but one of them is so exhausted from previous hardship that He faints under the burden, and they compel Simon of Cyrene, who is supposed to be in sympathy with the condemned man, to take hold of one end of the cross and help Him carry it. They reach the hill. The three men are lifted in horrid crucifixion. While the mob are howling and mocking and hurling scorn at the chief object of their hate, the darkness hovers and scowls and swoops upon the scene, and the rocks rend with terrific clang, and the choking wind, and moaning cavern, and dropping sky, and shuddering earthquake declare in whisper, in groan, in shriek, "This is the Son of God."

THE SPECTATORS OF THE TRAGEDY.

I propose to speak of the two kinds of spectators around the cross—antagonists and adherents. Among the antagonists were the Roman soldiers. Now, it is a grand thing to serve one's country. There is not an Englishman's heart but thrills at the name of Havelock, brave for Christ and brave for the British Government. When there was a difficult point to take the officers would say, "Bring out the saints of old Havelock." I think if Paul had gone into military service he would have eclipsed the heroism of the Cæsars and the Alexanders and the Napoleons of the world by his bravery and enthusiasm.

There is a time to be at peace and there is a time when a Christian has to fight. I do not know of a graver or braver thing than for a young man, when it is demanded of him, to turn his back upon home and quiet and luxury and, in the service of his country, go forth to camp and field and carnage and martyrdom. It was no mean thing to be a Roman soldier, it was no idle thing. You know what revolutions dashed up against the walls of that empire. You know to what conquest she devoted herself, flinging her war-eagles against the proudest ensigns. But the noblest army has in it sneaks, and these were the men who were detailed from that army to attend to the execution of Christ. Their dastardly behavior puts out the gleam of their spears and covers their banner with obloquy. They were cowards.

THEY WERE RUFFIANS.

They were gamblers. No noble soldier would treat a fallen foe as they treated the captured Christ.

Generally there is respect paid to the garments of the departed. It may be only a hat or a coat or a shoe, but it goes down in the family wardrobe from generation to generation. Now that Christ is to be disrobed, who shall have His coat? Joseph of Arimathea would have liked to have had it. Mary, the mother of Jesus, would have liked to have had it. How fondly she would have hovered over it, and when she must leave it with what tenderness she would have bequeathed it to her best friend! It was the only covering of Christ in darkness and storm. That was the very coat that the woman touched when from it there went out virtue for her healing. That was the only wedding garment He had in the marriage at Cana, and the storms that swept Galilee had drenched it again and again. And what did they do with it? They raffled for it. We have heard of men who gambled away their own garments, who gambled away their children's shoes, who gambled away the family Bible, who gambled away their wife's last dress; but it adds to the ghastliness of a Saviour's humiliation and the horror of the crime, when I hear Jesus in His last moments declaring, "They parted my garments among them, and for my vesture did they cast lots."

THE OFFICIALS AND CLERGY.

In this antagonistic group around the cross also were the rulers and the scribes and the chief priests. Lawyers and judges and ministers of religion in this day are expected to have some respect for their offices. In this land, where the honors of the judiciary sometimes come to besotted politicians and men noted for drunkenness—even in this land where we live, it is an unheard-of thing that a judge comes down from the bench and strikes a prisoner in the face. No minister of religion would scoff at or mock a condemned criminal. And yet the great men of that land seemed to be equal to any ruffianism. They were vying with each other as to how much scorn and billingsgate they could cast into the teeth of the dying Christ. Why, the worst felon, when his enemy has fallen, refuses to strike him. But these men were not ashamed to strike Jesus when He was down.

So it has been in all ages of the world, that there have been men in high positions who despise Christ and His Gospel. What tyrants have issued their anathemas! What judgment seats have kindled their fires! What Inquisitions have sharpened their swords! "Not this man but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." Against the Christian religion have been brought the historical genius of Gibbon, and the polish of Shaftesbury, and the kingly authority of Frederick of Prussia, and the brilliancy of John, Earl of Rochester, and the stupendous intellect of Voltaire. Innumerable pens have stabbed it, and innumerable books have cursed it, and that mob that hounded Christ from Jerusalem to "the place of a skull" has never been dispersed, but is augmenting yet, as many of the learned men of the world and great men of the world come out from their studios and their laboratories and their palaces and cry, "Away with this man! Away with him!" The most bitter hostility which many of the learned men of this day exercise in any direction they exercise against Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, without whom we will die forever.

In this group of enemies surrounding the cross I also find

THE RAILING THIEF.

It seems that he twisted himself on the spikes; he forgot his own pain in his complete antipathy to Jesus. I do not know what kind of a thief he was. I do not know whether he had been a burglar or a pickpocket or a highwayman; but our idea of his crimes is aggravated when we hear him blaspheming the Redeemer. Oh, shame indescribable! Oh, ignominy insupportable! Hissed at by a thief!

In that ridicule I find the fact that there is a hostility between sin and holiness. There cannot be, there never has been, any sympathy between honesty and theft, between purity and lasciviousness, between zeal and indolence, between faith and unbelief, between light and darkness, between heaven and hell. And when I see a good man going out to discharge his duty, and he is enthusiastic for Christ, and I see persecution after him, and scorn after him, and contempt after him, I say, "Hark! another hiss of the dying thief!" And when I see Holiness going forth in her white robes and Charity with great heart and open hand to take care of the sick and help the needy and restore the lost, and I find her lashed with hypercriticism and jostled of the world and pursued from point to point and caricatured with low witticisms, I say, "Aha! another hiss of the dying thief!"

It is a sad thing to know that this malefactor died just as he had lived. People nearly always do. Have you never remarked that? There is but one instance mentioned in all the Bible of a man repenting in the last hour. All the other men who lived lives of iniquity, as far as we can understand from the Bible, died deaths of iniquity. If you live a drunkard's life you will die a drunkard; the defrauder dies a defrauder; the idler dies an idler; the blasphemer dies a blasphemer; the slanderer dies a slanderer; the debauchee dies a debauchee. As you live you will die, in all probability. Do not, therefore, make your soul believe that you can go on in a course of sin and then in the last moment repent. There is such a thing as death-bed repentance, but *I never saw one*, I never saw one. God in all this Bible presents us only one case of that kind, and it is not safe to risk it, lest our case should happen not to be the one amid ten thousand.

SYMPATHETIC SPECTATORS.

But there were rays of light that streamed into the crucifixion. As Christ was on the cross and looked down on the crowd of people He saw some very warm friends there. And that brings me to the remarking of the group of adherents that were around the cross. The first in all that crowd was

HIS MOTHER.

You need not point her out to me. I can see by the sorrow, the anguish, the woe, by the upthrown hands! That all means mother! "Oh," you say, "why didn't she go down to the foot of the hill and sit with her back to the scene? It was too horrible for her to look upon." Do you not know when a child is in anguish or trouble it always makes a heroine of a mother? Take her away, you say, from the cross. You cannot drag her away. She will keep on looking; as long as her son breathes, she will stand there looking. What a scene it is for a tender-hearted mother to look upon! How gladly she would have sprung to His relief! It was her son. Her son! How gladly she would have clambered up on the cross and hung there herself if her son could have been relieved! How strengthening she would have been to Christ if she might have come close by Him and soothed Him!

There was a good deal in what *the little sick child* said, upon whom a surgical operation must be performed! The doctor said, "That child won't live through this operation unless you encourage him. You go in and get his consent." The father told him all the doctor said, and added, "Now, John, will you go through it? Will you consent to it?" He looked very pale, and he thought a minute, and said, "Yes, father, if you will hold my hand, I will!" So the father held his hand and led him straight through the peril.

O woman, in your hour of anguish, whom do you want with you? Mother. Young man, in your hour of trouble, whom do you want to console you? Mother. If the mother of Jesus could have only taken those bleeding feet into her lap! If she might have taken the dying head on her bosom! If she might have said to Him, "It will soon be over, Jesus, it will soon be over, and we will meet again, and it will be all well." But no; she dared not come up so close. They would have struck her back with their hammers. They would have kicked her down the hill. There can be no alleviation at all. Jesus must suffer and Mary must look.

I suppose she thought of the birth-hour in Bethlehem. I suppose she thought of that time when, with her boy in her bosom, she hastened on in the darkness in the flight toward Egypt. I suppose she thought of His boyhood when He was the joy of her heart. I suppose she thought of the thousand kindnesses He had done her, not forsaking her or forgetting her even in His last moments; but turning to John, and saying, "There is mother, take her with you. She is old now. She cannot help herself. Do for her just as I would have done for her if I had lived. Be very tender and gentle with her. Behold thy mother!" She thought it all over, and there is no memory like a mother's memory, and there is no woe like a mother's woe.

There was another friend in that group, and that was

SIMON,

the Cyrenian. He was a stranger in the land, but had been long enough there to show his favoritism for Christ. I suppose he was one of those men who never can see anybody imposed upon but he wants to help him. "Well, Simon," they cried out, "you are such a friend to Jesus, help Him to carry the cross. You see Him fainting under it." So he did. A scene for all the ages of time and all the cycles of eternity; a cross with Jesus at the one end of it and Simon at the other, suggesting the idea to you, O troubled soul, that *no one need ever carry a whole cross.* You have only half a cross to carry. If you are in poverty, Jesus was poor and He comes and takes the other end of the cross. If you are in persecution, Jesus was persecuted and He comes and takes the other end of the cross. If you are in any kind of trouble, you have a sympathizing Redeemer.

Oh, how the truth flashed upon my soul this morning! Jesus at one end of the cross and the soul at the other end of the cross; and when I see Christ and Simon going up the hill together, I say we ought to help each other to carry our burdens. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." If you find a man in persecution or sickness or in business trouble, go right to him and say, "My brother, I have come to help you. You take hold of one end of the cross and I will take hold of the other end of the cross, and Jesus Christ will come in and take hold of the middle of the cross; and after awhile there will be no cross at all."

"Shall Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there is a cross for every one,
And there is a cross for me."

THE PENITENT THIEF.

But there was another marked personage in that friendly group. That was the penitent malefactor. He was a thief, or had been—no disguising that fact. What was he to do? "Oh," he says, "what shall I do with my sins upon me?" and he looks around and sees Jesus and sees compassion in His face, and he says, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." What did Jesus do? Did He turn and say, "You thief! I have seen all your crimes and you have jeered and scoffed at me; now die forever"—did He say that? Oh no; Jesus could not say that. He says, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

I sing the song of mercy for the chief of sinners. Murderers have come and plunged their red hands in this fountain and they have been made white as snow. The prodigal that was off for twenty years has come back and sat at his father's table. The ship that has been tossed in a thousand storms floats into this harbor. The parched and sun-struck soul comes under the shadow of this rock. Tens of thousands who were as bad as you and I have ever been have put down their burdens and their sins at the feet of this blessed Jesus.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

A GROUP OF FRIENDS.

But there was another group of adherents. I do not know their names—we are not told; but we are simply told there were many around the cross who sympathized with the dying sufferer. Oh, the wail of woe that went through that crowd when they saw Jesus die! You know the Bible says if all the things Jesus did were recorded, the world would not contain the books that would be written. It implies that what we have in the Bible are merely specimens of the Saviour's mercy. We are told that one blind man got his eyesight. I suppose He cured twenty that we are not told of. When He cured the one leper, whose story is recorded, He might have cured twenty lepers. Where He did one act of kindness mentioned, He must have done a thousand we do not know about.

I see those who received kindnesses from Him standing beneath the cross, and one says: "Why, that is the Jesus that bound up my broken heart!" And another, standing beneath the cross, says: "That is the Jesus that restored my daughter to life." Another looks up and says: "Why, that is the Jesus who gave me my eyesight." And another looks up and says: "That is the Jesus who lifted me up when I was sick; oh, I can't bear to see Him die!" Every pelt of the hammer drove a spike through their hearts. Every groan of Christ opens a new fountain of sorrow.

They had better get on with that crucifixion quickly, or it will never take place. These disciples will seize Christ and snatch Him from the grasp of those bad men, and take those ringleaders of the persecution and put them up in the very place. Be quick with those nails! Be quick with that gall! Be quick with those spikes, for I see in the sorrow and the wrath of these disciples a storm brewing that will burst on the heads of those persecutors.

To-day we come and

JOIN THE CROWD

of adherents. Who wants to be on the wrong side? I cannot bear to be among the antagonists. I want to join the other group. We come while they are bewailing, and join their lamentations. We see that brow bruised; we hear that dying groan; and while the priests scoff and the devils rave and the lightnings of God's wrath are twisted into a wreath for that bloody mount, you and I will join the cry, the supplication of the penitent malefactor, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into thy kingdom." Oh, the pain, the ignominy, the ghastliness, the agony, and yet the joy, the thrilling, bounding, glorious hope! Son of Mary! Son of God! Is there one here who will reject this atonement made for the people—not for one man here and one man there, but for all who will accept it?

There was a very touching scene among *an Indian tribe* in the last century. It seemed that one of the chieftains had slain a man belonging to an opposite tribe, and that tribe came up and said: "We will exterminate you, unless you surrender the man who committed that crime." The chieftain who did the crime stepped out from the ranks and said: "I am not afraid to die; but I have a wife and four children, and I have a father aged and a mother aged whom I support by hunting, and I sorrow to leave them helpless." Just as he said that his old father from behind stepped out and said: "He shall not die. I take his place. I am old and well stricken in years. I can do no good. I might as well die. My days are almost over. He cannot be spared. Take me." And they accepted the sacrifice. Wonderful sacrifice, you say. But not so wonderful as that found in the Gospel; for we deserved to die, ay, we were sentenced, when Christ, not worn out with years, but in the flush of his youth, said: "Save that man from going down to the pit.

I AM THE RANSOM!

Put his burdens on my shoulders. Let his stripes fall on my back. Take my heart for his heart. Let me die that he may live." Shall it be told to-day in heaven that, notwithstanding all these wounds and all that blood and all those tears and all that agony, you would not accept Him? O Lord Jesus, we accept Thee! We accept Thee now. There is no hand in all this audience lifted to smite Thee on the cheek now. No one will spear Thee now. No one will strike Thee now. Come in, Lord Jesus! Come quickly!

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

Revolvers in School.—An Illustration of the pernicious effects of the dime-novel class of literature is reported from Philadelphia. On February 28th the teacher of a school in that city called up a boy *ten years old* from his desk. As he passed through the school one after another of the boys, about his own age, said to him, "*Remember your oath.*" The teacher asked the boy to give her his pistol, and at length succeeded in obtaining from him a seven-chambered revolver. His companions were similarly armed, and some of them added a bowie-knife to their accoutrements. They had formed an oath-bound organization, which they called "the Philadelphia Cow-boys." It was their intention to move westward in the summer to kill Indians and capture treasure. They held their meetings in the cellar of a house belonging to the parents of one of the boys. The parents were visiting in New York, and in their absence the boys had constructed tents in the cellar out of the blankets from the beds, and they practised shooting, throwing the lasso, and hurling knives at a mark. One of the boys was suspected of treachery, and the captain of the gang, a boy ten years old, held *a loaded revolver to his head* until he promised to reveal nothing. The boys wanted to be heroes, and they were preparing to follow the examples held up for their admiration. It is a pity that such boys were not led to aspire to moral heroism. There is a fine sphere for that in the world (Prov. 16 : 32).

An Aged Man Frozen in the Rigging of a sunken schooner was dragged off by main force by a party of gallant rescuers on February 29th. The schooner struck the rocks off New Haven, Conn., late on the previous night, and the crew climbed into the rigging for refuge. There, with the thermometer almost at zero and with a bitter wind blowing, which deluged them every few minutes with icy water, they passed the night. The next morning they were seen from the shore, and a tug was sent to their relief. The tug went as near the rocks as the captain dared, and then a yawl was lowered and rowed by four brave men to the wreck. The yawl was skilfully guided between the masts of the wrecked schooner, and one after another the poor creatures in the rigging dropped into it as the waves carried it under them. One man alone remained, but he did not drop into the yawl. Fearing that all the lives might be sacrificed if they waited longer, the crew of the yawl pulled for the tug, leaving the man, a poor, white-haired old fellow, seventy years of age, still in the rigging. He cried bitterly against their deserting him, but as he did not jump they were obliged to leave him. At a later hour a larger yawl was sent with eight men in her, and then it was found that the man was frozen to the rigging and had to be dragged off, being powerless to liberate himself. Some souls are similarly saved. Satan holds them so firmly that they have not power to fall into the arms of Jesus, but they cry to Him, and He releases them (Luke 4 : 35).

THE POINT OF APPEAL.

(From the Episcopal Recorder.)

IT must be manifest to every intelligent student of the Word of God that its point of appeal is not the certainty of death, but the Lord's second coming. We suppose that every clergyman of much experience could very safely indorse the pointed testimony of a faithful and honored minister of Christ, made to us some years ago, that he was never conscious of making "so little headway in proclaiming the truth as when *death and the certainty of death was his theme.*"

It was a striking declaration. And one which at first thought, we would scarcely expect. One would think that the appeal would be resistless.

But we do not find it so. Men's hearts grow cold beneath it, and they sullenly close them against its touch. On the other hand it is the second coming of the Lord that is everywhere used as the instrument of arousing careless souls, and of comforting the believer.

If the Master asks, "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" or, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" the reason assigned is,

"For the *Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father* with His angels, and then shall He reward every man according to his works." (Matt. 16 : 26–27.)

Are men commanded to repent? It is "because He appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness."

Are believers exhorted to holiness of life? It is because "that when He shall appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming." "Ye come behind in no gift *waiting for the coming of the Lord from heaven!*"

Everywhere this is the point of appeal. The position of this great truth is of great and commanding importance. It stands alone in its power to arouse the careless, to comfort the mourner, to incite to purity and holiness of life, and to exalt the Saviour and His cross!

And we cannot substitute death for this glorious hope of the coming of the Lord; for between no two things could there be a greater contrast. Even to the believer death is a humiliation. Of the body of every one who goes down to the grave it is said, "It is sown *in dishonor.*" Death is a season of unnatural separation between the body and the spirit within it; but the coming of the Lord is a time of blessedness and glory. It puts an end to this separation. It brings body and spirit together again, but not as they were before. It unites a sinless soul to a new and glorified body.

There is hope in the believer's death. There is the future of blessedness and glory for him at the coming of the Lord. The one event frees him from toil. The other introduces him to the "inheritance of the saints in light." Death breaks the chains of sin, while the coming of the Lord makes him perfect in his Saviour's likeness. The one event puts a period to his warfare. The other gives him a crown. One sees his body laid in the tomb, while the other finds it made like unto Christ's glorified Body. The grave, the spade, and the worm attend the one, while light, and glory, and blessedness, the glory of the Saviour's presence, and the companionship of His saints, are the incidents of the other. They can no more change places in the believer's regards, than the one can be substituted for the other in the Word of God. *He* has put them asunder, and no man can bring them together.

Nor will it do to say as so many do say, "Well, practically it makes no difference. For *death is the coming of the Lord to each one of us!*"

Now this is an equivocation, and not the honest statement of a truth. Death is *not* the coming of the Lord to any one. And to take refuge in a subterfuge like that, is to place ourselves out of harmony with the truth, cut ourselves off from its enlightening, comforting and strengthening power, and think and speak and live in opposition to it. Death is the penalty of sin, and the coming of the Lord is the season of its perfect overthrow! How then can any one think of them, or speak of them, as practically one event?

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Wife's Dying Testimony.—At a Recent meeting a man rose and said: "I had the joy of leading my young wife to Jesus; she is now with Him and seeing Him face to face. I stood over the bed as she was passing away. I had read many anecdotes of dying testimony for Jesus, and longed that she would give some sign that she was resting in Jesus. I prayed that God would grant me this boon. Hardly had I opened my eyes, and put my hand on the bed, than she said, while a sweet smile lighted up her face, 'I see it! I see it! farewell to the world,' and my wife went to be with Jesus. As I went down the stairs for the undertaker, I praised the Lord with my whole heart, though my eyes were blinded with tears. Though all my children follow her, I will still praise the Lord."

A Fast Young Man's Career Changed.—The Rev. M. Ewing relates: "In one of our after-meetings some short time ago, I dealt personally with a young man who had been going on in the brutal life of 'a man about town,' though I did not know it at the time. He refused to pray for mercy, and professed that he didn't believe in anything about God's love or Christ's salvation. While I was speaking, the Holy Spirit strove with him, and he broke down, as though God had taken the iron will of the young man and snapped it in two. He cried out, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner!' in loud tones of deep anguish. His misery was something awful to witness. His pride and nonsense were knocked out of him. God heard his agonized prayer, and enabled him to enter into peace through faith in Christ as his Saviour and Lord."

"A Lazy Lamp-Post Loafer was Spoken to by a Christian worker, who said, 'Are you going to heaven or hell?' 'I am not going to heaven, that's sure,' was the answer. 'Then you must be going to hell?' 'Yes; but I want to go to heaven, though.' 'Are you willing to turn from your sins?' 'Yes, if I am able to do it.' 'You have not strength to do it yourself; but God has promised to give you grace and strength to enable you to give up everything for Christ's sake.' 'How am I to get it?' was the anxious, almost agonized, inquiry. 'In the same way as you get any other gift, by accepting the pardon of your sins.' Before they parted, the man had decided for Christ. Three weeks previously his wife had unreservedly given herself to the Lord. They now began family worship, and still carry it on, and enjoy it greatly.

A Passionate Lover of Pleasure has Become a lover of God, and says: "Two years ago I entered Glasgow, intending to have my fill of pleasure, as I would be free from the restraints of home and friends. I tried every theatre in the city, and these beginning to pall upon me, I went to the ball rooms; but although the hours passed quickly and I was in a state of pleasurable excitement in these places, yet the languid weariness which followed was the reverse of pleasant. I got acquainted with another young man in the shop, who invited me to his home. His parents were godly people, and often spoke of Jesus to us, though I always wished I was anywhere but in their house when they spoke of Him. They were not content with speaking, but at meetings sent in requests for prayer on our behalf, and got their son and myself to attend the meetings. My companion was the first to surrender himself to Christ; and then he spoke to me about his conversion, and urged me to give my heart to Christ. I was now in a very troubled state of mind, and was almost yielding. One night after the usual meeting, a workingman spoke to me. I went home to my lodgings, shut my room door, threw myself on my knees, and pleaded with the Lord to have mercy upon me. That night the peace of God came upon me through believing, and since then I know what it is to be happy indeed. I have the joy of the Lord's salvation."

A Once Deluded Man, who has Been Cured of his delusion, thus testified: "Eighteen months ago I never prayed. I felt afraid of being a Christian; the devil preventing me by saying that only hypocrites pretended to be Christians. I was roused to a knowledge of my state, and became very anxious, till I decided for Jesus. The morning after, I wakened from my sleep quite calm in mind. Before my conversion, if anything went wrong with me I used to throw the chairs about the house, and cut up rough generally. On going to my work I heard a laboring man, as he was entering the gate, swear dreadfully. On the impulse of the moment I said to him, 'You are early at that work this morning,' and then I preached Christ crucified. From that time to this I never had a rough word said to me about my religion, because all see that I am not ashamed of the Gospel. The men in the works, both Catholics and Protestants, will do anything for me; they know I am their friend."

Effect of the Doctor's Verdict.—"I Have Seen a mother stretched on a sick-bed with her children all round her. The doctor called, made a few inquiries, felt her pulse, shook his head, and looked doubtful. The patient, with quick intention, read the signs and inquired, 'Well, doctor, what do you think of me to-day?' 'Well, ma'am, it's my duty to inform you that you cannot last beyond ten days or even a much shorter time.' What do you think was the mother's first thought? About herself? No, it was '*How* can I so live and act during my last hours that my children may be impressed with the name of Jesus, that they may associate my name with His, and so connect us, that when they think of one they will think of the other.' This dying mother showed the true spirit of Christ in forgetting self in her deep love for the Saviour and her children."

A Sceptic's Idle Vaunt.—The Rev. Mr. Ross related: "An infidel and a Christian had occasion to meet together, and began to discuss the Bible. The Christian had a son who had gone far astray, to the great grief of his parent. The sceptic, after a little, began, 'So, you do really believe all the Bible teaches?' 'Yes.' 'You have a son whom you trained in what you think is the right way?' 'Yes.' 'Your son has gone wrong?' 'Yes, I am sorry to say that he has.' 'Then the Bible is not true, for it says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Prov. 22 : 6). What do you say to that? You trained your son right, yet he has gone wrong.' The Christian was silenced, but far from convinced. Meeting a wiser Christian next day, he told the story of his defeat by the sceptic, adding, 'The worst of it is that he went away thinking there was no answer possible.' His friend said, 'Read the verse again, "Train up a child in the *way* he *should* go."' What way should he go? from sin to salvation, from darkness to light. Is that not it?' 'Oh yes, I see it now, my son has never been converted.'. The boy has since been drawn to Christ as his Saviour, and is a living refutation of the sceptic's folly."

A Highlander's Prayer in a Quarry.—An earnest Christian says: "I was born in the West Highlands of respectable, God-fearing parents. When I was still a mere boy I ran away from home, and joined the army. In a short time I imbibed infidel views, and held on to them for fourteen years. When I got my discharge from the army, I lived an awful life. Often I had not a stitch of clothes to put on my back, and what is worse, I did not require any. In course of time I got married, and picked myself up for a time. I joined the 'Good Templars,' and was pretty sober for awhile; but I went among my old companions, and fell away till I was as bad as ever, if not worse. One day my little girl went out in perfect health, to all appearance, but was brought home to her mother a corpse. When I saw the dear girl's body lying in the stillness of death, I said, 'If

there is a God, He is a cruel God, or He could not take away my little girl.' After that I went to pieces with drink, and was so far gone that my wife left me. One Sunday I met a friend, who advised me to come with him to Miss Todd's meeting in Glasgow. I went, and after the meeting Miss Todd spoke to me personally. Her words stuck to me, so that I could not get rid of them. On my way home I went across some fields, when all at once I saw the truth quite plain. Being near an old quarry, I rushed into it, and, falling on my knees, prayed to God. Blessed be the Lord, I felt my sins were washed away in the precious blood of Christ."

CHRIST'S KINGDOM A LITERAL KINGDOM.

By Rev. J. Denham Smith.

The Saviour the Predicted Deliverer—Stumbles in Interpretation—The Only True Principle—Important Distinction in Periods—The Error of the Jews—Corresponding Error of the Church—The Inquiry of the Disciples—The Kingdom yet to Come—The Order of Events—A Literal Return of the Jews—Their Present Condition—The Husband of the Nation.

THE Deliverer to come out of Zion is none other than the Messiah-Saviour, whose whole course, as such, though extending over thousands of years, is told in a few words in Isa. 9 : 6, where it is said, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given : and the government shall be upon His shoulder : and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." How is it that so many stumble as to the true principle of interpreting prophecy? Some looking to the first portion of this passage, say, "Oh, that has been accomplished—literally so!" but regard the latter part of the passage as having a spiritual and not a literal fulfilment. But no ; why make the difference? All, I believe, will be literally accomplished. Christ's kingdom will be a literal kingdom. The literal is

THE ONLY TRUE PRINCIPLE

of interpretation ; let any one think how everything of prophecy hitherto fulfilled has been fulfilled literally. But not all at once. What is so plainly predicted in this verse is for different periods. Already near two thousand years have intervened between "the Child born" and the times when "the government shall be upon His shoulder."

The ancients had a saying, remarks Hugh McNeile, "Distinguish the periods and the Scriptures will harmonize." The Jew had so fastened his attention on one portion of the prophecies that he saw but one period—the glorious period of Messiah's reign ; and the Church has for centuries so fixed its attention on one part of the prophecies only that it saw but one period—the coming of the Messiah to be crucified. Jewish prejudices arose from partial attention to the prophecies, and Christian prejudices have arisen from partial attention to the prophecies. It should be our privilege to

DISTINGUISH THE PERIODS ;

and while we maintain, as Christians, the literal fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy of the Virgin's Child, and the birth at Bethlehem as foretold by Micah, and therefore that the Messiah has come, we ought to maintain also, with the Jews, the literal interpretation of Isaiah's prophecy, that the Messiah shall reign at Jerusalem ; and the prophecy of Micah, that Jerusalem shall be chief of the nations, and therein to believe with the Jews that the Messiah shall come.

CHRIST HAS COME, AND HE SHALL COME.

Surely this was the real nature and genius of what the angels said to the disciples, as may be read in Acts 1. The disciples in astonishment saw their divine Master carried up into the air from them, and disappearing in the cloud ; and, while they were looking up in amazement, two angels appeared, and said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?"

THIS SAME JESUS SHALL SO COME

as ye have seen Him go." Was that calculated to abate their astonishment at the miracle which had taken place? Nay, but it was to assert another miracle. How then shall we interpret the incident? What was the basis and ground of their astonishment? I think it very plain and instructive. They had learned unmistakably that Jesus was the Messiah ; they were present when they heard Peter's confession and the remarkable approbation which was expressed of it by the Lord Jesus ; they knew then that He was the Messiah, the One that was to come, and they expected great things for their nation ; they knew that a number of the prophecies, still unfulfilled, were connected with the Messiah's name ; they were looking for them, and when He was taken from them, and put to death, their expectations were dashed to the ground.

When, however, they saw Him again after the resurrection, their expectations revived, and they said, "Wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?"—Wilt Thou finish it all now? And when He had given them an answer, not, indeed, to reject their idea that the kingdom would be restored, but only to tell them the time was not for them to know—when He had done this, He was suddenly taken up from among them, and they were

LEFT IN AMAZEMENT.

What were they ready to say within their own minds and hearts? "After all, is He not the Messiah? Is it possible that we were wrong? And if He be, How can He have gone away, leaving so much undone that was predicted of the Messiah? He has done enough to assure us that *He is* the Messiah. He has fulfilled some prophecies—at His word the deaf man heard ; at His word the tongue of the dumb man sang ; at His word the lame man leaped for joy ; at His word the dead has come to life. He must be the Messiah ; and yet He is gone! no kingdom restored to Israel! no reigning at Jerusalem! *There* was ground for astonishment, and in that state of astonishment the angels addressed them—"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" as if He had left undone what had been promised. Do not imagine that all is to be done at one time. "*Distinguish the periods.*" He is gone, it is true, but He is not gone *forever*. That same Jesus whom you have seen go "shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

Hence the kingdom will yet come. As to what will be

THE ORDER OF EVENTS,

the several steps toward its formation are : First, "The Lord shall set His hand again the *second* time to recover the remnant of His people which shall be left" (Isa. 11 : 11). Note, they have never yet been *restored a "second* time." He "shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the *four corners* of the earth" (Isa. 11 : 12). Note again, they were never in the four corners of the earth until the time of this dispensation. "And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord" (Amos 9 : 15). This obviously is not yet. The planting of them is still future, when it shall be said, "The King of Israel, even the Lord, is in the midst of thee : thou shalt not see evil any more" (Zeph. 3 : 15).

Wonderful to a simple student of the Word that such a one as Macaulay should have said, as if it were something strange : "The Christian believes, as well as the Jew, that at some future period the present order of things will come to an end. Nay, many Christians believe that the Messiah will reign visibly over a kingdom on the earth. The number of people who hold it is much greater than the number of Jews residing in England, many of them distinguished by rank, ability, etc. They expect that the kingdoms of the earth will be swallowed up in one divine empire." Certainly! No intelligent Christian could read prophecy without seeing that He who suffered would reign, and that as the sufferings were literal, so also the reign.

The question is, How do we read? and what is

THE OBJECT OF PROPHECY?

We do not read prophecy that we may subject it to our own opinion. No ; all its ideas are absolute ; the splendors and shades of heaven and hell are in them, not as candidates for our opinion, but for our acceptance. Nor do we read to put, each one, a construction of our own on what we read, or to see that God is true ; we know He is true. We read that we may learn His ways and know His will, so as to have our minds, our lives, and expectations all adjusted thereto. Yet much that God has foretold of the Jewish people is history now, and so His unchanging truth is obviously and unmistakably seen. It was foretold that Messiah would be "cut off" (rejected), "and," as to His kingdom at His first Coming, "have nothing ;" it was foretold that His people in the last days should be scattered over all lands ; that their existence as a nation should cease, their temple be thrown down, their city lie in heaps. This is what we see in each particular.

Before our eyes, in every land under the sun, the Jews are seen, a homeless and, often just now, a suffering people—a people distinct from, and as not belonging to, any one nation in which they are exiles. They form a sort of international nation, an element inassimilable by the European and other nations among which they dwell. They mix with the people of all lands over the face of the whole earth, but are not of them. Truly they are living witnesses of the foreknowledge, the truth, and the righteousness of God, and of how the literal is the only true principle for interpreting what God has said concerning them. Agreeable to what other prophets have said, our seer sings of a time far different to the present—the time of

A COMING GLORY.

He says, "I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her"—that is, He will speak to her heart—"and I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope ; and she shall sing there, as in the days of her youth, and as in the day when she came up out of the land of Egypt."

But in those days it will not be as a mere Master that He will reveal Himself to them. He says, "It shall be at that day, saith the Lord, that thou shalt call me *Ishi*" (that is, "my Husband") ; "and shalt call me no more *Baali*." Baal (my Lord) by which title that false god was known. God says He will put into her mouth the tenderer word of love—*Ishi*—literally "my man," the title of love for one who is a husband (chap. 2 : 16). And He will never rest till they know His desire, and are to Him all that His heart could conceive. And what His heart has conceived is thus tenderly told : "Thou shalt not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more. For thy Maker is thy Husband ; the Lord of hosts is His name. . . . The Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, saith thy God. . . . Oh, thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, in righteousness shalt thou be established." "Thus saith the Lord, I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals."

"I AM MARRIED UNTO YOU."

All this respecting the nation and kingdom on the earth, not in disagreement with, but in contrast to, the glory of the kingdom which is heavenly, and which will be possessed by raised and glorified saints, who will in another aspect of blessedness form *the* Bride, the Lamb's wife, whose scene will be, as we shall see, not on the earth, but in the heavens. She will come down from God out of heaven. Let any one read Hosea 2 : 14 ; Isa. 60 ; Rev. 3 : 12 ; 21 : 2–10, and 22, and they will see this blessed, ineffable, bridal love applied not only to the nation in its Millennial blessedness, but also and especially to the glorious risen saints, whose home at that time will be in the city in the heavens.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Important Changes are to be Made in Mr. Morrison's Tariff bill before it is reported to the House. A well-informed Washington correspondent telegraphed to his journal on Friday that Mr. Morrison is disappointed with the reception his bill has met with in the country. Although in offering to extend the free list so as to include many raw materials which it was believed the manufacturers would be glad to get free of duty, there has been no response from the men whom this change was intended to benefit. In view of this apparent indifference, and as the users of raw material are those to be most directly affected by the extension of the free list proposed by the bill as introduced, Mr. Morrison has concluded to include all the articles named in his free list among the other articles upon which the twenty per cent reduction is to be operative, and to add only coal, salt, and lumber to the free list. Both Democrats and Republicans appear to be afraid, as a party, of adopting the tariff issue. The question to be decided is whether duties shall continue to be levied on importations from foreign lands for protective purposes, or for revenue only. That is to say, whether an article manufactured abroad and brought here, shall be sold to the people at the importer's price, or whether the government shall, by imposing a duty upon it, compel him to sell it at a higher price. The inducement to adopt the latter course is the hope that the public will buy domestic manufactures rather than the foreign article, which, having paid the cost of transportation and custom-house duties, must be sold at a higher price than the article manufactured here.

The President Sent the First Report of the Civil Service Commission to Congress on February 29th. It makes a bulky volume of sixty-seven pages, the commissioners explaining that they thought the first report from a new branch of the executive service, the purpose and methods of which are by many misunderstood, should present all the facts and explanations needed for a correct judgment. The commissioners express their own gratification at the result of their labors. They think the general acquiescence in the new system will render the future enforcement of the statute easy. They report that the clauses of the law relating to political assessment have only been violated in two or three instances. The prediction that college boys would get all the places is falsified by the statement that more than half of the applicants for examinations were educated in the common schools, and that the average age of those who stood the test of the examinations was thirty-two years. On the whole, the commissioners think no change is needed in the Civil Service act for fairly testing the new system. In closing, they say: "It is proper for the commission to declare that in every stage of its work it has had the constant and unwavering support of the President." With the report, the President sent to Congress a message in which he said: "The report is transmitted together with communications from the heads of the several executive departments of the government respecting the practical working of the law under which the commission has been acting. Upon the good results which that law has already accomplished, I congratulate Congress and the people, and I avow my conviction that it will henceforth prove to be of still more signal benefit to the public service. I heartily commend the zeal and fidelity of the commissioners and their suggestions for further legislation, and I advise the making of such an appropriation as shall be adequate for their needs."

The Senate Passed, without Debate, the Following joint resolution on February 26th, thanking the British Government for the gift of the steamer Alert: "*Resolved*, By the Senate and House of Representatives, That the act of Her Britannic Majesty's Government in presenting to the United States Government the Arctic steamship Alert, which will be used in the contemplated expedition to relieve Lieutenant Greely and his party, is recognized as opportune and generous, and is deeply appreciated by the Congress and people of the United States. That the President be, and he is hereby requested to communicate a copy of this resolution to Her Britannic Majesty's Government." The same resolution was introduced in the House, but it was tabled, as an objection was entered by Mr. Robinson, a man whom Brooklyn sends to represent her in Congress.

A Flurry in Financial Circles was Caused last week by the shipments of gold. The following explanation of it is given by a leading financial authority: "The unsafe policy of continuing to manufacture silver dollars, which nobody wants, at the rate of $28,000,000 a year has brought us to the verge of a disturbance of the currency. During the past eleven months the banks have taken from the Sub-Treasury $146,344,000 in gold certificates. But one third of the current payments of customs dues at this port are in silver certificates. Thus, while the outflowing stream is gold, the source of supply is contaminated with the undesirable silver. This has brought the Sub-Treasury to a condition where the payment of silver certificates to the banks is already being informally talked about, and is looked to as inevitable unless the silver coinage act of 1878 is repealed or modified." If this coinage continues and lies unused as it now does in the vaults of the government, the coins must inevitably depreciate in the end to eighty-five cents, which is their intrinsic value.

The Progress of the Indian Schools, which the public is beginning to believe hold in their hands the solution of the vexed Indian question, continues unabated. The government inspector, Mr. Haworth, has just returned to Washington from a trip through the West, having established three industrial schools since January 1st. The one at *Chilocco*, Indian Territory, was opened January 21st, and has 174 scholars. The building at *Lawrence*, Kan., will be completed in April, when 300 children will be received. The contract for the new school building at *Albuquerque*, New Mexico, will be completed in July. There are now 83 industrial schools in operation in the Indian country, and 117 day schools. The enrolment of children in these schools now numbers 10,247, which, Mr. Haworth states, is one fourth of the number of Indian children of school age. When all the schools now projected and those recommended to Congress are completed, this number will be increased to 12,000. The proportion of Indian children attending school to the entire number of school age is about the same as among the white population of the United States. The House of Representatives has passed a joint resolution appropriating $150,000 to be expended among the Indians for educational purposes.

The New York Assembly Voted on the Prohibition question on Thursday, Feb. 28th, when Mr. Olin's amendment, which prohibited the manufacture and sale of beer and liquors, went to the vote. It received sixty-one votes, which was four less than the number required. Nine Democrats voted with the Republicans for the amendment, and eighteen Republicans voted with the Democrats against it. Of the seventy-two Republicans in the House fifty-two placed themselves on record in favor of the amendment. Of the fifty-six Democrats forty-five voted against it. Four members were absent from Albany. They were not paired, but they would have voted, two for, and two against. Had they been there the amendment would have been lost all the same. Mr. Roosevelt's high license bill, which will soon come before the House, appears to excite more strenuous opposition among the liquor dealers than the prohibition amendment. They probably think it is more likely to be carried and executed than entire prohibition.

The Lower House of the Iowa Legislature passed the Kennedy Temperance bill on March 1st. When it came up to be read the third time, the Speaker ordered a vote, which was taken amid breathless silence, and resulted in the passage of the bill. The announcement that the bill had passed the House was then duly made, amid intense excitement, and the Speaker found it impossible to repress the applause in the galleries, and Republican members rushed from their seats to exchange congratulations. A large number of ladies were present, and they expressed the liveliest satisfaction at the result. The number of negative votes cast was forty-one.

The Contributions toward the Cost of Erecting a statue to the memory of the late Hon. William E. Dodge already amount to $15,000. It has been decided that the statue shall be of bronze, and the contract has been awarded to J. Q. A. Ward, the well-known sculptor. The statue, when completed, will be placed in the small park on Thirty-second Street, New York, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue.

The Congregational Ministers of Chicago have formally resolved at their regular meeting that in no case will they marry a divorced person, unless the divorce has been procured for the cause sanctioned by Scripture. Statistics of marriage and divorce in Cook County, presented to the meeting, showed that in 1882 there were 9607 marriages in the county and 1048 divorces. Last year there were 10,046 marriages and 986 divorces.

The Hospital Saturday and Sunday Colleclections in New York realized a total of $42,803.69 last year. The accounts now finally made up and published show that these figures are an increase over those of 1882 of about $12,000. This, in spite of the general depression in financial circles, which doubtless curtailed the contributions of the wealthier class. The published details of receipts are thus summarized by the committee: Churches and synagogues, $27,040.50; auxiliary trade associations, $6661.97; other trade collections, $1412.75; exchanges, $3021.95; benevolent orders, $495.50; miscellaneous contributions, $4170.02.

Salmi Morse, the Author of the Passion Play, was found drowned in the North River, near Harlem, N. Y., on February 22d. There being no evidence to prove that it was a suicide, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Found drowned." The circumstances disclosed, show that Mr. Morse's last days were sad ones. His attempt to produce his play in New York some time ago aroused considerable antipathy to him, but his most bitter opponents did not wish him such an end. Christians, rather, desired for him that he might be brought to see in the scene he attempted to depict, the basis of reconciliation between God and man, and make for himself personal application of it.

A Wave of Revival is Passing over the State of Maine. A correspondent of the *Observer*, in the course of a lengthy account of the blessed harvest, mentions particularly Gardiner, Minot, Vassalboro, and Deer Isle as places beside the large cities, in which the awakening has occurred. The city of Auburn has been thoroughly laid hold of. Not only in Congregational churches, but in others many have begun the Christian life. The little Sixth Church has suddenly grown to large numbers; but behind the fruitage has been some very earnest sowing by the pastor. At Vassalboro one church, which has not had an addition by *profession for almost a quarter of a century*, has received several, with the promise of continued additions. The State is quickened in all sections, and adult men and women seem to be unusually thoughtful.

The New Morning Star, the Children's Missionary ship, has been ordered from the New England Ship Building Company of Bath, Me. She is to be built and ready for her cargo at Boston about September 20th, and will sail for Honolulu about November 1st. Her tonnage is to be 425; she will have auxiliary steam power, and is estimated to cost about $45,000. The children's twenty-five-cent subscriptions have already aggregated $25,000, and are still flowing in. One dime annually from each twenty-five-cent subscriber will pay running expenses.

Statements Made at an Important Meeting held in Washington, D.C., recently, indicate that the national issues which are to be fought out in this country at no distant date, will be such as will stir the heart of every Christian citizen. The fact is recognized not only by Christians, but by the opponents of Christianity. The meeting referred to, was that of the sub-executive committee of *the Citizens' National Protective League*, an organization formed to counteract the Prohibition movement. At the meeting the members of the committee expressed themselves strongly in favor of keeping the public buildings, libraries, and parks *open on Sunday* for the benefit of working people. Referring to the proposed preamble of the league a member of the committee said, "It will be the second declaration of independence." During a discussion on the various propositions a member remarked that "the Protestant Church, which is the basis of this temperance agitation, is the most intolerant corporation in the United States, and that if they succeed in the present fight free men will yet be compelled to go to church against their will." To this another committee man responded: "Yes, *we must attack the Church* as the basis of these temperance societies."

The Young Women's Christian Association in New York is making an effort to increase its accommodation and means of usefulness. The managers propose to spend $10,000 in putting an additional story on the building, No. 7 East Fifteenth Street, and in extending the facilities connected with the place so as to meet the continually increasing demands on its resources. The association not only endeavors to supply its members with instructive and pleasant reading matter, but to find for them situations in which they can support themselves and to prepare them for self-support by needed instruction. The daily newspapers and current periodicals are furnished, and the library circulates nearly eighteen thousand volumes annually. There is a weekly Bible class, with a membership of five hundred and forty-four and a transient attendance of eight hundred. Last year free educational classes afforded instruction to four hundred and twenty women, special attention being given to type-writing, phonography, book-keeping, and other studies that fit women for practical work. The Employment Bureau is free not only to applicants for places but to employers also.

Temperance Progress is Reported from Canada. On February 25th a by-law was passed in Toronto abolishing the licenses grocers hold for the sale of intoxicating liquor, and a mass meeting was held at night to rejoice over the new departure. A despatch on the same day from Ottawa reports that a strong effort is being made to have prohibitory legislation introduced this season. Fifteen supporters of the movement, who hold seats in the Senate and House of Commons, met this morning and drafted a resolution, which will be introduced in Parliament on Thursday, with a view to prohibiting the importation, manufacture, and sale of liquor used for beverage purposes. There will be strong opposition to the resolution being adopted by the House of Commons.

A Pathetic Incident was Related by Judge Noah Davis, of the Supreme Court in New York, last week. He said that the mother of a rum-crazed wife-murderer had come to his house to plead for her son. He was obliged to sentence that murderer to a long term of imprisonment. The wretch's little children pleaded for him in the court-room more eloquently than he could plead for himself. "I told that man," said the speaker, "that if he could give me the name of the rum-seller who sold him liquor while he was drunk I would remit a good portion of his sentence. The saloon-keeper who would sell a drunken man liquor ought to be dealt with according to the fullest rigor of the law." The judge said he wanted to see the dramshops closed forever by absolute prohibition. He did not want to attack any class of men, but his twenty-nine years' experience as a judge had taught him that of all the causes of misery, destitution, crime, and death, intoxicating liquor stood forth the unapproachable chief.

The Rapid Progress of Prohibition Sentiment in all parts of the country is attracting general attention. The Rev. Stephen Merritt says "the movement is gaining in strength every day, the vote at the New York State last election, according to the returns, was about twenty thousand, but I am convinced that we polled a much larger number. The people of this country are beginning to wake up to the fact that the temperance question is the most important political, social and moral question of the day. The press and the pulpit are discussing it as never before Kansas and Iowa have taken the lead in the matter, and I hope that the day is not far distant when others will follow."

A Visitor to Mr. Moody's Home at Northfield, Mass., gives a glowing account of the success of his boys' schools. She states that the five new brick edifices bought and dedicated just before Mr. Moody returned to England last fall, are now filled with boys gathered from the North, East, South and West. Nearly all nationalities are represented, and a more unfortunate, hopeful, bright, homeless, happy lot of boys could hardly be found the whole world over, than these *seventy-five lads*, ranging in age from eight to sixteen. A few of them may have homes, and friends who support them here; but by far the greater number have no homes and few friends, save those who have been raised up to them through the school. Some come from homes broken up by the demon drink; others have been "picked up" in the streets of our larger cities; but all alike find a friend in the large-hearted founder of the school, whom they love and reverence as they would a father. In No. 1 House, called "The English House," are the twelve English orphan boys Mr. Moody picked up in Manchester and Liverpool.

AN ASTOUNDING MIRACLE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And they went into Capernaum; and straightway on the Sabbath day He entered into the synagogue, and taught. And they were astonished at His doctrine: for He taught them as one that had authority, and not as the Scribes. And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit," etc.— MARK I: 21–28.

The Power in Christ's Teaching—In What it Consisted—I. A Most Unhappy Person—One Possessed—Hope for Such—A Disreputable Demon—Nothing Good to Begin upon—II. A Firmly Intrenched Enemy Encountered—The Devil's Rule in Action—III. Our Lord Conquered—His Entrance the Signal for Combat—An Offer Proposed—A Sharp Order — Obeying Like a Dog—IV. A Great Wonderment—No Faith Required of Demoniacs—Victory by a Word.

YOU will find the same narrative in Luke, at the fourth chapter, from the thirty-first to the thirty-seventh verse. It will be handy for you to be able to refer to the second passage, from which I shall quote one or two matters.

These two evangelists commence the narrative by telling us of the singular authority and power which there was about the Saviour's teaching—authority, so that no man dare question His doctrine; power, so that every man felt the force of the truth which He delivered. "They were astonished at His teaching, for His word was with power." Why was it that the Saviour's teaching had such a remarkable power about it? Was it not, first, because He preached the truth? His manner was truthful as well as His matter Moreover, our great Exemplar delivered His teaching as one who most heartily believed what He was speaking, who spake what He did know, yea, spoke of things which were His own. Jesus had no doubts, no hesitancy, no questions, and His style was as calmly forcible as His faith. Our Lord spoke as one whose life supported all that He taught. Well might He speak with great assurance when He could say, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" He was Himself as pure as the truth which He proclaimed. Consequently, for all these reasons, and many besides, Jesus spake as one that had authority; His tone was commanding, His teaching was convincing.

Now, when the Scribes were beginning to perceive this authority in His Word, our Lord determined to prove to them that there was real

POWER AT THE BACK

of His teaching, that He had a right to use such authority, for He was Jesus Christ the Son of God, clothed with divine authority and power. It occurred to Him to display before their eyes the fact that as there was power about His speech, there was also power about Himself, that He was mighty in deed as well as in word; and hence He wrought the miracle now before us.

I. First, then, to show forth this power and authority, our Lord selects

A MOST UNHAPPY PERSON

on whom to prove His power. This person was, first, *one possessed*. A devil dwelt within him. We cannot explain this fact any more than we can explain madness. Many things which happen in the world of mind are quite inexplicable, and for the matter of that so are many facts in the world of matter. We accept the recorded fact—an evil spirit entered into this man, and continued in him. Satan, you know, is God's ape; he is always trying to imitate Him, to caricature Him; so, when God became incarnate, it occurred to Satan to become incarnate too; and this man I may call, without any misuse of words, an incarnate devil; or, at any rate, the devil was incarnated in him. He had become like a devil in human form, and so was in a certain manner the opposite of our Lord Jesus.

I wondered, when thinking this over, whether a person of whom this man is the emblem would come into the congregation to-day; for I have seen such people. I have not dared personally to apply such an epithet to any man, but I have heard it applied; I have heard disgusted friends and indignant neighbors, worn out with the

drunken profanity, or horrible filthiness. of some man say, "He does not seem to be a man; he acts like the evil one." Or when it has been a woman, they have said, "All that is womanly is gone; she seems to be a female fiend." Well, if such shall come within sound of my voice, or within reading of this sermon, let them take note that there is help, hope, and health even for them. The power of Jesus knows no limit. Upon one who was

THE DEVIL'S OWN

did our gracious Lord display His authority and power in connection with His Gospel teaching; and He is not less able now than then.

This man, further, was *one whose personality was to a great extent merged in the Evil One.* Read the twenty-third verse: "There was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit;" the rendering might be equally accurate if we read it, "A man in an unclean spirit." See you that? Not only a man *with* an unclean spirit in him, but a man *in* an unclean spirit. The phrase is simple enough; we speak of a man being in drink. For liquor to be in a man does not mean half so much as for a man to be in liquor. To give a more pleasant illustration, we speak of a person's being "in love;" he is absorbed in his affection; we should not express a tenth as much if we said that love is in the man. A man can be in a rage, in a passion; and even so was this man in an evil spirit.

He was completely ruled of the evil one. The poor creature had no power over himself whatever, and was not himself actually responsible; in all that I say of him I am not condemning *him*, but only using him as a type of human sin. Please do not forget this. As far as the narrative is concerned the man himself scarcely appears; it is the unclean spirit that cries out, "Let us alone; I know Thee who Thou art." These are words spoken by the man, but they are the sentiments of the demon who used the man's organs of speech according to his own will. The man was scarcely a man with a will or wish of his own; in fact, you do not notice him till you see him flung down into the midst of the synagogue; you only see the proper man when the Saviour raises him up before them all unharmed and rational. Until the miracle is wrought the man is lost in the unclean spirit that dominates him.

Have you never seen such men? You say sometimes, and you say truly,

"ALAS, POOR WRETCH!

The drink has the mastery over him; he would never do such things as he does if he was not in drink." We do not mean to excuse him by such an expression, far from it. Or it may be the man is a gambler, and you say, "He is quite besotted by gaming; though he impoverishes his wife and children, yet he is possessed by that spirit so completely that he has not the mind nor the will to resist the temptation." Or it may be that such another person is carried away with unchaste affections, and we say, "How sad! There was something about that man which we used to like; in many points he was admirable, but he is so deluded by his bad passions that he does not seem to be himself." We almost forget the man, and think mainly of the dreadful spirit which has degraded him below the beasts. The type and emblem of such a person as that our Lord selected as the platform whereon to show His power. I wonder whether this voice of mine will reach one of that sort.

I sincerely hope that none of you are in such a condition; but if you should be, still *there is hope for you* in Christ Jesus; He is able to deliver such as are led captive at the will of Satan. Though you seem wholly given up and utterly abandoned to the dominion of a terrible sin, to which you yield a willing obedience, yet Jesus can break off the iron yoke from your neck and bring you into the liberty of holiness. It will be an awful thing for you to die in your sins, and you surely will unless you believe in the Lord Jesus; but if you look to Him, He can make you pure and holy, and create you anew.

Note further, for we must show you how our Lord selects the worst of cases, it was a man in whom the evil spirit was at his worst. Kindly look at the fourth chapter of Luke, verse thirty-three, and you will see that in this man there was "the spirit of an unclean devil." Think of that. The devil is *never particularly clean at any time;* what must an unclean devil be? The ruling spirit in the man was not only a devil, but an *unclean* devil. Satan sometimes cleans himself up, and comes out quite bright and shining, like an angel of light; but do not mistake him; he is still a devil, for all his pretended purity. There are glittering sins, and respectable sins, and these will ruin souls; but this poor man had

A DISREPUTABLE DEMON

in him, a spirit of the foulest, coarsest, and most abominable order. I suppose this foul spirit would incite its victim to filthy talk and obscene acts. The evil one delights in sins against the seventh commandment. If he can lead men and women to defile their bodies he takes special delight in such crimes. I doubt not that this poor creature was reduced to the most brutal form of animalism; I can well believe that in his body he was filthy, and that in his talk, in all the thoughts that hurried through his poor brain, and in all his actions, he went to a pitch of uncleanness upon which we need not permit a conjecture. If we were to say of such a character as this man pictures, "Let us turn out of the way," who could blame us? Yet, now, see it and wonder, our blessed Lord and Master fixed His eye of old on the man with the unclean devil in him, and to-day He fixes His eye of mercy on the basest and vilest of mankind, that in their conversion He may show the power and authority of His Word.

In this man there did not not seem to be anything for the Lord to begin upon. When you are trying to bring a man to the Saviour you look over him to see where you can touch him, what there is in him that you can work upon. Perhaps he is a good husband though he is a drunkard, and you wisely attempt to work upon his domestic affections. If a man has some point of character upon which you can rest your lever, your work is comparatively easy. But with some people you look over them from top to bottom, and you cannot find a spot for hope to rest upon; they seem so utterly gone that there is neither reason, nor conscience, nor will, nor power of thought left in them. Of all this the possessed man in the synagogue is

A STRIKING EMBLEM,

for when the Lord comes into the synagogue the poor wretch does not begin to pray, "Lord, heal me." No, his first cry is, "Let us alone." He does not seem to resist this cry of the evil spirit in him, though it was so much to his own injury, but he goes on to say, "What have we to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art Thou come to destroy us? I know Thee who Thou art."

The possessed man seems wholly lost in the dominating spirit of evil which permeates his entire being. Now I look upon this, though it be negative, as a very glaring part of the difficulty; for I do not care how far a man has gone in outward sin, if he has some point left in him of common honesty, or love to his family, or generous heartedness, you know where to commence operations, and your work is hopeful. But in those outcasts of whom I am now speaking there is neither lodgment for hope, nor foothold for faith, nor more than a bare ledge for love. As the man in the synagogue was shut up within the demon's influence, so are some men encompassed by their iniquity, blocked up by their depravity. Yet the great Upraiser of the fallen can rescue even these; He is able to save unto the uttermost.

One other matter makes the case still more terrible: *he was a man upon whom religions observances were lost.* He was in the synagogue on the Sabbath, and I do not suppose that this was anything unusual. Yet how sad it was that the influences of religious worship had altogether failed to rescue this man from his thraldom! They sang in the synagogue, but they could no sing the evil spirit out of him; they read th lessons of the day in the synagogue, but the could not read the foul spirit out of him; the gave addresses from passages of Scripture, bu they could not address the unclean spirit out c him; no doubt some of the godly prayed fo him, but they could not pray the devil out c him. Nothing can cast out Satan but the Wor of Jesus Himself. His own Word, from Hi own lip, hath power and authority about it, bu everything short of that falls to the ground. O Divine Redeemer, let Thine omnipotence be dis played in turning great sinners into sincere peni tents!

You see, then, what a terrible case the Maste selected. I have not exaggerated, I am sure Oh, the comfort which lies in the thought tha He still chooses to save persons, of whom thi wretched being is the fit emblem and representa tive! O ye vilest of the vile, here is hope fo you!

II. Let us now look a little further and ob serve that our Lord encounters

A FIRMLY-INTRENCHED ENEMY.

The evil spirit in this man had ramparted an bulwarked himself against the assault of Christ for as I have said, he had the man fully at hi command, he could make him say and do what ever he pleased. He had that man so at hi command that he brought him to the synagogu that day, and he compelled him to become a dis turber of the worship. Quietness and orde should be in the assemblies of God's people, bu this poor soul was egged on to cry out and mak horrible noises, so as to raise great tumult in th congregation. But see, the Lord Jesus deals wit this disturber; this is the very man in whor He will be glorified. So have I seen my Lor convert His most furious enemy, and enlist unt His service the most violent of opposers.

The evil one compelled his victim to beg to b left alone; as we have it here, "Let us alone." In the Revised Version of Luke the same ren dering is put in the margin, but in the text w have "Ah!" While the Lord Jesus was teach ing there was suddenly heard a terrible "Ah! A horrible, hideous outcry startled all, and thes words were heard: "Ah! What have we to d with Thee?" It was not the voice of supplica tion; it was distinctly the reverse; it was prayer not *for* mercy, but *against* mercy. Th translation is however quite good if we read "Let us alone." Is it not a horrible thing tha Satan leads men to say, "Do not trouble us wit your Gospel! Do not bother us with religion Do not come here with your tracts! Let u alone!" They claim the wretched right to pe ish in their sins, the liberty to destroy their ow souls. We know who rules when men spea thus; it is the prince of darkness who make them hate the light.

The foul spirit made the man renounce all in terest in Christ; he coupled him with himsel and made him say, "What have we to do wit Thee, Thou Jesus of Nazareth?" This was disclaimer of all connection with the Saviou He almost resented the Saviour's presence as a intrusion. The voice seems to cry to Jesus, " have nothing to do with you; go your way an leave me alone; I do not want you; whatev you can do to save or bless me is hereby refuse Only let me alone." Yet even when Satan ha led a man this length the Lord can drive hi out. He is mighty to save. He can chang even the hardest heart.

A further intrenchment Satan had cast up *he made his victim yield an outward assent to th Gospel.* "I know Thee who Thou art," said th spirit, speaking with the man's lips, "the Hol One of God." Of all forms of Satan's device this is one of the worst for workers, when me say, "Yes, yes, what you say is very proper! You call upon them and talk about Jesus, an they answer, "Yes, sir. It is quite true. I am much obliged to you, sir." You preach th Gospel, and they say, "He made an interestin discourse, and he is a very clever man!" Yo buttonhole them, and speak about the Saviou

and they reply, "It is very kind of you to talk to me so earnestly; I always admire this sort of thing. Zeal is much to be commended in these days." This is one of the strongest of earth-works, for the cannon-balls sink into it, and their force is gone. This makes Satan secure in his hold on the heart. Yet the Saviour dislodged this demon, and therein displayed His power and authority.

III. We have something more pleasant to think upon as we notice that

OUR LORD CONQUERED

in a most signal manner. The conquest *began as soon as the Saviour entered the synagogue*, and was thus under the same roof with the devil. Then the evil one began to fear. That first cry of "Ah," or "Let us alone," shows that the evil spirit knew his Conqueror. Jesus had not said anything to the man. No, but the presence of Christ and His teaching are the terror of fiends. Now, as soon as ever one of you shall go into a house with the desire to bring the inmates to Christ it will be telegraphed to the bottomless pit directly. Insignificant person as you may think yourself, you are a very dangerous person to Satan's kingdom if you go in the name of Jesus and tell out His Gospel.

The next sign was *that the devil began to offer terms to Christ*, for I take it that is the reason why he said, "I know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God." He did not confront our Lord with the hostile doubt, "If Thou be the Son of God;" but with the complaisant compliment, "I know Thee who Thou art." "Yes," the false spirit said, "I will allow this man to say his creed, and avow himself one of the orthodox, and then perhaps I shall be let alone. I am quite willing to admit it all," says the devil, "only let me stop in the man; do not meddle with me, and this man's lips shall confess the truth." And so, when Jesus comes in His power, and men hear His word, this deceitful compromise is often proposed and attempted. The sinner says, "I believe it all. I deny nothing. I am no infidel; but I mean to keep my sin; and I do not intend to feel the power of the Gospel so as to repent and have my sin chased out of me. I will agree to the Gospel, but I will not allow it to control my life." Men will accept anything rather than renounce their sin, their pride, their ease.

Then came our Lord's real work on this man. *He gave the evil spirit*

SHORT AND SHARP ORDERS.

"Silence! Come out!" That is exactly what Jesus means that the devil shall do when He delivers men from him. He says to him, "Come out of the man; I do not want pious talk and orthodox professing; hold your peace and come out of him." It is not for evil spirits, nor yet for ungodly men, to try to honor Christ by their words. Traitors bring no honor to those they praise. Liars cannot bear witness to the truth; or if they do they damage its cause. "Be still," says Jesus; and then, "Come out." He speaks as a man might call a dog out of a kennel, "Come out." "Oh," says the unclean spirit, "let me stay, and the man shall go to church; he shall even go to the sacrament." "No," says the Lord, "Come out of him. You have no right within him; he is Mine, and not yours. Come out of him!" I pray that the Master may give one of His mighty calls at this moment, speak to some poor besotted creature, and say to the devil in him, "Come out of him!" O sinners, sin must quit you or it will ruin you forever; are you not eager to be rid of it?

Now see the conquest of Christ over the unclean spirit. The fiend did not dare to utter another word, though he went as near it as he could. He "cried with a loud voice." He made an inarticulate howling as he left the man. As he came out he tried to do his victim some further injury, but in that also he failed. He tore at him, and threw him down in the midst of the synagogue, but Luke adds, "He came out of him, having done him no hurt." From the moment when Jesus bade him "come out," his power to harm was gone; he

CAME OUT LIKE A WHIPPED CUR.

See how Jesus triumphs. As He did this literally in the man in the synagogue, so He does it spiritually in thousands of cases. The last act of the fiend was malicious, but fruitless. I have seen a poor creature rolled in the dust of despair by the departing enemy, but he has soon risen to joy and peace. Have you not seen him in the inquiry-room, weeping in the dismay of his spirit? But that has caused him no real harm, it has even been a benefit to him, by causing him to feel a deeper sense of sin, and by driving him quite out of himself to the Saviour.

IV. Lastly, the Saviour raises by what He did

A GREAT WONDERMENT.

The people that saw this were more astonished than they generally were at the Saviour's miracles, for they said, "What thing is this? What new teaching is this? for with authority commandeth He even the unclean spirits, and they do obey Him." The wonder lay in this: here *was man at his very lowest;* he could not be worse. I have shown you the impossibility of anybody being worse than this poor creature was. I mean not that he was evil morally, for, as I have hinted before, the moral element does not actually enter into the man's case; but he is the instructive picture of the worst man morally; utterly and entirely possessed of Satan, and carried away to an extreme degree by the force of evil. Now, under the preaching of the Gospel the worst man that lives may be saved. I speak now what I do know, because I have seen it in scores and hundreds of cases, that the least likely persons, about whom there seemed to be nothing whatever helpful to the work of grace or preparatory for it, have nevertheless been turned from the power of Satan unto God.

Notice, in this case, that *Jesus worked entirely and altogether alone.* In most of His other miracles He required faith. In order to salvation there must be faith; but this miracle before us is not a parable of man's experience so much as of Christ's working, and that working is not dependent upon anything in man. When a man is commanded to stretch out his withered hand, or told to go to the Pool of Siloam and wash, he does something; but in this case the man is ignored; if he does anything it is rather to resist than to assist; the devil makes him cry, "Let us alone; what have we to do with Thee?" The Lord Jesus Christ here displays His sovereignty, His power, and His authority, utterly ignoring the man, consulting neither his will nor his faith, but sovereignly bidding the fiend, "Be silent and come out."

THE THING IS DONE,

and the man is delivered from his thraldom or ever he has had time to seek or pray.

The miracle seems to me to teach just this, that the power of Christ to save from sin does not lie in the person saved, it lies wholly in Jesus Himself; and, further, I learn that though the person to be saved be so far gone that you could scarcely expect faith of him, yet the Gospel coming to him can bring faith with itself, and do its own work, *ab initio*, from the very beginning. What if I say that the Gospel is a seed that makes its own soil! Oh, the marvel of this miracle! I was never led more greatly to admire the splendor of the power of Christ to rescue men from sin than at this hour.

And, to conclude, I notice our Lord *did nothing but speak.* In other cases He laid His hand upon the diseased, or led them out of the city, or touched them, or applied clay, or used spittle; but in this case He does not use any instrumentality; His word is all. He says, "Hold thy peace, and come out of him;" and the unclean spirit is

EVICTED.

The Word of the Lord has shaken the kingdom of darkness, and loosed the bonds of the oppressed. As when the Lord scattered the primeval darkness by the fiat, "Light be," so did Jesus give the word, and its own intrinsic power banished the messenger of darkness.

The name of Jesus is high over all, in heaven, and earth, and sky, therefore let us preach it with authority and confidence; not as though it were an invention of men. He has said He will be with us, and therefore nothing is impossible. The Word of the Lord Jesus cannot fall to the ground; the gates of hell cannot prevail against it. The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand. The Lord shall bruise Satan under our feet shortly.

I have gone to great lengths in this sermon because I would reach sinners who have gone to great lengths. Oh, that they would accept this message of amazing mercy! He who has come to save sinners is God, and this is the surest ground of hope for the very worst. Hear ye this I pray you; it is the Lord your God who speaks to you, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and here is none else."

CAPTAIN PHILIP J. DE CARTERET,

The Gospel Temperance Evangelist of Jersey.

Philip John de Carteret, *whose portrait appears on page 156*, was born in Jersey, the little island off the coast of France, March 26th, 1825, and is now nearly fifty-nine years of age. He is descended from a long line of courtly ancestors, some of whom were earls, baronets, and knights, who fought and bled in the wars of history.

With the blood of a martial and high-spirited race coursing in his veins, the young Philip resolved to join the army. His father resolutely opposed his doing so, but his thirst for handling arms was partially satisfied by obtaining a commission in the Second Regiment of Royal Jersey Militia, which he held for many years as captain, adjutant, and musketry instructor.

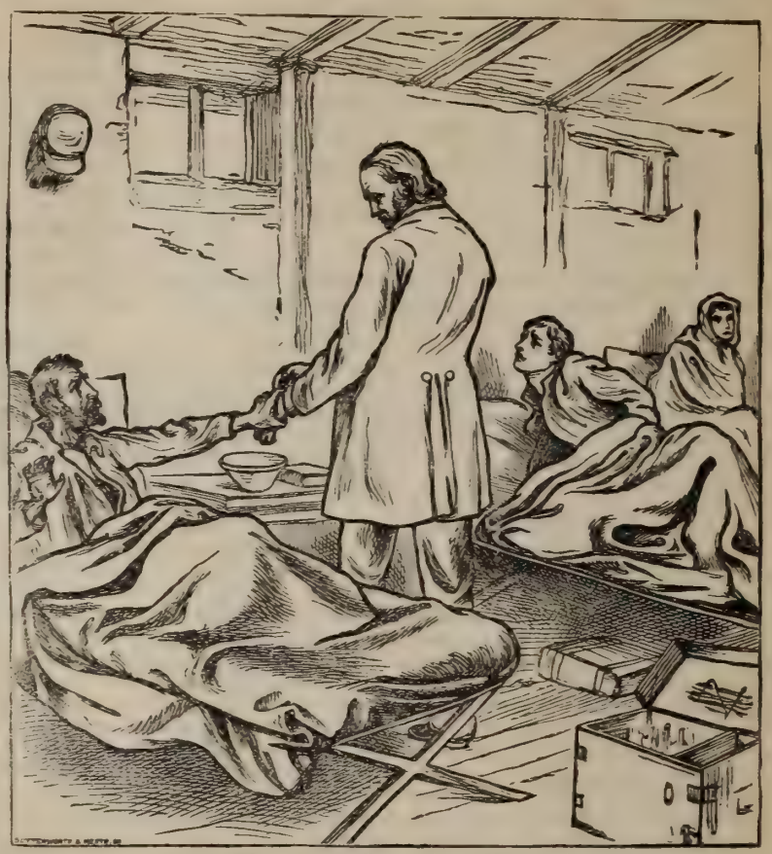
In the year 1847 he married Miss Mary Nicolle, daughter of Major Nicolle, of Jersey. At the death of his father, in 1860, he threw up his commission, and came to America, intending to take part in the war, but circumstances intervened which induced him to return across the Atlantic. He spent a short time in London on his way, where George Cruikshank, the renowned artist and temperance reformer, was raising a corps of volunteers. Mr. de Carteret obtained a captain's commission, and served as musketry instructor and acting adjutant for four years. His roaming disposition, however, led to another change, and he returned to his native island as restless and dissatisfied as ever.

Through the decease of a relative, a fortune of $150,000 fell to his lot, which he speedily squandered. Fortune wasted, reputation lost, health shattered, a slave to his appetite for liquor, which had all along been his ruin, he was induced to attend some Gospel Temperance meetings then being held in Jersey by Mr. W. Noble, of Blue Ribbon fame, and there he was led to sign the pledge and don the blue ribbon. Mr. de Carteret was soon after led, through the instrumentality of *William Dyne*, who took him to the Friends' meeting-house, Bunhill Row, to trust his soul to Christ as his Saviour.

When Mr. Noble decided on commencing a Blue Ribbon mission in England he invited Mr. de Carteret to assist him. The invitation was accepted. He consequently assisted at the inauguration of the work in England, at the Standard Theatre, Shoreditch. Three months later Mr. de Carteret founded the "Blue Ribbon Army" in Jersey, and it was carried on there by Mrs. de Carteret till March, 1882, when Mr. de Carteret left his work in London, and devoted himself to the cause in Jersey, with the result that in eighteen months more than four thousand persons had signed the pledge and donned the blue.

On the 28th of October, 1883, Miss Laurie McLatchie, the well-known Scotch preacher and lecturer, accepted Mr. de Carteret's invitation to visit Jersey, and lend her powerful aid to the movement which was in progress. She consented, and it was at once evident that the Lord had sent her, as many souls were saved through her instrumentality, and Jersey was moved from its centre to its circumference by the influence

Captain Philip De Carteret, Temperance Evangelist.



A Distressing Scene in a Hospital.

of her graceful oratory. The largest buildings were obtained, and the people crowded in such numbers to hear her that she had frequently to repeat her addresses and lectures a second time. Mr. de Carteret and his family largely contributed to the success of her meetings.

The impetus given by Miss McLatchie's labors to the temperance cause in the Channel Islands is not likely to subside, as Captain de Carteret, who commenced the mission, is still prosecuting it with undiminished ardor. It is his beloved sphere of labor. There he was once notorious for his profligacy, and there his temperance efforts have been crowned with the most abundant success. Like Mr. John B. Gough and many other successful temperance workers, Captain de Carteret has known and felt the power of the liquor passion, and is consequently able, with patience and sympathy, to guide those who are still struggling under its yoke to liberty and safety.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

(*See Illustration.*)

An evangelist who did good service during the war relates the following incident: It was my lot to stand by the bedside of a fatally wounded soldier. The dying man exclaimed, "Stay with me till I die." The man shook as he said, "I am afraid of death; it is hard to die here alone, away from mother and from home."

"Well," said I, "Jesus will help you; I cannot help you. Christ will be with you and give you strength, if you will only put your trust in Him." The dying man shook his head.

"It is too late now. He has striven with me; the Holy Spirit has often come to me, and has striven with me; but I have grieved Him away, and now I have to die alone."

I prayed with him long and earnestly, but all I could get from him was, "It is too late; I have put it off until it is too late."

The man lying next to him asked for water, and I rose to get it. When the dying man saw that I was leaving him, he cried, "Don't leave me. Death will come while you are gone; I am afraid to meet it." I said, "I will be back in a few minutes."

He took hold of my wrist, but I took his hand from mine, and laid it by his side, and went to get the water for the sufferer in the next cot.

When I came back he had thrown the blanket over his face; he was so affrighted that he had attempted to hide himself, as it were, from death. I drew the blanket down; his teeth were firmly set, his fists were clenched, and a horrible expression was on his countenance. He was gone! He had died in his sins, unforgiven, having postponed making provision for eternity until too late.

GRACE MAYLING'S FRIEND.

The snow lay thickly on the ground, and the sky was lowering, while a bitter north-east wind swept over hill and dale. A more cheerless day for out-of-door people it was difficult to imagine. But while it was cold and bleak without, there was plenty of warmth and good cheer in Colonel Gardiner's home—a large, old-fashioned house in the neighborhood of St. Louis. It was the birthday of the colonel's eldest son, and some thirty of his young friends were assembled to do honor to the occasion. Fun and merriment reigned supreme, and the pleasure of the morning was to culminate in a ball in the evening.

Apart from the other guests were two young men who had strolled into the library, and were chatting amicably together over their cigars.

"Though I have been in America ten years," one of them said, "and mean to stay here all my life, I have a strong liking for the old Scotch accent, and am always drawn toward any one whose voice has it. Tell me about your coming out. I have lost none of my interest in the country of my birth."

"I too am glad," said the tall, aristocratic-looking Scotchman, whose name was Alec Garth, "to meet a fellow-countryman unexpectedly. I intend making my home in America, after a few years, as you have done. You know I have been so happy as to win the love of Grace Mayling, and after our marriage we mean to live a few years in Edinburgh and then settle down here. I am delighted with the country and the people. Take our host now; where in any country could you find a finer, more genial, gentleman?"

"Yes, he is a noble fellow, but he has seen trouble. This is the first entertainment he has given since the shadow fell on his house five years ago."

"I have heard nothing about that; what was it? I should have thought he and trouble had never had even a nodding acquaintance."

"If you were to go into one quarter of the house, you would find a room, the door of which has not been unlocked for five years; and if you looked in the family Bible, you would see in the family register a name erased by two broad black lines. The name was Lottie. She was the pride of the old man's heart. A young scoundrel from New York, a son of a wealthy banker, won her affection and induced her to elope with him. The old colonel was at first amazed and heart-broken, but afterward, when he found his daughter rejected his invitation to return, he grew indignant, locked up her room, cut her name out of his will, and, to complete the act of renunciation, crossed her name out of the family Bible. By the way, the young lady to whom you are engaged came very near quarrelling with the family about that matter. She was Lottie's most intimate friend, and even after her flight she would not join in the hue and cry against her. The old colonel was indignant when Grace Mayling told him he was heartless in casting his daughter off."

"Bless her for her sweet compassion," said the other.

"Ah! but people did not see it in that light. The general opinion was that Miss Mayling would have acted more consistently as an honorable and virtuous young lady, by showing a little more indignation at her friend's conduct."

"Yes," said Alec, "but then the market for censure seems to have been pretty well supplied. There were, according to your account, plenty of stones being thrown, as there generally are, in such cases. Miss Mayling showed a Christian spirit anyhow."

At that moment a lady passed the library window, walking rapidly through the snow.

"There is Grace," said Alec; "where can

she be going alone and with no umbrella?" He hurried into the hall, and, snatching up his ulster and Glengarry cap and an umbrella, was soon striding after her. As he overtook her, his surprised inquiries met with unsatisfactory replies. The young lady walked right on, looking straight before her, and scarcely noticing her lover as he walked beside her trying to protect her from the snow, now falling heavily.

"Tell me what has happened, Grace? It must be something serious to make you leave the party so suddenly and without telling me."

"It is too long a story to tell you now," said Grace; "besides, I am too agitated to tell it. But go back, please; I will write you. It may change all our future."

"No," said Alec, "I am going to exercise my rights by anticipation. You will not walk alone on such a day as this. I will not be inquisitive, but I mean to accompany you."

After walking some distance in silence, and when they were near the city, Alec said: "Forgive my breaking in on your thoughts. I have been guessing at the motive of this extraordinary journey. I have just been listening to the story of Lottie Gardiner; has your journey any connection with it?"

"It has," said Grace curtly. "Lottie was my dearest friend, and though every one in the world spoke ill of her, I would love her still in spite of her sin and shame."

"You will hear no reproach from my lips," said Alec; "I think you acted nobly and like a true Christian in that matter."

Grace made no reply in words, but she took one of her hands from the pocket of her ulster, and put it gently on Alec's arm.

A block or two of city pavement was passed, and Grace turned off from Washington Avenue, in the direction of the east side. Then she said: "I am going to her." She referred to a scrap of paper in her pocket, and looked around. She said: "There is the place, that hotel. Lottie is there. She sent a boy just now with a note telling me of her being here, and begging me to come to her at once."

"Go you to her room, then," said Alec; "I will wait for you in the lobby."

He waited two hours, and then Grace came back. "I can do nothing," she said. "Lottie is in deep sorrow and remorse, but she will not go home unless she is assured of a welcome, and I know her father would not receive her."

"Would she allow me to see her?" asked Alec.

"I do not know, and I do not see that you could do any good; but I will ask her, if you like."

"Do so, please; I wish to see her."

Grace returned, and came back with permission for Alec to visit the wanderer. He entered the room, and greeted the poor sinner respectfully.

"I suppose Grace has told you who I am, Miss Gardiner," he said. "I know your story and your present difficulty. I would not have intruded, but that, perhaps, I, of all men, may be best able to solve it. Grace has made me happy by promising to marry me in a few weeks, and we are going to our home in Scotland. Will you allow me, in her name, to offer you a share of it?"

"Ah! sir, you do not know me, or the life I have been living, or you would not make such an offer."

"Excuse me, madam, it is *because I do know* and because, speaking with all humility, I am a follower of Jesus that I make that offer, and most earnestly beg you to accept it. It is too sudden for you to decide at once, perhaps, but I am going to leave you and Grace alone together now; and I think when she has talked to you you will decide as I wish."

"Alec," said Grace, "I love you. You could not have done anything that could have given me half the pleasure."

When Grace once more rejoined her lover it was all arranged. The repentant sinner, spurned from the home she had disgraced, hesitating between suicide and a life of profligacy, was rescued by the two young people whom the life and teachings of Christ had led to pity the fallen. Lottie is now the honored wife of a Scottish lawyer, who knows her early history, and who, like his friends the Garths, has no stones to throw at those who, under fierce temptation, fall in life's slippery ways. Happily, Lottie, was more fortunate than many who sin as she sinned; at the crisis of her life she found friends who endeavored to follow their Master in loving the sinner while hating the sin. She too loves much because she was forgiven much.

Grace Mayling's Mission of Mercy.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 143.*)

Summary of the Story.

JOHN MORLEY, a studious bookseller, a widower with one child, Hester, becomes attached to a lady much younger than himself, a teacher in a school. He asks her to become his wife, and she, being weary of her scholastic duties, consents. She expects that Mr. Morley, being wealthy and devoted to her, will let her have her own way in everything. Being introduced to Hester as the child's second mother, Hester promises solemnly to love and honor her as long as she lives. Mr. Morley being a deacon in a church, his pastor, Mr. Watson, and his fellow-deacon, an aristocrat, Mr. Waldron, warn him against marrying an unconverted lady. After the marriage the young wife is disappointed in her lot. Her husband allows her to renovate one room in the house, but no others. He spends his days in reading, and does not give her the gay pleasures she expected. He too is disappointed and troubled at the thought that one so near him is in danger of perishing eternally. He asks his pastor to visit his wife and try to impress her with the necessity of a change of heart. The pastor requests Miss Waldron, a young lady full of worldly and spiritual pride, but an active worker in the church, to undertake the task. From this point the story proceeds.

A Pharisee.

"I RECOLLECT," said Mr. Waldron, "Mrs. Morley has the manner of a lady; and very pretty she is, too. John Morley has a sweet-looking little girl by his first wife; I like to see that child in chapel. Miss Waldron, I think your only way of getting at her will be to call upon her. You might invite her to return your call. It would do you no harm, and, under God's blessing, might do her a great deal of good."

Miss Waldron mused with an impenetrable face.

"Do, my dear young lady," urged the minister eagerly, seeing a possible avenue by which Gospel influences might reach Rose Morley's benighted soul; "your rank and position would give you consequence in her eyes; she is a girl to be touched by them."

"Mr. Watson," she said, with some severity, "we belong to different spheres altogether."

"I know you do," he hastened to say.

"And," she continued, lifting her hand to enjoin silence while she finished speaking, "there would be a danger of fostering her pride; but I will be on my guard against that. I do not desire to shrink from any cross, and I will call upon her. What else can be done for her soul may occur to me; and it is possible I may go so far as to invite her here for conversation with me upon her spiritual welfare. But that is in the future. For the present you may leave the young person in my hands."

Mr. Watson bowed, and thought it would be judicious to say no more upon this subject.

"Your son," he said, in a hesitating and deprecating tone, as if anxious to express his interest in him, yet doubtful how the great man would take it, "is all well with Mr. Robert Waldron?"

The father's face clouded at the mention of this name, but there was no anger against the timorous minister in his reply.

"No, no, my friend," he answered, frankly. "I did wrong in sending my boy to Eton and Oxford. There never was a more hopeful lad, full of good intentions and desires, before he went from home. There were as many signs of grace in him as in Miss Waldron; but the saying is fulfilled, 'One shall be taken and the

other left.' Yet in part, if not altogether, it is my sin."

"It will be all well with him yet," said the minister, in a gentle tone of encouragement; "our prayers will not be unanswered, though the answer tarry. Is he with you?"

"We expect him, but only for a few days," said Mr. Waldron; "our household ways are too strict for him, and his habits are such as I cannot tolerate under my roof. Yet he is only gay, not vicious, I trust. But let us talk about something else; my son is no pleasant theme to me."

About an hour later, Mr. Watson, passing by John Morley's shop, looked in for a few minutes to announce to him the arrival of the Waldrons and their expected appearance at chapel the next day—intelligence which made so much impression upon John Morley that he remembered to repeat it to his young wife as she sat moping and dull at the tea-table. It came as a little gleam of light from the outer world, and the effect produced by it would have been astounding to the abstracted husband could he have been made aware of it. Rose had retained a lively impression of the great man whom she had seen and spoken to before her marriage; and she had often cast furtive glances at his large, empty pew in the chapel, to which she accompanied her husband twice every Sunday. Mr. Waldron was by far the greatest man she had ever seen.

The next morning Rose made a very careful and elaborate toilet; and even John Morley, in the midst of his anxious Sabbath thoughts of her as one still upon the brink of eternal peril, could not check the pleasant and flattering admiration which her beauty produced in him. He felt inclined to believe, against all reason and revelation, that she was too fair to be doomed to any misery either in this world or the world to come. With her hand resting on his arm, he walked proudly up the old-fashioned street. The close carriage from Aston Court passed them by; and both he and Rose caught the eye and the hurried salutation of the great Mr. Waldron from his seat beside his daughter, who looked neither to the right hand nor to the left. The chapel was better filled than ordinary, and the minister preached with more than usual animation. At the end of the service, while all the congregation were standing up, but hanging back till the owners of Aston Court should take their departure, Mr. Waldron presented Mrs. Morley to his daughter, and said, in a voice loud enough to be heard half through the place, "Miss Waldron intends to call upon you at half-past eleven o'clock precisely on Tuesday morning next."

At half-past eleven o'clock precisely on Tuesday morning, Miss Waldron, attired in a gown of some dark brown stuff, with a brown bonnet and shawl to match, opened the door of John Morley's shop with such a jerk as to set the little bell tinkling furiously. It caused Mrs. Morley to jump up nervously in her costly and tasty drawing-room on the floor above. She had dressed herself and Hester in very becoming and very light morning dresses, of a pale tint, which would not have been unfit for the handsomest room in Aston Court; and, thus prepared, she awaited the announcement of her distinguished visitor. But Miss Waldron positively declined to penetrate further into a tradesman's abode than the room which opened out of the shop. It was only because a religious conversation might be liable to interruption in the shop itself that she did not insist upon Mrs. Morley receiving her call there, as a protest against the wild supposition that there was anything like equality between them. But Miss Waldron had taken up her cross this morning, and was willing to bear it even into John Morley's back parlor.

Rose entered the dark, dull room to which she had been summoned with a pretty bashfulness, half matronly and half girlish; and Miss Waldron met her with an awkward embarrassment, for fear of this young person feeling too free with her. When the first stiff courtesies had been exchanged, Miss Waldron took her seat uncomfortably upon the edge of a chair, and looked steadily, almost sternly, into the smiling face of Rose Morley.

"I have called upon you," she said, in an exhortatory voice, "at the united request of my father, who is a deacon, and Mr. Watson, who is the pastor of the church at Little Aston. They desired me to see if anything could be done for you. You do not attend any of my meetings, so I have come to see you here."

"I did not know that you had any meetings," answered Rose, apologetically; "but I do not think I should feel at home in any of them. I was not brought up to going to chapel."

She spoke nervously, and seemed on the verge of shedding tears. Miss Waldron felt satisfied that her very first words had made an impression upon this frivolous object of Mr. Watson's pastoral solicitude.

"Ah!" she said, "then my duty is clear. A very eminent minister told me that, by my birth and rank, I am set as a candle upon a candlestick, and not put in a secret place, or under a bushel, that they which come in may see the light."

She paused, and looked down into her satchel with a sigh, as if exhausted with shining too brilliantly; while Rose, puzzled and shy, could not think of anything to say in response, and Hester, from her usual seat in the old arm-chair, listened and looked inquisitively at their visitor. "Ah! my dear young"—she was about to say "person," but her eyes fell upon Rose's sweet face and elegant dress, and she checked herself, leaving a blank in her address—"I came here to-day, not out of idle compliment to you or your husband, but to awaken you to the danger of your condition. It has been well said that we who have the bread of life should not only invite our fellow-sinners to partake, but should carry it to them and compel them to eat. You are perishing, you are famishing before my eyes for lack of food, and I must force you to take from my hands what will save you. It is a necessity which is laid upon me."

Rose's trouble and perplexity were increased indefinitely by this speech, and she looked from Miss Waldron to Hester, and back again to Miss Waldron.

"I scarcely understand," she said, blushing deeply; "I never heard any one talk in this manner before. I am sure you are very kind, but I don't understand clearly about the bread and the light. I am very stupid I know, but I scarcely understand you."

"Do you feel no unsatisfied cravings of your immortal soul?" asked Miss Waldron.

"I don't know," answered Rose, with increasing shamefacedness; "there are a good many things I am not satisfied with. We never have any friends to come in and see us, and we never go out anywhere, except to Mr. Watson's. I expected to be a great deal happier, and more free, when I was married; but I am not so. Mr. Morley has no taste for company, and I am shut up here day after day, till I feel more lonely than I could tell you."

"But do you not feel the load of your sins?" pursued Miss Waldron.

"I am sure I'm not very sinful," she said, pouting a little; "I'm not idle, or ill-tempered, or cross. Little Hetty knows that. Oh, no! Miss Waldron, I don't break the Sabbath, or steal, or kill, or—or anything else that breaks the Commandments. No; if I had any sins I would own them. But I am only silly. Yes; I know I am not the clever person Mr. Morley thought me before he married me; and he is disappointed, and I am very dull. I could not bear it but for little Hetty. Little Hetty, my darling, come and kiss me this minute."

In the presence of this strange visitant, who eyed her so coldly and rigidly, the poor, silly, little soul of Rose Morley felt a sudden need of having the warm arms of the child round her neck, and her fond young lips pressed to her mouth. Hester slipped down from her chair and kissed her stepmother affectionately; then standing beside her, she turned her face toward Miss Waldron.

"Indeed she does not understand," she said, quaintly and confidentially; "we two have talked about it often and often, and she does not feel like being a very great sinner. *We* know we are, because we've been taught it over and over again; but she does not. If we hadn't been taught it so often, we shouldn't have believed it all in a minute. You wouldn't believe you were the chief of sinners if nobody had taught you so, would you?"

A dull red flush suffused Miss Waldron's cheek and brow as she listened to Hester's explanation of her stepmother's benighted state. She could not meet the clear frank gaze of the child.

"I was once a sinner," she answered, "when I was a little girl like you; but I became a member of the church before I was much older than you are. Ever since I have had one single object in life—the good of my fellow-creatures."

She remained silent for a minute or two, with closed eyelids; while Hester, stroking her stepmother's hand gently, looked with a child's steady gaze into Miss Waldron's face. Rose Morley felt more bewildered and embarrassed than ever; and dismissed from her mind all idea of offering her guest any refreshment.

"I am going now to my tract district," said Miss Waldron, recalling herself to the present moment. "I trust you will think over seriously what I have said to you; and may the thorns not choke the good seed. Yours is a very interesting case. I have here a small book, written by myself, which gives an account of a young woman who died of a broken heart, but whom I visited on her death-bed, and brought to repentance. I will present it to you, Mrs. Morley. I am about to order a book from your husband, which you can bring down to Aston Court yourself, when it arrives. It will be a nice walk for you and Hester; and we can converse again upon this subject. I am always at home till eleven o'clock in the morning, for I employ two hours after breakfast in reading and meditation."

She rose to take her leave, offering her hand condescendingly to Mrs. Morley, who was in a flutter of amazement and timidity. If there was any doubt as to Rose's silliness there could be none as to the sweetness of her temper. She could pout a little, and she lost her buoyancy in the dull atmosphere of her new home; but there was no canker of ill-humor or pride in her nature. She was quite unconscious of any impertinence in her visitor, and was perfectly willing to carry anything down to Aston Court for her. In her simple heart she gave Miss Waldron credit for being as saintly as she claimed to be; and with a real hope that she might find in her a guide and friend, who would make clear to her the mysteries of her husband's creed, she looked forward eagerly to the opportunity of meeting with her again.

Whether Hester or Rose Morley felt the most childish pleasure in the prospect of a visit to Aston Court it would be difficult to say. The latter, with her sweet temper and imperturbable self-complacency, could not be sensitive to any impertinence which did not take the form of an open insult; so that she looked forward with delight to the moment she would find herself received upon any terms in the mansion of Mr. Waldron. Hester had been there two or three times at the annual treat of the Sunday scholars, and her imagination had been struck with the larger dimensions and greater magnificence of the house as compared with her own home, which she so rarely quitted.

The memorable morning came—a soft morning toward the end of September, with a fine and tender film of mist hanging about the autumnal trees, and hiding the distant prospect. Already the dark green of the foliage, which had grown almost sombre with the summer's sultry heat, was beginning to brighten with the tints of autumn. A thick, fine dew spangled the grass.

The shadows cast by the trees were less clear and sharp than when the sun had shone through a drier atmosphere. There was a brisker activity among the birds, who no longer screened themselves from the heat amid the innumerable leaves, but fluttered busily about; while the rooks from their rookery amid the trees which surrounded Aston Court were winging their way in battalions toward the corn-fields, many of which were already cleared of their harvest sheaves. Here and there, from among the short stubble, started up a covey of birds, with a whirr of wings and a swift flight out of danger; while the hares crept timidly along the tall grass, which had shot up again in the rich soil of the park since the hay harvest in June.

To Rose and Hester, coming from the dusty heart of the town, which was nearly as close and crowded as the centre of some populous city, this park was a very garden of Eden; and they entered it with buoyant steps. The face of John Morley's young wife had put on its sweetest smile and fairest grace. There was not a line upon it to betray the weariness and growing discontent she felt with her dull life. In fact, she did not feel it dull at that moment, and she was the creature of the moment. Her husband, and the new home of which she was mistress, were as completely blotted out of her mind as though they had no existence. The world consisted only of herself and Hester, and this beautiful park, bathed in the soft light of a September sun. She sang aloud and blithely as she trod lightly along the path, with Hester, as happy as herself, tripping at her side.

(To be continued.)

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

S. S. Lesson for March 16, 1 Thess. 4 : 13–18; 5 : 1–8. Golden Text, Mark 13 : 33. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Last Message—The Last Enemy—The Sowing and the Reaping—God's Husbandry—Natural Anxiety to Know the Time of His Coming—Clear Signs of Christ's Coming—Returning Jewish Prosperity—The Universal Preaching of the Gospel—Our Position—The Great Tribulation—Those who Fear—Grounds for Fear.

THE last message which our beloved Lord spoke in revelation to His people was, "Behold I come quickly," and the answer of the beloved disciple was, "Even so; come, Lord Jesus." Blessed be God, He has set before us the Lord's coming to be not only

THE JOYFUL HOPE

of His living people, but their great comfort for those who have died. Our blessed Lord has partaken of death "that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, even the devil; and deliver them, who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage" (Heb. 2 : 14). But "the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death" (1 Cor. 15 : 26), and although we see provision in Christ's redemption for the healing of the sick, we do not yet see the sentence reversed, "It is appointed unto men once to die" (Heb. 9 : 27). But when Jesus comes, death will receive a blow such as it has never before received.

Paul wrote to the Thessalonians, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." Then he showed them that Christ's resurrection is the pledge and guarantee of *their* resurrection who sleep in Jesus, and that those who die in the Lord shall be the first to rise, and Jesus shall bring them with Him, "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Which is the most blessed, to die, and be the first to rise and meet Jesus when He comes—or to live, and be caught up to meet Him and all our loved ones without dying? It is an almost impossible choice; it is chosen for us. But the same blessed transformation which Peter, James, and John saw in Jesus on the mountain, and also in Moses and Elias, must take place in all of us, whether we have first died or not. The Moravians so fully realize this that they speak of their dead as

"SOWN,"

sown in corruption to be reaped in incorruption, sown in dishonor to be reaped in glory, sown in weakness to be reaped in power, sown a natural body, reaped a spiritual body—this is God's husbandry, this is life out of death, the natural sown for the harvest of the divine and supernatural. That which some of us have experienced by faith will then become sight. We, weak in ourselves, in our human bodies, have lived and worked in a strength which was ours only by faith, but faith will be done away when we enter upon our inheritance. Then there will be a radical change of state, "This I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality" (1 Cor. 15 : 50–53).

"For this cause the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil" (1 John 3 : 8). While sin, sickness, death can raise their heads, Jesus has not yet reaped the full fruit of His redemption work, but when He comes again, and brings His saved and sanctified ones with Him, fully delivered from all sin, entire in spirit, soul, and body; with no vestige of sin or its consequences—misery, sickness and death—then "Death shall be swallowed up in victory," then shall Jesus be fully glorified, then men and angels shall understand all which is meant by redemption, all which is included in salvation. Thus the Lord's coming, while it is God's appointed comfort for those who mourn departed friends, is at the same time the prospect of greatest glory for the Lord Himself.

It was no wonder that the Thessalonians, with such a blessed hope before them, were very anxious to know when the Lord would come, and they were not singular. Hundreds of writers have attempted to discover the time of the Lord's coming. Some have thrown great light on many Scriptures, and have led Christians to study their Bibles on this subject, but still with regard to the times and the seasons there is very little real steady light among Christians. Perhaps the most helpful way of studying this subject is to take various features, and study them apart, such as

"THE DAY OF THE LORD,"

which in the Old Testament generally refers to the time of "great tribulation" (Matt. 24 : 21, 22); see Isa. 2 : 12; 13 : 6; Zeph. 1 : 7–9, 18; 2 : 2, 3; Joel 2 : 31; Amos 5 : 18; Zech 14 : 1; Joel 3 : 14; Mal. 4 : 5. In the New Testament it includes the coming of Christ to take vengeance on His enemies, and His subsequent reign on earth (1 Thess. 5 : 2; II Pet. 3 : 10; II Thess. 2 : 2; 1 Cor. 5 : 5; II Cor. 1 : 14). Then again take the great tribulation (Isa. 24; 66 : 15–24; Jer. 25 : 30–33; Ezek. 39; Dan. 12 : 1; Zech. 14 : 2–15, etc.), and then the great Antichrist or man of sin (II Thess. 2 : 3–10; Isa. 14 : 12–14; Dan. 7 : 25; 8 : 25; 11 : 36, 37; Rev. 13 : 5, 6). But when we have it clear in our minds that there will be a time of trouble unparalleled in its terrors, when we see clearly how the Antichrist will arise and have power over the nations, when we see the blessed promises to the Church of Christ, still there is much which is left in mystery and which we can only understand fully as events transpire.

SOME SIGNS

of the Lord's coming are blessedly clear. First of all the state of the Jewish people. Crushed, persecuted, often almost decimated, God has said of them, "Israel shall blossom, and bud, and fill the face of the earth with fruit" (Isa. 27 : 6). Never since the time of their dispersion have the Jews been so prosperous as now. Financially they have the destinies of Europe in their hands, politically they are high in power; in all branches of learning they excel. Added to this the persecution in Russia is driving them southward in fulfilment of the prophecy in Jer. 16 : 14–16. Slowly but surely Palestine is being peopled, and many Jews are returning thither. "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled" (Luke 21 : 24); surely the "times of the Gentiles" are near their close.

Then again, "This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come" (Matt. 24 : 14). The witness is being borne, nations are being opened up to the Gospel as never before, and although we expect to see a much greater outpouring of the missionary spirit, yet, thank God, signs of it are appearing. What then is

OUR POSITION?

Paul tells us exactly. He shows how those who are the children of the night and of the darkness shall be startled with the suddenness of Christ's coming; "When they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, . . . and they shall not escape." The Lord Jesus says to us, "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord" (Luke 12 : 35, 36). Paul says: "Let us, who are of the day, be sober (or watchful, keeping our eyes open), putting on the breastplate of faith and love." If we are living only for Jesus, and are ready at any time to have our plans upset, our purposes changed, our opinions turned upside down, if the Lord so wills, then the Lord's coming will be a bright hope and a great joy to us, the one goal of all our hopes, the brightest spot of all the bright future. We shall long to see Him recognized by all, to see the Jews look on Him whom they have pierced, to see a nation born in a day, to see death defeated and Satan's power wrested from him.

But what of all the horrors of that time of tribulation? Some may say, Thank God "for the elect's sake those days will be shortened," but it will be true then as it ever has been, "when Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness" (Isa. 26 : 9). There will be, no doubt, more conversions during that time of trouble than at any other time, and more glorious manifestations of God's love and mercy.

There are many who fear the coming of the Lord; does not this fear come from a feeling that they are not fit to be among those who shall be taken away? They cannot say that they have kept the word of His patience and therefore cannot claim to be kept from the hour of tribulation (Rev. 3 : 10); they do not account themselves "worthy to escape all these things which shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man." Are not they

TAKING THE LORD'S PLACE

and judging themselves, and condemning themselves as though Jesus were not equal to the task? Who but He can decide such questions? All these fears, except where known sin is the hinderance, proceed from an expectation of something in ourselves which God shall approve, a longing to have a holiness which we can look at and approve of and be satisfied with; it is quite contrary to that life of momentary dependence on Jesus which honors Him. If our breastplate is to be faith and love, then we depend on Him for every thought and word and deed, doing nothing of ourselves, as Jesus did nothing of Himself, and expecting nothing of ourselves. This begets love to Jesus through the continual surprises of love and faithfulness which He gives us, thus our lives can remain guided, thus our lights can be always burning for He trims them and keeps them filled with oil. Let us all cry from the heart, "Come, Lord Jesus."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Another Dynamite Explosion has Taken place in London. Shortly after one o'clock on the morning of February 26th a terrible explosion occurred in a cloak-room at the Victoria Railway station in London. The explosive agent was declared by experts to be caused by Atlas powder, which is a form of dynamite. It blew off a large portion of the roof, and nearly all the glass work in the station was destroyed. Seven men were sent to the hospital with severe injuries, and extensive damage was done to surrounding property. Two reports accompanied the explosion, the noise being like that of the discharge from a cannon, and was followed by an immediate rushing of flames. The booking-office, cloak-room and waiting-room were completely shattered, and are a confused mass of débris. All trains had ceased running, and only a few persons were about the station, or the destruction of life would have been very large. The other railway stations in and near London were promptly searched, and at three of them—Paddington, Charing Cross, and Ludgate Hill—dynamite packages were found, having within them an apparatus for discharging them by clockwork. There appears to be no doubt that the outrage was the work of Irishmen from America. The machinery was made in America, and in one of the packages was an American journal of recent date. English journals are urging the government to make such representations to the American Government as may prompt it to put a check on the unconcealed conspiracy against a friendly power. The newspapers remind the government that in the Alabama difficulty America blamed England for a negligence of a similar kind. It is stated, but not authoritatively, that Lord Granville, the English Secretary of State, will appeal to Washington on the subject.

A Victory over the Army of the Mahdi under Osman Digna, has been achieved by General Graham, commanding the British expedition despatched to the Soudan. The battle was fought on February 29th near the spot where Baker Pasha was defeated three weeks ago. The Mahdi's troops are reported to have fought desperately, and not until more than a thousand of them had been killed did they show signs of flight. The battle lasted more than one hour, which the British commander declared to have been an hour of the fiercest fighting he had ever witnessed. The British fought with the troops in the form of a hollow square. As they moved forward, firing as they advanced, the Mahdi's soldiers, armed with spears and huge crosshilted swords, rose within two hundred yards of the advancing lines and rushed against the British at breakneck speed, heedless and fearless of death. The Arabs fell right and left, though some of the brave fellows reached within five paces of the square. None of them bolted; they only fell back sullenly when they were forced. When the British gained possession of their works the Arabs retired slowly, and were not pursued by the victors. The victory was decisive, but uneasiness still prevails in Egypt, as the way in which the Mahdi's troops fought indicates that much hard fighting will be involved before he is subdued. On Saturday the British force marched to Tokar and recaptured that position, which had been surrendered to the Mahdi by the treacherous commander.

A Bust of the Poet Longfellow has been placed in Westminster Abbey as a mark of English homage to the great American bard. It was unveiled on March 1st. The ceremony was performed by the British Secretary of State, Lord Granville, who was accompanied by Sir Hugh Childers. Our minister, James Russell Lowell, Alice Longfellow, and Annie Longfellow (daughters of the poet), Mary Anderson, Moncure D. Conway, and Sir Theodore Martin were among the distinguished persons present. The Prince of Wales sent a letter expressing regret that he was necessarily absent. Earl Granville in his speech eulogized the character of the American poet, and dwelt on the refinement, which was the chief charm of this illustrious man. He referred in a feeling manner to the presence of Longfellow's daughters and of Minister Lowell, also a distinguished poet. Mr. Lowell also made a speech, in which he said that Longfellow's was a nature which consecrated this ground, into which no unclean spirit could ever enter. In conclusion he accepted the tribute to his memory—this placing of his memorial in the Poets' Corner, between the busts of Chaucer and Dryden—in the name of the American people.

The Death of the Hon. William H. Hunt, our Minister to Russia, is announced by cable. He died on February 27th. He was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1824. His first office was Attorney-General of Louisiana, to which he was appointed in 1876. Two years later he was made a judge of the Court of Claims, which office he continued to hold until 1881, when President Garfield called him to his cabinet as Secretary of the Navy. On the accession of President Arthur he was offered and accepted the office of Minister to Russia.

The Extension of the Franchise in the British Isles was proposed by Mr. Gladstone on February 28th. In spite of those who distrust Ireland, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues propose to give the same privileges to that country as to England and Scotland. It is not intended to increase the number of representatives, but to give more people the right to vote for the members of Parliament. At present certain cities and towns elect members to represent them. Beside those there are members who represent the inhabitants of villages and smaller towns grouped together in counties. In the cities every householder and the better class of lodgers have the right to vote, but in the counties only those can vote who own real estate, or who live in houses, the rent of which is about $100 a year. It is now proposed to give every householder a vote, whether he lives in city or village. Mr. Gladstone said this measure, by greatly extending the franchise and placing the votes of boroughs and counties upon an equal footing, would increase the voting power of the United Kingdom by about 2,000,000. Of this number England would furnish 1,300,000, Ireland 400,000, and Scotland 200,000.

A New Speaker was Elected last Week by the British House of Commons. The late Speaker, whose duties have been rendered more than commonly arduous by the obstructive tactics of the Irish members, resigned, and, according to custom, was rewarded for his services by a pension and a peerage. Mr. Gladstone showed his gratitude to his old friend and mentor, the late Sir Robert Peel, by nominating for the vacant office the youngest son of that statesman, and he was elected without opposition. Mr. Arthur Wellesley Peel, the new Speaker, is fifty-five years of age, and has represented the little borough of Warwick in the House of Commons during the past nineteen years. He is a man of considerable ability and learning. His eldest brother, the present Sir Robert Peel, is not now a member of the House; he is remarkable for his wit and levity rather than for his statesmanship.

The Impeachment of the Chief Cabinet Minister of the King of Norway has resulted in his dismissal from office, and an order to pay a fine worth $5000. The New York *Herald* publishes the following account of the affair: "The king has hitherto appointed his own cabinet without regard to the policy of the Norwegian Parliament; but in 1872 the liberal party brought in a bill to enact that ministers of state should take part in the proceedings of the Storthing or legislative chamber. The government saw in the proposed reform the threatened introduction of the Parliamentary system, with the prospect of their own fall, as they would have to depend upon a majority in the Storthing to maintain their position. Three Storthings, after three successive elections, carried the bill in its present shape, each time by an increased majority of votes—the last time, in 1880, by the overwhelming majority of ninety-three out of one hundred and thirteen. It was generally expected that the king and his government would at length comply with the wishes of the people, but he finally, by the advice of his ministers, refused his sanction to the bill, declaring at the same time that his right to the absolute veto was "above all doubt." The president, however, brought the question to a prompt issue by proposing to the Storthing that the bill, which had now been passed three times, should be declared, without the king's sanction, to be the law of the country. This proposal was carried by a large majority on June 9th, 1880, but the king and his ministers, in reply, declared that they would not recognize the validity of the resolution." The Storthing then determined to impeach each secretary separately, commencing with the Secretary of State. His trial is just concluded with the result mentioned.

The Queen of Madagascar is Reported to be preparing active opposition to the French forces in the island. Telegrams from Mauritius state that the Hovas have succeeded in secretly landing in Madagascar a number of Krupp cannon and other munitions of war, and have gone to protect Tananarivo, the capital. An English colonel named Willoughby has obtained the leading command of the Malagassy army, and a number of other Englishmen hold minor commands. The arsenals are busy in the interior of the island, and the Hovas hope soon to be able to make an attack upon Tamatave, now held by the French. Advices from Madagascar state that fever is rife among the Frenchmen at Tamatave.

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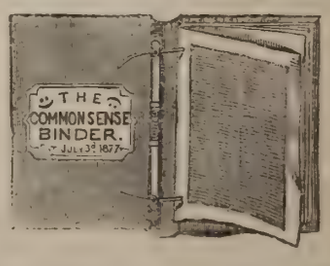

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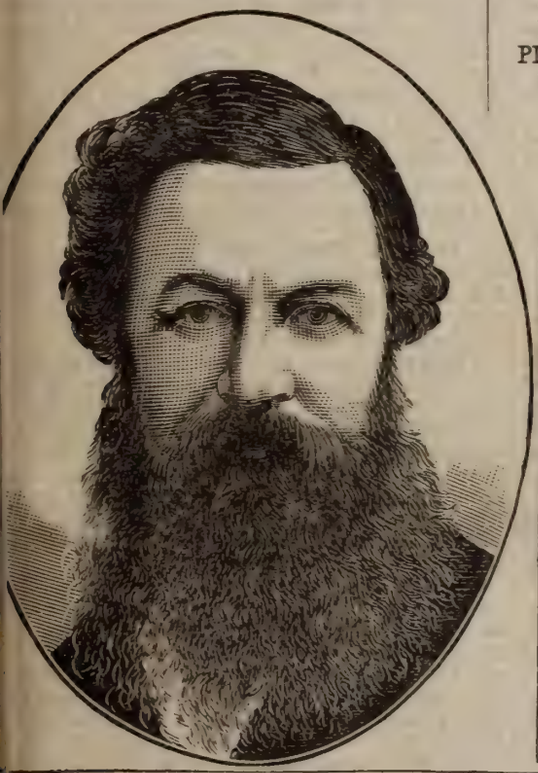

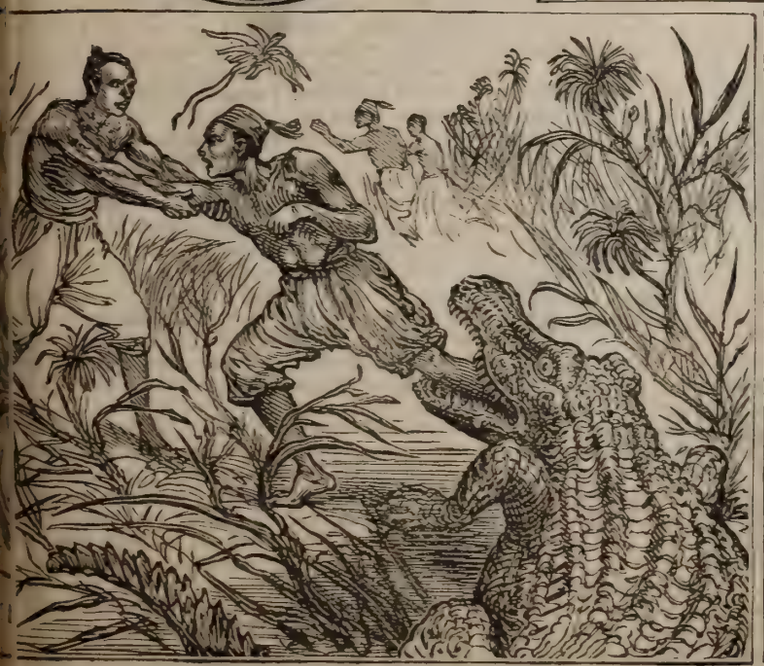

SIR SAMUEL BAKER, the Explorer of the Soudan—Scenes in his Life.

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER,

Formerly Governor of the Soudan.

His Fame—Birth and Early Life—An Enterprise in Ceylon—Work in Turkey—Exploration of Central Africa—Effort to Find the Source of the Nile—Discovery of the Albert Nyanza Lake—Association with the Explorers Speke and Grant—Three Years' Wanderings—Incidents of his Administration of the Soudan—Liberating Stolen Slaves—Attacked by a Hippopotamus—A Soldier Seized by a Crocodile—Encounter with a Lioness—Appeal for Christian Laborers.

THE remarkable man whose portrait appears this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is a man whose life has been full of the most romantic adventures. He has attained eminence as the founder of a colony, as an explorer, and as a governor. His chief fame rests on the work he was able to accomplish in the Soudan, that vast region in Africa which is now attracting the attention of the whole world. Egypt fixed her longing eyes on that land, but she was unable to bring it into absolute subjection. The Khédive Ismail, the father and predecessor of the present Khédive, conceived the idea of placing the Soudan under the administration of an Englishman of ability. He had heard of Sir Samuel Baker's interest in Central Africa and of his indomitable perseverance and courage. Finally, he invited him to his court, and propounded to him his views for establishing some organized and settled government over the province.

It was a magnificent offer, but its magnificence did not weigh with Baker. There was, however, another consideration connected with it which did move him, and that powerfully. During his explorations he had witnessed the barbarities inflicted on human beings who, having been seized by slave hunters, were being hurried to the coast. Baker's heart bled for them, and when Ismail offered him the supreme command of the Soudan, it seemed to him a providential interposition calling upon him to labor in the cause of suffering humanity. His administration of the Soudan has made its mark in the history of that unhappy land. A pious, earnest, God-fearing man, loving righteousness and hating cruelty, oppression and iniquity, Baker ruled without fear or favor, and had he continued to receive the necessary support from the Khédive, his achievements would have been still greater than they were. For what he did accomplish and for what he tried to accomplish, thousands of tongues render homage to his name.

Sir Samuel White Baker, Pasha, F.R.S., M.A., is the eldest son of the late Samuel Baker, Esq., of Lypiatt Park, Gloucestershire, England. He was *born* in London, on June 8th, 1821, so that he is now in the sixty-third year of his age. His elementary educational training was conducted at a private school. He was sent afterward to a university in Germany, where his industry and proficiency won for him the cordial esteem of his fellow-pupils and the golden opinions of his tutors.

IN CEYLON.

In the year 1843 he *married* Henrietta, a daughter of the Rev. Charles Martin. Four years afterward, in 1847, he went to the beautiful island of Ceylon, where he spent about eight years. There he established an agricultural settlement and sanatorium at Newera Ellia, in the Singhalese Mountains, at an altitude of six thousand two hundred feet above the sea level. To this he devoted considerable labor and capital. At great personal cost he, together with his brother, conveyed emigrants from England, and, to facilitate their operations and encourage them in their efforts, he imported the best breeds of cattle and sheep, and in other ways labored for the success of the mountain colony. The impulse given by his enterprise secured the assistance of the British Colonial Office, and with the increasing prosperity of Ceylon, Newera Ellia became a resort of considerable importance. It has recently largely increased its wealth by the cultivation of the valuable Cinchona plant, now so extensively used as a tonic medicine.

TURKEY AND THE CRIMEA.

Sir Samuel retired from Ceylon in 1854, after eight years' residence there, and at the death of his wife in 1855 he proceeded to the Crimea, where hostilities were then being conducted against Russia by the allied forces of England, France, and Turkey. At the expiration of the campaign, not long afterward, Sir Samuel was engaged by the Turkish authorities to organize the first railway in that inert and unenterprising country. This task was ultimately executed with complete success.

SEARCH FOR THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

In 1860, Sir Samuel Baker married a second time, the lady being Florence, daughter of M. Finnian von Sass. The following year he commenced an enterprise entirely at his own cost in the interests of humanity, civilization, and commerce, its immediate object being the discovery of the Nile sources, hoping that in the course of his undertaking he would meet the expedition sent out by the English Government under the command of Captain Speke, who had started from Zanzibar for the same purpose. Throughout this arduous journey he was accompanied by his wife.

Leaving Cairo on April 15th, 1861, he reached on June 13th the junction of the Atbara with the Nile. For nearly a year he diligently explored the regions of Abyssinia, from whence comes the Blue Nile, and in June, 1862, descended to

KHARTOUM, THE CAPITAL OF THE SOUDAN,

of which we have heard so much recently. The town itself is situated at the junction of the Blue and the White Nile, hence its importance as a commercial centre, and for military and strategical purposes. There he organized a party of ninety-six persons to explore the course of the last-named river.

They set out in December, 1862, and reached Gondokoro in February, 1863. There Sir Samuel had the gratification of meeting Captain Speke and Captain Grant, who had by dint of strenuous perseverance succeeded in reaching the Lake Victoria Nyanza, which they believed to be the source of the Nile.

Sir Samuel says: "Gondokoro is about seven hundred and fifty miles in a direct line from Khartoum. It is a miserable place, consisting of a number of grass huts, occupied only at one season by the traders' people, when they return from the interior with their slaves and ivory. The soil is poor, but the country is pleasantly diversified with evergreen trees and native villages, while the distant mountains, toward the south and east, produce an exhilarating impression after the tedious White Nile marshes.

"I had been fifteen days waiting at Gondokoro, when suddenly I heard guns firing in the south, and my men rushed into my cabin, saying that the traders' party had arrived with two white men in their company, who had come from the sea! It is impossible to describe that moment. Quixotic dreams that I had cherished were now realized, and in a few minutes later I met those gallant explorers Captains Speke and Grant marching along the river's bank; arriving in honorable rags, careworn, haggard, but proud of having won."

DISCOVERY OF LAKE ALBERT NYANZA.

Sir Samuel having resolved to supplement their explorations, supplied them with the necessary vessels for the voyage to Khartoum, and himself started from Gondokoro by land, March 26th, 1863, without either interpreter or guide, in defiance of the opposition of the slave-hunters who attempted to bar his progress. On March 14th, 1864, he came in sight of a great fresh-water lake, till then unknown, which he named the Albert Nyanza. After partially navigating the lake, he set out on his homeward journey early in April, 1864, but owing to illness and the disturbed condition of the country, he did not reach Gondokoro until March 23d, 1865.

THREE YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

On June 21st he wrote home from Khartoum: "There is no longer any mystery connected with the Nile, nor any necessity for expeditions on that head, unless it be desired to explore the great lake I have discovered—the Albert Nyanza. This can only be done by building a vessel for the purpose on the lake. I shall never undertake another expedition in Africa. For the last three years I have not had one day of enjoyment; nothing but anxieties, difficulties, fatigue, and fever. I should not have been contented to see a foreigner share the honor of discovering the Nile-sources with Speke and Grant; it happily belongs to England." On his return to England in 1866, the Royal Geographical Society awarded him its Victoria Gold Medal, he was created M.A. of the University of Cambridge, and received the honor of knighthood.

AN EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

In September, 1869, in spite of the resolution above recorded, he undertook the command of an expedition to Central Africa under the auspices of the Khédive of Egypt, who placed at his disposal a force of fifteen hundred picked Egyptian troops, and intrusted him for four years with absolute and uncontrolled power of life and death. He undertook to subdue the African wilderness, and to annex it to the civilized world; to destroy the slave-trade, and to establish regular commerce in its place; to open up to civilization those vast African lakes—Victoria and Albert Nyanza—which are the equatorial reservoirs of the Nile; and to add the whole of the countries which border on that river to the kingdom of the Pharaohs. He left Cairo on this gigantic business on December 2d, Lady Baker accompanying him. It occupied him for three years. In 1873 he returned and reported the complete success of the expedition.

Those three years were a period full of adventure. His difficulties arose principally in his efforts to suppress the cruel practices of the officials and capitalists who were in the habit of entering isolated villages and carrying off by force the women and children into slavery. From the records of that period we select a few

THRILLING INCIDENTS

out of many such which throwlight on the daring and vigor of this humane ruler.

One day Baker met the Govenor of Fashoda, on the White Nile, who had with him some brass guns, some cavalry, and some infantry. He said that he was "collecting the taxes." It was soon discovered that he not only seized upon the cattle of the natives, but annually captured a large number of women and children. At first the Governor denied with looks and words of horror any complicity in, or sympathy with, the slave traffic; but to test the value of his indignant protestations, which Sir Samuel heard with incredulity, he sent his aide-de-camp to visit the Governor's vessels, which were lying in the river close by.

"In a few minutes," says Sir Samuel, "I heard the voice of my officer angrily expostulating with the crew of the vessel, who had denied that there were any slaves on board. Al most at the same time a crowd of unfortunate captives emerged from below, where they had been concealed, and walked singly along the plank to the shore, being counted by the officer according to sex as they disembarked. The Koordi governor, who was on shore with me, puffing away at his long pipe, looked very uncomfortable at this disclosure; but I simply expressed a wish to have

A WALK ROUND THE ENCAMPMENT.

"Having passed through the place of bivouac, I thoroughly examined the spot. I came suddenly upon a mass of slaves, who were squatted upon the ground and guarded by a number of soldiers, who, at first, seemed to think that my visit was one of simple curiosity. Many of the women were secured to each other by *ropes passed from neck to neck.* A crowd of children, including very young infants, huddled up among the crowd of women and older children, and all kept a profound silence, and regarded me w. great curiosity." (*See frontispiece.*)

In the boat no fewer than seventy-one slaves

had been discovered, and eighty-four on shore guarded by sentries; in all, one hundred and fifty-five, including sixty-five girls and women, eighty children, and ten men.

Sir Samuel says: "I ordered the ropes, irons, and other accompaniments of slavery to be detached; and I explained to the astonished crowd of natives that the Khédive had abolished slavery, therefore they were at liberty to return to their own homes. The women immediately took up their little infants (one had been born during the night), others led the small children by the hand, and, with a general concert, they burst into the long, quavering, and shrill yell that denotes rejoicing. I watched them as they retreated over the plain to their desert homes, and I took a coldly polite farewell of the Koordi."

ATTACKED BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

One night, just at the entrance of the White Nile, Sir Samuel's diahbeeah, or vessel, was moored. He himself always slept on the poop-deck. It was cold, but the moon was clear and bright. Every one on board except the sentry was wrapped up in warm blankets, and fast asleep. "I was sound asleep," says Baker, "when I was suddenly awoke by a tremendous splashing close to the diahbeeah, accompanied by the hoarse wild snorting of a furious hippopotamus. I jumped up, and immediately perceived a hippo, which was apparently about to attack the vessel. I called to my servant, Suleiman, for a rifle, but before he could hand me one, the hippopotamus dashed at us with indescribable fury. With one blow he capsized and sank our zinc boat with its cargo of flesh meat. In another instant, he seized the dingy in his immense jaws, and the crash of splintered wood betokened the complete destruction of my favorite boat." He was ultimately shot dead in a shallow flat of the river. (*See frontispiece.*)

Sir Samuel found that the crocodiles in the neighborhood of Gondokoro were exceedingly ferocious. As the natives were much in the habit of swimming to and fro with their cattle, the wily creatures had no lack of food, which sometimes consisted of a human being and at other times of a cow or calf. One of Sir Samuel's soldiers, while engaged with many others in water only hip deep, was seized by a crocodile. The man, being held by the leg below the knee, made a good fight, and thrust his fingers into the creature's eyes; his comrades at the same time assisted and rescued him from absolute destruction; but the leg-bone was so mashed and splintered in many places that he was obliged to submit to amputation. (*See frontispiece.*)

An exciting and perilous incident occurred at Fabbo, in the Shoolti country, Central Africa. Sir Samuel and some of his attendants went out one day on purpose to shoot some game for meat. Just after he had brought down a leucotis, or antelope, he saw a long yellow tail rise suddenly from a green hollow, and an instant later he saw a fine

LIONESS, WITH TAIL ERECT,

that had evidently been disturbed by the firing of the rifles. A minute later and the fierce animal saw Baker and his party, and with her brilliant eyes fixed, she advanced slowly toward them. The sequel is thus told by Sir Samuel: "Not wishing to make a closer acquaintance, I aimed at her chest. She rolled completely over, backward, and three times she turned convulsive somersaults, at the same time roaring tremendously; but to my astonishment she appeared to recover, and I immediately fired another barrel. At this she charged in high bounds straight toward my two boys. I had just time to snatch up my spare gun, and fire a charge of buckshot, when she disappeared in the high grass upon my right. I now heard her groaning in a succession of deep gutteral sounds, within fifty yards of me.

"Some natives proposed to go up close and spear the lioness in the grass, if I would back them up with rifles. We arrived at the supposed spot, and after a search we distinguished a yellowish mass within some withered reeds. A man named Shooli now proposed that he should throw his spear, upon which the lioness would certainly charge from her covert, and afford us a good shot. I would not allow this, but I determined to fire at the yellow mass to bring her out. Lieutenant Baker was on my right. I fired. The immediate reply was a determined charge, and *the enraged animal came bounding toward us with tremendous roars.* The natives threw their spears, but missed her. I fired again, and the bullet lodging in the back of her neck, she dropped down dead." (*See frontispiece.*)

The character of the man, his estimate of the value of his own work, and

HIS UNWAVERING FAITH IN GOD

may be realized by the following remarks, which Sir Samuel Baker penned at the close of his expedition. He says:

"At the commencement of the expedition I had felt that the object of the enterprise—the suppression of the slave-trade—was one for which I could confidently ask a blessing. My faith in God and dependence on His guidance and support has not been unrewarded. In the midst of sickness and malaria we had strength; from acts of treachery we were preserved unharmed; in personal encounters we remained unscathed. In the end every opposition was overcome; hatred and insubordination yielded to discipline and order. The territory within my rule was purged from the slave-trade. The White Nile, for a distance of sixteen hundred miles from Khartoum to Central Africa, was cleansed from the abomination of a traffic which had hitherto sullied its waters. Every cloud had passed away, and the term of my office expired in peace and sunshine. In this result I humbly trace God's blessing.

"A firm, honest, just government would render the slave traffic impossible. But the people are sunk in barbarism and steeped in ignorance. This alone should make us desire the speedy multiplication of Christian missions. The Gospel must be preached to these tribes in the Soudan, and Egypt, Africa, and Abyssinia, that from *every* kindred, and nation, and people, and tongue, some may be gathered out to join the great multitude before the throne! The missions which are now proclaiming the Gospel in these long-neglected and benighted regions are hastening the coming of the fast-approaching day of Christ; for 'this Gospel must first be preached among all nations, and then shall the end come.'"

THE BOYHOOD OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

(*From Wide Awake.*)

HIS life had been a peculiarly bitter one. Born in a very humble home at Sandgate, on the English coast, gleaning with his mother and sister after the reapers, that they might have bread to eat, or cleaning knives and shoes in the gentleman's house where his father was a servant, there was little to make a boy's life bright. When he was twelve, a family offered to bring him to America if his parents would pay fifty dollars for his passage. It was difficult to earn this, but his mother thought, after the manner of mothers, "Perhaps in the New World our John will be somebody." So, with tears, she packed his scanty clothing, putting in a little Bible, and pinning these lines on a shirt:

"Forget me not when death shall close
These eyelids in their last repose;
And when the murmuring breezes wave
The grass upon your mother's grave,
O then, whate'er thy age or lot
May be, my child, forget me not."

JANE GOUGH.

Then, again and again she pressed her only boy to her heart, and stole out behind the garden wall, that, unobserved, she might catch a last look of the stage which carried him to London.

The voyage was a long one of nearly two months. The little lad often cried in his cabin, and he wrote back, "I wish mother could wash me to-night," showing what a tender "mother's boy" he was. When New York harbor was entered, and he was eager to see his adopted country, he was sent below to black boots and shoes for the family.

His school days were now over. After two years of hard work in the country, he sold his knife to buy a postage stamp, and wrote his father, asking his permission to go to New York and learn a trade. Consent was given, and, in the middle of the winter, our English lad of fourteen reached the great city, with no home, no friends, and only fifty cents in his pocket. Hundreds passed by as he stood on the dock, holding his little trunk in his hands, but nobody spoke to him. But at last, by dint of earnestness, he found a place to enter as errand-boy and learn book-binding, receiving two dollars and twenty-five cents a week, and paying two dollars out of this for his board. How his employers supposed he could live on one dollar a month for clothes and washing has never appeared.

The first night he was placed by his boarding-mistress in an attic, with an Irishman who was deathly ill. The second night the man died, and the horror-stricken young boy stayed alone with the dead till morning.

Now nearly two painful years more went by. Finally, though he earned but three dollars a week, he sent to England for his mother and sister. When they arrived two rooms were rented; the girl found work in a straw-bonnet factory, and, poor though they were, they were very happy. John was now sixteen, devoted to his mother, and still a noble, unselfish, persevering boy.

At the end of three months, through dulness of business, both children lost their places, and now began the struggles which the poor know so well in our large cities. In vain they looked for work. Then they left their two decent rooms, and moved into a garret. Winter came on, and they had neither fuel nor food. John walked miles out into the country, and dragged home old sticks which lay by the roadside. He pawned his coat that the mother, who had now become ill, might have some mutton broth.

One day he left her in tears, and went sobbing down the street.

"What is the matter?" said a stranger.

"I'm hungry, and so is my mother."

"Well, I can't do much, but I'll help you a little," and he gave John a three-cent loaf of bread.

When the boy reached home, the good woman put the Bible on the rickety pine table, read from it, and then all knelt and thanked God for the precious loaf.

In the spring he obtained employment at four dollars and a half a week, but poverty and privation had fallen too heavily, rested too long, upon the mother. One day while preparing John's simple supper of rice and milk, she fell dead. All night long the desolate boy held her cold hand in his; then, in that Christian city, she was put in a pine box, and, without shroud or prayers, carried in a cart, her two children walking behind it, and was buried in the Potter's Field.

For three days afterward John and his sister never tasted food. Probably the world said "Poor things!" but it is certain that nobody offered to help them.

A Precious Carpet has been Destroyed in San Francisco. It had covered the floor of one of the rooms in the Mint, and had been used for five years. The dust of the precious metals used in the coinage had during that period daily fallen upon it, and when it was taken up the authorities had it cut in small pieces and burned in pans. The ashes were subjected to the process employed with mining dust, and they realized *two thousand five hundred dollars.* Thus the carpet after years of wear was more precious than when it was new. It is an illustration of the lives of some Christians. The discipline they endure in the world enriches them, and when God tries them they "come forth as gold" (Job 23: 10).

THE GOLDEN CALF.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it."—Exodus 32 : 20.

Men's Preference for Gods of their own Manufacture—Where the Gold Came from—The God Made—Destruction of it by Moses—The Fragments not all Used—Their Presence in our Time—Modern Idolatry—The Mighty Calf—Its Temple—Its Altar of Sacrifice—Families Offered on it—The Music of the Worship—The Chorus—The Worship to be Broken up—The Calf Still Made of Borrowed Gold—The Idol Inevitably Doomed—Changed Temples.

People will have a god of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their golden ear-rings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there was masculine as well as feminine decoration. Where did they get these beautiful gold ear-rings, coming up as they did from the desert? Oh, they borrowed them of the Egyptians, when they left Egypt.

These ear-rings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. "Any more ear-rings to bring?" says Aaron. None. Fire is kindled; the ear-rings are melted and poured into a mould, not of an eagle or a war charger, but of a silly calf; the gold cools down; the mould is taken away, and the idol is set up on its four legs. An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms, and gyrate, and shriek, and dance vigorously, and worship.

Moses has been six weeks on Mount Sinai, and he comes back, and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these

GOLDEN-CALF FANATICS,

and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone, on which were written the Ten Commandments, and flings them so hard against a rock that they split all to pieces. When a man gets mad he *is apt to break all the Ten Commandments!* Moses rushes in, and he takes this calf-god and throws it into a hot fire, until it is melted all out of shape, and then pulverizes it—not by the modern appliance of nitro-muriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of nitre or by the old-fashioned file. He stirs for the people a most nauseating draught. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it in the only brook which is accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of that brook or not drink at all.

But they did not drink *all* the glittering stuff thrown on the surface. Some of it flows on down the surface of the brook to the river, and then flows on down the river to the sea, and the sea takes it up and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, and, when the tides set back,

THE REMAINS

of this golden calf are carried up into the Hudson and the East River, and the Thames, and the Clyde, and the Tiber, and men go out and they skim the glittering surface, and they bring it ashore, and they make another golden calf, and California and Australia break off their golden ear-rings to augment the pile, and in the fires of financial excitement and struggle, all these things are melted together, and while we stand looking and wondering what will come of it, lo! we find that the golden calf of Israelitish worship has become the golden calf of European and American worship.

Pull aside this curtain and you see the *golden calf of*

MODERN IDOLATRY.

It is not, like other idols, made out of stocks or stone, but it has an *ear* so sensitive that it can hear the whispers on Wall Street and Third Street and State Street, and the footfalls in the Bank of England, and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the Bourse. It has an *eye* so keen that it can see the rust on the farm of Michigan wheat, and the insect in the Maryland peach-orchard, and the trampled grain under the hoof of the Russian war-charger.

It is so mighty that it swings any way it will the world's shipping. It has its foot on all the merchantmen and the steamers. It started the American civil war, and under God stopped it; and it decided the Turco-Russian contest. One broker in September, 1869, in New York, shouted, "One hundred and sixty for a million!" and the whole continent shivered. The golden calf of the text has its right front foot in New York, its left front foot in Chicago, its right back foot in Charleston, its left back foot in New Orleans, and when it shakes itself it shakes the world. Oh, this is a mighty god—the golden calf of the world's worship.

But every god must have

ITS TEMPLE,

and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul's Cathedral in England, and St. Peter's in Italy, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindoos, and all the other cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its ribbed arches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its floors are tessellated gold, and its vaults are crowded heaps of gold, and its spires and domes are soaring gold, and its organ-pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are tramping gold, and its stops pulled out are flashing gold, while standing at the head of the temple, as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calf of gold.

Further: every god must have not only its temple, but

ITS ALTAR OF SACRIFICE,

and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone as other altars, but out of counting-room desks and fireproof safes, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. The victims sacrificed on it are the Swartouts, and the Ketchams, and the Fisks, and the Tweeds, and the Mortons, and ten thousand other people who are slain before this golden calf. What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it? With cold, metallic eye it looks on and yet lets them suffer.

O heavens and earth, what an altar! what a sacrifice of mind, body, and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on to this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep, and they take chloral and morphine and intoxicants. Some of them struggle in a nightmare of stocks, and at one o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up shouting, "A thousand shares of New York Central—one hundred and eight and a half! take it!"—until the whole family is affrighted, and the speculators fall back on their pillow and sleep until they are awakened again by a "corner" in Pacific Mail or a sudden "rise" of Rock Island. Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone, they die. The gowned ecclesiastic comes in and reads the funeral service: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Mistake. They did not "die in the Lord;" the golden calf killed them!

The trouble is, when men sacrifice themselves on this altar suggested in the text, they not only sacrifice themselves, but

THEY SACRIFICE THEIR FAMILIES.

If a man by an ill course is determined to go to perdition, I suppose you will have to let him go. But he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the avenues, and the driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun, and the golden headgear of the harness gleams, until a black calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them, and shouts to the luxuriant occupants of the equipage, "Get out!" They get out. They get down. That husband and father flung his family so hard they never got up. There was the mark on them for life—the mark of a split hoof—the death-dealing hoof of the golden calf.

Solomon offered in one sacrifice, on one occasion, twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep; but that was a tame sacrifice compared with the multitude of men who are *sacrificing themselves* on this altar of the golden calf, and sacrificing their families with them. The soldiers of General Havelock in India walked literally ankle deep in the blood of "the house of massacre," where two hundred white women and children had been slain by the Sepoys; but the blood around about this altar of the golden calf flows up to the knee, flows up to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to the lip. Great God of heaven and earth, have mercy on those who immolate themselves on this altar! *The golden calf has none.*

Still the degrading worship goes on, and the devotees kneel and kiss the dust, and count their golden beads, and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice.

THE MUSIC

rolls on under the arches; it is made of clinking silver and clinking gold, and the rattling specie of the banks and brokers' shops, and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate, while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years have been steeped in the seething cauldron.

Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made; chorus of voices wailing over what they have lost. This temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is the glittering god with his four feet on broken hearts, and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice, new victims every moment on it, and there are the kneeling devotees, and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while death stands with mouldy and skeleton arm beating time for

THE CHORUS—

"More! more! more!"

Some people are very much surprised at the actions of people in the Stock Exchange, New York. Indeed, it is a scene sometimes that paralyzes description, and is beyond the imagination of any one who has never looked in. What snapping of finger and thumb, and wild gesticulation, and raving like hyenas, and stamping like buffaloes, and swaying to and fro, and jostling and running one upon another, and deafening uproar, until the president of the Exchange strikes with his mallet four or five times, crying, "Order! order!" and the astonished spectator goes out into the fresh air feeling that he has escaped from pandemonium. What does it all mean? I will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple cut themselves to pieces, and yell, and gyrate This vociferation and gyration of the Stock Exchange is all-appropriate. This is the worship of the golden calf.

But my text suggests that *this worship has got*

TO BE BROKEN UP,

as the behavior of Moses on this occasion indicated. There are those who say that this golden calf, spoken of in the text, was hollow, and merely plated with gold; otherwise, Moses could not have carried it. I do not know that; but somehow, perhaps by the assistance of his friends, he takes up this golden calf, which is an infernal insult to God and man, and throws it into the fire, and it is melted; and then it comes out and is cooled off, and by some chemical appliance, or by an old-fashioned file, it is pulverized, and it is thrown into the brook, and, as a punishment, the people are compelled to drink the nauseating stuff.

So, my hearers, you may depend upon it that God will burn and He will grind to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry, and He will compel the people in their agony to drink it. If not before, it will be so on the last day. I know not where the fire will begin, whether at the "Battery" or Central Park, whether at Fulton or at Bushwick, whether at Shoreditch or West End; but it will be

* As Dr. Talmage did not preach in the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday, we publish this week this sermon by him, which has not before appeared in the Christian Herald.—Ed.

A VERY HOT BLAZE.

All the government securities of the United States and Great Britain will curl up in the first blast. All the money-safes and depositing-vaults will melt under the first touch. The sea will burn like tinder, and the shipping will be abandoned forever. The melting gold in the broker's window will burst through the melted window-glass into the street; but the flying population will not stop to scoop it up. The cry of "Fire!" from the mountain will be answered by the cry of "Fire!" in the plain. The conflagration will burn out from the continent toward the sea, and then burn in from the sea toward the land.

New York and London, with one cut of the red scythe of destruction, will go down. Twenty-five thousand miles of conflagration! The earth will wrap itself round and round in shroud of flame, and lie down to perish. What then will become of your golden calf? Who then so poor as to worship it? Melted, or between the upper and the nether millstone of falling mountains ground to powder. Dagon down; Moloch down; Juggernaut down; golden calf down!

But, my friends, every day is a day of judgment, and God is all the time

GRINDING TO PIECES

the golden calf. Merchants of New York and Brooklyn, what is the characteristic of this time in which we live? "Bad," you say. Professional men, what is the characteristic of the times in which we live? "Bad," you say. Though I should be in a minority of one, I venture the opinion that these are the best times we have had in fifteen years, for the reason that God is teaching this nation, as never before, that old-fashioned honesty is the only thing that will stand.

A few years ago, in the panic, we learned, as never before, that forgeries will not pay; that the watering of stock will not pay; that the spending of $50,000 on country seats and a palatial city residence, when there are only $30,000 income, will not pay; that the appropriation of trust funds to our own private speculation will not pay. We had a great national tumor, in the shape of fictitious prosperity. We called it national enlargement; instead of calling it enlargement, we might better have called it a swelling.

IT WAS A TUMOR,

and God cut it out; and the nation was sent back to the principles of our fathers and grandfathers, when twice three made six instead of sixty, and when the apples at the bottom of the barrel were just as good as the apples on the top of the barrel, and a silk handkerchief was not half cotton, and a man who wore a five-dollar coat paid for was more honored than a man who wore a fifty-dollar coat not paid for.

The modern golden calf, like the one of the text, is very apt to be *made out of borrowed gold*. These Israelites of the text borrowed the ear-rings of the Egyptians, and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays. A great many housekeepers, not paying for the articles they get, borrow of the grocer and the baker and the butcher and the dry-goods seller. Then the retailer borrows of the wholesale dealer. Then the wholesale dealer borrows of the capitalist; and we borrow, and borrow, and borrow, until the community is divided into two classes—those who borrow and those who are borrowed of; and after a while the capitalist wants his money and he rushes upon the wholesale dealer, and the wholesale dealer wants his money and he rushes upon the retailer, and the retailer wants his money and he rushes on the consumer, and we

ALL GO DOWN TOGETHER.

There is many a man in this day who rides in a carriage and owes the blacksmith for the tire, and the wheelwright for the wheel, and the trimmer for the curtain, and the driver for unpaid wages, and the harness-maker for the bridle, and the furrier for the robe, while from the tip of the carriage-tongue clear back to the tip of the camel's-hair shawl fluttering out of the back of the vehicle, everything is paid for by notes that have been three times renewed. I tell you, my friends, that in this country we shall never get things right until we stop borrowing and pay as we go. It is this temptation to borrow, and borrow, and borrow that keeps the people everlastingly praying to the golden calf for help, and just at the minute they expect the help the golden calf treads on them.

The judgments of God, like Moses in the text, will rush in and break up this worship; and I say, let the work go on until every man shall learn to speak truth with his neighbor, and those who make engagements shall feel themselves bound to keep them, and when a man who will not repent of his business iniquity, but goes on wishing to satiate his cannibal appetite by devouring widows' houses, shall, by the law of the land, be compelled to exchange the brown-stone front on Madison Avenue or Beacon Hill for the Penitentiary. Let the golden calf perish!

But, my friends, if we have made this world our god, when we come to die we shall see

OUR IDOL DEMOLISHED.

How much of this world are you going to take with you into the next? Will you have two pockets—one in each side of your shroud? Will you cushion your casket with bonds and mortgages and certificates of stock? Ah! no. The ferry-boat that crosses this Jordan takes no baggage—nothing heavier than an immaterial spirit. You may, perhaps, take five hundred dollars with you two or three miles, in the shape of funeral trappings, to Greenwood Cemetery, but you will have to leave them there. It would not be safe for you to lie down there with a gold watch or a diamond ring; it would be a temptation to the pillagers.

Ah! if we have made this world our god, we shall see our idol, when we die, ground to pieces by our pillow, and we shall have to drink it in bitter regrets for the wasted opportunities of a lifetime. Soon we will be gone. Where are the veterans who on the Fourth of July, 1794, marched from New York Park to the "Battery" and fired a salute, and then marched back again? and the Society of the Cincinnati, who dined that afternoon at Tontine Coffee House on Wall Street? and Grant Thorburn, who that afternoon waited fifteen minutes at the foot of Maiden Lane for the Brooklyn ferry-boat, then got in, and was rowed across by two men, with oars, the tide so strong that it was an hour and ten minutes before they landed?

Where are the veterans that fired the salute, and the men of the Cincinnati Society who that afternoon drank to the patriotic toast? and the oarsmen that rowed the boat? and the people who were transported? Gone! Oh, this is a fleeting world; it is a dying world. A man who had worshipped it all his days, in his dying moment described himself when he said, "Fool! fool! fool!"

I want you to

CHANGE TEMPLES,

and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never crumble. Here are securities that will never fail. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice that does for all, for "by one sacrifice hath Christ perfected forever them that are sanctified." Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die. For He has said: "When thou passest through the waters, *I will be with thee;* and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned: neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

When your parents have breathed their last, and the old, wrinkled, and trembling hands can no more be put upon your head for a blessing, He will be to you father and mother both, giving you the defence of the one and the comfort of the other. For have we not Paul's blessed hope that as Jesus died and rose again, "Even so them also which sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him."

REUNION.

And when your children go away from you, the sweet darlings, you will not kiss them and say good-by forever. He only wants to hold them for you a little while. He will give them back to you again, and He will have them all waiting for you at the gates of eternal welcome. And He shall say, "Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I have clothed thee with change of raiment; even the spotless righteousness of my only begotten Son." Oh,

WHAT A GOD HE IS!

He will allow you to come so close this morning that you can put your arms around His neck, while He in response will put His arms around your neck, and all the windows of heaven will be hoisted to let the redeemed look out and see the spectacle of a rejoicing Father and a returned prodigal locked in that glorious embrace.

Quit worshipping the golden calf, and bow this day before Him in whose presence we must all appear when the world has turned to ashes, and

> When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
> The flaming heavens together roll,
> When louder yet, and yet more dread,
> Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

The Steady Growth of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Italy, and especially in Rome, is chronicled by a newspaper correspondent who says: "The Count Enrico di Campello, who left the Roman Communion two years ago, and placed himself under the direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, has been for some time assisting the Rev. Dr. Nevin, of the American Episcopal Church in Rome. His work has increased so rapidly that a room has been fitted up as the Chapel of San Paolo, in which services are held on every Sunday and holy day. The chapel is also open every night in the week for Christian instruction. Count Campello does not waste his time in denouncing Romanism, as so many others in a like position have done, but aims simply to be the teacher of all who for any reason cannot find in Romanism their religious home. He has visited England, and has been treated with great consideration by the dignitaries of the Anglican Communion. Monsignor Savurese, Doctor of Civil and Canon Law, until recently the Pope's domestic prelate, has just withdrawn from the Roman Communion, and has been received into the Episcopal Church by Dr. Nevin in St. Paul's Church.

The Funeral of a Congo Missionary is Referred to by a colleague in a very touching letter written from Manyanga. He says: "I reached Manyanga on October 16th, to find, to my sorrow, that my dear colleague, Mr. Butcher, had passed away on the previous evening to join Hartland and Doke, whom he had nursed so tenderly and loved so fondly. Mr. Malloney met me on the beach, and it was arranged that we should bury Mr. Butcher that afternoon at four o'clock. On my way up I saw his grave made ready, situated about one hundred and fifty yards from the beach. When I reached the house I took a long look at the body of my colleague, cold and still, and could not but feel bitterly grieved that I had arrived too late for a word to pass between us. At the appointed hour we buried him, amid tears and sorrow, and there he lies in his grave by the waters of the Congo, awaiting the resurrection of the just. There were present three gentlemen connected with the International Belgian Expedition, four or five native chiefs, with many of their subjects, some ten of his schoolboys, and twenty or thirty other native boys, the grand fact of his coming to this far-off land and dying here, in his efforts for Christ and the benefit of the people, being a touching sermon to the natives assembled round his grave; and it was evident to us all how greatly he was mourned."

THE CLOSING SCENES OF THE DISPENSATIONS.*

By J. Alexis Edgren, D.D.

Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, Morgan Park, Ill.

A Uniform Decadence in the Church—Accompanying Development of Evil in the World—Uniform Warnings—The Great Periods Comparatively Short—Recurrence of the Two Thousand Year Period—The Effect of Expecting the Second Advent—An Incentive to Labor—A Source of Consolation—Objections Answered.

It is remarkable that humanity under all dispensations of God finally relapses into a state which calls for judgment. So powerful is sin, when aided by Satanic influence! After the fall and God's first gracious revelations to man, humanity so far relapsed that God must send the flood to sweep away nearly the whole race. After the further revelations to Noah, the preacher of righteousness, and the wonderful deliverance through the flood, man would not retain the knowledge of God, but sunk into idolatry, until it became necessary to choose one in whose seed the true knowledge of God might be retained, and of whom the promised Messiah should come. But even this chosen race lost itself in darkness and sin, until it crucified the Lord of glory and must be dispersed in all lands, after the fearful destruction of their capital.

Now Christianity begun to gain its wondrous victories, and the civilized world was filled with real or apparent Christians, until even the State Church system could be established. But how deeply did the majority of professed Christians degenerate! The Reformation sprung up, but how did the churches it left return into worldliness? A great struggle has since been waged against sin and corruption, and the Gospel is widely preached, but still there will, according to prophecy, be a decline even in the church itself, and

A CLIMACTIC DEVELOPMENT OF EVIL

in the unconverted world, until the Lord by grand personal intervention and judgment puts an end to it and introduces the millennium. And, alas! even the millennium itself will end in the gloom of rebellion and judgment. Thus we see that a sinking of humanity always precedes judgment, and judgment is followed by a higher plane of religious life.

Again, *special messages from heaven*, and opportunity for repentance precedes every great judgment. So it was before the flood, when Noah preached, so before the dispersion of the ten tribes, for God then sent a cluster of prophets, among whom were Amos and Hosea, who so emphatically warned Israel, and Isaiah, the evangelist of the Old Testament. So also before the Babylonish captivity, when Jeremiah and Ezekiel and others prophesied in Judah. So before the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans; for then Christ and the apostles by their preaching and works sought to save the Jewish people.

A CLOSING OPPORTUNITY.

So according to prophecy before the pre-millennial judgment, for it will be preceded by an extraordinary period of preaching the Gospel to all nations. This is in all probability the very period in which we live. How long it shall last we know not, but our opportunities are great. Happy he who makes good use of them. If the world in the time of Noah had one hundred and twenty years given it for repentance, perhaps as much, or far more may be given it now, a time of which we have not yet seen a hundred years. In twenty more, or in fifty how widely may the Gospel have been preached, how rich may be the harvest ingathered! And yet the fulfilment may be even nearer; or it may still require centuries. The Word of God furnishes no dates here. The final act of the final judgment will be preceded by the millennium, itself a blessed period of evangelizing work and of salvation on the earth.

We notice finally that

THE LENGTH OF THE GREAT PERIODS

of sacred history have been comparatively short. Not two thousand years from the fall to the flood; a little over two thousand years from the flood to the Roman destruction of Jerusalem; and from that time to the present almost two thousand years have elapsed. If we now remember the predictions of a sudden and unexpected return of the Lord, and how it is said that He will finish the work and cut it short in righteousness; because He will make a short work upon the earth (Rom. 9 : 28), and how the Apocalypse announces the speedy return of the Lord, until in its closing it contains these words: "He which testifieth these things saith, surely I come quickly." May it not be that in such utterances is pronounced the fact that the present period also will be comparatively short, somewhat like the others?

But then our æon is far advanced already, and who can tell how soon the evening shades may fall upon the world? The length of the millennium will perhaps be literally a thousand years. Then it also will be a comparatively short period, as others before it. Yet a thousand years may here symbolize a very long period, one to which all the former have been but a short introduction.

What ought now to be the *effect* of believing in Christ's pre-millennial coming? While the principle which shapes the course of the Christian is the new life he has received from God, aided by the Holy Spirit; yet, as he is not free from the remains of his old nature and the temptations of Satan, he needs often to remind himself of important truths, that he may be wise. He thus reminds himself of the certainty of death, and becomes wiser with regard to his own salvation, and with regard to his work for the salvation of others. But it is a fact that men generally expect to live long, and thus the thought of death does not very effectually prevent even the Christian from seeking worldly advantages for his own temporal enjoyment, in a way essentially selfish. Nay, even if he thinks he will soon die, he may be eager to amass wealth or rear some monument which shall call forth the admiration of after ages, thus seeking pre-eminently glory for his own name in the world, and confining largely his view within the limits of the present.

But could he firmly believe in the possible

NEARNESS OF THE COMING

of the Lord, he would more readily discover such selfishness in purpose and life, and have an additional powerful motive to live not unto himself, but wholly unto Him who may soon appear in glory. The wealthy would then far better use his wealth, the learned his talent, every one his gift as it might best honor God, and gain most for heaven. There would be little thought of extravagance, and show, and the pleasures and praises of the world, and much thought of moderation, and service, and devotion, and holiness, and faithfulness unto the end.

All this the Scriptures abundantly imply. Thus in the Gospels, the coming of Christ is made a motive to watchfulness (Matt. 24 : 42–44; 25 : 13); in the Acts to repentance (Acts 3 : 19-21); in the Epistles to every Christian virtue (I Cor. 1 : 4-8; Phil. 3 : 20, 21; 4 : 5; I Thess. 3 : 12, 13; 5 : 2-6; II Tim. 4 : 1, 2, 7, 8; Tit. 2 : 11–13; Heb. 10 : 36, 37; James 5 : 7–10; I Pet. 1 : 13; 4 : 7, 8, 13, and many other passages), and is it not the theme of the Apocalypse intended to incite to repentance, faith and hope? Evidently the looking for the Lord Jesus from heaven was

A POWERFUL MEANS

of a holy and devoted life in the apostolic age. And it continued to be so for some time after. It cheered the martyrs, who hoped for a share in the first resurrection, and it encouraged the Christians generally, who believed in the pre-millennial coming of Christ, until this belief was lost in the temporal prosperity of a worldly State Church, from the time of Constantine onward. The Paulicians, Waldenses, the Forerunners to the Reformation and the Reformers, though they did not hold the doctrine of the millennium after Christ's coming, yet believed in the near approach of the end of the world, and looked for the coming of the Lord. Luther thought once it might occur within twenty years.

After the Reformation many excellent Christians have held or still hold pre-millennial views, among whom have been or are many of the most active and efficient laborers for the Lord Jesus in the mission fields or in the home-churches of the various evangelical denominations, and also many of the most learned commentators. And the testimony of many of these is, that the pre-millennial view greatly aids them in earnestly living for God and seeking the salvation of souls. If this doctrine of Christ's pre-millennial coming sometimes has been misinterpreted and misapplied, that does not prove it false. Other Bible doctrines have been misinterpreted and misapplied as well.

As to missionary labor the commission to go and preach the Gospel to every creature is as binding as ever. The belief in Christ's pre-millennial coming certainly does not lessen this duty. But it presents additional motives earnestly to perform it. For, if the Saviour's coming may be at hand, we know not how soon

OUR TIME TO WORK

for souls may be very short. Then, if we have friends, still unconverted, how ought we to seek their salvation without delay? Again, since we live in the midst of a blessed time of ingathering, perhaps the last before the coming of the Lord, how ought we to work while opportunity is afforded us? How ought the churches of God to use their means and their talents, knowing that the time for all this is short? If we are not faithful, God will call others who shall be, for the fulness of the Gentiles must be gathered in before the end can come. The belief in Christ's pre-millennial coming ought therefore to produce greater personal holiness and more earnest efforts for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

It ought also to be

A SOURCE OF CONSOLATION

to the suffering children of God. Suffering need not disappoint them, since the present age must be marked by it until the very last. But in the midst of suffering they may hear the trumpet blast which shall call the righteous dead to life and the living to translation into heavenly glory. At all events, as soon as Christ comes they shall receive their resurrection bodies, and thus enter fully their eternal activity and blessedness, so that the coming of Christ ought to be an event full of blessed hope not only for the living here, but even for the spirits of the just in Paradise.

Again, *it ought to be a warning* not to become worldly-minded, seeing that prophecy foretells great worldliness and perilous times in the last days. It ought also to be a powerful means of awakening to the unconverted; for as we believe so we testify and preach, and certainly the impending judgment faithfully proclaimed ought to arouse the impenitent to an earnest seeking after God.

It is often alleged that the belief in Christ's pre-millennial coming must paralyze all missionary efforts. On the contrary, since this belief furnishes additional

MOTIVES TO MISSIONARY EFFORT

both at home and abroad, it must and actually does, as we have seen, stimulate to more earnest work for the salvation of souls. Again, that it is cruel in God to hasten a judgment in which a great part of humanity must perish. But is it not then rather cruel to allow, as hitherto, generation after generation to pass, mostly by far, unconverted to eternal ruin? Here we are rather ready to exclaim: O Lord, how long? But God has a great number of elect who must be gathered in, ere He sweep away by His pre-millennial judgment the most unrepentant of the last generation of the present æon—and who shall say that God is erring in His providence, or that such a judgment is unjust or cruel? Is

* From his new work, "Epiphaneia," published by F. H. Revell, Chicago, pp. 105, price, 75 cents.

it more so than the flood? "Who art thou that repliest against God?"

Another objection is, that according to the pre-millennial view the Gospel is a failure, since the present age must end in apostasy and judgment and be followed by a higher dispensation. Then of course the antediluvian dispensation was a failure; the Mosaic dispensation, too, was a failure; yea, and the millennium itself will be a failure, for even that most glorious exhibition of the power of the Gospel in the world will not prevent the outbreak of an apostasy on a gigantic scale, calling for the absolute final judgment. *Reductio ad absurdum!* Not God's wisdom, seen in His dispensations; but man's folly, seen in his apostasies, is the failure. Yet, notwithstanding man's deep fall, God will through His appointed means, grounded in the vicarious life and suffering of Christ, save out of the world a great number for His glory and their eternal blessedness. This accomplished, and the end of the dispensations in this present world will have come.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Converted through a Lady's Tears.—Mr. Mabon said at a recent meeting: "Some ladies in Glasgow have consecrated themselves to labor among the fallen in that place. One big, powerful man, who was as far down as Satan could drag him, caused much trouble to all connected with him. One of these devoted ladies went after him to his home. After some conversation, she knelt down and prayed for him with the tears streaming down her cheeks. Then she sang the hymn, 'Take me as I am.' He was much agitated when the hymn was finished, and after some further conversation he took Jesus as his Saviour. A few weeks ago he sat down at the Lord's Table for the first time. What touched this man was, not the speaking, nor the praying, nor the singing, but *the tears*. The sight of that cultured lady weeping for him was too strong an argument for him to resist."

Deciding Upon a Minister.—"A Highlander had occasion to visit a market to dispose of some cattle. He lived with a Christian man who held closely to the old Cameronian doctrines, and every Sabbath walked nine miles to and from a Cameronian meeting-house. On the Saturday night his guest inquired, 'Where do you worship on Sabbaths?' 'At —— nine miles off.' 'I don't feel inclined to walk nine miles to church. Is there no place nearer?' 'Yes, there is such a place and such another place.' 'Which is the best?' 'They are both good.' 'You speak as though there was a difference, what is it? I want to go where I will get a blessing.' 'Well, I will tell you in confidence.' 'Do so.' 'The one speaks in such a way that you lose sight of himself and everything else but Christ his Master. The other puts himself so much to the front that you forget Jesus and think only of the preacher.' 'The first is the man for me, I want a spiritual blessing.'"

"Nearly in Hell!"—**The Rev. Mr. Wilson**, speaking of a recent service, said: "I was much interested in one man in the audience, who held quite aloof from the people. But there was a play of intellectual light about his face that drew me to him. While the hymn, 'Take me as I am,' was being sung, it was easy to see his soul was stirred within him; and when I asked those who wanted to be prayed for to stand up, he was among the first to do so. I afterward stepped down to where he was, and asked him to go aside with me. He said he would gladly go anywhere. Without asking, he told me his history. It was so horrible that the relation of it nearly broke my heart. He summed it all up by saying, 'It is a wonder that during the last three years my wife and myself have not stepped into hell for what we have done.' I asked, 'Do you want the Lord?' and he eagerly said, 'Yes.' I invited him to kneel down with me, to ask the Lord for mercy. I have heard many prayers—many marvellous prayers—but I do not think I have ever heard a more thrilling prayer than that man offered; and I believe before we parted, the poor fellow, as he said, 'saw it'—that he yielded himself to Christ. I asked him for his address, saying, I did not live in Edinburgh, and I would like to communicate it to some one who would take an interest in him. He gave it, and then he asked for mine, saying, 'Mind, I am giving myself to Christ to-night, and I want to let you know how He is keeping me.' He subsequently said, 'I want to get home to tell my wife.' That was to me an evidence of reality, and I left the meeting saying to myself, 'Thank God for this meeting to-night!'"

A Reclaimed Drunkard Says: "Eighteen months ago there was not a bigger drunkard anywhere than myself. I spent half of my wages in drink every week, and though I joined many societies when trying to abstain, I never kept sober longer than a week till I joined the Blue Ribbon in Grove Street Hall. I kept sober for three weeks in my own strength, but felt myself giving way. When I heard Mr. Larkins, a converted publican or brewer from Burton-on-Trent, give his testimony, I said to myself, 'If God can save *that* man, He can save *me*.' I went home much grieved on account of my sins that night, and in my own room prayed for the first time. Shortly afterward I felt the burden of sin roll off my soul, and I realized the salvation of Christ. At present I am in the employment of a gentleman whose sons own nine public-houses. He does not like his men to get so drunk that they cannot stand, but he does like them to take as much as they can bear. I want to add that when I left it to God to save me, the desire for drink fell from me without any trouble."

What Puzzled the Infidel.—"The Rev. Dr. Hanna, of Edinburgh, when visiting, came upon a man lying ill. The doctor spent some time with the man, and found that he was a sceptic. After speaking and acting very kindly, the doctor prepared to leave, when the man said, 'It's very uncivil in me, after your kindness, to send you away without prayer; you had better engage in it. It won't hurt me!' Gladly complying with the rather ungracious request, the visitor knelt and poured his heart out before God. When he rose, the sick man said, 'You'll come back to-morrow; it's so wearisome lying here alone.' The next day, when the visitor called, the sceptic said, 'Do you believe in the Bible?' 'Yes.' 'In heaven and hell?' 'Yes.' 'Then it puzzles me why you ministers and Christians don't do more than you do for the conversion of others.' I need not say that I sympathize with the idea of that poor sceptic; it is a wonder to me that men and women who profess to have received Christ into their hearts can sit down and look quietly on while their fellows are rushing down to hell. I am glad to say that Dr. Hanna was able to lead the man to the Saviour of sinners."

A Tippling Beggar Converted.—**Another** man said: "I have spent thirty years of my life in pursuit of the pleasures of the world. I have travelled in many foreign countries, where I saw beautiful scenes which should have drawn my heart to the great Creator of them, but they did not, for it requires sympathy to reach the heart of men, and there is no such thing in the material creation. I found the most degrading vices rioting in the loveliest spots I visited. Wearied with my fruitless search of new pleasures, I went to a lower depth instead of rising to a higher altitude, and made the public house the place where I sought happiness. I thought that the lewd songs, ribaldry, and other unnameable sins constituted pleasure, but they were not. I became a confirmed drunkard, and ready to do anything for strong drink. I sank into such an impoverished condition that, to procure the fluid poison, *I turned a beggar*. In rags, and destitute, I went one night to an evangelistic meeting, where I heard of the peace of God which passeth all understanding. I returned to the house which should have been my home, and falling on my knees, prayed for a personal assurance from God. Suddenly Christ revealed Himself to me as my precious Saviour, and I sprang to my feet as though shot through the heart—the joy was so great. I thank God daily for keeping me in His grace, and go on trusting Him with all my heart."

PROPHETIC NOTES.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

THERE is an explicit prediction in Revelation 16 that the evil spirits of Spiritualism are at the present time to go forth to the *kings of the earth*. A Vienna correspondent says: "Spiritualism has latterly found many believers here, not only among the more ignorant classes, but also in high aristocratic circles, one of its most prominent supporters having been Baron Hellenbach, who, for some time past, has been glorifying Bastian through pamphlets and other means. It was after reading one of Baron Hellenbach's pamphlets that the Archduke John requested the author to invite Bastian, a noted Spiritualist, to come to Vienna—he was then staying in London — and give some spiritualist *séances*. Bastian came, and about the end of last month two *séances* were held in the Archduke John's palace, when the usual tricks of the Spiritualist fraternity were successfully carried out, the performer being allowed every latitude and permitted to carry out his programme of exhibiting 'spirits' and so forth in a perfectly dark room." [His detection and exposure have already been recorded in these columns.]

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SOCIALISM.

We see the tendency everywhere of the present day is toward communism and anarchy. The secret societies (established for socialistic ends) are permeating and "honey-combing" society with such ever-increasing activity and audacity, as to prepare the way for the predicted *political* great earthquake, of the 7th Vial. Even at present those societies constitute a distinct fulfilment of one of the prophecies of our Saviour, which He uttered as preceding, and as being a sign of, His Second Advent. They are the standing cause of that "perplexity of nations," which, with other "signs of the times," we see prevailing at the present day.

The fact is that the prince of this world has run through his programme with courts and cabinets for the government of the nations; and his *last* resource to carry on his policy will be the disastrous one of the lodgment of the sovereign power in the hands of an infidel-communistic international alliance.

RISE OF THE PERSONAL ANTICHRIST.

From this state of things the personal Antichrist will ascend from a sea of agitation and commotion, to whom Satan will give his throne, his might, and vast importance; and whom the Lord will destroy by the "breath of His mouth" and the "brightness of His (Second) Coming." The arm of Satan, in the manifestation of this Man of Sin (knowing he hath but a "short time"), will be the complete annihilation of the human race. That Antichrist will be a Napoleon, and first a King of Syria, and will make a seven years' covenant with the Jews.

The Second Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ will, therefore, be pre-eminently in "due season"—at the proper crisis: when the "transgressors" shall have "come to the full," when the "mystery of iniquity" shall have run its length, and is about to explode by a "spontaneous combustion" to the desolation of the whole earth, and the destruction of the very elect; when the policies of Satan for the peaceable government of the nations *in sin* shall have been entirely exhausted, then the

DRAGON, ANTICHRIST, AND FALSE PROPHET

will ravage the earth with such violence that unless those days should be shortened no flesh (no human being) should survive them; but, for the elect's sake (always mindful of His own is Christ) those days "*shall* be cut short." The period of six thousand years, during which the devil has attempted to devise the constitution of an everlasting kingdom of evil on earth, will close amid the evidences of his utter failure.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Ways and Means Committee Agreed, by a strict party vote last week, to report favorably Mr. Morrison's Revised Tariff bill to the House. Many changes have been made in it since its first introduction, and it has lost much of the simplicity of its character. The result will inevitably lead to delay, as every clause may be debated separately. The changes made in the rates of duty are throughout to lessen the reduction originally proposed. As we predicted at the time Mr. Morrison's measure was first published, his proposal to reduce the duties on cotton goods proved a favorite point of attack, and he has consented to make the reduction only fifteen per cent, providing none of the articles, when the duty is reduced, pay a higher rate than forty per cent ad valorem. On woollen goods the reduction will also be fifteen per cent with sixty per cent as the highest limit. In placing coal on the free list an exception is made that coal from Canada shall continue to pay duty until the Canadian Government repeals the duty on coal from the United States. Other changes will probably be made in the passage of the bill through the House. It will be a critical debate, and members on both sides will find it difficult to "sit on the fence." The indications increase that one way or the other the Presidential election will largely turn on this question.

An Important Decision was Pronounced Last week by the United States Supreme Court on the legal tender quality of the Greenbacks. It is now fourteen years since the court decided, three of the eight judges dissenting, that Congress had no constitutional power to issue the legal-tender notes. The following year the court reversed its own decision, four of the nine judges dissenting. That decision regarded the legal-tender acts as justified by the exigencies of the times in which they were passed, thus implying that in ordinary circumstances Congress has no power to issue the notes. A test case was brought, and last week the court confirmed its second decision, one of the nine judges dissenting. The decision advances on that of 1871; it upholds the constitutionality of the act and decides that either in time of war or peace, whether there is or is not a public exigency, Congress has the power to issue legal-tender notes without limit. The decision excites no little apprehension in business circles, lest at some future time Congress, carried away by inflation ideas, should issue an inconvertible currency.

A Protest against the Continuance of the coinage of the silver dollar has been made simultaneously by the merchants of New York and Boston, and forwarded to the representatives in Congress of both States. It is intended to have a meeting of representatives of the commercial bodies of all the large cities in the country in Washington in order to impress upon Congress the sentiment of the business men relative to the silver question. Memorials to Congress, asking that the silver coinage be suspended for two years, have been printed by order of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and are being extensively signed by the merchants of the city.

An Amendment is to be Offered to the Bill Introduced by Mr. Dorsheimer granting copyright in this country to foreign authors who reside in a country the government of which gives copyright to American authors. When the bill comes up again in the House of Representatives an amendment will be offered providing that all publications entered for copyrighting in the United States under the act shall be printed and manufactured in this country. The amendment will be put in by a Democratic member, and is the production of a number of representatives of a Philadelphia Typographical Union, who have been urging upon Congressmen the necessity of its passage. The publishers generally appear to be indifferent as to the amendment, believing that self-interest will prompt the English author to avoid paying duty by having his books reprinted here instead of trying to sell his English edition.

The Repeal of the Law Limiting the Tenure of office in the civil service to four years has, it appears, the unanimous support of the House Committee on that department. Such a repeal would be consistent with the principles of the Pendleton act, the essence of which is that a position in the government offices shall not be a political reward, but a business arrangement. It implies that the best claim a candidate can have for office is, not a service rendered to a local boss, but efficiency in performing the duties required of a clerk or other official. The logical conclusion, therefore, is that an efficient servant shall be retained until he gives cause for removal. If the civil service act continues to work satisfactorily, and the public find that it tends to purity and efficiency, the repeal of the act limiting tenure to four years will be demanded; but with a Presidential election in the near future, it is not likely that it will be passed by this Congress.

Mr. Thomas L. James Gave to the Springer Committee last week a detailed statement respecting the Star Route trials which excited, in a remarkable degree, public interest. For several months past certain journals and prominent public men have been industriously laboring to show that President Garfield was led reluctantly into the investigation, and was so hampered by his private and personal relations with the accused men that he was anxious to the last to draw back, and dreaded the results for himself and his friends. Mr. James, who is the one living man most likely to know the facts, asserts that in reply to the representations made to the President with the view of inducing him to keep the scandal covered up, his uniform answer was: "No; I have sworn to execute the laws. Go ahead, regardless of where or whom you hit. I direct you not only to probe this ulcer to the bottom, but to cut it out." The public knows the result. The prosecution failed, but it is gratifying to know, as we now do, that the responsibility for the failure did not rest with President Garfield. The suggestion frequently made lately that Mr. Blaine successfully diverted inquiry from other channels in which awkwa discoveries might have been made, does not r ceive from Mr. James confirmation or denial.

Three Witnesses Testified in the Keife Boynton case last week that they had seen t ex-Speaker in friendly conversation with Gene Boynton at a time subsequent to the day which Mr. Keifer states the correspondent ma the corrupt proposal to him. This is importar because Mr. Keifer represented that he was shocked by General Boynton's proposal that cut his acquaintance. Mr. Dunnell, of Minn sota, also directly contradicted another of t ex-Speaker's statements. Whatever may be t report of the committee the public is not much doubt as to the merits of the affair.

A New Political Party may be the Outcor of a conference to be held in New York in M next. The Massachusetts Reform Club, whi is composed of members of both the Republic and Democratic parties, has issued the call f the conference. It invites men of all Stat who earnestly desire civil service reform, the r duction of the rates of revenue, and the cess tion of silver coinage, whether they belong one party or the other, or to no party, to se delegates to the conference, with authority, if should be thought desirable, to nominate can dates for the Presidency and Vice-Presiden This movement is an extension outside of Co gress of the movement said to be going on i side, having for its object an alliance betwe Mr. Randall and his friends on the one pa and the Republicans on the other. It may hoped that Congressmen will appreciate it.

An Independent Prohibition Ticket has be put in the field in Connecticut. A State co vention held in Hartford on March 4th nor nated governor, lieutenant-governor, secreta of State and other officers, and passed reso tions demanding that the manufacture and s of intoxicating liquors be prohibited by law a by constitutional amendment; denouncing t dominant political parties for their subservien to saloon interests, as exhibited in the repeali of prohibitory laws and the enacting of licer laws, and in the refusal to submit the consti tional amendment to the people; also, inviti all members of either political party who belie in prohibition to abandon their parties and un with the Prohibition party.

The Enforcement of the New Prohibitc law in Iowa will be carefully watched and aic by the temperance workers. Mrs. Flore Miller, secretary of the Iowa Women's Christ Temperance Union, says that while that org ization will not resort to the method of the c sade to enforce the new prohibitory law, th will be an active continuous effort to kee vital. The union has the machinery ready, while the members will not be informers the selves, they will assist and encourage other t perance organizations to enforce the law. M Miller says the ladies of the union will see t that ample funds shall be provided to rer nerate attorneys for their services. Her opin is that the law will be well enforced in the ir rior and even in Des Moines. Regarding river cities the union will endeavor to stimul public sentiment, and if without avail they ask the next Legislature for a State constabul

The Captain of the City of Columbus is H responsible for the Gay Head disaster by United States Inspectors. They report to Inspector-General that there was no special p on duty when the ship struck; that Captair E. Wright was the only legal pilot on duty at time of the disaster and for the two hours mediately preceding, and that for at least hour before she struck he was not at the p of duty of the pilot, attending to the ac duties. In conclusion they say: "For illeg delegating the performance of the duties of p to those unauthorized, and for inattention to duties as pilot, his license as master and pilc hereby revoked." The decision was evide reached with reluctance, the inspectors test ing in high terms to the captain's previous ciency and good conduct.

A Gift of $2500 was Declined on Principle by the trustees of the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia last week. It was tendered by the managers of "*a charity ball*" recently held. The trustees say in their letter declining the gift: "It is our conviction that it would be inconsistent in us to accept means for the support of the work which the church has given us to do, in its name, and under its direction, which the church itself could not accept—which you would neither ask nor expect the church to accept." Churches who are so anxious to raise money that they hold fairs, at which there are lotteries and other objectionable means employed to increase the receipts, may profitably consider the example of consistency set by these hospital trustees.

Mr. Philip Phillips, the Singing Pilgrim, has been called to undergo a mournful bereavement. His son James, whose serious illness was mentioned recently, is dead. Mr. Phillips, writing to a friend on the subject, says: "His sickness and death were so full of hope and triumph that we feel it is almost wicked to mourn. But you can understand how much we miss him. He was not only a dutiful son, but my constant companion and helper in my daily work. Among his many expressions were the following: 'Keep on singing, father; I'll be with you in spirit, and we'll be on time to sing together again in glory.' 'I have seen all I care to in this world, and now would come the struggles of life; I shall escape them all, and go to explore the heavenly world.' 'Tis glorious to die with Christ.' 'Tell everybody I die a Christian.'"

A Successful Series of Revival Services have been recently held at Rossville, Ill., by Rev. George K. Little, of York, Pa. Meetings were held for twenty-three days consecutively in which Mr. Little was assisted by Rev. Job Ingram, the pastor of the M. E. Church. More than ninety additions were made to the Church as the result of the mission, and the quickened spiritual vitality of the Church still continues and increases.

The Rev. John S. Inskip Died at his Residence at Ocean Grove on Friday last. Since his relapse, recently mentioned in these columns, he has been gradually sinking, and though his spiritual strength has been marvellously supported by divine grace, his bodily powers have slowly failed. He was sixty-eight years of age, having been born at Huntingdon, England, in 1816. He came to this country with his parents when five years of age. He received his license to preach in 1835, at the age of nineteen, and has been in active service, preaching and writing, ever since. He held charges successively in New York City, Philadelphia, and Wilmington, Del. Of late years his energies have been devoted to revival services in various parts of the country, to the advocacy of Holiness doctrines, and to editorial work on his journal, the *Christian Standard*. In 1880 he made a revival tour around the world.

An Earnest Appeal to Medical Students to refrain from prescribing alcoholic drinks, was made by Mr. John B. Gough on Sunday, February 24th, in New York. In the course of his address to the medical students, Mr. Gough said: "To save the life of the body is noble, but to save the soul is nobler. 'I cannot drink one glass,' said a man to me, 'without getting drunk.' 'Then why drink?' 'Oh, I cannot refuse to drink, because it is customary for gentlemen to drink.' Said another, 'I hate drunkenness.' 'Well, then, why not abstain?' 'Because I think teetotalism is cowardly.' How easy to find excuses! Every time a young man falls he gets up weaker than before. Drink has caused the ruin of lawyers, doctors, and ministers. I knew a clergyman, an able man. I knew him well and have sat at his table. He is now a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston. When Moody was in Boston, some brothers went to see this man, and asked him how he had fallen so low. He answered that he was sick and applied to a doctor who gave him alcohol, and from that time the thirst for liquor grew upon him. 'The doctor,' he said, 'saved my body, but damned my soul.' It is a grand thing to save human life. It is a beautiful thing to see a physician with politeness and tenderness ministering to the needs of the sick; but grander than all it is to be instrumental in saving human souls. The physician has opportunities for that, and it is his duty to take advantage of them. To man the life-boat and save the perishing from wrecked vessels is a deed that deservedly wins the applause of men. To man the life-boat and save wrecked souls will win the plaudits of white-robed angels and the approval of the Almighty."

The Revival Services in St. Louis, Mo., Conducted by the Rev. Thomas Harrison are producing fruit as in other cities visited by the same evangelist. God is blessing his labors in a very marked manner. As in other cities, the secular press ridicules the appearance and "antics" of the preacher, but newspapers professing to be religious ought not to join in the jokes or repeat them. The fact is clearly established that already in St. Louis five hundred persons have made a public profession of faith, ascribing their conversion to the blessing of God on Mr. Harrison's meetings. Some of these persons were regarded as among the most unlikely in the city to become Christians.

A Religious Revival is in Progress at Princeton College, N. J. It commenced with the Week of Prayer, and thirty of the students have professed conversion. The work still continues, and is extending into the region around Princeton, where students from the seminary and college have been holding meetings for prayer and exhortation.

Another Instance of Answer to Prayer for colleges is reported from Indiana. A letter received from Hanover College, in that State, says: "Dating from the 'Day of Prayer for Colleges,' Hanover College has been enjoying a gracious visitation of the Holy Spirit. The meetings have been held under the direction of the College Young Men's Christian Association, and have been for the most part in their recently dedicated chapel. Already more than twenty of the students have presented themselves for admission into the Presbyterian Church here, and still the work of grace continues."

Help will be Needed for the Christian churches of Ohio and the flooded districts. Many churches have been completely destroyed by the floods and many more seriously damaged. The members of the churches have been much impoverished by the same calamity, and will not be able to contribute as they otherwise would to rebuild and repair their houses of worship. This is a case in which the Christian churches of other States may show a right spirit in extending a helping hand. A fund will probably be soon commenced for the purpose.

A Grand Centennial Celebration of the Baptist churches of Georgia is to be held in October next, for which preparations are already in progress. It is proposed to signalize the occasion by endowing Mercer University, of Macon, the principal Baptist institution of learning in the State, with $100,000. The institution is named after Jesse Mercer, one of the most eminent of the early Baptists in the South. The university originated in an offer made by a gentleman named Penfield to give the association $2500 for the establishment of a denominational school on condition that the association subscribed as much more. With this $5000 Mercer Institute was organized in 1833. A farm had been offered for the site of the institution in Greene County. A committee was appointed to select the site for the proposed building. They found the lot to be primeval woods. Seeking the shade of a large oak tree, they selected it, and, with uncovered heads, knelt in prayer. Jesse Mercer gave at different times sums amounting to $70,000 to the institution. Professor I. O. McDaniel, the father of the present Governor of Georgia, Henry D. McDaniel, was a member of the original faculty, and is still living. The governor is an Alumnus of the college.

THE ROCKY FORTRESS AND ITS INHABITANT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil; he shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure."—ISAIAH 33: 15, 16.

The Assyrians Ravaging the Land—The Safety of Jerusalem Guaranteed—Dismay of Sinners and Hypocrites—The Coming Testing Time—Those who are Safe—I. Their Character—They have Humble Faith in God—A Praying and a Waiting People—Their Feet—Their Tongue Their Heart—Their Hands—Not Soiled with Bribes—The Ears—Closed against Evil Conversation—The Eyes—An Old Classic Story—II. Their Security—Every Danger Provided for—III. Their Felicity—Seek it not by Hypocrisy—Nor by Self-Righteousness—By Faith — The Royal Standard.

THERE were terrible times in Jerusalem in the days of Hezekiah. The Assyrian power was exceedingly formidable, and it was ferocious to the last degree. Woe to the unhappy land which fell under the power of this spoiler. Assyria knew not the meaning of "mercy;" it came down "like a wolf on the fold," rending and devouring without pity. The armies of Sennacherib were ravaging the kingdom of Judah, and they had brought it into such a state that the prophet cried, "The earth mourneth and languisheth; Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down; Sharon is like a wilderness; and Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits." Before the invaders the land was a garden, and behind them it was a desolate wilderness. Yet the Lord had given a promise to His people in Jerusalem on this wise: "Therefore thus saith the Lord concerning the king of Assyria, He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shields, nor cast a bank against it. By the way that he came, by the same shall he return, and shall not come into this city, saith the Lord."

There were godly men in the city, I fear they were not many, who rested content with the sure promise of God, and went about their daily business feeling perfectly safe. They would have felt secure if the whole land had swarmed with Assyrians as the fields with locusts, for they believed the word of the Lord. Their trust was in the living God, and therefore they feared not the multitude of the enemy. But the whole of the inhabitants of Jerusalem were not of this brave order; the unholy were afraid, fearfulness surprised the hypocrites. Their sin and their deceit made cowards of them. They would all be destroyed, they would all perish by the Assyrians! Who was to save them? What power could resist the conqueror of nations? Where were the gods of Hamath and Arphad? The people of those cities had trusted in their gods, and yet none of them had been delivered out of the hand of the invader; how could Jehovah turn back the fierce tyrant now that he had come upon the land like a flood?

THE SINNERS AND THE HYPOCRITES in the time of trial were discovered; the sinners showed their fear, and the hypocrites manifested their unbelief. They began to flee before they were pursued; they trembled though no foeman could be seen from the walls. God in vengeance was come near to the city, the land smoked with all-consuming fire, the flame of the Lord's indignation burned perpetually—how could these men hope to live in such times? As well hope to live amid devouring fires and everlasting burnings. Alas! there are many who dwell among God's people at this day, and have a name and a place among them who are sinners and not saints, hypocrites and not believers; and *these will before long be discovered and dismayed.*

While all goes well with the church of God you cannot separate the vile from the precious, nor pluck up the tares from among the wheat,

nor cast out the bad fish from among the good, which are enclosed in the same net. But trying times come, and days of adversity, and then the false brethren are discerned. Oh, dear brethren, let us not be satisfied with being in Zion, or in the church; let us not rest till we are quite sure that we are not sinners in it, that we are not hypocrites in it; for, mark you, if our religion is not sanctifying and true it will fail us in the hour of trial. If our confidence in God does not make us calm and hopeful in the time of temptation and sorrow, what is the use of it? Yet it is certain that no man shall find his profession to be of use to him in testing times but

HE THAT IS TRUE

in it, he that is thorough in it, he that is neither a sinner nor a hypocrite in the sense in which those words are here used. Safety in Zion belongs to those born in her by regeneration, reared in her by sanctification, enfranchised in her by faith in the Son of God, settled in her by fixed principles, confirmed in her by obedience to her laws, and bound to her by intense love of her King and her citizens. Such "shall dwell on high" secure from danger, and only such; the aliens and foreigners within her gates shall ere long be driven forth with shame.

We are going to look this morning at these favored people: First, to *note their character;* secondly, to *observe their security;* and to finish, thirdly, by stirring up all present to *seek their felicity*. Oh, for the aid of the Holy Spirit all the sermon through!

I. First, let us note

THEIR CHARACTER.

They are described in part in the words of our text, but I am obliged to go a little further afield for one essential part of their character. The true people of God who in the time of danger will be preserved are a people who display a humble, patient, present faith in God. They are a praying people, who make their appeal to God under a sense of need; they are not fatalists for they pray, neither are they self-sufficient for they seek help of God. They are not a people who think that God will be gracious necessarily, and that, therefore, they need not pray for mercy, for they are found crying to Him in earnest prayer.

Furthermore, they are a waiting people: "We have waited for thee." If the Lord does not seem to hear their prayer at once, they nevertheless expect that He will do so; and, therefore, they wait expectantly. If at once they have not all the comfort and joy they would desire, they tarry God's pleasure, not rushing into sin to snatch a hasty rescue, nor running away at the first rebuff and saying, "What profit is there if we wait upon Him?" Quite certain that the Lord does hear prayer, and that He waiteth to be gracious, they hopefully abide His time, for His appointments are ever wise.

Our text gives a description of these people, setting out their various features. It first describes

THEIR FEET,

or how they walk: "He that waiketh righteously." Faith has an effect upon our entire manhood. When a man believes, his faith affects every part of him; it operates upon his actions, thoughts, wishes, and designs; and it affects both his private and public life. One of the first evidences of a true belief in God is that a man walks righteously. He tries to act rightly toward his God and toward his fellowmen; and thus he is led to be devout before the Lord, and upright among men. The rule of right is the rule for him; not policy, nor the hope of gain, nor the desire to please, much less the lust of the flesh and the pride of life. By the grace of God he labors above all things to walk in the narrow way of true holiness. I want you to notice this, because the promise I am going to speak about belongs only to the people who answer to this description; therefore, see you to it, that you do not take the comfort of the promise if you come not under the character to whom that comfort is given. The man who does not walk righteously shall not dwell on high; there shall be no place of defence for him. I deny that a man is a believer in the Lord Jesus if he remains a dishonest man; I deny that he has real faith in Jesus Christ if he is rotten in heart, unjust in business, and untrue in life. He knows not Christ who delights in iniquity. So you see that the first description of this blessed man who is to dwell on high is very searching, for it does not relate to his profession, but to his walk and conversation from day to day. It is not talk, but action that we have here. Here is no room for the fiction of formality, all is fact, fact of daily life.

The next feature that is described is

HIS TONGUE—

"he speaketh uprightly." No description of a man's character can be perfect which does not include his speech. A man who lies, or who talks obscenely or profanely, is a bad man! A man whose words are arrogant and boastful, cruel and slanderous, unreliable and deceptive, unchaste and impure, is no child of God. The grace of God very speedily sweetens a man's tongue, and if his religion does not operate upon his speech, surely it is not the religion of the pure and holy God. The doctor says, "*Put out your tongue,*" and he judges the symptoms of health or disease thereby; assuredly, there is no better test of the inward character than the condition of the tongue. God grant that we may prove by our conversation that the Lord has renewed us in our inner man.

The next feature is *the heart*—"he that despiseth the gain of oppressions." Not only does he not oppress any man, nor wish to gain anything by extortion or by grinding the faces of the poor, or by any act of unrighteousness; but he thinks such gain as might be made in that fashion to be utterly contemptible—he despises it. He desires gain if it may come cleanly to him; prosperity is as welcome to him as to another man, for he has his own needs and the needs of his household for which he is bound to provide; but if any should say to him that there is gold to be gotten through *pinching the laborer* in his wages, or through grasping by law that which is not morally his own, he abhors the thought.

Dear friends, it little matters what our outward life may be, or even what our speech may be, if our heart is not affected by our religion. If grace only lies skin-deep in thee, it has only saved thy skin, but not thy soul. Until grace touches the mainspring, it has done nothing to purpose; the heart must despise evil, as well as the lips denounce it. Until the well-head is sweetened, the streams are foul. Not only must I do right, but love right; not only must I avoid wrong, but I must hate wrong; not only must I refuse unrighteous gain, but I must utterly despise it. See, my brethren, how much is needful ere any one of us can claim the choice blessings which are spread before us in the second part of our text.

The portrait does not omit *the hands*, those important members of the body—those prominent actors both for good and for evil. In Isaiah's days bribery was connected with every

GOVERNMENT OFFICE

high and low; but the good man "shaketh his hands from holding of bribes." If money was slipped into his hand before he was aware of it, he shook it off with indignation. He would not take what was offered or keep what was given. There is much of bribery abroad still; in indirect ways men are offered advantages if they will wink at evil, or frown on good. Clean hands are as needful as renewed hearts. If your hands clutch the reward of a sinful trade, or a dishonest transaction, or if you hold a profit by countenancing wrong, or forbearing from right, you are not among the people whom the Lord has sworn to guard with His own right hand.

Thus we have described the feet, the tongue, the heart, and the hand. Now comes *the ear*—"that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood." Men who delighted in war in olden time were apt to regale one another with their cruel deeds—whom they slew, and how they slew them; they rolled the dainty morsels of cruelty under their tongues. In Hezekiah's times, I warrant, tales were told blood-red with horror that would have made our ears to tingle, and these were greedily listened to by those of a coarse spirit; but the good man in Jerusalem would not hear them. Now it is not the hearing of blood alone that you and I must avoid, but the hearing of anything that is *tainted, prurient, sceptical, depraving*. This has much to do with the health of a genuine Christian's soul—that he puts an embargo upon unclean conversation, counts it contraband, and will not allow it to enter his soul by the gate of the ear. He wisely shuts the gate, lets down the portcullis, and pulls up the drawbridge, so that no filthy communication may come in by Ear-gate. The same sacred prudence prevents our reading books which are corrupt, or false. As soon as we reach a page which has an ill savor about it, we drop the volume and return it to its owner; or if it is our own we cast it into the fire that it may do no harm to others. The righteous man "shutteth his ear."

The picture is complete when *the eyes* are mentioned—"he shutteth his eyes from seeing evil." He cannot help seeing it as he goes along his pilgrimage through life; but he seeks not such a sight, and as much as he can he avoids it. He takes no pleasure in the most brilliant displays of folly. Vain pomps and glories charm him not. He does not seek his amusement in gazing upon bedizened wickedness. If there be a turmoil in the street he is not the man that will be called as a witness to it, for he discreetly walks the other way, leaving off strife before it be meddled with. When others crave "*to see life,*" he judges such life to be death, and pursues a nobler path. He wishes to see only that which is good, and true, and helpful to his progress to heaven. You know

THE OLD CLASSIC STORY

of how Ulysses caused his sailors to pass the rocks of the Sirens in safety. The sweet enchanting song of the fatal sisters would have fascinated the mariners, and drawn them upon the rocks, and so the crafty Ulysses sealed the ears of all his mariners with wax, lest the sweet deluders should destroy them.

> "Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,
> And from access of frenzy lock'd the brain."

To be blind and deaf and dumb in some places would be far better than to hear and see and speak to our own condemnation; better infinitely to enter into life halt or blind or deaf, than, having all our powers, to use them to sinful purposes, and fall into hell fire at last.

Shortly, the text means just this, that a true believer is a man who has himself well in hand, having mastery over his whole manhood. He has a bit in the mouth of all the steeds which draw the chariot of life, and he holds them under due control. He will not let his ear or his eye delude his fancy, nor his foot or hand deface his conduct, nor his heart or tongue betray his spirit; he will have nought to do with evil, he has no fellowship with it, his spirit is redeemed, regenerated, renewed. He will not be flattered into pride, nor bribed into deceit, nor allured into unholiness. The Holy Spirit has wrought in him a holy spirit, and integrity and uprightness preserve him.

II. We have reached our second head. I ask you to follow me while, concerning these godly men, we observe

THEIR SECURITY.

Observe it, first, *as it is pictorially described* in the text. The times are those of war; the battle rages in the plain, but "he shall dwell on high;" aloft upon the craggy rocks shall be his citadel. In times of invasion men resorted to the highest mountains and rocks, that there they might be sheltered among the lofty fastnesses. While others flee, this man shall dwell—dwell at ease, in permanent peace; and that dwelling shall be on the heights, far beyond the

reach of the invader. Is not this glorious? The bands of robbers ravage all around, but they cannot plunder *him;* he looks down upon them and defies their power. There upon the inaccessible rock stands the city of peace, its quiet walls gleaming in the sunlight, and flashing back a calm defiance to the foe. "Mark ye well her bulwarks." A believer dwells on the heights, his life is hid with Christ in God, he cannot be reached by the darts of the adversary.

"Yet," saith one, "the enemy may starve a man out of his citadel; rock cities have been captured at last because the inhabitants have been pinched with hunger." There has been nothing for the men-at-arms to eat, and therefore they have sold their castle for bread. But this also is provided for: "His bread shall be given him." God will take care that the godly shall not want. As the Lord's chosen cannot be driven out, so they shall not be starved out. The believer shall hold the fort till Christ shall come, for the bread of angels shall be rained upon him sooner than he shall lack.

"Ah, well," saith one, "but even if bread could be conveyed into the fortress, yet you know these elevated positions cannot be readily supplied with water, and by thirst they may be forced to yield." The promise has thought of that also, for it is written, "his waters shall be sure." Do you remind me that all this is poetry? I answer, It is a poetical description, but it is true in every jot and tittle, and so I ask you to accompany me while we consider this thing *as it may be actually experienced.*

It is a matter of fact that the man who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, and lives as a Christian should live,

DWELLS ON THE HEIGHTS.

His mind is lifted up above the common cares, and worries, and vexations of life. I am sure that many of you know what it is to ride on the high places of the earth, and to look down upon the world as a poor, paltry thing. Thus has it been true of you, "he shall dwell on high." You have also found that you have had a place of defence in time of trouble. Though often assailed you have never been really injured; unto this day the rage of man has caused you no real loss. Even Satan himself has not been able to overthrow you; you have trodden upon the lion and the dragon; in the name of the Lord you have resisted the devil, and he has fled from you. All things have worked together for good to us up till now, and we know it; we have had a place of defence, and in this we will rejoice to be glad.

I must not fail to notice that the poetic utterance, "Thy bread shall be given thee," is also literally true. It has been true to you, my brethren, concerning your daily bread. That word is true, "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." At times there has been little on the table, but all-sufficiency has still filled the storehouse. When God multiplied the oil and the meal of the poor woman at Zarepta, I do not believe that at any one moment she ever had more than sufficed for a single meal; every day that Elijah lived with her she had to *scrape the bottom of the barrel,* for she had never more than a handful of meal and a little oil. We are not told that either the barrel or the cruse were filled up; but we read—"the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail." You may frequently reach the end of your provision, but you can never exhaust your Provider. If you have earthly provision as you want it, should it not suffice you? If you get as much as you need at this meal, and as much as you want for the next meal, is it not well? There is nothing like living from hand to mouth when it is from God's hand to faith's mouth. Daily bread promotes daily gratitude, and from God's hand hourly providence brings multiplied love-tokens, and is a surer sign of remembrance than if we could have life's mercies all in a lump.

"His bread shall be given him" refers also to heavenly bread, which we have even more cause to think about than about the bread which perisheth; this also shall be given us. If we be driven away from a faithful ministry, if we remove to the utmost ends of the earth where we miss the means of grace, yet the Lord will feed our souls. If His ministers do not feed us, He will Himself minister to us. The word of the Lord shall not cease to nourish us. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." As for the waters, the living waters of grace and of the Holy Spirit, these shall always flow; in summer and winter shall the still waters be found at your side; yea, they shall be within you "a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Words cannot tell the privilege of the man who lives in God, and lives with God! He need not shiver in the damps of earth—he lives on high; he need not fear the fury of the enemy, for he has a place of defence; he need not dread the lapse of time, his munitions are of rock; he need not tremble at famine and drought, his needs shall all be met by the care of heaven.

III. So this brings me to close by urging you, dear friends, to seek

THEIR FELICITY.

First, shall I need to say, "Do not try to obtain it by hypocrisy?" Since they are so happy whom God favors, do not think that by getting your name into their church-book you will necessarily be favored too. Oh, brethren, be true believers and not make-believers. Do not pretend to be what you are not. Sinners in Zion are still sinners, and they will one day be afraid. Hypocrites, though joined with the people of God, are still hypocrites, and will ere long be surprised with fearfulness. Do not hope by a mere empty profession to win the blessedness of God's people; for by such means you will win a curse rather than a blessing.

Secondly, do not hope to win the bliss of the righteous by self-righteousness; for although we have been describing righteous men this morning, yet we have not been describing self-righteous men. The self-righteous is not righteous; the two things are wide as the poles asunder. These very people whom God favored had sinned; for we read in the twenty-fourth verse of the chapter, "The people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." The blessing is not to the man who glories in his innocence, but "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." These favored people cried, "O Lord, be gracious unto us." They knew their need of grace.

See to it that you seek unto the Lord by a sincere faith. Again, use the second verse as your guide, and cry, "Be Thou their arm every morning, our salvation also in the time of trouble." Commit yourself to the guardian care of the Lord each day, and specially fly to Him in the hour of trouble; then will He create righteousness in you, and cause you in every good work to do His will. Go, I say, and seek unto the Strong for strength, and to the Righteous One for righteousness, and the blessings of the dweller upon the heights shall be yours.

As for you, my dear brothers and sisters, who are really walking before the Lord aright, straining with your utmost endeavors to do only that which is just and true, at the same time trusting alone in Jesus for your salvation, I would charge you to rejoice exceedingly. If this text be true, that we dwell on high and that our place of defence is the munitions of rocks, and that our bread shall be given us and our waters shall be sure, let us be glad! What a happy people we ought to be! I leave to others the task of showing the beauty of groaning, or the delightfulness of murmuring; it is mine to urge you to shake yourselves from the dust, and put on your beautiful garments. Why are you so cast down?

I have been so long away from England that I do not know where our Queen is residing just now; but if I had the wings of a dove, and could mount into the upper air, I would soon find out. I should look for

THE ROYAL STANDARD.

I should see it floating over Windsor or Osborne, and by this token I should espy the royal abode. Fling out the banner to the breeze when the King is within. Is the King at home with you, dear brother? Do not forget to display the standard of holy joy. Hoist it, and keep it flying. When the Bridegroom is not with us we will mourn; but so long as we see His face no man can make us fast. Rejoice, and yet again rejoice, and thus let the Royal Standard fly at the top of the tower; the King is within us! The Prince of Peace is enthroned in our hearts! The Lord is exalted, for He dwelleth on high, and we dwell on high with Him. Glory be unto His name. Ring the joy-bells! With clamor of united joy let us shout unto our God who maketh us to ride upon the high places of the earth! Let it be known abroad that there is no God like our God and no people like His people. Under heaven there are none so joyous as the Lord's afflicted saints, none so rich as the Lord's poor, none so honored in heaven as those that are despised of men for Christ's sake, none so worthy to be envied as those who to-day are ridiculed for their faith in God. The Lord be with you, and bless every one of you with the full enjoyment of this majestic text, for Christ's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

SUAKIM.

(*See Illustration on page 172.*)

THE city of Suakim, a picture of which appears on the next page, is the chief seaport of the region which, under the name of the Soudan, is now engaging the attention of the whole world. Suakim stands on the western shores of the Red Sea, and from it roads lead to Tokar, about fifty miles off to the south; to Sinkat, about one hundred miles to the west, and thence to Berber and Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan. The importance of Suakim consists chiefly in its position on the sea-shore. To reach Khartoum by land involves a frightful desert journey from Egypt, broken only by an occasional sail on the River Nile. By a voyage of three days from Suez Suakim is reached, and thence the journey west may be pursued with less danger and difficulty.

The city has also attained considerable importance as a base of operations against El Mahdi and his horde of fanatical followers. The British ships in the harbor protect the town with their guns, and would be able to hold it against all El Mahdi's forces if they attacked it. The Mahdi, however, appears to prefer directing his energies to the acquisition of Khartoum and the cities of the interior. The inhabitants do not appear to realize the power of the big black monsters which float outside their city. A newspaper correspondent, writing to his journal, describes a panic caused in the city by the rumor that the Mahdi was approaching and the measures taken by the English general to allay it—measures which appear to have caused more terror than they allayed.

He says: "The port of Suakim itself is safe. Not if all the Mahdi's forces were outside, and General Baker's army annihilated, would the place be in danger, so long as our own vessels of war stand guard. Two gunboats lie anchored, one on either side of the causeway, and an enemy attempting to enter the town would be decimated by their fire. The other night the inhabitants and the enemy outside had a striking example of what the ships could do. Information was brought in that an attack was imminent, and the general asked the senior naval officer to fire a few rounds over the town, as some sort of intimation that we were ready. The request had hardly been made ere signals

Suakim, the Seaport of the Soudan.

were flashed from ship to ship. In less time than it takes to write it, although the men were sleeping in their hammocks, the different crews were at their quarters. Shell after shell was sent panting through the moonlight over Suakim and far into the desert beyond, which was illuminated as they burst as if by lightning.

"Landing with Captain Nesham, the senior naval officer, we found the Greek, Italian and Egyptian merchants of the place congregated upon the wharf, where they shivered with fright, and making our way through the silent town to the outside camp the different Egyptian sentries whom we passed seemed hardly able to hold their rifles, so panic-stricken were they. The frequent flight of the shells overhead, the loud reports of the cannon and the distant thuds of the bursting charges soon restored confidence. The sentries, who looked so frightened during our walk out, were, on our return, grinning with restored confidence, and the crowd on the quay were chattering with delight as they listened to the rush of the shot."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A Marriage was Announced as a Death in the newspapers of Scranton, Pa., recently. The bride is a Jewess, and her family, indignant because she married a Christian, published the notice of the marriage with a black border around it, explicitly stating that they regarded her as one dead. They have no objection to the bridegroom on the ground of wealth, station, or family, but only because he is a Christian. The affair has caused no little excitement, and Jews of the Reformed school condemn the act as illiberal. If the lady has not been converted from Judaism, there is no doubt that the marriage is imprudent and likely to involve both parties in misery; but if the lady has been converted, her family have reason for rejoicing rather than grief. The day is coming in the which they will desire a far closer union with the despised "Nazarene" than that of a marriage with one of His followers (Zech. 12 : 10).

The Dynamite School held a Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday, February 24th, when much information was given as to the proceedings of the society. The members were enthusiastic over the news given by Mr. Walker Elliott, whom the president introduced as "a good and true worker" in the cause. Mr. Elliott informed his hearers that the society had secured, through the genius of Professor Mezroff, the possession of a secret which enabled any man to carry a dynamite bomb under his arm with as much safety as a loaf of bread. One such bomb would be sufficient to destroy the Houses of Parliament or Windsor Castle. Mr. Elliott also reminded the members that any of them might be suddenly sent across the water with a bomb at any time. Lists were distributed to the members containing the names of intended victims. Among them were the names of Irish informers, of juries who had convicted Irish "patriots," of Irish judges, and several official personages, including Mr. Gladstone. If any doubt existed as to whether such men should be permitted to go on unchecked, it ought to be removed by the following remarks uttered also by Mr. Eliott: "The time may come," Mr. Elliott said, "when we will have to use these bombs in New York, without crossing the ocean at all; for if railroaders keep on grinding the poor man to earth they will have to pay the penalty. There were men," he said, "ready to do the work now if they were sent the sinews of war." Among the indications given us in the Scriptures, which were intended to warn us of the approach of the close of this dispensation, was the prediction that in the last days such men as the dynamiters would flourish (II Peter 2 : 10).

The Deliberate Suicide of a Dog is Reported from Warwick, N. Y. The dog was a valuable and intelligent pointer, owned by a well-known sportsman, who recently purchased another dog, and as he found some difficulty in domesticating him, showed him extraordinary kindness and attention. The old dog manifested great disapproval of this treatment, and developed a case of unmistakable jealousy. Finally, failing to induce his master to cease his attentions to the new dog, he emphasized his disapproval by attacking the new dog, giving it a bad whipping, and then leaving the premises where he had lived so long. He went to an hotel, and could not be coaxed back to his old home. From the liveliest and most active of animals he became morose and sulky, seldom leaving his quarters in the barroom of the hotel. After he had been at the hotel for a day or so, the railroad cars seemed to become a fascination to him. He would take a position close to the track whenever trains went by and watch the wheels with apparently great interest. A few days ago he was seen standing as usual by the track, awaiting the approach of a train. As it was passing him he sprang suddenly in front of the wheels of a car, and was cut to pieces. The incident shows how highly the dog valued the affection of his master when, thinking he had lost it, he preferred death to life. Worldlings who can understand this cannot understand how a Christian would set such a price on his Master's love, without which life would become intolerable. But that love the true believer can never lose (Rom. 8 : 28, 29).

DR. THURSFIELD'S PATIENT.

(*See Illustration.*)

Dr. Thursfield stood on the stoop of his house hesitating as to how he should spend the evening. His office hours were over, he had no patients needing his attention, and having been for several weeks working assiduously at his profession, the young physician thought he was justified in giving that evening to recreation. He was undecided whether he would go to some place of amusement or take a brisk walk into the country as a nerve-tonic. As he stood thinking a hotel-messenger ran up.

"Are you Dr. Thursfield?" said the boy.

"That's my name."

"Can you go to the Grand Hotel, right away? One of the guests—No. 35—is sick, and he wants you."

The young man strode quickly in the direction of the Grand Hotel, wondering who the guest could be who knew him by name and desired his attendance in preference to the physicians who resided in the building. He soon entered the patient's room, and found him in a nervous and excited condition. The man had registered as George Martin, of Denver, Col., but no one in the hotel knew anything of him. As soon as Dr. Thursfield entered the room the patient, a strong, wiry, full-bearded man, looked up quickly.

"You are not Dr. Thursfield," he said, in a hoarse but powerful voice.

"Yes, I am Dr. Thursfield," the young man answered. "There can be no mistake; there is no other physician of that name in the city."

"No, no," said the patient, irritably; "Dr. Thursfield attended me in this city five and twenty years ago. You must have been a boy at school then. I want the Dr. Thursfield who prescribed for me before."

"Ah! I understand now. But you cannot have him. He has been dead fifteen years. I am his son, and I follow my father's profession. But there is no necessity for you to have me for your medical attendant unless you wish."

"Well, as you are here, you may as well see what you can do. As Dr. Thursfield is dead, one physician will suit me as well as another, but I wish I could have seen him. I wanted to

have told him something of my history before I die." And the sufferer tossed uneasily on his bed, apparently vexing over the disappointment with the querulousness of a man whose system was wrought to a state of tension by physical pain.

Dr. Thursfield examined him, and, in spite of his ungraceful manner, prescribed for him.

The next morning the young physician visited him again, and pronounced the case a critical one. Through three weeks the doctor attended his strange patient, who, during that time, lay hovering between life and death. Neither to the doctor nor to the nurses, whom the doctor hired to attend him, was he communicative. He appeared to be well supplied with money, but no friends came to see him, nor did he desire any one to be summoned. Being asked if he would like a letter written to his family, he answered civilly but curtly, "No, there is no one I desire to see."

Dr. Thursfield and his Patient.

At the end of the three weeks a crisis came in the disease, and Martin grew delirious. During a whole day and night he lost all consciousness of his surroundings, and talked incessantly. Much that he said was unintelligible, but its tenor was always the same. Sometimes he appeared to be pleading with a young man, at others talking to a woman, apparently his wife, but always his words had one burden—the awful power of intoxicating liquor. He dwelt on its seductive influence, on the habit of drinking it and depending on it, unconsciously acquired. He depicted the struggles of the enslaved victim to free himself of his chains and the remorseless tenacity with which it clung to him. Then he would weep and wring his hands, crying, "Another victim! Another victim! I am a murderer!"

During twenty-four hours this distressing scene continued, and at its close Martin sank into the sleep of exhaustion. Dr. Thursfield expected that his waking would indicate the issue of the illness, and his interest in his patient being strangely excited, he resolved to witness the return of consciousness. Sending the nurses away, he watched alone by the side of the sleeping man. At length he saw him open his eyes and look around him inquiringly.

"You are better," said the doctor, cheerfully. "Do not talk now. I want you to take this medicine and go to sleep again."

The man was too weak to reply, but, smiling faintly, he took the proffered draught, and was soon sleeping peacefully. Then calling the nurse, the doctor told her that he should send wine and medicine to be administered alternately to support the enfeebled patient, whose recovery would now depend on the regularity and care with which he was attended.

Returning the next day the nurse met him outside the door with a grave face. "Martin," she said, "stubbornly refused the wine. He would take the medicine, and had taken it willingly, but no persuasion would induce him to touch the wine, and when urged to do so his excitement had been painful to witness."

"That is nonsense, nurse," the doctor said; "he must take it. I will give it to him myself."

Entering the room Dr. Thursfield congratulated the patient on his improved condition, and told him that his recovery was now assured, if he would obey orders. Moving to the foot of the bed, where the table stood on which the wine was placed, the doctor said:

"I have obtained some special wine for you—new wine, nourishing and not intoxicating. It will do you more good than any medicine I could prescribe. I want you to take a glass now."

Martin raised himself on his elbow, and, extending his hand argumentatively, said: "Doctor, you have had your own way all through, but now I shall resist. If my life depends on my taking that wine I will accept death in preference. You see I am perfectly calm and collected; I know I have been wandering, but I am sensible now. Feel my pulse; there is no fever. I calmly and deliberately say I consider my life would be dearly purchased at that cost."

"Do not be fanatical, Martin; this is no time for nonsensical scruples. You *must* take the wine."

"Come and sit down, doctor," said Martin. "Let me tell you about my nonsensical scruples."

The doctor obeyed, prepared to hear that his patient was a temperance lecturer.

"I will tell you briefly," said Martin, "the story I wanted to have told your father that night when I sent for Dr. Thursfield and you came to me. Twenty-five years ago I was in this city and was struck down with an illness similar to this. Your father watched me through it with more than professional kindness. When the crisis was passed he did as you are doing. He ordered me wine and I took it. I never knew before that time that a demon was slumbering within me. But there was, and he awoke. As I recovered, the wine became a necessity. I lived upon it. It was my sole dependence. I could not let it alone. I had to wind myself up with it as if I had been a machine that would stop without water, only my water was intoxicating spirit. My wife, a dear, good woman, doctor, pleaded with me, but I could not resist my craving. She died neglected and heartbroken. My two sons became drunkards through my example, and one of them is dead—killed by drink. The other is in prison for an offence committed when he was intoxicated. When all that evil was done, and I was a degraded, miserable drunkard, I was saved, miraculously saved. The demoniac in the Gospel from whom the devil was cast out by the Saviour was a fit type of my case. I was delivered. But my hands were stained with the blood of my wife, whose heart my conduct broke, and my boys were ruined. Do you wonder now that I, a desolate man, thinking of the past and all I have lost, would rather die than drink? Your father was not responsible. He acted according to his principles, but the result was worse than death. He knew not what he did."

Dr. Thursfield listened with feelings deeply moved. He pitied the man from his heart. Was it possible, he asked himself, that such ruin and desolation might be produced by a prescription incautiously given? In this case, certainly, he would give no wine, and when he found that Martin recovered without it, and that tonics might take its place with equal effect and greater safety, the young doctor resolved that never again would he prescribe the dangerous remedy which wrecks homes and lives.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 159.*)

Dangerous Ground.

SUDDENLY Rose Morley stopped, with an exclamation of surprise, and with a movement as if she were about to take flight—a pretty and graceful movement which, with her heightened color and parted lips, lent to her an additional charm at a moment when an additional charm was not needed. They had just turned a bend in the drive, which was hidden by a cluster of trees, and came unexpectedly upon a young man, strolling idly along with a gun upon his shoulder. Though he wore a velveteen shooting jacket and thick boots, and had no gloves on, he had an air of ease and rank, almost amounting to dignity, which often characterizes those who have never been in a dependent position. He was handsome, and his appearance was well cared for. His face resembled a little that of Mr. Waldron; but he was only twenty-two years old, and his expression was more self-satisfied and careless than that of the busy great man.

"Rose!" exclaimed this young man, in an accent of wonder, as he came face to face with Mrs. Morley; and the next instant he stretched out his hands, and caught hers in them, as if to prevent her taking the flight which her movement seemed to threaten.

"Robert! O Robert!" she answered with a bright smile and blush upon the face she lifted up to him, in an attitude of childish and forgetful delight, while he spoke again in quiet and hurried tones.

"Whatever in the wide world brings you here?" he asked, and a fine ear might have detected a slight tone of vexation in his voice. "It is two years since we bade one another farewell forever at Oxford, and I fancied that you were still there. Are you angry with me yet, Rose? But no; you are too good, too amiable, to be angry long. You were never angry with me, I remember, when my behavior was worst. Rose, I never met such a dear girl as you!"

"Upon my word," he continued, taking one of her gloved hands again in his," you are

prettier than ever, Rose. There is some change in you. What is it? You have lost that little governess primness I used to tease you about, which never sat well upon your face. And your dress is more tasty than it used to be. Have you come into a fortune? Has that rich uncle you told me of died, and made you his heiress? Tell me what wind has blown you into this part of the country?"

"I am married," said Mrs. Morley, with downcast eyes.

"Married!" repeated the young man, an exclamation which he followed by a low, long whistle, that brought his dogs bounding about him, but he kicked them away with something of peevishness and irritation in his manner. "Married, Rose!" he repeated, gazing into her conscious face. "Ah! well, we were no more than friends, you remember; and we can be that still. And who is the good man?" He tried to speak in an easy tone of indifference, but there was an air of chagrin upon his face, which escaped the downcast eyes of Mrs. Morley. She blushed, and stammered; but at last was compelled to speak reluctantly.

"He is a very good man," she answered; "his name is John Morley."

"John Morley the bookseller!" ejaculated the stranger. "Why, Rose, where are your old ambitions flown to? Do you forget that two years ago nothing short of some thousands a year would satisfy you, and I had not that to offer you? I, a poor spendthrift, with a hard-hearted father, and not even an entailed estate, so that he could cut me off with a shilling if he chose. Oh, what fools we were!" He spoke in mingled mockery and regret, with a smile of bitterness, which it was impossible for Rose to comprehend; for catching the brighter glitter of his eyes, and the curl of his lip, she smiled back again gayly.

"Ah!" she said, with one of her most childish pouts, "but nobody else cared a straw about me; and I might have remained a governess all my life."

"Perhaps so," he answered coldly; "but are you really the Mrs. John Morley I am running away from? Miss Waldron said at breakfast she expected you this morning, and I made haste to take myself off; never thinking—who could think?—that it was my old friend, Rose. We were no more than friends, were we? Do you remember *our stolen walks* together, when everybody believed you were safe in bed? Ah, Rose! you were not made to be a governess."

"No, I was not," she said; "oh, I remember well! But what brings you here, Robert? Are you visiting at Aston Court?"

"Ah!" he said, with some embarrassment, "you only knew me as Robert Hall; but my full name is Robert Hall Waldron!"

He tried to speak as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world to suppress one's chief name; and Rose, who was not critical, accepted the explanation with no other feeling than one of surprise.

"Then you are Mr. Waldron's son!" she exclaimed. "Why, you made me believe he was a shocking, cruel old ogre! Oh, for shame, sir! I have seen him, and spoken to him, and I like him very much; and I am sure, quite sure and certain, that he likes me. He was at our house yesterday, and he would make Mr. Morley call me to speak to him, and he said he should like to see me sometimes at Aston Court, and he hoped Miss Waldron would be my friend. There now! And you always told me he was such a dreadful, bad, hard-hearted old Turk!"

"Ah, Rose!" said Robert Waldron, "you are the same sweet-tempered creature as ever. I could swear to that gay voice of yours amid a thousand—so clear, and merry, and sweet. I should like you to speak to me forever. Do you sing as you used to do? Will you sing for us at Aston Court? It will not be so dull there now you are near us. You must let me come and see you in your own home, or I shall never believe you are married. I cannot feel that you are John Morley's wife."

"But I am," she answered, with a clear little laugh; "and I have a daughter, too, Mr. Robert Hall Waldron. This is my very own little daughter, sir! Hester Morley."

He had not been altogether unconscious of the child's presence before, for it had imparted to him a feeling of more ease and freedom in this unexpected meeting with Rose. But now he looked at her more attentively. The grave and noble face of the child was full of wonder, which had something of a vague sadness in it; and her large earnest eyes were raised to him with an expression of innocent reproach. He felt in an instant that he had wounded her, and it was no part of his nature to hurt any one intentionally. There was no malice in his temperament. He had spoken perhaps slightingly of her father—a slight which Rose had not felt, and he wished to efface the painful impression.

"Hester Morley," he repeated, as if long familiar with the name, "the little girl I have seen sometimes at chapel! Ah! I know you again, you see. Your father is quite a friend of mine, as well as your new mamma. Do you love her very much?"

"Yes, very much," answered Hester, earnestly; "and my father loves her dearly as well. We are a great deal happier than we were before."

She spoke with a childish fervor which touched the impressible nature of Robert Waldron, and for a moment made him feel hardly innocent in his interview with John Morley's silly young wife. Perhaps it would be better to let this first encounter be the last. Yet no harm could come of their intercourse except a little dissatisfaction and discontent on the part of Rose. There had been no positive love-making between them in the old times; but now that she was married, to a tradesman, too, she might possibly compare him with her husband, to the disadvantage of the latter. Still, he did not quite like to lose sight of an old friend; and his own home was very dull. The decision was too much trouble for him, and he resolved to cast it upon a chance. If this grave and innocent child gave him permission to enter their secluded home, he would take it as a sign that no harm could come of it. He would not for the world disturb the peace of John Morley or his wife; but he could not quite make up his mind to see no more of Rose. Hester should decide it.

"May I come to see you at your own home, little Hester?" he asked, with his most pleasant smile and voice.

"Would you like to come very much?" she asked, with a wistful look into his eyes.

"Very much," he answered.

"Then we shall like you to come," answered Hester, holding out her hand to him, as if to assure him of a welcome. Robert Waldron clasped the little fingers in his own, with a strange feeling of reverence for the child's faith in him; and when he released them he took off his hat with an unaccustomed deference, and bidding them good-by, pursued his way along the park, while Hester and Rose Morley went on to Aston Court.

Miss Waldron received them with a distant approach to cordiality, which was more than enough to satisfy Rose. She enjoyed being in the spacious rooms, with a wide garden and park stretching before the windows. There was nothing narrow, confined, or sordid in this place of wealth; and her spirit expanded in it. She felt more at home, even here in Miss Waldron's austere presence, than in the close, dark, built-in rooms of her husband's house. Happily, both she and Hester gave satisfaction, upon the whole, to their patroness. In the amiable yielding of Rose she saw material for moulding a Christian after her own model; and Hester would soon be old enough to appreciate her teaching and become a convert of whom she might boast. Mr. Waldron came in before they left; and Miss Waldron graciously seconded his invitation to come again soon to Aston Court. Naturally, the fresh charm of Rose Morley's pretty face had more effect upon the elderly hard-worked man than upon his daughter; but both were well pleased to have her appear occasionally to relieve the tedium of a country life.

Both were always conscious of the difference between their own station and that of Mrs. Morley. In English society that distinction is never overlooked. The man who gets his living by buying and selling again is always made to feel that he belongs to a grade inferior to that of the men who "toil not, neither do they spin." Nevertheless, they were disposed to tolerate Rose Morley whose "manners were above those of her class." Rose, too, was so desirous of having aristocratic acquaintances that she forgave the Waldrons for their supercilious patronage, which often galled her.

The result was that the acquaintance thus opened between Miss Waldron and Mrs. John Morley ripened into a kind of intimacy which, however, continued crude and raw at its nearest approach to mellowness; a sour grape which would have set on edge any other teeth than those of the dull and weary young wife. It was the first winter of her married life, and she seized eagerly upon every chance and every excuse for going to Aston Court. It was at least an opportunity for displaying the too costly and elegant dresses which were lost in the seclusion of her own home. Miss Waldron sharply reproved her for them, and Rose meekly promised to buy no more when they were done with; but in order to wear them out, it was needful to wear them, and Miss Waldron was compelled to acknowledge the logic of her argument. Mr. Waldron liked to see the pretty girl about his house, and to hear her pleasant voice, now speaking, now singing, just as he willed; while Robert, in sheer idleness and without thought, loitered at home, instead of going off on some autumn tour as usual, satisfied with the little ripple of excitement which the near vicinity of Rose kept stirring gently about him.

Nor was John Morley at all discontented with his wife's new friendships. They had restored her old brightness and buoyancy, and they afforded her a pleasant society without entailing upon him the dreaded necessity of receiving and entertaining guests in his own house; for it is needless to say, that it entered into the imagination of no one to conceive the idea of Miss Waldron visiting familiarly under the tradesman's roof. Robert Waldron came often; and Mr. Waldron, whenever he had business to transact with his brother deacon, no longer tarried in the shop, but entered the room behind; when by opening the door, and calling in sonorous tones for Mrs. Morley and Hester, he was always sure of securing a few minutes' lively chat, such as had a wonderful flavor for the dry, hard mind of the puritanical man. But Miss Waldron came never.

Still, John Morley was not disturbed. He was too liberal to trouble himself with questions of superiority and inferiority in the social scale. He believed, and he had no reason to believe otherwise, that Miss Waldron was a young woman of eminent piety; all the church said so, and every word and look of her own asserted it. She was interesting herself in the conversion of his young wife, so beloved, yet so worldly, whose condition weighed heavily upon his spirit, and caused him hours of painful and accusing thought. He thanked God fervently for this intimacy; and a brighter glow of brotherly feeling toward the Waldrons was kindled in his heart.

About this time, also, there were new hopes cherished by Mr. Waldron for his son. There had been such hopes before, brooded over and fostered in secret; but while they were still callow and unfledged, some fresh outbreak of Robert's had always caused them to perish. He was not vicious; he had never yet been guilty of any flagrant crime; and in the eyes of most fathers he would have seemed a sufficiently promising son. But Mr. Waldron, like John

Morley, could not be content with anything short of a decided change from the careless freaks of youth to the complete devotion of himself to religion.

Robert, however, had given no sign of such a change. He had even shown much impatience whenever his father or sister had urged upon him the necessity of attending to the affairs of his soul. He had always been anxious to abridge his visits at home, and prolong those listless sojourns abroad which he professed to enjoy. But this autumn he seemed in no hurry to quit Aston Court. He submitted himself to the rigorous rules of his father's house; was quiet and thoughtful; attended chapel regularly every Sunday morning, and not unfrequently in the evening. In fact, his conduct was blameless, except that he would not listen to the exhortations and reproofs of his sister. This was an improvement which encouraged Mr. Waldron to hope for better things still.

The visits of Robert Waldron to John Morley's house were ostensibly paid to Hester. The child attached herself to him with a very frank and very warm affection; and his easy nature, which found great delight in the admiration and love of others, returned her fondness. Never did a man—he was scarcely more than a boy yet—drift more aimlessly into a strong current of temptation. He very seldom saw John Morley, who kept close to his business; but Rose's drawing-room became his most frequent resort.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN COMPANIONSHIP.

S. S. Lesson for March 23, II. Thess. 3 : 1-18. Golden Text, Prov. 13 : 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Biblical Injunctions about Companionship—Examples of Unholy Alliances—Unequal Yoking Forbidden—In Marriage—In Business—In Companionship—With Believers of Disorderly Walk—Christian Loafers—A Modern Example—Paul's Example—A Dressmaker's Profession and Practice—Paul's Prescription for Idleness—Noble Faith Workers—Christian Offenders not to be Counted Enemies—Honor in Menial Labor.

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed" (Prov. 13 : 20). So speaks the man who "was wiser than all men" (I Kings 4 : 31). "A man is known by the company he keeps" is the world's own estimate of *the influence of companionship*. "Shouldest thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord?" (II Chron. 19 : 2) was

GOD'S REPROOF

to Jehoshophat when he had joined affinity with the wicked Ahab, King of Israel. "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder" (Matt. 19 : 6); but on the other hand, let not man join together what God has put asunder. All through Scripture God has divided the wicked from the righteous. The first great judgment which came upon man was the deluge in the time of Noah. It was sent when the sin of man culminated in an unholy alliance of the sons of God (converted men) with the daughters of men (unconverted women). The sin of Sodom had reached its height when one child of God [Lot] went to dwell among, and so in a sense to have fellowship with, the ungodly inhabitants. He had accepted a position among them, and sat in the gate, which was the judge's seat. Then the place was ripe for destruction.

The Apostle Paul is most clear in his witness on this point, "Be ye not

UNEQUALLY YOKED

together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God. . . . Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing" (II Cor. 6 : 14-17). Here is clear direction; it matters not what the yoking may be, whether of marriage, or of partnership in business, or of friendship and companionship—the direction is clear as daylight, Be ye not yoked together with unbelievers. As under the law it was forbidden to yoke together an ox and an ass, whose steps are by nature unequal, so God forbids the union of those who are following Jesus with those whose steps are not only unequal, but turned in another direction.

How often we have seen the curse of God upon an *unequal marriage!* First, contention as to the way of living; time and strength lost over it; then patience and temper giving way, and then, because of having thus failed, the enemy taking advantage, and the unconverted one gaining the day; while the converted one loses all hope, and becomes a wretched backslider. And so with unequal yoking *in business;* a man of God, who is honorable, straightforward, and conscientious, enters into partnership with a man of the world; the ideas of the two are diametrically opposite; the child of God is forced into positions which gall his spirit, wound his conscience, and condemn him; and yet there is no way out but to lose all he has invested, and become penniless. Better that than maintain such a position. And the same principle applies with regard *to companionship.* A young man, who is a child of God, is constantly coming in contact with an unconverted young man of his own age. Their natural tastes are very similar—both are readers, and enjoy comparing notes as to their studies, but the one reads with the idea of the advancement of Christ's kingdom, the other to satisfy his own ambition. The child of God meets with no sympathy, and the influence of the other tells upon him, until he finds that his aim has become just the same as the other, that self, and not Christ, is the end of all his studies.

So far as to companionship with the unconverted. How about unfaithful believers. "Now we command you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that

WALKETH DISORDERLY."

What is it to walk disorderly? That which numbers of half-hearted believers are constantly doing, especially if they can lay claim in any measure to be workers for the Lord. Paul does not speak of them as thieves, or liars, or adulterers, or swearers—they are those who shirk work, and expect honest, hard-working Christians to support them in idleness. This Paul calls "disorderly." "We hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies." "Well, brother," said a Christian man to such an one, when he met him in the street, "what are you doing now?" "Nothing," said the other; "I don't mean to work as long as Mr. —— will keep me." He worked upon the generosity of the gentleman referred to, pleading that he could not get work, and that he had a large family, and thus money which might have been used to send missionaries to the heathen, or to support real hard workers among our home heathen, was wasted on a "disorderly" believer from whom we are commanded, in the name of Jesus, to withdraw.

Paul says, "We behaved not ourselves disorderly among you; neither did we eat any man's bread for naught; but wrought with labor and travail night and day, that we might not be chargeable to any of you." No one could accuse Paul and his companions of mercenary motives; whatever else might be the motive for coming to preach the Gospel—it was not for money. He had a right to expect that those to whom he ministered should support him while he labored, as he clearly shows (I Cor. 9 : 6-15); but he would not use this right, so that he might glory in that he made the Gospel of Christ "without charge." One day

A DRESSMAKER,

who often gives her testimony in meetings as being in a high state of grace, called on a well-known Christian worker, and said to her that as she was a child of God it was the duty of God's children to support her, and begged for some money, saying that God had shown her she was to apply to her. The Christian worker, having met with *disorderly* brothers and sisters before, told her that she was sinning against God to lead the life of an adventuress, under the garb of religion, and told her that if she worked at her trade there was no reason for her to be without food. This was simply obeying the apostle's distinct command.

If such *are* brethren, they are doing untold harm to the cause of Christ. Infidels, who may have some sense of honor, when they see these professors of religion living by duping the credulous, and all under the garb of piety, are utterly disgusted with anything so mean; and they set it down too often to the influence of God's truth, and believe that the truth itself thus demeans a man. Paul's rule for the Thessalonians is a safe one for us now, "We commanded you, that if any would not work,

NEITHER SHOULD HE EAT."

It would be an immense gain to the cause of Christ if the distinct command to withdraw from idlers or "disorderly" Christians, or religious beggars, were obeyed.

But what about faith work? are none called to work for souls in dependence upon God alone, while their time is too occupied with distinct teaching to allow of earning a living? Yes, thank God, there are such, like the eminent Mr. Müller of Bristol, and many in different parts of the world, who have followed in his footsteps. But not *one* of these will ever go in debt—not one of these will make known their need—even when the trial of faith is tremendous, as in the case of Miss Wheeler and Miss Charlotte Sisson in Bassius, India, who after going without any food whatever for three days and three nights, yet neither begged nor went in debt, but trusted God until succor came, unasked, except from God. There is nothing "disorderly" in faith such as this; and such faith is God-given and God-sustained. Mrs. Guiever, with her eighty orphan children, has known something of this trial of faith, but would count it an entire departure from the principle of faith to make her requests known to any but God; and He has never let the trial be more than could be borne.

Paul commands the "disorderly" that with quietness they work and eat their own bread, "and if any man obey not our word, . . . note that man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed. Yet count him not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother." To count such disorderly believers as enemies is to show personal feeling. The Lord calls us always to hold out hope to the erring. "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, *lest thou be also tempted*" (Gal. 6 : 1).

Some may say, "It is no use to admonish such; they will always plead that they cannot find work." The Lord never commands impossibilities, and we are quite sure that if He says,

"LET HIM WORK,"

He will be responsible to find work for him. It may not be work to which he is accustomed, but if a man really wants to serve God and finds he has grieved Him by idleness, he will find that, though he has been used to writing, it is an honor to carry parcels for the Lord's sake rather than be counted disorderly. A governess will rather become a nursemaid than be counted disorderly, if she has the love of God at heart. It is indeed a precious privilege to "give to him that needeth" as God gives ability, but one who can work and does not is not recognized by God as one that needeth, and we hinder his good in helping him to dishonor God. There are numbers of hard-working, honest people who will rather starve than go in debt, and who are always ready to help others when they want; it honors God to assist such. Let us learn the lesson, and be firm in our withdrawal from idle Christians for God's sake and for theirs.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Policy of England in Regard to the Soudan is said to have been declared in a despatch sent on March 7th from the British Foreign Office to Sir Evelyn Baring, its representative in Egypt. Its programme for the settlement of the Soudanese trouble is that the Egyptian frontier, which the English forces will maintain, shall not extend beyond the First Cataract; second, that Zobehr Pacha or some other ally of the Mahdi shall be appointed viceroy at Khartoum with the understanding that he shall maintain the trade routes between Khartoum, Berber, Korosko and Suakim; third, the Mahdi shall be appointed Sultan of Kordofan, with sovereignty over the regions of the White Nile, Darfour and Bahr Gazelle; fourth, that the Red Sea littoral, from Kasseir to Ansley Bay, south of Massowah, shall be a dependency of England; fifth, England will cede to Abyssinia two harborage ports upon the Red Sea, with a band of territory in Southern Soudan. It is believed by the government that the inhabitants of the Soudan will be satisfied with this arrangement. The fact that the Mahdi has been preaching his commission to establish universal dominion will, however, operate with his more fanatical followers to prevent such a settlement.

The Discussion Respecting General Gordon's proclamation to the Soudanese that he does not propose to interfere with domestic slavery is raging fiercely in England, where the general and his proclamation have been denounced by the opponents of the government. It is explained that General Gordon has not lost any of his antipathy to the slave trade, but that his mission being to tranquillize the Soudan he prefers to limit his operations to the political storm stirred up by the Mahdi. It was necessary to explicitly proclaim that he would not interfere with slavery because the inhabitants of the Soudan know him chiefly as the suppressor of the slave trade and naturally supposed that he came with the object of acting against it. To allay their hostility, and to enable him to effect the object of his mission, he issued his proclamation. In a letter he recently wrote he explicitly states his attitude on the slave trade as distinguished from slavery. He said: "If it suits me I will buy slaves. I will let captured slaves go down to Egypt and not molest them, and I will do what I like and what God in His mercy may direct me about domestic slaves, but I will break the neck of slave raids, even if it cost me my life."

In the German Reichstag, which was Formally opened on March 6th, the action of the American Congress was noticed in spite of Prince Bismarck's conduct and the efforts of the President of the Chamber to stifle the discussion. Herr Rickert, an independent, speaking, as he explained, on the order of the day, expressed thanks in the name of Herr Lasker's friends for the numerous tokens of sympathy which had been received. He was particularly grateful to the American Congress for the action of the House of Representatives. Herr Lasker's work will not be allowed to fall on account of his death. Baron Stauffenberg has taken up energetically the policy of the late leader, and is urging the union of all sections of the national liberals. Since the opening of the Reichstag distinct progress has been made toward the coalition of the progressists and the secessionists. This is fighting Prince Bismarck with his own weapons. He has hitherto been able to carry his measures by engineering a coalition of two of the many sections of German politicians by making adroit concessions to one or other as occasion demanded. The programme of the new party is thus stated in a telegram from Berlin to the New York *Herald:* "The new combination will be called the German liberal party. Its programme embraces strict adherence to the constitution, annual budgets, universal suffrage, secret voting, the payment of members of the Reichstag, the liberty of the press, of public meetings and of association, equality before the law, religious liberty and perfect equality of all creeds, economic progress, the suppression of State socialism, just assessment and taxation, with the exemption of articles of consumption. It will oppose any economic customs of policy which shall favor special interests, is against monopolies and advocates unimpaired maintenance of the national defence, with universal military services of short period and with an annual fixing of the peace contingent of the army. It further declares that progress must be based upon allegiance to the Emperor and to the federal constitution."

French Operations in Tonquin have been Resumed. A telegram from Paris, dated March 7th, says: "General Millot, the commander of the French land forces, with his staff, has crossed from Hanoi to the right bank of the Red River, and is advancing along the right bank of the canal of the rapids to effect a junction with General Negrier, who has left Haidzuong for Bacninh. Another column is advancing to the north so as to cut off the retreat of the Chinese. Fighting at Bacninh is imminent."

The Perpetrators of the Dynamite Outrages in England were not captured at the close of last week. The police continue their investigations, and are convinced that they are upon the track of the right men. Two Americans who landed at Southampton on February 20th and proceeded to London are the suspected parties. It is believed that after the explosions they fled to Paris. The French police are assisting the English officers in a search for them. An Irish member of Parliament, in a speech in the House of Commons, denounced the use of dynamite. He said he thought it tended to retard the progress of Ireland, and would prejudice the English people against the Irish—an opinion which is very likely to be true.

The Discontent of the Russian Peasantry has assumed a violent form in White Russia, which includes the provinces south of St. Petersburg on both sides of the river Dwina. The centre of the agitation is Pskov and Vitebsk. So intense is the irritation of the peasants in the latter province that the governor has telegraphed to St. Petersburg asking that the troops specially sent to Vitebsk be withdrawn, as a collision is feared. Appeals addressed to the educated classes have appeared in White Russia urging them to join in the struggle against absolutism.

Conflicting Rumors of the Movements of the Mohammedan False Prophet are in circulation. The inhabitants of Khartoum are in constant dread of his approach. Colonel Burnaby who has had considerable experience among the Arabs, in the course of a lecture he recently delivered said: "The danger to England does not consist in the Mahdi's forces, it consists in *the Pan-Islamic movement*, in the feeling of the Egyptians, of the Mohammedan world, of men ground down by European usurers in Egypt, ground down by taxes on salt in Hindostan, and who catch at the False Prophet even as a drowning man catches at a straw. Each day this movement is growing throughout the East. We have a vast number of Mohammedans and idolators beneath our rule in India. They have seen us unfriendly to the Sultan, they have seen us strangle in Egypt the aspirations of the national party, they know that the Sultan is powerless, they look upon the Ilbert bill and the Bengal Tenancy bill as signs of the weakness of our government. With another success they will regard the Mahdi as a deliverer."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Completed their three weeks' mission at the London Suburb of New Cross on March 2d. It was attended with increased blessing. The services were largely attended, and the interest was sustained to the close. Lady Beauchamp and her son and her two daughters have taken a prominent part in the services, singing in the choir and assisting in the after meetings. The usual custom in public meetings of reserving seats for the wealthier classes has been reversed by the evangelists, twelve rows of chairs all across the hall having been reserved for workingmen. On one occasion a large manufacturer attended and brought seven hundred of the factory hands and their families. Dr. Thorold, the Episcopal Bishop of Rochester, who recently visited America, and who has been an enthusiastic friend of the evangelists, was present on February 18th. He occupied a seat beside Mr. Moody, and remained until the close of the after-meeting. Messrs. Moody and Sankey have now completed just half the time apportioned to the work in London. In four months they have held meetings in the districts of Islington, Wandsworth, Stepney, Battersea, Stratford, and New Cross. They have held over two hundred meetings exclusive of overflows, with an average attendance of 5000, which gives a million of hearers. Their next station is King's Cross.

An Instance of Remarkable Philanthropy has just been made known in England. A gentleman advertised some months ago, offering $5000 to any person who would introduce him to Christian work in a Christian institution for poor children. Dr. Barnardo, in response, placed the claims of his well-known East-end work before the advertiser, the result being that the gentleman in question became so interested in the work that he has now devoted himself solely to its furtherance. He was formerly *a partner in a large and wealthy brewery* in the provinces, his partner and relative representing in Parliament the county in which the brewery is situated. Under the influence of religious conviction the gentleman referred to relinquished his share in the business at a sacrifice of many thousands a year income; and since his introduction to Dr. Barnardo he has left his estate in the Isle of Wight and personally promoted the Canada emigration scheme, which is one of the agencies at work in connection with the Stepney Homes. He has just bought an estate of 8000 acres at some distance from the British Metropolis, which he intends to devote to farm-work, to be carried on by poor boys.

The Coronation of Queen Ranavalona III., of Madagascar, is graphically described in a narrative recently published by the London *Standard*. It says: "The Queen was conducted to the Chair of State, on a small table by her side being *a large, handsomely-bound Bible*. A salute was fired, and the whole people assembled shouted their welcome. After this the Queen rose and addressed her people in a remarkably clear and sweet voice. She said briefly that she had succeeded to the throne, with all its duties, which she engaged to fulfil; the people, on their part, were to fulfil theirs. She had received the whole island—not part of it—its boundary was the ocean on all sides; not a bit of this would she give to any one—no, not the breadth of a hair; and, woman though she was, she would be like a man in the defence of her kingdom. Her Majesty went on to say that the foreigners who were on friendly relations with them would be well treated, and, finally, she declared that *she only recognized Jehovah as her God*. Upon Him she also rested her kingdom, and the fear of Him was the beginning of wisdom.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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The Late Rev. JOHN S. INSKIP. Died March 7, 1884.

THE LATE REV. JOHN S. INSKIP.

Born in England—Emigration to America—Converted under Bishop Scott—Turned out of his Father's House—His Father Relents—Enters the Methodist Ministry — "What a Man to Raise a Mob!"—Entire Sanctification—Mr. McDonald's Account of the Process—Mrs. Amanda Smith—First Holiness Camp-meeting—The National Camp-meeting Association—Becomes a Preacher of Holiness—Travels to the Pacific Coast—Withdraws from Pastoral Work—Holiness Journals—Life and Character—Tour Round the World—Round Lake Camp-meeting.

On Friday, March 7th, the Rev. John S. Inskip breathed his last, at his home, at Ocean Grove, N. J. Since his paralytic seizure, some months ago, encouraging reports have been issued from time to time, leading to the hope that his life-work was not wholly closed. That his activity of tongue and pen would be resumed could not be hoped, but it was thought that he might recover sufficiently to perform some portion of the duties with which his name has for many years been identified. That, however, was not the Lord's will. He to whom Mr. Inskip gave himself for use and service has called His servant from the harvest-field on earth to rest and reward.

The movement in which Mr. Inskip labored has aroused widely different feelings in the religious world. He believed that Christian perfection might be attained instantaneously by an act of faith, and his constant effort was directed to inducing Christians to seek that blessing. Even in the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he was a minister, a large proportion of the members have little or no sympathy with the doctrine Mr. Inskip taught, and have no confidence in the experience he and his friends professed to have enjoyed. In other denominations the opponents of the doctrine are still more numerous. They contend that progress in holiness is a continuous growth, the result of prayer, discipline, watchfulness, and a constant looking unto Jesus; that perfection is never attained in this life, but always there is a higher point of attainment still ahead, beckoning the Christian aspirant onward and keeping him humble. Many of our readers, as we find from their letters, belong to this last-mentioned class; but even to them such a life as that of the late preacher must be of interest. The desire for holiness is paramount in the heart of every Christian, and doubtless those who believe with Mr. Inskip that sanctification is, like justification, instantaneous, are conscious of growth in grace afterward, and still seek day by day to become more like their Lord. The difference between Christians on this subject, as on many others, is less radical than either party believes, and will vanish wholly when, in the presence of Christ, the whole Church universal joins in the song "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood . . . to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever."

Mr. Inskip was an Englishman by birth, but an American by education and life. He was born in Huntingdon, England, the birthplace of Oliver Cromwell, on the 10th of August, 1816. When he was five years of age, the Inskip family emigrated to America and settled, first in Wilmington, Del., and afterward in Chester County, Pa. There the boy was converted under the ministry of the Rev. Levi Scott, the senior bishop of the M. E. Church.

Mr. Scott preached on the words, "They began with one consent to make excuse" (Luke 14 : 18), and looking down casually at John Inskip, said, "That lad will say he is too young." The young man had imbibed *infidel views* from his father, who was a sceptic, and had never been in a church, but the preacher's direct remarks went home to his conscience. Mr. Inskip senior was very angry at his son's conversion, and, after trying in vain to make him renounce his faith in Christ,

TURNED HIM OUT

of his house. The lad of sixteen went forth homeless, carrying his possessions in a bundle, vexed at heart but strong in faith, cheering himself with the song:

"Oh! how happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!"

His father saw him go out of the house, not knowing whither, and was so affected that he went after him and brought him back. There is reason to believe that the sceptical man was deeply impressed by his son's conduct. The fact that religion had so much power, even over one comparatively new to its influence, as to induce the sacrifice of a home was a proof to him that it was no delusion. Ultimately the father himself believed in Jesus and lived and died a faithful Christian man. As the time drew on for the son to make a plan for life, he chose the ministry for a profession, and in 1836 he was received into the Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Church. He continued there for about nine years, and was then transferred to the Ohio, or what is now the Cincinnati, Conference; and in other seven years he was transferred to the New York East Conference; then to the New York Conference; from thence to that of Baltimore; and finally, back to New York East, of which Conference he continued a member.

Mr. Inskip was four years President of the Preachers' Meeting at New York, and when stationed at Baltimore, he became prominent as a preacher and pastor. It is related that on one occasion, when he was addressing a large audience with remarkable power, a politician of note put his head in at the door, and after looking on a little while, said, "*What a man to raise a mob!*" So struck was the man, in his own standpoint of a platform orator, by Mr. Inskip's power of influencing an assembly. Having thus laid the foundations of a reputation, Mr. Inskip, accompanied by his wife, paid a short visit to Europe in 1859 or 1860.

HIS SPECIAL WORK.

But it was as one of the foremost exponents of the *higher life* of sanctification that Mr. Inskip was best known, and any history of the man would be misleading which did not exhibit him most conspicuously in that character. The following is an account of the process Mr. Inskip underwent prior to his making the teaching of this doctrine his chief business, as given by Rev. W. McDonald who was his close friend and hearty coadjutor in the mission:

"The subject of entire sanctification early attracted his attention; and he became profoundly interested therein at the time of his ordination, when the bishop asked him the solemn and heart-searching *questions* usually put on those occasions: 'Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life?' 'Are you groaning after it?' etc. At that moment he came very near to this great salvation. . . . His mind, it is true, adhered to the doctrine [of entire sanctification] as a peculiarity of his creed. He was supported in his adherence by a kind of denominational tenacity which led him to contend for the doctrine while discarding the experience. The doctrine he found in all the standard authorities [of the Methodist Church]; and, knowing it as a 'specialty' among Methodistic ideas, he was constrained to protect and advocate it on all suitable occasions.

"Notwithstanding this, he became exceedingly hostile to a *profession* of the experience. His hostility assumed a more reprehensible form than doubt or scepticism. It became, in fact, a deep-seated and unyielding prejudice, and sometimes developed in the most uncharitable criticisms upon those who professed the blessing and the methods which were adopted to promulgate it. . . .

"He was [during the two years immediately preceding his profession of the experience] living a more devout life than at any former period of his history. His personal religious state had been more prominently in view, and excited a larger measure of attention and effort than usual. This was not, however, with any special reference to the attainment of the definite blessing of purity. He was seeking 'a closer walk with God,' and frequently was conscious of extraordinary power in the pulpit and divine communion in the closet. His religious experience during this period was of an improving character. He was under the control of the sentiment expressed in the line,

"Nearer, my God, to thee; nearer to thee!"

Yet the idea of seeking entire sanctification as a definite blessing did not enter his mind."

This was Mr. Inskip's state of mind when at the Sing Sing camp-meeting, on August 19th, 1864, his wife,

MRS. INSKIP,

publicly professed to have received the blessing of perfect sanctification. She had been deeply interested in the subject before setting out for the camp-meeting, and had been present at most of the meetings in which the subject of holiness was specially presented. Her entire time had been given to the great matter, and all the energies of her soul had been aroused and drawn toward it.

At length, on the morning of the last day of the meeting, the question was suggested to her mind, 'Will you be willing to acknowledge this blessing to your husband and others?' She said within herself, "Yes;" and after prayer and much self-examination she resolved in faith and dependence on divine strength, to make the profession. Upon returning home, Mrs. Inskip took the first opportunity to testify in the church of what she believed God had done for her, and immediately a number of persons came forward to the altar seeking a similar blessing.

The impression made on Mr. Inskip's mind was such that it led him to call to God for a larger measure of the influence of "the Spirit of truth" (John 14 : 17; 15 : 26; 16 : 13), that he might be a more efficient laborer in the vineyard. He was wonderfully enlivened, and his whole soul was stirred within him. Yet he did not at once determine to seek definitely the blessing of holiness.

He was at that time pastor of South Third Street M. E. Church, in Brooklyn, and on the Sunday morning after Mrs. Inskip's public confession (August 28th), he preached on Heb. 12 : 1, and while pressing the point of the text upon his audience, he frankly acknowledged that he was himself no better than

A SEEKER AFTER AN EVEN WALK

with God. His appeals were, nevertheless, very urgent and direct. He cried out in a vehement manner, "Brethren, lay aside every weight. Do it *now*. You *can* do it now, and therefore you *should*. It is your privilege, and therefore it is your duty, at this moment to make a consecration of your all to God, and declare you will henceforth be wholly and forever the Lord's." He repeated these and similar words several times with increasing force and earnestness, when all at once his conscience seemed to say to him, "*Do yourself what you wish the people to do.*"

He saw the inconsistency of his own position in a moment, and, throwing off his backwardness, he put forth strong faith and exclaimed, "Come, brethren, follow your pastor. I am determined to lay aside every weight. I call heaven and earth to witness that I now declare I will be henceforth wholly and forever the Lord's." Then he cried out with his eyes toward heaven, "I am, O Lord, wholly and forever Thine!"

"In this act of commingled consecration and faith," writes the Rev. W. McDonald, "the wondrous work was done, and he was at once divinely assured of its consummation. The bliss, the peace, the triumph of that hour will never be forgotten.

"The effect upon his congregation was truly amazing. Up to this time there had been no marked indications of any revival interest among the people. But in the evening of the day referred to the altar was filled with penitents, and *eight* souls were happily converted to God. The work went on with wondrous success and power. Over *three hundred* persons were

onverted during a series of protracted meetings eld in the church."

It will be of interest to mention here that ome years subsequently, when Mr. Inskip was astor of Greene Street M. E. Church in New ork, the colored evangelist, *Mrs. Amanda mith*, attended and derived fresh spiritual life nd energy from the blessing of God on Mr. nskip's labors.

A year or two after these events the Rev. W. . Osborn, now a presiding elder in the South ndia Conference of the M. E. Church, sug- ested to Mr. Inskip that a camp-meeting ould be held specially for the promotion of oliness. The idea was taken hold of and a ll was issued to all persons favorable to hold- g such a meeting to assemble in Philadelphia make arrangements for it. A number of rethren responded to the call, among whom as the late Rev. Dr. Roberts, of Baltimore, ho presided on the occasion. Vineland, N. J., as fixed upon as a suitable place, and there, due time, the camp-meeting was held.

It was a time of great prayer. We are told at all the business of the meeting was trans- cted by the brethren on their knees. The mented *Rev. Alfred Cookman* was there, and voked God's presence and blessing with his ual fervor. And thus, in these hallowed cir- mstances, was formed the

NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING ASSOCIATION,

hich has spread over all the land. Mr. Inskip as chosen *President*, and the Rev. W. cDonald, *Vice-President* of the Association. From that time the prominent members of the ssociation received calls to hold special ser- ces in various parts of the country, and in the ring of 1871 Mr. Inskip was invited by Bish- Ames to accompany him to his conferences the West. He accepted the invitation, and d good service in leading ministers and people to the enjoyment of perfect love, after which joined a party of Association members at naha, and went with them to the Pacific ast. These brethren had a *large audience-tent* th them, and they held meetings in Sacra- ento, Santa Clara, and San Francisco; and on eir way back they held a meeting in Salt Lake ty. Immediately after their return they ined a larger body of their members and held rvices at Round Lake and at Urbana, where r. Inskip was temporarily *prostrated by sun- oke.*

RETIREMENT FROM THE PASTORATE.

The success of these and other such labors led r. Inskip to retire from the work of the pas- rate, and ask to be placed on the *supernume- ry list* of the Methodist ministry. The follow- g is an abridgment of his own explanation of e step, which he made and printed at the ne: "For many years past the conviction on mind that the Lord called me to a larger ld of operation than that furnished by the gular pastorate has been increasing in clear- ss and strength. Many of my most devoted d confiding friends, both of the clergy and ty, have frequently urged that I ought to ve upon a line of evangelistic effort, insisting at I could serve the cause of the Redeemer tter in that way than any other.

"The demand upon my time and energies ade by the National Camp-meeting arrange- nt has been full as much as I could endure in dition to the labors of a heavy pastoral arge. The recent invitation to the Pacific ast, and a call from the other side of the lantic, and numerous other urgent solicita- ns for special service, presented to the mem- rs of the National Association a state of facts ich convinced all that some of us were vinely called to meet the emergency. Upon oking candidly and prayerfully into the pecul- qualifications, circumstances, and surround- gs of each, all seemed to be perfectly agreed at the undersigned ought to give himself to s special work." Mr. Inskip's friend, Mr. Donald also resigned his pastoral work at same time, and for similar reasons. After t time these two gentlemen were able to give their whole time to preaching and holding meetings for the promotion of holiness.

We must now turn to the subject of Mr. Inskip's

LITERARY CONNECTIONS.

The *Advocate of Christian Holiness*, a well-known monthly magazine, was started by the National Camp-meeting Association at Boston, in July, 1870, not to record the proceedings of the Association, nor to further its interests, but to further its *object*. The Vice-President of the Association, Mr. McDonald, was appointed its editor.

The other journal of the Association, of which Mr. Inskip himself was the editor, is the *Christian Standard and Home Journal*, published by the Rev. Andrew Cather, at 921 Arch Street, Philadelphia. This is a weekly paper, an eight-page sheet, which succeeded the *Methodist Home Journal* formerly published by the Rev. Mr. Wallace, editor of the *Ocean Grove Record*. These two organs of the Association have now a circulation of about 18,000.

The subject of this short sketch was a man of unusual mental abilities and of peculiar energy and individuality of character. His industry was great, his conscientiousness in fulfilling engagements was remarkable, and he was methodical in all his habits. His manner was genial and his kindness great. The conspicuous feature of his daily life was *loyalty to God*; he sought to know God's will and to do it. On this principle, he, some years ago, broke off the habit of smoking. He enjoyed excellent health, and had much power of endurance. During a tour through some of the Southern States, in the winter of 1879–80, he preached ten or twelve times a week, besides frequently making short addresses, from the beginning of November to the end of March, with only two intervals of a few days each.

He was very sociable and conversational with his friends, and he made friends of all the Lord's people. He held all he possessed at God's service, and gave largely out of his slender means. In all his work for God he was aided and supported by his excellent wife, who survives him, and is a ready and impressive speaker at meetings, and to whom he had been married above forty years. He had an only son, but lost him about twenty years ago.

THE ROUND LAKE CAMP-MEETING.

The Rev. W. B. Osborn, who was the first to suggest a camp-meeting for the promotion of holiness, about six years ago, just before he went to India, proposed to Mr. Inskip that he and a party of members of the Association should make

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD

with the view of stirring up the churches to an earnest endeavor after the standard of holiness. The guidance of the Holy Spirit was sought in prayer, and the idea was deemed to be practicable. It was submitted to all friends and well-wishers of the Association, and funds sufficient to warrant preparations for the long journey were received. These preparations were completed, and the party, consisting of the Revs. Mr. Inskip, W. McDonald, and J. A. Wood, and their wives, sailed in the National Line steamship, The Queen, on June 23d, 1880. Other ladies and gentlemen accompanied them of their own choice, and paying their own expenses, but the friends of the Association were responsible for the six persons we have indicated, who, however, received no remuneration for their mission.

After working some time in the United Kingdom, the party proceeded directly to India, to which they were cordially invited by the Methodist Conferences, and which was the principal field of their testimony and labor. From India the party went to Australia and so made their way home. The time of their absence was about eighteen months. The tour was specially indorsed by the New York East and New England Conferences of the M. E. Church, and by several eminent servants of God, one of whom, *Bishop Simpson*, gave Mr. Inskip the following letter of commendation;

"It gives me pleasure to say that Rev. John S. Inskip is a minister of good standing, as well as of age and experience, in the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I have known him well for many years as an active, devoted, and efficient laborer in the Lord's vineyard. In his visit to foreign countries he is accompanied by Mrs. Inskip, who is also well known to the Church as an earnest and successful Christian lady who has been of great service in assisting in protracted and revival services. They are both commended to the courtesy of Christian friends, and the blessing of God is invoked upon them.

"M. Simpson, Bishop M. E. Church."

The departure of this Christian band was celebrated by a camp-meeting of extraordinary interest at Round Lake, which began June 12th, 1880, under the presidency of Mr. Inskip. It was a time of special encouragement to the clergymen and their associates who were to travel *twenty-four thousand miles* of sea and land before they set feet on their native shores again.

Mr. Inskip's appearance before his death became more venerable than it was when the portrait from which our cut is made was taken, but in other respects the likeness will be recognized as a faithful one.

A FATALITY AVERTED BY A HORSE.

(*See Illustration on page* 188.)

The Rev. James Somerville, whose name is fondly and gratefully cherished by the inhabitants of New South Wales, was one of the most indefatigable missionaries who ever labored in that land. He was a man who never seemed to need rest. After preaching and conversing for hours he would mount his horse to ride twenty or thirty miles to another station to continue his labor. Every day in the week had its appointed journey, and often the journeys were of prodigious length. Some of these journeys were remarkable for their narrow escapes from accident, for the country is wild, and many of the inhabitants were, at the time of his residence there, of a desperate character.

One remarkable incident, notable as an evidence of God's especial care over His servants, is recorded by Mr. Somerville, who frankly describes it, though telling against himself.

Numerous salt-water creeks pervade the Shoalhaven district. They were much affected by the tides, and were great impediments to travel, and there were no bridges. Mr. Somerville was well acquainted with the numerous fords, but floods often altered them, and in that fact lay a great danger to the traveller. On one occasion Mr. Somerville came to a crossing-place where his horse could ordinarily slip in gently, and, carry his rider over without swimming, or, at worst, gently lose his foothold, and swim steadily through the still water. All appeared as usual to the sagacity of man, but not so to that of the horse. The horse was naturally obedient and fearless of water, but on this occasion he steadily refused to enter the stream. The rider urged the horse to enter, and, irritated by what he supposed to be obstinacy, he raised his arm to strike the animal, but desisted, and gave his horse the rein to go and do as he liked. The animal immediately commenced a course along the bank of the creek until he came to what appeared to be a far less inviting spot, and there safely crossed, scarcely wetting his rider.

Mr. Somerville afterward discovered that *the crossing-place he had first attempted had been washed away*, and examination at low water proved that had the horse been prevailed upon to enter, he must have plunged at once down an almost perpendicular bank into about twenty feet of water; in this case he, of course, would have sunk with his rider to the bottom, and his rider's life would have been placed in imminent peril. In all probability horse and man would both have perished. Mercifully—for nothing happens apart from divine supervision—this servant of God was riding a peculiarly sagacious beast, and to that fact, under God's providence, he doubtless owed his preservation from death.

THE HORNET'S MISSION.

A Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage.*

"The Lord thy God will send the hornet."—DEUT. 7 : 20.

The Insectile World Hostile to Men—An Army Defeated by Hornets—Insectile Annoyances—The Product of Sensitive Organization—Disturbing Acquaintances—Naomi's Reception—H. M. Stanley's Cross-Examiners—A Philadelphia Hostler's Pessimism—Physical Trouble—Domestic Irritation—Business Irritations—Prolific Annoyances—The Use of the Hornet—Awakening—Inculcating Patience—Trouble in Homœopathic Doses—The Piper of Hamelin—A Painting of Ten Thousand Touches—Polycarp's Bower of Fire.

IT seems as if the insectile world were determined to extirpate the human race. It bombards the grain fields and the orchards and the vineyards. The Colorado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potato-beetle, seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when the insects buzzed and droned out of Noah's Ark as the door was opened.

In my text, the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting.

ITS TOUCH IS TORTURE

to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellowing under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree-branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful covering we were struck with something that sent us shrieking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captains over hundreds, and twenty of them alighting on one man will produce certain death.

The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephants and the beasts on which the Persians rode were assaulted by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up, and the besieged city was rescued. This burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and the Canaanites from their country. What gleaming sword and chariot of war could not accomplish was done by the puncture of an insect. The Lord sent the hornet.

My friends, when we are assaulted by great Behemoths of trouble, we become chivalric, and we assault them ; we get on the high-mettled steed of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them, and, if God be with us, we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But alas for these

INSECTILE ANNOYANCES

of life—these foes too small to shoot—these things without any avoirdupois weight—the gnats, and the midges, and the flies, and the wasps, and the hornets ! In other words, it is the small stinging annoyances of our life which drive us out and use us up. In the best-conditioned life, for some grand and glorious purpose God has sent the hornet.

I remark, in the first place, that these small stinging annoyances may come in the shape of a sensitive

NERVOUS ORGANIZATION.

People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plenty of sympathy ; but who pities anybody that is nervous ? The doctors say, and the family say, and everybody says, "Oh, she's only a little nervous ; that's all !" The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord in music, an inharmony between the shawl and the glove on the same person, a curt answer, a passing slight, the wind from the east, any one of ten thousand annoyances, opens the door for the hornet. The fact is that the vast majority of the people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude are under the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by his physician that if he did not stop working while he was in such poor physical health he would die, responded, "Doctor, whether I live or die, the wheel must keep going round ; and though I may be disappointed in it, if before I die I don't surpass Sir William Jones in profound Oriental literature, may no tear of grief for me ever profane a borderer." These sensitive persons of whom I speak have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Canaanites spoken of in the text or in the context—they have a very thin covering, and are vulnerable at all points. "And the Lord sent the hornet."

Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of

FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES

who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossips spin, and retail it. They gather up all the adverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh too —outside.

These people are brought to our attention in the Bible, in the Book of Ruth. Naomi went forth beautiful and with the finest of worldly prospects, and into another land ; but after a while she came back widowed, and sick, and poor. What did her friends do when she came to the city ? They all went out, and, instead of giving her common-sense consolation, what did they do ? Read the Book of Ruth and find out. They threw up their hands and said, "*Is this Naomi?*" as much as to say, "How awful bad you do look !" When I entered the ministry I looked very pale for years, and every year, for four or five years, a hundred times a year I was asked if I had not the consumption ; and passing through the room I would sometimes hear people sigh and say, "A-ah ! not long for this world !" I resolved in those times that I never, in any conversation, would say anything depressing, and by the help of God I have kept the resolution. These people of whom I speak reap and bind in the great harvest-field of discouragement. Some day you greet them with a hilarious "good-morning," and they come buzzing at you with some depressing information. "The Lord sent the hornet."

It is astonishing how some people prefer to write and to say disagreeable things. That was the case when, four or five years ago, Henry M. Stanley returned after his magnificent exploit of

FINDING DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

When Mr. Stanley stood before the *savants* of Europe, and many of the small critics of the day, under pretence of getting geographical information, put to him most insolent questions, he folded his arms and refused to answer. At the very time when you would suppose all decent men would have applauded the heroism of the man, there were those to hiss. "The Lord sent the hornet." And now at this time, when that man sits down on the western coast of Africa, sick and worn out, with perhaps the grandest achievement of the age in the way of geographical discovery, there are small critics all over the world to buzz and buzz, and caricature and deride him, and after a while he will get the London papers, and as he opens them out will fly the hornet. When I see that there are so many people in the world who like to say disagreeable things, and write disagreeable things, I come almost in my weaker moments to believe what a man said to me in Philadelphia one Monday morning. I went to get the horse at the livery stable, and the ostler, a plain man, said to me, "Mr. Talmage, I saw that you preached to the young men yesterday." I said, "Yes." He said, "No use, no use ; man's a failure."

The small insect annoyances of life sometimes come in the shape of *local*

PHYSICAL TROUBLE,

which does not amount to a positive prostration, but which bothers you when you want to feel the best. Perhaps it is a sick-headache which has been the plague of your life, and you appoint some occasion of mirth, or sociality, or usefulness, and when the clock strikes the hour you cannot make your appearance. Perhaps the trouble is between the ear and the forehead, in the shape of a neuralgic twinge. Nobody can see it or sympathize with it ; but just at the time when you want your intellect clearest, and your disposition brightest, you feel a sharp, keen, disconcerting thrust. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Perhaps these small insect annoyances will come in the shape of a

DOMESTIC IRRITATION.

The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonize. To get good service, and to keep it, is one of the great questions of the country. Sometimes it may be the arrogancy and inconsiderateness of employers, but whatever be the fact, we all admit there are these insect annoyances winging their way out from the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot maintain her equilibrium. The men come home at night and hear the story of these annoyances, and say, "Oh, these home troubles are very little things !" They are small, small as wasps, *but they sting*. Martha's nerves were all unstrung when she rushed in, asking Christ to scold Mary, and there are tens of thousands of women who are dying, stung to death by these pestiferous domestic annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of

BUSINESS IRRITATIONS.

There are men here who went through 1857, and the 24th of September, 1869, without losing their balance, who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances—a clerk's ill-manners, or a blot of ink on a bill of lading, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his account, or the underselling by a business rival, or the whispering of store-confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judgment, just to please somebody else.

It is not the panics that kill the merchants. Panics come only once in ten or twenty years. It is the constant din of these every-day annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our national commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and fell almost defiant ; but their life is going away now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

I have noticed in the history of some of my congregation that their

ANNOYANCES ARE MULTIPLYING,

and that they have a hundred where they used to have ten. The naturalist tells us that a wasp sometimes has a family of twenty thousand, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million. By the help of God to-day, I want to set in a counter-current. The hornet is of no use ? Oh, yes ! The naturalists tell us they are very important in the world's economy ; they kill spiders, and they clear the atmosphere ; and I really believe God sends the annoyances of our life upon us to kill the spiders of the soul, and to clear the moral atmosphere into the skies.

USES OF THE HORNET.

These annoyances are sent on us, I think, to *wake us up from our lethargy*. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest of "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a be of everything that was attractive and soft an easy, what would we want of heaven ? W think that the hollow tree sends the hornet, o

* Dr. Talmage did not preach at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday ; we therefore publish a sermon by him which has never before appeared in this journal.

we may think that the devil sends the hornet. I want to correct your theology. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Then I think these annoyances come on us to

CULTURE OUR PATIENCE.

In the gymnasium, you find upright parallel bars—upright bars, with holes over each other for pegs to be put in. Then the gymnast takes a peg in each hand and he begins to climb, one inch at a time, or two inches, and getting his strength cultured, reaches after a while the ceiling. And it seems to me that these annoyances in life are a moral gymnasium, each worriment a peg with which we are to climb higher and higher in Christian attainment. We all love to see patience, but it cannot be cultured in fair weather. Patience is a child of the storm. If you had everything desirable, and there was nothing more to get, what would you want with patience? The only time to culture it, is when you are lied about and cheated, and sick and half dead.

"Oh," you say, "if I only had the circumstances of some well-to-do man I would be patient too." You might as well say, "If it were not for this water I would swim;" or, "I could shoot this gun if it were not for the caps." When you stand chin-deep in annoyances is the time for you to swim out toward the great headlands of Christian attainment, so as to "know Christ and the power of His resurrection, and to have *fellowship with His sufferings*. Oh, let patience have its perfect work.

Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. I have formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexations. It takes just so much trouble to fit us for usefulnesss and for heaven. The only question is, whether we shall take it in the bulk or pulverized and granulated. Here is one man who takes it in the bulk. His back is broken, or his eyesight put out, or some other awful calamity befalls him; while the vast majority of people take this thing piecemeal. Which way would you rather have it? Of course in piecemeal. Better have five aching teeth than one broken jaw; better ten fly-blisters than an amputation; better twenty squalls than one cyclone. There may be a difference of opinion as to allopathy and homœpathy; but in this matter of trouble I like

HOMŒOPATHIC DOSES

—small pellets of annoyance rather than some knock-down dose of calamity. Instead of the thunderbolt, give us the hornet. If you have a bank, you would a great deal rather that fifty men would come in with cheques less than a hundred dollars than to have two depositors come in the same day, each wanting his ten thousand dollars. In this last case you cough and look down to the floor, and you look up at the ceiling, before you look into the safe. Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drafts of annoyance on your bank of faith than some all-staggering demand upon your endurance? But remember that little as well as great annoyances equally require you to trust in Christ for succor, and for deliverance from impatience and irritability. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

IN THE VILLAGE OF HAMELIN,

tradition says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town, and threatened the lives of the population; and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and all the vermin followed him—followed him to the banks of the Weser, and then he blew a blast and they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course this is a fable; but I wish I could, on the sweet flute of the Gospel, draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life, and play them down into the depths forever.

How many touches did Mr. Church give to his picture of "Cotopaxi," or his "Heart of the Andes?" I suppose about fifty thousand touches. I hear the canvas saying, "Why do you keep me trembling with that pencil so long? Why don't you put it on in one dash?" "No," says Mr. Church, "I know how to make a painting; it will take fifty thousand of these touches." And I want you, my friends, to understand that it is these ten thousand annoyances which, under God, are making up

THE PICTURE OF YOUR LIFE,

to be hung at last in the galleries of heaven, fit for angels to look at. God knows how to make a picture.

If you had your own way, you would probably desire all possible worldly prosperity. You would have a garden and a river running through it, geranium and cactus on the sides, and the grass and flowers as beautiful as though the rainbows had fallen. Then you would build yourself a house—a splendid mansion with costly upholstery, and every hall in it set with statues and statuettes; and you would have the four quarters of the globe pour in all their luxuries on your table, and forks of silver and knives of gold, and expensively appointed equipages, with high-stepping horses; and you would desire to live, if possible, a hundred years, and not have a pain or ache until the last breath.

LIFE A VESTIBULE.

You say, "Why does not God give us all these things?" Ah! the reason is because He is wiser. It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best picture in the portico or vestibule of his house. God meant this world to be only the vestibule of heaven, and heaven itself is the great gallery of the universe, toward which we are aspiring. We must not have things too good in this world, or we should be content to remain always in the vestibule without penetrating into the gallery of heaven. You are surprised that aged people are so willing to go out of this world. I will tell you the reason. It is not only because of the bright prospects in heaven, but it is because they feel that seventy years of nettlesomeness is enough. They would lie down in the soft meadows of this world forever, but "God sends the hornet."

My friends, I shall not have preached this morning in vain if I have shown you that the annoyances of life, the small annoyances of life, may be subservient to your present and your

ETERNAL ADVANTAGE.

Polycarp was condemned to be burned at the stake. The stake was planted; he was fastened to it; the wood was planted around about the stake; it was kindled; but, by some strange current of the atmosphere, history tells us the flames bent outward like the sails of a ship under a strong breeze, and then, far above, they came together, making a canopy; so that, instead of being destroyed by the flames, there he stood in a flamboyant bower planted by his persecutors. They had to take his life in another way, and by the point of the poniard.

And I have to tell you this morning that God can make all the flames of your trial a wall of defence and a canopy for the soul. God is just as willing to fulfil to you as He was to Polycarp the promise, "When thou passest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned." In heaven you will acknowledge the fact that you never had one annoyance too many, and through all eternity you will be grateful that in this world the Lord did send the hornet. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "All things work together for good to those who love God." The Lord sent the sunshine. "The Lord sent the hornet."

THE OCCUPATIONS, ETC.

A new pamphlet of Dr. Talmage's Sermons, under the above title, is now ready. Among the twenty-six sermons it contains, are those to Lawyers, Doctors, Merchants, Clerks, Commercial Travellers, The Theatrical Profession, and Telegraph Operators. Also Sermons on Business Life, The East Wind, Silver Wings, The Pouting Son, The Ferry-boat of the Jordan, etc. It may be obtained, postage paid, from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office for thirty cents.

INCIDENTS OF CHRISTIAN WORK AMONG THE CHINESE.

In Search of a New God.—"Mr. McCarthy, a missionary in China, relates the following: "A woman heard that the foreigners had a new idol which she had not seen, and she, being a religious person, travelled a long distance to see and to worship it. Her disappointment was great when she found there was no image, no sign of authority, or other outward emblem. We explained to her that God was a Spirit, and that it was wrong to worship images. It was long ere she could be made to understand; but at length it became clear to her mind that Jesus was her Saviour, and she let Him into her heart."

A Leper's Remarkable Confession.—The Rev. Mr Baillie says: "There is solid work being done among the lepers in China. I remember seeing a group of lepers holding a prayer-meeting under a clump of trees. It moved me to see these poor diseased men worshipping Jesus in the open air. I was particularly interested in one man who lived in the Lepers' Hospital, and asked the attendant, 'How is ——?' He answered, 'Oh, very bad; he has gone home, and can't leave the house.' I went to the poor hut which he called home, and the poor fellow crawled out to see me; he was in a pitiable state, his flesh and bones gradually wasting away. I said, 'How are you?' He replied, 'Very well!' 'How is it that I find you in such a dreadful state?' His answer was, 'Ever since I knew Christ, nineteen years ago, I have never known pain of body or mind.'"

An Indignant Chinese Congregation.—"A missionary was preaching in the city of Ning Po, in China, just as you do here; he was in the open air, and then invited the people into the hall. Mr. Gough read out the first chapter of Romans, then he told them the same story you hear every night. When the sermon was preached, he went down to speak to the people, and found that they were very angry with him. Some of the people said: 'You do very wrong; you come professing to preach a heavenly doctrine, and you go round our city picking up all the bad things done in it, then put it into a book. You get us in here, and when we can't very well get out, you read it all out to us; you do very wrong.' The chapter he read was an exact description of Ning Po. Mr. Gough had much trouble in getting them to believe that it was a book written hundreds of years ago."

A Soul Worth More than Twelve Houses.—"The vain repetition of which our Lord spoke is well shown in heathen lands. I had a boy thirteen years old in our school who, when he first came, would for hours at a time strike a wooden gong, repeating over and over again one word. He had an excellent memory, and in a year or so learned the Bible well, and in three or four years he understood the plan of salvation. The boy soon knew that the Jesus he read about in the New Testament was his Saviour, and humbly asked the Lord to save him. Before his conversion he used to steal and lie; after this eventful change his life was most consistent. He desired to be publicly baptized and to make an open profession of Christ. This meant a great deal to him, for he was entitled to get some ten or twelve houses as his share of his father's estate, *on condition that he worshipped idols;* if he did not do so he lost all the property. I did not press him in any way, but pointed out what the Scriptures said on the subject. After much prayerful consideration he said to me: 'Mr. McCarthy, I think it won't be of much value to me to get those twelve houses and lose my own soul.' I replied, 'You think right; I have been praying for you; there is nothing so precious as your own soul to you.' He wrote to his friends: 'As I cannot get these houses without being an idolator, I give them up, as I worship only the true God.' Did God let him starve? No; the lad got a situation, and for years preached the Gospel, and died praising God."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

An Enlightened Infidel said at a Recent meeting: "Two years ago I was an infidel, a drunkard, and a terrible smoker. I went to Mr. Moody's meetings, and there the Lord caught me, and graciously led me to see myself a lost sinner, and thanks be to His name, He also showed me that He was my Saviour. I trusted in Him. All my infidel notions were swept away; the desire for drink left me, and I was so filled with joy that I never thought of it. My pipe I gave up because I did not see how I was to be a temple of the Holy Ghost, pure in the sight of God while using it, especially as it had previously exercised such power over me."

Strange Freaks of the Devil.—Mr. Graham related: "In the revival of 1861 in Ireland, a Roman Catholic priest wrote, saying that the spiritual excitement then raging was the work of the devil. A little Irish boy, who was beginning to love Christ, replied to the effect that if the priest's statement was true, then the devil must be converted, for from what he had noticed the devil generally made men drunkards, liars, thieves, and fornicators, but that these converts were living good, holy lives. These were singular freaks for the devil to do. So the little boy silenced the priest, thus fulfilling the Psalmist's words, 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength because of Thine enemies, that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger'" (Ps. 8 : 2).

A Christian Ploughman Testified: "I was wandering in a dark country. Up till a few months ago I thought that, 'If I am to be saved, I will be saved; I have nothing to do with it.' Now the Saviour has brought me into a bright land, where I see things in a new and glorious light. I always lived a decent, moral life, only getting drunk now and then; and on the whole, I felt that I was much better than most men. I learned that this idea was a wile of the devil by seeing some living, earnest Christians. Their lives were so different from mine, and they were so happy when singing hymns and psalms, and talking to one another about the love of Jesus and their work for Him, that I could not shut my eyes to the difference. Now Jesus has saved me—gloriously saved me, and He is with me during the morning, noon, and night. His presence is my chief, my only joy."

The Might of a Mother's Prayers.—Mr. Oatts related: "I was in Chicago about fifteen months ago, where I met a young man from Glasgow, who had sunk as low as one could sink into the slough of sin. Often though almost starving himself through his own excesses, he sent home something to his praying mother who lived in the Gallowgate, so that she might not know that her son had gone off the lines on which she thought he was travelling. The Christian mother did not know that her boy had really gone astray, yet she always prayed for him, and her prayers followed him wherever he went. God has lifted that young man from the slough of sin into which he had fallen, and made him a new man in Christ Jesus. The mother's prayers are answered, furnishing a new and striking proof that 'praying breath was never spent in vain.'"

A Son's Head in a Lion's Mouth.—"A Lady called upon an eminent minister in Glasgow, and requested his special prayers on behalf of her son. The minister inquired, 'Why should I pray for him specially?' The reply came: 'He has got such a splendid opening abroad for getting on in the world, but he will have no opportunity of meeting with Christians or of enjoying Gospel ordinances.' Looking solemnly at the lady, the minister replied, 'You put your son into a situation where he will have no chance of mingling in Christian society, or of hearing the Gospel, and ask me to pray for him! You have no right to do so. As well put his head into a hungry lion's mouth, and ask it not to bite him. A mistake often made by parents is to put their sons into positions where they are almost certain to go astray, and then they wonder how their sons have fallen. Do not, for the sake of a few pounds extra in the year, put your children into such places.'" "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

A Saved Drunkard's Testimony Blessed.—A reformed inebriate testifies thus: "I am glad that I am able to stand here to bear witness to the saving power of God. Before my conversion I was not a man who ever cared for divine things. Drinking, swearing, and Sabbath-breaking were my delight. Between four and five years ago, I went into a small place of worship, where I heard the testimony of a man whom I knew to have been a thorough drunkard. At the time I was very miserable in mind and body so much so, that I felt that my life was lost to all that was pure and holy, and that I only lived to come to a bad end. I listened to this man telling how God had given him power over the craving for strong drink. I thought, 'If *he* can be saved, so can I,' and that very hour I found salvation through faith in Christ, cleansing in His precious blood, and have been preserved from the drink and sin ever since."

All Night in a Mountain Mist.—"One Afternoon a party of tourists were travelling up a mountain. A dense mist came on, and caused them to lose their way. All night long they wandered farther and farther, not knowing where they were. Just before dawn they came to a halt, worn-out with fatigue and cold. One of the party, a lady, overborne by the exposure, lay down on the ground and died. When the rising sun dispelled the darkness of night, and caused the mist to lift, they saw that they were within a hundred yards of the hotel, and that they had roamed near it all night. Their feelings were somewhat similar to the sensations experienced by some anxious souls, when they enter into light, by simply trusting in God. They feel 'We were so near, yet so far off.' Yes, your nearest friend is not so close to you as Jesus is. He stands at the door of your hearts. Let Him in. In Him alone is light, and comfort, and eternal salvation."

Presenting an Unsigned Check.—Mr. Reid said: "Some time ago a friend handed me a check on the National Bank. At a first glance it seemed all right: 'Pay to William Reid such-and-such a sum.' I presented it at the bank, duly indorsed by my own hand, with my own name, but the pay-clerk said, 'I can't cash this.' 'Why not? are there no funds?' 'Yes, plenty. 'Then why not pay it.' 'Mr. ——gave you this?' 'Yes.' 'He has not signed it.' 'Oh, I did not notice that; I will soon get that put right.' I got the check signed, presented it again, and got my money without a word. We might have heard of and read the Gospel and the whole Bible, but unless Christ had risen from the dead, we should not have the signature of God to His work of salvation. The resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ is the signature of God to His own promises. He was 'declared to be the Son of God with power, when God raised Him from the dead.' He says: 'Because I live, ye shall live also.'"

The Dying Comforting the Living.—The Rev. Mr. Goodall related: "Not very long ago a young woman spoke to me about the eternal interests of her soul. It was a very long and weary struggle for her to escape from the devil's meshes, but I shall not forget the expression of her face when she did enter into the perfect peace of Christ through trusting herself to His atoning sacrifice and redeeming blood. One Sabbath, she sat down at the Lord's Table for the first time, and told me afterward that she enjoyed it *so* much. On the next Tuesday night a man came to my door and asked me to come with him to attend the deathbed of the young woman. As the old father stood at the bedside with tears flowing in streams from his eyes, his dying daughter comforted him with the words, 'Oh, father, is it not well for me that I have not to make my peace with God now? Is it not well that I am dying in the rest of His Son?' It is a grand thing to see a Christian die! Oh, that we could all say, 'To me to live is Christ,' then to die will be everlasting gain."

NOTES OF MR. MOODY'S MEETINGS IN LONDON.

AT some of the meetings at Battersea, testimonies from converts were invited, and from among those that were given we select the following:

"In 1863 the Lord had to break my leg in order to break my heart, and I thank Him for doing both."

"For thirty-eight years I have been a wanderer, but my wife was taken off her crutches at Bethshan, and the Lord used that fact to restore my soul a short time ago."

"In 1876 I found Christ. I had gone to a music hall, and I am sorry to say I came home very drunk. When I awoke the next morning from the effects of the drink, I was so convicted of my sin that I had to seek Christ, and I gave myself no rest till I had found Him as my Saviour, and He has kept me from the drink ever since."

"I had for years clung to the old-fashioned idea that conversion was a very gradual process, but I thank God that, through Mr. Moody's preaching, I have been able to understand clearly that it is only one step to Christ for salvation."

"I got into the large hall one evening last week, but, unfortunately—or rather, I suppose, I should say fortunately—I got into such a bad position that I could not hear a word of Mr. Moody's sermon. God thus gave me time to see myself and to think, and I saw how awful a sinner I was. I was led to seek and find Christ that very evening."

A man, forty-four years of age, who had been with the same employers thirty-five years, laid hold of the Lord Jesus as his Saviour very definitely. He is a carman, and says he finds the Lord Jesus with him in his daily work, blessing him in it. He has been spending his Sunday afternoons in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, with an intemperate man who has no other friend, but has now recovered from his accident and is going on better. The man has bought a beautiful accordeon, on which to play the well-loved hymns, while the wife, with the little baby in her arms, sings with him. He hopes to be able to get off a little earlier on Tuesday evenings, to attend a class for instruction in music, so as to be able to play from note by and by. He is happy and contented, and the peace of God has blessed the house.

A man and his wife gave themselves to the Lord at the Priory meetings. Alone in London—his wife delicate in health—the husband, an engineer by trade, but unable to do his proper work through a paralyzed arm, has to rise daily at four to do work of an inferior kind. Both are thoroughly happy in the Lord, and so full of rejoicing as to be lifted above these circumstances. Another man, crippled by rheumatism in his feet, who has to rise at three every morning, as watchman of some buildings, testified to the rest and joy the meetings had brought him; for though a communicant for years, he had never seen the way of life so clearly before.

A man, by trade a carpenter, and his wife, were both brought to Christ at the Priory. He was a sad drunkard, she, a broken-hearted, desolate woman. Her testimony now is, "I little knew what God was; we have had nothing but mercies since."

A parlormaid in service in one of the south-western suburbs was invited by an elderly Christian woman in Highbury to come and hear Mr. Moody. She could only attend one meeting, and her friend took her, silently pleading with God for her. Prayer was answered, and the maid returned to her place of service rejoicing in the Lord.

A servant girl told a lady calling on her that at one of the meetings a gentleman had asked her to promise to give her heart to God, but thought he fancied she had been very bad,

whereas she had always been respectable. He told her of the broken law, and of God's tender love; this quite broke her down, and she knelt to thank God for giving Jesus for her, and went home rejoicing and grateful.

THE SOUDAN AND HOLY SCRIPTURE.

By Rev T. J. Malyon, LL.B.

The Magnitude of the Soudan—Its Physical Characteristics—Its Peoples and Government—Once Highly Civilized—The Ethiopia of Scripture—A Jewish Tradition Preserved by Josephus—Moses' Marriage with a Woman of Cush—Its Ancient Wealth and Power—Home of the Queen of Sheba—Its Military Power in Ancient Times—Asa's Fear and Prayer—Other Scripture References to it—Its Predicted Conversion.

THE Soudan is a large tract of country stretching away from the south of Egypt into Central Africa, which, as yet, has not been accurately surveyed and mapped. It is

A REGION OF MOUNTAINS AND DESERTS,

without roads or canals, and its capital is inaccessible by sea, save by crossing a belt of sandy desert of some 280 miles. It has no navigable river except the Nile for a portion of the year. It stretches 1600 miles in one direction, and 1300 miles in another. It is the abode of wandering tribes, friendly, or fighting each other, as the case may be—a region where government is simply chaos.

Yet it has been, especially in the northern parts, the scene of high civilization in the past. For this was the Cush or

ETHIOPIA OF SCRIPTURE.

In Genesis 10 : 6, the origin of the nations springing from Ham, the son of Noah, is given. Whatever was to be the working of the curse, for one or two thousand years the descendants of Ham appear to have prospered. Mizraim founded Egypt; Phut probably colonized Lybia or the regions about Tripoli to the west of Egypt; Canaan, Palestine to the north or east; and Cush to the south, the Soudan. Cush means black. It is generally translated Ethiopia in Scripture. One of the earliest references is incidental. It is that the wife of Moses was *an Ethiopian woman*, which gave offence to Miriam and Aaron, and appears to have been at the root of much of the trouble of the Exodus. So that it is no new thing for perplexity to arise from the Soudan.

The Ethiopia of the Bible, as it was known to Josephus, covered precisely the area which the British Government has lately counselled the Khedive to abandon, for we learn that the northern boundary of Moroë was masked by Syene—the modern Assouan—and the southern by the juncture of the White and Blue Niles, where now stands Khartoum.

A JEWISH TRADITION,

preserved by Josephus, associates the Soudan with a very early period in Hebrew history. When Moses had arrived at man's estate, Egypt was invaded by an Ethiopian army, which successfully laid waste the country as far as Memphis. In their despair the Egyptians prayed to their oracles for aid, and the advice they received was that they should offer the leadership of their armies to "Moses the Hebrew." This they did. The great difficulty of the campaign was to traverse the roads which led to the Ethiopian camp, in consequence of their being infested with dangerous serpents.

The wily Israelite provided his advance guard with a number of ibes in baskets, and instructed the soldiers to let the birds loose on the serpents. By this ingenious expedient the roads were speedily cleared, and Moses was enabled to suprise the Ethiopians, and defeat them with great slaughter. Carrying the war into Meroë itself, Moses then laid siege to the capital, Saba. The obstinate resistance offered by the defenders prolonged the siege for some time, but eventually the city was delivered up by Tharbis, the daughter of the Ethiopian king, who had watched Moses from a distance, and, from admiring his valor, had fallen in love with him. The story ends with the marriage of Moses and Tharbis. Whether this legend really obtained among the ancient Israelites, or whether Josephus invented it to account for Moses' marriage with a Cushite woman, recorded later on in the Bible, is difficult to say.

THE EMPIRE ROSE

to great wealth and power. It became renowned for its merchandise. Ezekiel (27 : 22) speaks of its merchants as "occupied in the fairs with chief of all spices and with all precious stones and gold;" Job (28 : 19) refers to its jewels; the Psalmist (72 : 15) to its gold; Jeremiah (6 : 20) to its incense. So, also, Isaiah says, "All they from Sheba shall come, they shall bring gold and incense, and they shall show forth the praise of the Lord." And the same prophet, in another place (43 : 3), when seeking a strong expression of the cost of redemption, speaks of it as a gift of Ethiopia and Sheba. And, again (45 : 14), there is mention of "the merchandise of Ethiopia and the Sabeans, men of stature." It was thence that

THE FAMOUS QUEEN OF SHEBA

came that she might prove Solomon with hard questions, "with a very great train, with camels that bare spices, and very much gold and precious stones" (1 Kings 10 : 2.)

Its military power in ancient times appears to have been very great. Nahum (3 : 9) speaks of it as infinite. In the fourteenth chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles we read of the invasion of Palestine by Zerab, the Ethiopian, with a million soldiers and three hundred chariots. Asa, the king, was terribly alarmed, and uttered the famous prayer, "Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power; help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go against this multitude. O Lord, Thou art our God; let not man prevail against Thee." A renowned victory with a complete rout of Zerab followed.

On one occasion the Prophet Isaiah "walked naked and barefoot three years for a sign and wonder upon Egypt and upon Ethiopia," indicating the greatness of their fall and the shame of their captivity. In the 11th chapter of the Book of Daniel we have the narrative of another great defeat under Antiochus. And Ezekiel, in the 30th chapter, foretells the downfall of Ethiopia with Egypt: "Thus saith the Lord: They also that uphold Egypt shall fall, and the pride of her power shall come down;" a passage that might be pondered, perhaps with advantage by statesmen to-day. "In that day shall messengers go forth from me in ships to make the careless Ethiopians afraid, and great pain shall come upon them, as in the day of Egypt; for lo, it cometh." It is probable that at that time the empire included Abyssinia and extended to the coast of the Red Sea.

Then Habakkuk, in his wondrous prayer-vision (3 : 7), "Saw the tents of

CUSHAN IN AFFLICTION."

Isaiah prophesied (11 : 11) that the Lord would set His hand a second time to recover the remnant of His people which shall be left, from Cush among other places. And Zephaniah says (3 : 10), "From beyond the rivers of Ethiopia my suppliants, even the daughter of my dispersed, shall bring mine offering." There is no mention of this territory being represented at the Day of Pentecost. But

THE LAST SCRIPTURAL REFERENCE

to it is found in the simple and instructive narrative of the conversion of the eunuch, the treasurer of Candace, the Queen of the Ethiopians.

In the 68th Psalm David sings, "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." The translation by Ewald of the passage is noteworthy. Its instruction is the direct contrary to the opinion just now rather noisily proclaimed by a certain party in England. He reads: "Scatter the people that do love war, that nobles may come out of Egypt, Cush in haste lift his hand to God." In effect, this would mean: Let us get rid of those counsellors who desire military operations, then we may expect some nobility of character to develop in Egypt, and prayer to arise from the inhabitants of the Soudan.

LAWLESSNESS AND THE COMING LAWLESS ONE.

By the Rev. Dean Vaughan.

(Extract from Sermon in the Temple Church, London.)

"*The day of Christ shall not come, except there come the falling away (the apostasy) first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition. . . . For the mystery of iniquity (lawlessness), doth already work: only he who now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way. And then shall that Wicked (lawless one) be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming.*"—II THESSALONIANS 2 : 3, 7, 8.

ST. PAUL speaks of a certain particular growth and spirit of evil, which must have full scope and play before the Advent. Nor does he leave us in any uncertainty as to the direction in which we must look for the rise of that state of things which will bring down upon itself God's latest, sorest, and direst judgment. He selects for it a particular name, not one of the common names for sin in Scripture, but a name which he only uses twice or thrice in all his writings, and which has always a very definite and precise meaning. Our English version has somewhat lost sight of the peculiarity. It renders this word in one verse as "*iniquity*," and in the next verse "*the wicked one*;" but in the original the word is substantially the same in both verses—in the one "the mystery of *lawlessness* doth already work;" and, in the other, "then shall the *lawless one* be revealed."

This "*lawlessness*" of the seventh verse passes into the "*lawless one*" of the eighth—"then shall the *lawless one* be revealed"—unveiled or disclosed in all his features of horror and blasphemy—"*whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming.*" St. Paul seems to prepare us for a sort of incarnation of lawlessness; principle, power, or person, sitting, as it were, in the very temple of God, "*showing Himself that He is God*," and yet, in reality, deriving from the devil all the "*powers and signs of lying wonders*" by which he deludes the unhappy victims who are not fortified and preoccupied by the devout love of the truth.

The important thought for us all is this, that *lawlessness* is the predicted characteristic of the last age, as the time of the end draws on, to be stimulated and exasperated into a terrible virulence. I ask this congregation, Is it not now—is it not abroad on the Continent of Europe, is it not abroad in one integral portion of what we still fondly term "the United Kingdom?" Is it not abroad among ourselves in the family and the Church; in the workshop and in the study; in the literature of a "*science falsely so-called*;" and in the lurking-places of political fanatics, who count not their lives dear if they can but embitter an existence or topple down a throne?

A mystery of *lawlessness* is working everywhere with ingenious industry among the time-honored institutions of society itself. Frightful outbreaks of lawlessness have startled us again and again, until they have almost ceased to startle. We expect them; we look for them. Soon the paper will be flat and dull which records not one of them—assassinations and attempted assassinations of rulers crowned and uncrowned, despotic, constitutional, or democratic—it matters not. These are but samples and specimens of a system which spares neither high nor low, which strikes not at *oppression*, but strikes at *order*, the determined foe of superiority, by one hair's breadth, of man over man. The owner of the decent home, the wearer of the decent coat, is an offence, an affront, to the evil eye that watches it.

Yes, the reign of *lawlessness* is begun, though a few years may yet intervene before the actual unveiling of the *lawless one*, who is to be destroyed by the personal advent of Christ.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President has Directed the Attorney-General to issue a circular to the United States district attorneys and marshals on the subject of dynamite exportation. The circular, which was sent out last week, states that " it is reported that certain persons are aiding in the prosecution of heinous crimes by shipping to foreign ports explosives dangerous in the highest degree to life and property. No proof has been adduced that this rumor is founded upon fact, and the President cannot believe its truth. The honor of this nation, however, requires that it should not be open to the imputation, unfounded though it be, of the slightest appearance of tolerating such crimes, whether to be committed against our people or those of other countries." The attention of the officials addressed is therefore called to the sections of the Revised Statutes of the United States, which regulate the shipment of explosives, and the punishment of those who infringe their provisions, and the officials are instructed to be diligent in endeavoring to prevent the offences described, and to detect and prosecute those who commit them. The statutes referred to impose a fine of from one to ten thousand dollars for shipping dynamite, and if any one is killed by an explosion during shipment, the person shipping the explosive is to be indicted for manslaughter. The boastings of O'Donovan Rossa and his colleagues, and the evidence found in England showing that the outrages were planned here, rendered this action of the President necessary for the preservation of our national honor.

Secretary Frelinghuysen has Displayed Con-siderable diplomatic tact in dealing with the resolution of condolence recently passed by the House in reference to Dr. Lasker's death. The House requested that two copies of the resolution be prepared, one of which was to be sent to Dr. Lasker's family and the other, through the proper channel, to the legislative body of which Dr. Lasker was a member. The latter was sent to Prince Bismarck, who did not agree with its eulogium of the deceased statesman, he having been a persistent opponent of the Chancellor's policy. Bismarck refused to present it to the Reichstag, and sent it to the German minister at Washington to be returned to the government. Secretary Frelinghuysen declined to receive it, and said to the German minister: " My duties of courtesy to the House of Representatives ended with forwarding the resolution through the proper channel to the hands of the officer charged with the administration of the foreign affairs of Germany. This government is not disposed to inquire into the relations existing between different branches of another government. The sentiments of the resolution are now generally known; their merits or demerits can be judged; and its non-transmission officially, as it was intended and claimed on its face to be of friendly interest, while a matter of regret, is not one of concern to either branch of the Government of the United States." There the matter may fitly end. The House by passing another resolution reiterating the sentiments of the first, as it is proposed to do, will only emphasize its original blunder.

The Apprehensions Excited by the Decision of the United States Supreme Court affirming the legal-tender value of the greenbacks, have found expression in three proposals to amend the Constitution by limiting the powers of Congress in that direction. The most important of the three is that introduced in the Senate by Mr. Bayard, instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to report, as soon as practicable, as to the expediency of amending the Constitution so as to preserve the federal principle and nature of the government, by maintaining due limitations upon its powers, and to that end provide that Congress shall not have power to make anything but gold and silver coin a legal tender for the payment of debts, nor pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts. Mr. Potter, of New York, proposed in the House a similar amendment with the difference that he would permit Congress to exercise the power of issuing legal-tender greenbacks " after a declaration of war, when public safety may require it."

A Minority Report from the Ways and Means Committee accompanied the majority report which favorably reported the Morrison Tariff Bill. The minority say that there is no demand from any industry in the country for a reduction of the customs duties; but that, on the contrary, every interest heard by the Ways and Means Committee, except the representatives of the Free-Trade clubs, opposed it. They also declare that the mere discussion of the bill has hurt business; to pass it would increase the trouble and reduce workingmen's wages. They state, too, that the bill is not a carefully matured measure—the result of a studious consideration of the people's interests. It must be remembered that the classes it is designed to benefit cannot go to Washington to be " heard " by the committee. There are indications, however, that they will be " heard " from in November.

The Greely Relief Expedition will, it is An-nounced, be ready to start by the time agreed upon. The necessary arrangements are advancing satisfactorily, and it is expected that the Bear and Thetis will be ready to sail for the Arctic seas by May 1st, and that the supply-ship Alert, presented to this country by the British Government, will be ready to sail a few weeks later. About seventy-five men have already been accepted to man the vessels. Some valuable information and suggestions have been placed at the disposal of the expedition by officers of the British navy.

The New Project for Promoting Education, known as the Morrill Education Bill, was favorably reported last week in the Senate. It provides for the setting apart forever of the net proceeds of the sales of public lands, and annually of a sum of money equal to one half of the moneys paid into the Treasury in each year by Pacific Railroad Companies, for the education of the people, to be apportioned to the several States and Territories and the District of Columbia, upon the basis of population between the ages of five and twenty years, as an educational fund, and to bear interest at the rate of four per cent, the interest only to be paid for educational purposes. Two thirds of the income arising from this fund to be annually appropriated to the free and impartial education in public schools of all children between the ages of six and sixteen years; one third to be appropriated to the endowment and support of agricultural colleges until the annual income of such colleges shall have reached the sum of $30,000, when only that sum shall be appropriated to them.

The Progress Mormonism is Making in the Western States is alarming, and should lead to prompt measures to restrain it. A Mormon missionary in Wisconsin recently said: " We have six or eight elders in Minnesota, and expect more in the spring. I am the only one in Wisconsin, and shall soon return to Minnesota. From Indiana, Iowa, and Minnesota I know of twelve who have gone, or will go, to the territory. We have a good many Mormons in Minnesota who will stay there. They believe in polygamy, but do not practise it. We would rather they would come West, but not to Utah. Colorado and Arizona are better for newcomers, because the land is cheaper. You know, I suppose, that we have our people in Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana." It must be remembered that these settlers have votes and are controlled by the Mormon hierarchy, which thereby is extending its political power and influence.

A Fearful Mining Disaster Occurred on March 13th at Pocahontas, Tazewell County, Va. Soon after midnight a loud explosion was heard, and the whole neighborhood was shaken. When the crowds of people who were awakened rushed from their houses to ascertain what had happened, a scene of havoc and desolation met their view. A column of smoke ascended from the shaft of the principal mine, and scattered around within a radius of a quarter of a mile were broken timbers and broken mining machinery of every description. Upon every side lay fragments of human bodies, some of which were lodged upon the top of sheds and in the branches of adjoining trees. The shrieks of the women and children filled the air, and added more horror to the scene. One hundred and fifty men were said to be in the pit, and an effort was made to descend and endeavor to rescue any who might be living. It was, however, found to be impossible, and in a short time flames began to issue from the shaft, destroying the last vestige of hope. The mine was sealed up to smother the fire, and it is not intended to open it again for two weeks. The families of the dead miners are in the utmost distress. It is expected that the Virginia Legislature will vote an appropriation for the relief of their immediate necessities.

Prohibition in Georgia is Managed with Less difficulty than in other States. The Rev. J. W. Lee, in the course of a letter from Rome, Ga., thus describes its operation and its influence: " In Georgia there are ninety counties out of one hundred and thirty-six with partial or entire prohibition, but the question has never got into politics. No party can claim the credit of the work. We have accomplished it as citizens. Nor do we expect to cease our efforts till the sale of whiskey is prohibited in every county in the State. *The success of the movement* has been so great here, so helpful to trade, to morals, to education, that it is hardly necessary to make an argument in favor of it in places where liquor is sold. We have only to point to those counties where it has been in operation a few years, their factories, their better schools, their improved farms, their increased trade, to settle it. There are counties in the State that, ten years ago, were noted for their ignorance and thriftlessness, which have absolutely been revolutionized in tone, in business, in appearance, by the influence of prohibition. Whenever prohibition is established in a town *first-class men are elected* to the positions of Mayor and Aldermen. *Loafers and 'dead beats'* either move away or go to work."

The National Reform Association has Summoned a convention at Association Hall, Philadelphia, to begin on Monday, March 24th, and to continue the next day, for the purpose of discussing the principles and aims of the National Reform movement. The call says the movement "seeks *to strengthen Christian elements* in our national life, as Christian Sabbath and marriage laws and the Bible in the public schools. It opposes the carrying of the mails on the Lord's day, which has been the fruitful parent of nearly all our public Sabbath desecration: polygamy and the easy divorces now so common, and the license of the liquor traffic under any form." One object of the movement is "to secure an amendment to the Constitution recognizing Christian laws as the fundamental law of the land."

Miss Clara Barton and her Colleagues of the Red Cross Society are laboring indefatigably among the destitute of the flooded districts. A telegram from Paducah, Ky., says: "The Red Cross relief steamer chartered last Friday at Evansville, Ind., by Miss Clara Barton, president of the National Association, arrived here at three P.M. It started with 135 cases of clothing and bedding and nearly two thousand bushels of coal. Agents of St. Louis, Chicago, and National Red Cross societies, also five ladies, one of them from New York State, constitute the party. The most needy and deserving have been sought out in every town. New York State has contributed generously of excellent clothing. The steamer goes to Cairo, then returns. It is thought that no further supplies will be needed on this route."

The Funeral of the Late Rev. John S. Inskip took place on Tuesday, March 11th, at the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, New York. A solemn feature of the service was the singing of the favorite hymn of the deceased minister, "The Sweet By and By," which he sang on his death-bed. Over a hundred of his fellow-clergymen were present, several of whom took part in the services. The Rev. Dr. A. McDonald, who had been intimately associated with Mr. Inskip in all his labors, paid a tribute to the earnestness and devotion of the dead man. The Rev. Dr. Pepper, of Philadelphia, also delivered a funeral address. He read a despatch from Bishop Simpson, expressing his sympathy and his regret at not being able to be present. The body was interred at Greenwood.

Mr. Ben Hogan, the Converted Pugilist, is now laboring at Dillon, Beaverhead County, Montana. The Dillon *Tribune* says: "Ben Hogan is making a telling fight for temperance. The audiences for three evenings were large. Upward of one hundred and eighty persons signed the pledge, and among that number were fifty daily drinkers. The end is not yet. A Reform Club is to be organized, and already fifty names are down for membership."

Mrs. M. F. Shipman has Closed a Most Successful series of services at Scranton, Pa. The churches in which the meetings were held were crowded every night, and a large number made a profession of faith as the result of God's blessing on Mrs. Shipman's labors. Mrs. Shipman is now laid aside from the work by a severe attack of diphtheria. She asks an interest in the prayers of Christians that she may recover and be enabled to resume work for Christ.

The Temperance Crusade in New Jersey is extending rapidly. Montclair has followed Plainfield in the campaign. There is no diminution in the progress at Plainfield since Messrs. Maybee and English have removed, but the work is being carried on by the local leaders. The pledge roll now contains the names of three thousand signers, and the Reform Club organized by the evangelists has six hundred members, most of whom have been drinkers. One grog-shop keeper who had applied for a license has withdrawn his application. The red ribbon—the temperance emblem—is worn by nearly every one in town. The president of the Reform Club, one of the leading merchants, said recently that he believed the time would soon come when the man in Plainfield who had not signed the pledge would be looked upon as a curiosity. Negotiations are now in progress for the purchase of a building, and the club will soon have a permanent location. It will contain rooms for the use of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. At Montclair the largest hall in the place is crowded every night, and at every meeting numbers of converts are made.

A Home for Discharged Convicts is Being organized in San Francisco by Mr. Michael Dunn, whose Home for Discharged Convicts in Houston Street, New York City, has been so successful. Friends of the enterprise are preparing a house to accommodate lodgers, and a workshop, in which from twenty-five to thirty men can find employment. It is expected that the buildings will be ready for occupancy before the close of the present month.

A Misfortune not Entitled to Sympathy, happened to some litigants in Chicago recently. The lawyer they engaged to defend them in the courts appeared, when the trial was called, in a state of intoxication. He was not uproariously drunk nor "dead drunk," or some other lawyer would have taken charge of the case, but he was so bemuddled and stupefied that, though he could perform his duty after a fashion, he did it so clumsily that his clients lost their case. Such things have happened before, and deplorable results involving ruin to the litigants have ensued, for which the sufferers deserve our sympathy. But in this case the losers were *all saloon keepers*, who thus had an opportunity of realizing, under most favorable circumstances, the evils produced by the beverage they vend. This is not the first time men have fallen into the pit they dug for others (Prov. 26 : 27).

A Septuagenarian Converted at a Sunday-school service is an incident related by a missionary of the Sunday-school Union, who has been laboring in Kentucky. It illustrates the value of such efforts. He says: "From seven of our schools from which reports have been received of the results of protracted meetings held by me, fifty-nine conversions are claimed, all from the scholars, whose ages vary from ten to seventy years. One man of threescore years and ten who had not attended a church for twenty years on account of quarrels and disputes, came last summer 'to hear the Sunday-school man speak,' gave in his name when we organized the Sunday-school, and has never missed a session. This winter he confessed Christ by joining His Church, and says he owes his salvation to the Sunday-school. He is very intelligent, widely known and respected, and some of his sons are among the leading men of Kentucky."

A Passenger was Blown from a Train in New Jersey, a few days ago, during the prevalence of a blizzard. The train was going from Trenton to Newark, and while it was passing through an open section of country, the Secretary of State of New Jersey, who is a man of slight build, attempted to pass from the smoking-car to the parlor-car. As he stepped on the platform between the two cars, the wind, which was blowing a hurricane at the time, lifted his hat. He raised his hand to keep it on his head, and the next instant the wind lifted him, too, off his feet. It carried him clear of the train and sat him down on a bank of frozen snow a few feet from the track. The train was stopped, and when his friends reached him they found that he had sustained no dangerous injuries. His arms and legs were somewhat bruised, but he was able, with a little assistance, to make his way to the train again and continue his journey. His escape from death seemed almost miraculous. In the storms of political life the statesman's intellectual capacity enables him to hold his own, but in resistance to the elements, physical capacity is essential to success. A storm is coming in which neither physical nor intellectual power will avail, but only those will be safe who are strong in faith. Of all others it will be said: "The east wind carrieth him away: a storm hurleth him out of his place" (Job 27 : 21).

FIRST KING OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND AFTER THAT KING OF PEACE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"First being by interpretation King of righteousness, and after that also King of Salem, which is King of peace."—HEBREWS 7 : 2.

A Fit Type of Christ—Doubly Regal—Righteousness before Peace—I. Admire this King—A King Like God is—Obliterated Divisions in Society—A Sign of the World's Depravity—A Christlike King—No Peace without Purity—A King Desired by the Right-Hearted—A King God Desires His Children to be—No Compromise—II. Enjoy the King—Righteous in His Merit—Realize the Peace—The Elder Brothers.

WE will not enlarge upon the story of Melchisedec, nor discuss the question as to who he was. It is near enough for us to believe that he was one who worshipped God after the primitive fashion, a believer in God such as Job was in the land of Uz, one of the world's gray fathers who had kept faithful to the Most High God. He combined in his own person the kingship and the priesthood; a conjunction by no means unusual in the first ages. Of this man we know very little; and it is partly because we know so little of him that he is all the better type of our Lord, of whom we may inquire, "Who shall declare his generation?" The very mystery which hangs about Melchisedec serves to set forth the mystery of the person of our divine Lord. "Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God; he abideth a priest continually. Now consider how great this man was, unto whom even the patriarch Abraham gave the tenth of the spoils."

Melchisedec seems to have been, first by name, and then by place of office,

DOUBLY DESIGNATED A KING.

First, his name is *Melekzedek*, which signifies by interpretation, "king of righteousness." His personal name is "king of righteousness." As a matter of fact, he was also the monarch of some town called Salem; it is not at all likely to have been Jerusalem, although that may have been the case. The interpretation of his official name is "king of peace." A teaching was intended by the Holy Spirit in the names; so the apostle instructs us in the passage before us.

"First, King of righteousness." How early that "*first*" is I cannot tell you. "In the beginning was the Word," but when that beginning was, who knows—for is He not, indeed, without beginning? First and firstborn, from everlasting Thou art God, O mighty Son of Jehovah! First King of righteousness, and then afterward when men fell, when rebellion, and strife, and war had sprung up—then He came to heal the mischief and become "King of peace." The one matter which I am going to set forth at this time is just this—"First King of righteousness, and after that also King of peace." Note well the order of these two, and the dependence of the one upon the other; for there could be no true peace that was not grounded upon righteousness; and out of righteousness peace is sure to spring up. Righteousness is essential to peace; if it were not first, peace could not be second. If there could be a kind of peace apart from righteousness, it would be dank, dark, deadly, a horrible peace, ending in a worse misery than war itself could inflict. It is needful where an unrighteous peace exists that it should be broken up, that a better peace should be established upon a true foundation which will last forever.

I shall ask you—and may the Spirit of God help us to do it—first, *to admire the King*, and, secondly, *to enjoy Him*—to enter with holy delight into the full meaning of His name and character as King of righteousness and King of peace.

I. First, I ask you to

ADMIRE THIS KING.

This Melchisedec, whom we exhibit as a type, is *such a king as God is*. He is according to divine model. He is priest of the Most High

God, and he is like the Most High God, for the Lord Jehovah Himself is, first, King of righteousness, and after that also King of peace. The great Creator entered the garden of Eden in that sorrowful hour when our parents had rebelled, and were hiding among the trees to escape His call; and He bade them answer for their fault. When they stood trembling before Him in the nakedness of their conscious guilt, they knew Him as their King and their Judge. At that moment He was not first the King of peace to them, but first the King of righteousness. He pronounced sentence upon the serpent, upon the woman, and upon the man, gently making much of the punishment to fall aslant upon the ground; but yet vindicating justice before He spake a word of peace.

After that discourse, yea, in the midst of His sentences, He spake of peace when He mentioned the woman's seed that should bruise the serpent's head. In beginning to deal with an apostate race the Lord observed the fitting order of our text; He began with righteousness, and afterward went on to peace. At the gate of the garden commenced the dispensation of mercy and peace, but first of all there was the pronouncing of the sentence that man should eat bread in the sweat of his face, and that unto dust he should return. Substantial righteousness was dealt out to the guilty, and then peace was provided for the troubled. At the fall God first set up a Judgment-seat, and right speedily a Mercy-seat. Righteousness must ever lead the van.

Well, the times went on, and men began to sin with a high hand. There were giants in those days, and the people of God were mixed up with the men of the world. This is

THE WORST SIGN

of the world's depravity when there ceases to be a division between the people of God and the sons of men. There was an unholy alliance between sin and righteousness; and then the King came forth again, and displayed His countenance, and began to judge, and correct, and call to repentance. Men perceived that the countenance of God toward them was the face of one who is first King of righteousness. Noah's teaching taught men to return unto the Lord, or He would surely deal with them in righteousness, and make a full end. Space most ample was given for repentance, but men were mad upon their follies. He is first King of righteousness, and afterward King of peace; and so He dealt with that guilty world. He pulled up the sluices of the great deep which lieth under; He let loose all the cataracts of heaven from above, and He swept men from off the face of the earth. Then afterward He hung the rainbow in the sky, and He smelled a sweet savor of rest; and there was peace once more between God and a race that had to begin again with father Noah instead of father Adam. Righteousness ruled first, and washed out with a flood the traces of ungodliness, and then peace set up her gentle reign upon a new world.

All along, in the history of God's dealings with men, He kept to this unvarying rule. God has never forsaken righteousness, not even for the sake of love. All over the world, and everywhere, this is God's way of dealing with men. Do not imagine that God will ever lay aside His righteousness for the sake of saving a sinner—that He will ever deal with men unrighteously in order that they may escape the penalty due to their transgression. He has never done so, and He never will. Glorious in holiness is He forever and ever.

And now, next, the type is especially meant to teach us that he was

SUCH A KING AS CHRIST IS;

for when the Lord Jesus Christ came into the world, He came with this everlasting and unchangeable rule girt about Him—that, though He should be a King, yet He would be first King of righteousness, and after that also King of peace. Why did He not set up a kingdom here below among the Jews? Many spirits would have welcomed Him. If He had only set Himself up to be a king, promising them sure conquest and abundant plunder, the zealots of the Jewish nation would have fought like tigers at His side. But, no; He came first to be a King of righteousness, and that was a topic for which they cared nothing.

They wanted an unrighteous kingdom, but He would not have it. His fan was in His hand, and He would thoroughly purge His floor. His laws were not to be like those of Cæsar; His soldiers were not to fight with carnal weapons. He came not to set up a kingdom of power and force, but a kingdom of love and truth and righteousness; and hence His own people knew Him not, and rendered Him no homage. His holiness stood in the way of such a kingdom as the Jews desired, and hence they turned upon Him and cried, "Let Him be crucified." Though they would not acknowledge His sovereignty, He was their King; and at His death He bore above His head the superscription, "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." He would not set up a carnal kingdom of their sort; Church and State, truth and force united in some form or other, must have been suggested to Him; but no; He must be first King of righteousness, and then King of peace. He preached

NO PEACE APART FROM PURITY.

He never made little of vice or error; He was the deadly foe of all evil. He said, "I came not to bring peace, but a sword." Until there is righteousness there must be conflict, and peace can only enter when righteousness has won the field.

But ah, methinks He was most King of righteousness when He said unto Himself, "My Father's law has been broken: I will restore its honor. Men have defied it and trampled on it: I will pay to it the highest homage." With this strong desire upon Him He went up to the cross, and gave His hands and feet to the nails, and His side to the spear, and with a thorn crown upon His dying brow He became in very deed the King of righteousness. He knew that He could not be King of peace to us till, first of all, He had woven a perfect righteousness in the loom of His life, and dyed it in His own heart's blood in His death; but when He had achieved this, then He became King of righteousness, demonstrated to be so before the eyes of all, and then to you and to me He became henceforth the King of peace. How glorious is His name! Oh, for a voice of thunder with which to praise Him!

THE COMING KINGDOM.

To-day our Lord and Master has gone His way up to the eternal hills where He reigns; but His kingdom, for which we daily pray, is coming; and, mark you, it will come by righteousness. I say no word against those who endeavor to bring peace to the nations by the extension of commerce, facilities for travel, and so forth; but it is not thus that the sword of war shall be broken. Would God the sword of the Lord were quiet in its scabbard forever; but I never anticipate the reign of universal peace on earth till first the King of righteousness is acknowledged in every place. I do not think that we shall ever see the fruits without the tree, or the stream without the source, or peace without the enthronement of the principle of righteousness from which it springs. There shall come a day when the lion shall eat straw like the ox, and the wolf shall lie down with the lamb—when they shall hang the useless helmet in the hall, and study war no more; but that reign of the joyous King, that era of plenty, love, and joy, can only commence as a reign of righteousness. It cannot be anything else; and until sin is dethroned, till iniquity is banished, we shall not see the divine fruit of peace upon the face of the earth. Wherever Jesus is King He must be first King of righteousness, and after that King of peace.

Note, next, that *He is such a king as right-hearted minds desire.* I say "right-hearted minds." I mean not only those who are saved, but those in whom there is some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel. There is an honest and good ground not yet sown, and we know what that soil waiteth for. I remember what my thoughts used to be when I was seeking the Lord; I longed to be saved; I desired to escape from my sin; but with it there always went this thought—"God must be just." I had ever a certain trembling sense of guilt, but at the same time a deep reverence for righteousness. In my heart of hearts I said, "Let not the Lord even for my sake do an unrighteous thing. I am nothing; but God and His righteousness are all in all. I did not know at that time

THE SWEET SECRET

of substitution; but when I did know it, no music ever sounded so sweetly in the human ear as that sounded in my heart. When I saw that, by the interposition of the Son of God, and His bearing my guilt, God could be sternly, strictly, severely just, to the letter, in every jot and tittle, and yet could put all my sin away, and take me to His bosom, and let me be His child, then I said, "This must be of God.

This divine secret bears upon its own face its own warranty of truthfulness, for no man could have invented a system at once so just to God, so safe to man. To be able to look for mercy as just, and receive pardon on the ground of righteousness, is certainly a high ground to reach; and yet every believer stands there before God. I say that every right-minded man feels a deep concern for the righteousness of God, when he is soberly in his senses, and thinking the matter over. He longs to be saved, that is no more than natural; but he does not wish to be saved in a way that would derogate from the supreme splendor of the righteousness of God. Let the Lord God be glorious in justice, and then, if I can be saved, well and good. Blessed be God, we can be thus saved.

And I am sure, again, that no right-hearted man wants Christ to come and be to him the King of peace, and then to let him live in sin. Brothers, I want no peace in my heart concerning any fault. If I know myself before God, my heart's inmost prayer is that I may never be able to rest till I am rid of every relic of evil. I do not want to make myself happy and yet to live in a single known sin. If I could have the offer of heaven, and be a drunkard, I wish not for a drunkard's heaven. What could it be but a scene of riot, strife, and obscenity? If I could have heaven and be a liar, I want not a liar's heaven. What could the heaven of falsehood be but hell in truth? Nay, there can be no heaven for me till evil in every form is expelled from my nature. My God, my longing is not for happiness first, but for purity first, and happiness afterward; and hence it is my delight to read that my King is first the King of righteousness, and then the King of peace.

Again, this wonderful Melchisedec is such a king as Jesus must be to every one of you who have not yet known Him, if you are ever to receive Him as your Saviour. Let me not *sew pillows to all arm-holes* by preaching salvation to those who do not repent of their evil ways. I do not come here to chant in dulcet tones sweet lullabies to men who sleep in unrighteousness. If you would have peace with God, you must repent of sin. If you love evil you cannot love God.

THERE MUST BE A DIVORCE

between you and sin, or there can be no marriage between you and Christ. When Jesus comes to a soul, He comes as King of righteousness first, and after that as King of peace. We must have a positive righteousness of life, a cleanness of heart and hand, or we shall not be found at the right hand of the Judge. Let no man deceive himself. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." He that comes to Christ, and takes Christ to be his Saviour, must take Christ also to be his Ruler.

I know that I speak to many who long to be saved; but will you give up your sin? for Christ has come to save His people from their sins. If you do not wish to be saved from sinning, you will never be saved from damning.

Do you hug your Delilah? Then shall you lose your eyes like Samson. Do you hold to the viper, and press the asp to your bosom? Then shall the poison boil within your veins. Christ cannot save you while sin is loved and followed after, and has a reigning power in you; for it is an essential of His salvation that He should deliver you from the mastery of evil. I would to God that many here would cry, "That is the very thing I want. I long for it. Can I be helped to renounce sin?" O poor heart, if thou hungerest after righteousness, thou shalt be filled! Thou shalt be helped to conquer evil; thou art being helped by the very desire which has been breathed into thee.

I have closed this first head when I have noticed that that is the kind of king that God would have every one of us to be. We ought all to be, first, kings of righteousness, and then kings of peace. The Lord has appointed each man his kingdom; let us see to it that we reign for good and not for evil. On all sides we hear voices inviting us to peace apart from righteousness. "Oh," they say to us, "a confederacy, a confederacy." What mean you? You are to preach a lie, and we are to preach the truth, and yet we are to call each other brothers. We are *no* brothers, and we will not by our silence aid the fraud. "Oh, but," say they, "be charitable." Charitable with what? Charitable with God's truth, flinging it down into the mire of error? Charitable by deceiving our fellowmen? That we cannot be. "Hold your tongue," says the world. "Do not fight against error. Why need you speak so loudly against a wrong thing?" We must speak, and speak sharply too, for souls are in danger. We must uplift the banner of truth, or we shall be meanest of all cowards. God has made us kings, and we must be first kings of righteousness, and after that kings of peace.

God's people are tempted sometimes to be a little too peaceable. Remember that our Lord Jesus has not come to make us live at peace with sin. He has come to set a man against his brother—to divide a household where iniquity holds sway. There can be no peace between the child of God and wrong doing or wrong thinking of any kind.

II. Now my time has fled, but I must occupy a little upon the best part of my subject. I have asked you to admire the King. I now beg you to

ENJOY THE KING.

Our Lord Jesus Christ is first King of *righteousness*. You know what it means. Shall I tell you what it includes? All who are in Him, and one with Him in His kingdom, are righteous in His righteousness. His is a righteous kingdom, and those who obey it will be found to have done rightly. If we follow Christ's rule we need never be afraid that it will mislead us. We are righteous, certainly, when we are doing His bidding. If any cavil and say, "Why doest thou this?" quote the King's authority. Do not thou be afraid if thou doest the King's bidding.

He is a King of righteousness, and thou art righteous in obeying His righteous ordinances. He who religiously obeys Mahomet may yet be doing grievous moral wrong; but it is never so with the disciple of Jesus; obedience to Jesus is holiness.

Notice, next, that if we trust this King of righteousness we are righteous in His merit. I want you to believe this. If you had always kept God's law and had never sinned, you would have been conscious of righteousness. Now, by faith, as many of you as believe in the Lord Jesus Christ are as righteous as He is righteous in the sight of God—as righteous as if you had never sinned. Oh, I want you to feel this. "Being justified by faith we have peace with God;" but there must first be this justifying righteousness before there can be peace. What Christ did He did for His people. I say not that what Christ did is imputed to His people, though I believe that it is so; but it belongs to His people, for they are part and parcel of Him, and so are partakers with Him.

Now, then, dost thou believe in Christ? Then thou hast no sin. Thy sin was laid upon Christ of old, and He bore the punishment of it, and thou canst not be punished for it. Divine righteousness cannot exact a double penalty for the same offence. Dost thou believe in Jesus? Then He hath made an end of all the sin which was once written against thee. He has buried thy transgressions forever in His own sepulchre. If thou art in Christ, His perfect righteousness is wrapped about thy loins, and thou standest this day "accepted in the Beloved." Oh, it is a glorious standing, Jesus the King of righteousness, and we in our King made righteous. We are comely through the comeliness of Christ which is put upon us.

And then, next, He is after that

KING OF PEACE.

I want you to try to-night—nay, I do not want you to try, I want the Holy Spirit to do it for you—I want you to enjoy the King of Salem, the King of peace. Do you know that at this moment, if you are a believer, you have peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord? There is no quarrel between you and God to-night. You are one with Him, your delight is in Him. I know not now in my own soul of aught that I could say against the Lord's dealings with me throughout the whole of my life; nor, let Him deal with me as He wills, do I feel any repugnance to putting myself entirely into His hands. For weal or woe, for wealth or poverty, for life or death, I am content to hand myself over to the Lord absolutely.

"Why," says one, "I have not been a believer more than a week." I do not care if you have not been a believer more than ten minutes; he that believeth hath everlasting life and everlasting love. As soon as the prodigal son was home, what did his father do? Upbraid him? No, he kissed him. Had his father no fault to find? No, not any. He said, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him. Put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet. Let us eat and be merry." Why did he not say, "Come, my dear son, I must have a little sharp talk with you, for your good. You know you have behaved very badly to me. I must chide with you and upbraid you?" No, no. Not a word of the sort. Not a syllable or even a look after that fashion. He giveth liberally, and upbraideth not. He puts his dear child at perfect ease with himself, and says, "Be at home. Be happy. Eat, drink, and be merry with me; for you are my child, and though you were lost, you are found. You were dead, but you are alive again. Let us rejoice together in this blessed salvation which glorifies my Son."

I want you to sit in those pews—you that really believe in Jesus, and receive this bread and wine in perfect contentment, saying within yourselves, "It is well. It is all well. It is well from beginning to end—from top to bottom. Being justified by faith, I have peace with God. The peace of God that passeth all understanding doth keep my heart and soul by Jesus Christ." Come. If you have never enjoyed it before, enjoy it to-night, and do not be afraid. You cannot drink too much of this heavenly nectar. Oh, that you would but have grace to take in all that you *may* have! I know what you will do. You will come to-night into my Lord's treasury, and He will say, "Take what you will." There will be mints of gold and silver before you, and you will look all round and take up some brass farthing or other and say, "Bless the Lord for this!" Such gratitude is right enough. Bless the Lord for anything. At the same time, why not take something better? "Oh, I have been a mourner," you say, "all my days." Whose fault is that? "Oh, but I have never had any great light or any great joy." Whose fault is that? Is it not your own? The Lord seems to me to say to-night even to

THE ELDER BROTHERS

here, "Rejoice and be glad." I do not think that many grumblers come to the Tabernacle, but there are certain grumpy elder brothers that are apt to say, "Neither at any time transgressed I thy commandments, and yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends. I never have any joy. I am a regular seat-holder and a member. I go to the communion; I do all I can; but I never get any of these holy raptures and spiritual delights. These reformed thieves and converted rascals when they are converted seem to monopolize all the music and the dancing. I never have a dance to myself at all."

But the father was in such a blessed humor that night that he did not even upbraid the elder brother; but he said, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. If you have had no kid wherewith to make a supper for your friends, why did you not take it? All that I have is thine." Come in, dear elder brother, as well as you younger ones, and let us eat and drink and be merry this night in the name of Him who, having been the King of righteousness upon the bloody tree, is now to-night the King of peace upon His glorious throne; who upon this table shows you how He wrought out perfect righteousness, breaking His body and pouring out His blood for you, and now bids you come and see how all this is wrought for your peace, for His flesh and blood are now your bread and wine to make you glad. Wherefore, rejoice in the Lord! and again I say, Rejoice! Amen.

A MISSIONARY'S ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

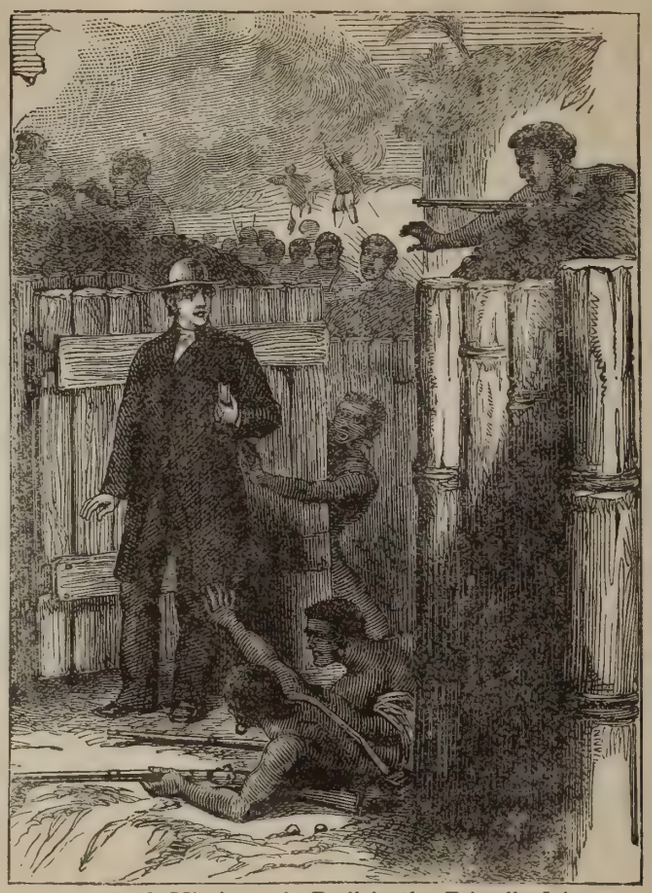
(*See Illustration on page* 188.)

DURING the Dutch subjugation of the native chiefs in 1852, of Tongataboo, the largest of the Friendly Islands, the Rev. Mr. Amos, a missionary, was the subject of a singular deliverance from death. The arena of the warlike proceedings lay about four miles distant from the mission-house occupied by Mr. Amos. Shouts, and cries, and rattling of musketry, both by day and by night, were anything but melody to the ears of the missionary and his family. Mr. Amos, however, incurred a greater share in the dangers of the fray while pursuing his spiritual duties. He visited the scene of conflict continually, comforting the sick and wounded, and exhorting those who were in health to prepare for death. Four forts were erected to overthrow a hostile fortress, and to these Mr. Amos went daily to converse with the soldiers, and to preach the Gospel inside the stockades. The following is from a letter sent by Mr. Amos describing the occurrence. He says:

"These stockades were made by cutting the trunks of cocoa-nut trees in lengths, and planting them upright in the ground. Outside this barricade a deep trench was dug, and the earth was used to embank the fort. Beyond was hollow ground, in which the rebel forces were stationed, and their rifle-pits were within musket range of the forts. I preached at the camp within musket-shot of the rifle-pits, but screened by the embankment. The bullets rattled against the trees around during the service. My pulpit was the stump of a cocoa-nut tree. In the afternoon I preached at the Vavau Fort. Just before the service I incautiously went to the front gate, and stood near the trench, forgetting that I was a mark for the enemy. Immediately I was shot at, and the musket-balls whizzed about. The warriors around me lay flat on their faces, but I, unused to such scenes, remained standing, unconscious of my danger. I afterward felt under very special obligations to God for this preservation of my life."

This escape of Mr. Amos from a violent death was indeed most remarkable and merciful. When the rifle of the European is placed in the hand of the native of Australia and her islands, his keenness of sight and wonderful dexterity of hand soon make him terribly proficient in its use. He becomes an excellent marksman, and, realizing the superior forces of his newly-acquired weapon, soon becomes familiar with it. It was, therefore, not without good reason that Mr. Amos attributed his escape from death to God's special care.

A Rider's Life Saved by his Horse.



A Missionary's Peril in the Friendly Isles.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A Wedding Party in a Tree-Top was the strange spectacle witnessed in Indiana during the recent floods. Two well-known persons were married one afternoon last month at Yelvington, Ky., and after the ceremony they started with two horses and a buggy for Rockport, Ind. While they were crossing the river on a hand ferry-boat the wind and water came upon them. They were then about three quarters of a mile from dry land on the Kentucky side and a mile and a half from Rockport. Knowing that their boat could not ride such waves as the storm was making, they cast their anchor, and happily it took hold close to a half-submerged tree. The waves were coming so high that they saw that their boat would sink, so they climbed into the tree. No sooner had they done so than the boat sank, and the horses were drowned. Night came on, and the wind continued howling and the sleet and snow falling, and the newly-married pair were drenched to the skin and almost frozen to death. Fortunately for them persons in the city knew they must be in peril, and a party went in a large skiff early in the morning in search of them, and they were rescued. It was a strange place in which to pass the first hours of married life. We may hope that their experience may suggest to them the truth that in the storms of life, which the happiest couples do not wholly escape, there is a safe refuge provided where they have only to be still and wait with patience for deliverance (Isa. 25 : 4).

The Peculiar Disturbance of a Ship's Compass caused much curiosity during a recent voyage. Captain W. R. Smith, who commands the steamer Delaware, observed, on going on board his ship during his last trip from New York to New London, that the compass became strangely affected when he approached it. Whether he stood on the right or the left, or immediately in front of the compass, the needle would invariably point to him. The compass was worse than useless when he came near it. It was dangerous and might wreck the ship. The thing was incomprehensible for some time, until the captain, finding that his watch was out of order, took it off and left it in his cabin. After that the compass paid no attention to him when he approached it. The secret attraction was evidently in the watch, not in the captain himself. Then the captain recollected that before putting to sea he had accepted an invitation to inspect an electric light dynamo-machine, and had spent an hour in examining all its parts closely. The machine had magnetized his watch, and that, in turn, had affected the ship's compass. Those who read infidel books and who go into vicious haunts, impelled by a curiosity "to see life," do not know how seriously the subtle influences to which they expose themselves may affect the compass of their lives. The Psalmist's benediction suggests the safe rule in such matters (Psalm 1 : 1).

LIZZIE APPLETON'S COUNSEL.

(*See Illustration.*)

"It is a beautiful evening, mamma, and it will be bright moonlight; may I not walk down to the station to meet papa? He is always so pleased to have some one to walk home with him."

"There is no need for you to go, Lizzie," said Mrs. Appleton. "You had better send one of the boys."

"I will wrap up well and be very careful," said Lizzie. "I should so much like to go."

The mother saw the daughter's desire, and being one of those mothers who do not unnecessarily thwart their children's inclinations, she consented; and Lizzie, wrapping herself up warmly according to promise, walked away through the village to the little country station. She was a tall girl of eighteen, bright and cheerful, well educated and gentle, and an unobtrusive, modest, but very sincere Christian. Her desire to go to the station that night was not solely, though it was chiefly, on her father's account. She wanted to meet some one else who she knew would be at the station that night to meet an outgoing train. That was her cousin Claude, who had been her friend from childhood. He was married now and living in a city about thirty miles from Churchville. But he was always running down to his old home for a day's shooting or any business or sport that might serve as an excuse for a holiday among his old friends. Claude, Lizzie felt sure, was going wrong, and it was the desire to use her influence for his good which prompted her to seek an interview with him that evening.

"Ah! Lizzie, is that you?" said the well-known manly voice as she passed through the ticket office on to the platform. "Where are you travelling to to-night?"

"Nowhere, Claude; this is the extent of my journey. When papa comes by the next train I shall walk home, so you see my excursion is a very short one."

"It will be half an hour before the train is in," said Claude. "There has been a block, and all the trains have been delayed. I wish I had known of it; I might have waited in a place a great deal more lively than this wretched station."

"That is not complimentary, Claude. Should you not congratulate yourself on having gained an opportunity for a friendly chat with me?"

"You are too old a friend, Lizzie, to care for compliments, and I cannot pretend to be very delighted at a prolonged talk with you. I have a presentiment that I shall have to undergo a scolding, and I have had a horror of that from my boyhood."

"Why do you think I would scold you, Claude? That is the last thing I should think of doing. I am afraid your conscience tells you you deserve a scolding or you would not suspect me of the intention. Now confess, and instead of reproving you let me help you, if I can, to get right. Years ago, you know, you used to come to me for advice."

"I expect my conscience has something to do with it, Lizzie. This matter, however, is beyond your power to set right. But if you care to hear about it, I will tell you. You always sympathized with me in my troubles, and it will be a relief to talk to you."

The two had been walking up and down the platform during this conversation; but now Claude

lowered a little luggage-truck which was reared against the wall and made a seat for Lizzie, while he, leaning on its back, bent over and told his story.

"I scarcely know where to begin," he said.

"Let me help you by a question," said Lizzie. "Why do you come down here once or twice a week, alone, and stay idling your time away, instead of working at your profession? Or, if you have time for a holiday, why do you not bring Louie down with you?"

"Yes, that question opens the case very neatly; but, as a lawyer, I should regard it as somewhat of an indictment. Now, I am expected to plead. Is not that so?"

"That is so."

"Then I plead guilty with extenuating circumstances. I will state my case. I think it is the meanest thing a man can do to say anything against his wife to a third person; so you must understand that in what I am about to say I am regarding you in the light of a social physician, and am merely explaining the symptoms of a malady with the hope of gaining a prescription or suggestion that may tend to alleviate the pain. I know there is no fear of making you unfriendly to Louie; you love her too well; and as for myself, I hope you will take as favorable a view of my conduct as you can."

"I understand, Claude; now let me know frankly and briefly, as time is flying."

Lizzie Appleton's Counsel.

"There is an estrangement, then, between Louie and myself. When we were married, two years ago, we were very happy. During the first three months I left the office early every day and went home to take her out for a walk or a drive or to spend the evening together in some other way agreeable to herself. But that necessarily came to an end. My partner had a serious illness, and I had to work for both. My day was lengthened at both ends. Often, when I closed the office, work remained to be done that kept me there until nine or ten o'clock. I was very sorry, for I knew Louie was at home alone waiting for me. But I expected she would understand it. But she did not. She resented it. She complained that I was losing my affection for her; that I could not have business to keep me so late; that I might get through earlier if I would; that she ought not to be kept in the background for other people; that I ought to get another partner with better health, etc. That seemed to me very unreasonable, and so—and so—"

"And so I suppose you spoke sharply to her and told her she must not interfere with your business arrangements," said Lizzie.

"Yes, that was about it. And one sharp word led to another, and that brought retorts, and both of us said more than we meant to say or than we really felt. Anyhow, the quarrelling was inaugurated, and it became only too common. Then we had trouble with the hired girls and trouble with the house we had taken, and every night when I went home she had a string of complaints and a whole catalogue of petty annoyances of her own to pour into my ears. I was having rather a bad time then, too, at the office. One or two cases went wrong, principally because I had done my work hastily through having more to do than I could do well, and so I was worried and left the office every night in a nervous, irritable condition. As I went home I looked forward to my reception there with foreboding. I had my load of trouble on my shoulders. I knew I should be upbraided for being late, and after that should hear Louie's repining and complaining over her infinitesimal worries. Then, I own, I did wrong. With that prospect before me I did not go home, but went somewhere else—to a friend's house or to some place of amusement until I could forget my worries."

"That would make things worse," Lizzie interjected.

"It did so, and things have been growing worse ever since. When my partner recovered I had lost my desire for quiet home evenings. The place was associated with unseemly bickering, and I used words in my irritation I never thought I could have used, and, in short, I drifted off into a condition of which I am heartily ashamed. I am neglecting my profession, neglecting my home, and caring for nothing but amusement."

"'That is your case,' as you would say in court," said Lizzie. "Well, it is a bad case, and I am sorry for you. You need not apprehend scolding. But it must be changed, Claude. Or, rather, you must change. You can see, as I do, that you are on the high road to matrimonial disaster. There is no time to spare for details now, so I must go to what I consider is the root of the matter. You would regret serious trouble with Louie, and you love her still?"

"Yes to both questions, most decidedly."

"Then let me ask you whether you have not omitted from your narrative one point. Have you, as a Christian man, continued your communion with God?"

"No, Lizzie, I acknowledge I have not. When I have been irritated and vexed I have frequently omitted prayer altogether. I have been so ashamed, too, of my violent language that I could not pray."

"I expected that. Now, let me earnestly beg of you to get back to that for the first step. I most sincerely desire your happiness as well as Louie's, and I am sure that is the foundation. Not only private prayer, but family prayer. I know that after prayer you will be more ready to fulfil the injunction, 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' and to bear patiently being misunderstood occasionally. I should not be surprised if Louie has drifted away from prayer, too. Your example cannot fail to influence her. Get back to Christ, Claude. Depend upon it, that is the true remedy for all this misery. Will you try that?"

"I will, Lizzie. I believe you are right. It will be a struggle, but I will try."

"And you will succeed, Claude. It will be easier than you expect. If you had carried your trouble to Christ in the first place you would not have drifted into the trouble."

The two shook hands cordially as the train entered the station, and Lizzie went to meet her father, while Claude took his seat thoughtfully in the car. A letter went the next day to Louie privately from her Christian friend, full of counsel similar to that administered to her husband, and a breach that might eventually have been aired in the divorce court was healed by the only remedy that for all difficulties and troubles is equally efficacious. A trial once sincerely and faithfully carried to the throne of grace is already near to its vanishing point.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 175.*)

Nearing the Rapids.

ONE Sunday evening in the depth of winter a keen, bitter wind was whistling around the house, and moaning under the gables, and a thick carpet of snow scarcely trodden, lay in the narrow street. John Morley was gone to chapel without his wife, who had been slightly ailing all the week; and Hester had stayed at home to be her companion. The drawing-room, where she was sitting with Hester, was well lit up; and a passer-by, if there were any, could not fail to notice the brightness of the light within. Apparently some one had seen the light, for there was a knock, twice repeated, at the house door.

Hester lighted a candle, and went down-stairs alone, for she had promised her father faithfully not to let Rose be exposed to any cold air during his absence.

"Is your father at home, dear little Hetty?" inquired Robert Waldron.

"Oh, no!" answered Hester, still holding the door in her hand, and keeping the untimely visitor on the outside; "he went to chapel nearly half an hour ago, and he will not come home till late, because there is some meeting after the sermon. Do you want to see him very much, Mr. Robert?"

"Not particularly," he said; "only Miss Waldron, who is not able to come up to chapel to-night, told me to inquire how your mother is. Is she at home, my dear Hetty?"

"Yes," replied Hester; "did you not hear her playing before you knocked?"

"I suppose she is too poorly for me to come in and see her?" he said.

"Oh, no!" she said gayly; "she is not so very poorly, and she will be very glad to see

you, and so shall I. Please to follow me up-stairs."

She tripped up lightly before him, holding the candle high above her head, and looking back now and then with a half-childish, half-womanly smile. He was in Rose's drawing-room, speaking to her, while Hester held both his hands to prevent his touching her, before he had well collected his thoughts. He sank into the seat Hester placed for him near the fire, feeling himself in a kind of dream, in which his mind or conscience dare not stir, for fear of dispelling the fleeting vision. He was afraid to think; but from time to time he glanced, almost timidly, at the sweet pallor of Rose's face, and the clear but gentle lustre of her eyes. How much more lovely she was than when he had known her three years ago!

They had not much to say to one another; but Rose sighed at times, and then his eyes were raised to her face with an air of perplexity and sadness. He took Hester upon his knee, and read to her that charmng child's book, "The Story without an End." Though he read well, he was not conscious of a word beyond the title; but he knew that Rose was listening; and Hester's arm round his neck, and her soft cheek upon his shoulder, made him feel weaker than a reed, with some subtle and clinging influence winding about him he knew not how. The sound of his own voice was the only sound that could be heard; for if there were any footsteps in the streets on a Sunday night at this hour of divine service, they fell noiselessly upon the snow. Suddenly, upon the utter quiet, there came the sharp and noisy bang of a door falling to in some part of the house; and Robert started nervously from his chair, and looked about him as if for some means of escape, or place of concealment.

"Why, it is only a door slamming somewhere," said Hester, with a little laugh of amusement; "I must go and shut it, or else it will be frightening you again."

"Shall I come with you?" asked Robert.

"No, thank you," answered the child, assuming a fine tone of superiority, "*I* am not frightened. What is there to be afraid of? Besides, I must go and see that the kitchen fire is not gone out, and you must not go there with me."

She lighted a candle, and went out into the dark passage, screening the scarcely lit flame with her hand. Down-stairs ran her small, nimble feet; and then Hester almost uttered a shrill scream of terror. In the middle of the lobby stood a bent and spare figure, more sprinkled with snow than Robert had been, and with a faint halo of light shining about it from a little lamp, which was on the point of dying out. In another moment she had recognized Lawson, her father's faithful workman, whose sunken eyes were glancing restlessly around him, as he drew off his heavy boots, and set them cautiously on one side.

"Is that you, Lawson?" asked Hester, her heart still beating fast with fear.

"Yes, it's me," he answered; "I'm uneasy to-night, and I came down to see that all was safe. Let us look in here first."

Upon the other side of the lobby was a door into Mr. Morley's own room; and he stole noiselessly across the quarried floor, and opened it without a sound. There was the light only of a low fire, of embers glowing without flame, and everything looked dim and indistinct by it. He looked around the room eagerly and keenly, and then turned to Hester, who had followed him closely.

"Miss Hester," he whispered, in thick and hurried tones, "I thought I should find your mother here."

"She is up-stairs in the drawing-room," she answered; "only Mr. Robert is there, too."

"No, not her! not her!" he said impatiently; "I mean *your own mother*. Don't you know, deary, I've never set eyes on her since John Morley brought a strange woman into the house—never? Though my work all goes wrong, and my hand has lost its cunning, she never comes back to show me what to do. But to-night, while I was at chapel, it came all at once into my mind that I should find her sitting here alone in the house, crying and sobbing, with her face hidden in her hands. I fancied she'd be there in her own old place; but maybe she is up-stairs in my work-room."

"But didn't you know *she* was ill?" asked Hester, not venturing to call Rose "mother" in Lawson's hearing.

"No. Ill, is she?" he said eagerly; "perhaps she'll die. Your mother died easily, Miss Hester. But I'm going up-stairs. Will you come with me, little one?"

He called her "little one" in a tone of such strange and pathetic tenderness that Hester put her hand in his, though she was trembling with an undefined fear. They went out together into the snowy court first, to look up to the lattice window in the high gable. The snow hung about it with a ghostly gleam, and the moon shining wanly upon its diamond panes made them glimmer as if with some feeble, unearthly light within.

Lawson lifted Hester in his arms and mounted the outer staircase, which led to the old printing-office. Passing through this they came to the foot of the attic steps, winding up into the pale darkness above. Still carrying her in his arms, Lawson ascended them swiftly but soundlessly, as if fearful of scaring away some timid and easily startled presence. The room was full of light from the moon, which shone directly upon the casement—a visionary light, in which the most familiar objects assume an unreal aspect. There stood his press, and his tools growing red with rust; and there the shelves of books, whose gilded bindings shone palely in the gloom. But the room was empty. There was no shadowy figure, sitting alone, with its tearful face hidden in the hands. Hester looked around with mingled dread and love of this unknown mother, so often felt to be present by the man whose heart she could feel beating strongly with anticipation. But neither of them could detect the form they sought in the dimness; and Lawson put down Hester and walked to and fro in the attic, with gestures of lamentation and despair.

"If she would only come again!" he cried, wringing his hands; "if she would but bring me back the cunning of my right hand! But I have lost it, and nobody can restore it to me, save her. Oh, come back! For the sake of your little child, come back!"

A fantastic paroxysm took possession of the usually silent and reticent man. He fell upon his knees, and prayed with groans and cries and strong wrestlings of the body, as if he could prevail by those. He called aloud upon the shadow to return and to take form again before his eyes. He bemoaned the loss of his art, as if it had gone from him forever, while Hester stood at his side, terrified yet brave, willing to welcome this vision, if his prayers should be heard and granted. But no answer came. The pale light fell steadily into the room, but it revealed no apparition. Lawson's voice grew faint, and his sobs feeble; but no spectral messenger came to assuage his passion; and at last, worn out and exhausted he clasped Hester's hand again in his own nerveless fingers, and descended the stairs in silence.

Upon the second floor there was a door of communication between the work-room and the rest of the house, and through this Lawson and Hester passed. A thin line of light from beneath the drawing-room door shone across the farthest end of the passage, and caught Lawson's eye.

"Miss Hester," he whispered, "just let me look into the other room, where the light is—the grand new room, you know."

"She is there," answered Hester, with a shrewd look upon her white face.

"Ah! but your mother may be there as well, who knows?" persisted Lawson; "you open the door quietly, and I'll peep in over your shoulder. I saw her as plain as could be only an hour ago."

Hester led him up to the door of the room, where Rose Morley was sitting, and turned the handle with the utmost caution. They gazed in together, unheard and unseen. To Hester's surprise, Robert Waldron was no longer there; but Rose sat in her chair before the fire, with her face hidden in her hands, and sobbing in deep-drawn sobs. Lawson caught his breath, and grasped Hester's hand in an unconscious grip of iron; but she did not utter any cry. They stole down-stairs again into the lobby, and then Hester saw upon his face an expression of complete bewilderment and perplexity. Once more he peered into John Morley's dimly-lighted room; and then, shaking his head doubtfully, he opened the outer door, through which the snow came drifting in in large flakes, and still with a troubled look upon his face he bade the child good-night, and went out into the quiet street.

Again the sunshine had forsaken the home of John Morley, or only visited it in uncertain gleams of fitful brightness. There were seasons when his young wife sought his dull room as if it were *a safe refuge*, or a holy sanctuary; and sat there silent and inactive in the great antique chair, where Hester's mother had been wont to sit and watch him with fond eyes, while he worked among his beloved books. Once or twice, in his absence of mind, he had spoken to her without looking up, and called her by the other name, still cherished and familiar in his thoughts; and then Rose had started up quickly, and fled from the room, while he had been all unconscious of the blunder of his tongue.

It was a very troubled though profound love which John Morley felt for this girl, so much younger both in life and heart than himself; but it struck deeper roots into his nature every day, in part because it was so troubled. Hester's mother had been his equal, and they had confronted the difficulties of life side by side; mutual helpers, with the self-same thoughts and the self-same hope in the future. This love, which had possessed the equality of friendship, had been a strength to him—a serene satisfaction, which had been all-sufficing while it was his, but the loss of which had robbed him of even his natural energy and content. But for Rose he took the position of a protector and guardian; he stood before her to shield her from the unknown ills of the future.

There was a charm and sweetness in this which had been lacking in the more equal marriage with Hester's mother. Even his anxiety about her spiritual welfare, invested her with deeper and more fascinating interest; and Rose herself would have been startled, and would have shrunk from him in dread, if she could have looked into her husband's heart, and seen how she engrossed his thoughts, his hopes, and his prayers.

She was standing behind his chair one morning, looking down, he could not see how sadly, upon his bowed head, where white lines were mingling with the dark hair. She laid her hand upon it at last, softly and reverently; and as he turned smilingly to her, he caught the expression, half sorrowful and half frightened, imprinted upon her fair face.

"Why, what ails you, my dear?" he asked, putting his arm about her, while Rose sank down upon her knees beside him; "what is the matter with you, my Rose?"

"Nothing, nothing," she sobbed; "only I am such a silly young thing, and you are so wise and good! There is such *a dreadful gulf* between us two; and it will always be there, *forever, and ever, and ever!* I shall always be silly and wicked, and you will always be wise and good. Oh, why did you every marry such a creature as me?"

"Why?" said John Morley earnestly; "because I loved you; and I love you still more, Rose, if that be possible, now you have been my wife for more than a year. But it was selfish of me—a man's selfishness; and I do not know how to make you happy now you belong to me."

"No, no, no!" cried Rose, "it was not selfish. It was good, too good of you! You said—or you might have said—to yourself, 'Here is a poor, giddy thoughtless butterfly, just dancing and idling her precious life away; and I, a wise and good man, will take it into my own house, and give all my wisdom and goodness to the task of making it like myself now and in the world to come.' But you cannot; no, you cannot. I ought never to have been the wife of a good man! I ought never, never to have become the mother of little Hetty!"

"Yes, you ought," answered John Morley, stroking the soft hair and the burning cheek which would have dried up any tears, had any fallen upon it; "my house is not the same since you entered it, Rose. You have made us happy, Hester and me; more happy that we can tell you. Is there anything that troubles you specially, my love? Tell me, and if it be within my power the trouble shall be removed. And if it be not, we will pray God together either to take it away, or sanctify it for your good."

"No, there is nothing," answered Rose, kissing his hand again and again, "unless you could *take me away from myself*, unless you could make me somebody else but the silly, giddy, wicked, good-for-nothing creature I am. If you could only make me like Hester's mother! If you could only make me like Hester!"

(To be continued.)

GOD'S SIDE OF PRAYER.

S. S. Lesson for March 30. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Few Real Believers in Prayer—Silence when Prayer Reaches Heaven—David's Experience—Why God Does not Answer—God Attends to Details—Causes of Unanswered Prayers—Promises to Children not to Servants—Undoubting Hearts—Constant Urging of the Same Request—Daniel's Persistence—Paul's Unanswered Prayer—Assurance of God's Will.

DOES God hear prayer? The infidel says, No. The majority of believers think He does occasionally. Some who wish to be considered Christians say that if we do our duty in praying we cannot do more; and they seem to think prayer is more a matter of *our* conscience than God's chosen way of communicating blessings. It is only the few here and there who believe that God is really and always to be counted upon as the Hearer and Answerer of prayer. A little girl took her umbrella to church one intensely hot sunny day, when not a cloud was to be seen; she was laughed at by her friends when she said that it was going to rain, because her father had prayed for rain at family prayer. But the child was wiser than her elders, for the rain came while they were in church, and the little girl's umbrella was the only one among them. She counted on God, and believed that He meant what He said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do" (John 14 : 13).

Once God lifts the curtain and shows us prayer when it reaches heaven. "There was

SILENCE IN HEAVEN

about the space of half an hour" (Rev. 8 : 1). What could be of sufficient importance to still every harp and every tongue in heaven? Prayer—"the prayers of all saints." Oh, how can we think that it is running a dangerous risk when, turning from all earthly help, we place our need only but wholly in the hands of God! With the prayers of the saints "incense ascended up before God," it was Christ who gave "Himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savor" (Eph. 5 : 2). God having stilled heaven to hear His children's prayers, casts them by the hand of the angel into the earth, "and there were voices, and thunderings, and lightnings, and an earthquake." God will shake the earth, send the tempest, dispose of the elements this way or that, rather than fail to answer one real prayer made in the name of Jesus.

David knew something of the heart of God, when he wrote, near the end of his life, "In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God: He heard my voice out of His temple, and my cry came before Him, even into His ears. Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because He was wroth. . . . He bowed the heavens also, and came down." David did not hesitate to say that God moved heaven and earth to answer His child's cry; he saw beyond natural laws and second causes that God thundered and lightened upon his enemies. "*He* sent from above, *He* took me, *He* drew me out of many waters.

HE DELIVERED ME

from my strong enemy, and from them which hated me: for they were too strong for *me*. . . He brought me forth also into a large place; He delivered me, *because He delighted in me*" (Ps. 18 : 6–19). The Psalmist says no such thing as we hear said continually by converted people, "I don't think *my* poor prayers can prevail with God; I don't think *I* can expect an answer while I am so little in earnest." David's plea was the Father-heart of God—such a Father could not but hear, could not but delight in answering His child. But there are many who fail to hear the answer. They are so occupied with *their* speaking that they do not listen to Him. He says, "Ask and ye shall *receive*, that your joy may be full."

It is far from uncommon to receive such requests as the following: "Will you pray for the conversion of my sons? I have had them prayed for at all the daily prayer-meetings which I have heard of, and many Christians are praying for them daily." What idea would this give to an infidel? Surely this, that the God we worship is very hard to move, and needs a great deal of pressure brought upon Him in order to induce Him to rouse Himself from His lethargy, and give some thought to the need of one whom He Himself calls child! An infidel would think that if God were so difficult to influence he would be far better off in shifting for himself as he could than in spending days and months in fruitless petitions to an unwilling God.

"But *why does not God answer*, and put an end to the matter?" say many whose prayer is of this kind. Dear soul, if He did you would be confirmed in your idea that the earnestness of the prayer or prayers had at last overcome God, and in your heart you would think of Him as the widow did of the unjust judge, you would think that although compassion could not move Him, yet

BECAUSE YOU TROUBLED HIM

He would grant your request! Oh, how different is our God! "Hear what the *unjust* judge saith. And shall not God (the just Judge) avenge His own elect, which cry *day and night* unto Him? (Not once in a way as the widow did, but about all which concerns them.) Yea, I say unto you that *He* will avenge them *speedily*" not tardily, as the unjust judge did.

We have heard people say sometimes that it is too much to expect of God that He should take an interest in the

LITTLE DETAILS

of their lives. What does He say Himself? "In *everything* by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving make your requests known unto God" (Phil. 4 : 6); "your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things" (Matt. 6 : 32); "even the very hairs of your head are all numbered" (Luke 12 : 7). Can such a God resemble the man who said to his friend, "Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed: I cannot rise and give thee," and who yet was overcome by the importunity of his friend? No; for Jesus adds, "And *I* say unto you, Ask, and it *shall* be given you," your Father will not count it a trouble. "Seek and ye *shall* find," for He is not, as Elijah ironically supposed that Baal was, talking, pursuing, in a journey, or sleeping (1 Kings 18 : 27) "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep" (Ps. 121 : 4); "knock, and *it shall be opened* unto you," for our Father has no doors closed against His children.

UNANSWERED PRAYERS.

Why, then, are so many prayers left unanswered? Just because so many approach God as though they were His servants, and His promises are made to His children not to servants, and He responds to faith not to merit. "Have faith in God. For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and *shall not doubt in his heart*, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore I say unto you, Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Here is the true secret of prevailing prayer, "shall not doubt in his heart;" "believe that ye receive." This honors God, this is to be occupied with Him instead of with our unworthy selves. Thus doing, all thought of compelling God by our earnestness is impossible; our appeal is to what He is and what He says, and even that only in the name of Jesus. But so confidently in the name of Jesus that we cannot conceive of the possibility of God casting out our prayer, for it would be to dishonor the name of His only Son, it would be to falsify His own word and break His own promises.

But, say some, this must do away with the

CONSTANT URGING

of the same request? Of course. How can you believe you receive a thing, and continue to ask for it? The asking a second time is a sure sign that you do not believe you have received. You look upon the matter as still undecided, still an open question; and so doing you are not believing that you receive, and therefore not thanking God. "But," you will say, "there are many instances in Scripture of repeated urging of the same request." True; but let us examine them. Daniel prayed three full weeks, and ate no pleasant bread. But it is most noticeable that from the first day of his supplications, at the first mention of his request, his words were heard, and the Angel Gabriel "came for his words;" and it is also very striking that the prince of Persia was permitted to withstand Gabriel exactly the number of days during which Daniel continued to urge his request (Dan. 10 : 2, 3, 12, 13).

It was quite another thing when our blessed Lord was in Gethsemane, and prayed, "saying the same words." It is impossible for any of us ever to be in the same position in which He then was—as the Bearer of sin and its consequences. There may have been some doubt in His heart as to His Father's will whether He should die then and there of a broken heart, for He was "sorrowful even unto death," or whether He should fulfil His mission to the end. Again Paul prayed without ceasing for the Romans and for almost all the churches. But this is only natural; new needs arise from day to day in regard to churches as well as individuals, and thus He carried the needs to God as they arose, and as the Spirit taught him. Once we find him continually urging the same request; it was that he might be permitted to return to Thessalonica and perfect that which was lacking in the faith of his converts there. A prayer which was not granted, for he had to send Timothy instead (1 Thess 3 : 1, 2 and 10, 11). In the second epistle he does not even mention it. When we are resting in the Lord about anything which we have placed in His hands, prayer of necessity turns to praise.

But what about

GOD'S WILL?

It is, of course, quite impossible to pray with absolute faith for anything which we are not sure is the will of God. "This is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us; and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him" (1 John 5 : 14, 15). It glorifies our God when we act upon His side of prayer.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Desperate Battle was Fought on Thursday, March 13th, between the British and the Mahdi's followers under Osman Digna. After a severe struggle the British gained a victory, though at one time they were in retreat. The battle commenced before break of day, the Arabs firing upon the camp by moonlight. At sunrise the British opened fire, and the Arabs, under cover of the smoke, crept close up to the British lines and dashed against the marines and the Sixty-fifth and Black Watch regiments, throwing themselves upon the bayonets of the British, and giving and receiving fearful wounds. Great confusion ensued. The Sixty-fifth began to retreat, crowding upon the marines, when all became inextricably mixed. General Graham and his staff did their utmost to rally the men, retreating eight hundred yards to enable them to re-form. Assistance from the other brigade prevented a serious disaster. There were many narrow escapes among the officers. The horse of General Buller was shot from under him. The Arabs fought with the greatest pluck and bravado, but nearly all were killed. The second brigade met with obstinate resistance and was at one time repulsed. The Gatling and Gardiner guns fell into the hands of the Arabs and were only recovered after a severe fight, when the British likewise gained possession of their camp. The Arabs retired before the English slowly and sullenly. They were defeated, but not put to rout. They walked away as if sauntering through a bazaar, with arms folded or swinging at their sides. They were often shot down, but this did not hasten their companions' speed. A telegram describing the battle, says: "It was impossible to take prisoners. The wounded Arabs would lie motionless, without uttering a single cry or moan, and watch their chance to stab the advancing British with knife or spear. The victors walked among the wounded as among so many vipers. A wounded Arab killed a British marine during the night. Another attempted to stab Colonel Stewart while his aide-de-camp was giving the wounded man water."

The Fanatical Spirit of the Mahdi's Followers is described by Mr. Levi, an Austrian merchant, who was recently a prisoner in the camp of Osman Digna. To a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, he said: "I was told by the rebels that they were not at present thinking of the wrongs they had undergone, but that they were *certain that the real Mahdi had come*, who would overthrow all nations, destroy all his enemies, and then rule the world according to his own ideas. They said, moreover, that the men who are fighting under Osman Digna are not afraid of rifles, cannons, or anything that could be used against them; that they have power to capture all guns in perfect certainty, and that if they die in such *a holy cause* they will enjoy themselves forever in Paradise; that their swords and spears would destroy Sinkat and Tokar, and after the fall of these two forts all the people who now besiege them would together fall on Suakim, encamping by its wells, and, taking the town, they would not leave stone upon stone in it; that they intended to go to Jeddah and Mecca, take possession of Egypt, kill the Sultan of Stamboul and all the Englishmen and Christians, and then find themselves free to cope with the Abyssinians. They told me that at present people who own cattle, grain, and money gave up part voluntarily to Osman Digna, in order to supply the poor who wanted food; that Osman might have any amount of property, but did not want any. They had treasure places where they put all sorts of valuable things.

General Gordon's Position at Khartoum is considered critical. The Arabs have cut the telegraph wires to that city, and nothing has been heard from the intrepid commander for three days. All the indications show that the resistance to the British advance will be determined and formidable. The following despatch from the New York *Herald* correspondent gives a sombre account of the situation: "Sir Evelyn Baring, the British Minister at Cairo, warns the government that the spirit of the Arab leaders is still unbroken. He asserts that as many as thirty different tribes in the Soudan are prepared to maintain the war. General Graham telegraphs that in case he is ordered to advance into the interior re-enforcements must be sent to him. People had imagined that a single decisive defeat by British troops would so dishearten the leaders that they would be ready to come to terms. But it looks as though they were still determined to continue the conflict, and the spirit of insurrection seems to be spreading, notwithstanding the two overwhelming disasters which have befallen their arms and the dreadful carnage which they have suffered. The desperate fanaticism, bravery and recklessness which the Arabs display, their obstinate resistance in the face of the murderous fire of the British and the sullen deliberation of their retreat when forced to give way, prove that they are inspired with no ordinary spirit of rebellion. The impossibility of taking prisoners is a discouraging feature of the war, and the natural difficulties of the country and severity of the climate to Europeans render a prolonged campaign especially hazardous and arduous.

The Capture of Bacninh by the French is Reported. Despatches published in Paris on Thursday state that General Negrier, who led the French forces which advanced from Haidzuong, encountered the Chinese troops at Xairoy between Langthong and Lagbudi. A severe battle ensued. The enemy were at last forced to retreat, and the French forces pursued them into Bacninh by the Langson Road. The enemy evacuated the town in great disorder, and the French continued to pursue them in the direction of Thainguyen. It is now asserted that China is willing to treat for peace and to make large concessions, but the rumor is not confirmed.

An Attempt on the Life of the Count de Paris, the head of the Orleans branch of the French royal family, was made on March 7th. A package, which was handed in at the railway parcel office at Lyons, and addressed "Comte de Paris, at his hotel, Rue Varenne, Paris," was found, upon examination, to contain an infernal machine. The package was oblong in shape, being seventeen inches long and twelve wide. The officials were led to examine it by finding that the wrapping had become undone. They found in it a flat metal box containing a clock movement and a quantity of dynamite. The Comte was absent from his Paris residence, having gone to Cannes. Had the package reached its destination and exploded the domestics would have been the sufferers.

Prince Bismarck made his Defence to the Reichstag in the Lasker affair on March 13th. He said the governments of Germany and America had always been on good terms. "Nothing has occurred to disturb these good relations. From the outset I regarded the resolution touching Herr Lasker as an expression of the good feeling of the American Congress toward Germany—the good feeling which has been promoted and cultivated by myself. I would have presented the resolution to the Reichstag had I not been prevented by its form. It was not confined to a general expression of sympathy, but it expressed the conviction that Herr Lasker's labors had been very useful to Germany. This clause was directed against the policy which, in the Emperor's name, I have been pursuing, and which Herr Lasker had opposed for years."

A Vigorous Indictment of the Gladstone ministry was made by the Marquis of Salisbury, the leader of the Conservatives, on March 12th, in the course of a speech at a public meeting. The conservative programme, he said, was to appeal to the people on public business, especially on measures like the Franchise bill, which sacrificed England and Scotland for Ireland—a fact which forboded an early appeal. He urged a dissolution of Parliament before any change was made in the franchise system. He declared that the government's policy had aggravated and perpetuated the depression in industry and trade and caused the low wages of the working classes. The Irish land market was paralyzed, and no capital could be introduced into Ireland. The shipping interest was attacked on fantastic grounds, and panic and confusion were thrown into interests upon which the country depends. The radical attacks upon property would destroy the workingmen's means of livelihood. The Egyptian disasters were due to indecision arising from divided counsels in the Cabinet. The "fantastic grounds" the nobleman alluded to are that wicked ship-owners buy rotten ships, and having insured them beyond their value, send them to sea expecting that they will founder with all on board. That charge is true, whether fantastic or not.

An Urgent Appeal on Behalf of Canadian missions was made at a crowded meeting held in London on March 12th, in connection with missionary work among the Ontario and Ojibway Indians. The Marquis of Lorne presided. The Bishop of Algoma urgently appealed for funds and more workers, saying that there were only fifteen missionaries to attend to 60,000 souls. He especially begged the gift of a river steamer. Archdeacon Farrar, of Westminster, strongly supported the Bishop.

A Fresh Outbreak of Persecution of the Jews is reported from Germany. Four German Jews, who were recently acquitted at Konitz of the charge of setting fire to a synagogue at Neustettin, have been severely maltreated by the populace of the latter place. One of them was nearly killed by the mob. A majority of the Jewish shops and houses in Neustettin have been destroyed. The police profess to be powerless to suppress the outrages.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Services in London continue to be attended by immense crowds of eager hearers. Mr. Moody went to Edinburgh on March 4th, and opened new mission premises at Carrubber's Close, *near John Knox's house*. This is one of the many fruits of the evangelists' labors in the north. Mr. Moody returned the following day to commence the St. Pancras Mission. A committee of ladies sent out before the services many personal invitations to families residing in the squares in the neighborhood. The hall, fresh from Stratford, occupied a famous site, adjoining the Midland Railway terminus. At the recent missions of the evangleists women have gone into the depths, and personally invited the most depraved. Not content with this, they have actually escorted them singly and in gangs to the place of meeting. They have founded baby-homes, and nurse the infants while poor mothers attend the services. At other times they stay in the miserable home tending the little family, rather than let the "non-churchgoing" mother lose a chance of hearing the evangelists. This is only one of many methods adopted by the Christians of the city to gather in hearers for the American laborers, and the permanent results show that God is blessing the means used.

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The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for March may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents, including postage. This number contains the following articles: "The World and its Prince," by Dr. Henry Meymott; "Thoughts on Revelation," by Mrs. Fielder, Abergavenny; "That Blessed Hope," by H. M. Barnett, B.A.; "The Rapture of Saints;" "The Soudan and Holy Scripture," by Rev. T. J. Malyon, LL.B.; "The Prophetic Outlook in Connection with the Recent Successes of the Mahdi;" "The Second Advent and its Glorious Epiphany," by Rev. W. Frith; Passing Events viewed from a prophetic standpoint, etc., etc.

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ROYAL personages, their appearance, their words and actions and manner of life, exercise a strong fascination for many people, who are unable to overcome their fancy that kings and queens are in themselves superior to ordinary mortals. That idea is very prevalent in lands in which the citizens still are of opinion that royalty is worth its cost, and though in this country the idea has been outgrown, yet even here there is sufficient curiosity about the men and women who wear the crowns of Europe to render welcome the details respecting one of them published in these columns this week.

So much gossip and scandal has been published about royalty and courts and courtiers, that the public looks with suspicion on all narratives purporting to describe court life. But in this case there is no ground for doubt. The information here given, consists of extracts from a work recently written and published by the Queen of England, entitled "More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands." It is issued in this country by the eminent publishing firm of *Messrs. Harper & Brothers*, of New York, a firm which has won the esteem and confidence of the whole country, not only by its enterprise, but by the care it has always taken to avoid issuing from its presses any literature that is impure, immoral, or mischievous in its tendency.

The Queen's book is precisely what it professes to be—the record of a quiet home life. It is necessary to emphasize this fact, because readers in England, who went to it expecting to find recorded there the Queen's impressions and opinions on public events, were disappointed. The Queen has shown her good taste and her wisdom by refraining from comments on public topics, which assuredly would, had they been published, have been misunderstood and have given rise to invidious inferences. It is believed that she takes an intelligent interest in all matters of national concern, and is not indifferent to affairs affecting foreign countries, but in this book she has nothing to say on those subjects. She describes her home life as a woman, and not her public life as the nominal ruler of a vast empire.

That fact being understood, the reader is impressed with the manner in which the Queen executes her plan. She takes her readers into her confidence with open frankness, and relates the details of her life with remarkable simplicity. She has also shown considerable tact by avoiding, in the greater part of her work, crossing the line which separates simplicity from silliness. The facts recorded so minutely appear trivial, it is true, but their very triviality shows that her life is decorous, even if it is dull, which is a much better exhibit than would have been a truthful chronicle of the lives of some monarchs who have sat on that throne.

One element that has caused some little vexation and regret is the prominent place occupied in its pages by the writer's manservant, John Brown. His is the central figure in the book, as was the figure of Prince Albert in the Queen's previous work. It was perhaps inevitable that it should be so. Her Majesty was touched by the rough, brute-like affection and devotion Brown displayed toward her, and appreciated his zealous efforts to promote her personal comfort and save her from annoyance. He was her constant attendant in her walks and rides, and the Queen in her lonely widowhood grew to depend more and more on his energy and sagacity. But, after all, he was a coarse, uncultured man, promoted from the stable, and the Queen's connections and her subjects would have been better pleased had she chosen for her confidential friend and companion, some man who, if not of noble birth, had at least the manners and instincts of a gentleman. But of Brown's unremitting attention and devotion there could be no question, and it is creditable to the Queen that she showed her gratitude therefor.

The book opens with the following

DEDICATION:

"To my loyal Highlanders, and especially to the memory of my devoted personal attendant, John Brown, these records of my widowed life in Scotland are gratefully dedicated. Victoria, R. I." Then follows this graceful preface:

"The little volume, 'Our Life in the Highlands,' published fifteen years ago, with its simple records of the never-to-be-forgotten days spent with him 'who made the writer's life bright and happy,' was received with a warmth of sympathy and interest which was very gratifying to her heart. The kind editor of that volume is no longer here to advise and help her, though friendly assistance has not been wanting on the present occasion. But remembering the feeling with which that little book was received, the writer thinks that the present volume may equally evoke sympathy, as, while describing a very altered life, it shows how her sad and suffering heart was soothed and cheered by the excursions and incidents it recounts, as well as by the simple mountaineers, from whom she learned many a lesson of resignation and faith in the pure air and quiet of the beautiful Highlands."

A CAIRN TO PRINCE ALBERT.

The first Leaves of the Journal, written in August, 1862, eight months after the Prince Consort's death, relate to a visit to the Cairn, forty feet wide, that was to be erected on the top of Craig Lowrigan to his memory. The shadow of that great and lasting sorrow lies heavy on the opening page. Princess Beatrice was then described as a "Sweet Baby." "The view was so fine, the day so bright, and the heather so beautifully pink; but no pleasure, no joy, all dead!" The Queen had driven to the top of the hill, following the track which the carts had gone. "Bertie" (the Prince of Wales) had joined her from Birkhall. Walking down as far as the rough road through the heather, the Queen felt shaken and tired. A few days later another visit is paid to the Cairn. "Grant" (an old Scotch servant) said, "'I thought you would like to be here to-day on his birthday,' so entirely was he of opinion that this beloved day, and even the 14th of December" (the day of his death) "must not be looked upon as a day of mourning. 'That's not the light to look at it.' There is so much true and strong faith in these good, simple people."

A CARRIAGE ACCIDENT

occurred during one of these mountain excursions. The Queen thus describes it: "We started at about twenty minutes to seven from Altnagiuthasach, Brown on the box next Smith, who was driving, little Willem (Alice's black serving boy) behind. It was quite dark when we left, but all the lamps were lit as usual; from the first, however, Smith seemed to be quite confused (and indeed has been much altered of late), and got off the road several times, once in a very dangerous place, when Alice called out and Brown got off the box to show him the way. After that, however, though going very slowly, we seemed to be all right, but Alice was not at all reassured, and thought Brown's holding up the lantern all the time on the box indicated that Smith could not see where he was going, though the road was as broad and plain as possible. Suddenly, about two miles from Altnagiuthasach, and about twenty minutes after we had started, the carriage began to turn up on one side; we called out, 'What's the matter?' There was an awful pause, during which Alice said, '*We are upsetting.*' In another moment—during which I had time to reflect whether we should be killed or not, and thought there were still things I had not settled and wanted to do—the carriage turned over on its side and we were all precipitated to the ground. I came down very hard with my face upon the ground near the carriage, the horses both on the ground. (*See frontispiece.*)

"Alice was soon helped up by means of tearing all her clothes to disentangle her; but Lenchen, who had also got caught in her dress, called out very piteously, which frightened me a good deal, but she was also got out with Brown's assistance, and neither she nor Alice was at all hurt. I reassured them that I was not hurt, and urged that we should make the best of it, as it was an inevitable misfortune. Smith, utterly confused and bewildered, at length came up to ask if I was hurt. Meantime the horses were lying on the ground as if dead, and it was absolutely necessary to get them up again. Alice, whose calmness and coolness were admirable, held one of the lamps while Brown cut the traces, to the horror of Smith, and the horses were speedily released and got up unhurt.

"There was now no means of getting home except by sending back Smith with the two horses to get another carriage. All this took some time, about half an hour, before we got off. By this time I felt that my face was a good deal *bruised and swollen*, and above all, my right thumb was excessively painful and much swollen; indeed I thought at first it was broken, till we began to move it. Alice advised then that we should sit down in the carriage—that is, with the bottom of the carriage as a back—which we did. We had been sitting here about half an hour when we heard the sound of voices and of horses' hoofs, which came nearer and nearer. To our relief we found it was our ponies. At the hill, where the gate of the deer-fence is, above the distillery, we met the other carriage, again driven by Smith, and a number of stable people come to raise the first carriage and a pair of horses to bring it home. We preferred, however, riding home, which we reached at about twenty minutes to ten o'clock."

A VISIT TO LORD DALHOUSIE.

In September, 1865, the Queen visited Lord Dalhousie at Invermark. Here, again, the place was full of the "memories that make the heart a tomb." The fine wild pass of Ladder Burn "seemed to strike me much less than when I first saw it, as all is flat now." At the well the Queen found an inscription recording that "Queen Victoria with the Prince Consort visited this well and drank of its refreshing waters on the 20th of September, 1861," the year of her Majesty's "great sorrow." "And round the spring which bubbles up beautifully, and quite on a level with the ground, is inscribed in Old English characters the following legend:

"Rest, traveller, on this lonely green,
And drink and pray for Scotland's Queen.

"We drank with sorrowing hearts from this very well, where just four years ago I had drunk with my beloved Albert, and Grant handed me the flask (one I had given him), out of which we drank on that day. Lord Dalhousie has kindly built this well in remembrance of that occasion. It was quite a pilgrimage." The sky, the glen, the hills—all were beautiful; "and yet to me all seemed strange, unnatural, and sad." When they reached the house and the little drawing-room, "it brought all back to me. I felt tired, sad, and bewildered. For the first time in my life I was

ALONE IN A STRANGE HOUSE

without either mother or husband, and the thought distressed me deeply.

In Rob Roy's country the Queen follows the footsteps of the lawless chief with ardent curiosity, and when she comes to the last refuge and hiding-place of Prince Charles Edward, or passes by the Field of Culloden, she is a Jacobite of Jacobites, and claims with pride her kinship with that romantic and despicable race. These passages in her diary are singularly interesting. She seems to be impressed with the irony of history and of fate, which has made her the loving and beloved Sovereign of Scottish homes and Scottish hearts, welcomed and fêted by the de-

ndants of the clansmen who turned out to do tle for one of her ancestors against another of ancestors, and of the chiefs who fell in bat- or lost their estates and their titles for their ns. Of Queen Mary she speaks with the derest compassion.

The "Leaves" contain many fresh and vivid tures of such scenes of country life in the ghlands as the "Hallowe'en," the "Juicing Sheep," the "Christening," the "Sheep pping," the "Communion Sunday at Cra-e," and the "Highland Funeral."

THE KEEPING OF HALLOWE'EN

shown in our second frontispiece picture. e word *Hallowe'en* signifies the Hallowed ening before All Saints' Day, November 1st. der date October 31st, 1866, the Queen gives following description: "We saw the com-ncement of the keeping of Hallowe'en.

'On the same day in the following year we l an opportunity of again seeing the celebra-n of Hallowe'en, and even of taking part in We had been out driving, but we hurried k to be in time for the celebration. Close to nald Stewart's house we were met by two ies bearing torches. Louise got out and k one, walking by the side of the carriage, l looking like one of the witches in *Macbeth*. we approached Balmoral, the keepers, and ir wives and children, the gillies, and other ple met us, all with torches: Brown also rying one. We got out at the house, where pold joined us, and a torch was given to n. We walked round the whole house, pre-ed by Ross playing the pipes. Louise and pold went first, then came Janie Ely and I, owed by every one carrying torches, which l a very pretty effect. After this a bonfire s made of all the torches, close to the house, l they danced reels, while Ross played the es."

"JUICING THE SHEEP,"

subject of our third frontispiece picture, is s referred to in her Majesty's book: "I ve off with Louise and Leopold in the wag-nette up to near the 'Bush,' the residence of lliam Brown, the farmer, to see them 'juice sheep.' This is a practice pursued all over Highlands before the sheep are sent down the low country for the winter. It is done to serve the wool. Not far from the burnside, ere there are a few hillocks, was a pen in ich the sheep were placed, and then just out-e it, a large sort of trough filled with liquid bacco and soap, and into this the sheep were ped one after the other; one man took the ep one by one out of the pen and turned m on their backs; they were then dipped ll in, after which they were let into another n, and here they had to remain to dry. Chil-en and many collie dogs were grouped about, l several men and shepherds were helping. was a curious and picturesque sight."

A CHRISTENING AND A DEATH

thus characteristically described by the yal writer: "On Monday, November 1st, I ve down at a quarter to four with Louise, atrice, Leopold (who was on the box with own), and Lady Ely, to the Bush (William own's) to witness the christening of his first ild, just a week old, which was to be called bert. The service was exceedingly simple, ly two instead of three prayers, and the ung mother seated by the fire, looking very e, with the baby on her lap.

"On Sunday, August 22d, 1869, I went to old Mrs. Grant, whom I was grieved to see ting in her chair supported by pillows, and r poor feet raised upon cushions, very much ered in her face, and, I fear, dying of dropsy. August 26th I again saw her, and gave her a awl and pair of socks, and found the poor old ly in bed, looking very weak and very ill, but wing her head and thanking me in her usual y. I took her hand and held it. On the 27th e died. On the 28th I stopped at her cottage, d went in with Louise and Leopold. We nd all so clean and tidy, but all so silent. e was in her eighty-ninth year."

A COMMUNION SERVICE

at the kirk is thus vividly described: "The appearance of the kirk was very striking, with the tables in the cross seats, on either side facing the pulpit, covered with a white cloth. Neither Brown, though he came with us, nor any of our Scotch servants, sat behind us, as usual, but all below, as every one does who intends taking the sacrament at the 'first table.' A table, also covered with a white cloth, was placed in front of the middle pew, directly facing the pulpit.

"The prayer after the sermon was very short, after which Dr. Taylor delivered an address from the pulpit, in which he very beautifully invited all true penitents to receive the communion, the hardened sinner alone to abstain. After this address

'THE FENCING OF THE TABLES,'

as it is called—the minister came down to the small table in front of the pulpit, where he stood with the assistant minister, and the elders on either side, and while the 35th Psalm was being sung the elders brought in the Elements, and placed them on the table, viz., the bread cut into small pieces, and two large plates lined with napkins, and the wine in four large silver cups. The minister then read the words of the institution of the Lord's Supper, from 1 Corinthians 11: 23, and this was followed by a short but very impressive prayer of consecration.

"This done, he handed the bread first, and then the wine right and left to the elders. The bread was then reverently eaten, and the wine drunk, sitting, each person passing it on one to the other; the cup being replaced by each on the table before them after they had partaken of the wine, and then the elder carried it on to the next pews, in which there were tables, until all those in that portion of the church prepared for the Lord's Supper had communicated."

THE DEATH OF DR. NORMAN MACLEOD

only a fortnight after his last visit to Balmoral deeply affected the Queen. "Dear Dr. Macleod likewise came to Balmoral, and preached there, on the following occasions: October 11th, 1863; May 2d, 1864 (my birthday, after his visit to the Holy Land); on May 27th, 1867; and on May 29th, 1869. When I last saw him I was greatly distressed at his depression and sadness, and instead of my looking to him to cheer and encourage me, I tried to cheer him. He said he had been ordered to give up all work, and to give up his house at Glasgow, merely continuing to preach at the Barony Church; and that then they gave him hopes of a recovery, but it was not at all certain. He must give up the Indian Mission, which was a great sorrow to him.

"He had not much confidence, he said, in his recovery; but he might be wrong. All was in God's hand. 'It is the nature of Highlanders to despond when they are ill,' he added. He hoped God would allow him to live a few years longer, for his children, and to be able to go on with 'Good Words.' He dwelt then, as always, on the love and goodness of God.

"When I wished him good-by, and shook hands with him, he said, 'God bless your Majesty,' and the tears were in his eyes. Only then did the thought suddenly flash upon me, as I closed the door of my room, that I might never see this dear friend again, and it nearly overcame me. But this thought passed, and never did I think that not quite three weeks after his noble, pure spirit would be with the God and Saviour he loved and served so well. I have since heard that he mentioned to several at Balmoral that he thought he should never come there again."

Among the happier of these "Leaves" are those which record

THE BETROTHAL OF LOUISE.

Of October 3d, 1870, her Majesty writes as follows: "This was an eventful day! Our dear Louise was engaged to Lord Lorne. The event took place during a walk from the Glassalt Shiel to the Dhu Loch. She had gone there with Janie Ely, the Lord Chancellor (Lord Hatherley), and Lorne. I had driven with Beatrice and the Hon. Mrs. Ponsonby to Pannanich Wells, two miles from Ballater, on the south side of the Dee, where I had been many years ago. The sky perfectly cloudless as on the two preceding days. We got home by seven. Louise, who returned some time after we did, told me that Lorne had spoken of his devotion to her and proposed to her, and that she had accepted him, knowing that I would approve. Though I was not unprepared for this result, I felt painfully the thought of losing her. But I naturally gave my consent and could only pray that she might be happy."

But these years were not unaccompanied with new sorrows. The death of the Princess Alice from diphtheria in Germany, on December 14th, 1878—"my darling Alice"—a woman of exquisite nature and priceless worth—is only glanced at here. "It was to all an unspeakable calamity."

Another scene minutely described by the Queen, and which appears to have deeply distressed her, was an

INJURY TO BROWN.

Under date of October 11th, 1865, the Queen writes: "Another wretchedly wet morning. Was much distressed at breakfast to find that poor Brown's legs had been dreadfully cut by the edge of his wet kilt on Monday, just at the back of the knee, and he said nothing about it; but to-day one became so inflamed, and swelled so much, that he could hardly move. The doctor said he must keep it up as much as possible, and walk very little, but did not forbid his going out with the carriage, which he wished to do. I did not go out in the morning." The next day, October 12th, she writes: "Brown's leg is much better. The doctor thought he could walk over the hill to-morrow."

EXPRESSIONS OF PIETY

occur occasionally in the course of the pages of the Queen's work. Referring to the trying part she had to take in unveiling the statue of Prince Albert, at Aberdeen, in 1863, her Majesty thus indicates her faith in the power of prayer: "I was terribly nervous in the morning. Longed not to have to go through this ordeal. *Prayed for help*, and got up earlier."

Her Majesty's estimate of Dr. Norman Macleod's character reveals her regard for that which most draws the soul to confidence in God. We read: "No one ever felt so convinced and so anxious as he to convince others, that God was a loving Father, who wished all to come to Him, and to preach of a living personal Saviour, One who loved us as a brother and a friend, to whom all could and should come with trust and confidence."

One Sunday her Majesty heard Dr. Macleod preach a sermon from Genesis 3: 13, which she speaks of as "touching, and striking, and useful." "And then he showed how we all had a secret life which no one knew but God, and showed the frightful danger of living a life of deception till you deceived yourself, and no longer knew wrong from right. I wish I could repeat *all* he said, but it was admirable."

The Queen devotes her last page to

THE DEATH OF BROWN

and to a eulogium of him. She thus writes: "A few words I must add in conclusion to this volume. The faithful attendant who is so often mentioned throughout these Leaves, is no longer with her whom he served so truly, devotedly, untiringly. In the fulness of health and strength he was snatched away from his career of usefulness, after an illness of only three days, on the 27th of March of this year, respected and beloved by all who recognized his rare worth and kindness of heart, and truly regretted by all who knew him. His loss to me (ill and helpless as I was at the time from an accident) is irreparable, for he deservedly possessed my entire confidence; and to say that he is daily nay, hourly, missed by me, whose lifelong gratitude he won by his constant care, attention, and devotion, is but a feeble expression of the truth

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loyal, and more loving, never beat
Within a human breast."

THE GO-BETWEEN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, March 23, 1884.

"For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."—1 TIM. 2 : 5.

Paul's Grand Spiritual Vision—The Alegone of Spiritual Astronomy — Paradise a Colony of Heaven — The Estrangement — A Champion Needed—Christ is Qualified—On Good Terms with Both Parties—The Cross-Beams at the Crucifixion—His Integrity—Wisdom, Tact, and Delicacy—Filial Reminiscences—Perseverance and Determination—Must Realize the Importance of the Task—Kate Shelley's Gold Medal — A Tremendous Question — The Cagliostro Necklace—Imperishable Diamonds of Frozen Tears.

WORDS of an old minister to a young theological student. Paul to Timothy. The old man was afflicted with diseased eyes. The pain was so sharp and stinging that he describes it as "a thorn in the flesh," and he so excites the sympathies of his friends that he says on one occasion that they would have plucked out their eyes and given them to him in substitute for his poor eyes. But though the apostle's physical eyesight was so poor, he had

GRAND SPIRITUAL VISION,

and he saw Jesus Christ as no man on earth ever saw Him. Christ was to him the ark of all perfection. Alegone is the name of the brightest star of the Pleiades, and it is supposed to be at the centre of the great arc in which our sun and the planets move. Jesus Christ to Paul was the brightest star and the centre star, the Alegone of his spiritual astronomy.

In my text Paul calls Christ an arbitrator. For some reason heaven and earth swung apart. They were once fully accordant. Paradise was only a colonization of the celestial. The trees on the banks of the river Hiddekel were a transplantation from a higher garden. Earth was a long, sweet echo of heaven. But in the evilest hour of eternity our progenitor reached up his hand and unhooked the chain that bound the celestial and the terrestrial, and forthwith we are all adrift. For this high treason of our progenitor, a high treason in which at some time we all sympathized, there must come severe punishment unless there be some plan projected different from anything that human brain ever dreamed of.

How is it possible for a God who hates sin with such withering, all-consuming and everlasting fury, to be brought into amity with our recreant and sinful world? It will never be done except through negotiation. You and I have known persons who had a difference seemingly irreconcilable, yet after a while they shook hands. We have read in history of nations that were in divergence seemingly beyond all adjustment, and yet they signed a compact. And I wonder if there is not something that can bridge over the difference between the Creator and the created, between the immaculate and the sinful, between eternity and time, between earth and heaven? Hear, all ye spaces of earth and all ye armies of heaven. Where is the one who will step forth able and willing to effect this negotiation? In vain we look among the heroic and the gallant of earth. They have sturdy hearts, but are not brave enough for this. In vain we look among all the thrones of the angels. Not one of the angels is willing to be dethroned for this negotiation. Where is the relief to come from?

WE WANT A CHAMPION.

Heaven and earth both want champions if this matter is to be settled. David and Goliath went forth as champions. Goliath said: "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air," and David answered: "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I came to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied, and I will take thine head from thee." But who shall be our champion in this great difference between heaven and earth? Jesus Christ steps forth, and He says: "I will undertake that work at which all the universe is silent and abashed." And He lays one hand on the earth and He lays the other hand on heaven, and He swings them together. Strophe and antistrophe of music celestial. "One mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

It is my delightful work this morning to show you how beautifully

CHRIST IS QUALIFIED

for this work of arbitrament. You know very well that if two be at variance, the third party coming in must be *on good terms with both* the parties. If you and I are at variance, and a third party comes in to settle the difficulty, and he is my antagonist, I will reject him. If he be your antagonist you will reject him. The third party coming in for the work of mediation must be on good terms with both of us. Behold Christ's qualifications. God looks at Him and says, "My Son." We look at Him and say, "Elder Brother." He will look after God's rights, for He has filial affection. He will be sympathetic with us, for He is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Heaven can trust Him with its holiness, its justice, its attributes, and knows that He will bring all the armies of the universe for help if it be necessary to keep its glory unsullied; while, on the other hand, we know that between manger and cross He will never forget our interests, and, if need be, to stop the swift rolling car of our destruction will throw His own life on the bloody track.

THE CROSSBEAM OF THE TREE

of crucifixion was nailed to the upright beam at the centre. God's justice starts at one end of that crossbeam and advances toward the centre. Our necessity starts from the other end of that crossbeam and advances toward the centre, and they both meet in the heart of the Son of God. He has in His nature the God side, the man side. Oh wonderful conjunction!

Historians scoff at Louis Philippe because he was so merciful, but it was the grand characteristic of his nature, and he is to me one of the most lovable characters of history. He always felt when for some reason he could consistently pardon a man he had gained a victory, and one morning he said: "I gained seven men last night." In other words, he had found it possible to pardon seven men for their crimes. How many our Lord has gained I am not enough mathematician to calculate. You had better ask the ten thousand times ten thousand and the one hundred and forty and four thousand. Perhaps they can tell. So wonderfully qualified for this diplomacy between God and man is Christ Jesus. On good terms with both parties.

INTEGRITY NECESSARY.

But you know also, my friends, that in order to successful intervention between two estranged parties the mediator must be characterized by integrity. Most of us remember when Napoleon called a congress of nations, and some of the monarchs came to the congress, other governments sent their prime-ministers, and other governments flatly refused to come. Why? Because they looked upon Napoleon as an imperial villain. Integrity is absolutely necessary for arbitrators. And here is Christ's qualification of integrity. All heaven cried three times, "Holy, holy, holy!" Opulent spoilsmen, great authority sometimes makes them cruel, but all the wealth and all the power of heaven did not spoil Christ. On the other hand, all human hatred put Him under the microscope of hypercriticism. There was not a minute of His life that the detectives were not after Him. They saw where He went and when He went. It was the business of hundreds of men to find out something bad in Christ. Not one evil word, not one evil action could they report. All the charges were unsubstantiated. False witnesses blushed and staggered and fell under the weight of their lies. Purer than the lilies which illustrated His sermon. Cleaner than the Galilean wave which licked His feet. Brighter than the star that pointed down to His manger. Fairer than the heavens from which He came. He had an integrity which particularly qual Him for the work of a negotiator.

You also recognize the fact that in ord successful diplomacy between alienated par the go-between must be characterized by

WISDOM, TACT, AND DELICACY.

You sometimes have seen a very good ma in and try to settle a dispute, and he has t dered in the matter, he has made a drea failure, and if there were ten degrees of viol before, after his work there were a hun degrees of violence between the parties. T must be wisdom, tact, and delicacy fc mediator.

I do not think I put it too strongly wh say that my father never attempted to set dispute but he settled it. I remember ho would bring the two antagonists to our ho and I would hear conversation in an adjoi room, and there would be imprecation and talking, and it seemed as if the parties about to annihilate each other. Then t would be a quiet, and then I would hear father's voice in prayer, and then the would open and the two contestants would out arm in arm. He had wisdom, and he tact, and he had delicacy. Behold in Chris these attributes.

Wisdom! why, He knew all of God and knew all of men. From the highest summi the divine attributes clear down to the lo depths of human depravity He had explo everything. He knew what God would h He knew what men wanted. From the p ence of the throne, He knew its glory. Con into the presence of our shipwreck He knew ghastliness. Face to face with Jehovah, was not withered with the glance, and plun into the depth of our woe, He was not rupted with the abomination. Solomon wise in settling the controversy between the women about the child; but here is a w than Solomon, who makes a warring earth heaven embrace each other. Moses was wis giving the law; but here is a greater than Mo who by one act fulfils all its requirements. the wisdom of this Arbitrator!

Has He the tact necessary? Ask the fisher to whom He preached about the Gospel net, the farmers to whom He talked about the sc who went forth to sow, ask the womanly ho keeper to whom He talked about the yeast leavened the whole lump. And had He *the cacy?* Ask the sicknesses on which He put healing hand, ask the fair-browed child whom kissed on the forehead, ask the man who has unwrapped the shroud from his resuscit daughter. Never before was there, n since has there been, such wisdom, such t such delicacy for the glorious work of negc tion.

You recognize also the fact that in orde successful diplomacy there must be

PERSEVERANCE AND DETERMINATION

amid all obstacles. If you have ever tried it have found out that the toughest thing to d to settle a dispute. You go to one of the ties and you make a proposition. He s "Never, never!" You go to the other p and you propose a reconciliation. He says, will die first." You give up the attempt. a man with Christian perseverance and de mination comes and he keeps at it day after week after week, and month after month u he effects it. Oh, how much determination necessary, and how much perseverance to bri over the difference between these two part God and man!

God made a law; man put both feet o God established a government; man sece from it. God planted a garden; man uproc it. God sowed flowers and fruits; man so nettles and nightshade. God said, "B righteous cities;" they built Sodom. God s "Elevate righteous rulers;" they eleva Ahab. God warned and man defied. For thousand years man has fought God, resis God, despised God, attempted to drive Him the throne of the universe. God looks d

o-day from heaven, and He sees hundreds of millions of polluted and sinful people.

On one side of this controversy between God nd man was everything that was right; on the ther side, everything that was wrong. Now, o you think that a few tears, a few drops of lood will put out this conflagration which sin as kindled? Is there some Grace Darling with boat strong enough to stand this storm and ave a drowning race? Is there enough timber n the two pieces of the cross to make a bridge or this awful gulf between God and man? Christ stopped not at the difficulty. All others ad declined the service, and He was not the ne to see the race plunged into the vortices and ake no effort for the rescue. He looked into he face of heaven, and He says: "Let the ter- or fly." All the thunderbolts of omnipotent rath struck Him. He faced the human race, nd said: "I am now ready to receive the hock of all earthly hatred," and all the rough ands of earthly brigandage smote Him on the eart. The Lamb of heaven clutched by the atamount of hell. Oh, He stopped for noth- ng. He persevered to the end. "One media- or between God and men, the man Christ esus."

You also recognize that in order to successful iplomacy it is necessary that the party coming n as an arbitrator feel the

IMPORTANCE OF THE WORK.

You go to a man and you ask that he be recon- iled to an antagonist. He says no. You go to he other man in the controversy. He says no. You give it up and say, "Well, it doesn't make nuch difference anyhow." But suppose thou- ands of dollars are involved in the controversy, uppose the peace of the whole neighborhood, uppose the happiness of one of the parties is nvolved, then you feel the importance. Christ elt the importance of this arbitrament. He as in blood red earnest. He saw it would be n awful thing to have the human race perish.

To show that He appreciated the importance f the work you have but to see Him push hrough storm and darkness and mobocracy and nountain desolation and imperial anathema, ontending with the human race all armed gainst Him, not to destroy it, but to save it. o be buffeted for five or ten years—perhaps ome of you know what that is. But Christ's whole life on earth was one of being buffeted. The first chapter of His life, Herod's scouting party trying to murder the babe. The last chapter of His life, the Roman hammer striking he nail through the palm. Oh, what a jour- ney of mediation, beginning with a manger and ending with a cross! Was there ever such a self-sacrificing arbitrator?

Governor Sherman, of Iowa, a few days ago, showed me at Des Moines

A GOLD MEDAL

that had been struck in honor of *Kate Shelly*, the girl of fifteen, who at midnight sped over the broken bridge until she got to the telegraph office and announced that the bridge was down, and saved the midnight express train. A beau- tiful medal on obverse and reverse side. On one side a representation of the girl on the broken bridge; on the other side a representa- tion of the gratitude of the State of Iowa. The governor said to me: "She will be here in a few days, and in behalf of the Legislature of the State I will make this presentation." Very beautiful, very appropriate. But, O my soul, tell me in what mint of earth or heaven shall that medal be struck which shall on one side represent a Christ coming to save a ruined world and on the other side represent the grati- tude of a universe at the glorious achievement!

Some men have gone in humiliation and shame that they might afterward come to eleva- tion; but here is Christ coming down that oth- ers might rise, here is the gathering up the thorns into the brow that others may wear a flowering amaranth, here is the drinking of gall that others may take the elixir. Oh, what a mediator! The star of olden times ran across the heavens at the nativity and hung above the Saviour's head, but our world will after a while be the star that will run across the heavens and hang beneath the Saviour's feet. Christ came in the world's back door that we might enter heaven's front gate.

Now, you see there is

A TREMENDOUS QUESTION

coming out of this, and that is, are you willing to accept the arbitration? You have seen many a mediation fail because while the mediator in the case was faithful and one party accepted the mediation, the other was stubborn and declined. Christ comes in to mediate. God to-day de- clares Himself willing to accept the mediation. You are the other party. Will you accept or will you decline? If you decline, then the war will go on and the weaker will go under. You all realize, my friends, that this adjustment is reasonable and right, and all that is asked of you is that in the depths of your soul you accept the arbitration. If you decline it, then all the thrones of heaven will cry out for your condem- nation. Then you decree hostility against the God that made you. There is no alternative.

Then the question is who is the stronger, you or the Lord Almighty? After a while the armistice will cease, and then eternal ages will jar with the conflict. Choose your own weapons. Wrap yourself in what armor you will, throw up what fortresses you will; but woe unto him that striveth with his Maker.

I am thrilled this morning through and through, body, mind, and soul at

THE RICHES OFFERED

you in this arbitration. If I owned a bank and threw you a bunch of keys and told you to go in and help yourself it would be called a benefi- cence, a generosity positively reckless. But a grander offering is made to you. A whole cluster of the keys of God's mercy and of God's storehouse I throw you. Do you want par- don? Here is a key to unlock the door. Do you want consolation in your trouble? Here is a key to unlock the door. Do you want all the treasures of heaven? Here is a key to un- lock the door. O my Lord Jesus, what an offer for my soul and for the souls of all these people!

THE CAGLIOSTRO NECKLACE.

A jeweller in France resolved that he would make the richest necklace that the world had ever seen, and he sent forth his agents into all the earth, and they came back with all the most precious gems they could find. He put eight hundred diamonds in one necklace and in nine rows, the diamonds in crowns and crosses and lilies. On one bright day Louis XVI. flung this brilliant article around the neck of Marie Antoinette. But that diamond necklace was stolen; it was taken apart, it is lost forever.

Babbington Macaulay writes of it, Thomas Carlyle writes of it. It has been the wonder- ment of history, that diamond necklace. But I have to tell you to-day that the necklace which this Gospel proposes to throw over you to-day can never be taken apart, can never be stolen, can never be lost.

WEAR IT

once and you wear it forever. The diamonds of it are the frozen tears of the Son of God. The deep red carnelian is the congealed sweat of Gethsemane. The woman who wears it is a queen. The man who wears it is an emperor. Brighter and brighter will the gems glow and flash until in the day when Christ shall make up His jewels. When all nations are strung to- gether in love and brightness, that will be the diamond necklace of the world.

How English Aristocrats Live is Described by Lady John Manners in the columns of *The National Review*. She draws a startling picture of the extravagant and luxurious habits of the upper classes, as they may be seen in the large country houses at the present time. Eat- ing, drinking, and smoking appear to absorb both time and money to a surprising extent. She says: First, there is the early cup of tea and slice of toast, served to all the ladies, and many of the gentlemen, before they leave their beds. A few of the gentlemen will prefer brandy and soda. At ten o'clock breakfast is announced, and from that time till near midnight there goes on a succession of meals, each partaking of the character of a dinner. Even at breakfast itself there will be four hot dishes, to say nothing of an infinite variety of cold meats and sweets, with claret on the sideboard. Luncheon is dinner in all but name, and even five o'clock tea is accom- panied by substantial accessories. After dinner properly so called, come liqueurs and tea, till the ladies ostensibly go to bed, after a little money has changed hands at poker or loo. Even the smoking-room, where brews of many kinds are prepared—effervescing waters, whis- key, brandy, claret, lemons in profusion must be at hand—is now no longer sacred to the gentle- men. It is rumored that the rustlings of tea- gowns have sometimes been heard in those hitherto inviolable retreats, especially if a billiard table is to be found there. What it costs to entertain company in such style as this one trembles to guess. Ten thousand dollars is occasionally spent on flowers for a single ball. She says, in another place, that men have been known to spend $25 in cigars for a single day's smoking. After this we are not surprised to read that it is not unusual for ladies who go out a good deal to spend $5000 a year on their dress; while many, whose fortunes cannot be considered large, spend $3000 a year. If Lady Manners were to come to this country she might find that, as in other matters, we are not behind the old country in this. The extrava- gance and wastefulness of the time is a crying evil against which Christian men and women of wealth and position ought to protest by voice and example. We are explicitly warned against these very sins which it was predicted would be prevalent in the last days (James 5 : 1–5).

A Church Examining Committee Received a rebuke from a candidate for Church member- ship in New England. The candidate was con- sidered somewhat below the average in mental capacity, but he was very anxious to join the Church. The *Youth's Companion* gives the following report of the examination: "Do you understand the doctrine of the trinity?" "No, I can't say I do." "Can you give the com- mittee a definition of regeneration?" "I don't think I can." "Can't you give us some opinion respecting God's decrees?" "I'm afraid not." "Well, then," said the minister, a little im- patiently, "what *do* you know?" Promptly came the answer, "I know that I'm a sinner, and I know that Christ died to save me. And I want to join the church to get more help from Christ and His people." There are many peo- ple who could answer all the questions satisfactorily to the examiners who do not possess the saving knowledge of this despised candidate. Like the blind man in the Gospel he knew the truth most important for him to know (John 9 : 25).

An Eye Turned to Stone was Removed by a skilful oculist, who showed it to a reporter on a Western journal. The ossified portion was as large as a silver dime and twice as thick. The patient told him that twenty-five years ago, while chopping in the woods in Jefferson County, Wis., he injured one of his eyes. It became inflamed, but after a year's time healed, remaining, however, totally blind. He was not troubled with it any more until a year or more ago, when it again became very painful, and felt as though there were a strong pressure behind it. The other eye, in sympathy with the injured member, began to fail also. The oculist removed the eye, and was astonished to find that petri- faction had set in, and the choroid had turned to stone. There are only two cases of the kind on record. But in spiritual matters we know of many to whom such a calamity appears to have happened. Not only such as the Apostle Paul writes of (Rom. 11 : 25), on whom blindness in part has fallen, but others who have hearts of stone alienated from the life of God because of *the blindness of their hearts* (Eph. 4 : 18).

THE PROPHETIC OUTLOOK IN CONNECTION WITH THE MAHDI.

By G. B. T.

Revival of Napoleonic France—The Reconstituted Roman Empire—Contraction of its Western Sections—The Casus Belli to Originate There—The Eastern Half—Similarly Divided—Egypt to be Prominent—The Cloudy Day—The Mahdi's Swift Cloud—Cause of Egypt's Trouble—Conquest of Egypt and Syria—Synchronous Western Movement.

WE are prophetically apprised of the fact that *Napoleonic France*, in all the dimensions of its former greatness, is to reappear at the "Time of the End," under the subsequent directorship of the seventh-eighth head of the revived Roman Empire. Mighty revolutions, both intestine and international, will work this astonishing result, in connection with the contraction of the *western* section of this temporarily defunct empire into exactly five kingdoms. We believe the *casus belli* of these mighty military proceedings will originate in the West of Europe, and that the consequences accruing therefrom will be localized and confined to that half of the ancient Roman Empire for the specific object, under divine Providence, of inaugurating the fulfilment of Daniel's symbolic prophecies, as to that half of this final empire eventuating in five distinct kingdoms.

But the eastern half is to be similarly divided; and I cannot but think that these revolutions which are destined to effect that division will spring from a separate and distinct origin of strife.

We read in the Prophet Ezekiel: "Son of man, prophesy and say, Thus saith the Lord: Howl, ye, Woe worth the day! For the day is near, a *cloudy day;* it shall be the time of the heathen. And

THE SWORD SHALL COME UPON EGYPT."

It would seem by this prophecy that Egypt is singled out from all other nations as being the theatre of the inauguration of "the day of the Lord;" which, as I read, invariably means that day of judgment on an *apostate* world, which shall eventually end in the consummation of this dispensation and the commencement of the millennial reign of Christ and His saints on the earth.

If this be so, how soon may these predictions be verified! for we find that Egypt has already suffered from insurrection, conquest, and pestilence in quick succession. Is this, therefore, the beginning of "the day of the Lord," the "cloudy day," "the time of the heathen," when "the sword (first) shall come upon Egypt?" But let us revert to Isaiah's prophecy respecting the same people: "The burden of Egypt: Behold, the Lord rideth upon a *swift cloud*, and shall come into Egypt; and the idols of Egypt shall be moved at His presence, and the heart of Egypt shall melt in the midst of it. And I will set *the Egyptians against the Egyptians;* and they shall fight every one against his brother, and every one against his neighbor, city against city, and kingdom against kingdom. And the spirit of Egypt shall fail in the midst thereof; and I will destroy the counsel thereof, and they shall seek to the idols, and to the charmers, and to them that have familiar spirits, and to wizards."

It is manifestly certain that this prophecy has never received but a *typical* fulfilment, and the prediction, that "the Lord will ride upon a swift cloud, and shall come into Egypt," is of future fulfilment, if it is not being fulfilled at

THE PRESENT JUNCTURE!

Now, can it be that this figure of Scripture, that the "Lord rideth upon a *swift cloud*, and shall come into Egypt," is destined to have a special—yea, its specific—accomplishment in the armies of the Mahdi, the False Prophet of the Egyptian Soudan?

A *cloud* of men may be regarded as a very great multitude, which this False Prophet of the Soudan undoubtedly possesses. The careering of a cloud through the heavens finds no obstacle to hinder its even course. Now, the Mahdi has been prosperous hitherto, and his military gravitation is undoubtedly toward Egypt!

His victories (so decisively such) follow *swiftly* one after the other; and considering that, a few months since, this *cloud* did not appear much bigger than a man's hand on the political horizon, the idea of speed in the Mahdi's military growth is established.

Now, can we presume that the appearance of the Mahdi at Karosto or Assouan would have those effects on the Egyptians that are here prophesied, "and the idols of Egypt shall be moved at His presence?"

There may be *mutually antagonistic* principalities and powers even of hell, so that while a certain class of devils may infuriate and energize

THE DUPES OF THE MAHDI,

the established idol-devils of Egypt may "be moved at his presence," preferring their own hold on the worship of the Egyptians to surrendering that worship to a class of fanatical and aggressive devils distinct from themselves.

"And the heart of Egypt shall melt in the midst of it." The repetitive successes of the False Prophet flash, like electric shocks, through the heart of the Egyptian people at the present day; and shall not the "heart of Egypt melt in the midst of it," when the sphere of the Mahdi's action shall be changed

FROM THE EGYPTIAN SOUDAN TO EGYPT PROPER?

"*In that day* shall Egypt be like unto a woman; and it shall be afraid and fear, because of the shaking of the hand of the *Lord of hosts*, which He shaketh over it."

"And I will set the Egyptians against the Egyptians." This would certainly be one of the issues of the invasion of Egyptian territory by the False Prophet. Many would prove loyal to law and order; but, on the other hand, many would revolt to the standard of the Mahdi. As a consequence, "they shall fight every one against his brother, and every one against his neighbor; city against city, and kingdom against kingdom." In times of civil strife this putting of brother against brother, and friend against friend, is an unavoidable sequence; and we know, by historical events, that in such crises as these certain cities remain true, while others turn traitorous, and are thus arrayed "city against city" to the augmented confusion of the unhappy country. By "kingdom (striving) against kingdom" in connection with

THE INVASION OF EGYPT

by the Mahdi's forces, we perhaps are to understand that the False Prophet, at this time, will have consolidated the Egyptian Soudan into a separate kingdom, so that his invasion of Egypt proper will practically mean an international war, although the two kings will owe their crowns to the divided empire of the Egyptian territory. Thus, *in that day* "kingdom shall fight against kingdom."

"And the spirit of Egypt shall fail in the midst thereof." This is a repetition of the asseveration that "the heart of Egypt shall melt in the midst of it" with the superadded signification that the sorry stand made against the invincible arms of the invaders will signally "fail." "And I will destroy the counsel thereof." "The counsel of the wise counsellors of Pharaoh is become brutish." "They that uphold Egypt shall fall." "*All her helpers shall be destroyed.*" All diplomatic or material assistance shall not prevail against the conquering career of the Mahdi. Foreign diplomatists shall be confounded. The Lord will destroy the counsel of diplomatists; Egypt's "upholders" shall "fall," and her "helpers" shall be "destroyed."

In this grave trouble "they (the Egyptians) shall seek to their idols, and to the charmers, and to them that have familiar spirits, and to wizards." The good Lord has let out, in His prophetic narrative, the causes of

EGYPT'S SEVERE CHASTISEMENT,

and they are these: "Their idols," their possession of "familiar spirits," their "charmers," and their "wizards." Mohammedan Egypt still cherishes a fondness for its own ancie devilish deities, and these infernal accompar ments at which, in ancient times, they were su conspicuous adepts. It may be that it is tho old-established devil-gods that will be "moved at the presence of the Mahdi's energizi demons.

Now, I think this "*cloud*" of fanatical rebe tallies with the events of unfulfilled prophe in respect to Egypt. To its fanatical operatio I look for

THE CONQUEST OF EGYPT AND SYRIA,

and their speedy autonomy and independen as distinct and separate kingdoms.

I look for, as the issue of these *passing even* the speedy reappearance of the four-horn kin doms of the long-defunct Alexander's Mac donian Empire; and, according to the self-san prophetic Word, the appearance also of a *fif kingdom*, composed of the remaining territor which makes up conjointly with those fo kingdoms the eastern half of the soon-to-be-r vived Roman Empire.

And while those things in the East are caree ing to a speedy consummation, I anxiously a ticipate a synonymous and

SYNCHRONICAL MOVEMENT

in the western half of that empire to eventua in a like issue—viz., the division of that ter tory into exactly five kingdoms. Hence t prophetic image will then have developed its t toes—the Beast will then have put forth its t horns; and we know the issue—the revelati of Antichrist, and the glorious appearing of o Lord Jesus Christ to destroy them that destr the earth.

May we be ready, waiting for His Coming ay, with the intense longing of a bride for h husband. May we, with the unfeigned lovi expectancy of His mystic bride, ever cry fro the depths of our inmost feelings, "Come, Lo Jesus, come; come quickly."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVA GELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND

Turned from a Sliding Path.—At a Rece meeting Mr. Ewing said: "A case of conside able interest was that of a man living most r spectably. A decent church-goer, but outsi the narrow path which leads to eternal lif not like some sinners, going noisily dow the broad sloping road to hell, but quietl smoothly, yet most surely sliding to everlasti woe. He was awakened in the first meeting his need of a personal Saviour, and was eager groping in the darkness of his own understan ing for the way of truth and righteousness. H could not find in his heart or mind what w not there, so he appealed to me for help, and a short space of time I was able to lead him the wicket gate, through which he entered a cast himself at the feet of Jesus."

A Porter's Deliverance from Drink.—"It four months since I gave myself to the Lor and gave up drinking. I met Jesus in one the evangelistic meetings, and have been kept H Him since then. Though I was a drinking ma yet I never have the least desire to taste no It is not that I cannot get it; on the contrar I can get as much as I like, for I am in a sto closely connected with the trade. They don deal in drink, but they supply the saloons wi glasses, and of course when I take out a hea load they ask, 'What are you for?' my repl 'I am not drinking,' settles it; they don't pre me further. Those who are here should con to Jesus, and He will keep them safe, and mak them happy."

A Backsliding Student's Sorrow.—Mr. Dew narrated the following: "Thirty years ago visited in the country a student lying on a sic bed, and what proved to be his death-bed. H was in blank despair. Truly, he had been co verted to Christ, but the temptations of colle life were too strong for him to stand witho help, and as he had neglected to fly to God f succor, he committed a great sin. It lay like load of lead upon his heart, so that he was dyi

in sorrow and darkness. I quoted several cases mentioned in the Bible of great sinners being converted; but to each his reply was, 'It won't suit, he was unconverted; I sinned against light.' I did not know what his sin was, but at last I quoted the case of David, as told in II Samuel. 'Yes! that may suit me,' he said. It *did* suit him, and he found pardon, and died rejoicing in the Lord Jesus. No one is too bad for God to cure. No backslider need think 'I am lost,' for God will restore him if he confesses his sin and repents."

A Dying Man's Startling Reply.—"A Poor Roman Catholic lay dying; never before had he realized that there was a vast eternity to be spent by him. The priest called and administered 'extreme unction' as it is called, but it gave him no peace, his distress so wrought on his friends that one said, 'I'll attend to your children after you're gone.' Another said, 'I'll do the same for your wife.' Still he got no rest, and continued to grieve his friends by his cries and moaning. One inquired, 'You are not suffering much in body, and the priest has made your soul all right, *what do you want?* 'I want some one to go to hell for me!' was his strange and startling reply. The poor man, kept by the priest in ignorance of the Son of God, Jesus Christ, who bore the sin of the world on the cross, died in agony of soul for want of knowing that 'whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

Chains Knocked off a Captive.—Major Colquhoun related: "I visited a man one afternoon whose life had become a weary drudgery through drink. Formerly he held a good position in society, but was then down to the deeper depths, and, like a tired child, his only desire was to lie down and get rest. Many times has he appeared to be drawn near to Jesus, only to be swept away by the, to him, irresistible flood of temptation to which he was subject. Darkness falls upon him; no hope nor help comes to him. How did this happen to him? Because he was looking to his own feelings instead of to the Lord Jesus. I pointed him to the command in Acts 12: 7, 'Arise up quickly,' and to the result, namely, that the chains fell off at once. I am delighted to be able to add that he *did* arise, and that freedom and rest in Jesus are now his daily possession, and the theme of his unceasing song."

The Wages the Devil Pays.—A Man who has been rescued from a life of drunkenness recently gave cheerful testimony of what divine grace had done for him. He said: "I was at one time well known in this district as being a drunken waster, that is a man who is thoroughly done up through love of drink. My wife and children were miserable beings. Often my little girl begged me to go down on my knees to her mother and promise not to abuse them, but as often I refused to do it. We were in rags; I had neither shirt, trousers, coat, nor vest, but only some filthy bits of cloth to cover my nakedness, and that sometimes they didn't do. Now my home is comfortable and happy. Serving the devil brought me to rags, serving God has made me a new man in Christ Jesus, for few of my old companions would know me now. This change has taken place since my conversion. 'Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed'" (Psa. 37: 3).

Effect of a Mother's Prayers in a Theatre.—The Rev. S. Harding related an incident which occurred in 1858: "Down in the west of England there was a family the father and mother of which were devoted Christians. I do not know that I ever met with a woman who was so bright, loving, and tender as that mother. There were eight children, and it was a beautiful sight to see them all round the table with cheerful faces. I asked the mother, 'How is it that you never have any trouble with your children?' 'I have had trouble, but I took them to the Lord when they were born, and gave them into His care. Do you see that boy?' 'Yes.' 'He was a wild, wayward youth; he went with loose companions to theatres, music halls, and like places. One night as he was going out, I said, "Timothy, where are you going?" "Never you mind, mother." "Timothy, I will follow you." She did not mean to follow him *in body*, but *in prayer*. He knew what she meant, and pleaded, 'Don't, mother, please don't!' 'When you leave this house I will go to my room and remain there till you return.' The boy went to the theatre, but in the middle of the performance the Holy Spirit influenced him, and made him go home, where he found his mother on her knees praying for him. The old lady is now over eighty years of age; five of the sons are ministers, one son is an evangelist, and the two girls are ministers' wives. What a forcible illustration this case furnishes of the text, 'Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you'" (I Peter 5: 7).

RECRUITS FOR CHINA.

AT a meeting of the China Inland Mission, held on February 21st in London, five recruits for the work of the mission bade good-by to their friends and described the circumstances which had led to their leaving home and country to labor for Christ in China. The London *Christian* gives the following account of the proceedings:

"The first to present themselves before the audience were Mr. Windsor and Mr. Hughesdon. These two brothers, in succession, told how they had first been brought to the Saviour for their own salvation, and then had been led to devote themselves to His service in the high places of the field. They are both young and, of course, inexperienced in Christian work; but it was good to hear them tell of their simple and restful confidence in God, and to see that they are filled with a yearning desire to be used in scattering Gospel light among the benighted millions of China.

"*Miss Fowles* spoke very briefly. Her heart, she said, was too full to allow of the free use of her tongue. Waiving any recital of her personal experience, which might be told another time, she read the passage in Acts 13 which describes the setting apart of Saul and Barnabas for work in a new field. In choice and measured phrase she spoke of the need of Holy Ghost power and of true separation from the world, in order to success in the service of Christ, whether at home or abroad. 'I praise God,' she said, 'that *on the very night* He saved me it was my joy to lead one of my schoolfellows to Him. We are to begin at home, but we are not to stop there.' In closing her earnest exhortation she asked, as the brethren had done before her, that they should be remembered before God in prayer, that He in His great love and mercy would bestow on them all the grace and strength and patience needed to carry out His will.

"We wish we could afford the space to give without abbreviation the address that followed from *Miss Whitchurch*. Such a touching narrative of divine guidance, told with such unction and womanly grace, is not often heard on a public platform; small wonder that it deeply moved those who listened. We can only repeat it in the briefest outline:

"'It was some time last year that I felt especially doubtful whether I was in my right place—whether the Lord meant me to remain at home with my mother and my three sisters. I felt as though I were not doing as much for my Lord as I might do in another sphere. Yet I was afraid to stir without being sure that the Lord was guiding me. I knew His promise was there to all His children, "I will guide thee with mine eye." So I prayed daily, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? Make my way plain before my face."

"'Weeks passed on and I had no sign. In September last a friend in Salisbury wrote and told me that Dr. Barnardo and Mr. Hudson Taylor, among others, were going to speak at the conference convened there by Mr. Thwaites, and she invited me to be her guest during the conference. I was delighted to accept of the invitation. At one of the meetings I heard from Mr. Taylor, for the first time, of the work of the China Inland Mission. He told, as I had never heard it told before, of the great need of China, how there was *but one missionary to a million of the people* in that land. He put it very solemnly to each one of us as to whether *we* could not be easily spared. As I sat and listened a voice seemed to say to me, "Why cannot *you* go? *You* can be spared. Your mother has your three sisters with her, and your place can easily be filled up." The thought came with terrible power that it was

THE LORD CALLING

me. I must own that no one can be more astonished than myself that I am standing here, expecting to go to China. I had been to many missionary meetings and heard about foreign lands, but I never thought of being a missionary myself. I used to think and say, very lightly, I fear, that I was too selfish and too timid to be a missionary. I have a great *natural dread of the sea;* I should never think of going on it for pleasure. You may understand how terrible at first was the thought that God meant *me* to go to China. But I thank Him that He enabled me from the first to say, "If Thou art calling me to go, I know Thou wilt give me strength, and I am willing to go." I was enabled also to go home and talk calmly to my mother about it, and she said she did not dare to hinder me—she might be fighting against God. I feel I can go forth joyfully—

"ANYWHERE WITH JESUS."

"'He has been so good and so loving, and has revealed Himself so sweetly to me since I have been willing to go. However, the Lord tested me, and before Christmas it almost seemed as if I could not go after all. I came up to London hoping to be accepted, but the council did not think I was strong enough, and I went home disappointed. I looked to *the Lord to be my healer* as well as my guide. He has restored me so that I was able to do more work for Him last January than I had done for some time. He has also given me great joy in working and speaking for Him. Some of my friends think I am going beyond all bounds of propriety in standing up here to-night; but I cannot trouble about that. The Lord has helped me all along, and I cannot but put my trust in Him. Some of my friends say they do not quite approve of the China Inland Mission, because there is too much *faith* in it! The idea of any one trusting our dear heavenly Father too much! It is very wonderful to me.'

"More striking still, perhaps, was the story narrated by *Miss Minchin*, who, although well on in middle life, seems as enthusiastic and youthful in spirit as if she were still in her teens. She told how she had been privileged to labor for God and her fellows these many years past; how her coffee-room work at Moreton Hampstead had to be dropped because the brewer who owned the coffee-room caused it to revert to the degradation of a tap-room; how she had been laid aside by severe illness, and given up as a

HOPELESS, INCURABLE INVALID

by two doctors; how through the prayer of faith she had been marvellously raised up so that she could now hold five services on the Lord's Day, and be quite fresh at the end of them; how she had heard Mr. Hudson Taylor at the same Salisbury Conference as that referred to by Miss Whitchurch; and how she had been led, notwithstanding her mature age, to give herself to work among her sisters in China.

"To complete the interest of the evening's proceedings, Mr. Hudson Taylor recounted some of the Lord's wonderful dealings with the mission, especially during the past few years, in answering their prayers as to the supply of workers and of means to support them. His remarkable recital must have been strengthening to the faith of the friends who are going out, as well as stimulating to all the Christian hearts in the audience."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Lasker Difficulty Appears to have been satisfactorily closed by the resolutions adopted by the House on March 19th. The committee to which were referred the resolutions it was proposed to adopt, and which were somewhat disrespectful to the German Chancellor, recommended that they be tabled and in their place advised the adoption of two resolutions which are in effect that the resolutions of January 9th were intended as a tribute of respect to the memory of an eminent foreign statesman who had died within the United States, and an expression of sympathy with the German people for whom he had been an honorable representative, and that the House having no official concern with the relations between the executive and legislative branches of the German Government, does not deem it requisite to its dignity to criticise the manner of the reception of the resolutions or the circumstances which prevented their reaching their destination after they had been communicated through the proper channels to the German Government. The resolutions suggested by the committee were passed by the House.

A Postal Telegraph System is Now under the consideration of Congress. The Postal Telegraph Company has submitted to a committee of the Senate a proposal to receive from the postal authorities in any one of the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, Peoria, Springfield, Ill., and St. Louis telegrams which it will transmit to the postal authorities in any other of those cities at the rate of twenty-five cents for twenty words and ten cents for every additional ten words, with lower rates for night messages. The company undertakes to extend its lines every year until they cover the whole Union, and to file bonds for the efficient discharge of its obligations. It proposes that the government shall furnish, without charge, to the telegraph company, a suitable room, or rooms, for the office, employés, instruments, batteries, and other appliances necessary for the transaction of its business under the contract, and shall also provide the said company with the necessary rights and facilities for connecting its lines with such postal telegraph offices. Also to provide telegram-stamps and stamped paper, to be sold as postage-stamps are now sold, of denominations corresponding with the several tariff rates. Upon every telegram delivered by authority of the government to the telegraph company the proper stamp for full prepayment, including delivery, shall be affixed by the sender of the message. The high price now charged by the companies and the conduct of the Western Union monopoly has led to the proposal being favorably regarded in the country, promising, as it does, an efficient service at a reasonable rate. If Congress accepts its offer and the company can fulfil its promises the change will be a very welcome one to the public.

Ex-Speaker Keifer has not been Vindicated by the committee appointed to investigate the removal of one of the stenographers of the House. The report adopted by the committee states that "at a late hour in the evening of March 3d, 1883, C. W. Tyson, one of the official stenographers to committees, ceased to be an official stenographer, and a few moments later Benjamin P. Gaines [Keifer's nephew] was appointed. This appointment was made by General Keifer, then Speaker of the House. Mr. Gaines testifies that *he performed no service from the time of his appointment, March 3d, 1883, until after the organization of the committees of the House in December last.* The committee has made an earnest effort to discover whether Tyson was 'turned out,' in order that Gaines might be appointed, or whether he resigned his place voluntarily or under compulsion. That Tyson did not retire without a struggle is fully shown by the testimony. His resignation was tendered because demanded by the Speaker, and was, in fact, a resignation under protest." It is difficult to see how the committee, in the face of the evidence, could have come to any other conclusion. The mystery is how a man capable of performing so despicable an action could have secured an election to Congress and have been placed in the chair by the Republican party. It may be that in neither case did decent men who voted for him know his character, but that excuse cannot be pleaded in future.

The Cutting Down of the Appropriations for the postal service meets with little approval in the country. The appropriation finally passed by the House last week retains at the present rate the salaries of postmasters in the nine large cities, but the House by a party vote rejected the amendment increasing by $400,000 the item for the support of the free delivery service. Mr. Horr moved to recommit the bill with instructions to the committee to report a bill in accordance with the estimates of the Postmaster-General. This amendment was rejected by a party vote, and the bill was passed by a party vote. While citizens of all parties are agreed that Congress is far too lavish and wasteful with the public funds, they have no sympathy with economy which cripples the most important service in the country and reduces the facilities of business men.

The Temperance Crusade in New Jersey Increases in intensity and success. Messrs. Mabee and English are holding meetings in Bloomfield, which are crowded and enthusiastic, and large numbers of pledges are being signed. Some of the signers are the very last men who were expected to become total abstainers. The movement in Plainfield has not justified the prediction of the liquor dealers that it would die out when the evangelists departed. Since the beginning of the temperance agitation there have been *only four arrests made, and two liquor sellers have each discharged a bartender.* The Reform Club now numbers 650 members, the majority of whom were not until recently total abstinence men. The names of fifty new members have been published, together with 200 more names to the general pledge roll, which now has nearly 2400 signers. Active measures are being taken to prevent the reissuing of licenses to the inns in the country about Plainfield. In Ramapo and Orangetown the temperance party have had an exciting struggle over the election of an excise commissioner. The rum-sellers exerted themselves and spent their money freely, but in spite of their efforts the temperance man was elected in each place. *At Montclair* two of the liquor dealers have joined the Reform Club and closed their shops. One of the proprietors said that she could not afford to lose her stock of liquors, and a member of the club purchased her entire supply of liquors and *emptied it into the street*, after which the place was closed and the owner enrolled on the pledge list. In the other shops custom has greatly fallen off. "We have not made one half our regular sales this week," said the bar-keeper of a large shop. "If this sort of thing doesn't stop before long, we may as well shut up."

The Rapid Increase in the Number of Victims of the opium habit has at length attracted the attention of Congress. Probably few people know the appalling extent to which the habit prevails. Thousands of business-men, physicians, lawyers, and an unknown number of ladies are slaves to the drug—some smoking it and others using it hypodermically. The importation of opium has increased from 85,075 pounds in 1881 to 298,152 pounds in the year ended June, 1883. A bill was introduced into the House last week, providing that the importation of opium, except aqueous extracts for medicinal use and tinctures, shall be prohibited, under penalties of fine and imprisonment, and that sellers or those who knowingly aid or abet its importation or sale shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $5000 and imprisoned for a term not exceeding five years. Opium imported, sold, or offered for sale, shall be declared forfeited to the government and be destroyed. Severe penalties are provided for concealment of or connivance at violations of the act by government officials.

Protests against the Brutality of the Police in New York have been unusually numerous during the past few weeks. On the occasion of the St. Patrick's day procession a burly policeman was seen to push a young man back into the crowd of lookers-on, and the crowd being so dense that he could not force him back far enough he deliberately stamped on his feet time after time until the sufferer screamed with pain. Other charges of still more atrocious cruelty are being made, proving that a sweeping reform is urgently needed. A large number of the force are Irish ruffians, drunken and ferocious. As soon as they are clothed in uniform and armed with club and pistol they appear to think their twenty-five or thirty dollars a week is to be earned by assaulting peaceable citizens. Acts of brutality which make the blood boil are daily witnessed by people whose business takes them into the down-town districts.

The Proposal to Offer Rewards to Whaling vessels about to proceed to the Arctic, which may find and relieve the Greely party, is opposed by Secretaries Chandler and Lincoln. They think that the rewards might tempt them to undertake risks for which the vessels are not fitted and so lead to loss of life. It is now announced that the Bear will sail from New York by April 25th, the Thetis by May 1st, and the Alert by May 10th. They will proceed direct to St. John, Newfoundland. The Alert will be commanded by Commander George W. Coffin, who has signified his acceptance of that position. Commander Coffin is at present on duty at San Francisco as lighthouse inspector, but he will be detached from that duty on March 31st.

Young People's Revival Services are Being conducted every night in the Twelfth Street Reformed Church, Brooklyn. The Rev. Mr. Gulich, who has charge of them, has requested us to ask our readers to pray that the divine blessing may continue to be vouchsafed to the effort.

The Pocahontas Mine, the Scene of the Recent disaster, in which one hundred and fifty miners lost their lives, is being flooded. An effort was made on Saturday to descend into the mine to search for the bodies of the dead, but as the fire was found to be still burning the attempt was abandoned. Engines were then set to work to flood the workings. It was ascertained that two more lives were lost in the disaster than were previously reckoned. Two colored miners from another section had obtained permission to inspect the mines, and entered them with other men on that fatal morning, and were lost with the rest.

By the Death of Dr. Ezra Abbot, America loses one of her most learned Biblical scholars. He expired at Cambridge, Mass., on March 21st. Dr. Abbot had been connected with Harvard University for upward of twenty-eight years, first as Assistant Librarian and afterward as Professor of New Testament Criticism and Interpretation. The most prominent of his literary works were translations from the Greek and German. He also contributed numerous articles to Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. He was a member of the American Committee on the revision of the New Testament. A man of singular modesty and disinterestedness, he was but little known to the general public, but among scholars his profound learning won him the respect of all with whom he came in contact personally or through the press. He was in his sixty-fifth year, having been born in Jackson, Me., in 1819.

The Swedish Evangelical Pilgrim Congregation is making an effort to build a church in Brooklyn, N. Y. A large and increasing immigration from Sweden has been noted during the past few years, and Christian work among the immigrants has been actively pursued in an unostentatious way by Christian men of that nationality. There are now some five thousand Swedes in Brooklyn, and public services in their own language have been regularly held for their benefit. A church of one hundred members has been formed, of which the Rev. C. J. Lundquist is pastor. It is undenominational, but evangelical in character. Its meetings have hitherto been held in hired rooms; but, feeling that more good might be done if a church were built, the members have subscribed to a fund for the purpose. It now amounts to $2500, and the members now appeal to the Christian public for assistance in the effort. When we recollect how largely the national welfare is affected by the character of the immigrants who come to our shores from all lands, we realize the value of work of this character.

A Novel Advertising Scheme was Submitted recently to a firm of tobacco dealers by a man who, though grossly ignorant, styled himself "Professor." The following extract from his letter, in which the eccentricities of spelling are preserved, explains his project: "I take the liberty to write about a novel way of advertising, that is, to have all tobacco seals and stamps in your line of business *tattooed on the person of a man* that is now undergoing the proses of being tattooed from head to foot his back is left for this kind of advertising if you would like to have the lower half of his back for any seal or stamp or picture, you can have it for three hundred & fifty dollars the uper part is engaged. this man is to travel throughout the U. S. this man will be done in five weeks this work is the neetest best in this line of business if you would like a smaller place than that let me know as the back of his legs is not wholey finished yet it will be don in first class style this is the third man that I have tattooed all over." It is not known whether "the Professor" or the man operated upon was to have the $350, but it may be inferred that there would be some arrangement between them for sharing the money. The idea of a man so letting out his body to advertise tobacco is utterly repulsive, and shows how low some men will stoop to get money. Tatooing was strictly forbidden under the Mosaic law (Lev. 19 : 28), but there may be marks borne on the body of suffering for Christ which are eternally honorable. Such marks the Apostle Paul said were branded on his body (Gal. 6 : 17, Revised Version).

The Report of the Bible and Fruit Mission was presented at the annual meeting, held in Association Hall, New York, recently. It showed that 79,925 persons had been served with meals, of whom 7975 were sick in the hospital. In the lodging-house 6624 persons were given lodgings at twelve to fifteen cents a night. The building has a reading-room and baths, which are free. Sermons are delivered every evening in the chapel and twice on Sunday. During the year 7405 persons have attended the meetings, among whom there were 196 conversions; 32 men were given employment, and 12 are now saving money. The Rev. Dr Crosby, who presided at the meeting, said the mission was one of the most valuable and successful agents for the amelioration of the condition of the city. It began by looking after the sick in the hospitals, and it now looks after those who come from prison under the scorn of the community. There were 47 rum-holes put where they could be reached by discharged prisoners from Blackwell's Island. They were no sooner landed than they were snared in these dens of iniquity. Such institutions as the mission would strike a death-blow to the liquor dealers.

Two Litigants Locked in a Room Together made an amicable settlement of their difficulty. Dr. Miner, of Trenton, N. J., who was formerly a pastor at Springfield, Ill., relates that when Abraham Lincoln was practising law in that city a farmer went to him to secure his services in a lawsuit pending between himself and a neighbor. Lincoln said, "Now, if you go on with this, it will cost both of you your farms, and will entail an enmity that will last for generations, and perhaps lead to murder. The other man has just been here to engage me. Now I want you two to sit down in my office while I am gone to dinner, and talk it over and try to settle it. And to secure you from any interruption, I will lock the door." He did so, and he did not return all the afternoon. The two men finding themselves imprisoned burst out laughing, and being thus put in good humor came to a settlement before Mr. Lincoln returned. The example may be commended to the attention of Christians who appear to have forgotten that Christ explicitly pronounced a blessing on peacemakers (Matt. 5 : 9).

A Furious Fight with a Madman Occurred on a pier of the North River, New York, recently. Two men were loading a truck on the pier, when one of them, named Bird, noticed the other, whose name was Gillespie, acting in a strange manner. Bird saw that his companion had in his hand an open and bloody razor. Before he could do anything Gillespie, without saying a word, began hacking at his throat with it. Bird sprang upon him, and catching the arm in which he held the razor, attempted to wrest it from him. Gillespie, who was a large, powerful man, threw his friend from him for a moment, and then there was a desperate struggle between them for the possession of the weapon. The blood from Gillespie's wound made the floor slippery, and just as Bird had about succeeded in getting the razor, he fell and rolled off the truck to the ground. Bird's rolling off the truck probably saved his life, for the insane man was furious at his interference. As soon as he was free, Gillespie began hacking at his throat again, and finally severed his windpipe. He fell to the floor of the truck, and died in a very few moments. We can pity a man so demented that he would struggle with a friend who was trying to save him from death; but we cannot make the same excuse for men, presumably sane, who resist those who are seeking to save them from eternal death. Sometimes, too, men who profess to be Christians are rebellious under discipline, which God sends to recall their wandering footsteps from a path which leads to spiritual disaster (Psalm 119 : 67).

A WAITING GOD AND A WAITING PEOPLE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you, and therefore will He be exalted, that He may have mercy upon you: for the Lord is a God of judgment: blessed are all they that wait for Him."—Isaiah 30 : 18.

People who Believed in Self-Help—Salvation for the Patient—I. A Waiting God—His Wonderful Reason for Waiting—That They Might Discover Their Error—That They Might Learn Their Sinfulness—That Their Sin Might Sting Them—That They Might Pray—His Singular Patience—Continuance of Privileges—Increase of Agencies—Action after Waiting—A Final Success—II. A Waiting People—They Wait Expectantly—Believe in the Dark—What to Wait for.

The people were in a great hurry to be delivered from their enemies. The Assyrians had come up in great force, and were covering the land with their armies. They had already devastated the neighboring kingdom of Israel, and therefore the men of Judah were afraid that they would be swallowed up quick, even as dry stubble is devoured of the fire. The prophet bade the inhabitants of Jerusalem remain where they were; adding, "For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel: In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." But they would not listen to the counsel of wisdom; they preferred to follow the suggestion of their fears, and to go down into Egypt for shelter.

They were impatient because they were unbelieving. They were slow to obey, but they were swift to rebel; hence the Lord cries to them by His prophet: "Woe to the rebellious children, that take counsel, but not of me." They sent their princes as ambassadors to Zoan to entreat aid from the Egyptian king, yea, they sent a great treasure upon camels as a bribe to Pharaoh to espouse their cause against Assyria. They would not rely upon their God, and so they looked to the land of the viper and the fiery flying serpent, and were stung with bitter disappointment; for vapor and emptiness were the help of Egypt. It seemed as if

THE MOTTO OF THE PEOPLE

then was, "We will flee upon horses, we will ride upon the swift." Again and again he urged them to be quiet, saying, "Your strength is to sit still;" but they would not learn that rash haste is but ill-speed. They could not be quiet by reason of their fear and folly; but the Lord waited, and turned not from His long-enduring patience. In the words of our text He showed that if mortals could not wait, yet their Maker could: "Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you;" and He assured them yet again that if they would learn to wait, they should find it their wisdom and happiness; for, "Blessed are all they that wait for Him."

Here is the subject of this morning's discourse. Certain of God's people are in trouble and distress, and they are eager for immediate rescue. *They cannot wait God's time*, nor exercise submission to His will. He will surely deliver them in due season; but

THEY CANNOT TARRY

till the hour cometh; like children, they snatch at unripe fruit. "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven;" but their one season is the present; they cannot, they will not wait. They must have their desire instantaneously fulfilled, or else they are ready to take wrong means of attaining it. If in poverty, they are in haste to be rich; and they shall not long be innocent. If under reproach, their heart ferments toward revenge. They would sooner rush under the guidance of Satan into some questionable policy, than in childlike simplicity trust in the Lord and do good. It must not be so with you, my brethren; you must learn a better way. I hope that the sermon of this morning may go some way, by God's Spirit, toward instructing you in the holy art of waiting for the Lord. "Those

that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth."

The text divides itself into two parts; first, it introduces us to *a waiting God;* and then, secondly, it speaks of *a waiting people.*

I. First, we have here

A WAITING GOD.

I shall not confine our illustration of this waiting on the part of God to the case of the men of Judah described in the text; but I shall come home to your own experience, and speak of how the Lord has waited, that He might be gracious *to you.* Let us behold His long-suffering toward ourselves. In so doing we shall not be leaving the Scripture, for the text as truly describes our own experience as that of the men of Isaiah's day.

The word of the Lord which is now to be considered opens first with *a wonderful reason for waiting:* "And *therefore* will the Lord wait." "Therefore"—mark the word! The Lord Jehovah does as He wills both in heaven and earth, and His ways are past finding out; but He never acts unreasonably; He does not tell us His reasons, but He has them; for He acts "according to *the counsel* of His will." God has His "therefores," and these are of the most forcible kind. The chapter contains a denunciation of the false confidences of the people, and because of these one might have concluded that the Lord would cast them off forever. If they will have Egypt to lean upon, let them lean on Egypt, till like a spear it pierces their side. God might well say, "Let them alone; they are given to their idols;" instead of which He cries, "Therefore will the Lord wait." He will let them see the result of their carnal confidences; He will allow them time in which to test and try Egypt, and see whether Egypt is not a boaster whose help is to no purpose.

Do you not remember when it was so with you? Perhaps you began your religious life with the great mistake of hoping to find salvation in your own goodness; you looked to your feelings, prayings, doings and professions for safety. You thought that

YOUR DELIVERANCE

must come from yourself, and so you sought to "work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," without remembering that "it is God that worketh in us to will and to do of His own good pleasure." You knew nothing of God's grace, you thought much of your own good works. So many prayers and tears, so many church-goings or chapel-goings, so much of sacraments, almsgivings, and the like; and this would make up a sweet-smelling sacrifice, acceptable to God. Blessed be the Lord who had great patience with you. He had told you plainly enough beforehand that by the works of the law there should no flesh be justified in His sight, and you ought not to have tried that forbidden way; but as you would try it He suffered you to run therein till a gulf opened before you. You worked out the plan of self-salvation, and the net result was bitter disappointment; for you saw that you could not keep the law, and you felt also that if you did keep it your obedience would make no recompense for the sins of the past.

I heard some time ago of a man who let out horses and carriages. A person wished to hire, and, having heard the price, he went round the little town to all other persons in that line of business to get something cheaper; but as he did not succeed, he returned to the first person and said he would hire his horse and carriage. "No," said the other, "I am not going to let you have it. I know why you have come to me; you have been round everywhere else, and if you could have saved a shilling you would not have come to me." I do not commend the tradesman, but I do not much wonder at his conduct. See how much more patience there is in God than in man. We refuse His free salvation, and go round by way of our own merits, and everywhere else, to try and find some other ground of confidence, and then at last, when everything has broken down,

WE COME BACK TO GOD

and to salvation through Jesus Christ; and yet we find the Lord lovingly waiting, graciously waiting—a God ready to pardon.

Further, these people were rebels against God, and the Lord was waiting to let them fully manifest their rebellious spirit, and be made ashamed of it. The Lord allowed the people to show their rebellious character—to let all mankind know what kind of people God had to deal with, and that they might in after days have the higher admiration of His long-suffering and of His grace. I think the Lord permits many sinners to go to the full length of their tether in order that they may know in future what stuff they are made of, and may never trust in themselves. A strange "therefore" is God's "therefore"—"therefore will the Lord wait that He may be gracious."

The Lord would wait again for yet another reason, namely, to let them suffer somewhat of the effect of their sin. He permitted them to send their ambassadors to Egypt, that they might come back disappointed, and He allowed the Assyrians to devastate the land, that they might feel the pinch of famine, and learn that it is an evil and a bitter thing to forsake the living God. Perhaps some of us were left in the same way, and we shall never forget what we thus learned; we were allowed to go on in sin, and we did do so until we began to feel the result of it; and now we flee from it with horror. We put our hand into the fire until it was burned, and now we dread the fire.

Once more, I do not doubt that the Lord waited in this case to be gracious until the people should begin to pray, for that seems to be

THE TURNING POINT

in this affair. The prophet says, "He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear it, He will answer thee." The Lord is listening for the sinner's prayer. How is it that you have not prayed long before, O troubled spirit? Why have those lips been dumb for years? What, with all your sense of sin, and with a clear idea of the misery that will come of it, have you yet refused to pray? Then you may well wonder that the Lord should wait.

This leads us to notice, in the second place, the singular patience of God in that waiting. What does it mean when we are told that the Lord waiteth that He may have mercy upon us? It means that He kept back the sword of justice. It is inevitable that where there is evil, God shall be angered with it. It is not a matter of arbitrariness with Him, but it is inevitable that the Judge of all the earth should take vengeance upon evil and wrong. God must punish sin, this is one of the fixed and settled principles of His very existence. Here the attribute of long-suffering patience comes in and spares the guilty from time to time, giving space for repentance. Have not some of you been in positions where, if you had been killed, it would have seemed only according to the order of nature that you should be? Well, then, bless that God who waited, and held back the punishment that was due to you!

This patience of God signifies more, however, than delay in punishment; it means the continuance of privileges; for the Lord told these people that, although He might give them the bread of adversity and the water of affliction on account of their sins, yet He would not take away their teachers from them any more, they should still be instructed, and warned, and invited to come to Him. Has it not been so with some of us? We heard the Gospel when we were quite young, and we have continued to hear it till we are quite old, so patient is the Lord. It may be that I speak to some who have continued to hear that Gospel every Sabbath-day, and have determinedly refused it throughout a long life. Shall it continue to be so? Dare we always provoke the Lord? Still

THE WHITE FLAG

is hung out, and the silver trumpet knows no note but "Mercy, mercy, mercy!" Oh, that man would hear that note and turn unto the Lord!

So singular was God's patience that He even increased His holy agencies to lead the people to Himself. He says: "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it." Do we not remember how when the public ministry seemed to miss us we began to be bestirred by an inward force more powerful than visible ministries? Conscience cried aloud and accused us from within doors. The voice of Jesus from without seemed echoed from within. Did we contend against even this? Alas! we did, for we seemed determined to destroy ourselves. Behold, what manner of patience the Lord has exercised toward us according to the abundance of His grace.

Nay, this is not all; for all this while God was *passing by our rejections of Him,* blotting out our sinful refusals, and insulting despisings of His goodness. You know how it would be even with your own child, if you were to say to him, "My child, I am ready to forgive you if you will confess your fault." If he would not acknowledge that he was wrong, but held out stubbornly, you might have considerable patience, but I question if that patience would last for days and weeks. Your rod would soon be spoken with. Men that have been very famous for bearing insults have at last been compelled in vindication of their own honor to put an end to the provocation. How grievously far have you and I carried our insults of God! Do I not speak to some who are carrying the provocation a long way even now? This cannot last always; men cannot always thrust their fingers into God's eyes at this rate. The wonder is that it has lasted so long.

I must now notice

A MOST REMARKABLE ACTION

which follows upon the waiting. After the Lord had displayed His patience to His people, He resolved to go further, and He proceeded to a most notable matter which is thus described: "Therefore will He be exalted, that He may have mercy upon you." You and I would have turned the text round the other way and said: "Therefore will He have mercy upon you, that He may be exalted;" that would be true, but it is not the truth here taught. The picture represents the Lord as it were as sitting still, and allowing His people through their sin to bring suffering upon themselves; but now, after long patience, He arouses Himself to action. Methinks I hear Him say, "They will not come to me, they refuse all my messengers, they plunge deeper and deeper into sin, now will I see what my grace can do!" He rises as one who means to put forth His power. He stands ready for action. And now, as if that were not enough, he says to himself, "I will be exalted. I will go up to my throne that I may have mercy upon them. I will manifest my power. I will take the ensigns of my dominion into my hand, and act as a sovereign."

It also bears this meaning. When a man is about to deal a heavy stroke he lifts up himself to give the blow; he exalts himself to bring down the scourge more heavily upon the shoulder. Even so the Lord seems to say, "I will put forth all my might, I will exercise all my skill, I will display all my attributes up to their greatest height, that I may have mercy upon these hardened, stiffnecked sinners—I will be exalted that I may have mercy upon them."

Oh, but this is a surpassingly glorious text! I remember thinking, "Surely, if God saves me, He will be a God indeed!" He did save me because He is a God indeed. Here is the proof of it: "Look unto me and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth; for I am God." Because He is God He saves those who look to Him. Somebody here says, "Well, truly, if the Lord were to crown His patience by bringing me to Himself I should think more of His glorious grace than ever I have done heretofore." Just so, and He means to make you think after that manner. Our Lord intends to make you stand at His feet weeping, as that woman did who had

been a sinner, and who so loved Him that she washed His feet with tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head, because she had sinned much and much had been forgiven. Jesus loves to make converts like these. "Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together!" is a fit speech for a great sinner.

One thing more before I leave this waiting God, and that is, there is

A FINAL SUCCESS

to all this waiting. When the waiting turns to a glorious transaction of grace upon the sinner's heart and conscience, then the time of love has come. Observe that it is written, "He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry." When God has waited for the soul, that soul is brought to wait on Him. God's patience is not in vain toward His chosen. When God deals with His redeemed He does not deal in vain. The Almighty is not defeated. That is implied in the nineteenth verse: "They shall weep no more"—then they did weep till He forgave. Their tears and prayers are flowing; for He declares, "He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry."

Now also they listen eagerly to the Gospel; for they count it a privilege that "their teachers shall not be removed into a corner any more." They value their ministers, and look at them with careful love, as it is here written: "Thine eyes shall see thy teachers." Those whom they formerly despised they now esteem and delight in. They begin also to obey the voice of the Lord; for they hear the voice behind them saying, "This is the way." This great change comes to transgressors when God deals with them in His own effectual manner; then they mourn for sin, then they pray for mercy, then they listen with attentive ears to the message of love, and then they bow themselves down before the present God, and desire nothing so much as to be at peace with Him.

Meanwhile, one of the chief and most evident tokens of their change is their casting away of the sin they formerly loved. The love of God reigning in the heart makes a man hate his sin. God never forgives sin without making us forsake sin. When *He* casts our sins into the depths of the sea He causes us to do the same. When the Lord says to our sin, "Begone from my memory," we say to it, "Begone from my heart." Repentance, faith, holiness, zeal, all follow upon the effectual working of divine grace. Oh, that all of you were under its power.

II. Now learn the lesson of the whole subject. Under our second head we have

A WAITING PEOPLE—

"Blessed are all they that wait for Him."

God's waiting people *wait upon God only.* They are not trusting to the arm of flesh, nor looking to the changeable creature. They do not rely upon themselves, nor depend upon their own experiences, or their mental acquirements. Here is their song:

> "My spirit looks to God alone;
> My rock and refuge is His throne;
> In all my fears, in all my straits,
> My soul on His salvation waits."

Dear friends, you can judge whether you are the people of God or not by this: Can you say, "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from Him?" "Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

God's waiting people *wait upon God expectantly.* They are looking for everything from Him, for He is their all in all. They have had a great deal from God, and they expect more from Him. They are not waiting in despair, nor even in hesitation; they are waiting in hope, a joyous and assured hope of blessedness in reserve. They confidently expect to find their way in the Lord grow brighter and brighter, and still brighter, from the twilight of the morning to the shining of the perfect day. Oh, my brethren, let us wait and watch even as men look for the dawn, because they know that it will not fail them.

But, say you, *What are they waiting for?* I answer, God's people are waiting upon Him patiently for many things. Sometimes they wait for the tokens of His grace; they are believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, and yet they may not for the moment enjoy the peace and comfort which are theirs by faith. If they had more faith their peace would at once be as a river; but it is well if they have faith enough to wait for that peace. At times faith may be very weak, and then it is well if it clings and abides in its place. A man may believe and be saved, and yet he may not be sure of his own salvation, nor discern the safety and blessedness of his condition in Christ Jesus.

O soul, if thou canst not get out of the dark,

BELIEVE IN THE DARK.

If thou hast light enough just to look to Christ by faith, though thou canst not perceive all His beauties and His glories, yet remember thou art bidden to look, and art saved by looking, however dim the light may be. If thou canst but look to the cross so as to trust wholly to the Lamb of God, He hath taken away thy sin. All the joy of the Lord, and all the peace and all the rest that come of faith do not come at once; but thou must wait for them.

Possibly you are looking back to your own past history, and sighing:

> "What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
> How sweet their memory still!"

Those years which the locust hath eaten shall be restored to you; only be thou hopeful, trustful, and obedient. Lean heavily upon thy God. It is a poor faith which only believes as far as the eye can see. If thou canst not rejoice in the light of His countenance, yet rest in the shadow of His wings. Yes, we must be a waiting people, and assuredly we may not complain; for we caused the Lord to wait for us many a day. What patience He has had! Cannot we be patient?

Sometimes God's people have to wait for the fulfilment of His promises. Every promise will be kept, but not to-day nor to-morrow. God's word has its due season, and His times are the best times. We may also have to wait for answers to our prayers. Prayer will be heard, ay, it is heard the moment it is uttered; but it may not be answered just yet. Pray on! Wait on! Knock, and if the door be not opened,

KNOCK AGAIN,

and if the door still be closed, knock again with greater earnestness than before. "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." If thine importunity be wrought up to the pitch of enthusiasm, it shall be well with thee; for "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

Frequently we may have to wait for temporal blessings. It may not be safe for us to obtain the desire of our heart, because our heart is as yet too much occupied with the world and the things thereof. We may have to wait for deliverance from trouble, for as yet the furnace may not have accomplished its refining work. You may be ill, and you may pray God to make you well, but He may still allow His beloved to be sick; to you sickness may be healthier than health. You are very poor, and you would like to struggle out of abject penury. By all means struggle on; but do not murmur if you should not be successful; poverty may be a richer state for you than wealth. There may be somewhat in your character which cannot be perfected except by suffering and labor; and it is better that your character be perfected than your substance increased. None of us can come to the highest maturity without enduring the summer heat of trials.

Brother, wait cheerfully. If God sees fit to say, "Wait," do not thou be angry with Him. Why give way to

HURRY AND WORRY?

Oh, rest in the Lord. Your strength is to sit still. One of the most lovely flowers of the new creation is entire submission to the divine will; he who hath it is not far from heaven. Yet you will have to wait a little for glory which is yours by a covenant of salt. Do you not at times suffer a heavenly homesickness? Do you not grow weary of these wildernesses, and long for the mountains of spices and the gardens of the blessed? Do you not long for the wings of a dove? I am afraid you would not manage them if you had them; dove's wings would hardly suit this cumbrous clay.

It is not easy to long for heaven and yet to wait; yet we are better where we are than attempting to fly where the Lord has not called us. Wait; for there is yet more business to be done for your Master. Wouldst thou go to thy rest before thy day's work is fairly finished? Wait; for it is needful for others, if not for thyself. Wait and work on! How many years were wasted ere thou didst come into the vineyard! How little hast thou accomplished since! Wait! for the vision of glory is sure; as sure as though it were to-morrow, or to-day at this very hour.

> Heaven is nearing! How much further?
> Count the milestones one by one!
> No, no counting—only waiting
> Till the glory has begun.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

THE SCENE OF THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION IN LONDON ON FEB. 26.

(*See Illustration on page 204.*)

THE dynamite outrage perpetrated at the railroad depot in London on February 26th was of a singularly despicable character, placing in peril the lives of inoffensive persons. On the next page is a sketch of the platform, showing the havoc worked in the offices by the explosion. It occurred at three minutes past one o'clock in the morning, a fact shown by the stoppage of three clocks at that time. The last trains had discharged their passengers at the station, and the night-duty men had entered upon their work of seeing to the gas and locking the doors, when a loud explosion shook the central part of the series of straggling buildings. The report was like that of artillery. This was followed by the crashing of the roof, the fall of glass in every direction, and cries of alarm in the neighborhood.

Several persons had narrow escapes. A switchman was crossing the cab inclosure when he was suddenly lifted into the air by the rush of wind that followed the detonation, and thrown to the ground. A sergeant of police on duty near the station was hurled into a doorway. One of the few remaining hansoms in the cab inclosure was upset by the current of air from the cloak-room. A man named William Fulford, employed by the railway company to attend to the gas, was endeavoring to put out a gas jet after the explosion, when he fell from the ladder and sustained serious injury to the head. Another employé, Karl Kaltan, a signalman, also received injuries on the back of his neck by the fall of a piece of timber.

The darkness was speedily dispelled by fire from the broken gas-pipes, which threatened to complete the work of destruction. Fortunately, however, it is one of the duties of the night men to have fire hose screwed on to the mains in readiness for any outbreak; and these played upon the flames and kept them in check until the arrival of the Fire Brigade, who speedily extinguished the conflagration.

At daylight the throngs of people who crowded the stations could witness in the roofless offices the principal effects of the explosion.

The London Railroad Depot at Victoria, Shattered by Dynamite, Feb. 26.

The offices were about fifty feet high, and had a glass and slate roof. The property destroyed included a waiting-room, a booking-office, and a luggage depository office (generally called a cloak-room), covering in all a space of about forty-five feet square.

From the outside of the station could be seen through the windowless gaps in the outer wall an extraordinary mingling of beams, bratticing, matchboarding, and lath and plaster, all of it twisted, broken, torn, and a great deal of it burnt. *The roof had been lifted up* and had fallen in upon the wreck below, covering the shapeless mass of wreckage with white dust and broken glass.

The scene of the explosion covers an area about sixty-five feet in width by one hundred feet in depth.

It was evidently the work of Irish-Americans and was only one of a series of similar explosions which they intended should occur simultaneously in several stations in and about London. But happily the other plots failed, owing to the clumsiness of the plotters.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

Over a Hundred Offers of Marriage have been made to the young lady who recently won the chief prize in the French lottery, worth $20,000. The winner is a fresh-looking peasant girl of eighteen, named Daire. Although much elated by her unexpected good fortune, her principal pleasure seems still to be in the knowledge that she will be able to give a handsome dowry to her elder sister. Since the news of her winning the prize has been circulated, Mlle. Daire has received no less than one hundred and six proposals of marriage, the greater number of these being from people who have never seen her face. Many of the applicants send their photographs, and state that they will *devote their whole lives* to the task of making the winner happy. No answer has been sent to any of them. Mlle. Daire doubtless regards with contempt men who would pledge a life's devotion to a woman they never saw, merely because she had drawn a prize in a lottery. The mercenary character of their offer is too obvious. Far otherwise is it with Christians who joyfully exclaim, "whom not having seen we love" (1 Peter 1 : 8).

A Button in a Lady's Ear was Recently Removed by a skilful aurist in New York, who states that every day he receives several applications from persons suffering from deafness caused by such obstructions. The lady in question was twenty-three years of age, and during the past fourteen years she was so deaf that she could scarcely hear words spoken through a speaking trumpet. The aurist examined her ear and, much to the lady's suprise, he found in it a round brass button which he extracted. When it was removed the lady crouched in a corner of the room in abject terror, exclaiming, "What is that awful noise?" "It was nothing but a wagon rumbling by," says the aurist, "but I instantly saw what the trouble was. Her hearing had become normal when I removed that button, and she was frightened and bewildered at the jumble of confusing sounds. The ticking of the clock, chirping of the canary, or dripping of water distressed her, and the rustle of her own silk dress made her start with fear. I sent one of the assistants home with her in a carriage, and he said that the clatter in the street so distracted her that he was compelled to hold her in her seat." About a week afterward she returned, and told him that she had recalled the circumstances of the button. When a child she went to church with her grandmother, and during the service amused herself by inserting and withdrawing the button in her ear; but until its discovery she had forgotten all about it. Her gratitude for her restored hearing was unbounded. The circumstances of this case are peculiar; but those who are led by Satan, when in church, to stop their ears in other ways from hearing unpalatable truths are by no means few. Christ spoke of this class of person (Matt. 13 : 15).

MAJOR GODDARD AND THE GERMAN EVANGELIST.

At a testimony meeting at New Cross, the scene of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's labors, the following testimony was given by Major Goddard, an officer in the army: "Amid the *élite* of Indian military life, I was a wanderer for nine years. During that period I never once darkened a place of worship. I was a great blasphemer, and perhaps one of the worst men in the garrison, until poor old Samuel Hebich, a German missionary of the Basle Missionary Society, pierced my heart, and brought me to the sight of the error of my ways.

"This good old missionary, who was beloved in the garrison, determined to convert me to Christ, and when I was told of his determination I said, 'Catch Goddard getting converted.' One day, after being on parade, and very tired, I came home to tea, and noticed Hebich with a Christian officer, Colonel Gompertz, enjoying a social cup. Hebich said, 'I see you've been repairing your house; what about the house above?' I answered sharply, 'What's that to do with you? Look here! you come and see me to-morrow.' Hebich said, 'I will, for I love you.' I said, 'I don't reciprocate the attachment, I assure you;' and turning to Gompertz, I said, 'Never mind that fellow; come and have a shot.' I was very fond of shooting then, and used to spend a great deal of time in killing tigers.

"The next day Gompertz being away, Hebich came, much against my inclination, and was questioning about my religion and my God, when, like Naaman, I got angry, and said, 'Hebich, I am an Englishman!' He asked with a good deal of feeling, 'Who is your God?' I repeated my former answer, 'I am an Englishman!' He said, 'The heathens have a god; are you worse than they?' My answer seemed to cut him up, for I angrily said, 'Go to h— with you!' He went away only to come again and trouble me. On this occasion, however, I was more complacent, and inclined somewhat to listen to him. He again asked, 'Who is your God?' and said, 'Have you got a prayer-book?' I answered in the affirmative, and brought it covered with dust, for I hadn't used it for years. He took it, and turning to the Litany, read, 'By Thine agony and bloody sweat; by Thy cross and passion; by Thy precious death and burial; by Thy glorious resurrection and ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Ghost,

GOOD LORD, DELIVER US.'

"I then and there saw it all. The cross, passion, resurrection, and ascension all came to me, as with one fell swoop my burdens were carried away. I cannot tell you of the joy that filled poor Hebich's heart that day. I immediately dispensed with my gun and my pack of hounds, for I shot no more tigers. On the following evening I was invited to a dinner-party, and on going to the house at Fort Madras, I saw the hostess, and said to her,

'I WAS CONVERTED LAST NIGHT.'

She said, 'O major!' and bolted clean out of the room. It was the last dinner-party I ever attended. I told an officer that I'd got sight of 'the scarlet line' and was converted to Christ. His reply was, 'Don't you be so sure about it.' Another said I had got softening of the brain, but I retorted, 'I have got softening of the heart!' Since then my brother has been converted. I receiv-

ed a letter from him after father's death, in which he said he had lost all his friends on earth, and by this loss he had found a dearer one in heaven.

"I was addressing an audience some time afterward, and my son happened to be in the hall. Without knowing the effect it would have, I cried out, 'Break your pitcher and see the light.' At the close of the meeting a lady came and shook me heartily by the hand, saying, 'Major, I congratulate you — your son is converted.' I sought him, and he told me he had broken his pitcher and was in the full blaze of day. And now around our hearth we chat of the souls we are daily bringing to Christ. who has honored us by making us useful in His service.

Old Hal's Last Rescue.

THE BETSY SHANKLIN.

THE Betsy Shanklin has done good service in her time, so has good Henry Smart, familiarly called "Old Hal," her worthy owner. In storm, flood, peril, or danger, there were none more willing or able to help than he. Old Hal lived on the eastern coast, and was, at the time I made his acquaintance, off service as a disabled seaman, having received a gunshot wound in the leg during the war. For hours Hal could hold you spellbound while recounting the hairbreadth escapes, that his voice would quiver, and in his eye the tear-drop stand, and his heart give one great convulsive sob.

Time, with her hand, had silvered his locks and furrowed his cheek and brow, but his heart was brave and his hand strong to save. With his earnings and pension he purchased a little boat, which he named the Betsy Shanklin, in memory of the love of his youth. To look at the hardy, bluff old seaman, one could scarcely believe *him* the hero of romance; but Hal, with tender pathos, could tell a story of love and devotion, equalling any recorded. Death had robbed him of the idol of his heart, leaving a vacancy which he had been unable to fill.

"'Tis thirty years ago and ten weeks I laid her in the grave—the day we was to ha' been married, and hard 'twas at first, very hard; but the lines of a little hymn as I picked up one day have consoled me wonderful like; perhaps you would like to hear me say 'em, sir? they be as beautiful as ever you heard."

"Yes, Hal, I should," I answered, for I felt a deep interest in the old tar.

His voice was shaky with emotion, as he said:

"And when with my glorified vision at last,
The walls of that 'City' I see;
Will any one then, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?"

"My Betsy will be there, and I promised to meet her; but sometimes I'm a-feared she'll get tired a-waiting, it seems so long; and at night I lie awake and think on her, and wonder how long it will be afore I can tell her I ha' been true to her all these long years."

Then, with reverence, he unfolded a piece of dirty paper, and showed me the lines he had repeated. Having only the one verse, I offered to get him the others, which delighted the old man more than any other thing I could have given him. And when I told him I knew a gentleman who was intimately acquainted with the writer (who was a lady), he was overjoyed, and begged I would convey to her his appreciation of "her beautiful words."

"I guess she never thought they would fall into the hands of a bluff old salt like me; but they have encouraged and cheered me many and many a time when I have felt lone in heart, cos I know my Betsy will be waiting at the beautiful gate for me. Were it not for that one thought of the meeting, and my home above, life would not be worth living.

A year or two later, being in the same locality, I sought my old friend the pensioner. But I learned that I should never see him again in this world. One of his acquaintances, a boatman like himself, took me to see his grave in a quiet cemetery. The old man had gone to the beautiful gate, where he expected to find his Betsy awaiting him. The old boatman told me the story of his death as we stood by the grave.

Old Hal was walking on the cliffs one moonlight night at the close of a day's severe labor, when he saw, standing on a strip of a sand-bank, the figure of a woman. She was evidently in a state of agonized distress. She had walked to that spot, obviously without knowing anything of the coast. Some stranger probably, for a native would have known that the incoming tide would cut off all chance of escape.

Hal knew that the moments were precious, and he called to her from the cliffs to let her know that she was observed. Then the old man ran as fast as his legs could carry him to the spot where his boat was hauled up for the night. With the strength that only comes to men in a moment of supreme crisis, Hal pushed and dragged the boat into the water, and pulled with all his might fo the sand-bank, where the woman still stood, anxiously awaiting succor. He took her aboard and pulled again for the shore.

He had saved her life, but as he stepped from the boat the old man staggered and fell. The woman he had saved was alarmed, and called aloud for help; and when none came ran to a cottage at a distance, where she saw a light. Hal was lifted and carried within, and friendly hands tended him. But his work was done; the desperate exertion of that hour had told too heavily on his aged frame. His work was done. He died murmuring "The beautiful gate—waiting—and watching."

At the head of the grave stands a beautiful marble headstone, erected at the cost of the grateful lady whose life he saved at the cost of his own. On it are carved a record of his name and age, and underneath the words, "He saved others, himself he could not save." Thinking as I gazed on those words of their original application, I thanked God, as thousands upon thousands have done, that He who gave His life on the cross a ransom for others did not shrink from His pain and sorrow, but, having given Himself for them was faithful unto death. "He saved others, Himself He could not save."

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 191.*)

A Shock.

ROSE'S voice died away in sobs, and her tears came in torrents now, while John Morley, distressed and bewildered, could only soothe her, as he would have soothed a child, till the first hysterical paroxysm had passed over, and he could place her in the old easy-chair. She was very quiet and subdued during the rest of the day, and remained in the gloomy room with her husband, smiling faintly whenever she caught his anxious eye; but at other times regarding his grave face, and his hair streaked with gray, with an expression of mingled pity and dread.

It was only in the evening, when Hester's bedtime came, that she quitted her husband's presence to go up-stairs to Hester's room; not to help her to undress, for the child had been long accustomed to do everything for herself, but to sit watching her, and waiting to kiss her when she was in bed. When Hester knelt down to pray, Rose bowed her head, and clasped her hands, as if joining in the child's inaudible petitions; a sign of grace which would have caused the heart of her husband to throb for joy. She laid her head down upon Hester's pillow with her lips close to her ear, after having put out the light, and spoke to her in the darkness.

"Little Hetty," she said, "would you rather live with good people, or with people you love dearly, dearly?"

Hester answered deliberately, after pausing to consider the question:

"I don't think I should love any but good people," she said.

"But you love me," pursued Rose, "and I'm not good. Would you rather have me as I am, or a very good mamma, as good as Miss Waldron?"

"Oh, but you are good," persisted Hester; "and I'd rather live with you ten times better than Miss Waldron, however good she is. But if you're not quite, quite good yet, you've *only to ask God*."

"I have asked Him," sobbed Rose, "and I'm more wicked than ever. Oh, Hetty! if you had promised to live with somebody you didn't love, and there came afterward some one you did love with all your heart, and wanted you to live with them, what would you do, little Hetty?"

Rose's cheek was crimson in the darkness, and her eye was burning, while Hester was silent again for a few minutes, coming to a careful judgment upon the case put before her.

"I should be very, very sorry," she answered at last; "but if I'd promised, I would keep my promise."

John Morley's second wife said no more to her little stepdaughter; but she gave her a kiss as tender as her own mother could have given. Only had there been a light in the room, Hester would have seen a face wan as death, and blue eyes filled with terror, bending over her; and she would not have fallen asleep so peacefully as she did, with pleasant dreams of her new mother!

A few days after this singular conduct on the part of Rose Morley, she received a letter, informing her that a distant relative, residing a long way from Little Aston, was upon the point of death, and wished to see her once more. John Morley opposed no obstacle to the fulfilment of this desire, and gave his wife every assistance in his power.

Her arrangements for her absence were very peculiar. She gathered together every small possession of her own, every little trace of her dwelling there, scattered up and down the habitation, and locked them up in the drawing-room, which, as we know, had been renovated and furnished expressly for her own use. In this way there was no vestige left of her late presence in the home, except an ominous and most mournful void.

When John Morley entered his chamber for the first time after her departure, he started, with a vague and sudden fright, at its emptiness; and his eyes sought in vain for some token of his young wife. There was the same sense of dreary chilliness as when all the mementoes of Hester's mother had been cleared away from the place which was to know her no more. Throughout the whole house it was the same; there was no hint left that Rose had ever been one of its inmates; except that an ever-growing gloom of absence and abandonment seemed to hang over every apartment.

In his undefined uneasiness he thought of comforting himself with a glance at the gay, bright room, which was all hers; but the door did not yield to his touch. It was locked and the key taken away. The servant, who had some secret suspicions of her own, stole to the door, after her master had left it, and put her eye to the key-hole. There was no ray of light in the room, though it was full day; it followed therefore, as a natural inference, that Mrs. John Morley had closed the shutters, and drawn the thick curtain, before she carried away the key, to insure no intrusion into her room during her absence.

She had set out early in the morning; and the day, long and dull, dragged heavily past, both for John Morley and Hester. From time to time her husband traced her journey, saying: "Now she is at such a place;" "At this hour she is waiting at such a station." As evening drew on he sat down to write his first letter to her; a tender yet stately letter, with none of the unmeaning expressions which a man of another stamp might have used. It was an epistle fit for publication, choice and elegant in its phrases; but it was no other than the transcript of his own orderly and elevated mind.

Being also a religious man, writing to his wife, who would read the letter at the death-bed of a fellow-mortal, he added some thoughts, solemn, earnest, and devout, which surely could not fail to touch the heart of hearts, even of a giddy and careless girl. And his Rose was not that, he said to himself, with a quick and rare moisture of the eyes, as he recalled her kneeling at his side only a few days ago, with her humble confession of unworthiness; and from the very depths of his soul there went up a fresh cry to God, one of thousands, that He would turn the heart of his wife toward Himself.

He directed the cover of his letter with a sort of pride in the characters which ran from his pen, "Mrs. John Morley." She bore his name, and belonged to him. The old glow came back as when in former days he had written the same name, though to another person. His wife! Wherever she went, or whoever admired her, she was still Mrs. John Morley. Good man as he was, he felt as much pride in her attractions as a more worldly husband would have done. It was not at all less sweet to him to think of her gaining homage and favor by her beauty and winsome ways. While he was writing to her the house did not seem quite so empty; there was as it were an affirmation that she had been there, and would be there again in a few days. There was a fine pleasure in having to indite one of his letters to her; and above all in addressing it to Mrs. John Morley. The man had a whole world of unconscious egotism in him.

He was called away abruptly from this agreeable duty by the intrusion of some country-folk, who had come to ask his counsel concerning some question which perplexed them. It was no unusual occurrence with him. Next to the rector, who also was a bookish man, and often condescended to enter his shop, though there was a church bookseller living in the Square, John Morley was reckoned the wisest man to be met with for ten miles round the town, whether in questions of law, physic, or religion. He was, moreover, more courteous than a doctor, less crafty than a lawyer, and more liberal than a priest. Whatever might be the vexed topic of the day it was necessary to discuss it with the well-read bookseller, and to see what new light he could throw upon it. It was a homage palatable to John Morley, even when paid to him by gaping rustics. But to-day, even while he listened, and advised, and adjudged, there was a calm sweet under-current of thought, following his young wife in the progress of her day's journey.

When the hour came for closing the shop, it brought also the time appointed for attending a week-night service at his chapel. He posted his letter on the way, with a silent blessing in his heart upon her who should open it. An unusual fervor was kindled in his spirit. He saw, close at hand, the answer to his many prayers. Rose would come back to him, from the solemn death-bed she was gone to witness, changed just as he would wish her to be changed, not in sweetness of temper, nor even in buoyancy of spirits, but weaned from the world, and purged from earthly tastes and longings. He almost regarded this death as being expressly ordained for the conversion of his wife. Wrapped up in the vivid realization of the scene now being enacted before her eyes, the words of the old preacher fell unheeded upon his ears, and when the hour's service was ended he awoke from his reverie with a start of surprise.

Mr. Waldron joined him on his way home, and having some subject of church discipline to discuss, in which they were both interested, he entered the house with him. A tacit and cool intimacy, rather closer than a mere acquaintanceship, had sprung up between them of late, which both would probably have been slow to admit.

John Morley on the one hand, a scholarly, studious man, whose whole life had been given to dipping into varied studies; and David Waldron, on the other, a hard-headed, parliamentary debater, caring little for general literature, but living his public life for the sole purpose of protecting and advancing the interests of his denomination. Sometimes the latter picked up thoughts and arguments from John Morley, which told well in his own brief but weighty utterances in the House of Commons. So Mr. Waldron sat down familiarly upon the bookseller's hearth, and foot to foot and elbow to elbow discussed with him the questions which interested him most.

The two men were so utterly absorbed in their conversation that neither of them heard a gentle rap, which was repeated two or three times, before the door was pushed open, and Hester appeared on the threshold. The little girl had been undressed, but she had put on her frock over her nightgown, and slipped her bare feet into her shoes. She stood still in the doorway of her father's room, holding a letter in her hand. It was a more extraordinary apparition in the eyes of John Morley than of Mr. Waldron.

"What is the matter, Hester?" asked her father hurriedly.

"Come in, Hetty," said Mr. Waldron; "come here, and speak to me. Why, I've had a little girl of my own, so you need not be frightened at me."

Hester advanced into the room, and shook hands with the great man; and then she went on to her father's side with the letter she was carrying.

"Father," she said, "I was just getting into bed when I found this letter on the pillow, and a slip of paper with it to tell me to give it to nobody but you. So I thought I'd better bring it down-stairs to you at once."

It was directed to him in his wife's handwriting, but for an instant his mind was full of the argument with which he had been about to reply to Mr. Waldron. The child lingered at his side, with her eyes fastened upon the letter, waiting for him to open it; but not until he had finished his reasoning, and brought it to a triumphant climax, did he rise from his chair and take the letter to the lamp to read it.

"Hester," said Mr. Waldron, by way of improving the occasion, and speaking a word in season, "do you ever forget to say your prayers before you go to bed?"

"No," answered Hester, with a look of surprise, "never. Do you, Mr. Waldron?"

It is possible that he did. At any rate he did not reply with the same promptitude that Hester had done, and he answered only by another question.

"What have you prayed for to-night?" he asked.

"I asked God to-night," answered Hester, "to be good to all very wicked people, and change their hearts—robbers, you know, and everybody who is very wicked. I used to wish that God would make Satan good. But I know better now."

The color mantled the child's earnest face, as she gazed pensively, and somewhat mournfully, into the fire. She had pushed back her hair behind her small white ears, and stood motionless, with her arms drooping, and her head bent in an attitude of dejection and melancholy, which touched even Mr. Waldron's blunt nature. He was searching for something to say which should chase the gloom from her childish face; when all at once, without sound or sign beforehand, John Morley fell heavily to the ground.

It was as if some mighty invisible hand had struck him down with a blow. He had fallen backward, and lay apparently lifeless upon the floor, grasping tightly in his fingers the letter which he had been reading. His face, always pale, had lost all that looked like life, and from under his half-closed eyelids the glazed eyes showed themselves without lustre or consciousness. In an instant Hester was on her knees beside him—neither helpless nor frightened, as other children might have been, but with the sad self-possession of a woman. She raised her

father's head, and placed under it her little arm, looking up pitifully into Mr. Waldron's face.

"The servant!" cried Mr. Waldron, running to the door; "we must send for the doctor, Hester."

"There is nobody in the house but me," she answered, "unless Lawson is up-stairs in the top room. Martha is gone out this evening."

"What can I do?" he exclaimed, running back again, and stooping over the lifeless man; "I cannot leave you alone. Is it a fit of any kind, Hester?"

"I don't know," she said, "but please put your arm here, while I look if Lawson is up-tairs." He did as she bade him, and she darted swiftly out of the room. Mr. Waldron's eyes strayed from the pallid face resting upon his arm to the half-unfolded letter still griped firmly in John Morley's stiffened hand. He had neither wish nor intention to read it; but three or four words caught his eye unawares, which sent the blood out of his shrewd, hard face, and set his calm, honest heart beating heavily, like the blows of a sledge hammer. He drew toward him a cushion and hassock, and rested John Morley's insensible head against them; while with some difficulty he loosened the closed fingers and released the letter. In his turn he carried it to the lamp, and held it with a shaking hand to the light.

(To be continued.)

PAUL'S THIRD MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

S. S. Lesson for April 6, Acts 18 : 23–28; 19 : 1–7. Golden Text, Prov. 27 : 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Learners to Become Leaders—A Mistake about Organization—Must Never Supplant the Spirit—The Two Guardians of the Infant Church—Entrance of Apollos—His Scriptural Knowledge—God Uses Imperfect Instruments—Help Better than Reproof—Apollos at Work in Achaia—Typical Disciples—Paul's Fuller Teaching—Why the Church Lacks Power.

Paul left at Ephesus his two fellow-laborers, Aquila and Priscilla. It was the mind of the Spirit in those early times, and without doubt it is the mind of the Spirit still, that those who leave learned much of the Holy Ghost, either by His direct teaching or by His power and testimony in other Christians, should in their turn become leaders of others.

WHERE WE MISTAKE

is in putting organization in the place of the direction of the Holy Spirit. Organization is better than selfish indifference to the eternal interests of precious souls redeemed by the blood of Christ; but, after all, it is man doing the best he can, and can never be a substitute for the direct guidance of our God; for His pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night. *God* made Paul a missionary; God sent him to the house of Aquila and Priscilla; God made them like-minded with him, and made them give up business-prospects, home life, and all earthly advantages that they might have the glorious privilege of living to win heathen Jews and heathen Gentiles to the Lord.

While these two souls were fathering and mothering the tiny church at Ephesus, a new teacher appeared in the synagogue. He was an Alexandrian Jew, bearing the Greek name Apollos. He was eloquent and "mighty in the Scriptures," and this latter qualification seems to have been somewhat uncommon in our Lord's time. He said, indeed, "Ye search the Scriptures" (John 5 : 39, R. V.); but He rebuked the Pharisees, saying, "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, neither the power of God" (Matt. 22 : 29). And again we read of the disciples themselves, "As yet they knew not the Scripture, that He must rise again from the dead" (John 20 : 9). Apollos was not only a deep Bible student, but also "fervent in the Spirit." What he did know of God had taken entire possession of him; out of the abundance of his heart the mouth spoke; and though he knew only the baptism of John, he took good care that all with whom he came in contact should profit by his knowledge; he taught diligently the things of the Lord, knowing only the baptism of John. "Repentance toward God;" this was the sum total of his preaching, but God owned it, for it was real as far as it went. Blessed be God, He does not wait until His instruments are perfect. A little girl, who died when she was five years old, was so full of the love of Jesus that she used to ask every one who came to the house,

"DO YOU LOVE JESUS?"

It was a little ministry, but God used it in the conversion of several, an infidel among the number.

Some say, "Never preach repentance that is not the Gospel;" some say, "Never preach without laying a sound foundation of repentance." Which is the truth? Micaiah has it, "As the Lord liveth,

WHAT THE LORD SAITH

unto me, that will I speak" (1 Kings 22 : 14). If the Lord sends us with a message of repentance, as He sent John the Baptist, nothing else which we say will answer in its stead. If He sends us to tell of the depth of His grace, that, and that only, is the message which He will honor. It took many Levites to carry the ark of the testimony; it takes many of God's children to bear now before the world "the ark of the covenant of the Lord," the blessed fulness of His truth.

When Aquila and Priscilla heard this ardent young preacher they did not begin to blame him for what he did not know, but "they took him unto them, and expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly." Thank God, he was willing to be taught; the right spirit was there, and every bit of truth which God gave him became a power, because it was quickened by the Holy Ghost. What numbers of believers there are who know all the doctrines about salvation, sanctification, healing, and yet they make no real step forward! Why is this? They want the Holy Ghost; they have never so given themselves up to be possessed by the Holy Ghost as to be filled with Him, to be led by Him, to walk in Him. The missionary spirit which had led the good couple from Corinth to Ephesus now possessed Apollos to pass into Achaia, and getting letters of recommendation from the brethren, apparently unsolicited, he, on his arrival, "helped them much which had believed through grace; for he mightily convinced the Jews, and that publicly, showing by the Scriptures that Jesus was Christ." In many instances we may believe those who were angered by Paul's testimony, because they were stirred out of their spiritual death-sleep and made wretchedly uncomfortable, were ready to receive the same truth when God sent it by Apollos. So it is always; God will send one worker to break up the ground, and the first storm of opposition and persecution breaks out against him. Little seems to be done, but God has, by his means, prepared the way for others. Let us be willing to be ploughs, harrows, sowers, or reapers, so that our loving Lord only works out His purpose by us. We work for *His* gain, not ours; *His* glory, not our own.

"While Apollos was at Corinth, Paul having passed through the upper coasts [of Asia Minor] came to Ephesus; and finding certain disciples (probably disciples of Apollos, before he learned the fulness of Christ's redemption), he said unto them, Have ye

RECEIVED THE HOLY GHOST

since ye believed (or believing)? And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." This is practically the condition of most believers. They have passed through a certain conversion, have abandoned some sins, and have a sense of pardon, but there has never been a sense of complete powerlessness and an abandonment of themselves to the Holy Ghost to be His temple, His instrument, altogether at His disposal. Such children of God always manage their own prayers, fight their own battles with the enemy, bear their own burdens, carry their own responsibility; and God comes in only as a Helper when they find themselves failing. Such are the children of God who do not believe it is possible to be kept from sinning; such think that God helps those who help themselves, but the self-help is No. 1, and the help of God comes No. 2. In reality, God has a second place with them, and thus it takes very little temptation to effect a conquest and to make them fall. And they, measuring God by their own experience, imagine that He has purposed this perpetual failure in order to keep them humble. Alas! alas! it is because they have not definitely received the Holy Ghost to take entire possession of them. True, some receive the Holy Ghost in His fulness at the time of their conversion, but they are not many; some receive Him later, more or less consciously; but wherever there is a definite abdication of self-rule, self-care, self-help, and a definite reception of the Holy Ghost He comes in and takes possession. His rule, His power, His strength, takes the place of theirs, and the result is necessarily constant victory; the only failure results from any return to the old state of things—self-rule, self-care, self-help.

Paul asked of these Ephesian converts, "Unto what then were ye baptized? And they said, Unto John's baptism." Then Paul explained that the baptism of repentance was not to be rested in. John led men to a present break with sin and a looking forward to salvation in the future. But now "the grace of God which bringeth

SALVATION HATH APPEARED

to all men" (Tit. 2 : 11), and, thank God, full salvation is a glorious present reality. When these converts heard that Jesus the Christ *had* come, *had* suffered, *had* taken away sins by the sacrifice of Himself, *had* risen again for their justification, *had* sent down the Holy Ghost to dwell in the hearts of His people, then "they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues and prophesied." When a man is full of the Holy Ghost he does not need to think whether he can speak or whether he cannot, for he speaks as the Spirit gives him utterance, he has become the dwelling-place, the private property of the Holy Ghost, but he is a living, conscious, willing, consenting temple and instrument, not a mere machine, giving place to the Holy Ghost by a constant recognition of His presence in him.

WHY POWER IS LACKING.

There is no doubt that the want of grace and the want of power in the Church of Christ is caused by a lack of definitely receiving the Holy Ghost as an indwelling Divine Person. Some think we ought to be satisfied with the fruits of the Spirit, and not to seek after the gifts of the Spirit, but we see no warrant in the Word of God to divide the gifts from the fruits, the power from the graces. The same apostle who teaches us that "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance" (Gal. 5 : 22), tells us to "covet earnestly the best gifts" and to "desire spiritual gifts" (1 Cor. 12 : 31; 14 : 1). And these he has thus enumerated: "To one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing (Gr.) by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues; but all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will" (1 Cor. 12 : 8–11). Where the graces of the Spirit are most manifest, there the powers of the Spirit are most manifest also. Paul's power in healing and speaking with tongues did not hinder him from being the exponent of love (1 Cor. 13), and one of the most precious exemplifications of it. And it is strikingly so in those Christians who are most filled with the Spirit; power and grace, gifts and fruits appear together.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Absence of Reliable Intelligence from Khartoum produces uneasiness respecting General Gordon's safety. Since the telegraph wires were cut, only vague and contradictory rumors have been received. He is hemmed in by the Arabs, whose hostility proves that his mission is in many respects a failure. The latest news of his position received last week was contained in a despatch sent by the correspondent of the London *Times* to that journal. It is dated March 14th, and states that six thousand of the enemy were encamped opposite the palace in Khartoum where General Gordon resides, and they fire on people leaving the city. General Gordon intended attacking them on the 16th. He was expecting that a British force was on its way to relieve him. No force for the purpose had, however, been despatched at the close of last week. The disquiet respecting him is increased by the fact that if he had been successful in his attack on the Arabs on March 16th he would, in all probability, have sent a despatch to Berber, which lies between Khartoum and Suakim, whence it would have been telegraphed to England.

Canon Wilberforce has Made Public a Communication he received from General Gordon before his departure to the Soudan, which in the present circumstances is of deep interest. Just before General Gordon started he sent to a prayer-meeting over which the Canon was presiding, asking for the prayers of those assembled. He said in his letter: "I would rather have the prayers of that little company gathered in your house to-day than I would have the wealth of the Soudan placed at my disposal. Pray for me that I may have humility and the guidance of God, and that all spirit of murmuring may be rebuked in me."

A New Cause for Disquietude Threatening disturbance for England in her Indian provinces has appeared. Gemal-ed-Din, an Afghan chief, is editing an anti-English paper printed in Paris, to be circulated in Moslem countries. He claims to be descended from the Prophet Mohammed. He professes undying enmity to England. After the Sepoy revolt of 1857, in which helpless women and children were butchered by the cowardly troops and in which Gemal-ed-Din took part, he went to Constantinople, but was expelled from there for claiming to be a descendant of Mohammed. He thereupon betook himself to Cairo, where Cherif Pacha gave him a chair of philosophy at the university. He was subsequently arrested for sedition and sent to India. Bales of his paper are now at Constantinople ready for distribution throughout the East.

The English Premier is Suffering from Serious illness, the result of a neglected cold acting on a system lowered by late hours in the House of Commons, by anxiety and worry. It has developed a painful affection of the throat, involving a nearly total loss of voice. Mr. Smalley telegraphs that he continued transacting business by writing, till under his physician's advice he left London for a watering place on the southern coast. Since then he has relinquished nearly everything. The accounts published of his health indicate that there has been little or no improvement. Private reports admit that it will be impossible for him to be present in the House of Commons this week to take charge of the Reform Bill, and that a project for a journey to the south of France is seriously considered by the family. His colleagues are opposed to it, unless it is imperative, recollecting that his last absence nearly ended in his resignation.

The Indemnity France Demands of China is a sum equivalent to three hundred million dollars, and she threatens to occupy Chinese territory until it is paid. It is based on the plea that by aiding and encouraging Tonquin to resist the French forces, she made an expensive expedition necessary. It is stated that the Viceroy of China is submitting a basis of peace to the English and American Ministers at Pekin and asking them to mediate. General Millot, commander of the French land forces in Tonquin, has been instructed to advance as far as he considers advisable. The occupation of Langson, Kaobang and Laokai is thought to be necessary in order to provide for the security of Tonquin. Those towns are the three towns of Tonquin nearest to China, and with their possession the French conquest of Tonquin will be complete.

A New Programme is Issued by the Disaffected societies of Russia. It is published in a new journal called *Free Speech*. It summons the youth of Russia to oppose the despotic form of government, and says: "The Russian state machine is rapidly decaying. Discontent is increasing among all classes. Revolutionary ideas are spreading everywhere, even in the army. The day of victory is approaching." The paper strongly deprecates terrorism, and favors a union of all branches of socialists who, it says, should pursue the desired end by moral energy, not by brute force.

A Significant Menace was Uttered by Mr. Parnell last week in the House of Commons. He said the Irish people would be fools if they paid taxes to enforce the coercion act. The suggestion is ominous, because it points to the commencement of an agitation as serious as the refusal to pay rent did some time ago. Mr. Parnell's remark was made known throughout Ireland, and was received with hearty approval. The corporations of Limerick and Cork lead the way in opposing the tax. Limerick declines to submit to a mandamus directing the payment of the extra police quartered there by the former magistrate, Mr. Clifford Lloyd, and Cork refuses money to Captain Plunkett's re-enforcements.

An International League against Dynamiters is advocated by the German press. The *National Gazette* says: "The Powers are preparing to combat the anarchist plague with all their means and energies. The question of political asylum is to be put to trial, and no anarchist will be allowed to claim political immunity if he has attacked life or property." Germany has expressed its willingness to join the other Powers in measures providing for the extradition of anarchists.

The Pernicious Physical Effects of Gambling is the subject of an article in the *British Medical Journal*. Physicians trace to gambling dyspepsia, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disease, and paralysis and apoplexy. Even the mild forms of gambling in which so many hard-worked men are accustomed to find what they call amusement after their day's toil do not afford real relaxation. They only maintain, under a thin disguise, the same kind of cerebral activity that has been demanded during long hours in the office or counting-house. "The time seems to have arrived," says the journal in conclusion, "when, from no puritanical prejudices, but with a firm scientific conviction of the mischief that accrues from it, betting should be put down, being attacked first in its fashionable strongholds—on the turf and the card-table—and ultimately, if need be, in its humbler resorts."

The Arrival in Australia of Mr. R. T. Booth, the American temperance orator, whose mission in England has been so marvellously successful, was the occasion of a perfect ovation. It was intended that a friendly demonstration should be made as soon as the Orient reached the port of Adelaide, but as the ship came in unexpectedly during the night, this interesting portion of the programme was omitted. Some of the leading temperance townsmen, however, gave a hearty reception to Mr. Booth and his companion, Mr. T. W. Glover. The former was so favorably impressed that he promised to include Adelaide, contrary to previous intention, within the field of his mission. The people of Adelaide, in their turn, were equally pleased with the graceful compliment to their city when Mr. Booth spoke of it as having delighted him, and as "One of the prettiest, cleanest, and best laid-out cities he had ever seen." Replying to the inquiries of reporters, Mr. Booth stated that his health had been wonderfully recruited by the voyage, which he had enjoyed amazingly. He could not stay in Australia more than a year. A few days later, in the Town Hall, Melbourne, an enthusiastic reception was accorded to the Blue Ribbon leader and Mr. Glover by an assembly of three thousand persons. A short visit to Tasmania for rest was to precede the opening of the contemplated mission in Melbourne.

Mr. George Muller, the Venerable Founder of the Orphan Homes at Ashley Down, Bristol, who, with his wife, is evangelizing in the East, was expected to reach Calcutta on January 11th, and to address various gatherings of Christians during his stay in the city.

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The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for March may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents, including postage. This number contains the following articles: "The World and its Prince," by Dr. Henry Meymott; "Thoughts on Revelation," by Mrs. Fielder, Abergavenny; "That Blessed Hope," by H. M. Barnett, B.A.; "The Rapture of Saints;" "The Soudan and Holy Scripture," by Rev. T. J. Malyon, LL.B.; "The Prophetic Outlook in Connection with the Recent Successes of the Mahdi;" "The Second Advent and its Glorious Epiphany," by Rev. W. Frith; Passing Events viewed from a prophetic standpoint, etc., etc.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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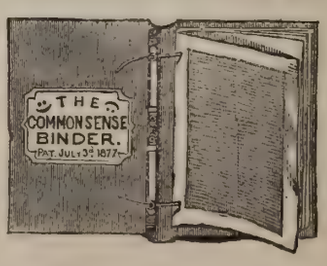

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

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The Rev. E. W. OAKES, the Successful Evangelist of Pueblo, Col.

THE REV. E. W. OAKES,
of Pueblo, Col.

Birth and Family—A Godly Mother—A Fateful Legacy—Allured by Music to the Dram-shop—Under the Power of the Liquor Passion—Removal to College—Escape from a Burning Vehicle—Another Warning—His Father's Death-bed—A Pathetic Scene—A Promise Given—Outbreak of Dissipation—Enlists in the Army—An Answered Prayer—Stormy Voyage to America—Strays into the Hippodrome—Return to Ireland—Enlists Again—Another Release—Return to America—Enters the Christian Home—His Marvellous Conversion—Christian Work—His Western Pastorate.

In sketching the remarkable career of one whom God has signally honored during a comparatively short period, by making him the instrument of many conversions, we desire to lay special emphasis on a point which will make itself evident in the course of the narrative. There are hundreds, nay thousands, of men, and we happen to know that some of them are readers of The Christian Herald, who have fallen under the power of the rum-curse. They long with an inexpressible longing for deliverance. They loathe and despise their weakness, but good resolutions, signing the pledge, and other means of reformation have been tried in vain. They are helpless in the hands of their craving as puppets in the hands of a man. We have frequently pointed out the only sure way of emancipation. Only by full trust and dependence upon Christ's power is there hope. We now present an illustration of what that power can effect. Mr. Oakes is a living proof of the efficacy of Christ's salvation and of His readiness to save all those who put their trust in Him.

Edward William Oakes was born in Westmeath, Ireland, on June 20th, 1853. His father occupied an honored and responsible position in the county, as he held the offices of clerk of the district courts, the agency of a large estate, and the secretaryship of Lady Belvidere's Orphan Institution, which is a useful philanthropic agency of some note in Ireland. Mr. Oakes destined his son William to the profession of a land surveyor, knowing that with his opportunities it might be made highly remunerative. Mrs. Oakes, however, cherished other views for her son. Her piety was of a singularly deep and earnest character, and her disposition was most serene and lovable. By teaching, by example, and by prayer she tried to lead her boy to Christ, and her most intense desire was that he might know the truth for himself and afterward preach it to others.

The boy obtained the rudiments of education in his native place, but it became necessary to give him more advanced and special training. Just at this time, he being then about fourteen, a property fell by inheritance into the possession of the Oakes family. Like many of the events the world calls blessings, this inheritance led to bitter sorrow. Upon the property was a grog-shop, where a brisk trade was done. Mrs. Oakes besought her husband to rid himself of that place. On her knees and with many tears she warned him that God's blessing would never rest upon the traffic, and entreated him not to mix himself up in it. Mr. Oakes considered the matter from a worldly standpoint, and, so viewed, the advantages of retaining the grog-shop were undeniable. It was profitable; his elder son could manage it; it was near Culverstown Endowed School, an educational institution of some repute in Ireland, and William, his younger son, could board with his brother and enjoy the advantages of the school, and be under his brother's supervision at the same time. These were clear advantages connected with the project, but they were as nothing in the eyes of the Christian wife and mother, compared with the responsibility of running a dram-shop, and the risk involved to her sons. But the worldly view prevailed, and the arrangement indicated was made.

William removed to his brother's new residence, and commenced his attendance at the school. He had a room in the house allotted to him, and was strictly forbidden to enter the dram-shop. One day, however, as he sat at his studies his ear caught the sound of music. That sound always stirred his soul. The boy had a passion for it, and Satan used that love to lead him into temptation. The music was in the dram-shop, and William, watching his brother safely off the premises on some temporary business, closed his books and descended to the place, where a group of country youths were dancing to the accompaniment of an itinerant violinist. That was the first of many stolen visits to the forbidden spot. He was a fair performer on the flute, and that accomplishment always secured him a welcome from the customers. Many an evening when his relatives thought he was in bed, he was playing the flute in the saloon and drinking his glass with the others. These performances at length came to the ears of his brother, who immediately wrote home advising that William should be sent for. That step was promptly taken, and the boy left the scene of his precocious dissipation. For some time he remained at home, and, under his loving mother's entreaties and his father's expostulations, he promised amendment.

The educational difficulty, however, remained to be solved. In order to fit him for his profession William was again sent away from home—this time to an educational institution near Dublin, famous for its advantages to aspirants to the profession he had chosen. There he studied hard, but he neglected no opportunity for indulgence in dissipation. He succeeded, however, in passing his examination, and obtaining his diploma. It was intended that he should enter into partnership with his father; but before going home he went to Dublin to purchase a set of instruments. An excursion without a carouse would have seemed to him a wasted opportunity, and accordingly when the time for returning to college arrived young Oakes was in the exhilarated stage of intoxication. On the way, occurred one of his many narrow

ESCAPES FROM DEATH.

He lighted a cigar as he started, and flung the match behind him. It fell among the straw with which in Ireland the vehicles are carpeted, and in a short time the vehicle was in flames, the affrighted horse was rushing madly along in frenzied terror, and Oakes was lying prostrate and stunned in the road. Providentially no bones were broken, and he managed to get safely back to college.

The partnership arrangement failed. The young man's ideas of business and of his own importance did not suit his father, and eventually it was found better for both parties that William should leave home. He obtained an excellent position as superintendent of a large factory in the neighborhood, and there his abilities secured him the respect and confidence of the proprietors. But after business hours his time was spent in scenes of gayety, and on one occasion, having spent the previous night at a ball, his employer found him asleep in sheer weariness at his post. Oakes was thereupon advised to seek a position of less responsibility. Taking the hint he sought and obtained another situation. Before entering, however, on his new duties, he received

ANOTHER WARNING

from God of the peril of the life he was leading. He determined to pay a visit to his home, and his father sent a vehicle to convey him over the eight-mile journey. On the way he met some friends with whom he stayed to drink. Time slipped away, and it was late before he resumed his journey. In his excited state he put the spirited young horse to the top of his speed, to make up for the delay. Some object seen in the moonlight frightened the animal, and he shied; the vehicle was overturned, and Oakes was thrown violently to the ground. A crowd gathered around, but no one carried him into their house. He was known to be a Protestant, and was believed to be dying. Under those circumstances the Roman Catholic villagers had not the courage to offer him shelter, for, according to their superstitious belief, the ghost of a Protestant always haunts the place in which he died. The news, however, was carried to his parents, who made all haste to the scene of the disaster, providentially arriving just in time to prevent their son's head being crushed by a reckless passer-by. He was taken home, and his mother tenderly nursed him back to life, and tried by all means she could think of, to lead him to repentance and reformation.

His new situation and two others which succeeded it, led to no satisfactory results. Young Oakes was known everywhere as a young man of good abilities and sterling integrity, but unreliable because of his dissipated habits. Now his longing to burst the bonds in which Satan held him filled his heart, and it was with horror that he found himself powerless to reform. In his dismay he went home, knowing that his mother's influence was the most potent force his heart acknowledged. His arrival there was opportune. His father was on a bed of sickness, which, after a few weeks, terminated fatally.

A PATHETIC SCENE

was witnessed shortly before he passed away from earth. The sick man was told that he must die. Then he sent for his son. As the young man entered the room his father stretched out his hand, and said, "My son, I have something I must say to you before I die. There is a sorrow in my heart as I lie here. I have tried to be a good husband and a good father, but I allowed myself to use and allowed my family to use strong drink. If I could wipe the consciousness of that out of my heart I could die happily." Then with a dying man's earnestness he besought his wayward son to give him a solemn promise that he would never again touch intoxicating liquor as long as he lived. But the son knew his own weakness too well to make such a promise. He promised, however, that he would *try* to abstain. That promise was kept so long as his father lived, but the struggle was fierce and bitter.

Mr. Oakes was only a few weeks over his twenty-first year when his father died. But his position was one worldly men might envy. He succeeded to all his father's offices. Those that were in the gift of private persons he obtained largely through their respect for his father, and the appointment under government, for which he applied, was given him on his passing creditably an examination. He was, therefore, at the age of twenty-one already a prosperous man and a man of some importance in the county. But bright as the prospect was, none knew better than the young man himself that it was precarious. Unaided by the power of the Saviour how could he fight the battle with the love of liquor which devoured him?

For a time, regard for his widowed mother, and care for his own reputation held him in check. Eighteen months passed by, and during that time he had not fallen. At the end of that time, having occasion to visit Dublin, and being away from restraining influences, he indulged in a wild debauch. Before he had quite recovered, and while he was utterly reckless, a recruiting sergeant saw him. Struck by his soldierly bearing and his stalwart figure the sergeant pressed his acquaintance upon him, and at last induced him to enlist. He took

THE QUEEN'S SHILLING,

and was despatched to the headquarters in London. It would be difficult to imagine a more miserable young man than Mr. Oakes was that morning, when slowly "sobering up" he realized what he had done. He was alone in the compartment of an English railway carriage, and he sat and wept as he thought of his mother. After a time the thought of God entered his mind, and he knelt down and prayed. He besought Him to rescue him from the consequences of his rash act, and vowed that if he was delivered he would abandon his evil courses.

Arrived in London he presented himself before the colonel of the regiment, who questioned him

bout his home and his reasons for enlisting. he officer was a man of sense and feeling, and aving heard his account of the circumstances e was moved to pity. In his rough commisera- ion he said, "God pity the mother who reared ou," and handing him a railroad pass to Ireland e sent him away with the advice to amend. od had heard that prayer in the railroad car- age, and Mr. Oakes thankfully stood in the reets of London a free man. He returned ome and resumed his duties, keeping his es- pade a secret from every one. Six months nger he struggled on, battling day by day with s enemy. At last his life became intolerable, nd he determined to begin it anew among new enes in the New World. Quietly but quickly e balanced all his accounts, put everything in der, and, saying farewell to no one, he

SAILED FOR AMERICA.

On the voyage he had leisure to think, and his houghts were stimulated by one of the worst orms in the memory of the sailors. Even they egan to lose hope during the three days that llowed of hurricane, rain, thunder and light- ng. The fourth day was Sunday, and morn- g was ushered in by sunlight and calm. The hange was marvellous, and the agitated passen- er, who had felt during the tempest that God's engeance was pursuing him, ascended from his abin with a relieved heart.

He landed in Boston, Mass., April 6th, 1876, nd at once sought employment. Unhappily he only situation offered him was the manage- ent of a liquor saloon at Charleston, on the utskirts of Boston. It was the worst employ- ent he could have had. There he fell again nder the power of his besetting sin, and soon alized that there was no hope for him in such urroundings. He therefore left Boston for New ork. There he was more fortunate. A well- nown grocery firm gave him employment.

One night he was sauntering along when he und himself in the midst of a crowd. He had o object in his walk, so he listlessly followed in he current, and was soon within a large building acked to the doors. What was this? he asked imself. He soon learned. He was in the Hip- odrome, and Moody and Sankey were holding meeting. The preliminary exercises, and Mr. loody's sermon passed over without producing ny marked impression on him. But a few mo- ents later he was startled. Mr. Sankey was nging, "Watching and Waiting." He knew hat some one was watching and waiting and raying for him. There and then he resolved to o home, and the very next day engaged a pas- age on an outgoing steamer.

Ten days later, at two o'clock in the morning, e stood outside his mother's door a returned rodigal, looking up at the light that burned in er chamber. He was received with joy and adness, and his mother's free forgiveness made im resolve that by no act of his should she ver be wounded again. With a clearer per- eption than his own, the mother sought to lead im to the Source of real strength, but without vail. Even his repeated failures had not con- inced him that in himself there was no power.

His former places being filled up he com- enced a search for employment. It was a veary work. In Dublin, in Liverpool, and in London he tried and failed. Finally he drifted nto dissipation again, and once more he accepted "the Queen's shilling," and entered a regiment of the Life Guards. There for the first time he vas subject to strict control. He had lived a life of unrestrained impulse, and this new experience of dull, unvarying routine galled him. He re- isted and evaded duty whenever he could. He vas reprimanded, and finally for a breach of dis- cipline was placed in confinement. There he had leisure to think. His thoughts went to his mother and thence to his mother's God. At ast he prayed, owning his sin and his weakness, and vowing that if God would deliver him he would consecrate his life to His service. To his ntense surprise when he was released from confinement he received his discharge from the army. No reason was assigned for such a step; he was simply informed that Her Majesty had no further occasion for his services. Once more, as he thought, his prayer had been answered, and he went home solemnized and re- pentant.

One day during his sojourn under his mother's roof he thought he would consult his old minister about his spiritual condition. The minister knew him well and was well acquainted with his dissipated character. As Mr. Oakes entered his yard he was repulsed. "Go away," said the minister, "you are

OUT OF MY DEPTH."

That was a shock which seemed to thrill the young man to his inmost soul. For the first time he realized that there could be a stage in a man's spiritual condition beyond which hope died. As a sick man feels a shock as he hears a physician say, "I can do nothing for you," so this young man shuddered as his old pastor said, "You are out of my depth." He was agitated and alarmed, but in the midst of his tremor a voice within him, or above him, said, "You are not yet out of Christ's depth." He returned home, but could not rest. Early the next morning, before any of the family had risen, Mr. Oakes knocked at his mother's door, and told her he must go away again. A restless, unsatisfied power held him in his grasp, and was driving him whither he knew not. The poor distressed mother forbore to plead with him, but tenderly kissing him, she said, "God protect my loved boy, my poor boy."

He hurried away, crossed to Liverpool, and there took the first outgoing steamer, which happened to be bound for Quebec. Thence he travelled to Toronto, Buffalo, Syracuse, and finally was led in July, 1879, to New York City. There he again found employment; but before entering upon it he was loitering about, when he noticed a tent at the corner of Broadway and Forty-third Street, and thinking it was a circus he strolled in. There he saw a congregation of sober, quiet-looking people singing hymns. He sat down and listened. The music tranquillized him, and after the singing he listened to an earnest sermon by the Rev. George J. Mingins on the value of the soul. So earnest was the preacher and so profoundly did he appear to be impressed with the preciousness of a single soul that the despairing young man determined tell him his experience. "Perhaps," he said, "I am not yet out of this man's depth."

At the close of the meeting Oakes approached Dr. Mingins with the words, "Can Jesus save *me*?" "Yes, my son," said Dr. Mingins, "He can." "Do you think He will?" was the next anxious question. "Yes, He will," was the reply. Then came out the secret of his trouble. "Before I go two blocks from this," said the young man, "I shall want to drink." "No," said Dr. Mingins, "if you are saved you won't want to drink at all." Then calling a gentleman in the room, he said: "This is the man to talk to you." Dr. Mingins knew what he was doing, for he introduced to the rum-bound victim Mr. Charles A. Bunting, a man on whose head hundreds of reclaimed men have called down blessings from heaven. Mr. Bunting sat down by the anxious man and talked and prayed with him. "Do you want to be saved?" he asked. "Yes," said the hopeless man. "Well, if you want to be saved you can be and *I know it*," said Mr. Bunting. "I have tried everything," said the weary man, "and it's all of no use. I have a mother praying for me now." "You have not tried Christ, yet," said the faithful pleader. "I shall pray for you."

Mr. Oakes left the tent unsatisfied. He knew the power of the bonds which held him, and he could not believe readily that any power could emancipate him. But the truth had effected an entrance, for on going down-town to his usual haunts of dissipation, he found that they had lost their power to dull the voice of his conscience. The following day and the next, the impression made seemed to be deepened. He was restless and miserable. In sheer wretchedness and with much hesitation and inward conflict he made his way to Mr. Bunting's house. There in Mr. Bunting's study he spent an hour of earnest conversation and prayer. At its close he accepted a cordial invitation to stay a few days and rest and think. He soon discovered that the place in which he was was, not a private dwelling. He asked an attendant what it was, and learned that it was

THE CHRISTIAN HOME,

of which Mr. Bunting is manager. The conflict of the next few days was an agonizing one. Into the despairing man's soul no ray of hope or light seemed to penetrate. One day—it was August 17th, 1879, the birthday of his soul—almost in a moment he passed out of the darkness into the bright light of Gospel day. He was sitting on a seat in Central Park absorbed in thought, meditating on his many falls and failures and of the opportunity now open to him. In his excitement he exclaimed, "I will not leave this seat until I get light!" He sat there clinging to the seat, with his hands clenched and his teeth set in mental agony. He was in a paroxysm of spiritual anguish, so violent that it seemed as if his soul would be torn in pieces. In the fiercest moment of the conflict a scene rose upon his mental vision. It had none of the elements of an actual vision, but it was a scene recalled, evolved out of the conversation and prayers of the last few days. It was the sight of Calvary, of the Saviour dying in agony to purchase deliverance for the captives of sin and Satan. This poor captive dwelt on the scene with emotion. He seemed to see on the face of the dying God a look of tender compassion for him and even to hear a sigh of sympathy. Instantly he realized that it was for him that Christ died, as for others, and then the words, "It is finished," floated to his mental ear. "Glory to God!" he exclaimed aloud, "I am saved! I can trust Him; I will trust Him!" and rising to his feet he went his way rejoicing.

FIRSTFRUITS

That night he went to the tent and told his story. He was so full of it that silence seemed impossible. It seemed to him that if he held his peace the very stones of the street would cry out. He spoke out of a full heart, and that very night God gave him fruit, for several present impressed with the wonderful narrative cried out, "I too will trust Him." He asked for work, any work that would bring glory to God and help to men such as he had been. An opportunity occurred about this time of his going into business on his own account, but the proposal was not entertained. It seemed to him that the deliverance he had experienced called upon him for a complete consecration of his life. His friends, too, who had witnessed the effect of his first address, were desirous that he should, at least for a time, engage in Christian work. He therefore gladly accepted the invitation of Dr. Mingins to assist him in his evangelistic work. He spoke regularly in the Grand Union Hall, and God blessed his labors. The story of his sin and his deliverance affected many despairing souls, and the Holy Spirit used it for their conversion. He accompanied Dr. Mingins to the Union Tabernacle Church in Thirty-fourth Street, and assisted him in gathering a large congregation from the masses. While there, he organized the Workman's Christian Union, a band of working-men whom he led in Christian work, chiefly in preaching the Gospel on the streets, an effort much blessed of God.

While laboring with Dr. Mingins there, Mr. Oakes took another step on the road of permanent restoration. He became acquainted, in the course of his evangelistic work, with the family of Dr. William Burns in Forty-third Street, and was introduced to that gentleman's eldest daughter. She, Mr. Oakes found, was a lady whose earnest piety and profound commiseration for the sinful and the fallen, eminently fitted her to be the companion of a man whose life was consecrated to the work of Christ in the world. He was so happy as to win her love, and on

October 13th, 1880, they were married. Mr. Oakes speaks with deep gratitude of the efficient help Mrs. Oakes has since rendered him in the inquiry-room and in other ways.

The signal manner in which God had blessed the labors of Mr. Oakes was to him and to his friends the best proof of his call to the work of

THE MINISTRY.

He therefore, while contining his evangelistic labors, took a partial course in the Union Theological Seminary that he might be better qualified for useful labor.

In October, 1881, Mr. Oakes appeared before a meeting of the directors and friends of the Christian Home, and told the story of his rescue through the divine blessing on that noble institution and its manager, Mr. Bunting. The late Mr. W. E. Dodge, who presided, was deeply affected, and showed much interest in the young man. The acquaintance so commenced was continued, and Mr. Dodge from that time until his death was a real and valuable friend to Mr. Oakes. Since his death Mrs. Dodge and all the family have been warm personal friends of Mr. Oakes, showing him much kindness and Christian love.

Through the kindness of Mr. Dodge and other friends Mr. Oakes had the happiness in April, 1882, of paying a

VISIT TO HIS MOTHER.

It would be impossible to describe the joy of the good l ady in welcoming to her heart as from the grave the son for whom she had prayed and agonized through so many weary years. She had the satisfaction also of seeing the answer to the prayers she offered in his childhood, for she was one of a congregation which crowded the village meeting-house to listen to the preacher whom they remembered as a dissipated youth, and she watered his words with tears of joy. After a few weeks spent among home scenes, preaching in the First Presbyterian Church, Coleraine, Antrim County, and other places, Mr. Oakes bade his mother farewell and returned to America.

In October, 1882, Mr. Oakes commenced the work which has made him famous in New York City. At

THE BOWERY BRANCH

of the Young Men's Christian Association a series of meetings were held almost unprecedented for their success. Only those who have wandered down that noted thoroughfare at night can realize the characters which would be gathered in that room. It was with such men, some of them adepts in crime and steeped in vice, that the story Mr. Oakes had to tell would be most useful, and they listened to a man who could tell them by experience of the power of the Saviour to save to the uttermost.

After a year's work there, fruitful in blessing, Mr. Oakes decided to accept an invitation tendered to him to a sphere of labor in the West. The committee of the Bowery Branch recognized the leading of Providence in the loss of their successful worker, and testified the respect and gratitude they felt, by presenting him with a handsome testimonial and bidding him God-speed in his new sphere. The following day, November 4th, 1883, Mr. Oakes was publicly ordained in Calvary Baptist Church, and immediately set out for his Western work.

IN COLORADO.

As we have previously stated in our news columns, Mr. Oakes is now the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Pueblo, Col. The church is a new and commodious building and in the centre of a district affording large opportunities for Christian usefulness. He recently returned to New York to solicit aid for the completion of the edifice. Mr. Oakes had done too much work in this city to appeal in vain in such a case. The required assistance was cordially and promptly given, and he returned to Pueblo with the amount in his pocket. We and his many friends in this section most earnestly pray that God will continue to bless his labors in the West with even a more abundant blessing than in this city.

RULERS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, March 30, 1884.

"When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn."—Proverbs 29 : 2.

"Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child, and thy princes eat in the morning."—Eccl. 10 : 16.

The Virtue of Rulers the Gauge of the Nation—The Scroll of Public Wickedness—I. Incompetency for Office—Tariff Bunglers—II. Intemperance—Congressional Lemonade—Two Victims—Drunkenness in the Saddle and on the Bench—III. Bribery—The Way to Push a Bill Through—The too Powerful Millionaires—Trouble Ahead—The Bonus in the War—The Two Loathsome Political Carcases—Things to be Done—The Weak to Abstain from Office—Duty at the Ballot-box—Evangelize the People—Individual Responsibility.

Leopold, the son of Victoria, dead, is now being honored by eulogiums all over the world because of his unselfishness and his high moral character, and a contrast is being drawn which implies that other European princes are not of the same characteristics. Most certainly in our own land there are many in high position in state and nation of whom such sweet and honorable things might not be said, either in obituary or epitaphal commemoration. The scenes of riot and scandal in some of the legislatures of this country, and the grave charges made against men in high places at Washington make it appropriate that I speak to you about what ought to be the high moral character of those who are in authority that we may be more intelligent in our prayers and more intelligent in our suffrages.

The morals of a nation seldom rise higher than the virtue of the rulers. Henry VIII. makes impurity popular and national. William Wilberforce gives moral tone to a whole empire.

SIN BESTARRED

and epauletted makes crime respectable and brings it to canonization. Malarias arise from the swamp and float upward, but moral distempers descend from the mountain to the plain. The slums only disgust men with the bestiality of crime, but dissolute French court or corrupt congressional delegation puts a premium upon iniquity. Many of the sins of the world are only royal exiles. They had a throne once, but they have been turned out, and they come down now to be entertained by the humble and the insignificant.

There is not a land on earth which has so many moral men in authority as this land. There is not a session of legislature, or Congress, or cabinet but in it are thoroughly Christian men, men whose hands would consume a bribe, whose cheek has never been flushed with intoxication, whose tongue has never been smitten of blasphemy or stung of a lie; men whose speeches in behalf of the right and against the wrong remind us of the old Scotch Covenanters, and the defiant challenge of Martin Luther, and the red lightning of Micah and Habakkuk. These times are not half as bad as the times that are gone. I judge so from the fact that Aaron Burr, a man stuffed with iniquity until he could hold no more, the debaucher of the debauched, was a member of the Legislature, then Attorney-General, then a Senator of the United States, then Vice-President, and then at last coming within one vote of the highest position in this nation. I judge it from the fact that more than half a century ago the Governor of this State disbanded the Legislature of New York because it was too corrupt to sit in council.

There is a tendency in our time to extol the past to the disadvantage of the present, and I suppose that sixty years from now there may be persons who will represent some of us as angels, although now things are so unpromising. But the iniquity of the past is no excuse for the public wickedness of to-day, and so I unroll the scroll in the presence of this assemblage. Those who are in editorial chairs and in pulpits may not hold back the truth. King David must be made to feel the reproof of Nathan, and Felix must tremble before Paul, and we may not wa with muffled feet lest we wake up some big s ner. If we keep back the truth, what will do in the day when the Lord rises up in juc ment and we are tried not only for what we ha said, but for what we have declined to say?

I. In unrolling the scroll of public wicke ness, I first find

INCOMPETENCY FOR OFFICE.

If a man struggle for an official position f which he has no qualification, and win th position, he commits a crime against God a against society. It is no sin for me to be ign rant of medical science; but if ignorant of me cal science I set myself up among professior men and trifle with the lives of people, then t charlatanism becomes positive knavery. It no sin for me to be ignorant of machinery; b if knowing nothing about it I attempt to take steamer across to Southampton and throu darkness and storm I hold the lives of hundre of passengers, then all who are slain by th shipwreck may hold me accountable. But wh shall I say of those who attempt to doctor o institutions without qualification and who a tempt to engineer our political affairs across t rough and stormy sea, having no qualification

We had at one time in the Congress of t United States men who put one tariff upon li seed oil and another tariff upon flaxseed oil, n knowing they were the same thing. We ha had men in our legislatures who knew n whether to vote aye or no until they had se the wink of the leader. Polished civilians a quainted with all our institutions run over in stampede for office by men who have not t first qualification. And so there have be school commissioners sometimes nominated grog-shops and hurrahed for by the rabble, t men elected not able to read their own commi sions. And judges of courts who have giv sentence to criminals in such inaccuracy phraseology that the criminal at the bar h been more amused at the stupidity of the ben than alarmed at the prospect of his own punis ment. I arraign incompetency for office as o of the great crimes of this day in public places

II. I unroll still further the scroll of publ wickedness, and I come to

INTEMPERANCE.

There has been a great improvement in th direction. The senators who were more cel brated for their drunkenness than for the statesmanship are dead or compelled to stay home. You and I very well remember th there went from the State of New York at o time, and from the State of Deleware, a fro the State of Illinois, and from other States m who were notorious everywhere as inebriate That day is past. The grog-shop under t national Capitol to which our rulers used to to get inspiration before they spoke upon t great moral and financial and commercial i terests of the country, has been disbanded; b I am told even now under the national Capit there are places where our rulers can get son *very strong lemonade*. But there has been a va improvement. At one time I went to Washin ton, to the door of the House of Represent tives, and sent in my card to an old friend. had not seen him for many years, and the la time I saw him he was conspicuous for his i tegrity and uprightness; but that day when I came out to greet me he was staggering drunk

The temptation to intemperance in publ places is simply terrific. How often there ha been men in public places who have disgrace the nation. Of the men who were prominent political circles twenty-five or thirty years ag how few died respectable deaths. Those wh died of *delirium tremens* or kindred diseas were in the majority. The doctor fixed up t case very well, and in his report of it said it w gout, or it was rheumatism, or it was obstru tion of the liver, or it was exhaustion fro patriotic services; but God knew and we a knew it was whiskey! That which smote t villain in the dark alley smote down the gre orator and the great legislator. The one yo

rapped in a rough cloth, and pushed into a ugh coffin, and carried out in a box wagon, and t him down into a pauper's grave without a ayer or a benediction. Around the other athered the pomp of the land; and lordly men alked with uncovered heads beside the hearse ssing with plumes on the way to a grave to be lorned with a white marble shaft, all four sides overed with eulogium. The one man was killed logwood rum at two cents a glass, the other a beverage three dollars a bottle. I write oth their epitaphs. I write the one epitaph ith my lead-pencil on the shingle over the auper's grave; I write the other epitaph with isel, cutting on the white marble of the sena- r: "Slain by strong drink."

You know as well as I that again and again ssipation has been no hinderance to office in is country. Did we not at one time have a ecretary of the United States carried home ead drunk? Did we not have a Vice-President vorn in so intoxicated the whole land hid its ead in shame? Have we not in other times id men in the Congress of the nation by day aking pleas in behalf of the interests of the ountry, and by night illustrating what Solomon id, "He goeth after her straightway as an ox the slaughter and as a fool to the correction f the stocks, until a dart strikes through his ver." Judges and jurors and attorneys some- mes trying important causes by day, and by ight carousing together in iniquity.

What was it that defeated the armies some mes in the last war? Drunkenness in the sad- le. What mean those graves on the heights of redericksburg? As you go to Richmond you e them. Drunkenness in the saddle. So gain and again in the courts we have had dem- nstration of the fact that impurity walks under he chandeliers of the mansion and drowses on amask upholstery. Iniquity permitted to run nchallenged if it only be affluent. Stand back nd let this libertine ride past in his five-thou- and-dollar equipage, but clutch by the neck hat poor sinner who transgresses on a small cale, and fetch him up to the police court, and ive him a ride in the city van. Down with mall villainy! Hurrah for grand iniquity!

If you have not noticed that intemperance is ne of the crimes in public place to-day, you ave not been to Albany, and you have not been to Harrisburg, and you have not been to Trenton, and you have not been to Washington. The whole land cries out against the iniquity. But the two political parties are silent lest they ose votes, and many of the newspapers are silent lest they lose subscribers, and many of the pulpits are silent because there are offenders in the pews. Meanwhile God's indignation gathers like the flashings around a threatening cloud just before the swoop of a tornado. The whole land cries out to be delivered. The nation sweats great drops of blood. It is crucified, not between two thieves, but between a thousand, while nations pass by wagging their heads, and saying: "Aha! aha!"

II. I unroll the scroll of public iniquity, and I come to

BRIBERY

—bribery by money, bribery by proffered office. Do not charge it upon American institutions. It is a sin we got from the other side the water. Francis Bacon, the thinker of his century, Francis Bacon, of whom it was said when men heard him speak they were only fearful that he would stop, Francis Bacon, with all his castles and all his emoluments, destroyed by bribery, fined $200,000, or what is equal to our $200,000, and hurled into London Tower, and his only excuse was he said all his predecessors had done the same thing. Lord Chancellor Macclesfield destroyed by bribery. Lord Chancellor Waterbury destroyed by bribery. Benedict Arnold selling the fort in the Highlands for $31,575. For this sin Georgy betrayed Hungary, and Ahithophel forsook David, and Judas kissed Christ. And it is abroad in our land.

You know in many of the legislatures of this country it has been impossible to get a bill through unless it had financial consideration. The question has been asked softly, sometimes very softly asked in regard to a bill, "Is there any money in it?" and the lobbies of the legislatures and the National Capitol have been crowded with railroad men and manufacturers and contractors, and the iniquity has become so great that sometimes reformers and philanthropists have been laughed out of Harrisburg and Albany and Trenton and Washington because they came empty-handed. "You vote for this bill and I'll vote for that bill." "You favor that monopoly of a moneyed institution and I'll favor the other monopoly for another institution." And here is a bill that it is going to be very hard to get through the Legislature, and you will call some friends together at a midnight banquet, and while they are intoxicated you will have them promise to vote your way.

Here are $5000 for prudent distribution in this direction and here are $1000 for prudent distribution in that direction. Now, we are within four votes of having enough. You give $5000 to that intelligent member from Westchester and you give $2000 to that stupid member from Ulster, and now we are within two votes of having it. Give $500 to this member who will be sick and stay at home and $300 to this member who will go to see his great-aunt languishing in her last sickness. Now the day has come for the passing of the bill. The Speaker's gavel strikes. "Senators, are you ready for the question? All in favor of voting away these thousands or millions of dollars will say 'aye.'" "Aye, aye, aye, aye!" "The ayes have it."

Some of the finest houses on Brooklyn Heights, and Brooklyn Hill, and on Beacon Street, and on Madison Square, and on Rittenhouse Square were built out of money paid for votes in legislatures. Five hundred small wheels in political machinery with cogs reaching into one great centre wheel, and that wheel has a tire of railroad iron and a crank to it on which Satan puts his hand and turns the centre wheel, and that turns the five hundred other wheels of political machinery. While in this country it is becoming harder and harder for the great mass of the people to get a living, there are too many men in this country who have their two millions and their ten millions and their twenty millions, and carry the legislators in one pocket and the Congress of the United States in the other. And there is

TROUBLE AHEAD.

Revolution. I pray God it may be peaceful revolution and at the ballot-box. The time must come in this country when men shall be sent into public position who cannot be purchased. I do not want the union of Church and State, but I declare that if the Church of God does not show itself in favor of the great mass of the people as well as in favor of the Lord, the time will come when the Church as an institution will be extinct, and Christ will go down again to the beach, and choose twelve plain, honest fishermen to come up into the apostleship of a new dispensation of righteousness manward and Godward.

You know that bribery is cursing this land. The evil started with its greatest power during the last war, when men said, "Now you give me this contract above every other applicant, and you shall have ten per cent of all I make by it. You pass these broken-down cavalry horses as good, and you shall have $5000 as *a bonus*." "Bonus" is the word. And so they sent down to your fathers and brothers and sons rice that was worm-eaten, and bread that was mouldy, and meat that was rank, and blankets that were shoddy, and cavalry horses that stumbled in the charge, and tents that sifted the rain into exhausted faces. But it was all right. They got the bonus.

I never so much believed in a Republican form of government as I do to-day, for the simple reason that any other style of government would have been consumed long ago. There have been swindles enacted in this nation within the last thirty years enough to swamp three monarchies. The Democratic party filled its cup of iniquity before it went out of power before the war. Then the Republican party came along, and its opportunities through the contracts were greater, and so it filled its cup of iniquity a little sooner, and there they lie to-day, the Democratic party and the Republican party, side by side, *great loathsome carcasses of iniquity*, each one worse than the other. Tens of thousands of good citizens in all the parties; but you know as well as I do that party organization in this country is utterly, utterly corrupt.

Now, if there were nothing for you and for me to do in this matter I would not present this subject. There are several

THINGS FOR US TO DO.

First, stand aloof from all political office unless you have your moral principles thoroughly settled. Do not go into this blaze of temptation unless you are fireproof. Hundreds of respectable men have been destroyed for this life and the life to come because they had not moral principle to stand office. You go into some office of authority without moral principle, and before you get through you will lie, and you will swear, and you will gamble, and you will steal. You say that is not complimentary. Well, I always was clumsy at compliments.

Another thing for you to do is to be faithful at the ballot-box. Do not stand on your dignity and say, "I'll not go where the rabble are." If need be, put on your old clothes and just push yourself through amid the unwashed, and vote. Vote for men who love God and hate rum. You cannot say, you ought not to say, "I have nothing to do with this matter." Then you will insult the graves of your fathers who died for the establishment of the government and you will insult the graves of your children who may live to feel the results of your negligence.

Another thing for you to do: evangelize the people. Get the hearts of the people right, and they will vote right. That woman who this afternoon in Sunday-school teaches six boys how to be Christians will do more for the future of this country than the man who writes the finest essay about the Federal Constitution. I know there are a great many good people who think that God ought to be recognized in the Constitution, and they are making a move in that direction. I am most anxious that God shall be in the hearts of the people. Get their hearts right, and then they will vote right.

If there be fifty million people in this country, then at least a fifty millionth part of the responsibility rests on you. What we want is a great revival of religion reaching from sea to sea, and it is going to come. A newspaper gentleman asked me in St. Louis a few weeks ago what I thought of revivals. I said I thought so much of them I never put my faith in anything else. We want thousands in a day, hundreds of thousands in a day, nations in a day. Get all the people evangelized, brought under Christianized influences. These great evils that we now so much deplore will be banished from the land.

And remember, my friends, that we are at last to be judged, not as nations, but as individuals—in that day when empires and republics shall alike go down and we shall have to give account for ourselves, for what we have done and for what we have neglected to do—in that day when the earth itself will be a heap of ashes scattered in the blast of the nostrils of the Lord God Almighty. God save the commonwealth of New York! God save the United States of America!

THE OCCUPATIONS, ETC.

A new pamphlet of Dr. Talmage's Sermons, under the above title, is now ready. Among the twenty-six sermons it contains, are those to Lawyers, Doctors, Merchants, Clerks, Commercial Travellers, The Theatrical Profession, and Telegraph Operators. Also Sermons on Business Life, The East Wind, Silver Wings, The Pouting Son, The Ferry-boat of the Jordan, etc. It may be obtained, postage paid, from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office for thirty cents.

NO MILLENNIUM UNTIL JESUS COMES.

A Bible Study by E. P. Marvin.

Truth is always more beneficial in its influence than error. The truth concerning the order of the Advent and the millennium can only be ascertained certainly by the Word of God. If we find difficulties in the pre-millennial doctrine, we should remember that the post-millennial doctrine also has its difficulties, and we only ask those who believe us to be in error to pursue the method of Dr. Charles Hodge, viz., "The only legitimate method of controverting a doctrine which purports to be founded on sacred Scripture is the exegetical."

If the Church is to convert the world and usher in the millennium, why is it not clearly and prominently revealed in the New Testament?

We hear this now iterated and reiterated at missionary meetings, and we are told that mission work is absolutely and hopelessly paralyzed without this motive of successful conquest.

Mark also, there were special occasions for revealing this if true. When Christ gave the great commission (Mark 16 : 16). When Peter wrote to cheer and comfort the dispersed and suffering saints (I and II Peter). When Paul corrected the mistake of the Thessalonians, that the "day of the Lord was present," why did he not tell them, as a certain theological professor told us, "Set your hearts to rest, for the Lord will not come for at least a thousand years?"

Where then does the New Testament promise a millennium before Jesus comes? That this is impossible may be seen by the following summary.

1. His coming and the establishment of the kingdom are contemporaneous. The kingdom comes with the King (Acts 3 : 20–21 ; II Tim. 4 : 1 ; Luke 19 : 12, 15).

2. Antichrist, whose career all believe will be pre-millennial, will be alive at His coming and destroyed by Him (II Thess. 2 : 8).

3. God's purpose through this dispensation is witness bearing and outcalling, and history has fulfilled it (Matt. 24 : 14 ; Acts 1 : 8 ; Acts 15 : 14–17).

4. The spiritual exaltation and extension of the Church, as now constituted, with elders and deacons, does not constitute a kingdom, as prophesied (Luke 1 : 32, 33 ; Isa. 32 : 1 ; Rev. 20 : 4).

5. Prophecy declares that the Church will remain in an imperfect and humiliating condition until Christ comes. A mixed multitude. The drag net and the Virgins (Matt. 13 : 47 ; Matt. 25 : 1–13. Also I Tim. 4 : 1 ; II Tim. 3 : 1–8 ; Matt. 7 : 22, 23 ; Luke 18 : 1–8). The "Israel within Israel" despised, persecuted, and suffering till the end of the dispensation (Mark 10 : 30 ; John 15 : 18–20 ; John 16 : 33 ; II Tim. 3 : 12).

6. The predicted condition of the Jew and Gentile world forbids any millennium till Jesus comes (Luke 21 : 24 ; Rom. 11 : 25–27 ; Matt. 24 : 21 ; Matt. 22 : 1–14 ; Luke 19 : 27 ; Luke 17 : 26–30). Times of Noah and Lot a mirror (Matt. 13 : 3). Tares and wheat together (I John 5 : 19 ; Rom. 12 : 2 ; II Thess. 2 : 7–12). The world continues under Satan, and we come out from it as a ruin.

7. Finally, as we are repeatedly commanded to watch, not for the millennium, but for the Lord's coming, no one can certainly place a thousand years or even the tick of a clock between us and that glorious event. Watching involves expectancy and liability of instant occurrence (Matt. 24 : 42–48 ; Matt. 25 : 13 ; Mark 13 : 35–37 ; Luke 12 : 35–46 ; Rev. 16 : 15 ; Rev. 22 20).

What are we to think of professing Christians who treat these solemn and repeated injunctions with indifference, or who tell us that they see no interest or importance in the subject?

The Westminster Confession of Faith, the Savoy Confession, and most of the other symbols of the ancient and modern Church teach the imminence of the Lord's coming. Must we not conclude then by the word of the Lord that there can be no millennium until Jesus comes?

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

No Stool for Satan to Sit On.—At a Recent meeting an evangelist said: "An aged Christian woman was asked, 'Are you never troubled by the devil, that you are always so cheerful?' 'Oh, yes, he often comes to the door, but I never bid him come in, nor give him a stool to sit on.' A great many people not only bid the devil come in, but make him very comfortable. They do not even put him to the trouble of roaring, but simply permit him to stand by with folded arms, looking on while they do his work with all their might and main."

A Song that Couldn't be Sung.—Mr. Reid said: "I was brought into contact with a young person when Messrs. Moody and Sankey were here, ten years ago. She got a ticket for the workers' meeting, though she got it in a wrong way, and had no right to it; yet the Holy Spirit met her while we sang 'Jesus loves me, and'—there she stopped; she could not sing, I know I love Him.' Do you know how long it took her to finish that line? Just three days and three nights. Coming down the street about her usual business the everlasting light broke in through the mist of unbelief which surrounded her heart and mind. She has been living a happy, useful Christian life to this moment."

An "Ancient Mariner," as he Calls Himself, thus spoke: "I have led a long and evil life at sea; in fact, the usual life of many sailors, one of steady dissipation. To enter into the coarse details of such a life would not be edifying; indeed, it would be a sin against God to do so. I will simply say that I got alarmed at my own wickedness, and became a temperance man and a church member, and was *a very nice white-washed hypocrite*, but not a bit better in the eyes of God than when I revelled openly in sin. I went to a meeting in a tent one day where the Gospel was being preached. Mr. Scroggie was preaching, and there and then I was raised by the Holy Spirit to a sense of my awful position in the eyes of God. There I met Jesus, and threw myself on Him for salvation, and found it, and blessed be His dear name, have ever since been running over with it."

A Church-member Made a Christian.—At a recent meeting Mr. Jack related: "One Friday night I addressed a meeting at Govan, and after the meeting I had the privilege of speaking to a most intelligent workingman, who is a member of a Christian church in the locality. He was a very strict church-goer, but had no Christ *in his life*. A fellow-workman had fixed upon him as a suitable subject for conversion, and worked and prayed and spoke till he was successful in getting him to attend this particular meeting. The result of his disinterested and untiring labors did not end there, for the Holy Ghost roused the man to a vivid sense of his sins, and caused him to seek Jesus as his Saviour. You should have seen the glow on his face as he decided for Christ, and gave up relying on his churchism. It is not the Church that saves, but only Christ, who is the Church's Rock and Head."

When the Old Man's Prayers were Answered.—Mr. Miller recently impressed upon Christians the necessity of watching for an answer to their prayers, and of being in a state of joyous expectancy while so doing, and he related the following striking incident in a minister's experience: "The minister was visiting a good old man, one of Zion's pilgrims, who had been long on the way, and asked, 'I suppose you have many a record of God's answer to your prayers?' Very hesitatingly the old man replied, 'No, I can't say that I have.' 'Then what is the use of your prayers? Had you not better give them up?' 'Oh, no, I can't do that.' There was quite an alarmed expression on his face as he said this. He had never watched for an answer to his prayers, but he felt that he could not get on without praying. On the minister's next visit, he noticed that the old man's face was quite changed, in fact, he was like another man. Without waiting for h visitor's greeting, he exclaimed, 'Oh! I hav had all my prayers answered at once. I neve had *to wait* for the answers coming. On thinl ing over what you said, I began to remembe God's faithfulness as incident after incident i my life came rushing back upon me. My hea was filled with a new sense of trust, and love i and toward God.'"

Ruined on the Race-Course.—Mr. Oatts said "Quite recently a fine gentlemanly young ma called at my office. I knew something abou him, because his brother had spoken about hin to me a short time before. As arranged, th young man was waiting for me at the end of th noon prayer-meeting. After the usual greetings he said, 'I suppose you know all about me?' 'I know some of it,' I answered. Then he tol me the melancholy story of his ruin. He wa in England on business, and when in a bank depositing some money, he heard about some races which were going on in the district. Never having been at a race before, his curiosity was aroused, and he determined to see them. He went, and took a great interest in all that was going on. Soon some men gathered round, who took a still greater interest *in him*, and induced him to make some bets. At first they allowed him to win, but presently he began to lose. Next day he returned to the race-course, and betted away a sum worth $2000, not his own, which he had drawn from the bank. He finished his story with, 'Here I am, character gone, money thrown away, and my business lost.' Truly, the way of transgressors is hard. It is hoped, however, that he has begun a new life in Christ."

A Soldier Enlists Under a New Flag.—At a recent meeting a man in military uniform said: "I went into a little religious meeting one night in the East Indies. My nerves were all shaking from the effects of strong drink. It happened that the minister was speaking on the power of God to save men from the grasp of alcohol. 'That suits me,' I thought. But when those who desired freedom were invited to remain for conversation, the devil tempted me to leave, saying, 'There are your comrades who will laugh and say, "He is turning a blue light,"' as they call Christians in the army; but I resisted the devil, and remained. The minister asked me, 'Do you want to be a Christian?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'if it's true that God can keep me from strong drink.' 'Yes, it is true; I can easily prove it; but the best way is to try God yourself.' I did so, there, where I sat, and felt immediate deliverance from its thraldom, though my breath was rank with its fumes. I went to the barracks, where I knelt before my cot with my brain in a tumult for fear of my comrades' jeers. I knew nothing what I said in my prayer, but Jesus knew what I meant, and amid the jests and scornful laughter of my roommates, He gave me grace to bear all joyfully for His dear sake, and since that night He has used me as an instrument to win souls for God."

Crossing a Dangerous Bridge in the Dark.—"One dark night a gentleman was going to his house, and being pressed for time, he took an unfrequented by-path by which he had to cross a narrow, dangerous bridge, in which there were gaps, caused by planks being removed. If he had fallen through any of these openings, he would have been dashed to atoms in the depths below. The night being dark, and being in a hurry, the gentleman could not see, and had no time to think, but ran over the bridge. The next morning he told his friends the route he had taken on the previous night; they were much surprised at his strange escape from death and so roused his curiosity by their exclamations of wonder and thankfulness, that he went down to see the place he had crossed the night before. When he saw it, he got sick and fainted at the dreadful danger he had run in the dark. We are reminded by this incident of the haste to secure money at any cost, by means of which thousands are daily putting their own souls and the souls of others in deadly peril. What will

their feelings be when the feverish desire is burned out, and they look calmly upon the danger they ran of losing their souls?"

JOB'S SICKNESS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.*

A Battle-Ground—Satan's Knowledge of Human Frailty—His Reliance on the Effects of Sickness—Job's Battle with Man—Attempts Self-Justification—His Oscillation between Faith and Self-Righteousness—Vehement Repudiation of his Friends' Theories—Elihu's Reproof and Vindication of God—God Purging Job of Self-Conceit—The Prince Becomes a Penitent.

It is God's testimony of Job that he was "a perfect and an upright man, one that feared God, and eschewed evil" (Job 1 : 8). Thus his friends made a great mistake in supposing that his afflictions and his sickness were sent to punish sin in him. They had very little light upon the heart of God, and His purposes of love, and, at any cost to poor Job, they attempted so to explain his case as to make it square with their theories.

Job is the only man whose patience God mentions in His Word, "Ye have heard of the patience of Job" (James 5 : 11). As long as his afflictions were external he never once murmured or questioned the right of God to recall what He had given. When his oxen, asses, sheep, camels, servants, and even his sons and daughters were taken away from him in a single day, and he was left childless and penniless, he only fell down and worshipped his God who had permitted it, saying, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Job knew nothing of the malice of Satan, who was working against him; he was quite unaware how he was being made

A BATTLE-GROUND

between God and Satan; but, like an unquestioning child, he saw only his Father's hand. "In *all this* Job sinned not nor charged God foolishly."

The Lord Himself bears witness to Job's integrity, and that to the very adversary who was seeking to overthrow him, and, by this means, to gain a victory over God. "And Satan answered, Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. But put forth *Thine* hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse Thee to Thy face." Satan knows enough of human nature to be aware how sickness opens the door to all kinds of temptations; how when there is neither strength to think nor pray, the suggestion that the Lord has forsaken gets such power; how when every nerve is one agony of pain and neither light nor sound can be tolerated, it is utterly impossible to think of anything else but the suffering. Satan knows that when nothing else can crush, sickness can. But he went too far when he attributed sickness to God, as though He were the Author of it, "Put forth *Thine* hand now," for God disowns the imputation, turning it back upon him, "Behold, he is in *thine* hand; but save his life," thus allowing Satan to go only the length of his tether. Even when "smitten with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown," and even when tempted by his wife to "curse God, and die," Job's eye was still on God, and he answered, "What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? [Ignorant that all evil is from Satan.] In all this did not Job sin with his lips?"

But now

A STILL HEAVIER TRIAL

awaited him; his three friends came "to mourn with him and to comfort him:" it was all that man could do—God's work is to save and to heal. But these friends, what would they think of God's dealings with him? While alone with God he had no difficulty; he knew there was no shadow between; but sickness was always looked upon in his days as the result of sin; in *our* days men regard it as a kind of saintship. Job's friends said nothing, but it is very probable that their looks said a great deal. It was not until his friends came that Job's eye was off God; pressure of suffering and the consciousness of not being able to explain to others the dealings of God, which he could not himself understand, were too much for him; and he fell into the snare of impatience, and cursed his day (chap. 3).

He was morbidly conscious of his own righteousness, and it was like death to him to have it doubted. Then it was that the hitherto unspoken feelings of his friends were expressed, "Behold, thou hast instructed many, and thou hast strengthened the weak hands. . . . But now it is come upon *thee*, and thou faintest; it toucheth *thee*, and thou art troubled. . . . Remember, I pray thee, who ever perished, being innocent? or where were the righteous cut off?" (Chap. 4 : 3-7.) Again, "I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause" (chap. 5 : 8), as though Job had not done so! Poor Job! he had taken all else from God, but these undeserved imputations from Eliphaz, afterward repeated by him (chap. 15 : 32), and strengthened by those of Bildad and Zophar (chap. 8, 11, 18, 20), stirred and goaded him in his physically weak state, and he began to undertake his defence.

It was hard work to endure such suffering of body and, at the same time, to

BATTLE WITH MAN

by self-justification, while the hand of God seemed to be against him. He most touchingly entreats for real light upon his case—"Teach me, and I will hold my tongue; cause me to understand wherein I have erred" (chap. 6 : 24). Once he owns his sin of cursing his day (chap. 7 : 20, 21), but, at the same time, manifests a spirit of asperity, and reproaches God, for he was sore from the wounds of his friends at the very time.

While he was occupied in proving to his friends that he was innocent, and in repudiating their unkind and unjust charges, it is striking how, at first, all his speeches, though he began them as addressed to man, end in words spoken to God (chap. 7 : 12-21; 9 : 27; 10; 13 : 20; 14). It is only at last when he becomes exasperated that he gives up speaking to God. There was one thing, however, that from first to last he would not give up; he clung to it as to his very life; it was his own righteousness, his consciousness of not being smitten with sickness as a punishment, as his friends supposed. He calls himself "the just, upright man," and clings to a righteous self, to perfection in the flesh, and not in God (chap. 12 : 4). The battle seemed nearly won, when he says, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;" yet he spoils it again in adding, "but I will maintain mine own ways before Him. . . . Behold, now, I have ordered my cause, I know that I shall be justified." "Till I die, I will not remove mine integrity from me. My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go: my heart shall not reproach me so long as I live" (27 : 5, 6).

SPIRITUAL OSCILLATION.

But there was the same alternation between faith, self-righteousness, and self-pity, which so many of us have known in seasons of pressing trial, until by the power of the Holy Ghost we have been enabled to get over on to God's side of the trial and of ourselves. One moment Job says, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" (chap. 19 : 25-27), and another, "God hath delivered me to the ungodly, and turned me over into the hands of the wicked. I was at ease, and He hath broken me asunder; He hath also taken me by my neck, and shaken me to pieces, and set me up for His mark. . . . Not for any injustice in mine hands; also my prayer is pure" (chap. 16 : 11-17).

At last Job came to the end of himself; his arguments against God and man had only got him into trouble. He closes with

A VEHEMENT DECLARATION

of his righteousness, and declares of God, "As a prince would I go near unto Him" (chap. 31 : 37). Then he retires from the battle-field, sore in mind and body, and in this state he says, "The words of Job are ended." Then it was that God had an instrument ready. He sent Elihu to act as a daysman, and speak to him on God's behalf. He first shows Job that, in his intense desire to justify himself, he had brought God in guilty (chap. 33 : 9, 10); that he had failed to listen to God, and thus the purpose of his sickness had not been accomplished, and so his healing and deliverance were retarded (chap. 33 : 14-28). He says of Job that he "multiplieth his words against God" (chap. 34 : 37), and teaches in the whole of that chapter that the place of the creature is one of unquestioning obedience. "Surely it is meet to be said unto God, I have borne chastisement, I will not offend any more; that which I see not, teach Thou me; if I have done iniquity, I will do no more." That which was meet to do, Job had not done; but, forgetting his place as the creature, he had taken upon him to judge and to reproach his Creator. His three friends, while they knew there must be something wrong somewhere,

HIT UPON THE WRONG THING,

and exasperated him: they "had found no answer, yet had condemned Job" (chap. 32 : 3).

Oh, how much this want of loyalty to God lies at the root of protracted sickness, depression, and many other trials! Oh, how much there is of mistrust of God, when things do not turn out as they have been expected, when prayer is not answered just as we have supposed and planned, when healing does not come as we have looked for it, or as some one else has expected it for us! Oh, how easily Satan persuades us that this time God *did* fail us—this time He *was* unfaithful! Elihu had just hit the mark; Job knew it, and he was now still enough in soul to hear the voice of God.

Why did not God reveal His love, and just melt poor, crushed Job with its tenderness? Job was a perfect man—a man whose whole purpose of life was God, and thus every wrong step of his must be retraced. It was in his relation as a creature to God that Job had failed; he had forgotten to keep his true place, and thus God speaks to him of His greatness and power, not of His love, and thus applies what He has said, "Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct Him? He that reproveth God, let him answer it." Job took his place at once; he was no longer at a loss to know his way, "Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer Thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth." Job was conquered.

But the Lord continues until every bit of Job's conceit in himself is at an end, and he cries, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee: wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Job was fully broken;

NO MORE A PRINCE,

but a penitent; as dead to good self as he must have been to bad self before God could call him "a perfect and an upright man." And now God can let out His heart of love; He turns to Job's friends, his "miserable comforters" (chap. 16 : 2), and gives utterance to the truth, which must have startled them, that Job, in all his deep humiliation, and even in his bitterness of spirit, was, after all, nearer God than they, and they could not be accepted, save through his intercession. Oh, the tenderness of the love of God! No words, no assurances of love could have so won Job's heart as this little token of God's confidence. He could afford to forgive his friends if, through his intercession God would forgive them; his relations with God were re-established; his soreness with his friends was gone. God turned his captivity; no more boils; his acquaintances came about him; children sprang up around him; all he had lost was doubled over to him, and his latter end was better than the beginning.

* From *Thy Healer*, the new periodical, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, issued in London twice a month. It contains articles on God's dealings with soul and body, and describes the work at Bethshan and other institutions in Europe devoted to faith-healing. May be had from The Christian Herald office, price five cents, postage paid to any address.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The President Sent a Message to Congress on Wednesday urging the appropriation of funds for the completion of the unfinished monitors and other naval purposes. The President said: "I am unwilling to see the gradual reconstruction of our naval cruisers, now happily begun in conformity with modern requirements, delayed one full year for any unsubstantial reason. Whatever conditions Congress may see fit to impose, in order to secure judicious designs and honest and economical construction, will be acceptable to me; but to relinquish or postpone the policy already deliberately declared will be, in my judgment, an act of national imprudence." There is no doubt that the reconstruction of the navy is urgently needed, for in spite of the vast sums appropriated in former years, we have still no navy worthy of the name. Nevertheless there are reasons well understood why Congress is reluctant to make the appropriation. The President evidently appreciates those reasons, as he promises in advance to accept any conditions Congress may impose, to secure honesty. It is strange that so astute a man did not foresee this difficulty when constructing his cabinet.

Of the Nine Schemes for Disposing of the trade dollar nuisance, that proposed by Mr. Dowd has been unanimously reported by the committee on coinage. It provides that until June 1st, 1886, trade dollars shall be received at their face value in payment of all dues to the United States, and *shall not be again paid out.* Holders of trade dollars on the presentation of the coin to any Treasurer or Assistant Treasurer will receive in exchange, dollar for dollar, standard silver dollars of the United States. The trade dollars received in any national depository are to be recoined into standard dollars. The trade dollars are to be regarded and treated, when received at the mints, as silver bullion, and their bullion value shall be deducted from the amount of bullion required to be purchased and coined by the act of February 28th, 1878. The last clause of the bill is important, because it will diminish the expense now going on, by recoining the trade dollars instead of purchasing silver bullion. Mr. Bland and his friends will, however, try to have that clause omitted.

The Senate has Decided, in Spite of the Secretaries of War and the Navy, to offer a reward of $25,000 to any private person who shall discover and rescue any members of the Greely party. The bill authorizing payment was passed on Friday and sent to the House. The Senate, in deference to the opinions expressed by the secretaries, inserted a clause barring claims for damages which might be incurred in searching for the party. If the House passes the bill its action will be popular in the country. The people are anxious that Lieutenant Greely and his companions should be rescued, and do not care who performs the duty so that it be done with all speed.

Distressing Narratives of Property Destroyed and lives lost come from the Mississippi Valley, which is now, it is stated, "a vast inland sea." The broken levees have caused an inundation which has ruined plantations, drowned live stock, swept away houses and barns, and destroyed many lives. A telegram from New Orleans states that the break in the levee opposite College Point is one hundred feet wide and ten feet deep. The Scott Levee near Bayou Sara has been swept away. All the streams west of Richmond, Va., are swollen, the James having risen ten feet. At Columbia, fifty miles above that city, the waters have risen twenty-three feet and continue rising. Despatches from Louisiana prove that the distress is great. The telegrams indicate that the swelling waters will soon cover other parishes. There is suffering among men and beasts. Many of the planters have not the means to feed either their plantation hands or their stock. All the despatches urge prompt relief. Generals Beauregard and Ogden and Mayor Behan, of New Orleans, have telegraphed that relief committees are being rapidly organized for the distribution of supplies purchased out of the $125,000 appropriated by Congress for the Ohio floods, which was not required there, and has now been applied to the relief of the Mississippi sufferers. Homes all through the submerged region have been abandoned, and whites and blacks are huddled together on the upper floors of cotton-gin houses. Secretary Lincoln has directed General Beckwith to despatch a boat loaded with provisions from St. Louis for the destitute on the Lower Mississippi, probably needed from Vicksburg down.

The Fatal Riots which Disturbed Cincinnati last week appear to have originated in the indignation naturally excited by the verdict of a jury. A man who was clearly guilty of a brutal and cowardly murder, who had, in fact, confessed his guilt, was tried before a jury which found him guilty of manslaughter only. The judge and the spectators denounced the shameful miscarriage of justice, and a public meeting was called to protest against it. The meeting was held on Friday last; it was called by reputable citizens, and a committee was appointed to promote legislation which would tend to prevent a recurrence of such verdicts. Some wild and lawless persons, present at the meeting, determined to take the law into their own hands, and in the excitement of the time a mob was quickly gathered, which was believed to number ten thousand persons. They went direct to the jail, and battered in the door. They were resisted by the police, who used their pistols, but fired over the heads of the crowd, to scare them. The jail contained twenty murderers, but the man specially sought had been quietly removed. On Saturday morning the excitement increased, and the militia were called out. They succeeded in clearing the rioters out of the jail, but they remained outside in menacing attitude. Four men were killed and about twenty wounded in that conflict. The resistance exasperated the mob, who raided the gunsmiths' stores for arms and ammunition. The police and the soldiers prepared for another attack on Saturday night. They erected a barricade, and trained a Gatling gun into position. Indiscriminate firing on both sides took place as night closed in, and shortly after ten o'clock the militia charged the mob, killing many persons. Their fire was returned, and when they went back to the jail the mob followed and closed around it. The rioters succeeded in setting fire to the Court-House, which contains a valuable law library and records of great importance. The engines summoned to extinguish the flames were not allowed to approach, and the Court-House in which the obnoxious verdict was given was soon burning from basement to dome. Attempts were also made to burn the jail, but they were unsuccessful. On Sunday the rioting was renewed. The rioters having gained possession of the roofs of houses near the court-house, fired from there on the troops. Eventually, as soldiers came in from Columbus, Cleveland, and other cities, order was partially restored, and on Monday morning the police were again in control of the city. It was then hoped that the riot was at an end.

Over Fifteen Hundred Murders were Committed in the United States last year. So says a statistician writing in the current number of *The Century*. He also states that the total number of legal executions during the same period was ninety-three. It is thus clear that the bulk of the murderers escape their just punishment. Some of them escape by evading detection, others by bribing juries, and others again by the clemency of the governors. The result has been a growing contempt for justice, which in Cincinnati has taken the form of attempting to perform duties which rightfully belong only to the authorities. The disorder and bloodshed which have resulted are deplorable. The mob appears to have lost sight of the original cause of the trouble, and to be eager for new excesses. The affair ought to lead to a reform of judicial methods. It is also a startling evidence of the power and number of the lawless persons in our great cities. Our preachers and evangelists have evidently much work to do in inculcating integrity among the classes from which jurymen are chosen, and in teaching generally respect for law and order.

A Cyclone, the Most Disastrous Known in that section of the country, swept through Kentucky, Ohio, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Upper Georgia on March 25th. Reports of buildings overturned, bridges swept away, trees uprooted, and a sad loss of life are sent from various places in those states. At Newton, N. C., two persons are reported killed and fourteen badly injured; at Lenoir, N. C., six ladies and a whole family were killed. The College for Ladies at Gainesville, Ga., was blown down, but the students escaped.

Copiah County, Mississippi, Recently the scene of the fatal election outrage, is reported to be on the eve of prohibition. One of its citizens writes to a New York journal: "After a struggle of years, including a recent canvass of the whole county by the advocates of the temperance cause, the act prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors has passed both houses of the Legislature, and only awaits the signature of the Governor to become a law, which no doubt will be given in due time." No better way of purifying the moral and social atmosphere of the county could be adopted. It is a pity prohibition was not in operation there last November.

The Biography of Mr. E. W. Oakes, Published this week in The Christian Herald, occupies a larger space than is usually devoted to that department. We have given it intentionally, not only on account of its thrilling interest, but because its narration we believe likely to be blessed by God to the benefit of souls. Many people in New York who have heard Mr. Oakes relate incidents from it have been encouraged to seek the same unfailing remedy for the same affliction. We trust our subscribers will make it known in quarters where it is likely to be useful.

The Refusal, by the Presbyterian Hospital of Philadelphia, of a gift of $2500, the proceeds of a charity ball, recently mentioned in these columns, has not been a loss to the society's funds. A resident of Bucks County has sent to the trustees a check for $3000 with the explanation that $2500 is in lieu of the money which the hospital declined, and the remaining $500 is *a premium for adhering to principle.* He requests that the entire amount be added to the principal of the permanent fund of the hospital, to the end that principal and principle may go together.

Liquor Dealers in Kansas who Try to Resist the prohibition law appear to run considerable risk. One of them has cause to regret his action. On March 21st a man opened a saloon in Canton, Kansas, in defiance of the law. The following Monday he got into a row with one of his drunken customers, and was shot by the constable. The women of the place raided his saloon on Tuesday and poured his liquors into the street, in the presence of an applauding crowd.

The Rev. E. Payson Hammond's Labors in Western New York have been blessed in a remarkable degree. The editor of a local paper says: "The largest congregations that have ever assembled in Hammondsport on any occasion have listened to Mr. Hammond's preaching, and many with tearful eyes. This is altogether the most extensive and vital religious movement this vicinity has experienced for a generation, and it seems not yet to have reached its height." Another editor says of the services in his town: "The work has been the one absorbing theme of conversation, not only in the village, but on the hills, in the valley, and in every direction. Delegations have been present on different occasions from Bath, Wayne, Pulteney, Prattsburg, Mitchellville, and, in fact, from every quarter for miles around."

The Recently Discovered Ancient Manuscript now translated and published under the title of "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," is generally accepted by the critics and scholars as a genuine document. It is attributed to the second century of the Christian era, a period about which comparatively little is known. The manuscript was found by Bryennios, Bishop of Serrae, in the library of the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre in Constantinople, the former inmates of which were employed as transcribers of sacred documents. The manuscript contained the epistles of Clement to the Corinthians. Its chief value consists in the light it sheds on the doctrine and teaching of the leaders of that early time in the Christian Church. The following extract shows their views as to the coming of the Lord: "These signs of the truth will appear: First, the sign that the heaven opens; then the sign of the trumpet blast, and third, the resurrection of the dead, *yet not of all,* but, as is said, 'The Lord will come, *and all the saints* with Him.'" It may be inferred from this that they held the belief that the impenitent dead would not rise at the same time as the dead in Christ.

The Era of Dynamite was Proclaimed at Two meetings held in New York on Sunday, March 23d. One of them was to celebrate the birth of the French Commune, the other the killing of Cavendish and Burke in Ireland. Herr Most, who was one of the speakers, said: "Their fight was not for themselves, but for all mankind. Labor has carried the fight to other countries. One day it is heard in St. Petersburg, in the report of an exploding bomb thrown at the Czar; the next, in the dismay created in an English town by dynamite; the next, in the knife-thrust at power in Dublin or in Vienna. If tyranny does not like the blood-red flag, then it will have a chance to try how it likes the black flag of death." Another speaker said that parliaments, kings, and emperors represented old ideas that the Commune did away with. The Commune made the first social revolution of the century, and its work would go on. *The struggle was not political, but altogether social.* No power could stop its onward progress. Still another speaker, quoting passages from the writings of Moses, attempted to prove that dynamite warfare is in harmony with the Bible, and *urged his hearers to read their Bibles* more carefully. It was strange advice to give at a dynamite meeting, but it was advice those present sadly needed. If they follow it there will be less need for precautions. Those who read their Bibles carefully will have no share in dynamite plots.

The Petitions Circulated by the Ohio Woman's Christian Temperance Union, on the defeat of the second amendment last fall, have received 117,946 signatures, of which 62,000 are those of ladies. The petitions, which were sent to all parts of the State, ask for a resubmission of the amendment in the fall of 1885, which is the earliest date the Constitution will allow.

The New York Sunday-School Association requests us to call attention to a meeting to be held on April 7th, at eight o'clock, in the De Witt Memorial Church, on Rivington Street near Cannon. Its object is to promote mission work and to interest in that sphere of labor Sunday-school superintendents, officers, and teachers. The list of speakers and the programme of the meeting issued, promise a most interesting and stimulating meeting, which we hope will be blessed of God in attracting new laborers to this important field.

The Worth of a Building in Georgia is placed on a sliding scale by its owner. A newspaper, published in that State, avers that it knows of a piece of property which is worth $6000, but says when the owner of it wishes to get it insured he values it at $8000; when his neighbor wishes to buy it he values it at $10,000; when he gives it in for taxes he values it at $4000. It is remarkable that men who pride themselves on their integrity regard such conduct as justifiable. Nevertheless, it bears a dangerous resemblance to the system of having divers weights and divers measures, both of which, we are assured, are an abomination to the Lord (Prov. 20 : 10).

An Engineer's Prophetic Dream is Described in the Durham (N. C.) *Reporter.* It says: "Engineer Cox, of the Western Road, had the following dream two nights before he was killed: Thursday night he was sleeping in a room at the hotel in Salisbury with several companions, and during the night they were awakened by hearing him shouting, 'For God's sake, help me!' His companions jumped up and asked him what was the matter. 'I dreamed,' he replied, 'that my engine turned over and caught me under it.' Saturday morning his dream was fulfilled." If the engineer had been as firm a believer in dreams as some people are, he would have been deterred from performing his duties. The many natural causes there are to account for peculiar dreams justify people in disregarding them. The same excuse cannot, however, be made for men who live in sin in spite of the divine warnings that its inevitable end is death eternal (Luke 16 : 31).

Retribution for Signing a Saloon Keeper's petition befell a woman who appeared recently as plaintiff in the courts. She sued a saloon keeper under the Civil Damage Act for injuries suffered by her husband when intoxicated. Defendant's lawyer in cross-examination compelled her to admit the curious fact that she herself had signed the petition by which the saloon man had obtained his license. Very naturally this was urged as a reason why she should not obtain damages, but the court took the opposite view, and held that the signing of the petition did not authorize the saloon keeper to sell or give intoxicants to her husband or any other person in violation of the statute. Nevertheless, though she did not lose her case, she occupied a very anomalous position, and she probably did not recover as much as she lost through her husband's injuries. She had an opportunity of learning the nature of the traffic which she assisted to extend in the community (Hab. 2 : 15).

BEFORE DAYBREAK WITH CHRIST.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed. And Simon and they that were with him followed after him. And when they had found him, they said unto him, All men seek for thee. And he said unto them, Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also: for therefore came I forth. And he preached in their synagogues throughout all Galilee, and cast out devils."—Mark. 1 : 35–39.

The Evening of a Wonderful Day—The Talk of the City—An Equally Wonderful Morning—The Walk before Dawn—Rest and Recuperation in Prayer—Connection between Prayer and Labor—I. Christ's Intense Esteem for Prayer—Religion for all Days—His Desire for Solitude—Praying Aloud—Perfection which is Damnable—Special Seasons Needful—Worrying Simons—II. Popularity Properly Weighed—Poor Stuff—A Lady's Unnecessary Prayers—III. Practical Duty Followed Out—IV. Preaching Put to the Front—Reading Sermons—The State of Prayerless People.

A WONDERFUL day was closed and crowned by a wonderful evening. Capernaum had been exalted to heaven that day, for deeds worthy of heaven had been wrought in her. Within the synagogue the power and authority of the new Teacher had been seen; but at the close of the Sabbath, when the people felt more free to lay their sick before Him, His divine majesty was glorified of all in the open streets of the little town. Galilee had never before seen such a day of preaching or such an eventide of healing. "At even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door. And He healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils." Surely this day was worthy to take a front rank among "the days of the Son of man."

A WONDERFUL EVENING!

Did not they think it so who had long grown to their beds, but suddenly found themselves walking, and leaping, and praising God? Those must have thought it so who beheld their pining relatives restored to health and vigor. Even devils must have felt it to be so, as they fled pell-mell into the deep. Assuredly the people of the city must have been greatly excited; on the house-tops, in the market, and in every lane and alley, the one theme of talk must have been the new Rabbi, His strange teaching, and His unrivalled miracles. After our Lord's sermon in the synagogue He held an inquiry-meeting in the street—He had no other assembly-room. There He led them to look to Him and obtain healing; and as this went on, crowds of persons were present confessing what the Lord had done for them. One might be content to die after being present at such a scene.

Do you not think that the wonderful evening was followed by

AN EQUALLY WONDERFUL MORNING?

That Sunday morning, as we now call the first day of the week, was it not equally notable? Remember the grand excitement of the day and its long eventide, and then observe the hallowed devotion of the coming dawn. The Preacher and Miracle-worker had been wrought up to a high pitch, and we should not have wondered had He needed lengthened rest; but instead thereof we read, "Rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."

Jesus has taken such necessary sleep as He desired, and He wakes. It is still dark, and all the inmates of the house are asleep. He very quietly and noiselessly steals out of the chamber, and finds His way into the street; and you see Him go along alone till He has quitted the narrow roadway, and reached the open fields. The gloaming of the morning has hardly come; the dawn is scarcely gray. It is "a great while before daylight," and the darkness hangs all around with its friendly veil. But He knows His way; He had been adown those streets healing the sick; and out in the open He is at

home, for He is acquainted with solitude, and the lines upon the face of sleeping nature are familiar to Him. He turns to the most solitary hill-side. Yonder is a hollow; He who enters that recess is quite out of sight. Jesus has passed into that hidden place, and there, in the darkness, He kneels; He cries; He supplicates; He speaks with God;

HE PRAYS.

Is this His rest after a toilsome day? Is this His preparation for coming labor? It is even so. That early morning of prayer explains the evening of power. As man He had not possessed that wonderful power over human minds if He had not perpetually communed with God. And now that His day's work is done, and the marvellous evening is over, all is not ended—a life-work still remains before Him, and therefore He must pray. He feels a needs-be that there should be more marvellous evenings—that there should be further displays of power, and therefore the Great Worker draws nigh again to the source of strength, that He may afresh gird up His loins for that which lies before Him.

Dear friends, there is always a connection, even if we do not see it, between that great crowd on Sunday, and the pleadings of the saints; a most intimate connection between the flocking converts of the ministry and those secret prayers which follow and precede it. There is such a connection that the two cannot be parted. God will not send great blessings in the way of open conversion if secret prayer be neglected. Let the preacher or the church forbear to pray, and God will forbear to bless. Ay, and after conversions, unless there be again special prayer presented by the Lord's servants, much that looked like blessing may turn out to have been but the semblance of it, and future blessing may be withheld. If I could impress my heart on every syllable, and baptize every word with my tears, I could not too earnestly entreat you to be above all things earnest in prayer.

I delight to think of our Lord as praying before He did a great thing; it was His custom so to do. Perhaps the early morning prayer of our text preceded the Sermon on the Mount. I am not quite sure about that fact, though certain of the writers of Harmonies are assured of it; but I am quite certain that this special supplication followed an evening of miracles; and it seems to teach us that when God is with us, we should have more anxiety than ever to keep Him with us.

Now, we shall look at four points of our Saviour's character as we see them in these few verses. Let us hear the melody of four of those golden bells which adorn the garments of our great High Priest. First, we are caused to observe—*Prayer by Him intensely esteemed;* secondly, *popularity weighed in the balances and lightly valued;* thirdly, *practical duty followed out*, for when they said, "All men seek for thee," He said to them, "Let us go into the next towns that I may preach there also; for therefore came I forth." The fourth point is well worthy of attention. Here it is, *preaching always to the forefront with Him.* Whatever He does not do, He does preach; and, though He works miracles such as casting out devils, He evidently regards all bodily cures as subsidiary to His main work. "Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also; for therefore came I forth." We shall put the four things altogether, and see how the prayer and the preaching hang upon one another, and how the despising of popularity is fitly conjoined with the intense purpose to carry out His life-work.

I. First, then, let us think a little about our Lord in

HIS PRIVATE INTERCOURSE

with the Father: prayer—how intensely it was esteemed by Him! He rose up that week-day morning early, and retired to a solitary place to pray, to teach us not to keep our religiousness for Sabbath days, or retain our prayerfulness for one day of the week. Many Jews in Christ's day said, "We have been to synagogue;" and when going to synagogue was over their religion was over too. At this day we are surrounded by persons whose godliness is circumscribed within the four walls of their synagogue, their church, their tabernacle, or whatever else they like to call it. Religion means to many the observance of certain ceremonials at stated times. They put on different clothes, and tread another floor, and then their religion begins. Do they put on different garments on the Sabbath because they are different men, or because they wish to be thought so? There is such a thing as a Sunday religion, and he that has it will be lost. The religion which only lives in our religious assemblies, how can it serve our turn? Shall we be in the meetings all the week? Shall we die in the place of worship? In all probability we shall die in our beds at home, and therefore we need a household godliness. Prayer on Sunday is well enough, but better far is the supplication which continually waits upon God. Our Master gives us a good example here. It was not upon the Sabbath morning that He woke so early; it was on the first day of the week, not yet rendered sacred by His resurrection, that our Lord quitted His couch, and wended His way through the shadows to find a place for fellowship with the Father.

You observe that in His prayer He desired very much to be alone; He was anxious that His prayer might not be seen of men. Woe unto that man whose devotion is observed by everybody, and who never offers a secret supplication. Secret prayer is

THE SECRET OF PRAYER,

the soul of prayer, the seal of prayer, the strength of prayer. If you do not pray alone, you do not pray at all. I care not whether you pray in the street, or in the church, or in the barrack-room, or in the cathedral; but your heart must speak with God in secret, or you have not prayed. "Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." The less prayer is observed on earth, the more it is observed in heaven. That which is carefully concealed from men is seen of the Father.

I suppose, too, that our Lord loved to be alone *that He might pray aloud.* It is not necessary to pray with the voice; it is sometimes highly undesirable that you should pray aloud; but yet, as a rule, you will find it greatly advantageous to yourself to use your voice as well as your mind in prayer. I speak what I have often proved. I am accustomed to pray without uttering a single sound; but I find a relief and a stimulus in occasionally "crying aloud." In a lone spot where I shall not be heard, I find it an intense delight to pour out my heart aloud, using words and exclamations whereby the spirit expresses itself with freedom and force. I think that the Saviour, who was intensely human, felt much rest in the unrestrained pouring out of His heart and soul before His Father. I commend to you who would attain to high communion with the Eternal that, as often as you can, you get so far afield as to be able to pray aloud, and use the unrestrained voice in prayer. It is not essential; but it is often helpful.

Certainly, our Lord Jesus Christ rose up early and went alone in the dark to pray, because *He loved to put prayer first of all.* He would go nowhere till He had prayed. He would attempt nothing till He had prayed. He would not cast out a devil, He would not preach a sermon, He would work no cure, however necessary, however profitable, until first of all He had drawn near to God. Take thou good heed unto thyself, my brother, that thou follow the same rule.

DAMNABLE PERFECTION.

One said to me the other day what I have sometimes read, but I was especially shocked to hear it; she said, "I am so conformed to the mind and will of God that I do not need to pray." I answered in sad surprise, "I pray God open your eyes to see the delusion under which you are laboring, for the holy Lord Jesus Christ abounded in prayer notwithstanding His absolute perfection." That kind of perfection which leads a man to think that he does not need to pray is damnable. I will use no calmer word. I believe that the doctrine of perfection, as it is frequently taught in these fanatical days, will be *the ruin of many a soul* that holds it. Could you cease to pray you would cease to live spiritually. It is the very breath of your nostrils if you be a child of God; as to your being so perfect as to need no more prayer and watchfulness, you lie unto your own soul, as surely as you live. Instead of believing in your perfection, I pray God deliver you from so terrible a delusion. If you were perfect you would still need to pray. Nay, you would pray more than ever, and your life, like that of Jesus, would be steeped and saturated in prayer. Our Lord, because He was perfect, longed perpetually to draw nigh unto God.

"Oh," says one, "I live in the spirit of prayer, and therefore I do not need times and seasons for prayer." And do you think that Christ did not live in the spirit of prayer? Yet He must needs have His

SPECIAL TIME AND PLACE

to pray. Do not fall under the injurious notion, that because your spirit cries to God in prayer all day long, therefore there must not be some season for more immediately coming into God's presence; if you do thus imagine, I am afraid that it will prove a snare to your feet. We had better preserve the very bones of prayer, the posture, time, and place, rather than let it all ooze away into an impalpable mental condition. God keep us prayerful. He will do so if He makes us like His dear Son.

"Oh," say you, "but my prayers are so often disturbed!" I know it. The devil is sure to send somebody to knock at the door when you want to be quiet in prayer. Your Lord can sympathize with you in that, for Simon and they that were with him followed after Him, and disturbed the solitude which He had sought with so much care. Simon was always to the front, and sometimes mischievously so; and here he is leading the way in disturbing his Master; do not wonder if Satan finds a Simon to worry *you.* But as your Lord knows what it is to be disturbed, He can help you to bear up under disturbances, He can cheer you when these interruptions distress you, and He can aid you to renew your pleadings when the chain of your prayer has been broken.

I regret that I can say no more on that point, because my time has fled.

II. Only just a word or two, in the second place, upon

POPULARITY PROPERLY WEIGHED

by the Saviour.

The disturbance that came to the Saviour's prayer arose out of the desire of His disciples to tell Him that everybody was after Him; and, according to Luke's account in his fourth chapter, the people of the town were close on the heels of the disciples, to pray Him not to go away, but to stop and be their Prophet, and heal their sick.

Our Lord's popularity was of the best kind: it had not been gained by any arts or tricks, nor by pandering to their pride, nor by yielding to their prejudices. He had preached nothing but the truth, and He had wrought no miracle among them for the mere sake of display, but only for their good. Yet He did not care for the best of popularity. He did not think it worth the having for its own sake, and therefore He shunned it to the utmost. His popularity could be used, and He did use it; for when the people came together He preached the Gospel to them; but applause had no charms for Him. He knew *what poor stuff it is*—of what gas it is made. He knew how uncertain it is—how like the wind it will veer round in no time. He knew that it might prove dangerous; and it did prove dangerous, for they sought by and by to make Him a king.

Even His disciples would, if they could, have turned Him from His spiritual purpose. Poor

hearts! They wished to see Him honored, but they did not know that honor from men would have brought no honor to Him. When they told our Lord, "All men seek for thee," He did not take notice of it; but proposed to go elsewhere and preach the Gospel. O dear friends, if ever you succeed in Christ's kingdom, bless God for your spiritual success, but do not think much of the approbation which follows upon it. I have seen men whom God has greatly blessed, who have been highly honored by their brethren, and yet they have been cast down, and have therefore been made to lie low in their own esteem. On the other hand, I have observed others whose usefulness in the Church has not appeared to anybody but themselves, and yet they have been so tall that they almost needed St. Paul's Cathedral to stand upright in; their self-esteem has been ten times taller than the esteem of their wiser brethren.

Let us prefer to be found among the useful and lowly rather than among the self-conceited and useless. God will not greatly bless us if we grow great. We may soon become too big to be used to win souls.

A LADY'S PRAYERS.

Though not in the Saviour's case, yet in ours, there is a close connection between our prayers and our being kept humble before the Lord. It is remarkable how kindly our neighbors watch over our vineyards in that respect. They are all in a fraternal flutter for fear we should grow vain; it is very good of them, but we do not wish them to rob themselves for our advantage. "Ah, sir," said a good lady to me one day, "I pray for you every day that you may be kept humble!" She was a wonderfully fine-looking woman, and splendidly dressed, and therefore I replied, "Thank you much; but you remind me of a failure in my duty. I have never prayed *for you* that you might be kept humble." "Dear sir," she cried, "there is no need for such prayers, for I am not tempted to be proud." How proud she was to have attained to such a delusion! When anybody says, "I am not tempted to be proud," shrewd common-sense suggests that it is time to make up, lest the enemy get a fatal advantage over the vain spirit. When there is much prayer, abundant prayer, and drawing near to God, then the greatest success can be borne without risk. Prayer ballasts the ship, and so when God fills the sails with a prosperous wind the vessel is not overborne.

III. Notice, thirdly, how our Lord put aside all the dangers of popularity by setting before us

PRACTICAL DUTY

followed out. They said, "All men seek for thee." I think that most of us would have replied, "Well, then, let us go down and talk to them." But Jesus cries, "Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also." Instead of desiring honor, He shuns it; yea, He leaves no space for it, for He occupies each hour with a new labor. *He will break up new soil:* old harvests only serve to fill the basket for new seed-sowings. He will go *to encounter other trials* as soon as the first are overcome. When He enters a place for the first time, there is opposition, and Jesus is eager to face it. For Him there remained no love of ease, no resting upon laurels already won. His nobly impatient spirit cries, "We have done something for Capernaum; let us seek fresh fields and pastures new."

He will also *enlist assistance*, and rouse others to share in the Holy War. How condescendingly the Master puts it! He says, "Let *us* go." "O divine Master, all men seek for *Thee*." And the answer is, "Let *us* go into the next towns." He lifted His poor disciples into the *us* with Himself. Because they are through the rest of life to be associated with Him in His holy work, He takes care that in the first flush of His success they shall be brought to the front in connection with Himself. They will feel how unworthy they are to be in such high fellowship; they will admire His condescension in putting them there; and they will be the more ready to go on with Him, taking their full part in evangelizing the other villages and towns.

Our Lord is thinking of the whole business; it is all before His mind's eye, what He is to do personally, and what He is to do through each one of them. His purblind disciples cry, "All men seek thee; stay in Capernaum;" but He thinks of the myriads who do *not* seek Him, but need Him more than those who do. Let His zeal for the unseeking multitudes inflame our hearts, and let us in enthusiastic chorus sing concerning the lost sheep:

"O come, let us go and find them!
In the paths of death they roam;
At the close of the day 'twill be sweet to say,
'I have brought some lost one home.'"

Jesus seemed to say, "Come you with me, and I will lead the way, for therefore am I sent, that all over Galilee and Judea I may wander after wandering souls, and give them health of body and salvation of spirit." You know what the general said when one of his officers rode up and cried, "Sir, we have taken a standard." "Take another," cried he. Another officer salutes him, and exclaims, "Sir, we have taken two guns." "Take two more," was the sole reply. This way lies the reward of holy service: you have done much, you shall do more. Have you won a soul? Win another. Did you bring fifty to Christ? Bring fifty more. If you have been faithful in little, you shall be intrusted with much. What is all we have accomplished compared with the necessities of this immeasurable city, compared with the needs of our nation, compared with the desolated condition of the world? Brethren, in the hour of success resolve on wider labor. Go forward. Press on. Go to other cities. Attempt other methods of service; for therefore came you forth from God.

IV. Now I must close—compelled to do so by the incessant ticking of the clock—when I have noticed how the Lord Jesus Christ in all things makes us see

PREACHING PUT TO THE FRONT;

for He says, "Let us go into the next towns, *that I may preach* there also; for therefore came I forth." It is refreshing to hear preaching spoken of without a sneer. "The Pulpit is a worn-out piece of furniture," so they say. Printers have quite annihilated preachers; the few of us who survive may as well go home to our beds. Well, I am not going to speak of any excellence in preachers, or stand up for my brethren as though we were the wisest of all men. Suppose I confess that we are a set of fools? This is nothing remarkable; we always have been so. But it remains still written in Scripture, "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Such is our folly that we are fools enough to go on preaching after our critics have decided that we belong to the dead past. Notwithstanding all that the wise men tell us about our day being over, we shall keep to our marching orders, "Go ye into all the world, and preach!" We are glad that the people should read, and much of what they read which is best worth reading was first heard from the pulpit. We know of no rivalry between the Word printed and the Word preached; it is often the self-same thing. But I reckon that the most of you who have been converted to God will say that it was not what you read, but what you heard which was used of the Holy Ghost for your conversion. When heart speaks to heart with accents of emotion, it is somehow different from the paper. Some brethren read their sermons, and I do not condemn them, but I know that the most of people feel a kind of chill creeping over them as they hear the leaves rustle. It may be a prejudice, but I know that nine out of ten are numbed by the foolscap and the reading; I confess I feel the influence myself; a read sermon usually freezes me to the marrow, or else makes me fidget upon my seat.

I leave that point, because I want to say this much more; it is the praying man that is the right preaching man, and if any of you long to do good to your fellow-men, you must begin on your knees. You cannot have power with man for God until first you have power with God for man. Solitary prayer was the equipment for the Prince of preachers when He came forth among the crowds; it is the best equipment for you also. In solitary vigil buckle on the armor of light.

THE PRAYERLESS.

As for you here present who never pray, *what will become of you?* As for you who, instead of preaching, do not care to hear preaching, what can become of you? If the Lord Jesus Christ went out to pray so early in the morning, do you know what He was praying for? Why, for the salvation of sinners like you, that you might be saved. His cries and tears were for those who neither plead nor weep for themselves. When Jesus stood up to preach, what had He on His mind but the salvation of sinners like you? Shall He think of you, and will you not think of Him? Oh, look to Him! See how He loves sinners! Now that He has been dead and buried, and has risen again, and gone into His glory, He still lives to save sinners! Look to Him! Trust Him! To-night, seek Him in solitary prayer, and He will meet with you. To-morrow morning rise up early, "a great while before day," if you have no other means of being alone, and cry to Him for mercy, and He will set heaven's gate open before you, and answer you even as His Father answered Him.

The Lord bless you, for Christ's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

EL MAHDI.

(*See portrait on next page.*)

THE extraordinary man whose portrait appears on page 220, is at the present time the most prominent personage in the world. By his personal prestige alone he has succeeded in precipitating a sanguinary war and disturbing the political status of the strongest ministry of the greatest power in Europe. As we recently gave a sketch of the Mahdi's life and career, we need do no more now than reproduce the barest outline.

He was born, according to some authorities, at Dongola, and according to others on an island called Aba, about 150 miles above Khartoum, on the White Nile. By some accounts he is said to have wrought at the trade of a carpenter, but subsequently became a dervish, and led a life of seclusion and poverty.

About fifteen months ago a new century began according to the Mohammedan Calendar. It was just at this time that the Soudan prophet emerged from his seclusion, and proclaimed himself as the expected Mahdi. Before this he had only pretended to be a holy man. Now, however, that he gave utterance to the most lofty pretensions, his followers increased largely, and he was universally

HAILED AS THE COMING MAN.

His military successes at Gadir, over Yussif Pasha, and the conquest of Obeid established his fame, while his victory over Hicks Pasha's army of 10,000 men last November seemed to justify the foremost of his assumed attributes—namely, that of a great and resistless conqueror. But whether the defeat of his trusty lieutenant, Osman Digna, on February 29th, will have the effect of presenting his pretensions in another light to his devotees and adherents, events only can determine. The Imam Mahdi is expected by Mohammedans to be a "guide," or "director," or "precursor" of the Day of Judgment. A Mahommedan prophecy predicted that great portents of heaven and earth would appear with

El Mahdi, the False Prophet of the Soudan.

Herbert Winslow's Death-bed.

him. His followers prove their devotion to his cause by fighting like tigers on his behalf.

Our portrait is taken from a picture sent by a correspondent at Cairo, who was allowed to copy it from a portrait in the possession of a resident of Kordofan.

MR. WINSLOW'S MALICE.

"You are a horrid mean thing; but I'll get even with you." The words floated from a nicely trimmed lawn where some children had been at play, but where two of them were now quarrelling, through an open French window. Near the window a stately old lady past three-score and ten sat fanning herself and looking dreamily out. Half an hour later rain was falling, and four children, driven in from their play, were clustered around the old lady's chair begging for a story from grandmamma.

"A fairy tale, grandma," said the youngest.

"If there really were good and wicked fairies, as some people believe," began the old lady, "you might have thought that a very wicked fairy, indeed, controlled a gentleman I knew well once. He was a very hard vindictive man. We lived near his grounds—your grandpapa and I—when we were first married. Grandma's hair was not white then as it is now, and your grandpapa, whom you never saw, was a tall, straight young man, with hair as black as jet. He had been very intimate with Mr. Winslow—the hard cruel man I spoke of—once. They had been almost like brothers, and it was at Mr. Winslow's desire that your grandpa built his house so near to him. Mr. Winslow could not do enough to show his regard and friendship. He had a road cut through his woods to the high road from our house, so that your grandpapa might save an hour in getting to the city, and he was always inviting us to go to his house. But after a time he grew very rich; a large estate was left to him and a great number of houses, and after that he seemed to grow more miserly and more grasping, and we heard of many cruel things he did to increase his rents. He had only one son, Herbert, whom he loved very dearly.

"One day a poor widow came to our house and begged so hard that my husband would go to the great house and plead with Mr. Winslow to give her a little time to pay her rent. It was past due, and Mr. Winslow was going to sell her furniture. She was a very good old woman, and your grandpapa promised he would go, and he put on his hat and walked up there right away.

"What happened at that interview I never knew; but when Reginald (that was your grandpapa, my dears) came back he was very pale and sad. He said we must do all we could for the poor widow, for Mr. Winslow was resolved to turn her out. So we made room for her in our house until a little frame house was put up for her on our land. We never went any more to the great house, and Mr. Winslow never came to see us. Once when we met him driving I was surprised to see that he looked at us so wrathfully and with such hatred as I never saw on any human face before or since. Your grandpapa told me then that Mr. Winslow could not forgive us for taking compassion on the widow, and that he had stormed and sworn at him, when he, as a Christian man, had warned him that in oppressing the widow he was sinning against God. Mr. Winslow took an oath that your grandpapa should repent 'insulting' him, as he called it.

"I noticed, too, that Reginald no longer drove through Mr. Winslow's woods, but always took the long way when he went to the city. One day when I was in that direction I saw why he did so. The road was fenced across now, and a deep ditch was cut in front of the fence. That was a dreadful thing, for if your grandpapa had attempted to drive that way in the dark, not knowing of the change, he might have been killed. But that was Mr. Winslow's way of '*getting even with him*,' as boys and girls say, and it seemed as if he would like something very dreadful to happen to his former friend.

"Things went on so for some weeks, and we saw nothing at all of Mr. Winslow, but we heard of him and that he had said some very malicious things about us. One night your grandpapa and I were walking home from a visit to a neighbor's, when a buggy passed us very fast. It was too dark to see who was in the buggy, but we hurried home thinking it might be some friend to see us. When we arrived we learned that Mr. Winslow's son Herbert had called. He was returning from college, where he had been nearly a year, and being intimate with my husband he called on him on his way home. Evidently his father had not written to him about the quarrel. In an instant we thought of *the fence and the ditch*.

"Your grandpapa ran as fast as he could go after the buggy, and told me to send one or two of the farm hands after him. He was too late to save the young man. In about an hour I heard them coming back, walking heavily. They were carrying the insensible form of Herbert Winslow, terribly bruised and crushed. We laid him on the bed, and sent one man for the doctor and another for Mr. Winslow. The doctor came and bound up the poor crushed form. One arm, the right, was broken, and there was a great gash on the head where the horse had kicked. Mr. Winslow was away from home, so we sent a man after him, but it was not until the next day that he came riding into the yard on horseback, the horse covered with foam, and Mr. Winslow looking pale and ghastly. Herbert's favorite servant was watching by him when the father entered his son's room, and after a time we went in too.

"I shall never forget that scene. Your grandpapa laid one hand on the afflicted man's shoulder, and extending the other, said, 'Winslow, my friend, my heart bleeds for you. May God comfort you in your sorrow.' Mr. Winslow still retained his son's hand in his, but he turned as Reginald spoke to him, and such a face of grief and woe I never saw. He could not speak then, but he turned again to his boy, and falling on his knees by the bed he moaned, 'God forgive me, the stone that I rolled has fallen upon me.' (Prov. 26 : 27.)

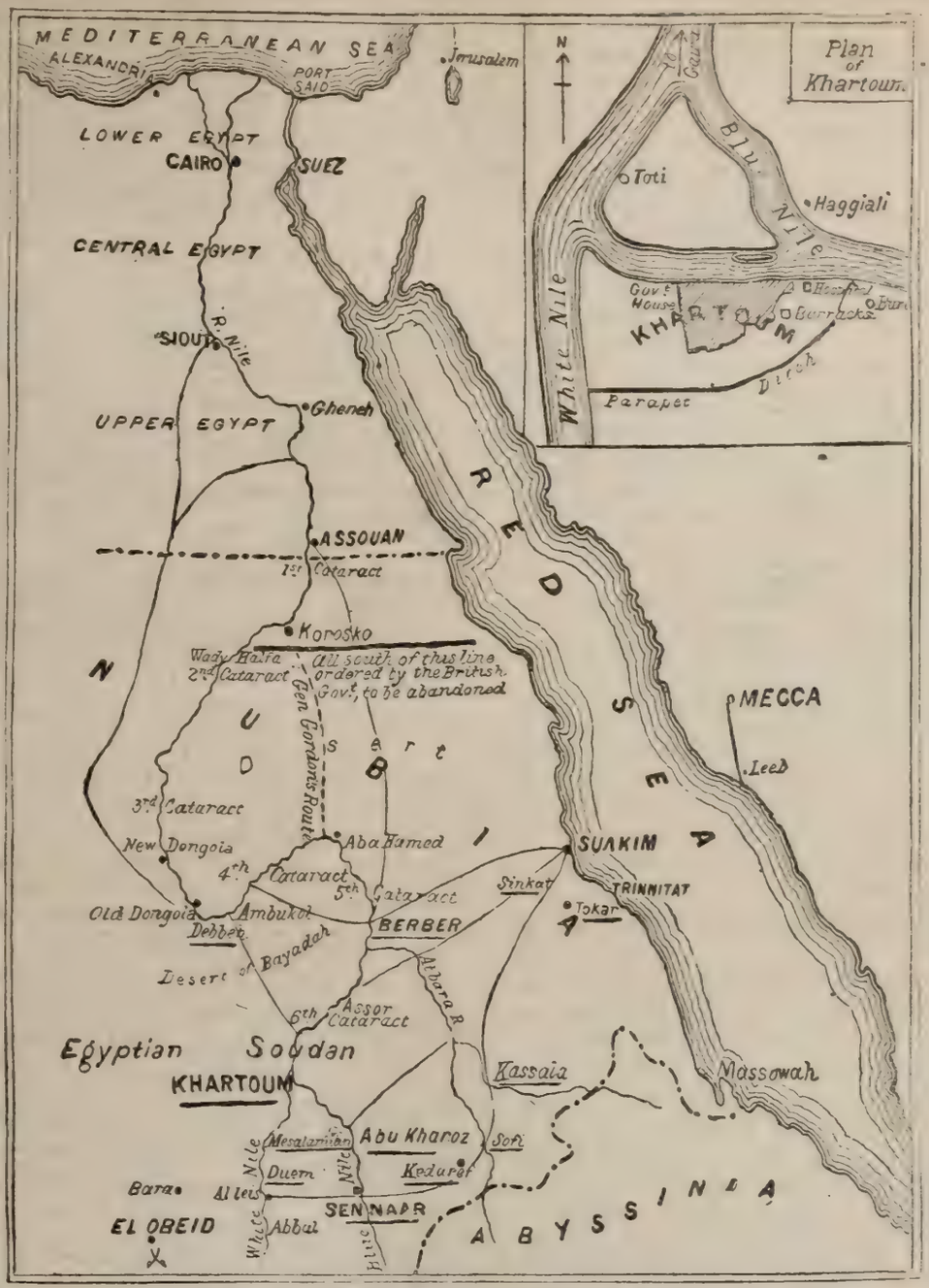
"That night Herbert Winslow died. His father was almost mad with remorse and grief. He called himself a murderer, and begged your grandpapa to pray for him. He never held up his head after that terrible night, but went about a heartbroken man. Now when I hear little lips say, 'I will get even with you,' I shudder at the memory of that man and that scene fifty years ago, and I wish every one knew of what came of trying to injure another."

MAP OF EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN.

The accompanying map will assist readers in understanding the operations and positions of the contending forces in Africa. Suakim, as will be noticed, is on the western shore of the Red Sea. A picture of that place appeared in The Christian Herald of March 13th. It forms the convenient base for the British movements, as it is accessible by water. How

very small a strip of land they have been able to occupy, will be seen by the position of Tokar on the south of Suakim. It will be remembered that Tokar was besieged by the Mahdi's troops, and it was in marching to its relief that Baker Pacha met with his severe repulse. He and the remnant of his army fled to Trinnitat, marked on the map a little below Suakim on the shore of the Red Sea. The Governor of Tokar, who was in sympathy with the Mahdi, surrendered the place to him, but the British recaptured it on March 1st.

Further to the west is Berber, the principal place on the route to the capital, and a city of some importance. General Graham's endeavor to open the road to Berber has now been abandoned. The march of the British troops in that direction on March 24th proved how perilous would be the effort to reach Berber. The weather was so intensely hot that one quarter of the force lay down unable to proceed, and a large number representing another fourth of the men dropped to the rear and straggled along without their guns. It was evident that if on that day Osman Digma had attacked them they would have been unable to fight, and another massacre like that which befell General Hicks would have occurred. On March 26th the heat moderated a little, and the force reached the wells of Tamanieb, where the men and horses slaked their thirst. A brush with the enemy occurred which the despatches magnify into a battle, but was probably only a conflict with the small force left by Osman Digma to guard the wells. Afterward the British burned two villages and returned to the vicinity of Suakim.



Map of the Soudan and Plan of its Capital, Khartoum.

On the south-west of Berber is Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan, and an enlarged plan at the top of the map shows its situation and defences. There General Gordon now is. He is so completely cut off from communication by telegraph or messenger that it is difficult to form anything like a reliable idea of his position. It is known that he is hemmed in by the Mahdi's troops and that he must, consequently, be in considerable peril; but that he is still alive and is apparently able to hold together some supporters proves that his moral influence is not wholly extinct. It cannot, however, be so powerful as he expected nor as the British Government hoped, as the Mahdi appears to still retain his hold on the allegiance of the people, and Osman Digma, his lieutenant, still has a considerable following.

The British Government is daily assailed by its political opponents for its determination to abandon that portion of the Soudan south of the line marked on the map. It may be hoped, however, that they will not yield. A task of such magnitude as that of subduing that vast tract of country and holding it by force might be left to Egypt, and if Egypt is too weak and too supine to do it, then she deserves to lose her territory. It is not for England to spend blood and treasure in conquering a country which would revolt as soon as the Europeans leave. The best that can be expected is that General Gordon may ascertain the wishes of the people as to the government, and make such rarangements as will be best in the interests of the people.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 207.*)

Summary of the Story.

JOHN MORLEY, a studious bookseller, a widower with one child, Hester, becomes attached to a lady much younger than himself, a teacher in a school. He asks her to become his wife, and she, being weary of her scholastic duties, consents. Being introduced to Hester as the child's second mother, Hester promises solemnly to love and honor her as long as she lives. Mr. Morley being a deacon in a church, his pastor, Mr. Watson, and his fellow-deacon, an aristocrat, Mr. Waldron, warn him against marrying an unconverted lady. After the marriage the young wife is disappointed in her lot. Her husband spends his days in reading, and does not give her the gay pleasures she expected. He too is disappointed and troubled at the thought that one so near him is in danger of perishing eternally. He prays for her and endeavors to enlist the efforts of others in her conversion. But she continues dull and dispirited, and does not respond to the injudicious methods Miss Waldron takes to lead her to religion. Finally a brother of Miss Waldron returns to his home, and he, having been acquainted with Rose before her marriage, renews the intimacy. Rose leaves home ostensibly on a visit to a relative. That night Hester on going to bed finds a letter from her step-mother on her pillow, which she takes to her father, who is talking with Mr. Waldron. John Morley, on reading the letter, falls down in a swoon, and Mr. Waldron reads it. From this point the story proceeds.

The Confession.

THIS was the letter Mr. Waldron read:

"I am the most wicked and shameful woman you ever knew. Oh, why was I born so wicked?

"How good you were to me the other day! You suffered me to kneel at your feet, and kiss your hand—only you did not know how wicked I was: and all the day long, while I sat looking at you, you never lifted up your head without a kind word and a smile for me; your head which is going gray, and which ought to be held in honor by everybody about you. Oh, why did you not choose a wife who could not have been so wicked as to bring dishonor upon you? You are so good and wise—only not wise in loving a shameful thing like me. It is all like a dream—a very horrible and dreadful dream—from which I can never awake, and find that it is only a wicked dream. If I could only be what I was when you married me! If I could only be what I was three months ago! If I could only have seen beforehand how I was being led on—how we were both being *led on by Satan*—oh, I should have turned back quickly, and found a shelter by your side. But it is too late now—forever!

"I have gathered up everything which could remind you of me, and if I could I would have destroyed that room, which was mine, and which must remain under your roof. I did ask God if He could not destroy it, as He destroyed Sodom and Gomorrha. But even God cannot separate good from evil—even He cannot punish me and spare you.

"I do not go away to be happy. I go away because to stay longer in your home is to be guilty of a greater wrong against you. Robert takes me away with no thought of being happier, but because he can do nothing else. Oh, I pity you; I am angry for you; I could smite myself to death, if that would do you good. But after death is the judgment, and I am afraid of the judgment.

"Oh, why did you marry me? Hester told me once how his father, Robert's father, came to you, and exhorted you *not to marry a godless woman*. Yet you did. There was nothing in common between us. You took me out of the old, merry, careless life, and brought me into a new one, one where I could scarcely breathe,

It was all gloom, and darkness, and silence to me, till Robert came. And then there was a light which dazzled me, and I saw nothing. And now there is complete darkness, that utter darkness into which the outcasts are driven. O God!"

"O God!" echoed Mr. Waldron, with a groan. There was no other word added to Rose Morley's letter, and no other cry was uttered by the lips of the man who read it. He laid it down, and tried to think; but his usually clear brain was in a maze, and his confused thoughts resolved themselves again into the same simple, deep, unfathomable cry, which left everything to be divined by the heavenly Helper; and once more his quivering lips breathed, "O my God!"

"What is the matter?" asked a voice beside him, and turning his gaze away from the letter in his hand, he saw Hester at his elbow, straining her eyes to read her stepmother's writing. Lawson was looking on with a wild, half-crazy expression, and he too came forward as Mr. Waldron remained silent and stupefied.

"What is the matter with my master?" he asked.

Before Mr. Waldron could frame any reply, John Morley gave the first token of returning life by heaving a profound sigh. Hester was upon her knees beside him again in a moment, pressing her small cold hands upon his burning forehead, and speaking to him in quiet tones. He lay still for a few moments, but after a while he pushed her on one side, and staggered to his feet. He confronted Mr. Waldron; and the two men looked speechlessly into one another's eyes, having no need of words. The crushed and torn letter lay upon the table in the full light of the lamp. Neither of them looked at it, though both saw it, and both, in their fevered brains, were repeating the words written in it. Mr. Waldron at last tried to speak, but twice his voice failed him; until by a great effort he cried, while still gazing into John Morley's face, "He is my only son."

"Leave me," exclaimed John Morley, awakening to the full shame and grief that had befallen him; "let me be alone! Why do you all stand staring upon me? Leave me to myself, I say."

"No, brother, no," answered Mr. Waldron, his voice broken by sobs; "God is our only refuge till this calamity be overpast. Let us pray together, brother."

He knelt down, and Hester knelt also. But Lawson remained standing near the table, where the letter lay open before him. John Morley himself had fallen back into his chair, in a maze of anguish and dishonor. He could not pray yet. In the whole universe there was no one but himself and the wife who had proved unfaithful to him. If there was a faint thought of God lingering somewhere in the dark cells of memory, it was only of a Being, who either saw all these crimes without having the power to prevent them, or who was so far removed in a serene blessedness that He could pay no attention to the sorrows of His creatures. He felt as yet no need of prayer. But while he was thus lost in a stupor of despair, a prayer, mingled with sobs and tears, was being offered up for him by Mr. Waldron, who now for the first time realized how very near a brother John Morley was to him. When he had brought his broken supplications to a close, he rose from his knees, and clasped John Morley's hand affectionately and humbly. But "he spoke no word unto him, for he saw that his grief was very great."

A few minutes afterward John Morley was left alone; and Hester was crying herself bitterly to sleep upon the pillow where Rose Morley's letter had lain hidden all day.

In the dead of the night the child's slumbers were suddenly broken by a light falling upon her closed eyelids. She awoke, and opened her eyes upon her father's face bending over her. He had placed his candle upon the chair at the side of the bed, and the light shone full upon him. His eyes were bloodshot and strained, and his face wore a scared and haggard expression, as if he was gazing spell-bound upon some horrible vision. He was grasping in his hand, which was already cut and blood-stained, a *sharpened razor*, the hard, bright steel of which was gleaming brightly. Never had Hester seen him thus visit her in her sleep before. She sat upon her pillow, and looked earnestly into her father's face, until he seemed troubled, and turned away uneasily from her childish scrutiny.

But he spoke after a little while, in hoarse and tremulous tones:

"Child," he said, "it is sometimes better to die than to live."

"Are you very angry, father?" asked Hester.

He did not answer her, but stood looking down upon her with his bloodshot eyes.

"I don't know what is the matter," she said, lifting up her hand and laying it on his neck, while he bent lower to receive the rare caress; "I don't understand what has happened; I am only a little girl, but I am your own daughter; tell me what is the matter, father."

"She is gone away," he answered, trembling and shivering; "Rose has left me!"

"I know she is gone away," said Hester, drawing down his face to her lips, and kissing it; "but she only went away this morning, and she is coming home again soon."

"No, never!" he cried, falling down on his knees, as if his failing limbs could no longer support him. "I shall never see her again; she will never sleep again under my roof."

As he spoke of it, the extremest tension of his anguish gave way a little. He continued kneeling at Hester's side, repeating dully in a half whisper that Rose would never sleep again under his roof. The moment of temptation, in which it had seemed better to die than to live, was past; and with a man like John Morley could not return. He turned himself, with blind and dumb disgust, toward the life that stretched before him, which he must traverse, bowed beneath his burden of shame. He dreaded to open his eyes or utter a word, lest a full torrent of misery should break over him to overwhelm him at once. The image of Rose was before him, with all the fatal charms that had beguiled him into his second marriage; but behind it there rose a sweet, pensive, saintlike face, which had been fading from his memory, but now came back as if to reproach him. He felt that he ought to hate his second wife the more bitterly, because she had usurped and betrayed the place of Hester's mother.

"Hester," he said, "we must forget that this woman has ever lived with us."

As if he could forget! He laughed harshly after speaking the idle words. Would not the remembrance of her, and the shame which was the only dower she had brought him, be the food of his thoughts night and day? Would he not eat, and sleep, and read, with the remembrance of her infamy always before him? It was a horrible unheard-of thing to happen to him. He had known that such sins were, but only as a thinker and philosopher. He had contemplated them afar off, as one of the many social problems which were altogether apart from himself, and which could never enter the sphere where he dwelt. It was a loathsome leprosy, to be looked at from a distance; but it had never entered his heart to conceive of the tainted hand touching his, or the foul lips breathing the atmosphere of his own home. He felt himself caught in the infected meshes. He abhorred himself and his dwelling; that dwelling from which Hester's mother had passed peacefully away into her hallowed rest. This woman had dragged him down with her own fall; for he had made her "bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh."

He put away, but gently and reverently, Hester's arm, which still lay upon his neck, and he turned aside his face from her kisses. He identified himself so fully with the woman who had dishonored him, that it seemed to him sacrilege to suffer the innocent young lips of his little daughter to be pressed to his. The paroxysm of passion in which he had sought her room, resolved that neither of them should outlive the first night of his shame, was past forever; but none the less was his heart crushed down and hardened.

A barrier seemed raised between him and his child. He had done her an irreparable wrong in putting into her mother's place a stranger, who had brought an ineffaceable stigma upon them both. For, in the time to come, he could foresee it clearly, the world would not be too careful to remember that it was not her own mother who had fallen into the slough. The sting of that thought pierced him yet more poignantly than any other. Hester's mother would be dragged down from her fair and holy place in the heavens, and be confounded with this lost, false creature, who had sunk so low into the abyss that even he, forced to gaze down into it, could not fathom all the degradation and vileness of it. Hester was looking at him with the clear, pure, sweet eyes of her mother, and he could not endure to meet them. He took up the light abruptly, and left her to weep and sob in the darkness.

For a whole week the house of John Morley was closed as if it had been the house of the dead. People who went by, and saw the shutters all up, and the light excluded, made haste to repeat to one another every detail which the town's gossip could supply. The servant of the desolated household had a few choice particulars to add to the common stock. John Morley had shut himself up in his office, and refused to see any one, even Hester herself. But, at night, when he supposed everybody else to be wrapped in sleep, he roamed to and fro restlessly in the house. It may be he sought then to discover if any trace was remaining of the residence of Rose in his home; but, if so, he found none. The only memorial of her presence there was the closed door of the room, the key of which she had carried off with her, and which he could only enter by a force and violence from which he recoiled.

But that course of life could not continue. John Morley had to return to his daily duties as all have to do, no matter how bitter the sorrow that interrupted them.

When John Morley returned to his ordinary life, there were some marked changes in him. Not only his face bore the scars of a mortal conflict, but his daily conduct still more plainly testified to the hard gripe of shame upon him. He withdrew peremptorily from every office in the church which brought him into prominence; and would occupy no position in it, except that of the humblest member. He declined to give his counsel, as in former times, to the numerous clients who had found it less costly and less formidable to turn into John Morley's shop than to seek the doctor or the lawyer. He ceased to care for his business, was apathetic and forgetful. The gravity which had characterized him was become an unbroken and joyless gloom, which took sorrow to its heart, and prostrated itself before despair.

On his part, Mr. Waldron also had suffered a severe shock; but the sin of a son is not equal to the dishonor of a wife. Religious as he undoubtedly was, a righteous man who strove to judge righteously, the world's estimate of his son's conduct could not fail to influence him, and to appease in some measure his anger and sorrow. The world easily forgives the male sinner in such affairs; for the woman it has neither pity nor forgiveness—nothing but scorn. Robert might at any time repent, shake off his sin, and come back to social life, to be welcomed there without reference to his "youthful indiscretion." He might enter upon a public career as useful and more brilliant than his father's, and not a voice would be lifted against him. Mr. Waldron mourned over his son, but there was no bottomless depth of anguish in his soul. He could gaze down into the gulf into which he had fallen, and see there a path, toilsome it might be, by which he could climb up again into reputation and honor.

Miss Waldron, who, like others of her class, thought that every good and evil thing that happened in her immediate circle had been sent for her benefit, looked upon her brother's sin as *a cross expressly constructed for herself*, and weighing more heavily upon her than upon any one else. She grew a hundredfold more severe in her Bible classes and mothers' meetings; and expatiated with extreme unction upon the judgments of heaven. A great work began in her classes; and she said that her brother's fall had been the conversion of many souls.

Miss Waldron took a profound interest in John Morley and Hester. She felt it almost as a personal insult that the dishonored husband would not suffer her to probe his deep wound. It was a symptom over which she shook her head ominously. But Hester was easily reached. She even carried her down to Aston Court one day, when she met her going out for a walk, that she might have a long uninterrupted opportunity with her, and make such an impression upon her tender mind as time would not be able to efface. She set Hester on a high, straight-backed chair, opposite to the portrait of Luther, and addressed her in deep and awful tones:

"You have lost your step-mother," she began.

"Oh," interrupted the child eagerly, "tell me what has become of her, and what she has done. Nobody will speak about her to me, and they say I must never, never mention her name again."

"She has done," said Miss Waldron, in a tone of concentrated bitterness, "the greatest, vilest, foulest sin a woman can commit. She will never come back, and if she did, none of us ought to look at her or speak to her. In olden times she would have been stoned to death; yes, stoned to death; and you and your father would have been the first to cast a stone at her."

"No, no," cried Hester, bursting into tears; "I know now what you mean. She is like that poor woman who was very wicked, and they brought her to Jesus; and He said, 'Let him that is without sin among you first cast a stone at her.' And not one of them could cast a stone at her. It would be the same now if she was here and Jesus Christ. There would be nobody that would dare cast a stone at her; not even you, Miss Waldron. And now, if you please, I should like to go home."

Hester did not linger for permission, but walked straight out through the glass doors, and along the terrace, and up the park, her heart swelling with childish grief and indignation.

(To be continued.)

PAUL AT EPHESUS.

S. S. Lesson for April 13, Acts 19: 8-22. Golden Text, verse 18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Paul's Inspired Preaching—His Blameless Life—Failure in the Synagogues—Removal to the Porch—Preaching Accompanied by Healing—Spirituality Hindered by Suffering—Counterfeit Healers—Sent by Satan—Seekers for Notoriety—Their Discomforture—Loss to Satan—The Purging of the Church—Led by the Spirit.

For three months Paul's testimony concerning Christ was tolerated in the synagogue at Ephesus. He was, as usual, working for his living. Speaking afterward to the Ephesian elders gathered at Miletus, he says: "I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me" (Acts 20: 33, 34). He lived "holily and justly and unblameably" before them (I Thess. 2: 10), and thus his life was a witness to his doctrine. Boldly and continually he continued "disputing and persuading the things concerning the kingdom of God." And such preaching proceeded really not from Paul at all, but from the Spirit of God. It was not a dry logical statement of facts, he had a burning, intense desire for the salvation of souls; his warning of every man "night and day with tears," could not fail to accomplish its purpose. God spoke through His servant. The Spirit of God is a discerning and a dividing Spirit; those in the synagogue who believed could not but be separate from those who believed not. Light and darkness are not to be mistaken; death and life, whether physical or spiritual, are the exact opposite the one to the other. The unbelieving, who remained in darkness and in death, "were hardened," and "spake evil of that way before the multitude." What was to be done? Up to the time when he was in Corinth Paul had allowed himself to be turned out of the synagogue in many places and persecuted, but there for the first time he said distinctly, "From henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles;" and there he continued preaching not in the synagogue, but in the house of Justus. Here in Ephesus he departed from the synagogue, and

"SEPARATED THE DISCIPLES,

disputing daily in the school of one Tyrannus." Paul had longed to establish Christianity in the synagogues where the Word of God was already known, and where many were already devout worshippers under the law; but God had shown him that he must not sacrifice the truth of God to any form of worship, however pure and even divine its origin may have been. Probably the school of Tyrannus was a lecture-hall of some size, and well known in Ephesus. The influence going out from these daily preachings of Paul must have been very great during the two years they continued, for "*all* they which dwelt in Asia heard the Word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks."

Paul's preaching was always accompanied with healing, according to the commands of Jesus to His apostles and evangelists when He sent them to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick (Luke 9: 1, 2; also Matt. 10: 1, 7, 8; Mark 3: 14, 15; 6: 7-13; Luke 10: 9; Mark 16: 15-18). He says to the Corinthians, "Truly the signs of an apostle were wrought among you in all patience, in signs, and wonders, and mighty deeds" (II Cor. 12: 12). Again to the Romans he writes: "For I will not dare to speak of any things save those which Christ wrought through me, for the obedience of the Gentiles, by word and deed, in the power of signs and wonders, in the power of the Holy Ghost; so that from Jerusalem, and round about even unto Illyricum, I have fully preached the Gospel of Christ (Rom. 15: 18, 19, Rev. Ver.). Thus Paul was a minister of the compassions of God to soul and body. We have seen this at Iconium, where signs and wonders were done by the hands of Paul and Barnabas (Acts 14: 3); again at Lystra (14: 8-10); at Philippi (16: 16-18); and later on in the island of Melita. And it is evident that Paul looked upon this part of his mission as being equally important, whether among the cultured Corinthians or the barbarous people of Melita. At Ephesus

"GOD WROUGHT

special miracles by the hands of Paul: so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them." How many poor sufferers there are incapable almost of taking in a spiritual thought, from the fearful pressure of the pains which absorbs every bit of consciousness. God has compassion, and Jesus has borne these sicknesses that His Word may be fulfilled in healing all who will come to Him (Matt. 8: 16, 17). There are many whose nerves are so taken possession of by the enemy, that every moment of life seems to be a tension too great to bear; everything seems wrong; it appears to them as though God did not keep His promises, as though they trusted Him in vain. Many earnest Christians who have never thus suffered cannot understand the almost utter despair of such a state. It is easy for such as have not thus suffered to preach patience, and say it is the will of God. But our Father has compassion, and sends us a blessed Gospel to reach all our being—spirit, soul, and body (1 Thess. 5: 23). Some will say, "But is not this the gift of healing which Paul was exercising at Ephesus?" Perhaps it was; any way, God, not Paul, wrought the miracles.

There are counterfeit healers as well as counterfeit preachers; there is no power of the Holy Ghost which Satan will not attempt to imitate. When God sent Moses to stand before Pharaoh, he had magicians ready to work the same wonders which Moses did, until the plague was upon the magicians themselves, and they could no longer stand before him (Ex. 9: 11). So that in these days in which we are hearing from Africa, America, Australia, China, India, Japan, Bulgaria, Sweden, Norway, France, Germany, Switzerland, and other countries of the Lord's healing, it is no wonder if Satan sets up some counterfeits. But Satan often defeats himself; and this was the case at Ephesus. "Then certain of the vagabond [or strolling] Jews, exorcists, took upon them to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth." Among these were seven men whose parentage ought to have guaranteed something better, for they were sons of one of the chief priests among the Jews. There are some people whose passion in life is to obtain notoriety; and they are not very particular as to what means they use to attain this end. If they see others conspicuous as preachers, as Christian workers, etc., they will, almost unconsciously to themselves, even make use of Christian work to attain their own ends, and to bring themselves into notice. This was the case with these base men, the sons of Sceva. The priesthood was sinking into obscurity; as simple Jewish priests they would be nobodies. Why not take a hint from this Paul? He did not profess to have any personal power, it was the name of Jesus which did the work. Why should not they make use of the charm of this name, and gain as much notoriety as he? They made the attempt; but they had not taken God into their reckoning, nor did they consider how awful was their sin if Jesus *was* the Christ in attempting to make use of His name

WITHOUT BEING SUBJECT TO HIM.

They dared to use the name of Jesus, but the evil spirit in the man, instead of being subject to them "answered and said, Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye? And the man in whom the evil spirit was leaped on them, and overcame them, and prevailed against them, so that they fled out of that house naked and wounded." Satan cannot cast out Satan. It was a blow to the priesthood, but a glorious triumph for the cause of Christ. We need never fear counterfeits; God will never suffer them to go farther than is needed for the trial of our faith. But God took care that this defeat of the sons of Sceva should be "known to all the Jews and Greeks also dwelling at Ephesus; and fear fell on them all, and the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified."

The kingdom of Satan had sustained a heavy loss; deceivers felt that they could no longer be hidden. True believers were brought to full consecration, "many that believed came, and confessed, and showed their deeds." It is a blessed thing when a movement of this kind takes place in a church; when the members feel they cannot longer tolerate unreality and concealment; when all comes to the surface. "Many of them also which used curious arts (witchcraft, spiritualism, etc.) brought their books together, and burned them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver. So mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed." This was an open testimony to their complete turning from the past and complete surrender to the Lord Jesus; this was proof of how much they valued Him. But this great success was no reason why Paul should remain at Ephesus; God was really doing the work, Paul was only a willing instrument. Thus he purposed in the Spirit to go through Macedonia and Achaia and then to go to Jerusalem, and later on to Rome. So he sent on as pioneers of his visit to Macedonia his beloved Timothy and Erastus, and himself remained for a short time in Asia.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

An Interesting and Imposing Ceremony Took place in London on March 25th, when the American flag was run up on the Alert, the ship which the British Government has presented to this country. Mr. James Russell Lowell, the United States Minister, hoisted the American colors at the Alert's peak. Fifty guests lunched on board, among whom were the Earl of Northbrook, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lord Alcester (Admiral Seymour), one of the Junior Lords of the Admiralty. Conspicuous among the company were many famous for Arctic explorations, as Vice-Admiral Sir Francis McClintock, who accompanied the Sir John Franklin search expedition of 1848 and 1850 and commanded that of 1857; Sir Allen Young, who served under McClintock in the Fox and has made two expeditions since in the Pandora; Sir George Nares, who commanded the Alert on her previous visit to the Arctic regions ten years ago, and Commander Parr, who accompanied the same expedition, and Mr. Leigh Smith, who in the last twelve years has made twelve voyages to the frozen North. Lieutenant Commander Chadwick, the naval attaché of the American Legation, was present; also Lieutenant Commander Goodrich, who will take the Alert to America. Mr. Lowell proposed the toast to the Queen, to which the Earl of Northbrook responded. He said the Queen took deep interest in the expedition in which the Alert was to share, and had felt great pleasure in sanctioning the offer of the Alert to the American Government. A toast was then proposed to the success of the expedition, with which was coupled the health of Lieutenant Goodrich.

The Insults Minister Sargent has Received from the press of Berlin, and the marked coldness displayed toward him by Bismarck and the German Court have rendered his position in that capital uncomfortable. It was evident to the Washington government that the dislike conceived against him personally, by Bismarck and his creatures, interfered with Mr. Sargent's usefulness in the capacity of minister. The President, therefore, fully approving Mr. Sargent's conduct, nominated him successor to the late Mr. Hunt at the Russian Court, and the Senate honored him by confirming the appointment without reference. Mr. Sargent, however, declines the appointment, preferring to resign the Berlin ministry and return home. It is expected that the President will indicate his feeling toward the German Court by refraining for the present from appointing a successor to Mr. Sargent.

Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, the Youngest son of Queen Victoria, died suddenly on March 28th. He was staying at Cannes, in France, for the benefit of his health. A physician who slept in the same room with him heard him breathing stertorously in the night and went to his side. He found the prince was in a fit, and at once summoned assistance. Every effort was made to save his life, but he died in six minutes after his condition was discovered. It is supposed that his death was caused by apoplexy. The deceased prince was in his thirty-first year. He has been subject to epileptic attacks from boyhood. His delicate health preserved him from the temptations to fast life which beset his brothers, and he is generally believed to have been a quiet, studious young man. He was married on April 27th, 1882, and leaves one child. He received an income from the National Treasury of $125,000 a year, beside his salary as a colonel in the army. Mr. Frelinghuysen on Saturday telegraphed to Mr. Lowell at London, desiring him to express the President's sympathy with Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, in the bereavement she has suffered.

Another Victory over Osman Digma was achieved by General Graham on March 27th. The battle was fought near Tamanieb and appears to have been little more than a skirmish. The British troops returned to Suakim after the battle, and the attempt to open the road to Berber was abandoned. It is now stated that owing to the heat the campaign is closed. The accounts of the sufferings undergone by the troops during the march from Suakim to the scene of the battle show that unless England employed Indian troops any further attempt to suppress the Mahdi would involve disaster. Efforts are being made to enlist the assistance of native tribes, and the government of Abyssinia in the work of tranquillizing the Soudan.

Nothing had been Heard from General Gordon at the close of last week. His latest despatch was a request for troops. It was known that he was then shut up in Khartoum, and his application for troops implied that he was in imminent peril. The gravest apprehensions are felt for his safety. On Monday a report was current that General Gordon had made a sortie from Khartoum and had been repulsed. After that he surrendered the city and he and his secretary were thrown into prison. The rumor, though not confirmed, is probably true.

Mr. Gladstone's Determination to Give Irethe same privileges as England and Scotland in the new Franchise Bill is strenuously opposed by the Conservatives, who argue that it will give Mr. Parnell too much power in Parliament. They assert that by lowering the franchise Mr. Parnell's followers will be able to elect his nominees in many places which are now represented by loyal men. Strangely enough Mr. Parnell also opposes the bill. He stated publicly his hope that the House of Lords would reject the bill. The result of this, he said, will be a dissolution of Parliament and an appeal to the country. He declared that the government is dependent, in committee of the whole, upon the Irish vote for a majority. Mr. Parnell expects, under the present franchise, that his party will be able to carry seventy-five seats in Parliament at the next general election. Candidates, he says, will be required to give a pledge that they will sit, act and vote with the Irish party or resign. It is necessary, he believes, to make provision for eligible candidates who are poor. In his opinion $200,000 would be a sufficient fund to cover election expenses and to secure the constant and efficient attendance of the Irish members in Parliament.

The Policy of France in Madagascar was Explained to the French Chambers on March 27th by Premier Ferry. He said: "It is hoped that the negotiations which have been resumed will result in a treaty which shall guarantee the protection of the inhabitants of the northwestern district of Madagascar and of resident Frenchmen, as the acquisition of land by foreigners, except Frenchmen, is inadmissible. To raise the question of sovereignty would involve war to the death with the Hovas, and would necessitate a policy of conquest. It is incumbent upon us to be modest and wise in order to obtain practical results. If, however, the pending negotiations fail we shall spare no effort to reduce the Hovas to submission."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Commenced their meetings on March 25th in a new district of London—that of Hammersmith. Their opening services there were densely crowded. Many persons, responding to an appeal, rose and prayed. The movement is spreading all through London. A monster meeting of converts was held in St. Pancras Hall on the same day, at which Mr. Moody, the Rev. Charles Spurgeon, of Greenwich, and Major Whittle delivered practical exhortations. The hall at St. Pancras was erected immediately opposite a market where the vendors of clothes, boots, provisions, etc., meet to barter on the Sabbath. The site was lent by Mr. J. J. Noble, manager of the Midland Railway Company, who personally assisted in the mission. For several weeks the clergy and ministers in the locality held prayer-meetings, and engaged daily in the distribution of tickets, over which great care was taken. In order that the poorer classes should attend the meetings the gatekeepers were extremely vigilant in preventing those without tickets gaining admission to the hall. A correspondent sent to the London papers an interesting observation. He said: "One of the lessons of an address by Mr. Moody, 'Who is chiefest among you, let him be servant,' seemed to be very practically illustrated, when as we entered the hall three quarters of an hour before the time of service we found two well-known and wealthy merchant princes quietly sweeping the front of the platform. Noticing that sweeping was required, they fetched a broom and dust-pan and did it themselves. So that Christ be glorified and souls be won, such ready servants are willing to do anything, and count nothing too lowly if it be but contributory to the efficiency of the work."

Mr. Spurgeon's Jubilee Year, which is to be celebrated on June 19th, the fiftieth anniversary of his birth, is exciting great interest among his friends at the Tabernacle and elsewhere, but no one seems as yet quite to know what form the celebration will take. As in the instance of the silver wedding, Mr. Spurgeon will refuse to accept anything on his own account, but he is naturally desirous that the sum collected should be as large as possible. The funds will probably be used for several useful enterprises, such as the erection of the new offices in the rear of the chapel, additional endowment for the alms houses, and another meeting-hall at the Stockwell Orphanage.

The Jerusalem Jew, Solomon Shapira, hacommitted suicide. He is the man who recently tried to induce the British Government to purchase a manuscript of portions of the Pentateuch for five million dollars. Shapira shot himself in the head with a revolver at a hotel in Rotterdam. He had not left his room for several days, and on forcing the door the police found his bloody corpse lying upon the bed. Letters were found proving that he was suffering from mental aberration. It was recently disclosed that Shapira had offered the forged manuscript to the German Government before taking it to England.

Vol. VI. of The Christian Herald and Sign of our Times, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1883, with complete index. Price $ including postage: ten per cent less to ministe and the trade.

Copies of "Thy Healer" Have now Bee received at The Christian Herald Offic from the London publisher, and will be sen price five cents each, to any address on applic tion to the manager. It is a magazine issued London on the first and fifteenth of each mont giving interesting particulars of faith healing Bethshan and other similar institutions in E rope, and contains articles on the subject. *It edited by Mrs. M. Baxter*, the author of th notes on the Sunday-school lessons which a pear every week in this journal. Numbers 1 6 have been received. Annual subscription $

An Excellent Series of Religious Works h been issued by Mr. J. A. Whipple, of 9 Ham ton Place, Boston, Mass., who will furnish complete catalogue free on application. Amo them is a work by James W. Kimball entitle "How to See Jesus with Fulness of Joy a Peace," a valuable little work that has be greatly blessed in enabling many to see Jes with fulness of joy and peace. Also by t same author: "Encouragements to Faith "Heaven, my Father's House," "Frien Words with Fellow-Pilgrims," and "The Chr tian Ministry," which has just been publishe and is meeting with a wonderful reception. Denham Smith are: "Life and Walk," "Life Christ," "Walk and Warfare," "Life Truths "The Four Gospels," by Bellett; lectures Hebrews, Epistles of St. John, Revelation, a "Typical Foreshadowings in Genesis," Lincoln; "Grace and Truth," by Mackay, which Mr. Moody has circulated tens of th sands; by C. H. McIntosh, "Notes on t First Five Books of Moses." Mr. Moody s of these books that he would sooner part w his entire library, except his Bible, than w them.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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MR. A. O. CHARLES,

Founder of Little Boys' Homes.

Born in 1830—His School Life—Begins Business—Accepts a Clerkship with the Church Missionary Society—Sunday-School Work—Desire to Become a Foreign Missionary—The Call to Mission Work at Home—A Notable Discussion—A New Appointment—The Young Men's Society—The Reformatory and Refuge Union—Visits America in 1862—Formation of the Discharged Prisoners' Relief Committee—Home for Little Boys; Its Rise and Growth.

How much work for Christ has been performed by men who are not clergymen, will never be known until the day when God makes up His jewels. That it has been far greater than is generally believed, is certain. Not only has the Gospel been preached with the blessing of God, by men who have in business and in the professions toiled for their daily bread, giving their labors in the cause of Christ freely, but much of the philanthropic work of the world has been done by them. That work is eminently Christian in motive and impulse. Thousands upon thousands who are now active and useful Christians, would never have become such, if they had remained in the circumstances and with the surroundings of their early years. By removing children from the slums and giving them opportunities to learn, and by surrounding them with Chirstian influences, they have been brought through the work of the Holy Spirit to know the truth which makes them free. On the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week is the portrait of a man whose labors in that sphere have brought his name into prominence. It is noteworthy, incidentally, that he derived much assistance and obtained many suggestions which led to the initiation of his most successful enterprises from his visit to this country in 1862.

Mr. A. O. Charles, the friend of little boys, was born in London, England, on June 12th, 1830, so that he is now nearly fifty-four years of age. His father was a member of the Corporation of the city of London, who when quite a lad went up from his birthplace in Somersetshire "to try his fortune;" and having picked up a knowledge of the trade of a woollen-draper, he established the first business ever opened in London where gentlemen's clothing could be procured ready-made.

Mr. Charles's father appears to have been an upright, persevering, God-fearing man, and it was his ambition from his son's birth that, if his life were spared, he might become a Christian and be serviceable to his fellow-men; and this devout desire has, through the divine blessing, been abundantly realized.

A REMINISCENCE OF SCHOOL-BOY FRENCH.

The lad being destined for commercial life, his father thought it desirable that he should learn French as well as the Latin usually taught at middle-class schools. Mr. Charles himself mentions the following reminiscence of the period. "My father had been content with English himself, for strange languages were not thought of for ordinary school-boys in his days. But he was anxious that his boys should learn French, so I was duly taught. How many lessons I had I do not remember; but their utter failure is well impressed on my memory.

"A Frenchman came to my father on business one day, who began by saying, '*Parlez-vous Francais?*' As my father could not respond, I was sent for. In reply to the same inquiry I was bold enough, foolish enough, to say, '*Oui, monsieur.*' When, lo! the Frenchman poured forth what seemed to be a whole volume in a few seconds, and I stood aghast. I did not understand one single word. I was dumb, and could do nothing but beat a hasty retreat, blaming myself for my folly, and resolved never again to say to the most tempting inquiry of a foreigner, '*Oui, monsieur.*'"

Leaving school he entered his father's shop until something turned up. He began at the beginning, by sweeping out the shop, dusting the counters, brushing the goods, and so forth. And this was his

FIRST LESSON IN BUSINESS.

But it was not to be his line; and after a few months he received an offer, through the much-esteemed rector of St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street, London, of a clerkship in the office of the Church Missionary Society. And here we must go back just a little to show the connecting link. Before leaving school Mr. Charles had, following the example of his sisters, become connected with the Sunday-school in the parish. He was thought old enough, though still a scholar during the week, to take a class of the younger ones on the Sunday; and never till he was married, and left the parish, did he give up his place in that Sunday-school. Mr. Charles was thus pretty well known to the rector, who was on the committee of the society; and as he knew that young Charles was wanting to make a start in life, he kindly procured him the appointment to that office. It was entirely unexpected, and in November, 1846, our friend made his first real start in life. He went in faith, not knowing if he should suit, or what would be his salary. At the end of a month great was his delight when the secretary came and informed him that they were pleased with his work, and that he was to have $250 a year.

About eight months afterward Mr. Charles's father died, and his two brothers went abroad to seek their fortune, and he was the only son of his widowed mother left at home. He had long felt a deep interest in missionary work, and as it became more intense the longer he thought about it, it led him to desire to offer himself to go out as a missionary. His Christian mother had given her consent; but when the new step was on the point of realization Mrs. Charles had a serious illness. The doctors affirmed that it was brought on by the thought of her son leaving her; "and, at length," says Mr. Charles, "it was made plain that that was not the path which God had marked out for me. My own mission work was to be at home."

A Protestant theological class was formed under the guidance of the Rev. R. McGhee, and discussions were held with Roman Catholics dwelling near Drury Lane. At those meetings the

ROMAN CATHOLIC PRETENSIONS

were examined and debated with much earnestness. An incident of these discussions is related by Mr. Charles. He says: "There were usually several hundreds of Roman Catholics present—all men; and only some half dozen Protestants.

"On the evening in question we were discussing the duty of reading the Scriptures, and in the course of my remarks I was led to refer to the Bereans as having been commended for '*searching* the Scriptures.' It has been so much the practice of the Church of Rome to treat the Bible as a sealed book to the laity, that this commendation of the Apostle Paul was disputed as though it were not recorded on the page of the New Testament. It had always been our practice to meet them as far as possible on their own ground; and we had, therefore, always used their version of the Scriptures—the Douay Bible. So I turned to the passage in the Acts of the Apostles, and read it. This caused some little commotion; but as I was reading it, my eye rested on a foot-note in their Bible which I had not before seen, in which it is said that the Bereans were justly commended because 'they found out the texts.' This, of course, was a great point for me; but such an uproar was made at the discovery, that they would not listen to another word, and presently the meeting broke up in confusion."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXCURSIONS.

All this time he continued to act as superintendent of St. Dunstan's Sunday-school. He conducted a special service on Sunday mornings for the infants, and was the first superintendent to get permission to picnic in Richmond Park. The children had never had a whole day's holiday before; and if it was to be, Mr. Charles must beg the money. There were then five bankers in the parish, who seemed fit "game" for the purpose. But they were aged, demure people, and could the teachers dare approach them? Mr. Charles resolved to try. So one day, in his dinner hour (he was then only a clerk at the Church Missionary Society), fortified with a sheet of foolscap bearing the rector's signature, and one or two others connected with the school, he ventured into the inner sanctum of the "bank parlors," and very soon emerged, to his intense delight, with a like contribution from each, fully equal to expectations. In this, as in other things, Mr. Charles was privileged to be a pioneer; and the bank parlors have been regularly visited each year ever since with the like results. It was Mr. Charles's first begging expedition for the children. A good cause does give a young fellow courage, and what cause can be better than getting a "day in the country" for London Children?

A NEW APPOINTMENT.

After nearly eight years of unremitting labor under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, Mr. Charles accepted, in 1854, an appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Home and Colonial School Society. His wife, whom he married at this time, was one of the educational staff of the college. In the early part of 1857 attention was called by the Earl of Shaftesbury to the necessity for further efforts to reach those who habitually absented themselves from the house of God, and urged the desirability of having special religious services in special buildings. In this work the Young Men's Society took a prominent part, and through the energy of Mr. Charles, as secretary, and his committee, a series of special Sunday evening services was arranged for in Exeter Hall, London, an enterprise which has since developed in many other directions, and upon which the blessing of God has abundantly rested.

But when these special services were over, though the Hall had been densely crowded, it seemed to Mr. Charles and his friends that the effort had scarcely reached the lower and poorer classes, for whom the meetings were particularly intended; so a few of the young men, with Mr. Charles at their head, formed themselves into a committee, and rented

A LOW DANCING SALOON

in a disreputable locality. They engaged some instrumentalists, including a cornet player, to lead the singing, and they preached the Gospel to the destitute, poor, and depraved, as God enabled them. The need of still further efforts to bring the neglected and outcast to Christ was afterward recognized, and the special services in theatres were commenced, which have been continued with such gratifying results ever since.

In 1860 Mr. Charles accepted the secretaryship of

THE REFORMATORY AND REFUGE UNION.

The Union was only a few years old, but it had already done much useful work. In the arrangements for exhibitions, conferences, social meetings, and so forth, the new secretary found ample scope for all the energy he could bring to bear, and it is largely through his business tact and prayerful, unflagging industry that the Society now occupies such a high position among existing agencies for good.

When Mr. Charles became secretary of the Union, efforts were being largely directed toward sending to America some of the boys and girls from the institutions. He had to continue this work, and started several parties of girls to Canada, under a competent matron, while the boys were consigned to the recognized emigration agents in the Dominion. But it seemed very desirable that some more definite and trustworthy information should be obtained as to the results. Consequently, in the autumn of 1862 he

CAME TO AMERICA,

landing at Quebec, whence he proceeded, seeking information and suggestions, to Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, London, Hamilton, and Toronto. He also took the opportunity of visiting the Falls of Niagara, proceeding subsequently to New York, where he rendered him-

elf practically acquainted with the many forms f Christian beneficence for which this city is amous. Thence he returned to his work in England.

One or two special efforts on behalf of prisoners sprang out of the Reformatory and Refuge Union, and it was the privilege of Mr. Charles o promote their adoption and extension. Some hundreds of prisoners were annually discharged after brief sentences from the jails of he British metropolis, but nothing was done to ive them a helping hand as they again found hemselves free, without a character, and without a friend to give them a fresh start. Mr. Charles, after thinking and praying over the natter, got a committee formed, and prevailed n a friend to take up the work. The Union ade a grant, and

THE DISCHARGED PRISONERS' RELIEF COMMITTEE

as fairly started. Some thousands of discharged prisoners must now thank God for this. I was in prison, and ye visited me," said the aviour. It is a Christlike work, and they who o it shall be blessed in their deed. But the ork with which Mr. Charles is more especially lentified is a work on behalf of little boys. or more than twenty years now Mr. Charles as given the chief part of his time and his wonerful energies to the welfare of the institution nown in Christian and philanthropic circles as

THE HOME FOR LITTLE BOYS.

As secretary of the Reformatory and Refuge nion he was frequently applied to officially to nd suitable homes and institutions for little ildren and young people under various circumstances. The number he had to refuse was considerable that he was greatly grieved, and oncluded that something ought to be done. e named it to one or two humane friends, and ey promised to form part of a committee. his was in 1862. But he did not *then* meet ith the encouragement he reasonably exected; and though a circular had been drawn announcing the proposed institution as the Asylum for Destitute Boys under Ten Years Age," he was obliged to let the matter drop, nd put the circular in his drawer.

But still the applications continued to pour in, nd in 1863, as the late Mr. E. J. Tabrum and r. Charles were walking together up the Liverool Road, they settled the name of the proected new institution. It was to be the Home for Little Boys." Other friends were llied, and in November, 1863, the first committee-meeting took place at Tabrum's

SHOEBLACK HOME,

North London. On the 19th of March, 1864, Coomb's Croft House," at *Tottenham*, was pened, with *thirteen* boys. The opening was lebrated by a luncheon. Among the invited ests was a judge noted for his learning and hilanthropy and also for his quaint humor. eing called upon for a speech, Judge Payne sponded in his happiest vein, bringing his rearks to a close by reciting the following origil lines of eulogy of Mr. Charles and his new ork:

Hark! I hear a pleasant sound,
Tiny feet are pattering round;
Surely, from the merry noise,
'Tis a Home for Little Boys.

Charles the First was tyrant styled,
Charles the Second reckoned wild;
Charles the Third his time employs
On a Home for Little Boys.

He will not a Tartar prove,
Nor in reckless riot move,
But will mingle books with toys,
In the Home for Little Boys.

Hanbury will aid impart,
Friend to all that springs from heart;
Skilfully each rule will poise
In the Home for Little Boys.

Doubtless some who would have power,
Were they here to glad the hour,
Bending from sublimest joys,
Bless the Home for Little Boys.

In less than two years there were in the Home *ninety* boys; and so fast did the work grow and manifest its priceless utility, that a new Home was determined upon, and in 1866 the Home at *Farningham* was commenced, which, by God's blessing, has since attained such magnificent proportions. In July, 1883, a branch Home for orphans was opened at *Swanley* by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; and there is also another branch Home for destitute orphan boys at *Margate*.

THE FRONTISPIECE PICTURE

represents various departments of the Homes for Little Boys, whose rise we have just narrated. The parent institution, as we have stated, was originally established at Tottenham in 1864, its object being "to feed, clothe, educate, and train to industrial work homeless and destitute little boys, and those in danger of falling into crime, *whether orphans or not*, who are disqualified, by poverty, or other circumstances, for admission to existing asylums and institutions." Subsequently, as the enterprise developed, the scene of its operations was transferred to Farningham, where there are now more than three hundred boys being educated in ten cottage Homes, only *thirty* boys living in each house, under the charge of a man and his wife, who are responsible for their domestic training. At Margate there are *eighty* boys, of the kind already referred to, and *two hundred* more at Swanley, making a grand total of

NEARLY SIX HUNDRED BOYS,

who are distributed according to age, under qualified matrons and masters, the whole being under the fostering supervision of their founder, Mr. Charles.

THE BOYS' VILLAGE

at Farningham is represented in the *picture on the top left-hand side of our front page;* the *new building at Swanley* is shown immediately to the right of it; *the Stores at Farningham* are depicted on the left-hand side of the portrait; *the Shoemakers' Shop* is seen in the left-hand section of the lower division of the frontispiece; while the *Boys' Composing Room* at Farningham is the subject of the illustration immediately to the right of it.

In a circular which Mr. Charles has recently issued, he says: "To show how general is the cry of homeless little ones, their plea comes from almost every part of England. Some are found in Yorkshire, others in Devonshire and Cornwall. From along the east coast the same cry is heard, while others are found under the shadow of the Welsh mountains. The busy hives of industry in the midland counties send the same cry amid the roar of their machinery; and of course London, that huge over-grown world in itself, repeats again and yet again, with ever-increasing bitterness,

THE CRY OF HOMELESS LITTLE ONES.

"And how is it that these little ones are thus left in danger? It would take too long to tell all their tale of suffering, and how, in very early life, many of them have been cruelly deserted; while with others, the cold hand of death has been laid upon the breadwinners, and the boys were left to perish with hunger. Statistics are too dry and cold to tell their tale; but it may be some indication of the sad condition of these homeless little ones, coming from all parts of the country, just to say of 72 *of the most recent applicants:* 29, their fathers were dead, and the children left destitute; 3, their mothers were dead, and their fathers tramps or drunkards; 13, both father and mother were dead, and the boys homeless; 16 had been deserted by their fathers; 43 had fathers who were drunkards and mothers powerless to help them; 2 fathers were disabled from work; 1 father a lunatic; 1 father died in prison; 3 fathers committed suicide; 3 fathers were in prison."

Such facts as those—and almost every institution of like character in America could furnish a similar pathetic list—appeal with trumpet voice to the Christian public for support, encouragement, and prayer. The followers of Him who took the children in His arms and blessed them cannot be indifferent to the fate of these little friendless creatures. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

INCIDENTS AT MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY'S MEETINGS IN LONDON.

A Handsome Young Bohemian Girl has been rescued at Euston. She was attracted to the hall, and entered just in time to save her from ruin. She states that she was on the brink of the precipice, and she adds, "Oh, how my soul heaves with gratitude to God for delivering me!" She has been taken care of, and is about to enter the service of a Christian lady.

An Actress was Converted at the Meeting at St. Pancras. She is twenty-seven years of age, and of prepossessing appearance. After fourteen years of stage life she has found rest for her soul, and is now an inmate of a home, awaiting a situation. She expresses her purpose in the following words: "All my future life shall be devoted to my Lord."

A Drunkard and his Wife and his Family were brought to the Lord. The husband was found crouching in a dark corner of the hall at St. Pancras laboring under deep emotion. He was seen by a Christian worker, who quoted to him promise after promise until at last "Whosoever" went into his very soul. That evening he found Christ.

Another Slave of Strong Drink, who for Ten years has been in bondage to his debasing appetite, and who has destroyed his home, and on several occasions suffered imprisonment for ill-treating his wife, was brought into the liberty of Christ at the St. Pancras Hall. His wife was also brought to give herself to the Saviour, and they have both testified of the change that has come over their lives and their home. They are "new creatures in Christ Jesus."

A Young Man's Testimony at the Tonbridge Chapel recently was as follows: "At the age of seventeen my father called me to his side and told me that if I would follow his footsteps—he was then living in adultery and was a confirmed drunkard—I should become his sole residuary legatee. Under his guidance I set out upon the world, and have for the past fourteen years been leading a life of sin. During these long years my life has been one of wretchedness and misery, and my adultrous intercourse has been the means of ruining my frame and has shattered my constitution. I thank the Lord for leading me to the hall at St. Pancras, where I have found Christ, for it has been the means of rescuing me from a life which was dragging me down to perdition."

A Catching Madness.—A Young Man who went to London to seek a situation, was invited into the St. Pancras Hall. He was so impressed that he went into the inquiry-room, and found Christ. He then thought that he would like to go home and tell his parents of his new-found joy. He accordingly went, and on informing them of the peace that he had found, they declared that he was suffering from religious mania brought on by "undue excitement." Great dismay spread over the household, and the parents kept a vigilant eye on their son during his stay there. He subsequently expressed his intention of returning to London, to continue his search for a suitable situation. His mother told him he was "mad," and that his sister would have to accompany him on the journey. To this he assented, but declared he was perfectly "*compos mentis.*" "*You're gone mad,*" said the father. "Well!" the boy replied, "if that is so, *heaven's the asylum.*" Ultimately both he and his sister were seated in a railway carriage accompanying each other on the journey to London. They stepped out at Euston Station, and retired to the St. Pancras Hall, where they were afterward heard in the inquiry-room praying to the Lord. The next morning the young man sent his sister home rejoicing in Jesus Christ as her Saviour also, she having during the previous evening caught the "madness" which had visited her brother.

HIGH LICENSE, THE MONOPOLY OF ABOMINATION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, April 6, 1884.

"It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood."—Matt. 27 : 6.

The First Potter's Field—The Liquor Traffic—To be Restrained, Controlled, or Stopped—Effects of Making a Monopoly—To Make the Traffic Respectable—The Rash rather than the Carbuncle—High License Anti-American—Discrimination of Classes—The Half-Loaf Plea—Applied to other Matters—A Half Bridge—Compromise with all Law-Breakers — High License for Theft—For Blasphemy—For Murder — Anti-Common-Sense —Why a Manufacturer Went to Georgia—The Courage of Iowa —Failure of High License in Nebraska—High License a Flag of Truce—Fight the Battle Out—Victory Certain.

For fifteen dollars Judas Iscariot had sold Christ. Under a thrust of conscience or in disgust that he had not made a more lucrative thing out of it, he pitches the rattling shekels on the pavement. What to do with the conscience money, is the question. Some say, "Put it into the treasury." Others say, "It isn't right to do that, because we have always had an understanding that blood money or a revenue obtained by the sale of human life must not be used for governmental or religious purposes." So they decide to take the money and purchase a place to bury paupers ; picking out a rough and useless piece of ground all covered over with the broken ware of an adjoining pottery, they set apart

THE FIRST POTTER'S FIELD.

So you see the relations of my text when it says, "It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood."

We are at a point in reformatory movements in this country where it is proposed to restrain or control or stop the traffic of ardent spirits by compelling the merchant thereof to pay a large sum, say $500 or $1000 as a license. It is said that this will have a tendency to close up all the small drinkeries which curse our cities, and only a few men can afford to sell intoxicating drink. This

MONEY RAISED BY A HIGH LICENSE

will help support the poorhouses, where there are widows and orphans sent there by the dissipations of husbands and fathers. Don't you see? This high tax will help support the prisons in which men are incarcerated for committing crimes while drunk. Don't you see? This high tax will help support the Court of Oyer and Terminer, whose judges, and attorneys, and constables, and juries, and police stations, and court rooms find their chief employment in the arraignment, trial, and condemnation of those who offend the law while in a state of insobriety. Don't you see? How any man or woman in favor of the great temperance reform can be so hoodwinked as not to understand that this high-license movement is the surrender of all the temperance reformation for which good men and women have been struggling for the last sixty years, is to me an amazement that eclipses everything.

My subject is, "High License, the Monopoly of Abomination." Do you not realize, as by mathematical demonstration, that the

ONE RESULT

of this high-license movement, and the one result of the closing of small establishments—if that were the result—and the opening of a few large establishments, will be to make rum-selling and rum-drinking highly respectable? These drinkeries in Brooklyn and New York are so disgusting that a man will not risk his reputation by going in them ; and if a young man should be found coming out from one of those low establishments he would lose his place in the store. Now, suppose all these small establishments are closed up and that then you open the palaces of inebriation down on the avenues. It is not the rookeries of alcoholism that do the worst work ; they are only the last stopping places on the road to death. Where did that bloated, ulcerous, wheezing wretch that staggers out of a rum-hole get his habits started? At glittering restaurant or bar-room of first-class hotel, where it was fashionable to go. Ah! my friends, it seems to me the disposition is to stop these small establishments, which are only the rash on the skin of the body politic, and then to gather all the poison and the pus and the matteration into a few great carbuncles which mean death. I say, give us the rash rather than the carbuncles.

Here you will have

A SPLENDID LIQUOR ESTABLISHMENT.

Masterpieces of painting on the wall. Cut glass on silver platter. Upholstery like a Turkish harem. Uniformed servants to open the door, uniformed servants to take your hat and cane. Adjoining rooms with luxuriant divan on which you can recline when taken mysteriously ill after too much champagne, cognac, or old Otard. All the phantasmagoria and bewitchment of art thrown around this Herod of massacre, this Moloch of consumed worshippers, this Juggernaut of crushed millions.

Do you not see that this high-license movement strikes at the heart of the best homes in America? that it proposes the fattest lambs for its sacrifice? that it is at war with the most beautiful domestic circles in America? Tell it to all the philanthropists who are trying to make the world better, and let journalists tell it by pen and by type that this day in the presence of my Maker and my Judge I stamp on this high-license movement as the monopoly of abomination. It proposes to pave with honor, to pillar with splendor, and guard with monopolistic advantage a business, which has made the ground hollow under England, Ireland, Scotland, and America with the catacombs of slaughtered drunkards.

I am opposed to this high license because it is

ANTI-AMERICAN,

it is anti-common-sense, it is anti-demonstrated facts, and it is anti-Christian. Our revolutionary fathers wrote first with pen and then with sword, first in black ink and then in red ink, that all men are equal before the law. Impartiality written on the Declaration of Independence, on the Constitution of the United States, and over the door of our State and National capitols. Now, how then dare you propose for $500 or $1000 to let one man sell *sweetened dynamite*, while you deny to his fellow the right, because he cannot raise more than $100, or more than $50, or cannot raise anything? Are the small dealers in this festive liquid to have no rights? I plead for equal rights, the first American doctrine. I plead for the rights of these men who are doing a small, prudent, economical business in selling extract of logwood, strychnine, and blue vitriol! What right have you to say to these wealthy men standing beside their great conflagration of temptation, "Go ahead," while you deny the poor fellows in the traffic the right so much as to strike a lucifer match?

Now, this high-license movement is the property qualification in the most offensive shape. Why do you not carry it out in other things? Why do you not stop all these bakers until the bakers can pay a $1000 license? Why do you not shut up all the butchers' shops until the butchers can pay $1000 or $500? Why do you not stop these thread-and-needle stores and the small dry-goods establishments, except that a man pay $500 or $1000? "Oh," you say, "that is different." How is it different? "Well," you say, "the sale of bread and meat and clothes does no damage, while the sale of whiskey does damage." Ah, my brother, you have surrendered the whole subject! If rum-selling is right, let all have the right, and if it is wrong, $500 or $1000 are only a bribe to government to give to a few men a privilege which it denies to the great masses of the people. Why do you not carry out this idea of licensing only those who can pay a large license? give them all the privilege.

"Oh," say some people, "you cannot e[x]ecute a prohibitory law, and therefore you h[a]ve better take this high license as a compromise." And there are people who say,

"HALF A LOAF

of bread is better than no bread at all." W[ell] that depends entirely upon whether the [l]oaf is poisoned or not. You say half a pou[nd] of butter is better than no butter. That [de]pends upon whether it is oleomargarine or n[ot]. Here is a bridge over a roaring stream. [A] freshet in the night-time sweeps away half [the] railroad bridge. The first half of the bri[dge] stands solidly. It is half-past eleven o'clock [at] night, and the express train is coming. [The] watchman stands there with a lantern. [He] sees the bridge sound at that end, and he wa[ves] the lantern, "All is well," and at forty mi[nutes] the hour the midnight express train sweeps [on] and having passed the first half of the bridge [the] crash, crash, crash! Two hundred souls go [are] into eternity. Better have had no bridge at a[ll] then the watchman would have swung his l[an]tern of warning. Is half a bridge better than [no] bridge?

So they propose to compromise this matt[er]. They say a prohibitory law cannot be execut[ed] and, therefore, we had better not have any st[at]ute law on the statute book. Will you tell me, [my] friends, which one of our laws is fully execut[ed]. We have a law against Sabbath-breaking. M[il]lions of people break that law every Sund[ay]. We have laws against blasphemy. Sometim[es] the air is lurid with imprecation. We have la[ws] against theft, but you have highwaymen a[nd] burglars filling your jails and penitentiaries, a[nd] thousands of people outside of jail who ou[ght] to be inside. You have laws against murd[er] yet we have three men in our Raymond Str[eet] Jail for murder, and there are scores of them [in] the United States, and Cincinnati has her [full] share. Now, why not throw overboard th[ese] laws, if they are not executed fully, and let [us] give for a high license to a few men all the p[ri]vilege of swearing and stealing and murd[er]. Now, let us have a

HIGH LICENSE FOR THEFT.

Get ready your excise commissioners. We [will] have $5000 or $10,000 high license for th[eft]. We must somehow put down these small cri[mi]nals that are stealing door-mats and post[age] stamps and chocolate drops. For high lice[nse] we will give to a few men the privilege of r[un]ning off with $50,000 of the Newark Bank [by] watering the stock in a railroad company, t[hat] ing $250,000 at one clip. Now, I shall h[ave] this license very high, say $10,000 for th[ese], and in that way we shall put to an end all th[e] sneak thieves and tuppenny scoundrels a[nd] wharf-rats, and all hail to the million-do[llar] rascals. You will never put down theft in t[he] country until you give a few people for a h[igh] license all the privilege of stealing.

Then there is

THE EVIL OF BLASPHEMY.

Let us for a high license, say $10,000, gat[her] a hundred men in these cities, men of the h[ot]test tempers and the fieriest tongue and [the] most spiteful against God and decency, and [go] to them the Speaker of the New Jersey Legi[sla]ture, whose address to the Legislature last w[inter] was so full of oaths and imprecations that [the] printers, who never swear themselves, had [to] put blanks all through the speech to sh[ow] where the oaths came in. Having gathered [this] precious group to do all the blasphemy of [the] country at high license, give them full swe[ep] and then just let us extinguish all these sr[all] swearers, who never have any genius at sw[ear]ing, and who always swear on a small scale, [and] who never get beyond "by George!" or, "[by] stars!" or, "darn it!" Extirpation for [the] small swearers. You will never put down b[las]phemy in this country except by high license.

And *the sin of murder*. Why, your law aga[inst] it is a failure. Murder on Long Island, mur[der] in Illinois, murder in Pennsylvania, murder [all] over. It is almost impossible to convict on[e of] the desperadoes. He proves an *alibi* right aw[ay]

Or he did it under emotional insanity. Courthouse full of sympathizers, and when he is cleared the crowd follow him down the street thinking he ought to be sent to Congress! Your law against murder is a failure. Now, we have got to stop these clumsy assassins who kill people with car-hooks, and Paris green, and dull knives, and having a high license, say $10,000 or $20,000, give to a few men the privilege of genteelly and skilfully and gracefully putting their victims out of their worldly misfortunes. You will never stop murder in this country until you put a high license upon it and let a few men do all the killing. But, my friends, all irony aside, you see that if rum-selling is right we all ought to have the right, and if it is wrong, five million dollars paid down in hard cash for one license ought to purchase no immunity.

High license is

ANTI-COMMON-SENSE.

You know very well one business has no right to despoil other businesses. A manufacturer—I have the authority for this from a gentleman who sits in this audience—a manufacturer went down South and established himself in Georgia. Somebody asked him why he built his establishment there. He said, "Because they voted to have no license here." That honest manufacturer knew what you and I ought to know, that the liquor traffic is in antagonism with every other business. If the millions of dollars which go into that business went for lawful and healthful styles of business there would come to the agricultural and manufacturing and commercial interests of this country a boom of prosperity a hundred and fifty per cent greater than we have ever had.

THE SUFFERERS.

Oh that the working people of America understood that it is time for them by their votes to keep at home the drivelling pot-house politicians in Albany and Harrisburg, who vote down prohibition. Do you not know that if you have $2 as wages now a day, you would have $4; if you have $1000 salary you would have $2000; if you have $10,000 income now you would have $20,000? The rum traffic puts its clutch this moment upon the neck of every merchant, mechanic, artist, and farmer in America. You pay for its destructive work by your honest sweat and by the deprivation of your households of many comforts. Oh for an hour of the

MAGNIFICENT COURAGE OF IOWA,

whose Legislature a few weeks ago passed an out-and-out prohibition law, and whose governor had grace and greatness enough to sign it. Lead on, O Western State, in this glorious reform! Our own beloved New York State may be the last to fall into line, but come she will. After a few more thousand of our homes are despoiled by the rum traffic, after a few more thousand broken hearts, after a few more thousand of the noblest intellects of this age are sacrificed, after a few more years the distilleries shall have insulted the heavens with their uprolling stench, the tide will turn, and all good people rising up will lay hold of the strength of Almighty God and hurl into the perdition from which it smoked up this sweltering and putrefying curse of nations.

ANTI-FACTS.

Yes, I have to tell you that this high-license movement is antagonized by all the demonstrated facts in the case. I am amazed to hear intelligent men of Brooklyn and New York talk as though this were a new plan that we are to try just once. It is an old carcass. It first died in Missouri; then it died in Kansas, the second death, and it has been tried over and over and over again, and has always been a flat and disgusting failure. Men of America, hear that! It was tried in Iowa, a thousand-dollar license. A prominent paper of Iowa says:

"Experiments being made with high license in Iowa as a temperance method are fast proving *what a cheat it is.* Des Moines has tried a thousand-dollar license only to find it has increased the number of its saloons and the daily cases of drunkenness. Other cities in Iowa have tried it with similar result."

It was *tried in Nebraska*, a thousand-dollar license, under what was called the Slocum Law. A prominent citizen was asked as to what he thought had been the effect of that high license. His reply was: "You ask, has a high license diminished drunkenness? Not in the slightest degree. Drunkenness is steadily on the increase. This vice, as all other vices which government fosters, grows continuously. High license, as far as diminishing drunkenness is concerned, does nothing of the kind. Mark this well. I would repeat in thunderous tones, if I could, does nothing of the kind. Gambling consequent upon high license has fearfully increased. The saloon keeper must have in many cases a gambling annex in order to make his business pay a profit under the high-license system. This vice is making rapid progress throughout the State, and much of this increase is directly traceable to high license."

High license tried again and again and again, and yet here we, in the State of New York, are so stultifying ourselves as to propose that the farce be re-enacted. The hardest blow the temperance reformation has had in this century has been in the fact that some reformers have halted under the delusion of this high-license movement. You know what it is. It is the white flag of truce sent out from Alcoholism to Prohibition to make the battle pause long enough to get the army of decanters and demijohns better organized. Away with that flag of truce, or I will fire on it. Between these two armies there can be

NO TRUCE.

On the one side are God and sobriety and the best interests of the world, and on the other side is the sworn enemy of all righteousness, and either rum must be defeated or the Church of God and civilization. What are you trying to compromise with? Oh, this black destroying archangel of all diabolism, putting one wing to the Pacific, putting the other wing to the Atlantic coast, its filthy claws clutching into the torn and bleeding heart-strings of the nation as it cries out, "How long, O Lord, how long?" Compromise with it! You had better compromise with the panther in his jungle, with the cyclone in its flight, with an Egyptian plague as it blotches an empire, with Apollyon, for whom this evil is recruiting officer, quartermaster, and commander-in-chief.

Oh, my friends, let us

FIGHT THIS BATTLE OUT

on the old line, for victory is coming as surely as right is right, and wrong is wrong, and falsehood is false, and truth is truth, and God is God. Can it be that you are so deaf that you cannot hear in the distance the rumbling of the oncoming chariots of victory? Three hundred and twenty thousand votes at the last election in Ohio for prohibition. Kansas on the right side. Iowa on the right side. Alabama and Georgia soon to be on the right side. Fifteen legislatures of the United States now, or this last winter, discussing the temperance question. Two hundred and forty-six of the townships of Massachusetts out of two hundred and fifty-six proclaimed for no license. In all the State of Maine not one signboard out announcing the sale of strong drink, so that if in any place it is sold it is a pronounced crime. In our own monopoly-ridden New York Legislature a few weeks ago we came within three votes of having the choice of prohibition given to the people. The liquor traffic so panic-struck that it is now at Washington trying to get the Constitution altered, so that prohibitory laws, if passed, as they will be passed all over the land, can be pronounced unconstitutional. A few days ago the Congress of the United States demolishing the bonded whiskey bill by one hundred and eighty-six votes to eighty-three, although the liquor traffic had expended $700,000 *to buy spectacles* through which our rulers might see things in the right light.

Oh, I tell the politicians of America, I tell the leaders of our beautiful Republican party and of our glorious Democracy that the temperance movement is going to hold

THE BALANCE OF POWER

in this country, and decide who shall be the Mayors, and the Governors, and the Congressmen, and the Presidents. I expect to live to see a President of the United States elected on a prohibition platform. Better get off the track before the morning express train comes down with the women's temperance societies, and the Sons of Temperance, and the Good Samaritans, and the Good Templars, and the long train of Christians and philanthropists and reformers. Clear the track! The cowcatcher will be all piled up with smashed decanters, and the staves of beer-barrels, and the splinters of high-license platforms, and the rails with people who sat on the fence, and all the machinations and briberies and outrages of all Christendom. The time will come when there will be only ten decanters left, and they will be set up at the end of an alley like ten pins, and some reformer will take the round ball of prohibition and he will give one roll, but it will be a ten strike.

My friends, this subject looked at from the side of worldly reform is so bright; but looked at from the side of Christian reform is

ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN.

God is going to destroy drunkenness. Is there a man sitting or standing in this assembly who doubts that God is stronger than the devil?

Blucher came up just before night and saved the day at Waterloo. At four o'clock in the afternoon it looked very badly for the English. Generals Ponsonby and Picton fallen. Sabres broken, flags surrendered, Scotch Grays annihilated. Only forty-two men left out of the German brigade. The English army falling back and falling back. Napoleon rubbed his hands together and said, "Aha! aha! we'll teach that little Englishman a lesson. Ninety chances out of a hundred are in our favor. Magnificent! magnificent!" He even sent messages to Paris to say he had won the day. But before sundown Blucher came up, and he who had been the conqueror of Austerlitz became the victim of Waterloo. That name which had shaken all Europe and filled even America with apprehension, that name went down, and Napoleon muddy, and hatless, and crazed with his disasters, was found feeling for the stirrup of a horse that he might mount and resume the contest.

THE SPOILER'S DOOM.

Well, my friends, alcoholism is imperial, and it is a conqueror, and there are good people who say the night of national overthrow is coming, and that it is almost night. But before sundown the Conqueor of earth and heaven will ride in on the white horse, and alcoholism, which has had its Austerlitz of triumph, shall have its Waterloo of defeat. Alcoholism having lost its crown, the grizzly and cruel breaker of human hearts crazed with the disaster, will be found feeling in vain for the stirrup on which to remount its foaming charger. "So, O Lord, let Thine enemies perish!"

The Significance of the Temperance Movement now reported from every section of the country is obtaining recognition from secular and political journals. In the course of a survey of the situation, published recently by the New York *Mail and Express*, that journal predicts a cyclone that will sweep the liquor dealers, and all supporters of that traffic, into wreck and ruin. And it adds: "The war that now seems impending would, in fact, pay its way from the start, in the scores of millions of money and thousands of souls saved by the first grand movement for the suppression of the traffic. Rightly conducted, wisely led and with a strict adherence to practical methods, the temperance movement that is *about to sweep this country* with irresistible force may be the most inspiring, elevating, humanizing and Christianizing movement known in all the nineteen Christian centuries."

PROPHETIC NOTES.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

APPROACHING TROUBLES IN INDIA.

India equally with Ireland is expected by prophetic expositors to become politically separated from England in these last days, because it never belonged to Cæsar's Roman Empire. The present Egyptian crisis may easily lead to the Mohammedan agitation spreading from Egypt to Arabia and Syria and India. The employment of Indian troops in the Soudan may become necessary, and none can tell what effect this may have in India. In any case, great troubles may soon be expected in India according to Scripture prophecy.

COMING SEPARATION OF IRELAND FROM ENGLAND.

Prophetic expositors have long ago shown that Ireland also not being part of Cæsar's Roman Empire must before the final development be separated from Britain, which did form part of that empire. The Irish Nationalists in London dined together at the Holborn Restaurant on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, under the presidency of Mr. Parnell. There were no loyal and patriotic toasts, in the usual acceptance of the words, and even the health of Her Majesty was not drunk. The essential disloyalty of the Parnellite faction could not be more clearly or ostentatiously displayed. Nor could a more striking illustration be afforded of the uselessness of giving paltry or even important concessions to the Irish Nationalist party in the hope of pacifying them. They declare that nothing short of absolute separation will content them, and while half measures are accepted, they are only regarded as steps on which to mount to their true and avowed object. Mr. Parnell boasts, and not without reason, that the new Franchise Act now under the consideration of Parliament, will increase the number of seats in the House of Commons occupied by these disaffected men to eighty or ninety, instead of about sixty as at present. Mr. Parnell assumed confidently the ultimate triumph of his movement, and spoke with contempt of English political parties. There can be no room for misapprehension as to what the Nationalists mean. Their aim is the establishment of an Irish Republic, and any co-operation with them on the part of English politicians will, whether those politicians so understand it or not, be used to that end.

"HUNGRY FELLOWS SOON TO BREAK LOOSE."

The New York *Christian Advocate* says, in regard to the increasing tide of political corruption and lawless communistic feeling in the United States: "A noted millionaire, when asked why he did not build a palatial mansion such as Vanderbilt's, said: 'I don't want a house that will be so easily found when the hungry fellows break loose.' This is the most fearful sentence we have heard since the outbreak of the war. As certain as the earth continues and things go on as they have for twenty years, the 'hungry fellows will break loose.' Nothing hastens it like men of vast wealth, who buy up legislatures, disregard private rights, live in luxury, and say, 'What are you going to do about it? The public be ——,' and talk about the 'hungry fellows breaking loose.' He who looks ahead and sees no breakers, is either blind or has some glass that those who judge the future by the past can't get access to."

ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA.

Something like a repetition of the splendid aerial phenomena which were witnessed in various parts of America, England and France toward the end of last year has recently been noticed at Paris. M. Joubert describes the appearance of these new phenomena in a letter which he has sent to the Academy of Science. At four o'clock in the morning his attention was drawn to a flame of extraordinary brilliancy reflected on the mirror in his room. Looking in an easterly direction he saw the heavens from the horizon to a height of about twenty-two degrees illuminated in a magnificent manner. Objects around were seen distinctly, and in the atmosphere the partial mists and vapors were covered with every conceivable variety of tint, from a deep blood-red fringing the horizon in a limitless line to soft streaks of violet fading away toward the zenith. These splendid hues gradually disappeared before the approach of dawn. These must be included among the "*great sights from heaven*," foretold by Christ to precede His Second Coming, as shown in Luke 21 : 11. Such events, though referrible by materialists and rationalistic misbelievers generally to second and solely natural causes, are yet by earnest Christians watched with an interest as time rolls on, that deepens in its intensity, for such phenomena are regarded by them as so many intimations of the near approach of the end of the age and the ushering in of a new dispensation.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

From a Shoeblack to an Evangelist.—At a recent meeting Mr. Scott, of Glasgow, said: "An evangelist visited us recently, and addressed our meeting in the James Morrison Street Hall. He told us that when he was very young his parents deserted him and he became a regular London street-boy, and as he grew older and must earn his living he became a shoeblack. One night he went to a special evangelistic meeting, where he was converted to Christ. Step by step he got on, till he became an evangelist, and is now going out to preach the Gospel in Australia. When he was preaching in Hyde Park some time ago, a man told him that he was converted in the tent on Glasgow Green. We are often asked, 'Where are all your converts?' This incident confirms my reply, 'They are scattered all over the world.'"

Appalled by his Own Life.—A Young Soldier said: "I was along with my comrade here in the Afghan war. I feared not the enemy, because I had the Light of the World in me. It was in a little meeting at Benares in India where I met the Lord. It came about this way. There was nothing for the men to do but drink, so they spent their time in getting drunk and getting sober. I got frightened at our fearful life, and went to the meeting so that I might be saved from it, and I was not disappointed, for grace was given to me to turn to the Saviour, and the same Divine Power keeps me to this hour."

An Over-Endowed Evangelist.—The Rev. Mr. Gault said: "A rich man in America gave an evangelist a fine estate of land, thinking to encourage him in his work for the Lord. The evangelist was very grateful, and accepted the gift with thanks. Within three months, he called upon his benefactor, and asked him to take back the title-deeds of the land. Amazed, the rich man asked, 'Is not the land good?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'it is very rich soil.' 'What is the matter then?' 'All my life I've been singing "No foot of land I now possess;" I can't sing that hymn *now*. I would rather be able to sing it than have the land, valuable as it is. Many thanks for your kindness, but after this I'll depend as I formerly did upon God, and live entirely by faith in God, who knows my needs, and has promised to supply them. I am sure He will do so!'"

A Ship's Crew Dying of Thirst.—At a Recent prayer-meeting, Mr. Thomson said: "I shall never forget being at sea once, when our water ran short. An unspoken, nervous fear was on every man. The ship was steered for the nearest land, but days before we could sight it, our water ran out. Hour after hour passed, but no water was to be had. The hot sun shone from a cloudless sky, making our thirst more intense by his fierce rays. All on board were as though dying; unless a ship hove in sight or we reached land sooner than we expected, every man on board must die of thirst. We all gathered on the poop, and the question was, 'What shall we do?' 'Land! land! right ahead' was the inspiring cry which interrupted and closed our discussion. In a moment almost every bit of canvas the masts and spars could bear was clapped on. The casks were put into the boats, and everything was made ready to receive the water. We sailed so close to land that the sound of streams of water rushing down a mountain-side made us dance with joy. We lowered and manned the boats; then we pulled for the shore. No sign of dying now; all were full of life and vigor, because we saw where water was to be got in abundance. The first thing we did was to drink our fill out of the stream, then we filled our casks, and it was no long before we were spreading our sails to the breeze, and going on our way with glad and grateful hearts. Christians should imitate this ship's crew, and drink their fill from the fountain and stream of the water of life first; then they will be able to carry water to others who are dying, and go on their way rejoicing in the salvation of God."

A Suicide Prevented.—The Rev. Mr. Campbell related: "A Sabbath-school teacher told me that he had a scholar whose home was of the most wretched description; his father and mother were both confirmed drunkards, and treated him very cruelly. Driven to despair, he left his home to put an end to his existence by drowning himself in the river. On his way he saw a small company gathered on the street, and as he drew near them he heard that they were singing the hymn, '*It's better on before.*' He joined the group, and went with them into their hall, where he was converted to Christ, and has since shown by his consistent and happy life that his conversion was genuine. Never give up preaching the Gospel in the open-air. None can tell, or may discover till the judgment day, how great good has been done by it, and how many by its means have been turned from sin to God."

A German Saved from Wreck.—Mr. Cumming related: "When Dr. Somerville and I were in South Africa, we met a German who was one of ten survivors of a disastrous wreck. All the passengers and crew were lost but these ten. When he saw that the steamer must be lost, he went down to his cabin and prayed that the Lord would save him alive, vowing to be ever thankful if his life was spared. He also asked grace to submit cheerfully to death if such was the will of God. He went on deck quite calm, and prepared for either life or death. When the steamer sank he was dragged down with her, but rose to the surface when the ship settled down and the force of the suction was spent. Seeing a spar floating with a man clinging on it, he made his way to it and seized it. The other man was crying for mercy, and bewailing his sinful life. In a short time they were rescued. The German did not forget his promise, but with a truly thankful heart toward God for answering his prayer, he yielded himself to Christ, and lived to His glory."

Story of a Widow's Son.—A Member of Mr. Moody's Mizpah Band gives his history thus: "I had a praying father and mother, and was brought up to go to church, but when I was seventeen years of age I thought that I was too old to go to church with my parents, and so went alone. Then being afraid of the scoffs and jeers of my companions, I stayed away altogether. The first thing I went wrong in was Sabbath-breaking, the second was drinking. While still very young, I was in the habit of getting drunk. In the midst of all my foolery, I felt an unutterable emptiness and weariness. My mother used to go to the different revival meetings, and take with her a written request for prayer on behalf of a widow's only son who was going astray. Often have I seen her leave the house, putting the bit of paper on which it was written in her pocket. One Sabbath morning my mother went away early to get a seat in the City Hall, where Richard Weaver was going to preach. The night before I had some drink, and when I waked up in the forenoon I was most unhappy, and asked myself, 'What have I done last night that I am so unhappy?' I could not remember anything in particular, but I learned the cause

later on. My mother had as usual put in a request for me. Mr. Weaver read it out first, and when he led in prayer, he seemed to rend the heavens on my behalf. I was greatly disturbed about my sins, and my mother got Mr. Scott, who was a missionary in the Wynch then, to speak to me, but I did not get rest till one Sabbath I was reading 1 Peter 4, and I came to the word 'commit,' in the last verse. That gave me peace. It showed me that God was to save me, not myself. I testified in the workshop the next day, and my fellow-workmen came down upon me, and God gave me grace to stand fast."

An Emigrant Israelite Converted.—"A New Testament was given to a young Jew, who was emigrating to America. On the voyage out, he read it, and was to some extent awakened and convinced that the Jesus spoken of therein was the Messiah of which the Old Testament speaks; but he had not attained to a saving knowledge of Christ when he reached Baltimore. One day, in an unhappy state of mind, he entered a restaurant to get some food. While waiting till it was served, he cast his eye over a paper issued for the purpose of interesting the Germans in America in Jewish work. The young Jew thought he saw a way out of his mental and spiritual distress, and wrote to the editor, stating his case, and asking guidance. The editor is a godly man, and called upon him at his lodgings, spending a good deal of time with the stranger in directing him to Jesus. It was time and labor well bestowed, for he soon made a public confession of Christ, and is now an indefatigable worker among the Jews. An effort is being made to train him for the ministry of the Gospel."

The Man at the Wheel.—"Some Years ago a man shipped as an able seaman on board a seagoing ship. Some of the men took it into their heads that he was an officer, though he shipped as an A.B., because he strutted about on the deck, giving orders to all and sundry. His manners and apparent knowledge so impressed the officers that before sailing he was made a quartermaster. When he got to sea, and his turn at the wheel came, he made the ship spin round like a top. The officer of the watch demanded, 'What are you doing, sir?' 'Give me a patch of land to steer by,' he replied. 'I can't do it without that!' It turned out that he had been trained on a river steamer, and accustomed to steer by landmarks, and not by the compass, so that he was useless out of sight of land. Many of the men on board, though not good steersmen, could do better than he could, because they were trained at sea. So it is in our spiritual voyage. The unconverted steersman who attempts to guide a soul to the haven of rest only makes it spin round and get dizzy, or leaves it a helpless wreck on the ocean of life. The most ignorant but truly converted person is a better pilot than such a man, in spite of all his fine words and appearance."

How the Jew's Mission Began in Edinburgh.—Mr. Baron, the missionary to the Jews, said: "It was after earnest prayer that our Society decided to establish a fixed mission to the Jews in Scotland. Two incidents showed us clearly that it was the Lord's will that we should do so. When we visited Edinburgh on a tour of inspection, as the train was entering the city, we asked the Lord to guide us to a suitable place, as we were entire strangers to the city. When we go to a strange town we find out the Jewish quarters, and select a prominent room where we can hang out, printed on a large card, the 53d chapter of Isaiah. Following this rule in Edinburgh we looked out for a room, and saw a suitable place near the Synagogue, which we secured at once. Two days after a friend called and said, 'Dear me! how wonderfully God answers prayer! This is the house and the very room in which we met for years, and prayed that God would send a missionary to the Jews of this city.' Remember, we did not know any one in the town. Then on the morning of our arrival in Glasgow a check reached Mildmay, London, for the very sum we had taken with us. As you may be aware, we do not ask money from any person, nor make collections. We leave all that to the Lord."

THE VISIONS OF DANIEL.

By Willis Lord, D.D.*

The Four Successive Empires—The Import of the Stone—The Period of its Striking—When the Image is in its Tenfold Divison—Another Vision—Identical in Import—The Little Horn—A Formidable and Relentless Enemy—The Duration of his Power—No Millennium before Christ Comes.

THE prophet thus interprets the vision of the great image seen by King Nebuchadnezzar (Daniel 2 : 31–45). In this vision God has made known what shall come to pass hereafter. The great image is a symbol. In its form and materials it represents four mighty kingdoms of this world. They are to arise, each after the other, and gain wide dominion. The first is the Babylonian, then existing. This statement by the prophet renders it certain that the other three kingdoms are the Medo-Persian, the Macedonian and the Roman. When the fourth kingdom, "strong as iron," shall reach a specified stage in its history, the stone cut out without hands shall smite the image and destroy it; and itself will become the world-filling and world-ruling power; or "the God of heaven will then set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever."

The prophet does not explain

THE IMPORT OF THE STONE.

It was not necessary. It denotes either "the stone of Israel," rejected by men but "chosen of God and precious," or His Messianic kingdom. Nor does the prophet determine here the exact time of this kingdom. In the vision itself, however, there are some interesting and conclusive data. The stone is not to smite and destroy the image, while the fourth kingdom exists in its unity, as it did at the first coming of Christ; nor yet while it exists in its twofold division, as it did in the Eastern and Western empires, represented by the legs of iron; but, while it shall be existing in

ITS TENFOLD DIVISION,

as represented by the feet and toes of iron and clay. The stone will smite upon these, and, destroying the kingdoms which they represent, will bring in their place that kingdom which cannot be destroyed. Demonstrably, therefore, this smiting and this kingdom are yet in the future.

At what point in the future? Let "the man greatly beloved" answer, in another vision, which he himself saw.

"I saw in the night visions, and behold, One like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven; and came to the Ancient of days; and they brought Him near before Him. And there was given Him dominion and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations and languages should serve Him; His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed" (Dan. 7 : 12–14).

How impressive is this divine view. How clear the conclusion which it compels. The smiting of the terrible image upon its feet and toes, by the stone; the destruction of the kingdoms of this world, which these feet and toes symbolize, by this smiting; and the setting up in their place of that kingdom which shall be everlasting, are plainly contemporaneous events. But this kingdom will be set up, or given to One like the Son of man, not until He comes with the clouds of heaven; *i.e.* at the second coming of Christ. Before that epoch, therefore, there can be no millennium.

Here again the heavenly witness (Daniel 7 : 2–27). In this Scripture we have

ANOTHER PROPHETIC VISION.

Widely different in form from that of the huge image, it has essentially the same import, only that, in connection with the latter days of the fourth kingdom, it adds some particulars of deep moment. The prophet beholds, coming up from the great sea, four great beasts. The first of these beasts is like a lion, the second like a bear, the third like a leopard, and the fourth—not compared with any other—is exceedingly strong and terrible, and exercises immense powers of destruction. The four great kingdoms set forth in the vision of the image are symbolized here by these four beasts. The extraordinary fourth beast has ten horns. These horns symbolize a tenfold division of the fourth kingdom, just as was done by the ten toes of the image. Among these horns springs up another, a little horn, of a remarkable character. It has eyes like the eyes of a man; a mouth speaking great things; and it plucks up three of the first horns by the roots.

The vision continues "until the thrones were placed, and the Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of His head like the pure wool. His throne was like the fiery flame, and His wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before Him; thousand thousands ministered unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him. The judgment was set, and the books were opened."

Up to the very moment of this overwhelming scene is heard "the voice of the great words which the horn spake." But the judgment proceeds; the beast is slain and his body given to the burning flame; the Son of man comes with the clouds of heaven, and is invested by the Ancient of days with the promised and glorious kingdom.

Divine manifestations awe men. The prophet was deeply impressed. His spirit was troubled within him. What can this transcendent vision mean? Especially did he desire to "know

THE TRUTH OF THE FOURTH BEAST,

so diverse from all the others, and exceedingly dreadful; and of the ten horns that were in his head; and of the other which came up, and before which three fell; even of that horn that had eyes, and a mouth that spake very great things; whose look was more stout than his fellows: and the same horn that made war with the saints, and prevailed against them." This strong desire of the prophet was answered. "The fourth beast," said the interpreter, "shall be the fourth kingdom upon earth, which shall be diverse from all kingdoms, and shall devour the whole earth, and tread it down and break it in pieces. And the ten horns out of this kingdom are ten kings that shall arise; and another shall rise after them, and he shall be diverse from the first, and he shall subdue three kings. And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and think to change times and laws."

We have thus the elements of a true and great conclusion. The fourth beast symbolizes the fourth kingdom, *i.e.*, the Roman. Its ten horns symbolize the fourth kingdom in its state of tenfold division. The little horn, which comes up among the ten, and displaces three of them, symbolizes another kingdom of a character without its parallel for malignity and impiety. Beyond any question, this horn designates some

FORMIDABLE AND RELENTLESS

enemy of the saints of the Most High. And now, mark; it makes war with the saints, and prevails against them, and wears them out—how long? Until the millennium? The inspired answer is: until the Ancient of days shall come; until judgment is given to the saints of the Most High; until the time is come that the saints possess the kingdom; all which events are here inseparably connected with the coming of the Son of man with the clouds of heaven; or, what is the same thing, His coming in the glory of His Father, with all the holy angels. There can be no millennium, therefore, before Christ's second coming.

* From his work, "The Blessed Hope," published by Mr. F. H. Revell, Chicago.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Reduction in the Public Debt for the month of March is shown to have been, according to the statement issued last week by the Treasury Department, $14,238,324, making a total in nine months of $81,840,000. The customs receipts during the month were less than those of the same month of last year by $2,119,881. During the nine months there was a falling off in the customs compared with the corresponding period of the last fiscal year of $15,657,792. There was also a decrease in internal revenue in the nine months amounting to $20,962,510. The total decrease in receipts from all sources amounts to $43,870,255. Expenditure has also decreased. The total decrease for the three quarters amounts to $18,540,052. Of that amount $4,569,742 has been saved in interest, and about the same amount represents lower payments on account of pensions.

The Holding of a Constitutional Convention is advocated by Mr. McCord, of Iowa, who has prepared a joint resolution for introduction to the House authorizing it. He contends that many constitutional questions have arisen since the Constitution was framed which demand changes. His resolution provides for the appointment by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, of a commission, to consist of seventy-six persons, two from each State, of different parties, for the purpose of considering and proposing to the several States the propriety of calling a convention by at least two thirds of the States to propose amendments to the Constitution. The members of the commission are to be called together by a proclamation of the President after their appointment. Among the subjects to which the proposed amendments relate are the Presidential succession, the election of President and Vice-President, the exercise of the veto power, woman suffrage, and a number of other subjects, such as the regulation of trade marks, the establishment of a federal system of popular education, and the freedom of the civil service from political control, which have come up for action since the constitution was adopted, and with which Congress now has no power to deal.

The Bill for Withdrawing the Trade Dollar at its face value and issuing the standard dollar in its place, was passed by the House on April 1st. The last clause of the bill, which was its best feature, was struck out, on Mr. Bland's motion, by a vote of 131 to 118. That clause provided that the silver contained in the trade dollars received into the Treasury should be regarded as part of the bullion required to make the two million standard dollars which Congress orders shall be coined every month. The bill was sent to the Senate, which will, it is expected, restore the clause. There are now more than one hundred and twenty-nine millions of standard silver dollars in the Treasury vaults, and the two millions made last month went there. The public did not want them.

The Dangers of our Present System of Granting divorces have forced themselves on the attention of Congress. A bill has been reported by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate authorizing the collection of statistics with regard to marriage and divorce. It places the work in the hands of the Bureau of Statistics, and the results to be reported to Congress. If the true facts are obtained they will be such as ought to issue in a much-needed reform. Under our existing system the marriage bond is rapidly becoming a subject of contempt. A man who is tired of his wife or a wife who desires a wealthier or more agreeable husband, has no difficulty in obtaining a divorce, and in some States it can be obtained without the proceedings coming to the knowledge of the injured party. The facility with which divorces can be obtained and the carelessness with which judges in certain States grant them are a public scandal, which, for the sake of public morality, ought to be promptly removed. If a carefully considered law were enacted by Congress it would doubtless be adopted in time by the Legislature of every State, and so we might come by an easy process to the best remedy—a uniform divorce law for all the Union.

The Conference Committee of Independent Republicans has issued a circular which deserves the careful attention of all citizens, especially the members of the Republican party and the professional politicians who aspire to the control of that party. It may be particularly commended to the notice of the man who is chairman of the County Committee in the State of New York and to that of the men whose votes placed him there. The circular impresses on all citizens the importance of the duty of attending the primaries and of selecting good and reliable men as delegates to the National Convention. It emphatically assures the Republican party that the State can be carried in 1884 by the Republican party as it was in 1880, providing its ticket commands the approval of the independent and respectable voters. But it also warns them that however satisfactory the party platform may be, the vote of the State will not be cast for a candidate who might, if elected, use the patronage of office as a reward for personal or party service. That is a useful hint to the Stalwarts, who are supposed to hold that the spoils belong to the victors, and to the half-breeds who do not profess that doctrine, but who indorsed the appointment in 1881 to the Collectorship of the Custom House of New York.

Cyclones of a Destructive Character were again reported last week. On April 2d a cyclone struck the town of Oakville, Ind., completely wiping it out of existence. A telegram from Muncie, Ind., says: "At about five o'clock a heavy black cloud came driving from the west and another from the north. The two clouds met over a house two miles west of Oakville, lifted it from its floors and foundations, and tearing it into kindling wood deposited it a distance of over two miles and a half. A minute later the storm struck Oakville, carrying death and destruction in its track. Twenty-seven houses were torn down in a moment. Four persons were killed outright in Oakville, and the fifth died the next morning, while another man, two miles west of Oakville, was also killed, making six killed in all, while fifty are reported wounded. A large warehouse and saw-mill adjoining are in ruins." Telegrams from Columbia, S. C., Huntsville, Ala., Chattanooga, Tenn., and Pittsburg, Penn., state that those cities were also on the same day visited by a cyclone which did much destruction to life and property.

Extraordinary Precautions to Suppress a riot were made in New York on Saturday last. The police received warnings from well-informed persons that a meeting to be held at Cooper Union on Saturday night was likely to develop a riot worse than that in Cincinnati. It was declared that *the torch would be applied* simultaneously in pre-arranged localities, and that a conflict was inevitable. The police captains had a hundred and fifty men in Cooper Union, and collected five hundred more within call, while in each of the precinct stations a hundred men were under arms. The preparations appear to have awed the malcontents, and the meeting passed without disturbance. Resolutions were, however, passed calling upon the working classes "to organize and carefully prepare with all possible energy for the overthrow of the existing social order."

One Hundred and Twenty Persons Lost their lives on April 3d by the wreck of the White Cross steamer, Daniel Steinemann. The vessel was on her voyage from Antwerp to New York via Halifax, N. S. She left Antwerp on March 30th, and made a good passage until Friday, when she was approaching Halifax. A thick mist prevailed, and the captain, who tried to run into the harbor, appears to have mistaken the Sambro light for that of Chebueto Head. The vessel got among the rocks at that point, and struck slightly. She was backed off, but struck another rock, which broke her propeller and carried away her rudder. Then a scene of utter confusion prevailed. Though the vessel was afloat for an hour only one boat was launched, and in that seven men were saved. As she settled in the water the waves washed the deck, carrying away men, women, and children. The captain and one passenger succeeded in saving themselves by climbing to the masthead, which was above the water when the ship sank. They and the seven men who got away in the boat were all who were saved of 129 on board. Not a woman nor a child escaped.

The Bartholdi Statue to be Erected in the harbor of New York will soon be ready for erection. The work of laying the concrete foundation for it on Bedloe's Island has been commenced. The entire cost of the pedestal to support it and the work of its erection will cost $400,000. *The Travellers' Insurance Company*, of Hartford, Conn., has generously contributed $1700 toward the fund, besides sending to the press throughout the Union a large colored engraving of the statue, copied from the official picture. The munificence of the Travellers' Company will be heartily appreciated by the trustees, who are having no little difficulty in raising the necessary funds.

A Very Gratifying Political Sign of the times is reported from Ohio. The Ohio correspondent of the leading Republican journal states that in the district which elected ex-Speaker Keifer to Congress "public sentiment has undergone a most decided change during the past few months, and many of the ex-Speaker's political as well as personal friends are free to admit that the recent investigation has not in any manner contributed toward vindicating the ex-Speaker." A personal friend of Mr. Keifer's is reported as saying that Keifer is not likely to be a candidate for renomination when he knows the state of public feeling. That, however, may be considered doubtful. It will be a most encouraging feature of the political situation if the districts grow more particular as to the character of their representatives.

Jerry McAuley has Sufficiently Recovered from his illness to return to his labors in New York. Last week he was again present at the Cremorne Mission, and received a warm welcome. He told the crowded audience that he had received renewed physical strength during his stay at Lakewood, N. J. His face beamed with gratitude as he stood on the platform under the flower-woven legend, "Welcome Home," and told his audience how near death he had been, and how happy he was to be with them again.

Large Temperance Meetings have been Held during the past few weeks in New York, Brooklyn, and several cities in New Jersey by the veteran temperance advocate, *Captain Sturdivant*. The captain appears to have lost none of his old-time vigor, and the large number of persons who came forward to sign the pledge and put on the blue ribbon testified to the power he exercises over his hearers. Temperance societies desiring to secure Captain Sturdivant's services may address him at 805 Broadway, New York

An Appeal for Aid is Made by the Committee having in charge the meetings conducted by Mr. C. W Sawyer in the Hall of Cooper Union New York. W. E. Dodge, Jr., the chairman, states that the rent of Cooper Union and the smaller hall, Nos. 14 and 16 Fourth Avenue, the salary of Mr. Sawyer and the various incidental expenses, make it wise and necessary to raise about $10,000 each year.

A Fatal Shelter was Constructed by a Boy in South Carolina recently. A despatch from Columbia, S. C., states that a lad of fourteen, residing in Spartanburg County, began digging a cave in the bank of the Tiger River several days ago, to make a place of *safety from cyclones*. His parents did not know it. He was missed on April 1st. He had told some children of his intention, and a clue was thus obtained. Upon searching along the banks of the river it was found that the cave had fallen in and that the boy's body had been crushed almost beyond recognition. Hundreds of similar pits and caves are being made throughout the counties in which the recent cyclones did such great damage. So terrible is the havoc caused by the cyclones that it is no wonder that timid persons try to make for themselves a place of refuge against them. It is marvellous, however, that men should persist, in spite of warning, in doing the same thing against the storm of the day of God's wrath. Nevertheless, the self-made refuges of works and self-righteousness are often preferred to the divinely appointed refuge (Heb. 6 : 18).

Defective Life Preservers were Discovered on board several steamers by the inspectors during their recent investigation. In many cases they found the cork floats to be *miserable shams*, entirely unfit to save a human being from sinking at sea. It is required by law that all life-preservers must contain at least six pounds of good sound cork blocks, capable of sustaining a buoyancy of twenty-four pounds. In examining the floats on a Michigan steamer, the local inspector found them all short-weight, and capable of buoying only seventeen pounds each. In Boston a twenty-four-pound weight tied to a life-preserver taken from a ferry-boat sunk it like a lump of lead. About two hundred more from the same boat were found likewise faulty and condemned. These preservers were furnished by contract, were made of black cork, and cost about seventy-five cents each. From the examinations made so far it seems that the most faulty life-preservers are of recent make. Old ones, which have been carefully stored away for years on ferry-boats, came up to the requirements. A reason given for the deficiency in the new article is that competition has forced down the price so that dishonest manufacturers, in order to make ample profit, have stuffed their goods with sawdust instead of cork. This report will doubtless cause people to be chary of trusting the new life-preservers. The same disposition may be recommended with reference to new doctrines and theories. To some people a new interpretation or teaching has a charm, but there is no way of saving the soul to be relied upon but the divine way through Christ (Gal. 1 : 6–8).

A Mistake as to the Nature of a Plant caused the death of a young man named James Richards in Cleveland on March 30th. He went out fishing on that day, and while walking along the banks of the river found a plant which he supposed to be white balm. He dug it up and ate a part of the root, giving some to his two companions, who happily ate but a very small quantity. In a very short time afterward all felt unwell, but Richards was so seriously ill that his companions decided to take him home immediately. He became insensible on the way, fell into convulsions, and died. He had eaten a deadly poison. His fatal mistake was caused by the resemblance existing between the poison and the harmless plant. It is often so in spiritual matters. Some fall into sin with their eyes open, but a far greater number are deluded by Satan, who deceives them as he did our first parents by representing the evil as a thing "to be desired to make one wise" (II Cor. 11 : 14).

An Extraordinary Application to the Recorder of Paterson, N. J., was recently made by a lady of that city. She appeared before him to invoke his assistance in relieving her from a peculiar affliction. She says there is a society of men who have the power of taking away the souls of people and subjecting these souls to all sorts of unpleasant treatment, returning them to their owners when through with them. Her soul has been thus taken away at times, and she wants this sort of thing stopped. She presented a long and detailed statement of the indignities her soul had suffered at the hands of these people and of the permanent injury they had done it. The recorder, who took a humorous view of the application, told her that he could not issue warrants for the arrest of the ringleaders of the society who interfered with her soul, and he did not believe any power short of the Supreme Court of the United States could afford her relief in the premises. She deferentially agreed with him, and said she would bring the matter to the attention of that august tribunal. The lady is evidently insane, though it was stated she is perfectly rational on other subjects, and manages her affairs with remarkable ability. Other people who are not insane have reason to make a similar complaint, but if they are wise enough they carry it not to an earthly tribunal, but to Him whose power and authority the enemy of souls is forced to acknowledge (Mark 1 : 23–27).

A Young Man's Reckless Leap on the Elevated railroad in New York exasperated a conductor last week. A train was just leaving the Twenty-third Street station when a young man hurried out of the ticket office on to the platform. Seeing that the car gates were closed he made a leap, cleared them, and alighted safely on the car-platform. The feat was a dangerous one, as the young man, if he had missed his footing, would have fallen to the street beneath. It startled a dozen or more passengers who saw it. The burly conductor was dumbfounded at first, but as soon as he had satisfied himself that nobody had been hurt gave vent to his indignation. "Wot do yer mean by jumpin' over that 'ere gate?" he shouted, laying a heavy hand on the trembling young man. "I didn't want to get left," was the apologetic reply. "Yer didn't; well, I reckon yer'll get left at the next station. Suppose yer had fallen into the street and smashed yerself all ter pieces? I'd have bin in a nice fix, wouldn't I? Why, they would have docked me two weeks' wages." And at the next station he kept his word by putting the young man off the train, saying he would not carry such a careless fellow. We count a man foolish who imperils his life in so reckless a manner, but men who voluntarily place their souls in peril in a mad race for wealth or fame are often admired and applauded, though the apostle warns us of the danger of the act (1 Tim. 6 : 9).

PUTTING THE HAND UPON THE HEAD OF THE SACRIFICE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And he shall put his hand upon the head of the burnt offering; and it shall be accepted for him to make atonement for him. And he shall kill the bullock before the Lord."—Leviticus 1 : 4, 5.

Two Matters Essential in Sacrifice—The Act of Appropriation—I. It Meant Confession—Of Sin—Of Impotence—A Child's Definition—Of Desert of Punishment—II. It Meant Acceptance—Of Principle and Plan—The Sacred Person—An Arab Chief's Mistake—III. It Meant Transference — Religions Differing in Tense —IV. Identification — A Conscript in the French War—Useless Talking—Useless Consultation—Useless Tears—A Very Good Spelling.

No doubt there are clear distinctions in the teaching of the burnt offering, the meat offering, the peace offering, and the sin offering. In those various sacrifices we have views of our Lord's atoning work taken from different standpoints. On another occasion it will be profitable to note these delightful lessons and lay them to heart; but at this time I am not about to enter into such matters.

I desire to preach this morning so that I may fulfil the prayer of a little boy who, one Saturday evening before he went to bed, said in his prayer, "Lord, grant that our minister may say something to-morrow that I may understand." I am very sorry that such a prayer should ever be necessary, but I am afraid it is not only needful for children, but sometimes for grown-up people to pray, "Lord, help our minister to say something that we can understand, and that is worth understanding." Some of my brethren appear to dwell on high Olympus among the clouds; it were better if they lived on Calvary. Little dew comes from the dark mountains of intellectual dreaminess; far more refreshing drops are found upon the Hermon of the Gospel. I feel like Dr. Guthrie when he desired those around him to sing him a bairn's hymn; I would be a little child in preaching to you. Simple things are the most sublime, and to a sick man the most sweet. I wish to be plain as a pikestaff in setting forth the way of expiation by the death of Jesus.

I have a reason also for preaching

FOUNDATION TRUTH

to-day which to myself is powerful, though you may smile at it. It is this: If I have but few shots to fire, I should like each time to hit the centre of the target; that is to say, if I may only speak to you once to-day, after having been laid aside for three weeks, I desire to speak only upon topics which touch the vitals of godliness. I would plunge into the heart of the matter, and deal with the essence and soul of true religion. There are some things that may be or may not be, and yet no great evil will come either way; but there are other things that must be, or all goes wrong; of these must-be's I would now speak. Some things are important for the *well*-being of Christians, but certain other things are absolutely essential to the very being of Christians; and it is upon these urgent necessaries that I shall now speak—namely, concerning the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ and our faith in it; for these two things are of the highest importance, and they cannot too often be brought before our minds.

Two matters were essential in the sacrifices of the ceremonial law; and you have them both in our text: "He shall put his hand upon the head of the burnt offering," and "he shall kill the bullock before the Lord." The appropriation by the offerer and the death of the offering are most fitly joined together, and must neither of them be overlooked. All through the book of Leviticus the laying on of the hand and the killing of the victim are mentioned in immediate connection. These are each of them so important, and so full of meaning, that we must have a sermon upon each of them.

Let us on the present occasion look at the

leading act of the offerer: "*He shall lay his hand upon the head of the burnt offering.*" All that goes before is important, but this is

THE REAL SACRIFICIAL ACT

so far as the offerer is concerned. Before he reached this point, the person who presented the offering had to make a selection of the animal to be brought before the Lord. It must be of a certain age, and it must be without blemish; and for this latter reason a careful examination had to be made; for the Lord would not accept a sacrifice that was lame, or broken, or bruised, or deficient in any of its parts or in any way blemished. He required an offering "without spot."

Now I invite all those who seek reconciliation with God to look about them, and consider whether the Lord Jesus Christ be such an atoning sacrifice as they need and as God will accept. If you know of any other atonement for sin, examine it well, and I am persuaded that you will find many a fault and flaw in it; but concerning the Lamb of God, I have no question; you may search, and test, and try, but you shall find no blemish in Him. If there were any fault in Him, either of excess or deficiency, you might well refuse Him; but since there is nothing of the kind, I pray you joyfully to accept Him at once. Come now and look at the Lord Jesus Christ, both at His Godhead and His manhood, at His life and His death, His acts and His sufferings, and see if there be any iniquity in Him. He knew no sin; He had no acquaintance or dealing with it; "He was holy, harmless, undefiled." After you have well examined His blessed person and His spotless character, if you arrive at the conclusion that He is a fit and acceptable sacrifice for you to present before the Lord, then I long that you may take the much more practical step, and accept the Lord Jesus to be your representative, your sin offering, your burnt offering, your substitute, and your sacrifice.

I. To our work, then, at once. What did that mean? It meant four things, and the first was

CONFESSION.

He that laid his hand upon the head of the offering made *confession of sin.* I do not care what offering it was that was brought by a believing Israelite, there was always a mention of sin in it, either implied or expressed. This is true of the burnt offering, but in other sacrifices, especially in the trespass offering, where the hands were laid upon the victim's head, the offerer was charged to "confess that he hath sinned in that thing" wherein he had trespassed. There was a detailed confession of sin joined with the laying on of hands in the case of the scapegoat. See then that if you would have Him to be your atonement whom God has appointed to be His sacrifice, you must come to Him confessing your sin. Your touch of Jesus must be the touch of one who is consciously guilty. He belongs not to you unless you are a sinner.

Ah, Lord, confession of sin is

NO HARD DUTY

to some of us, for we can do no other than acknowledge and bemoan our guilt! Here we stand before thee self-condemned, and with aching hearts we each one cry, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness." Do any of you refuse to make confession of guilt? Then, do not think it hard if, since according to your own proud notions you are not sinners, the Lord should provide for you no Saviour! Should medicine be prepared for those who are not sick? Wherefore should the righteous be invited to partake of pardon? Why should a righteousness be provided for the innocent? You are the rich and you are sent empty away; the hungry shall be filled with good things. Go to; you that say, "I am clean; I am not defiled;" I tell you that you have no part in the great sacrifice for sin. O self-righteous man, you make out God to be a fool, since He gave His only-begotten Son to die, when according to you there was no necessity for His death. Many of us come most readily at this time and lay our hand upon the head of the appointed sacrifice, even our Lord Jesus Christ, because we have sin to confess, and we feel that we need a Saviour, even a Saviour for the guilty.

In this act there was also a confession *of self-impotence.* The believer who brought the bullock did as good as say, "I cannot of myself keep the law of God, or make atonement for my past breaches of the commandments, neither can I hope through future obedience to become acceptable with God; therefore I bring this sacrifice because I myself cannot become acceptable without it." This is a truth which you and I must also confess if we would be partakers of Christ, and become "accepted in the Beloved." O brethren, what can we do without Christ? I like what was said by a child in the Sunday-school, when the teacher said, "You have been reading that Christ is precious; what does that mean?" The children stayed a little while, till at last one boy replied, "Father said the other day that mother was precious, for 'whatever should we do without her?'" This is *a capital explanation* of the word "precious." You and I can truly say of the Lord Jesus Christ that He is precious to us, for what should we do, what could we do without Him? We come and take Him now to be ours because if He be not ours we are utterly undone.

If you could read the text in the Hebrew you would find it runs thus: "He shall put His hand upon the head of the burnt offering, and it shall be accepted for Him to make a cover for Him"—to make atonement for Him. The word is *copher* in the Hebrew—a cover. Why, then, do we hide behind the Lord Jesus? Because we feel our need of

SOMETHING TO COVER US,

and to act as an interposition between us and the righteous Judge of all the earth. Oh, what a blessing it is, dear friends, when our sense of self-impotence is so great that we have no desire to make a show of ourselves, but on the contrary long to be out of sight, and therefore we enter into Christ to be hidden in Him, covered in the sacrifice which God has prepared. That is the second confession, and thus we have a confession of sin and of need of covering.

There was a further confession of *the desert of punishment.* When a man brought his bullock, or his goat, or his lamb, he put his hand on it, and as he knew that the poor creature must die he thus acknowledged that he himself deserved death. The victim fell in the dust, struggling, bleeding, dying. The offerer confessed that this was what *he* deserved. He owned that death from the Almighty hand was due *to him.* And oh, when a man comes to that, when he owns that God will be justified when He speaks in anger, and clear when He judges and pronounces sentence in justice; when he confesses that he cannot deliver himself, but has so sinned as to deserve to be accursed of God, and adjudged to feel the horrors of the second death, then is he brought into a condition in which the great sacrifice will be precious to him.

II. Secondly, the laying on of hands meant

ACCEPTANCE.

The offerer by laying his hand upon the victim's head signified that he acknowledged the offering to be for himself.

He accepted, first of all, *the principle and the plan.* Far too many kick against the idea of our being saved by substitution or representation. Why do they rebel against it? For my part, if God will but graciously save me in any way I will be far enough from raising any objection. Why should I complain of that which is to deliver me from destruction? If the Lord does not object to the way, why should I? Moreover, as to this salvation by the merit of another, I do remember that my first ruin did not come by myself. I am not speaking to excuse my personal sin, but yet it is true that I was ruined before I committed any actual sin by the disobedience of the first father of the race who was my representative. *How this was just, I do not know,* but I am sure it must be right, or God would not so reveal it. At any rate, it is not for you and for me to raise objections against ourselves, but to feel that if God sees that this is a proper way of salvation, He knows best and we cheerfully accept what He approves. Who is there among you that will not do so? God grant that no one may hold out against a method of grace so simple, so sure, so available!

But, then, mind. After you have accepted the plan and the way,

YOU MUST NOT STOP THERE,

but you must go on to accept *the sacred person whom God provides.* It would have been a very foolish thing if the offerer had stood at the altar and said, "Good Lord, I accept the plan of sacrifice; be it burnt offering or sin offering, I agree thereto." He did much more than that; he accepted that very bullock as his offering, and in token thereof placed his hand upon it. I pray you beware of resting satisfied with understanding and approving the plan of salvation. I heard of one who anxiously desired to be the means of the conversion of a young man, and one said to him, "You may go to him, and talk to him, but you will get him no further, for he is exceedingly well acquainted with the plan of salvation." When the friend began to speak with the young man, he received for an answer, "I am much obliged to you, but I do not know that you can tell me much, for I have long known and admired the plan of salvation by the substitutionary sacrifice of Christ." Alas! he was resting in the plan, but he had not believed in the person. The plan of salvation is most blessed, but it can avail us nothing unless we believe. What is the comfort of a plan of a house if you do not enter the house itself? What is the good of a plan of clothing if you have not a rag to cover you?

Have you never heard of

THE ARAB CHIEF

at Cairo who was very ill and went to the missionary, and the missionary said he could give him a prescription? He did so; and a week after he found the Arab none the better. "Did you take my prescription?" he asked. "Yes; I ate every morsel of the paper." He dreamed that he was going to be cured by the plan of the medicine. He should have gone to the chemist's and had the prescription made up, and then it might have wrought him some good. So it is with salvation; it is not the plan, it is the carrying out of that plan by the Lord Jesus in His death on our behalf. The offerer laid his hands literally upon the bullock; he found something substantial there, something which he could handle and touch; even so do we lean upon the real and true work of Jesus, the most substantial thing under heaven.

III. But thirdly, this laying of the hand upon the sacrifice meant not only acceptance, but also

TRANSFERENCE.

The offerer had confessed his sin, and had accepted the victim then presented to be his sacrifice, and now he mentally realizes that his guilt is by divine appointment to pass over from himself to the sacrifice. Of course this was only done in type and figure at the door of the Tabernacle; but in our case the Lord Jesus Christ as a matter of literal fact has borne the sin of His people. "The Lord hath made to meet on Him the iniquity of us all." "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."

But do we by faith pass our sins from ourselves to Christ? I answer, No; in some senses, *no.* But by faith he that accepts Christ as his Saviour *agrees with what the Lord did ages ago,* for we read in the book of Isaiah the prophet, "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." That was Jehovah's own act in the ages past; and it was complete when Jesus stood as the great sin-bearer, and redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us. All the transgressions of His people were laid on Him when He poured out His soul unto death, and "was numbered with the transgressors, and bare the sin of

many." Then and there He expiated all the guilt of all His people; for He "finished transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness." There are

TWO RULING RELIGIONS

around us at this day, and they mainly differ in tense. The general religion of mankind is "*Do*," but the religion of a true Christian is "*Done*." "It is finished" is the believer's conquering word. Christ has made atonement, and we accept it as done. So in that respect we do lay our sins on Jesus, the holy Lamb of God, because we set our humble seal to that grand transaction which was the confirming of the covenant of old.

The laying of the hand upon the head of the sacrifice meant a transference of guilt to the victim, and, furthermore, *a confidence in the efficacy of the sacrifice* there and then presented. "I am a great sinner," says one, "therefore, I cannot be saved." Man alive, did Christ die for those who are not sinners? What was the need of a Saviour except for sinners? Has Jesus actually borne sin, or has He not? If He has borne our sin, it is gone; if He has not borne it, our sin will never depart. Assuredly, you, my hearer, if you be a believer, cannot have sin if Jesus has taken it away. You are made clean in the sight of God because your uncleanness has been washed away in the blood of the great sacrifice. See you not this way of salvation? If you do see it, will you not accept it now?

IV. Once more, this laying of the hand upon the head of the victim meant

IDENTIFICATION.

The worshipper who laid his hand on the bullock said, "Be pleased, O great Lord, to identify me with this bullock, and this bullock with me. There has been a transferring of my sin, now I beseech thee let me be judged as being in the victim, and represented thereby." Now consider that which happened to the sacrifice? The knife was unsheathed, and the victim was slain. He was not merely bound, but killed; and the man stood there and said, "That is me; that is the fate which I deserve." I beseech you when you think of our blessed Lord to identify yourselves with Him. When your substitute rendered to the law of God the penalty which it demanded, you virtually rendered it. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," and you have died, believer; you have paid the debt in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ whom by the laying on of your hands you have accepted to be your substitute. You know that story—it is a capital one, well worth telling a thousand times. In the great French war a person was drawn for

A CONSCRIPT,

but as he could not leave his family, he paid a very heavy sum for a substitute. That substitute went to the war and was killed. After a time Napoleon called out the rest of the conscription and the man was summoned because he had been formerly drawn; but he refused to serve. He said, "No, by my substitute I have served, and I am dead and buried; I cannot be made to serve again." It is said that the question was carried up to the highest court, and laid before the Emperor himself, and the Emperor decided that the man's claim of exemption was a just one. He had fulfilled the conscription by a substitute; that substitute had served for life, and could not be called upon to do more; and therefore the person for whom he was the substitute could not further be summoned under that conscription. This sets forth our joy and glory; we are identified with Christ, we are crucified with Him, buried with Him, and in Him raised to newness of life. "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live." "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."

Now, suppose that the Jew, who went up to the tabernacle and to the altar, when he came there had been content to *talk about* the sacrifice without personally placing his hand on it. I am afraid that this is what many of you have done hitherto. You are pleased to hear the Gospel, you take pleasure in the doctrine of substitution, and you know true doctrine from the current falsehoods of the hour; for all which I am very glad; but yet you are not saved because you have not taken Christ to be your own Saviour. You are like persons who should say, "We are hungry; but we admit that bread is a very proper food for men, besides which we know what sort of food makes bone, and what makes muscle, and what makes flesh." They keep on talking all day long about the various qualities of food; do they feel refreshed? No. Is their hunger gone? No. I should suppose that, if they are at all healthy, their appetite is increased, and the more they talk about food the more sharp set they become. Do go beyond talking about Christ, and learn to feed upon Christ.

Suppose, again, that the Israelite instead of talking with his friends, had thought it wise to *consult with one of the priests*. "Might I speak with you, sir, a little? Have you a little room somewhere at the back where you could talk with me, and pray with me?" "Yes," says the priest, "what ails you?" "My sin lies heavy upon me." The priest replies, "You know that

THERE IS A SACRIFICE FOR SIN;

a sin offering lieth at the door, and God will accept it at your hands." But you say, "I beg you to explain this matter more fully to me." The priest answers, "I will explain it as well as I can; but the whole of my explanation will end in this one thing—bring a sacrifice, and over its head confess your sin, and let an atonement be made." Sitting in your pew this morning, without speaking to me or any living man or woman, I exhort you to believe in Jesus. Stretch out your withered hand, God helping you, and lay it on the head of Christ, and say, "I believe in the merit of His precious blood. I look to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Why, man, you are saved as sure as you are alive; for he that layeth the hand of faith upon this sacrifice is saved thereby.

But I see another Israelite, and he stands by his offering, and begins *to weep* and groan, and bewail himself. I am not sorry to see him weep, for I trust he is sincerely confessing his guilt; but why does he not place his hand on the sacrifice? He cries and he sighs, for he is such a sinner; but he does not touch the offering. The victim is presented, and in order that it may avail for him, he must lay his hand upon it; but this vital act he neglects and even refuses to perform. "Ah," he says, "I am in such trouble, I am in such deep distress," and he begins starting a difficulty. You hunt that difficulty down, but there he stands, still groaning and moaning, and producing another difficulty, and yet another, world without end. The sacrifice is slain, but he has no part in it, for he has not laid his hand upon it, and he goes away with all the burden of his guilt upon him, though the sacrificial blood has reddened the ground on which he stood. That is what some of you do.

Observe that the Israelite had to put his hand upon a victim which was not slain as yet, but was killed afterward. This was to remind him that the Messiah was not yet come; but you, beloved, have to trust in a Christ who has come, who has lived, who has died, who has finished the work of salvation, who has gone up into the glory, and who ever liveth to make intercession for transgressors. Will you trust Him or will you not? I cannot waste words; I must come to the point. John Bunyan says that one Sunday when he was playing the game of tip-cat on Elstow Green, as he was about to strike the cat with the stick, he seemed to hear a voice saying to him, "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or wilt thou keep thy sins and go to hell?" This morning the voice from heaven sounds forth this question, Will you trust in Christ and go to heaven, or will you keep apart from Him and go to hell? for thither you must go unless Jesus becomes your Mediator and your atoning sacrifice.

WILL YOU HAVE CHRIST OR NO?

I hear you say, "*But*"—Oh that I could thrust your "buts" aside. Will you have Christ or not? "*Oh, but*"—Nay, your "buts" ought to be thrown into limbo; I fear they will be your ruin. Will you trust Christ or not? If your answer is, "I trust Him with all my heart," then you are a saved man. I say not you *shall be* saved; but you *are* saved. "He that believeth in Him *hath* everlasting life." You know how our dear friend, Mr. Hill, put it the other night at the prayer-meeting. "He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life." "H-A-T-H,"—that spells—"*Got it.*" Very good spelling too. If you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ you have eternal life in present possession; go your way and sing for joy of heart, because the Lord has loved you. Mind you keep on singing until you join the choristers before the eternal throne. The Lord save every person that shall hear or read this sermon, for Jesus sake. Amen.

AN EGYPTIAN BEDOUIN'S JOURNEY.

(*See Illustration on page* 236.)

Our picture on the next page represents a Soudanese Arab and his wife prosecuting a journey from one town in the desert to another. There are two things at least which an Egyptian Arab highly values, and makes strenuous efforts to possess, first, a good, much-enduring, good-tempered camel, and second, a trusty gun, such as the man in the picture is seen to be carrying.

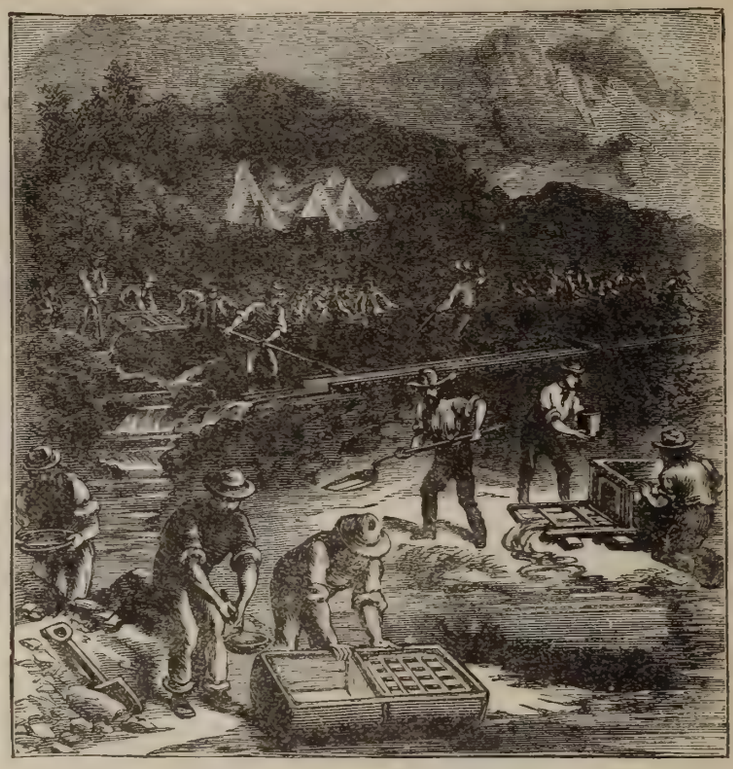
The camel and his Arab master have so many points of resemblance that a Bedouin of Shomer once said, "God created the Bedouin for the camel, and the camel for the Bedouin." The camel has the reputation of being very docile, but it appears that sometimes he is very much the contrary; he takes no heed to his rider, pays no attention whether he be on his back or not. walks straight on when once set a-going, merely because he is too stupid to turn aside, and then, should some tempting thorn or green branch allure him out of the path, continues to walk on in this new direction, simply because he is too dull to turn back into the right road.

His only care is to cross as much pasture as he conveniently can while pacing mechanically onward; and for effecting this his long, flexible neck places him at great advantage, and a hard blow or a downright kick alone has any influence on him, whether to direct or impel. In a word, he is from first to last an undomesticated and intractable animal, rendered serviceable by stupidity alone, without much skill on his master's part or any co-operation on his own, save that of extreme passiveness. Neither attachment nor even habit impresses him; never tame, though not wide awake enough to be exactly wild.

One passion alone he possesses, namely revenge, of which he furnishes many a hideous example, while in carrying it out he shows an unexpected degree of premeditated malice, united meanwhile with all the cold stupidity of his usual character. Mr. Palgrave, a celebrated Eastern traveller, gives the following instance. He says: "A lad of about fourteen had conducted a large camel, laden with wood, from one village to another at half an hour's distance or so. As the animal loitered or turned out of the way, its conductor struck it repeatedly, and harder than it seems to have thought he had a right to do. But not finding the occasion exactly favorable for taking immediate quits, it 'bode its time,' nor was that time very long in coming.

"A few days later the same lad had to reconduct the beast, but unladen, to his own village. When they were about half-way on the road, and at some distance from any habitation, the camel suddenly stopped, looked deliberately round in every direction to assure itself that no one was within sight, and finding the road far and near clear of passers-by made a step forward, seized the unfortunate boy's head in its monstrous mouth, and lifting him up in the air, flung him down again on the earth with the

The Bedouin on his Travels.



An Old-Time Californian Mining Camp.

upper part of his skull completely torn off, and his brains scattered on the ground. Having thus satisfied its revenge the brute quietly resumed its pace toward the village, as though nothing were the matter, till some men who had observed the whole, though, unhappily, at too great a distance to be able to afford timely help, came up and killed it."

The Bedaween are supposed to be the descendants of Ishmael, of whom it was prophecied that his hand should be against every man and every man's hand against him (Gen. 16 : 12). They have no houses but wander from place to place in the desert, sleeping in tents. They have no national organization and have never been absolutely subject to any foreign conqueror. They are bound together, however, by religious customs and beliefs, which form the only bond of order among them. They are divided into tribes, over each of which a sheik exercises patriarchal authority. Their complexion is brown and their persons are lean, sinewy and active.

MARY BEAUMONT'S DECISION.

(*See Illustration on page 237.*)

It was a long time after her husband's death before Widow Beaumont could bring her mind to taking a boarder. She pinched and economized in every conceivable way ; but in spite of all her care the little capital she received from the insurance company on her husband's life policy grew smaller. She was a plain, simple, honest woman, a farmer's daughter, unused to city ways, having no idea of how to obtain employment or to perform its duties if she obtained it. Her house was as clean as hands could make it, and her furniture was polished until you could see your face in it. She was always busy cleaning or washing, but still the necessity of earning money somehow was not met. Her daughter Mary, a well-grown girl of twelve years, was still at school, and the widow meant to keep her there another year or two if she lived on bread and water to do it. "Why don't you take a boarder or two?" said her friends. "You have plenty of room." But the widow thought her furniture would be spoiled, and she could not bear the idea of being a servant in her own house.

At last, however, it had to be done. A young music teacher, Henry Leslie, came with excellent references, and was admitted. He brought his piano with him, and was installed in the widow's best parlor. He was out most of the day attending the schools where he gave lessons, and in the evening a few pupils came to him for private lessons in music and singing. Altogether he was a very acceptable inmate of the house, paid regularly, and was quiet and friendly.

One day when he was alone he asked the widow if Mary would not like to learn the piano. Mary heard, and begged that she might try. Mr. Leslie was pleased with the child's eagerness, and when she had received one lesson he was astonished at her intelligence and quickness. Then he induced her to sing, and the scope and sweetness of her voice convinced him that she had unusual musical powers. After that Mary's music lessons were a source of delight to teacher and pupil. Mr. Leslie, weary with teaching children without taste and with no love for the art, who learned because they were compelled to learn, found a rare pleasure in Mary's intense earnestness, her rapt attention, and the rapid progress she made. So matters went on for five years, until Mary was an accomplished musician and a singer whose voice enchanted all who heard it.

Mr. Leslie was very proud of his pupil. He obtained for her the post of organist at one of the city churches, and found several pupils to whom she gave lessons. She was earning a small income, and was now able to help her mother ; but she longed to do more, and the praises she heard of her musical talents encouraged her ambition, and she begged Mr. Leslie to help her to get some more profitable engagements.

About that time a new preacher came to the church of which Mary was organist. For the first time since she had been there she let her music books alone during the sermon, and listened intently. She was interested and impressed. As the preacher concluded with an earnest appeal to unconverted people to decide for Christ, Mary felt an intense desire to accept the offered salvation. All the following week she was ill at ease. Even music seemed to have lost its charms. The next Sunday she paid even closer attention, and after the evening service she had a private conversation with the clergyman, in which she gave her heart to Christ.

The following day Mr. Leslie asked Mary and her mother to come into his room.

"I have at last succeeded," he said, "in procuring you an engagement, Mary. I consider you are on the high road to fortune if not to fame. You can commence your duties at once with a capital salary, and you will only need a little special training, which you can take as you go on, to become one of the famous singers of the world."

Widow Beaumont's eyes sparkled as she heard. She kissed her daughter, and poured out a profusion of thanks to Mr. Leslie.

"What is the engagement, Mr. Leslie?" Mary asked.

Mr. Leslie explained that a leading theatrical manager was preparing to produce a piece in which an exquisite song was introduced. It occurred in a minor part, which would involve scarcely any study and in which there were other musical pieces. The lady would have little to say, little to do, but she must have a fine voice and a brilliant touch. "Both of which I could conscientiously say you have, Mary. And the manager has accepted you on my assurances. It is really a magnificent opening. We shall hear you sing in opera yet."

"How can we ever show you our gratitude, Mr Leslie?" said the widow "Why don't you speak, Mary? Mr. Leslie has taken your breath away, I guess."

"No, mother, not that. I thank Mr. Leslie for his kindness ; I know all I owe him, and I appreciate this opportunity, but I cannot take it."

Henry Leslie looked at her in amazement. His hand mechanically dropped on the keys of the piano near which he was sitting, and he struck a chord as a relief to his astonishment.

Then he pointed out again the advantages of the offer, and asked Mary if she had any valid reason for declining it. Mary told her story, and ended with the declaration that she would rather remain poor and unknown than win wealth and fame on the stage.

"I think your scruples absurd," said Mr. Leslie, still toying with the keys. "Many Christian

people go to the theatre, and if they go there and pay to be amused, surely you may go and be paid to amuse them."

"I am not responsible for them, Mr. Leslie, but I am responsible for my own acts, and I dare not go."

It was a long conference, Mr. Leslie arguing and pleading and Mrs. Beaumont entreating and insisting, but Mary remained firm. She was resolved that her kind friend's respect, even her mother's love, should be sacrificed rather than she would grieve her Saviour. "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me" rang in her ears and held her to her resolution.

Mary Beaumont has never sung in opera, her voice has never been heard from the stage of a theatre, but she is no longer poor, and her mother has lived to see that consistent adherence to principle does not necessarily involve poverty. She, too, has become a believer in Christ, and thanks God that her daughter was enabled by God's strength to resist the temptation to enter a path in which many have fallen never to rise again.

Mary Beaumont Causes Astonishment.

GOLD MINING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

(*See Illustration on page 236.*)

Before the days of hydraulic mining such a scene as that depicted in our illustration was a common sight throughout California. Even now there are districts, especially on the river bars, where there are no grades to render improved methods practicable, groups of Chinamen may be seen using the primitive cradle or rocker, and gaining results that satisfy the patient plodding race. It is remarkable that the latest improvements in hydraulic mining retain the principle of the rocker. Those pioneer miners had the true secret of their labor, and the inventions now in use are merely the rocker enlarged, with labor-saving appliances added. The original cradle was an oblong box with graded sieves laid in tiers, and blankets were alternated to catch and retain the precious dust, the whole being set on transverse rockers like a child's cradle.

After the cradle came "the long tom," which was a cradle with a stream of water doing the work of separating the gold from the earth and gravel, which operation was formerly effected by the motion the miner gave to the cradle. Still later other boxes were added to the long tom fitted with riffles to catch the finer gold as it escaped with the stream of water. This led to the ground sluice, in which the bed-rock did duty as a sluice, the stream being turned against the rock by the miner cutting a new channel with his pick. The effect of this stream saved an immense amount of labor, and was so effectual that it suggested the idea of applying a greater force of water to the deep gravel deposits on the high banks of the cañons of the streams. That was done by a similar method to that adopted in our fire engines. The miner conveyed the water by flumes to a point above that which he intended to work, and thence by pipes to the foot of the bank; then he applied his hose with a fireman's nozzle at the end. With the nozzle in his hand he could direct a powerful jet of water upon the bank. This was the common method in use in 1856.

The hydraulic monitors now in use first appeared in 1865, since which time the improvements have been directed to the increase of force with which they can send the jet of water on the rocks, the increase in the volume of water, and the more powerful means of moving the monitors. The monitors resemble huge cannons, which are easily turned by balanced weights, so that with one hand the miner can change the direction of the stream, while with the other hand he can regulate the volume of the water. A recent visitor states that he saw rocks many tons in weight tossed about like pebbles by a well-directed shaft of water from the mouth of a monitor.

The public has been familiarized by Bret Harte and other writers with the life of the mining camps. Many touching stories have been told of the rough men whom the prospect of speedy riches attracted to the place. Some of them were ruined aristocrats from Europe, others bankrupt business men from our Eastern cities, and others criminals who fled for their lives and dropping their identity spent their lives, in searching for gold, which they gambled away as fast as they obtained it. Yet in such a reckless crowd it was remarkable how the religious teaching of their early years would, on any solemn occasion, come back to the memory.

The following is a description of a funeral service witnessed in one of those early mining camps by a visitor from the East: The dead man having been religiously trained had frequently, especially during his last illness, given expression to pious remarks, and when he died the miners resolved that he should be buried with a religious service. A minister was found and brought to the camp. The scene was impressive as these rugged men stood around the open grave while the beautiful hymn, "O God! our help in ages past," was sung, and a part of the Burial Service was read. When the reader, himself deeply moved, uttered, "To whom shall we seek for succor but unto Thee, O Lord?" eyes that were but seldom lifted God-ward were upturned as if in appeal to the Helper of the helpless, and when offering the closing sentences of an extempore prayer, "That God would guide them through this world of sorrow and danger, and bring them unto His heavenly kingdom at last," lips that were unaccustomed to pray, responded with a solemn and fervent "Amen." Here, for the time, national prejudices and sectarian differences sank out of sight—one sect only, believers in Jesus, was here recognized, having one article only in their creed—faith in His name. Service over, the mourners retired, one of whom returned a few evenings after and placed a head-board over the quiet grave, on which the initials "J. S." were rudely carved, and left the sleeper in his lone repose.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 223.*)

A Stricken Household.

When Hester reached her father's house she crossed over to the opposite pavement, and stood for a minute or two looking at it with tearful eyes. It had always been a dull, gloomy, low-spirited looking house; but now, with the large casement on the upper floor closed with shutters, it seemed more cheerless than before. The faded books in the shop windows, which had not been moved since Rose had fled, and the panes stained with the dust and the rain, were very mournful to look at; and they affected Hester as if they had been living things, conscious of neglect. Her feelings were not very definite, but there was a sort of yearning pity toward the deserted old place, which seemed abandoned by the sun and all cheering influences.

There was not a sound to be heard within. She peeped into her father's room, and saw him sitting there in gray and grim silence, with his arms crossed upon his breast and his head drooping, awaiting in this attitude the entrance of any chance customer, which disturbed him but seldom, as his neighbors yet shrank from intruding needlessly upon his grief. Hester closed the door gently, and stole up the creaking old staircase, and through the empty rooms to Lawson's attic. He was stooping over his press in the window; but the ardor with which he had formerly pursued his work was dead, and his withered face was wrinkled with anxiety. She wished Lawson to be the first to speak; but he was in a silent mood, and for some time his work went on, without a word being spoken on either side.

"Lawson," asked Hester, after a long perseverance in silence, "what do *you* think about my mamma, my step-mother, you know?"

"Don't trouble your little head about her," answered Lawson; "you just think about your own mother. I'll show you her picture again."

"No," interrupted Hester, as he was about to reach down the portfolio, "I want you to tell me truly why people talk so about her. They point at me in the streets; and I heard a woman say, 'I hear that's her little girl, poor thing!' I wish to know what it is all for; and I mean you to tell me, Lawson," she added imperiously; "how am I to know what I ought to do, if I don't know what she has done? She was just as kind, and as good, and as pretty when she went away that morning as she ever was. Tell me directly, Lawson."

She had descended from her seat on the step-ladder, and was standing before him drawn up to her fullest height, with her head thrown back in an attitude of childish authority at once amusing and graceful. Lawson sat down on a high three-legged stool, which was his ordinary seat, and confronted her, his sallow skin flushed with a dull red, and his eyes not meeting hers, but fixed upon some point behind her, as if he saw and was speaking to some person who stood at the back.

"I'd tear my tongue out," he said, "before I'd tell the child. But if I knew where that woman was, I'd follow her to the world's end, and strike her down dead. As long as she's alive, she's the master's wife, and I know you cannot come back till she is dead. Only give me time and opportunity, and I'll see her dead at my feet."

"Lawson, Lawson," cried Hester in affright, "who are you speaking to? What are you speaking about?"

He lifted himself up slowly, and set doggedly to work again, turning a deaf ear to all Hester's questions and entreaties. Before him on the press was a volume bound in purple morocco, the title of which he was lettering in gold. One after another he took up mechanically his stamps of old English characters, and pressed them upon the gold leaf. He did it carefully, yet with an air of abstraction, and his thin lips moved, as if he was muttering to himself. Hester had stolen away sobbing, and the attic was his solitary abode again.

So the house and its inmates settled down into a life still more sombre than had reigned there before Rose had entered it. The brief period of sunlight had come and gone, and had left a deeper gloom than it had found.

Soon the brief season of Hester's childhood ended. By small degrees household cares thrust themselves upon her; and at a time when the daughters of other homes were still careless and apparently irresponsible, she had begun to busy herself quietly about her father, watching for his wants, and providing beforehand for them. The old servant gradually lost her importance, and finding herself no longer regnant, she abdicated indignantly, and Hester, a woman already at the age of fourteen, supplied her place, without troubling her father with the matter, while he seemed unconscious of the change.

As for her education, that was self-directed and almost self-acquired. She had gone to no school; for if ever the thought of it had been pressed upon John Morley, he had thrust it away with impatient agony. For the only good school in the place was the one in which Rose had been governess, and he would have felt less emotion in seeing his child dead in her coffin than in knowing day after day that she was gone to that school. He allowed her to choose and engage her own masters; and they came and went, and she received them and their instructions with a quaint, shrewd, old-fashioned womanliness, which often threw them into doubt as to whether she was indeed the young girl she seemed. It was an isolated life; and Hester grew so used to the shadowy, colorless tone of the old house, that she felt afraid of venturing out into the brilliant light and ceaseless stir of the outer world.

In this heavy and stagnant atmosphere Hester's young nature was compelled to unfold all the graces of girlhood which could struggle into existence. The blossoms were but pale and few, but they were very sweet, had there been any one to take pleasure in them; a quaint, quiet, demure, and pensive girl; her heart feeding upon fancies half romantic and half religious. One thought and memory lived within her—the memory of the fair young stepmother, and the thought of her mysterious crime.

There was a memorial of Rose's brief sojourn under their roof, which was more directly beneath Hester's notice than her father's; for the closed room, the key of which the unhappy wife had carried away, was opposite to her bedroom, in a part of the house which her father never entered. Since the night after his wife's elopement John Morley's foot had never ascended the two or three steps leading to Hester's chamber, and the locked door, behind which were hidden all the mementoes of Rose.

This room was like a grave in the house. Never did a sound come from it, though Hester, while yet a child, had sometimes sat up in bed at nights, holding her hand against her throbbing heart, and listening, as if some one might be moving about that mysterious room. No light could penetrate into it; and the shuttered windows looked blankly out upon the sky. She was not afraid of the place, but she was awed by it; the prevailing gloom and stillness of the whole house seeming to centre there in a perpetual silence and blackness, which was the monument of Rose Morley's guilt. So long as that heart of darkness remained, the sun could not shine very brightly into any other nook of the dwelling. It was the eye of the house; and that eye being darkness, how great was the darkness!

The years glided by, strengthening the fixed customs of the household. John Morley became formal and automatic in his habits. At a given moment of the morning his clouded and sad face and bowed figure emerged from his chamber, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, and glided, shadowlike, into his sitting-room, where his solitary breakfast awaited him. From that time until seven in the evening he remained brooding over his lot, with no distraction except the entrance of his few customers. His business declined slowly but surely, yet he scarcely perceived it. In the almost sublime egotism of his grief he was conscious only that time did not dissipate the clouds about him, but rather drew their sombre curtains more closely and thickly.

At length, in the course of years, the sole custom left to him was that of the people of his church, most of whom were poor and little given to reading. It seemed also as if the fire of Lawson's genius was forever quenched. The aristocracy of the country trusted no more rare and costly volumes to John Morley's binding-office. Now and then Lawson achieved a triumph, but success came only to him as a chance. Yet, in a little measure, his cunning returned when Hester brought her sewing up-stairs into the sunny attic, and sat in the obscure window by his press, plying her needle busily, though with few words passing between them. Sometimes she set her own hands to the work, under his directions, and gained a rare skill in it. But, for himself, his trembling fingers could not regain their delicate workmanship, and he felt that his occupation was gone from him. However, the current of life had drifted him into quiet waters, which, if they were not sunny, seemed very safe; and the sweet young face of Hester, not quite round enough or rosy enough for her years, was a hundred-fold dearer to him than it could ever have been in the brightness and gayety of a happier girlhood.

The chief changes in Hester's own existence were regulated by the sessions and vacations of Parliament. When Mr. Waldron rested from his Parliamentary duties in the seclusion of the country, Hester's religious duties became a little severe, for Miss Waldron expected her to attend punctually all the meetings for females, as well as occasionally to visit Aston Court for more private and personal instruction. Miss Waldron never forgot, and never suffered Hester to forget, that their spheres in life were totally different. She gave Hester gooseberries to eat while she regaled herself with grapes. It was something after the same fashion that she fed the souls of her scholars. There were promises and experiences too luscious for inferior palates; grapes of Eshcol, belonging by right to the aristocracy of the church, among whom she was numbered by every claim which it is possible to possess. By birth, by rank, by wealth, by early membership, by unremitting attendance at public worship, by indefatigable labors, and by every other qualification which the most exacting church could require, Miss Waldron laid claim to the finest of the grapes; and they were adjudged to her without a single dissentient voice.

When Hester's eighteenth birthday came it was noticed by no one but herself, and she kept it by buying a new bonnet in the place of an old one, which had seen long and hard service, and by contemplating her own face a little longer than usual, as it smiled and blushed back at her from the small round mirror which hung over her dressing-table. It was a spark of vanity quickly put out by the reproaches of her morbid conscience, and she went down-stairs to fulfil the duties of the day more in the spirit of eighty than of eighteen.

This same day Mr. Waldron found himself hovering about John Morley's shop, passing and repassing it in a singularly embarrassed and irresolute state of mind. There had not been much intercourse between them since the wrong committed by his son. John Morley had shrunk from all contact, and he had respected his feelings, though he could not sympathize with them. Sympathy was not Mr. Waldron's forte. He argued that if he had been able to support the thought of his son's sin, and, while deeply mourning it, still not to suffer it to interfere with his faithful discharge of public duties, both in the church and world, John Morley ought also to have proved himself superior to his sorrow and disgrace. He had been a perpetual and jarring memorial of the past, with his gray face and white head; and Mr. Waldron had been naturally irritated by him, whenever he was residing near Little Aston.

To-day he felt it an awkward thing, though he was a great man and member of Parliament, to enter John Morley's shop, and give utterance to the words he had carefully meditated beforehand. At last he marched boldly forward, ringing the shop-bell furiously with his quick entrance; and John Morley, gaunt and melancholy, the wreck of the handsome man he had once been, met him and looked him in the face with sunken eyes, which glowed with a dull and sorrowful flame.

"I wish to speak to you alone, Brother Morley," said Mr. Waldron, offering his hand, which probably John Morley did not see, for he did not take it.

"We are alone here," he answered.

"No, no," replied Mr. Waldron, "we are liable to interruption here, and I have much to say to you."

"Father," said the voice of Hester from the room within, "come in here."

John Morley complied by a silent gesture to his guest to enter, and he, removing his hat for the first time, passed in, and saluted Hester with the air of old-fashioned gallantry he had been wont to display toward her pretty stepmother nine years before. She had been sitting in her great chair, which stood summer and winter in the same spot on the hearth; and as soon as her quiet reception of the visitor was over, she resumed her seat, and took up her work again. Mr. Waldron stood opposite to John Morley, neither Hester nor her father asking him to be seated. The elder man, with whom life had been a prosperous thing, looked ten years younger than he upon whom had fallen perhaps the heaviest burden that can crush the spirit of a man.

"Brother," said Mr. Waldron, in a voice which faltered more than it had done when he

had addressed his maiden speech to an inattentive audience in the House of Commons, "I am come here to ask a great gift. If the choice had been given me, there is nothing I would not have done to spare you and myself the pain we must bear to-day. But my duty lay here and with you. Will you let me speak to you?"

John Morley bowed his head as his only reply.

"My son," stammered Mr. Waldron, and John Morley shivered and shrank back, as if recoiling from a hand raised to strike him, "my son Robert, whom I have banished from my house these nine years, is longing to return. He is ill and penitent; penitent almost to despair. He implores to be no longer an outcast from his own home, and the place which will be his at my death. He is my only boy, and I am getting well into years, and my heart yearns toward him. When Absalom fled to Geshur after the murder of his brother Amnon, he was an exile but three years, when his father's soul longed to go forth to him. Do you hear me, Brother Morley?"

"I hear you," he murmured, in a hollow and almost inaudible tone.

"Oh, let me bid him come home!" said Mr. Waldron urgently; "his sin was great, but it was the sin of a young man. It has been punished enough. For your sake and for righteousness' sake I have never received him under my roof since then—my only son! It would be unnatural, unmerciful, unjust, if I refused to let him come home, now that he is broken in health and contrite in spirit. My house is empty and desolate without him, and he is my heir. He will take my place when I am gone."

There was no answer when Mr. Waldron ceased to speak. John Morley stood with bowed shoulders and bent head, while his frame trembled like a child's, who knew not how to escape from the presence of some cruel tyrant.

(To be continued.)

PAUL'S PREACHING.

S. S. Lesson for April 20, 1 Cor. 1 : 17-31. Golden Text, verse 23. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The True Test of Preaching — The Secret of Paul's Success—Speaking God-Given Words—The Opposing Forces — Invulnerable against Human Agency — A Lady's Conversion—The Will Must Bow—The Truly Wise Despised by the World — The Way to Deal with Home Trouble—Power in Preaching—Christ the Only Strength of Preaching.

THE true estimate of preaching is by its results, and no preacher ever had greater results than the Apostle Paul. What was the secret of this power? There are schools of divinity wherever Christianity exists; theological seminaries there are plenty, but few such preachers as Paul are to be found. What was it in this man's preaching which insured such great success? Was it his oratory? He said of himself that he is "rude in speech," and others said of him that his speech was contemptible (II Cor. 10 : 10; 11 : 6). And again he says of himself: "My speech and my preaching was *not* with enticing words of man's wisdom" (1 Cor. 2 : 4); again, "Christ sent me, not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel, not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect." Was it his logical clearness or reasoning power which so swayed the hearts of men? No, for in speaking of "the things which are freely given to us of God," he says, "Which things also we speak, *not* in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which

THE HOLY GHOST TEACHETH."

This was the whole secret. Paul was filled with the Holy Ghost, the willing, intelligent instrument of the Holy Ghost. To the Thessalonians he says, "Our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." "My speech and my preaching was . . . in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power" (1 Thess. 1 : 5; II Cor. 2 : 4).

Paul knew well what many preachers seem to know so little, that the odds against Gospel preaching are quite beyond what any human power can cope with. "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places" (Eph. 6 : 12). Behind the darkness, deadness, and indifference of the souls we deal with, there is hidden all the power of Satan's kingdom. It is not a match of human reason against human reason; it is spiritual light against spiritual darkness. God alone is a match for Satan, and unless the Spirit of God possesses us, we are foolish indeed to attempt

SO UNEQUAL A COMBAT

as to convince a soul which is in Satan's possession. The wisdom of words may reach that which is on its own level, the level of reason; but it can go no farther. What presumption there is in a little finite man proposing to himself that he will fight God's battles and overcome God's enemies by the little store of reasoning power which he possesses! God says, "I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent. Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." No reasoning power of man ever procured to him the knowledge of God. It comes by revelation, not by wisdom; by light, not by logic.

We remember a lady on whom the strongest powers of argument were brought to bear; incessant care was bestowed upon her, time and strength given; every Christian worker within reach brought to speak to her, and this for years together; but all to no avail. Then one Christian cast all the care on the Lord, asked and received for her by faith the revelation of Jesus by the Spirit, and then a word, the weakest word, was enough, and "the foolishness of preaching" saved her, for she then "believed." The Holy Ghost was trusted to do the work,

AND HE DID IT.

"The Jews require a sign and the Greeks seek after wisdom." "I will believe if I feel first," says one; "I will believe if I can satisfy my reason first," says another; the Jews and Greeks of old have their representatives among us now. On the one hand the creature wants a proof that his Creator is to be trusted; on the other hand the creature is presupposing that his Creator's reason is within the limit of his own; both are forgetting their relative relations to God; and while in this spirit, no amount of argument would convince them; it is the will which is wrong, and which must bow before its God. The very moment

WHEN THE WILL BOWS

before God, the Gospel, whether of salvation, sanctification, healing, or whatever may be the need, becomes "the power of God and the wisdom of God." And this because Christ crucified takes His rightful place, the reins and the sceptre are transferred to the right hands. God hides His wisdom from the wise and prudent, and reveals it unto babes (Matt. 11 : 25). He calls us to be converted and become as little children, that we may enter into the kingdom of heaven (Matt. 18 : 3). Thus "the foolishness of God (the little babe with God) is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men." Joseph in the house of Potiphar and in the prison was stronger than his master, for the Lord was with him. Moses, the shepherd of Midian, was stronger than when he was the heir apparent to the throne of Egypt; for God was with him. David keeping the sheep was stronger than Goliath of Gath. Samuel, the little child, was wiser than Eli, the high priest; but the strength and the wisdom was not of these children of God, it was only of the Lord who was with them. If the Lord is with us, and we are nothing but as He uses us, we too shall be strong with His strength, wise with His wisdom.

"For ye see your calling, brethren, how that

NOT MANY WISE

men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise." The world counts foolish those who do not maintain their own cause, do not depend upon their own strength, do not make their own plans, and in no way take the initiative. The world counts such poor-spirited; so they are, if they act so only in relation to man, and yield to every human influence or opinion; but it is quite another thing to yield to the supreme power and wisdom of God. If the wife of an unconverted husband becomes saved, and then for the sake of peace yields to him, and is outwardly as much entangled in the world as ever, she is certainly wrong; if, however she takes up her own cause, argues with him, and reproaches him for thwarting her and for standing in the light of her conscience, she is still more in the wrong, for she leads her husband to think that Christianity makes homes unhappy and wives quarrelsome. But if she comes in her weakness and foolishness to her heavenly Father, tells Him her difficulty, and charges Him with the responsibility of making her way for her; doing this, it will *always* be found that the weakness of God is stronger than men, that the wife's way is made to serve the Lord, and the husband's soul won to Him.

God has chosen "the weak," "the foolish," "the base," "the despised" to confound "the wise," "the mighty," the "things that are." Let there be a preacher, who, knowing himself foolish, and weak, and inefficient, yet receives by faith the Holy Ghost, and Christ dwells in his heart by faith—he will soon find that to him Christ is made in very deed

THE POWER OF GOD

and the wisdom of God. He will experience a complete rest of soul in the most difficult circumstances, because he knows that God is equal to the task which is before him, and he counts upon Him for what he shall say and what he shall do. The result will always show that his confidence has not been misplaced, that it has answered to trust the Lord. Just as we are willing to know ourselves, the weak and foolish things which we are, by the revelation of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of God reveals unto us Christ "made unto us Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, Redemption."

Some preachers are admired much for their eloquence, logic, rhetoric; one hears their names everywhere; one reads their praises in the papers, and yet when one hears them there is so much of the man himself that one has a difficulty in perceiving Christ in him. The words of his discourse attract the attention more than Christ who is conveyed in them. There are others whose utterances are awkward, tedious, illiterate, unfinished; but the impression left on the mind is,

"JESUS HAS BEEN SPEAKING TO ME."

Holy Ghost preachers preach not themselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord (II Cor. 4 : 5). God's rule is "that no flesh should glory in His presence." If we glory in any natural power or talent, any quickness or wisdom of our own, it is just flesh or self glorying in His presence. Nothing can be more distasteful to God. Christ and self are the extreme opposites one of another; that which exalts self depreciates Christ; that which exalts Him depreciates self. And this is more markedly so in preaching than in anything else. No presumption can be greater than to imagine that by some intellectual power of ours we can bring unsaved souls into contact with God; that by some logic we can unseat Satan from his throne, and place Jesus there. This is the work of the Spirit of God, and if He uses us as His honored instruments in speaking, or praying, or preaching, or writing, it becomes us indeed to echo His words, "He that glorieth let him glory in the Lord;" it becomes us to give the glory where it is due, to Jesus Christ, "the power of God and the wisdom of God."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

General Gordon's Situation at Khartoum still causes serious anxiety. The report of the surrender of the city and the imprisonment of the intrepid general has not been confirmed. The only reliable intelligence respecting affairs in the city comes from the correspondent of the London *Times*, who is with General Gordon in Khartoum, and succeeds at long intervals in sending a despatch to his journal. The latest one published says: "We are daily expecting the arrival of British troops. We cannot believe that the government will abandon us. Our very existence depends upon Great Britain." General Gordon has finally decided to abandon his policy of conciliating the natives, having become convinced by repeated efforts and failures that it is utterly useless. His new policy will be more vigorous, and, as the first step toward carrying it out, the Egyptian soldiers who had been detailed to give a safe conduct to parties leaving Khartoum and proceeding to Egypt have received orders to return to the beleaguered citadel without delay. Armed steamers daily engage the rebels, who lose heavily. The rebels are still encamped opposite the town, but their numbers are decreasing. General Gordon is mounting Krupp guns on an iron lighter in order to reach the rebel camp from the river. The city at the date of that despatch was evidently still under General Gordon's command, but in expecting the arrival daily of the British troops he would be disappointed, as General Graham, with his expedition, has sailed from Suakim to Suez. The inhabitants of Suakim are discontented and angry at being left by the British to take care of themselves. The rebels on learning of the departure of the British approached to within a mile of Suakim and looted the cattle.

The French Demand for an Indemnity from China is to be enforced. The special correspondent in China of the New York *Herald* cabled on April 3d: "I learn from official sources that the French, in support of their claim of indemnity, will hold Langson and Caobang passes and will then enter China from the north side of the Gulf of Tonquin. Thence it is five days' journey to the Canton River and seven days to Canton City. The fleet will cooperate from the south. They can collect the indemnity in a few years from the Canton native customs. Those best informed in Chinese affairs regard the scheme as wholly feasible."

Russia's Annexation of Merv Appears not to have been so unanimously desired by the inhabitants as was represented. Recent despatches from that place indicate that considerable disaffection prevails among a portion of the Turcomans of the district. On March 3d a collision occurred between the malcontents and Russian troops. The details of the affair are so far unknown. It affords clear evidence, however, of much dissatisfaction on the part of the natives with the new arrangement, and makes it certain that Russia will be compelled to maintain a larger garrison in the newly acquired territory than she had intended.

A Destructive Fire in Paternoster Row, the publishing district of London, occurred on April 2d. Many of the publishing houses were threatened. The cablegram reporting the catastrophe says: "The Religious Tract Society's building and the buildings adjacent were burned. The fire raged for four hours. Twenty-four engines were called into service. About a dozen houses, mostly bookbinding and publishing establishments, were gutted. The damage by the fire is immense. One firm lost a large collection of sheet music. An American fire ladder was used by the firemen, and proved to be of great service." A favorable wind diverted the flames from St. Paul's Cathedral, which is near the scene of the conflagration.

The Body of the Late Duke of Albany, Queen Victoria's youngest son, was interred at Windsor on April 5th. The ceremony was private, but in all cities and towns there were demonstrations of respect, and people of all ranks who were desirous of showing their loyalty put on mourning garb. Cable despatches state that at the funeral the Queen sat during the service weeping bitterly. All the young princes were sobbing. The Prince of Wales was very pale. After the service the Seatforth Highlanders (the Duke's Regiment) played "He will return to Lochaber no more." It is reported by journals usually well informed that the young prince, who was always extremely quiet in his habits, appeared to forget during his sojourn in France in the last week of his life how precarious was his health. He is said to have indulged in unwonted excitement, which, acting on a constitution naturally feeble, precipitated the apoplectic attack which proved fatal. His widow will receive $30,000 a year from the national treasury.

A Continental Gambling Hell, where both life and property are sacrificed every year, is situated at Monte Carlo, Italy, and thither many ladies and gentlemen from all European countries resort in the season. The number of persons who have committed suicide in connection with that centre of corruption would astonish the most incredulous. Only a few days ago a rich stranger blew out his brains at the Hotel de Paris, after having lost all his fortune at play. A commercial clerk, at Nice, followed the same example from a similar cause, while in the night a successful gamester was assassinated and robbed of six or seven thousand francs. This latter piece of intelligence is followed by the significant remark: "No one knows, and no one will know, any more, for the authorities of Monaco wish the affair kept quiet." If ever any pernicious evil cried for redress, surely it is the present practice of gambling at Monte Carlo.

The State of Zululand.—The Missionary bishop of Zululand (Dr. Wilkinson) writes from that country, describing the state of anarchy and bloodshed which at present prevails there. He says that for thirteen months they have been the sad witnesses of the ferment and bloodshed which they knew full well would result from the return of Cetewayo. At the very least 10,000 lives have been sacrificed, and three quarters of Zululand has been desolated. Yet all the time the cry has been going up throughout the land, "When is the British Government going to stop the blood?" All the people of lower degree have called themselves the children of the Queen, and have earnestly desired direct British rule. It is absolutely impossible for the Zulus to settle their own affairs, as Her Majesty's government state is their policy. Mutual extermination is the only prospect. The bishop asks, When is the awful tragedy to be closed, and England to recognize her responsibilities?

A Plot to Destroy Mountjoy Prison, in Dublin, is said to have been discovered. In that prison many of the Invincibles are confined, and with them are several prisoners who belonged to the society, but have since their arrest given information to the government. The New York *Herald* correspondent cables the following particulars concerning the plot: "The Invincibles in the prison were engaged in clandestine correspondence with conspirators outside. Letters were found in James Mullett's cell which disclosed the plot. The prison wardens were to be bribed with money from O'Donovan Rossa's fund to convey an infernal machine into the prison. One letter contained an order for the murder of Patrick Delaney, one of the Phœnix Park conspirators, by throwing him over the balcony as he should leave the prison after mass. Delaney still remains at Mountjoy for safety. Many of the wardens have been dismissed.

Differences Exist between the Two Irish leaders, which are causing a division in the party. Mr. Parnell and Mr. Michael Davitt are at variance in their ideas regarding the manner of conducting the coming election campaign. Mr. Davitt urges freedom in the selection of the candidates by the constituents, while Mr. Parnell and his friends insist that it is necessary for the Parliamentary party to have a voice in their selection. Still further divergence is disclosed in an article by Mr. Davitt, which appears in a socialist magazine. The editor of the magazine describes the article as "a declaration by an acknowledged champion of the Irish people that the quiescence of the Parnellite party in Parliament will not prevent the immediate reopening of agrarian agitation." Mr. Davitt proceeds to contend that the Land Act has done nothing to satisfy the real movers in the Land League agitation. He declares that he and his followers will have nothing to do with any extension of the purchase clauses of the act. He will not consent to the creation of a peasant proprietary obtained by government advances for the purpose of buying out the landlords' interest. Mr. Davitt's plan is to abolish landlordism, root and branch, by having the tenants continue the processes which have already made the landlords' property nearly unsalable.

The Value of Missionary Operations in London was the subject of an address recently made by the venerable Lord Shaftesbury, who, speaking at one of the meetings of the London City Mission, gave credit to its operations, and said that if they had not succeeded in making London a city of angels, they have, at all events, prevented it from becoming a city of devils. In the pamphlet, "Down in the Depths," recently published by the mission, the belief is expressed that, bad as London is to-day, it is, in proportion to its population, in a far better position, socially and morally, than it was fifty, forty, or even twenty years ago. Facts and statistics are adduced to show that the overcrowding is by no means so terrible as it once was, and that there has been a marked improvement in the morals and outward conduct of the people.

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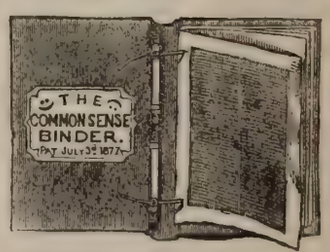

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The Rev. A. J. GORDON, D.D., Pastor of the Clarendon Baptist Church, Boston, Mass.

REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.,

Pastor of the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass.

The New Hampshire Home—Its Religious Purity—Dr. Gordon's Birth—Receives a Significant Name—Home Training Leading to Conversion—College Life—Active Christian Work as a Preservative Influence — First Pastorate at Jamaica Plains—Removal to Boston—Connection with Mr. Moody—Aggressive Christian Work—Temperance Activity—The Industrial Home — Other Enterprises—Vigorous Church Life—Literary Work.

In the year 1836 there resided in New Hampton, N. H., a family, the head of which belonged to a type of men rarely met with in our great cities, and which is, as time passes, becoming rare in the country districts. At the close of the last and during the first half of the present century they were to be found in every village and large town, especially in New England, men of deep religious feeling, scrupulously upright in all their dealings, caring but little for public or political affairs, except in cases in which conscience was involved; men of the Bible, troubled by none of the modern criticism or modern doubts as to inspiration, but accepting the whole book reverently, and making it the guide of their lives. Those men were the backbone of the Church. They were men who, had occasion demanded, would, like the Pilgrim Fathers, have sacrificed, without hesitation, their homes and fortunes, counting them well sacrificed if, by the loss, they gained liberty of conscience to worship God according to their principles.

Such homes as those men made, have often been described, and novelists and newspaper writers have held them up to ridicule on account of their austerity and gloomy sanctity. They have dwelt on the dulness of their Sundays, the sternness of home rule, the reprehension of "innocent pleasures," the edict forbidding the theatre, concert, and billiard-room, and above all "the narrow and illiberal" creed of the Calvinistic theology, which formed the centre and essence of religious thought and pervaded the home atmosphere. So were the Puritans derided; but from them, as from these New England Calvinists, have descended men who are to-day in the van of the battle against evil in the world, and who are conscious that to their early training, strict and stern as it was, they owe their preservation from youthful sins and the strength and force of their religious principles.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

In that New Hampton household was born on April 19th, 1836, a child whose name is now an honored one, not only in the chief city of culture and thought, where he resides, not only through his native land, but in the great cities of Europe, where his works are read and valued. The grave deacon had been for many years an enthusiastic supporter of foreign missionary work and an ardent admirer of the devoted men who left home and country to preach the Gospel of Christ to those who sit in darkness. One heroic man especially had won the good deacon's respect, the pioneer American missionary, Adoniram Judson. To that man the deacon tendered a tribute of homage by naming his infant child for him. The boy was named Adoniram Judson Gordon, and there is reason to believe that the pious father offered many prayers that he might prove worthy of the name given to him. It is certain that in many characteristics of his religious life and work, and notably in his interest in foreign missionary work, Dr. A. J. Gordon has been and is a living testimony of the power and influence of early training and of the truth of the scriptural maxim, "Train up a child in the way that he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

A change of heart in the boy was, as might be expected under such Puritan training, attended with much serious law-work—deep conviction and penitence. But at the age of sixteen the young man knew and felt in his inmost soul that he had been accepted of God through faith in Christ, and that the Saviour had fulfilled to him the promise, "To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God . . . which were born . . . of God." He made a profession of his faith, and was received into membership by the rite of baptism in the church of his native town. This happy issue was distinctly attributable to the effect of home training blessed by the Spirit of God, and it is recorded for the encouragement of parents who realize their responsibilities and are anxious to fulfil them.

COLLEGE LIFE.

Almost immediately after uniting with the church a powerful influence began to make itself felt in the young convert's mind, moving him to preach the Gospel. That often happens in like cases, but in young Gordon's mind the impulse was not stifled by worldly cares or diverted by worldly ambition. It grew and strengthened with the years, until it became a settled purpose, and ended in a complete consecration of his life to the Lord's use and service. He entered a preparatory school with the distinct object of fitting himself for a theological training in college. Thence he went to Brown University, Providence, R. I.

In such an institution there is often more danger to stability of purpose than in business life. The prizes which may be gained in the legal and other professions hang glittering before the eyes of the earnest student, who is peculiarly liable to be tempted by the acquisition of learning to devote his knowledge and talents to a pursuit more remunerative in wealth and station than that of preaching the Gospel.

A young man of mental power devoting himself to the work of the ministry deliberately foregoes the prospect of social advancement, the honors of diplomacy, and the much-coveted sweets of official life. He turns his back on the judge's seat, the senatorial chamber, and the White House, and in the place of those prizes, what can he hope to attain? Before him is a life of comparative poverty, a life of labor involving as much visiting as a physician performs and as much public speaking as is required of a lawyer in full practice; innumerable discomforts and discouragements, and in the end to leave the world without realizing a fortune or making any mark in national history. How many young men have entered college intent on ministerial labor, and have, after associating with young men preparing for other professions, turned aside, moved by such considerations. But none of these things appear to have weighed on the New Hampshire youth. He entered with zest, even while a student, into active Christian work, teaching in the Sabbath-school and helping in missions in the neighborhood around.

Probably there is no better method of keeping an unwavering purpose and resisting the allurements of the world and of the power which addresses ambitious young men in the words, "All these things will I give thee," than that Mr. Gordon pursued in taking his recreation from study in active Christian service. Among his classmates and companions of that period were several names which have since become eminent. Notably are those of Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of Philadelphia, Dr. Duncan, of Rochester, Dr. Abbott, of San Francisco, and Hon. Ethan Allen, of New York.

FIRST PASTORATE.

In 1860, at the age of twenty-four, Mr. Gordon graduated. He proceeded to Newton Theological Seminary for a more special course of training for ministerial work. Before the completion of his studies there he had already entered upon his life's labor, by accepting, at the earnest solicitation of the people of Jamaica Plain, the pastorate of their Baptist Church. His ordination took place in June, 1863, and until the year 1869 Dr. Gordon continued his work in the same church. It was a period of quiet, unobtrusive usefulness. The preaching of the Gospel was accompanied by the blessing of God; the congregation largely increased, and many additions were made to the church.

REMOVAL TO BOSTON.

At the close of his seven years' labors at Jamaica Plains Dr. Gordon received a call from the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, of Boston. The prospect there was full of opportunities for arduous and effective labor. It was a "down-town church," which had once been prosperous, but had declined, owing to the movement, which has taken place in most of our cities, of the population from the business streets to the suburbs. Dr. Gordon, however, accepted the call, and went to his new sphere with the expectation of doing vigorous and energetic work. He was not disappointed in that expectation nor in the results. A new edifice was erected in the south end of the city, which was soon filled with worshippers. A deep, earnest spirituality pervaded the place, and the membership was doubled. The church itself, too, has become endeared to thousands as their spiritual birthplace, for it was in that building that the inquirers' meetings were held in connection with Mr. Moody's Tabernacle work. At various times revivals commencing from within the church have brought in large numbers of converts.

Under Dr. Gordon's pastorate the church has become a power in the city. "Like pastor like people," is an adage of which the Clarendon Street Church is a conspicuous illustration. The energy and spirituality for which Dr. Gordon is celebrated has been communicated from the pulpit to the pews. The church is distinguished by its aggressive Christian spirit, perpetually at work seeking to carry the influences of Christianity into the homes and hearts of the careless and indifferent; aiming not at proselyting from other churches, but at attracting those who are strangers to the power of the Gospel. It has availed itself of the social movements of the times, Dr. Gordon rightly believing that such influences can be and ought to be wielded more effectually by Christian people than by mere moralists. Such a movement is the temperance cause, into which Dr. Gordon entered with all his might. The

TEMPERANCE WORK

in connection with the Clarendon Street Church has been so earnestly conducted as to bring into its fold a large number of persons whose lives were being ruined by the rum-curse.

Another institution with which Dr. Gordon is identified ought also to be mentioned as an illustration of his practical philanthropic views. This institution is "The Boston

INDUSTRIAL HOME."

The inauguration of this home arose out of an imperative necessity realized in connection with reformatory work. The drunkard who desires to reform is often without employment and without such a character as would enable him to obtain it. Others, again, are in occupations in which temptation besets them at every turn. In both cases the difficulties which stand in the way of reformation—difficulties inseparable from debased appetite and moral weakness—are increased by outward circumstances. In such a position men sincerely desirous of quitting their evil courses have fallen in despair. Considering this difficulty from a practical standpoint, a large house, to which another was subsequently added, was hired. There, men broken down and impoverished by intemperance were received, and were provided with employment on the premises. They were thus enabled to support themselves in board and lodging while efforts were being made to effect their permanent reformation. After a period of rest and retirement they were assisted to procure suitable employment.

The Industrial Home has been very successful, and a large number of men have been helped toward sobriety and self-support by this institution, in which they passed the crisis of their lives. Not a few have entered it ruined in health, morals, and reputation who have come out of it, not only reformed, but converted. The

success of this experiment of linking self-support with reform work has attracted the attention of philanthropists elsewhere, and the example has been since imitated in other States. The Boston Home is now to some extent a public institution, the philanthropic public having recognized the value of the work it is doing, and has aided in its support and acquired a share in its management.

At the recent National Temperance Convention held at Saratoga, N. Y., Dr. Gordon was invited to preside. He delivered an address on the scriptural view of prohibition, which was so cogent and conclusive in its arguments that the National Temperance Society decided to publish it in pamphlet form.

The Clarendon Street Church has also established a colored church in Boston, which it largely supported until it became so prosperous that it was able to maintain a minister of its own race, and now draws but little assistance from the mother church.

These are but a small part of the enterprises and avenues of usefulness which radiate from the church over which Dr. Gordon has presided now fifteen years. Evangelistic work, city missionary, and other efforts have been inaugurated and kept in motion by the church, while at the same time care has been taken that these outlying activities should not drain the church of its vitality. An evidence that this effect, which would be nothing short of a disaster, has not resulted, is apparent in the fact that the weekly prayer-meeting is one of the largest in Boston. This is an unerring test, for the weekly prayer-meeting has been rightly described as the thermometer of spiritual vitality in a church. Dr. Gordon is an

EARNEST STUDENT OF PROPHECY,

and like most students of prophecy is a firm believer in the pre-millennial advent of Christ. In the fall of 1878 he took a prominent part in the Prophetic Conference held in the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York. There are few who were present at that conference who will ever forget the fervent address he delivered there on "The First Resurrection," or the rapt attention in which he held the vast audience which hung breathless on his lips. The climax of the sessions was reached when, in the sonorous tones of his powerful voice, Dr. Gordon closed his address with these words: "Profoundly holding that we are nearer to the glory than to the sufferings, we would that that glory were rising on our larger vision and daily kindling more and more our hope and expectation. At all events, we wish that it were possible for the Church to keep the Second Advent as near to her spiritual consciousness as she keeps the First Advent; and that, as by the reminiscence of a historic faith, Christ is evidently set forth crucified in the midst of her, so by the transfiguration of a prophetic faith He might be constantly beheld appearing to her with His saints in glory. Surely there is enough of sorrow and woe in the present world to make us long for His coming, and enough in the promises and admonitions which He has left behind to make us hope for it. The night is far spent; the day is at hand. At each succeeding watch we hear the mighty challenge of the great sentence, 'Behold, I come quickly.' As watchmen keeping guard with Him over the city of God on earth, we, at least, ought to be wakeful enough to give back the answer, 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus,' and faithful enough to believe that in doing so we are sounding no meaningless watchword and putting up no useless prayer. I hold up before your eyes the glowing beatitude with which my theme is crowned, 'Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power.'"

AS AN AUTHOR

Dr. Gordon is well known on both sides the Atlantic. In 1872 he issued the volume entitled "In Christ," in which he dealt with one of the deepest and tenderest themes of the Gospel—the believer's union with his Lord. Its divisions show the author's recognition of the many-sided aspects of this precious doctrine, and how completely it enters into every element of the Christian's life. They are: Crucifixion in Christ; Resurrection in Christ; Baptism into Christ; Life in Christ; Standing in Christ; Prayer in Christ; Communion in Christ; Sanctification in Christ; Glorification in Christ. Dr. Gordon intended the book to be an aid to meditation, and very excellently it fulfils that purpose, being devout as well as suggestive. It is now in its fifth edition, and has been reprinted and largely circulated in England.

A volume of twenty sermons appeared in 1880 under the title "Grace and Glory." They cover a wide range of Christian life and thought, and are, withal, so simple that the child in Christ may understand and feed upon them. Among the most characteristic and impressive of these sermons are the following: "Faith and Fruitfulness;" "Jesus Christ at Home;" "Prophecy at the Tomb of Christ;" "Spiritual Near-Sightedness;" "The Sign of the Son of Man;" "Christ Calming the Heart;" and "The Virgin's Lamp." In the last-mentioned sermon Dr. Gordon gives a very lucid and impressive exposition of his belief in the pre-millennial coming of the Lord.

"Congregational Worship" was the title of his next work. Dr. Gordon's design in writing it was to urge Christian congregations to take a more direct part in the worship of God's house.

Last year appeared

"THE MINISTRY OF HEALING."

This is the most argumentative and scholarly of all Dr. Gordon's works. In it he takes the position that there is no evidence of the age of miracles having ceased with the apostolic age. That in the present day there is existing and growing, not only in the world, but in the Church also, a dangerous tendency to explain away the supernatural, and to look askance on any declaration of direct answer to prayer for healing or deliverance. Yet, as he shows with logical force, we are daily witnessing in conversion a greater miracle than that of healing the body. Nevertheless, they who pray that God will cure the soul of sin shrink from praying that He would cure the body of disease, though the contact of the divine and the human is closer in the former case than in the latter.

Having disarmed opposition by this line of argument, Dr. Gordon proceeds to give important testimony to the reality of the miracles of healing. This includes: The Testimony of Scripture; of Reason; of the Church, Ancient and Modern; of Theologians; of Missions; of Experience; and of the Healed. The concluding words of the volume reveal at a glance the spirit in which the book is written, which we may add is the spirit in which all of Dr. Gordon's ministerial work has been performed—the desire to be of service to others without counting the cost to himself, either of labor or reputation. Thus he writes: "Oh, ye countless victims of pain and disorder, who have never consecrated either your souls or your bodies to the service of Him who made them, hear all of you the voice of Him who speaketh from heaven, saying, 'I am the Lord that healeth thee.' And if the promises of God and the teachings of Scripture and the testimonies of the healed set forth in this book might throw one ray of hope or alleviation into your sick-chambers, it would repay amply the pains we have taken in its preparation, and more than compensate us for any reproach we may incur for having borne witness to a doctrine of which many as yet can hear only with impatience and derision."

Dr. Gordon's latest work is "The Twofold Life; or Christ's Work for us and Christ's Work in us." While it is written for the benefit of all Christians who may read it, it is especially intended to enlighten those who are in danger of looking "upon the salvation of the soul as the goal rather than as the starting point of faith"—for those who "have settled into a condition of confirmed infancy." These, who form a proportion of appalling dimensions in the Christian churches of our time, Dr. Gordon endeavors in this work to lead to contemplate and seek after "a second stage in spiritual development, distinct and separate from conversion; sometimes widely separated in time from it and sometimes almost contemporaneous in time with it—a stage to which we rise by a special renewal of the Holy Ghost, and not merely by the process of gradual growth."

In this, as in the other works from Dr. Gordon's pen, a prominent feature cannot fail to be noticed. There is an absence of dogmatism, a childlike spirit of docile following and dependence on the Spirit's teaching. There is all the courage of conviction; but with that there is a recital of the steps which have led to the conviction which have sufficed for himself, but which he leaves others to judge of for themselves. This "spirit of sweet reasonableness," as Matthew Arnold appropriately designates it, is too often absent from the writings of Christians, especially Christians whose views of "the higher life" and of "the healing by faith" are in harmony with his. There is no denunciation of those who differ from him, no derision of them, no doubts cast on their sincerity or their piety, but a simple, logical statement of his own convictions and his reasons for holding them. This gentle Christian spirit gives a powerful charm to Dr. Gordon's books as to his sermons.

We trust that Dr. Gordon may long be spared to continue his labors in Christ's cause, and that God's blessing may continue to attend him.

[Dr. Gordon's works are published by Mr. Howard Gannett, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.]

A Remarkable Faith Cure is Reported from Pittsburg, Pa. A despatch telegraphed from that city on March 13th says: "Miss Mary Hilliard, who belongs to a well-known East End family, has been lame for twenty years, and has been unable to walk unless she wore a boot and steel rod fastened to her waist. On Sunday she visited the house of a friend, took off her boot, and joined with three or four others in prayers for her recovery. At the conclusion of the prayers she started for home, leaving her boot and steel supporter in the house. She walked without difficulty, and has since walked freely. She says the best physicians in London and New York pronounced her case hopeless, and that her instantaneous recovery is due to nothing but prayer."

An Extraordinary Rate of Interest on a Dollar was recently paid by a Wisconsin statesman. He was born in the State of New York, but went West when he was seventeen years old. He had in his belt $1200 and $99 to pay his expenses on his way out. He wanted another dollar, and borrowed it of his brother. In a few years he began to accumulate. He made profitable speculations in timber-lands, and his wealth increased. Recently he returned to his old home in St. Lawrence County, N. Y., where he found his brother in straitened circumstances. Debt had got the best of him, and to satisfy a mortgage his home was about to be sold. "What is the amount?" asked the Western brother. "Twelve hundred dollars," answered the other, with a face as long as the Signal Officer's report. "Oh, brace up," said the Wisconsin statesman; "I'll pay you what I owe you, which, with the interest, will be enough to straighten this matter out." "But," said the former, "you don't owe me anything." "Yes, I do," he replied. "You remember lending me $1 when I first went West; well, here it is with returns," and he counted out $1500. "Every dollar I took away with me has brought me $1500 in return. If you ever get hard up, let me know, and I'll help you out again." Few men regard their obligations in that light, or pay them so readily. If Christian men considered in the same way what they owe to Christ, how different would be their service. Paul had occasion to remind Philemon of the fact (Phil. 19).

NEW LESSONS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, April 13, 1884.

"She supposing him to be the gardener."—John 20 : 15.

A Grim and Ghastly Tyrant—His Undisputed Sway—A Mighty Stranger—The Easter Morning Opening of the Prisons—Incidents of the Resurrection—Our Lord in Gardener's Attire—Mary's Glorious Mistake—Signifies an Every-day Christ—His First Appearance—To an Emancipated Demoniac—The Salutation—The Fault of Modern Christian Women—The Cantilever Bridge at Niagara—The Morning Twilight—The Shadows Over Our Grave-lots—Charles V. in the Necropolis—Mary had only to Wait—Christ's Pathetic Credentials—Heaven not a Bay for Pleasure Yachts—Resurrection Undefiled—Wounds the Grave's Only Prey.

[A vast audience filled the Tabernacle last Sunday morning. The building has seats for five thousand persons, but fully seven thousand were there, occupying the aisles, platform steps, the corridors, and gallery stairs, anxious to catch the sound of the preacher's voice. The front of the galleries was decorated with flowers, and the platform looked like a veritable flower-garden. The large organ behind was covered with clusters of beautiful roses.]

Here are Mary Magdalen and Christ just after His resurrection. For four thousand years

A GRIM AND GHASTLY TYRANT

had been killing people and dragging them into his cold palace. He had a passion for human skulls. For forty centuries he had been unhindered in his work. He had taken down kings and queens and conquerors, and those without fame. In that cold palace there were shelves of skulls, and pillars of skulls, and altars of skulls, and even the chalices at the table were made of bleached skulls. To the skeleton of Abel he had added the skeleton of all the ages, and no one had disputed his right until one Good Friday, about eighteen hundred and fifty-one years ago, as near as I can calculate it,

A MIGHTY STRANGER

came to the door of that awful palace, rolled back the door, and went in, and seizing the tyrant threw him to the pavement and put upon the tyrant's neck the heel of triumph.

Then the mighty stranger, exploring all the ghastly furniture of the place, and walking through the labyrinths, and opening the dark cellars of mystery, and tarrying under a roof the ribs of which were made of human bones—tarrying for two nights and a day, the nights very dark and the day very dismal, he seized the two chief pillars of that awful palace and rocked them until it began to fall, and then laying hold of the ponderous front gate hoisted it from its hinges, and marched forth crying, "I am the Resurrection!" That event we celebrate this Easter morn. Handelian and Beethovean miracles of sound added to this floral decoration which has set the galleries and the platform abloom.

There are three or four things which the world and the Church have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ. First,

OUR LORD IN GARDENER'S ATTIRE.

Mary Magdalen, grief struck, stands by the rifled sarcophagus of Christ, and turns around, hoping she can find the track of the sacrilegious resurrectionist who has despoiled the grave, and she finds some one in working apparel come forth as if to water the flowers, or uproot the weeds from the garden, or set to reclimbing the fallen vine—some one in working apparel, his garments perhaps having the sign of the dust and the dirt of the occupation.

Mary Magdalen, on her face the rain of a fresh shower of weeping, turns to this workman, and charges him with the desecration of the tomb, when lo! the stranger responds, flinging his whole soul into one word which trembles with all the sweetest rhythm of earth and heaven, saying, "Mary!" In that peculiarity of accentuation all the incognito fell off, and she found that instead of talking with an humble gardener of Asia Minor she was talking with Him who owns all the hanging gardens of heaven. Constellations the clusters of forget-me-nots, the sunflower the chief of all, the morning sky and midnight aurora, flaring terraces of beauty, blazing like a summer wall with coronation roses and giants of battle. Blessed and glorious mistake of Mary Magdalen. "She supposing Him to be the gardener." What does that mean? It means that we have

AN EVERY-DAY CHRIST

for every-day work, in every-day apparel. Not on Sabbath morning in our most seemly apparel are we more attractive to Christ than we are in our every-day work dress, managing our merchandise, smiting our anvil, ploughing our field, tending the flying shuttles, mending the garments for our household, providing food for our families, or toiling with weary pen, or weary pencil, or weary chisel. A working-day Christ in working-day apparel for us in our every-day toil. Put it into the highest strain of this Easter anthem, "Supposing him to be the gardener."

If Christ had appeared at daybreak with a crown upon His head that would have seemed to suggest especial sympathy for monarchs; if Christ had appeared in chain of gold, and with robe diamonded, that would have seemed to be especial sympathy for the affluent; if Christ had appeared with soldier's sash and sword dangling at His side, that would have seemed to imply especial sympathy for warriors; but when I find Christ in gardener's habit, with perhaps the flakes of the earth and of the upturned soil upon His garments, then I spell it out that He has hearty and pathetic understanding with every-day work, and every-day anxiety, and every-day fatigue.

Roll it down in comfort all through these aisles; roll it in comfort to all these galleries. A working-day Christ in working-day apparel. Tell it in the darkest corridor of the mountain to the poor miner. Tell it to the factory maid in most unventilated establishment at Lowell or Lancaster. Tell it to the clearer of roughest new ground in Western wilderness. Tell it to the sewing woman, a stitch in the side for every stitch in the garment, some of their cruel employers having no right to think that they will get through the door of heaven any more than they could through the eye of a broken needle which has just dropped on the bare floor from the pricked and bleeding fingers of the consumptive sewing girl. Away with your talk about hypostatic union, and soteriology of the Council of Trent, and the metaphysics of religion which would freeze practical Christianity out of the world; but pass along

THIS GARDENER'S COAT

to all nations that they may touch the hem of it and feel the thrill of the Christly brotherhood. Not supposing the man to be Cæsar, not supposing him to be Socrates, but "supposing him to be the gardener."

Oh, that is what helped Joseph Wedgwood, toiling amid the heat and the dust of the potteries, until he could make for Queen Charlotte the first royal table service of English manufacture. That was what helped James Watt, scoffed at and caricatured, until he could put on wheels the thunderbolt of power which roars by day and by night in every furnace of the locomotive engines of America. That is what helped Hugh Miller, toiling amid the quarries of Cromartie, until every rock became to him a volume of the world's biography, and he found the footsteps of the Creator in the old red sandstone. Oh, the world wants a Christ for the office, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the shop, a Christ for the banking house, a Christ for the field, a Christ for the garden, while spading and planting and irrigating the territory. Oh, of course, we want to see Christ at last in royal robe and bediamonded, a celestial equestrian mounting the white horse, but from this Easter of 1884 to our last Easter on earth we most need to see Christ as Mary Magdalen saw Him at the daybreak, "supposing Him to be the gardener."

Another thing which the Church and the world have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ is that He made His first post-mortem appearance to one who had been the seven-deviled Mary Magdalen. One would have supposed He would have made His first posthumous appearance to a woman who had always been illustrious for goodness. There are saintly women who have always been saintly, saintly in girlhood, saintly in infancy, always saintly. In nearly all our families there have been saintly aunts. In my family circle it was saintly Aunt Phebe; in yours saintly Aunt Martha or saintly Aunt Ruth. One always saintly. But not she was the one spoken of in the text.

While you are not to confound her with the repentant courtesan who made her long locks do the work of towel at Christ's footwashing, you are not to forget that she was exorcised of seven devils. What a capital of demonology she must have been. What a chorus of all diabolism! Seven devils—two for the eyes, and two for the hands, and two for the feet, and one for the tongue. Seven devils. Yet all these are extirpated, and now she is as good as once she was bad, and Christ honors her with the first posthumous appearance.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

Why, it means for worst sinner greatest grace; it means those lowest down shall come, perhaps highest up; it means that the clock that strikes twelve at midnight may strike twelve at midnoon; it means that the grace of God is seven times stronger than sin. Mary Magdalen the seven deviled became Mary Magdalen the seven angeled.

It means that when the Lord meets us at last He will not throw up to us what we have been. All He said to her was "Mary!" Many people having met her under such circumstances would have said: "Let me see, how many devils did you have? one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. What a terrible piece you were when I first met you." The most of the Christian women in our day would have nothing to do with Mary Magdalen even after her conversion, lest somehow they be compromised. The only thing I have to say against women is that they have *not enough mercy for Mary Magdalen*. Christ put all pathos, and all reminiscence, and all anticipation, and all pardon, and all comfort, and all heaven into one word of four letters, "Mary!" Mark you, Christ did not appear to some Bible Elizabeth, or Bible Hannah, or Bible Esther, or Bible Deborah, or Bible Vashti, but to Mary; not to a Mary against whom nothing was said; not to Mary the mother of Jesus, not to Mary the mother of James, not to Mary the sister of Lazarus, but to a seven-deviled Mary.

There is a man seven-deviled—devil of avarice, devil of pride, devil of hate, devil of indolence, devil of falsehood, devil of strong drink, devil of impurity. God can take them all away, seven or seventy. A few weeks ago I rode over the new cantilever bridge that spans Niagara—a bridge 900 feet long, 859 feet of chasm from bluff to bluff. I passed over it without any anxiety. Why? Because last December twenty-two locomotives and twenty-two cars laden with gravel had tested the bridge, thousands of people standing on the Canadian side, thousands standing on the American side to applaud the achievement. And however long the train of our immortal interests may be we are to remember that God's bridge of mercy spanning the chasm of sin has been fully tested by the awful tonnage of all the pardoned sin of all the ages, church militant standing on one bank, church triumphant standing on the other bank. Oh, it was to the seven-deviled Mary that Christ made His first *post-mortem* appearance.

There is another thing that the world and the Church have not observed in regard to this resurrection, and that is, it was

THE MORNING TWILIGHT.

If the chronometer had been invented and Mary had as good a watch as some of the Marys of our time have, she would have found it was about half past five o'clock A.M. Matthew says it was in the dawn; Mark says it was at the sun-

rising; Luke says it was very early in the morning; John says it was while it was yet dark. In other words, it was twilight. That was the o'clock at which Mary Magdalen mistook Christ for the gardener. What does that mean? It means there are

SHADOWS OVER THE GRAVE

unlifted, shadows of mystery that are hovering. Mary stooped down and tried to look to the other end of the crypt. She gave hysteric outcry. She could not see to the other end of the crypt. Neither can you see to the other end of the grave of your dead. Neither can we see to the other end of our own grave. Oh, if there were shadows over the family plot belonging to Joseph of Arimathea, is it strange that there should be some shadows over our family lot? Easter dawn, not Easter noon.

Shadow of unanswered question! Why were they taken away from us? why were they ever given to us if they were to be taken so soon? why were they taken so suddenly? why could they not have uttered some farewell words? why? A short question, but a whole crucifixion of agony in it. Why? Shadow on the graves of good men and women who seemed to die before their work was done. Shadow on all the graves of children because we ask ourselves why so beautiful a craft launched at all if it was to be wrecked one mile outside the harbor? But what did Mary Magdalen have to do in order to get more light on that grave. She had only to wait. After a while the Easter sun rolled up, and the whole place was flooded with light. What have you and I to do in order to get more light on our own graves and light upon the graves of our dear loved ones? Only to wait.

Charles Fifth of Spain with his servants and torches went down into the vault of the necropolis where his ancestors were buried, and went deeper, further on until he came to a cross around which were arranged the caskets of his ancestors. He also found a casket containing the body of one of his own family. He had that casket opened, and there by embalmer's art he found that the body was as perfect as eighteen years before when it was entombed. But under the exploration his body and mind perished. Oh, my friends, do not let us morbidly struggle with the shadows of the sepulchre.

WHAT ARE WE TO DO?

Wait. It is not the evening twilight that gets darker and darker. It is the morning twilight that gets brighter and brighter into the perfect day. I preach it to-day. Sunrise over *Père le Chaise*, sunrise over Greyfriars Churchyard, sunrise over Greenwood, over Woodlawn, over Laurel Hill, over Mount Auburn, sunrise over every country graveyard, sunrise over the catacombs, sunrise over the sarcophagi where the ships lie buried. Half past five o'clock among the tombs now, but soon to be the noonday of explanation and beatitude. It was in the morning twilight that Mary Magdalen mistook Christ for a gardener.

Another thing the world and the church have not observed; that is, Christ's

PATHETIC CREDENTIALS.

How do you know it was not a gardener? His garments said He was a gardener. The flakes of the upturned earth scattered upon His garments said He was a gardener. How do you know He was not a gardener? Before Easter had gone by He gave to some of His disciples His three credentials. He showed them His hands and His side. Three paragraphs written in rigid or depressed article. A scar in the right palm, a scar in the left palm, a scar amid the ribs—scars, scars. That is the way they knew Him. That is the way you and I will know Him.

Ay, am I saying this morning too much when I say that will be one of the ways in which you and I will know each other—by the scars of earth: scars of accident, scars of sickness, scars of persecution, scars of hard work, scars of battle, scars of old age. When I see Christ's resurrected body having scars, it makes me think that our remodelled and resurrected bodies will have scars. Why, before we get out of this world some of us will be covered with scars all over. Heaven will not be a bay into which float summer yachts after a pleasuring, with the gay bunting and with the embroidered sails as fair as when they were first unfurled. Heaven will be more

LIKE A NAVY YARD

where men-of-war come in from Trafalgar and Lepanto, men-of-war with masts twisted by a cyclone, men-of-war struck on all sides by seventy-four pounders, men-of-war with decks scorched of the shell. Old Constitutions, old Constellations floating in discharged from service to rest forever. In the resurrection Christ credentialed by scars. You and I will be credentialed, and will recognize each other by scars. Do you think them now a disfigurement? Do you think them now a badge of endurance? I tell you the glorious thought this morning, they are going to be the means of heavenly recognition.

RESURRECTION IN BEAUTY.

There is one more thing that the world and the Church have not noticed in this resurrection of Christ, and that is that Christ from Friday to Sabbath was lifeless in a hot climate where sanitary prudence demanded that burial take place the same day as death, and where there was no ice to retard dissolution. Yet, after three days He comes up so healthful, so robust, and so rubicund Mary Magdalen takes Him for a gardener. Not supposing Him to be an invalid from a hospital, not supposing Him to be a corpse from the tomb, but supposing Him to be the gardener. Healthful by the breath of the upturned sod, and by a perpetual life in the sunshine.

After Christ's interment every cellular tissue broke down, and nerve, and artery, and brain, were a physiological wreck, and yet He comes up swarthy, rubicund, and well. When I see after such mortuary silence such radiant appearance, that settles it that whatever should become of the dead bodies of our Christian dead, they are going to come up, the nerves restrung, the optic nerve reillumined, the ear drum avibrate, the whole body lifted up, without its weaknesses and worldly uses for which there is no resurrection. Come, is it not almost time for us to go out to meet our reanimated dead? Can you not hear the lifting of the rusted latch?

Oh, the glorious thought, the glorious consolation of this subject when I find Christ coming up without any of the lacerations, for you must remember He was lacerated and wounded fearfully in the crucifixion—coming up without one. What does that make me think? That

THE GRAVE WILL GET NOTHING

of us except our wounds and our imperfections. Christ went into the grave exhausted and bloodless. All the currents of His life had poured out from His wounds. He had lived a life of trouble, sorrow, and privation, and then He died a lingering death. His entire body hung on four spikes. No invalid of twenty years' suffering ever went into the grave so white and ghastly and broken down as Christ, and yet here He comes up so rubicund and robust she supposed Him to be a gardener.

Ah! all the side-aches, and the head-aches, and the back-aches, and the leg-aches, and the heart-aches we will leave where Christ left His. The ear will come up without its heaviness, the eye will come up without its dimness, the lungs will come up without oppressed respiration. Oh, what races we will run when we become immortal athletes! Oh, what circuits we will take when all earthly imperfections subtracted and all celestial velocities added we shall set up our residence in that city which, though vaster than all the cities of this world, shall never have one obsequy!

Standing this morning round the shattered masonry of our Lord's tomb, I point you to a world without hearse, without muffled drum, without tumulus, without catafalque, and without a tear. Amid all the cathedrals of the blessed no longer the Dead March in Saul, but whole libretti of Hallelujah Chorus. Oh, put trumpet to lip and finger to key, and loving forehead against the bosom of a risen Christ. Hallelujah, Amen! Hallelujah, Amen!

The Cry of "Water in the Mine" Alarmed two hundred men who on April 5th were at work in a mine worked by the Albright Wilmington Coal Company, near Braidwood, Ill. The influx of the water was discovered by a mule-driver, who immediately left his mule, rushed to the top, and reported it to the superintendent, who went below and aroused the men. A great number of them were frantic with fear, and they ran for the cages, three hundred yards distant. By the time they reached the cages the water was above their waists. On reaching the top some of them fell to the ground from exhaustion. There was no need to entreat the men to make use of the means of escape; when they realized their danger they left everything and ran to the shaft. Preachers of the Gospel do not find their message have the same effect, though it is more urgent, the danger more terrible and certain, and the way of escape more reliable (Heb. 6 : 18, 19).

The Conversion of an Eminent New York publisher in his boyhood was thus described by the Rev. S. M. Hammill, the veteran principal of the well-known boys' school at Lawrenceville, N. J. He relates that the late Rev. William Scribner, elder brother of Charles Scribner, the publisher, was converted while a student at Lawrenceville. "He came to me," says Mr. Hammill, "and said: 'I have found the Saviour, and I wish you would tell my companions.' I said to him: 'William, you had better tell them yourself. It will do them and you both good.' He stood up and said: 'My dear schoolmates, you have perhaps not understood why I have not been out upon the playground as much as usual for some days past. I have been seeking the salvation of my soul, and trust I have found my Saviour, and wish to tell you how much joy I have.' After prayers William came to me and said: 'I wish you would speak to my brother Charles, and pray for him.' I promised to do so. Like Andrew the Apostle, he was desirous that his brother should see Jesus. In a few days Charles, his younger brother, was indulging a good hope of an interest in Christ."

Two Men Lost in a Cave for Fourteen Days were rescued on March 31st. On that day a party were exploring the cave under Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga, Tenn., and had penetrated about three miles from the entrance when they were startled by deep groans in close proximity to them. They hastened forward, and discovered the forms of two men lying prostrate on a shelf of rock. The men were unable to articulate a word, but could only give vent in sobs to their joy at rescue. After being removed to the outside world, the men said that they entered the cave on the morning of March 16th. They had a small lantern and a bottle of oil. While exploring, one of them stumbled and fell; the lantern fell from his hand into the water, and the bottle containing the oil was broken. They had no other means of making a light. They groped their way back a few hundred feet, but found the undertaking useless, as they were in danger of falling over *unseen precipices*. They could hear the trickling of water, and crawled toward it, and by lowering their hats by means of strips torn from their clothing into the crevice they obtained a small supply of water from time to time. They remained at this spot about three days, and, driven to desperation by hunger, made another effort to escape their terrible doom. About the fifth day they threw themselves down in hopeless despair to meet their awful fate, and were unable to move from that time until rescued. The story of the miserable condition of the lost men helps us to realize what would have been the fate of our race had not God sent His Son to the rescue (Psalm 119 : 176).

TWO HOSPITAL BEDS.

By C. H. Spurgeon.

"THERE never was such an affliction as mine," said a poor sufferer, restlessly tossing in her bed in one of the wards of a city hospital. "I don't think there ever was such a racking pain."

"Once," was faintly uttered from the next bed.

The first speaker paused for a moment; and in a still more impatient tone resumed her complaint.

"Nobody knows what I pass through. Nobody ever suffered more pain."

"One," was again whispered from the same direction.

"I take it you mean yourself, poor soul! but—"

"Oh, not myself! not me!" exclaimed the other; and her pale face flushed up to the very temples, as if some wrong had been offered—not to herself, but to another.

She spoke with such earnestness that her restless companion lay still for several seconds and gazed intently on her face. The cheeks were now wan and sunken, and the parched lips were drawn back from the mouth as if in pain. Yet there dwelt an extraordinary sweetness in the clear gray eyes, and a refinement on the placid brow, such as can only be imparted by a heart-acquaintance with Him who is "full of grace and truth."

"Oh, not myself! not me!" she repeated. There was a short pause, and the following words, uttered in the same low tone, slowly and solemnly, broke the midnight silence of the place:

"And when they had plaited a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand; and they bowed the knee before Him, and mocked Him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! And they spit upon Him, and took the reed and smote Him on the head. . . . And they crucified Him, and parted His garments, casting lots. And sitting down, they watched Him there. And they that passed by reviled Him, wagging their heads. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'"

The voice ceased, and for several minutes not a syllable was spoken. The night nurse rose from her chair by the fire and mechanically handed a cup of barley water, flavored with lemon-juice and sugar, to the lips of both sufferers.

"Thank you, nurse," said the last speaker.

"'They gave Him gall for His meat: and in His thirst they gave Him vinegar to drink.'"

"She is talking about Jesus Christ," said the other woman, already beginning to toss restlessly from side to side. "But," added she, "talking about His sufferings can't mend ours—at least not mine."

"But it lightens hers," said the nurse.

"I wonder how."

"Hush!"

And the gentle voice again took up the strain:

"'Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed.'"

The following day, as some ladies visiting the hospital, passed by the cots, they handed to each a few fragrant flowers.

The gentle voice was heard again: "'If God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?'"

A few days passed slowly away, when, on a bright Sabbath morning, as the sun was rising, the nurse noticed the lips of the sufferer moving, and leaning over her she heard these words: "'Going home! I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.'" Her eyes closed, and the nurse knew that the hand of death was grasping the cords of life. A moment more and all was over.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Marvel Wrought through a Tract.—Mr. Dobie related at a recent meeting: "I called at a house not long ago where a woman was lying ill in bed. Her face was bright, and the tones of her voice were clear and melodious. Evidently there was something which caused her spiritual nature to triumph over the ills of her body. When I asked how she was, she replied, 'Oh, I am so very happy.' 'How so?' I inquired. 'What makes you so cheerful?' She then said, 'About a month ago, on a Sabbath afternoon, a tract on John 3: 16 was handed in at the door. When I read it the way of life through Jesus Christ became so very plain to my mind that I at once accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and have walked in fellowship with Him rejoicing ever since. As I lie here alone my heart seems too full to contain its joy.'"

Good Proof of a Great Change.—Mr. Clyde said: "The gable of a house in which a Mizpah brother lived in Glasgow was lately blown in during a terrible storm of wind and rain, and all his furniture was destroyed, except a few chairs. He rescued his wife and children with great difficulty. When I visited him he was thanking God for His kindness in saving his dear ones from injury and death. A drinking man, who lodged with him, said to me, 'James is thanking God for His goodness; if it had been me that had gone through what he has, I would have drowned my sorrow in drink. He is a changed man, that is clear.' James himself says that during the trying time, when he was taking his family one by one through the gap in the fallen gable, he was crying in his heart, 'Lord, help and keep me in this time of trouble.' God heard and answered his prayers, as He always will those of any sinner who, conscious of misery and weakness, cries to Him for succor in the name of Christ the Saviour."

An Antidote to the Fear of Napoleon.—Mr. Maughan relates: "When Napoleon I. was preparing to make war against Russia the news of the vast army which was to invade their country reached the Czar and his court. It threw them into a state of intense excitement. In the midst of the prevailing agitation one of the princes was quite calm and composed. This was noticed, and the Czar's attention called to it by one of the prince's enemies. The least difference in the conduct of one person from that of others caused suspicion to fasten on that person. The Czar Alexander called the prince before him, and demanded an explanation of his calmness when all the rest of the court were heated and excited with fear. The prince put his hand into his bosom and pulled out a copy of the Holy Scriptures. As he was going to open it the book fell to the ground, and opened at the Psalm 91: 1, 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' When the prince read this, the Czar was satisfied, the enemy of the prince confounded, and God was honored by the prince's faith in the divine promise."

Pitying a Street Preacher.—Mr. Dobie Said: "I called upon a woman not three weeks ago who drew my attention to a neighbor, who was at one time a church member and sang in the church choir, but who then never attended church nor meeting for want of time. What made the Christian woman whom I was visiting speak about her to me was that one day her neighbor had heard me speaking on the street about Jesus to a crowd of people, and she had come to my friend and said, 'Is it not sad, a decent-looking man like Mr. Dobie preaching on the street?' Her only idea of street-singers and preachers being that they were somehow on a level with street ballad singers and 'patter' speakers. With some trouble she was persuaded to come to our meeting, where she was converted to Christ. Now we have the joy of seeing her attend the meetings and the church as well, bringing her family with her. She was brought up among rumsellers, and some of her relations refuse to speak to her, and other of her friends mock her, calling her a hypocrite. Notwithstanding this, she says, 'I can't help what they say. I must speak for Jesus. I am so joyful.'"

An Open-Air Preacher before the Magistrates.—"An open-air preacher gathered a large crowd at a street-corner, and was arrested by the police on the charge of obstructing the thoroughfare. When he was brought before the magistrates, he asked, 'Do you really mean business?' 'Yes, of course we do,' was the answer. 'Well, before we enter into business, let us pray.' There and then he fell on his knees and poured out his heart to God in fervent prayer. The chairman directed the policeman to stop him. The officer consequently pulled his sleeve gently, saying, 'You had better stop now.' 'No, no,' was the reply. Then they appealed to a clergyman who was in the court to stop him, but he replied, 'No; you have started him, I will not try to stop him.' When he *did* stop, he said, 'I am ready for business now.' The magistrates looked at each other, then directed him to go to another room. An old gentleman then rose from his seat, and with tears streaming down his face, said, 'We have often had this man before us for being drunk and disorderly, but never for preaching; let us dismiss him.' The others silently assented, and the man was called in and told that he was free to go."

A Convict's Unsuccessful Appeal.—"A Young man stood before a judge, condemned to death. For the first time he realized that soon the bright sun of day would no more shine for him, that the beautiful flowers, the green grass, and all the pleasures of this world would be no longer his to enjoy. Oh how his heart swelled with agony at the dread thought which entered his soul, and he exclaimed, 'Where will my future life be spent?' With a smothered, heart-breaking cry he fell on his knees and pleaded with the judge for mercy. The judge replied, 'What I have passed I cannot alter.' Did that cold reply silence the condemned man? No! Again he besought the judge for mercy, but still he got the same reply, 'What I have passed I cannot alter.' With a frenzied look the young man gazed upon his young wife with his child in her arms, sitting in the gallery with the rest of his friends. 'All, all, lost to me through drink!' As this thought rushed through his mind, with a breaking heart he appealed for the third time to the judge for mercy. The judge rose from the bench saying, 'I cannot change the sentence; remove the prisoner.' Justice had to be satisfied; there was no pardon from men for this young man, and he paid with his life the penalty of his sin."

Reconciled Over a Death-Bed.—"A Father and mother had an only son. The father and son could not agree, but were always quarrelling, till at last the son was ordered to pack up and leave the home of his boyhood. When her darling had left the mother was stricken to the heart, and her health failed by degrees, till at last she took to what proved to be her death-bed. When death drew near she entreated her husband to grant her one request. He, anticipating what it was, steadily refused, but finally her earnest pleadings prevailed. The next morning the father went to his office and wrote a letter to the son, asking him to return home to see his mother die. It was late at night when the young man reached his old home. The door of his mother's room was open; the father stood at the bedside, and the son hesitated for a few moments, and then entered. The father turned his back to him, and walked to the fireside without a word of greeting. After saluting her son, the mother entreated him to make peace with his father. After long pleading, the son humbled himself, and father and son clasped hands over the mother's bed. She took both

their hands in her own and kissed them; then pressing them to her bosom, she passed to be with Jesus. With her life she reconciled them. So with His life and by His death Christ hath reconciled us to God. 'He gave His life for us.'"

THE SECOND ADVENT.

ITS CERTAINTY AND UNCERTAINTY.

By Dr. A. J Gordon.

The Event Clearly Revealed—The Misconceptions Anticipated by Scripture—The Event Explicitly Described—Bridal Love would have Precluded Error—What is Involved in the Personal Coming—The Date Unrevealed—Why the Uncertainty is Beneficial—The Present Duty.

We are not called to watch for Christ's second personal coming as a merely possible or remotely probable occurrence. Never are we admonished that we know not whether our Lord shall come, though we are admonished that we know not the hour of His coming. On the contrary, the Scriptures are crowded with statements of the certainty, of the literalness, of the visibility, and of the personality of His return to the earth. And, lest there should be any mistake, reiteration comes in to enforce assertion, and emphasis to enforce reiteration. "*This same Jesus* which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." "*The Lord Himself* shall descend from heaven with a shout." It must be evident, from these texts, that inspiration anticipated the denials, refinings, and

MISCONCEPTIONS

from which this doctrine should suffer, and so provided against them. For a bare repetition of these texts furnishes the best possible answer to all the various theories of a figurative or spiritual advent.

"The destruction of Jerusalem was the coming of Christ," says one. "When Titus descended upon the doomed city, with the shout of his Roman legions, then was the promise fulfilled." "*The Lord Himself shall descend*," repeats the Word of God. "The occurrence of death is Christ's coming to receive His people," says another. "*This same Jesus shall so come*," reiterates the Holy Scripture. "The diffusion of the Gospel, and the gradual transformation which it effects in human civilization, is the coming of the Redeemer," says another. "*The Lord Himself* shall descend," still resounds the Word.

All this is plain, and yet, alas! that the Master has need again to convince His servants of His continued personality; that they have so diffused Him into history, so confounded Him with death, so dissipated Him into a vague and shadowy presence that we can almost hear Him saying to them, as of old He did to His disciples when they mistook Him for an apparition: "Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself." Jesus has not lost His identity, or so merged it with history, or with providence, or with death, that we must look in these things for His coming. "*I* will come again," He says. "Behold *I* come quickly." And this 'I,' which is the sacred seal of personality, "that by which one knows and is to be known throughout eternity," He has never lent or transferred to another—except only to the Holy Spirit, who is one and co-equal with Himself. He did come, invisibly and spiritually, in the advent of the Comforter. But His visible, bodily return still remained as an unfulfilled promise.

Still further is the real and personal return of Christ enforced by the explicit descriptions of the event given in the Scriptures. It is not simply the same Jesus—no substitute, no commissioned messenger, no typical event—but He "shall *so come in like manner*" as He went. He went up visibly, from eager eyes that recognized Him as the veritable Lord; from outstretched hands that had handled Him as the Word of life, and as He was parted from them "a cloud received Him out of their sight." And so shall He return, visibly, personally, gloriously. "Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also that pierced Him."

All this, if heeded and pondered, is calculated to keep us from the error so especially prevalent in these times—the error of spiritualizing the substance and reality out of Christ's promises. Reason always allegorizes the grand realities of Scripture when it touches them; but the heart is a rigid literalist. Its affections are never content with shadows, or semblances, or substitutes. If the Church had always kept

HER BRIDAL LOVE

for her absent Lord, she would never have admitted even the suggestion of an impersonal advent. It must be suspected that only a fondness for this present world, and an indifference to the glorious hope of the Church, could ever have begotten such a thought. What we dread, or dislike to believe, we easily dissipate into vagueness and unreality. The unbelieving, to whom Christ's coming means only judgment and terror, would naturally wish to forget it, and explain away its reality. But what of her of whom the apostle wrote, "I have espoused you unto one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ?" Will the bride with the letter from her betrothed husband in her hand, saying, "Surely I come quickly," admit the suggestion that He means simply that He will send some mysterious stranger to bring her to Himself, or forward some kindly provisions for rendering her comfortable and contented with His absence, so that she shall be less inclined to "love His appearing," and to look for it?

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation." He shall come to save from the world those whom He is now saving in the world; to complete their redemption, to present them "faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy," and to usher in the marriage of the Lamb. He shall come to right all wrong, to consummate all good; to remove the curse from our groaning earth; to wipe away all tears from off all faces; to silence pain, and to swallow up death in victory. No promise is more constantly repeated, as none is more sacred than this. If Christians shall cease to wait for their returning Lord, creation groaning and travailing together in pain will not. If those whom He has redeemed with His precious blood do not rejoice with singing at every sign of His approach then "let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof. Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein; then let all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord: *for He cometh, for He cometh to judge the earth.*"

PERSONAL COMING?

"If I know not that God is a person, I know not that I am a person," said a great theologian. We may say likewise: If I am not sure of Christ's personal return, I am not sure of my personal vision of His face. If I am not certain that He shall "appear in glory," I am not certain that I shall "appear with Him in glory." His identity at the advent with the man of Nazareth, the man of Calvary, the man of Olivet, is the pledge of my own identity at that day. All reality, recognition, reunion, remembrance, and fellowship in the resurrection state seem to me to be involved in the question whether He who shall come is the same Jesus, or only some shadowy substitute, or some veiled and providential manifestation of His presence.

"Blessed," therefore, "be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to His abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." The personality that survived the grave has survived all the intervening centuries unchanged and unchangeable. And when His appearing shall be ushered in, it will be that of the man Christ Jesus, the same holy face, the same pierced hands, the same gracious voice, as at the first. This, then, is the doctrine to which the Scriptures commit your faith. You may believe in Christ coming in temporal judgment, coming in the crises of history, coming in the triumphs of Christianity, coming in the article of death; but do you believe and confess "*Jesus Christ coming in the flesh*," in that veritable body of flesh and bones which He carried up into heaven? This was the confession of apostles and martyrs and reformers; and this is the creed that needs to be emphasized anew in an age so given to spiritualizing and attenuating the plain and literal facts of Scripture.

THE TIME

of Christ's second coming is absolutely unrevealed. "Why should we watch for an event of whose date we are entirely ignorant?" is a question often asked. That is the very reason why, according to the Scripture, we should watch for it: "Watch, therefore, *for ye know not the day nor the hour*." There is the same dogmatic uncertainty in regard to the time of Christ's second coming, as there is dogmatic certainty in regard to the fact. The date is as truly an inspired secret as the event is an inspired revelation. "*Know ye not?*" is a question which Christ and the apostles are constantly asking. And we find the words always applied to something so distinctly revealed that there should be no excuse for being ignorant of it. But when the question of the date of Christ's second advent is raised, we find just the opposite language used: "*It is not for you to know* the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power." "But of that day and hour *knoweth no man*, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only."

And it is because of this ignorance of the date of the Lord's appearing, that we are so earnestly enjoined to watch; or, to reverse the statement, we may suppose that God withholds the revelation of this secret in order to train His Church in watchfulness and hope and vigilant expectation. For have you never reflected that the union of a certainty and an uncertainty constitutes the very strongest motive to activity? The sight of the firm, rocky shore gives hope and courage to the drifting mariner; but the unknown shoals and the unsounded depths lying between make him exceedingly careful in guiding his course, lest he be wrecked. What is known inspires confidence; what is unknown begets circumspection.

If the date of Christ's return were as certain as the fact of it, the expectant watchfulness and carefulness, which he enjoined upon His disciples in view of the event, could hardly have been maintained. Had He told them, for example, that He would certainly come back, and that His coming would be exactly two thousand years from His ascension, how impossible it would have been for His Church to keep her lamp trimmed and burning, in perpetual anticipation of His return, and her loins girded about in diligent occupying till He should come! Wisely did He join with the declared certainty of His advent, the explicit uncertainty as to its time, that so the returning Bridegroom "might live in our faith and hope, remote yet near, pledged to no moment, possible at any; worshipped not with the consternation of a near, or the indifference of a distant certainty, but with the anxious vigilance that awaits a contingency ever at hand."

Up, therefore, Christian! Trim your lamp; let its beams shine forth to meet and mingle with the first advancing rays of the bright and morning star. And let its light meantime show you the way to every path of self-denial, to every work of faithful service and testimony, and to every avenue of holiness and purity of life. Thus, with girded loins, with busy hands, with uplifted eyes and with radiant faces, may you be ready to meet your descending Lord, and to exult in His glorious appearing, saying, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate has Passed Mr. Blair's Education bill with important amendments. The total amount appropriated out of the National Treasury to assist the States in which illiteracy prevails is reduced from $105,000,000 to $77,000,000, and the rate of progression is changed. The first year's expenditure is to be but $7,000,000, the second year $10,000,000, the third $15,000,000, and each year after that $2,000,000 less, until the eighth year, when, with an expenditure of $5,000,000, the appropriations are to cease. As originally introduced the first year's payment was to be $15,000,000. The money is to be used to supply school privileges to children without distinction of race or color, and the schools aided are to be unsectarian. No State is to receive more from the grant in any one year than it expended on the common schools in the preceding year. The bill so amended was sent to the House, where it is expected some of the amendments will be rejected.

A Second Inquiry into the Circumstances of the loss of the Jeannette is in progress in Washington. A sub-committee of the House Committee on Naval Affairs has the investigation in hand. The inquiry was ordered in consequence of charges made by Dr. Daniel F. Collins, who alleged that his brother, Jerome J. Collins, who accompanied the Jeannette expedition as meteorologist, was unfairly treated by Captain De Long and some of the officers of the Jeannette, and also that material facts connected with the expedition which the public ought to know were suppressed at the previous inquiry. Several of the survivors of the expedition were examined last week by the committee, and testified to facts not before made public, which were exceedingly painful. They stated that there was jealousy between the captain and the officers, and that Mr. Collins was harshly treated. Also that the provisions supplied to the expedition were unfit for food, though Mr. Bennett and the Government had paid liberally for them. One of the sailors intimated that there was unnecessary delay in commencing the search for De Long, and that if it had been commenced earlier, it was possible, though not probable, that he and his party might have been rescued. It may be hoped that Lieutenant Danenhower and Engineer Melville when they give evidence will be able to contradict these startling and grave allegations.

The House of Representatives Adopted on Friday the report of the committee appointed to investigate the charges made by ex-Speaker Keifer against General Boynton. That report declared that *Keifer had failed* to substantiate the charges. Only two votes were recorded against adopting the report. That closes the question so far as the House is concerned, and Keifer, having made the charges in Congress, cannot be punished in the courts. That constitutes a strong reason why the character of the man should be made known through the press. Keifer has been Speaker of the House; he aspired to be the leader of the Republican party there during the present session, and it is stated that he is seeking a renomination to Congress. Every man who is concerned in nominating a candidate in that district of Ohio, and every voter in that district ought to consider well the reports of the two committees which have had the ex-Speaker under investigation. If after doing so they consider that he will be a fitting representative for them, then the public will do them no injustice in appreciating their character.

The Project for Giving the Public Increased telegraph facilities through the Post-Office has been advanced a stage. The Senate Committee on Post-Offices has reported the postal telegraph bill. Two important provisions have been added to it by the committee. The first authorizes the contracting company to employ the postmaster as its agent and operator at any postal telegraph office where the telegraphic receipts are insufficient to pay the salary of an operator and to pay him a commission not exceeding fifty per cent on the charges on the messages transmitted from the office. The second requires the Postmaster-General to secure provisions in the contract which shall protect postal telegrams against discrimination in the order of transmission in favor of telegrams received at such of the company's offices as are not operated under the provisions of the bill.

Forest Fires Devastated Large Areas in several counties of South Carolina last week. A telegram from Columbia, S. C., dated April 12th, states that the destruction of houses, valuable timber, fencing, growing crops and live stock was the most widespread ever known in the history of the State. It is impossible to estimate the amount of damage, but it will aggregate many hundred thousands of dollars. In Kershaw County the fires were especially terrific, sweeping over a thickly settled territory and destroying houses, timber, and fencing for many miles. It was with great difficulty that the flourishing town of Camden was saved, it being for twenty-four hours surrounded on all sides by the flames. Large numbers of cattle and hogs feeding in the woods were *roasted alive. Three churches escaped destruction* in a remarkable way. Antioch Church is surrounded by heavy pine forests, and just before the fire reached it the flames divided and went around it, coming together on the opposite side, and sweeping on without harming the church. At Mt. Zion the flames acted in a similar manner, passing close around the church but without injuring it. At Pine Tree Church the fires passed under and around the building, burning straw, wood, and lumber around it, but doing no injury to the church itself. At Sandy Grove the fire went through the churchyard, burning all the fencing, railing, and sheds around it and in the cemetery adjoining the church, but no harm came to the church.

The Floods in Louisiana have Receded.—At the close of last week Major Stickney reported to the Secretary of War that the river had fallen three feet at Vicksburg, one and seven tenths at Natchez, one at Baton Rouge and one at New Orleans from the highest point. The backwater or overflow in Tensas and Concordia has fallen from eight to twelve inches or more in the upper part. At the head of the Atchafalaya the water has fallen nearly a foot. The situation is more encouraging than could have been expected two weeks ago, and it seems very probable that a cotton crop may be raised in Tensas and Concordia. Immediate danger for the remaining levees is rapidly passing, and it is not probable that any other breaks in levees will occur.

The Pocahontas Mine, the Scene of the Explosion of March 13th, in which one hundred and fifty men were killed, was opened on April 10th. A party of miners were engaged in removing the timbers and débris until the shaft, etc., were left comparatively unobstructed. The exploring party then penetrated several hundred feet into the mine. The air was very foul and the stench sickening, but no traces of after damp were discovered. On the way two bodies were discovered and brought out. The terrible character of the explosion was shown by the condition of the bodies. They were horribly mangled, and presented a most revolting spectacle when exposed to the light of day. Only one single limb remained on the mutilated trunk of one of the bodies. The head, both legs, and an arm had been blown off. The other corpse was terribly distorted, and neither of them could be recognized by any of the crowd who were anxiously looking for the remains of lost relatives, friends, or acquaintances. Fifty-four more bodies were found on Saturday. The bulk of the miners who were in the farther workings have not yet been reached.

The Inquiry into the Wreck of the Daniel Steinmann, in which one hundred and twenty persons lost their lives, shows that the panic which succeeded the striking of the ship was the cause of so large a loss of life. The captain in giving his evidence on Thursday last, said: "We had life-belts and jackets on board in the store-room. I can't tell whether any passengers put them on. The suddenness of the shock and my duties prevented my seeing this. According to the Belgian law we are not obliged to carry life-belts, but we are enjoined to provide the best of lifeboats. The Steinmann not being a regular passenger steamer the men were not stationed at the boats. Each man had not his particular station. About nine P.M., when trying to make Chedabucto light, I went aloft myself, but saw nothing. It was thick and foggy, with rain, at that time. When I altered my course, off Jeddere, I sounded, but can't recollect the soundings; should say there were between thirty and forty fathoms. I wish to remark that the boats were in perfect order, well supplied with oars, boat-hooks, one keg of water, mast and sail complete and ready for use."

The Work of Relieving the Sufferers by the Southern and Western floods is being actively carried on by Miss Clara Barton and the Red Cross Association. The Red Cross relief steamer, Mattie Belle, was at Vicksburg, Miss., on April 10th, carrying supplies for the overflowed district below. The work done by the Red Cross Association is different in important respects from that done by the government. It is unhampered by red tape or other restrictions which prevent its ministering to every case of suffering that may appear. The Mattie Belle carries not only provisions, but has a large supply of clothing as well for needy people. She also carries what is fully as important to the poor colored people who have live stock—a supply of hay, corn, and oats.

A Converted Jew was Baptized by the Rev. Jacob Freshman on Sunday, March 23d. A large number of inquiring Hebrews were present to witness the proceedings. In the Mission Hall, 73 Allen Street, New York, the interest is increasing. On Saturday afternoons there is a great crowd of Jews present, many having to stand, while listening to sermons on "The Difference between Judaism and Christianity."

The Revival Services Conducted by Rev. Thomas Harrison in St. Louis, Mo., have now closed. Thirteen hundred persons made a profession of faith as the result of God's blessing on the special effort. The *Central Christian Advocate* says the last days of Mr. Harrison's work were days of power, and it appeared as if he might have gone on indefinitely with increasing influence. Many people went from curiosity, but that motive was soon absorbed in personal spiritual interest in the work which began on the first night. Mr. Harrison is now at Evansville, Ind.

The Temperance Work in New Jersey Continues with undiminished vigor. Messrs. Mabee and English hope to be in Rahway, commencing a mission by May 1st. The citizens of Montclair took possession of their new Reform Club building on April 7th. This will in future be the temperance headquarters there. Handsome and commodious rooms in the building are allotted to the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which appropriately inaugurated its new location on Thursday last, with a four hours' prayer-meeting. The local temperance workers are thoroughly in earnest, determined that no effort shall be wanting to render the movement aroused by Messrs. Mabee and English permanent.

Jerry McAuley is Anxious to Establish a home for "unfortunate" girls who are desirous of abandoning a vicious life. Since the Cremorne Mission has been opened numerous applications have been made to him by women anxious to reform, for such a refuge. Hitherto a lack of funds has prevented the enterprise being commenced, but a special effort is now being made for the purpose through *Jerry McAuley's newspaper*, which is devoted to the interests of the Cremorne Mission. The project is one of deep interest to the friends of morality and which appeals strongly to every Christian. Any subscriptions our readers may send us toward it will be handed to Mr. McAuley.

A Millionaire's Suicide in New York Last week disproves the popular idea that abundance of money insures happiness. On Thursday last a well-dressed gentleman signed the register at Earle's Hotel, and went to the room assigned to him. The next morning when the door of the room was opened, the guest was seen stretched on the floor with a bullet through his brain. A note found in the room stated that the wicked act had not been committed from crime nor want of money, but through mental distress and gloomy foreboding. The man averred in his note that he had not had an hour's natural sleep in four months, and believed his insomnia would lead to madness. He possessed real estate worth four million dollars. It would be well if young men starting in the race for wealth and determined to sacrifice everything to success in that pursuit would consider this suicide and remember the Master's warning, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth" (Luke 12 : 15).

Representatives of the Blue and the Gray met in unison at Cooper Union on April 9th to forward a very worthy and graceful object. It is proposed to erect at Richmond, Va., a home for needy disabled ex-Confederate soldiers, and the men most prominent in forwarding the good work are the officers and soldiers of the Northern army. In the course of an eloquent and affecting speech at the Cooper Union meeting, General Gordon said : "As an ex-Confederate soldier who laid down his arms at Appomattox I greet you with profound pleasure. After nearly twenty years of peace I can say that the analysis of the closing times of the war showed not a conflict of principles of government, but of construction. Both armies were patriotic ; both were Republican. Devotion to liberty and the principles of the Constitution were the fountain from which both drank inspiration. Though foes in fact, we were comrades even then in having the same purpose, which will never die in an American soul." Several Northern officers also delivered fraternal speeches. It is remarkable that while the politicians who remained at home during the war looking after fat contracts, are now so industriously waving the bloody shirt, the soldiers who suffered wounds and privation and hardship are holding friendly council together. So it frequently happens in the Christian army ; the men who are most in earnest for their Saviour are generally the men most ready to be reconciled to their enemies. (Job31 : 29, 30).

A Girl Chained to the Floor of a Room for seven weeks by her betrayer at Scranton, Pa., was released on April 11th. She was living with her mother at Lewiston when she became acquainted with the man who plotted her ruin. Deceived by a promise of marriage she quitted her home and went to Scranton to his home. Finding the man did not intend to keep his promise she attempted to leave him, but he procured a stout chain, and secured her to a staple in the floor. She was kept a prisoner there for seven weeks, having nothing to eat but sandwiches, which her inhuman jailer brought in his pocket from the restaurants. At length she succeeded in making her escape, and ran barefoot through the streets to a place of shelter. It is not often that such a case of cruelty is reported, but cases occur every day which ought to deter girls from listening to men who tempt them to sin. The warnings of the Bible are clear and explicit on the subject (II Tim. 3 : 1-7).

How Paralysis was Cured by a Dog was Explained recently by Dr. H. Gibbons in the course of a lecture on "The Body and the Mind," before the Cooper Medical College, San Francisco, a full report of which appears in the *Medical and Surgical Journal*. Dr. Gibbons stated that a paralytic had long used crutches, one of his legs hanging dead at his side. He frequently passed through a certain gateway, taking care to keep at a safe distance from a fierce dog chained near by. While hobbling along one day the dog made a leap toward him and broke the chain. Away went the crutches and away went the cripple, leaping like a deer. The lecturer explained this and similar cases described, by the fact that paralysis is the result of the pressure of blood on one lobe of the brain, and that when the blood is absorbed or driven away by a sudden fright or excitement the muscles of the limbs regain their proper functions like a released spring. In spiritual matters sudden transformations like this from helplessness and impotency to active work for Christ have been witnessed ; but, unlike the case of the recovered paralytic, the change is not the recovery of former functions, but of new life imparted by the Holy Spirit (Ezek. 36 : 26, 27).

The Race of a Train against a Cyclone is described in the *Observer* of Charlottle, N. C. : "A train on the Chester and Lenoir Narrow Gauge Railroad had passed Lowerysville, and was speeding in the direction of Lincolnton, when all on board were startled by a roaring sound that could be distinctly heard above the noise of the train, and on looking back they saw an immense whirlwind tearing along the railroad track, following directly behind the train at a rapid rate. The engineer was among the first to see it, and realizing what the consequences would be should the whirlwind overtake the train, he pulled the throttle wide open, and an exciting race began. There were several ladies on the train, and they cried, while the men were wild with excitement, and called to the engineer to put on more steam. The race was kept up in this way for about five minutes, when the train turned a curve in the road. As the whirlwind struck the curve it left the railroad track, speeding its way straight on through the fields. At the time it left the track it was not more than 300 yards behind the train." Those who have witnessed the havoc caused by these tornadoes can understand the terror of the engineer and his passengers as they fled for their lives. The incident recalls the prophetic warning to the nations, which he says will yet fly at the rebuke of God "like a rolling thing before the whirlwind" (Isa. 17 : 13).

SLAYING THE SACRIFICE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And he shall kill the bullock before the Lord."—LEVITICUS 1 : 5.

The Law of the Sacrifice—A Fundamental Doctrine—The Victim Must be Slain—I. Its Death Essential—Christ's Death not a Mere Adjunct of His Life—The Result and Penalty of Sin—Necessary to Clear the Conscience—II. Effectually Prevalent—Because of the Glory of His Person—His Perfection—The Nature of His Death—III. Intensely Instructive—Shows the Claim of God—The Evil of Sin—The Love of God—IV. Energetically Inspiring—With the Spirit of Consecration—Zeal for the Salvation of Others.

YOU remember that last Sabbath day we spoke of two things vitally essential to a true sacrifice, and the first upon which we then enlarged was the laying on of the hands of the offerer upon the victim, by which he accepted it as his sacrifice, and made a typical transfer of his sin from himself to the victim.* Now, the second essential thing, of which we are to speak this morning, was this—that the victim thus bearing the guilt of the offerer must be killed ; its blood must be shed before the Lord ; nothing short of its death by violence would render it an atonement for the offerer : "He shall kill the bullock." You will find this order continually repeated whenever a sacrifice is spoken of.

I have not this morning a controversial topic upon which to debate before you. However important controversy may sometimes be, we are glad to be away from its strife, and to consider a doctrine around which true believers gather in hearty unity—a doctrine which must be taken for granted in the Christian Church, which lies at the very root of truth, and in the very heart of true religion. Without controversy, great is this mystery of godliness, that Christ manifest in the flesh must die for sin, or otherwise sin cannot be put away. You remember what the Greek said when he heard an old philosopher with hoary head and gray beard disputing upon how to live. "Goodness!" said he, "if at his age he is disputing upon that subject, when will he be able to practise his conclusions should he arrive at any?" Truly, I may say to you to whom I have so long ministered, if we are forever to be learning and never coming to a knowledge of the truth, what will become of us? If we are to have nothing but questionable matters laid before us, when shall the time come for the actual possession and enjoyment of the blessings of the Gospel? At this hour my theme is such that I speak to you without diffidence or hesitation. In this case "we believe and are sure." Concerning our Lord Jesus Christ, the great sacrifice for sin, it was essential that He should die ; for only through the blood which He shed on Calvary for human guilt can there be preached among men the remission of sins. May the Holy Spirit lay home the blood of atonement to our consciences at this time to the glory of God and our own peace!

I. Concerning the killing and slaying of the offering, our first point is that it was

ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL.

The pouring out of the blood of the victim was of the very essence of the type. The death of Christ by blood-shedding was absolutely necessary to make Him an acceptable sacrifice for sin. "It behoved Christ to suffer." He could only enter into the presence of God with His own blood. He could not be the grain of wheat which bringeth forth much fruit unless He should die.

Remember that although there were important matters about the victim, yet nothing would have availed if it had not been slain. The Israelite brought an unblemished bullock, but the fact of its being unblemished did not make it an atonement for sin ; no doubt, many faultless bullocks and lambs still fed in the plains of Sharon. If the most perfect animal had gone away from the altar alive it would have effected

* "Putting the Hand upon the Head of the Sacrifice" See CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 10.

nothing whatever by way of atonement. It must be unblemished in order to be an offering at all; still, its perfections did not make it a sacrifice until it was killed. No matter what could be said of that bullock, it must die, and its blood must be sprinkled upon the altar, or else the offerer has brought no acceptable oblation. All its life and its labor would not satisfy.

Nor would it be enough to bring the bullock there and dedicate it to God. Some animals which had been dedicated to the divine service were used in the drawing of the wagons which carried the sacred furniture through the wilderness; but they were not sacrifices for all that, neither did they avail for the bearing away of sin. It was indispensably necessary that the bullock should be without blemish; it was necessary that it should be voluntarily dedicated to God; but if it had not been killed, there would have been no presentation of an offering according to the divine law, nor any easing of the conscience of the Israelite. Even so, Jesus must *die;* His perfect nature, His arduous labor, His blameless life, His perfect consecration, could avail us nothing without the shedding of His blood for many, for the remission of sin. So far from His death being a mere adjunct and conclusion of His life, it is the most important matter connected with Him; it stands in the foreground, it is the head and front of His redeeming work. We justly value Him for His example, and for His living intercession; but in the business of atonement it is beyond all things needful that we view Him as the Lamb slain.

Now notice that *this was expressly*

DECLARED BY GOD

in the Jewish law-book in express words (Levit. 17: 11.) I need not quote another Old Testament text, because this is so completely to the point, and so fully covers the whole of the ground. The atonement is not the animal itself, but the blood of the animal, which blood represents its life. As to *the entire Scriptures*, they *teem with statements of this truth.*

In the Old Testament, one of the most instructive types of redemption ever given is that of the Passover lamb. When God was about to smite Egypt He promised to spare His people; and in order to their safety He bade each family take a lamb, and kill it, and sprinkle the blood upon the lintel and the two side posts of their door. Then they were to keep within the house till the morning, and the destroying angel should not touch so much as one of them. What is expressly said by God Himself about this passing-over? "And when I see the blood, I will pass over you." There was never a fuller type of the redemption of Christ, I hardly think one so full, as that of the passing-over of Israel through the blood of the paschal lamb; but the essence of that passing-over is displayed to us in this sentence—"When I see the blood, I will pass over you." God's eye resting upon the evidence of a life having been taken instead of the sinner's life, is the reason why He passes over the sinner, so that he does not die.

When Isaiah, the great evangelical prophet, spake concerning Him upon whom the Lord laid our iniquity, he mentions His death as the main cause of His glorious reward. The last verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is

THE CULMINATING POINT

of the whole, and it runs thus: "Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong; because He hath poured out His soul unto death." It is a wonderful expression: it shows that

CHRIST MUST DIE,

or else He could not achieve the victory for us, nor share the spoil thereof. This is the verdict, not only of the Holy Ghost in the inspired prophecy, but also of all that dwell with God above, for they sing with sweet accord before the throne—"A new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."

In the New Testament the passages abound which set forth the doctrine upon which we are now speaking. Look at that passage in Hebrews 9: 12. There we are told expressly, "Without shedding of blood there is no remission." There is no remission by the life of Christ, no remission by the teaching of Christ, no remission by our repentance, no remission by our faith, apart from the shedding of the blood of Christ, by whom alone sin is put away. This is negative; but in this case the negative is as strong as the most positive statement could be; for if without shedding of blood there is no remission, then we see how all-important that blood-shedding becomes. If you desire a positive statement, a sentence rises to our lips at once—"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Observe, not the life, not the incarnation, not the resurrection, not the second coming of the Lord Jesus, but His blood, His death, the giving up of His life, is that which cleanseth us from all sin. This is that purging with hyssop whereof David speaks when he laments his sin, and yet looks to be made whiter than snow by

THE FREE PARDON

of his God.

My brethren, this is the cause of the saints being in heaven. In the first chapter of the Book of the Revelation, verse 5, we have the doxology, which begins, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." Thus say all the glorified. Further on we are told concerning the saints, "They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them." This is the true reading of the fourteenth verse of the last chapter of the Book of Revelation: "Blessed are they that wash their robes, that they may have the right to the tree of life, and may enter in by the gates into the city." Thus the passport to glory is the precious blood of Jesus. Access to God either on earth or in heaven is only by the blood of the Son of God.

Now and then we meet with some squeamish person who says, "I cannot bear the mention of the word blood." Such individuals will be horrified this morning; and *it is intended that they should be.* Sin is such

A HORRIBLE THING

that God has appointed blood to wash it away, that the very horror which the thought of it causes may give you some notion of the terrible nature of sin as God judges it. It is not without a dreadful blood-shedding that your dreadful guilt could by any possibility be cleansed. Sin-bearing, and suffering for sin, can never be pleasant things; neither should the type which sets it forth be pleasing to the observer. On great days of sacrifice the courts of the tabernacle must have seemed like a shambles, and fitly so, that all might be struck with the deadly nature of sin.

The church militant is called upon continually to commemorate the blood-shedding. So often as we gather to the Communion Table we may ask the question, "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ?" At the sacred table we show the death of our Lord until He come. He says to us in express words, "This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." He bids you remember the blood as you drink of the fruit of the vine, saying, "This cup is the new testament in my blood." Take the blood away, and the communion of the Lord's Supper has gone; there remains nothing but the Popish mass which is so blasphemously called an unbloody sacrifice for the quick and dead.

Here let us further consider that death is

THE RESULT AND PENALTY

of sin—"The soul that sinneth it shall die." "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." "The wages of sin is death." It was meet that the Substitute should bear a similar chastisement to that which should have fallen upon the sinner. Our Saviour did not endure annihilation, for that is not the meaning of death; neither the first nor the second death should be so explained. Jesus was not annihilated, but He bore the pain, the loss, the ruin, the separation, the overwhelming which is intended by death.

There is great comfort to my soul in this; for if the Lord Jesus has paid the capital sentence nothing remains unpaid. "He that is dead is freed from sin;" that is to say, if the law has killed the man it can ask no more of him, he must be free from further charge of guilt. When the criminal has died he has suffered the last sentence of the law, and is now beyond its jurisdiction. Our Lord Jesus has died the just for the unjust, and as that which He has borne is nothing less than death, it must cover all that is due to sin.

This death of Christ was absolutely necessary also for the clearing of the troubled conscience. An awakened conscience will never be quieted with anything less than the blood of the Lamb; it rests at the sight of the great Sacrifice, but nowhere else. A conscience smarting under a sense of sin is an unequalled fountain of misery. Let conscience once begin to scourge the sinner, and he will find it to be the most terrible tormentor out of hell. I do not know whether the prophet Isaiah was really sawn asunder by Manasseh, but we know that some of the saints suffered that torture; yet surely a saw that should gradually cut a man in halves from head to foot is a faint picture of what conscience can do when it begins to operate upon the mind with all its cutting force. What a divine atonement that must be which calms the storms of an accusing conscience and gives the soul a lasting peace.

Thus much, then, upon our first point: for many reasons it was absolutely essential that our great Sacrifice should die.

II. Secondly, we will with great delight meditate upon the fact that the death of Christ is

EFFECTUALLY PREVALENT.

Other offerings, though duly slain, did nothing thoroughly, did nothing lastingly, did nothing really, by way of expiation; for the Scripture saith, "It is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins;" the true purification is alone found in the death of the Son of God. When our Lord was fastened to the tree, and cried, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost, He had finished transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness. By offering one sacrifice for sins forever the work was done, the accusing record was altogether blotted out. Why was there such cleansing power in the Redeemer's blood? I answer, for several reasons.

First, because of *the glory of His person.* Only think who He was! He was none other than the "Light of light, very God of very God." He counted it not robbery to be equal with God, yet He took upon Himself our nature, and was born of a virgin. His holy soul dwelt in a perfectly pure body, and to this the Godhead was united: "For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Now for this glorious, this sinless, this divine person, to die is an amazing thing. However gross the insults which sin may have rendered to the law, they must be all forgotten, since Jesus magnified the law so abundantly, and made it so honorable by His death. I believe in the special design of our Lord's atoning death, but I will yield to no one in my belief in the absolutely infinite value of the offering which our Lord Jesus has presented; the glory of His person renders the idea of limitation an insult.

Next, consider *the perfection of our Lord's character.* In Him was no sin nor tendency to sin. He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." In His character we see every virtue at its best; He is incomparable. If He therefore died, "the just for the unjust," what must be the merit of such a death? His righteousness has such sweetness in it that all

the ill-savor of our transgression is put away thereby; it is no wonder that by the obedience of such an one as this second Adam many are made righteous.

Think next, dear friends, of *the nature of the death of Christ*, and you will be helped to see how effectual it must be. His was a cruel doom; human malice could scarcely have invented any method of execution more sure to create pain and anguish than death by hanging on a tree, fastened by nails driven through hands and feet. In addition to His physical pain, our Lord was sore vexed in spirit. His soul sufferings were the soul of His sufferings: "He was exceeding sorrowful even unto death." Now, for the Son of God to die, and die in such a manner, was a marvel. Never martyr died crying that he was forsaken of his God; that desertion was

THE LOWEST DEPTH

of the Saviour's grief, and since He died thus I can well understand that He has thereby made an ample atonement for the sins of all who believe in Him.

And then think of *the spirit in which our Lord and Saviour bore all this*. Martyrs who have died for the faith have only paid the debt of nature a little before its time, for they must have died sooner or later; but our Lord needed not to have died at all. He said of His life, "No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself." The pouring out of His soul unto death was not in the power of man until the Lord was pleased to yield Himself a sacrifice. "He gave Himself for me." Oh, it was

SPLENDIDLY DIED,

that death of our Lord, for He went up to the cross with such willing submission that it became His throne! The thorn crown was such a diadem as emperor never wore, it was made of the ended sorrows of His people—sorrows ended by their encircling His own majestic head.

And then I bid you to remember once more *the covenant character which Christ sustained:* for when He was crucified we thus judge that one died for all, and in Him all died. He was not slain as a private individual, but He was put to death as a representative man. It was meet that He should die for us, seeing He had assumed the position of the second Adam, being constituted our federal Head and Representative.

III. Beloved friends, it seems to me that no one will now forbid my saying, thirdly, that the fact of the necessity for the death of the Lord Jesus is

INTENSELY INSTRUCTIVE.

Listen while I repeat the lessons very briefly; you can enlarge upon them when you go hence to meditate in solitude.

Must the victims die? must Jesus bleed? then let us *see what is claimed by our righteous God.* He claims our life; He claimed of the offering its blood, which is the life thereof; He justly requires of each of us our whole life. We must not dream of satisfying God with formal prayers or occasional alms-deeds, or outward ceremonies, or a half-hearted reverence. He must have our heart, and soul, and mind and strength—all that makes our true self, the life of our being.

Next, must the sacrifice die? then *see the evil of sin.* It is not such a trifle as certain men imagine. It is a deadly evil, a killing poison. God Himself in human form took human guilt upon Him; the sin was none of His, it was only imputed to Him, but when He was made sin for us, and bare our iniquities, there was no help for it, He must die! Even He must die! It was not possible that the cup should pass from Him. Who, then, will take pleasure in transgression? Will not every man who loves his own life arouse himself to fight against iniquity?

Next *learn the love of God.* Behold

HOW HE LOVED YOU

and me! He must punish sin, but He must save *us*, and so He gives His Son to die in our stead. I shall not go too far if I say that in giving His Son the Lord God gave Himself, for Jesus is one with the Father. We cannot divide the Substance though we distinguish the Persons; thus God Himself made atonement for sin committed against Himself. The church is "the flock of God which He hath purchased with His own blood."

Next, *learn how Christ has made an end of sin.* Sin is laid on Him and He dies; then sin is dead and buried; if it be sought for it cannot be found. Speak of finality, this is the truest and surest finality that ever was or shall be. "If a man die, shall he live again?" Not as before. If Christ died, what is there after death? Nothing but the judgment, and lo! he comes to that judgment: "being raised from the dead he dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over him." This is our joy because neither sin nor death can have dominion over us for whom Christ died, and who died in Him. Christ has made an end of sin. His one offering has perfected forever the set-apart ones.

These are but a few of the great lessons which we may learn from the necessity that the Sacrifice should be slain. I pray you learn them well. May they be engraven on your hearts by the Holy Ghost.

IV. And so I shall close by saying that this blessed subject is not only full of instruction, but it is

ENERGETICALLY INSPIRING.

First, this inspires us with *the spirit of consecration.* When I think that I could not be saved except by the death of Jesus, then I feel that I am not my own, but bought with a price. I remember reading of Charles Simeon, the famous evangelical clergyman of Cambridge, that he was one day thrown from his horse, and was fearful that he had sustained serious injury. When he had recovered from the force of the fall, he stretched out his right arm, felt it, and finding that there was not a bone broken, he consecrated that arm anew to the living God, who had so graciously preserved it. Then he examined his left arm and found it all right, and so held that up, and dedicated it anew unto the divine service. He did the same with his head, his legs, and his whole body. As I was thinking over this subject I felt as if I must go over my body, soul, and spirit, and dedicate all to that dear Saviour by whose blood I am altogether redeemed from death and hell. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

Next, this truth should create in us *a longing after the greatest holiness*, for we should say, "Did sin kill my Saviour? Then I will kill sin! Could I not be saved from sin except by His precious blood? Then, O sin, I will be revenged upon thee! I will drive thee out by the help of God's Spirit. I will not endure thee nor harbor thee. I will make no provision for the flesh. As sin was the death of Christ for me, so Christ shall be the death of sin in me."

Does not this inspire you with *great love for the Lord Jesus?* Can you look at His dear wounds and not be wounded with love for Him? Are not His wounds as mouths which plead with you to yield Him all your hearts? Can you gaze upon His face bedewed with bloody sweat and then go away and be ensnared with the world's painted beauties? Heard you ever of a wooer dressed in such robes of love as those which Jesus wore? Did ever love use such sacred means to win the beloved heart as Christ hath done? What can any one of us do but answer Him thus—

"Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do"?

Do you not think that this solemn truth should inspire us with *great zeal for the salvation of others?* As Christ laid down His life for us, should we not lay ourselves out for perishing souls, and, if necessary, lay down our lives for the brethren? Should we not practise self-denial in our labors to bring men to Jesus? Should we not joyfully toil and cheerfully bear reproach, if by any means we may save some?

Methinks if this subject should go home to our hearts it would be beneficial to us in a thousand ways, and make us better soldiers of the cross, closer followers of the Lamb. I pray that God the Holy Ghost may place it in the centre of our souls, and keep it there. It will bring with it

PEACE AND REST.

Why should we be troubled, since Jesus died? It will fill our mouths with praises. Hallelujah to the Lamb that was slain, who has redeemed us by His blood! It will draw us into closer communion with Him. If He loved us and died for us, we must live with Him, and in Him, and to Him. Surely it will also make us long to behold Him! Oh for the vision of the Crucified! When shall we see the face that was so marred for us? When shall we behold the hands and feet which bear the nail-marks still, and look into the wounded side bejewelled with the spear-wound? Oh when shall we up and away from all our sins and griefs, for ever to behold Him shine and see Him still before us? Oh when shall we be

"Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in"?

Till then our hope, our solace, our glory, our victory, are all found in the blood of the Lamb, to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR G. GRAHAM, V.C., K.C.B.

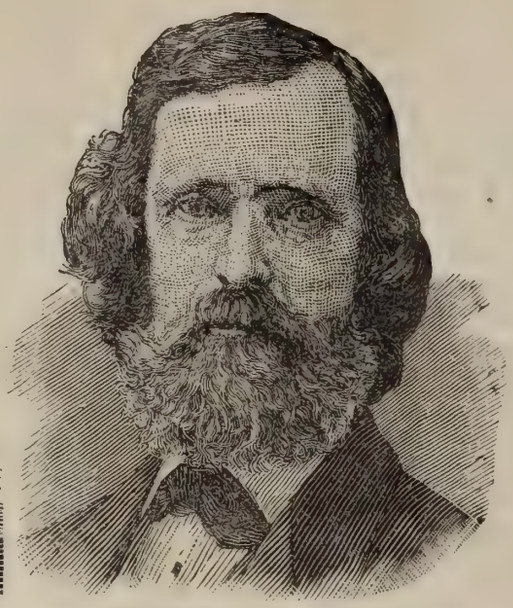
(*See Portrait on page 252.*)

Major-General Sir Gerald Graham, K.C.B., who commanded the British force recently acting against Osman Digma in the Eastern Soudan, is the son of the late R. H. Graham, Esq., M.D., of Eden Broads, Cumberland. He was born in 1831, received his military education at Woolwich, and entered the Royal Engineers in 1850. He served in the Crimea against Russia in 1854–55, and was present at the battles of Alma and Inkerman. He led a ladder-party to the assault of the Redan, for which he was awarded the Victoria Cross, the coveted distinction alike of general and private soldier, for it is awarded only for some special feat of personal valor. He was twice wounded during the campaign. In 1860 he went to China, and served at the assaults of Tangku and the Taku forts, and was present at the surrender of Pekin. He was also wounded during this campaign. His merit was so conspicuous, that in 1881 he was promoted to be major-general, and in the autumn of the following year was appointed to the command of the Second Brigade of the Egyptian Expedition. He was present at the engagements of El-Magfar and Tel Mahuta, the two actions of Kassassin, in the first of which, with 1700 men, he beat off an attack of 10,000 of Arabi's foliowers, and at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

For his services in the campaign he received the thanks of the British Parliament, and when peace was restored was left in charge of a brigade at Cairo. When, on Baker Pasha's defeat on February 4th, this year, the British Government decided to send an expeditionary force to Suakim to relieve the beleaguered garrisons of Sinkat and Tokar, General Graham was appointed to the command. The success of his arrangements, his victory at Teb, and subsequent occupation of Tokar, are now all well known. Mr. Gladstone has paid a graceful tribute in the House of Commons to the manner in which he has performed his task.

His second battle with the Arabs of the Soudan was fought on March 13th. Fighting began soon after daybreak, resulting in the complete

Major-Gen. Sir G. Graham.



Prof. Ezra Abbot, D.D., LL.D.

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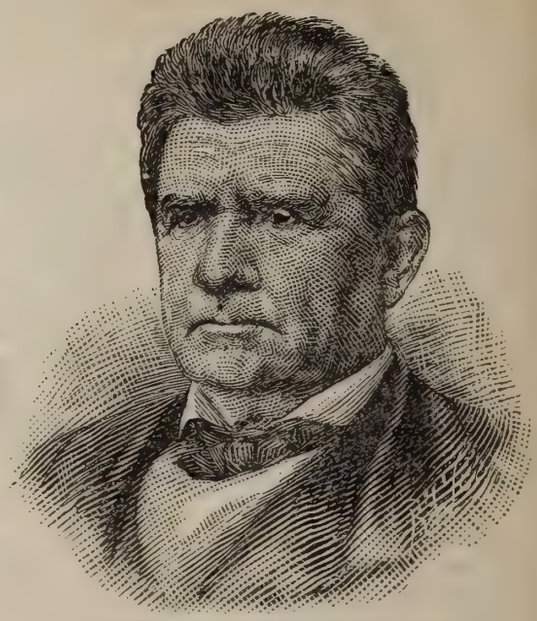

The Late Bishop Kavanaugh.

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rout of the enemy and the capture of Osman Digma's camp at the Tamasi wells. As at El Teb, the Arabs hurled themselves against the British squares with dogged and fanatical bravery, inflicting heavy losses upon the British forces, and sustaining great slaughter themselves in what proved an exciting and terrific struggle. General Graham married the daugher of George Durrant, Esq., of Elm Hall, Suffolk, and widow of the Rev. G. B. Blocker, Rector of West Rudham, Norfolk.

THE LATE PROFESSOR EZRA ABBOT, D.D., LL.D.

The distinguished scholar whose portrait appears on this page, died at Cambridge, Mass., on March 21st, aged sixty-four years. He had been for many years a sufferer from asthma and an internal disorder which had reduced his slight frame almost to a skeleton. In spite of his suffering, however, he continued to the last his prodigious literary labors. He was probably the greatest of all our scholars, and in his particular department—that of Biblical literature—it would be difficult to find his equal in the whole world. His knowledge of books was thorough and accurate, and his acquaintance with ancient manuscripts, especially those of the Greek Testament, was unrivalled. His profound learning was a marvel, astonishing all who knew him, and especially those who, having known him by repute, came for the first time into his presence. The small, emaciated man, whose modest bearing and slow hesitating speech led strangers to hold him in small esteem, it was difficult to make people believe was really the Dr. Abbot, the giant of learning.

His industry must have been prodigious. The vast stores of knowledge he had amassed and the singularly minute and exact acquaintance with ancient literature he possessed, proved that he must have toiled continuously and utilized every minute of his time. His disposition was kind in the extreme. The bulk of his literary work was given gratuitously to others, and brought him no public credit. His aid was solicited by scholars here and in Europe, and he would undertake, without hesitation, to read the proof-sheets of a work by some author almost unknown to him, and devote weeks and months to correcting them and verifying their statements. On one occasion he actually read over two hundred pages of Greek in order to be absolutely certain that an assertion contained in one sentence was accurate.

He leaves behind him comparatively few great works as monuments of his genius and learning, but he will be more missed than many better known authors. He spent his life in service for others, content that they should enjoy honor and fame while he remained unknown.

In editing jointly with Dr. Hackett the American edition of Smith's Bible Dictionary, in revising and completing Hudson's Greek and English Concordance of the New Testament, and in contributing articles on his special department of knowledge to encyclopædias, Dr. Abbot did work of immense value. He was also one of the foremost of the American revisers of the New Testament, and was able to render valuable aid in that task. It will be a long time before scholars find a man so able and so willing to aid them in their work.

Dr. Abbot was the son of a farmer, was born at Jackson, Me., on April 28th, 1819, and graduated in 1840 at Bowdoin. He afterward taught school for five years at Machias, Me. He was subsequently appointed Assistant Librarian of Harvard College, and in 1872 was made Bussey Professor of New Testament Criticism and interpretation in the same institution.

THE LATE BISHOP KAVANAUGH,

Of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The Rev. Hubbard Hinde Kavanaugh, D.D., who died on March 19th, and whose portrait appears on this page, was one of the most remarkable and best known of Methodist bishops. He was born in Clark County, Kentucky, in 1802. At the time of his death he was eighty-two years of age, had been sixty years in the ministry and thirty years a bishop. He was a grandson of Dr. Thomas Hinde, famous among the early Methodists of the West. The future bishop commenced life as a printer, but his zeal and piety early recommended him to the Methodist Church for ministerial work. He joined the church at the age of sixteen, and five years later he was one of the regular itinerant preachers. In 1832 he attended the general conference as a delegate from the Kentucky Conference. He was also a member of the general conferences of 1836 and 1844. He fully sympathized with his Southern brethren in their attitude on the slavery question, but since the war he has been one of the most prominent in cultivating fraternal relations, preaching at Round Lake and other places. A fine portly man in appearance, he was also a pulpit orator of remarkable power, gifted with a voice singularly musical and sonorous, and his eloquence would stir a congregation to the highest pitch of enthusiasm or melt it to tears. Dr. Kavanaugh, though living more than fourscore years, so lived, that now he has gone to the grave thousands mourn that he should have been called away.

A REMARKABLE FAITH CURE.

Mr. S. Hewitt, of Ashland, Cass Co., Ill., thus describes his experience of the Lord's healing in a letter to Miss Carrie F. Judd, which she publishes in her *Triumphs of Faith*.

"About the first of February, 1883, I was called to Jacksonville, Ill., on business; while walking the street I slipped and fell, but did not think it anything serious at that time. On returning home I found that my left arm was injured. In about two days from the time I fell I was taken with a chill and laid upon my bed; my arm swelled badly, erysipelas set in, and it rapidly grew worse. At this point amputation was thought necessary by some. For three weeks my arm laid on a pillow, perfectly helpless; I could not move it without assistance.

"During this time a revival meeting was being held near my home, and many of the Lord's people came in to see and pray with me, and we were blessed together. The subject of faith healing was brought before me, and the testimony of those healed was read to me from time to time, that my attention might be drawn to the subject. But it all seemed for some one else and not for me.

"About the last of February some of the praying ones were with me all day, reading to me and instructing me on the subject of faith healing. I was very slow to believe in regard to my own case. I believed God was able and willing to heal any one who would believe for it, but yet it seemed to me I could not thus believe.

"About the usual time for service in the evening, one came to me all ready to go to the meeting, and said, 'Brother Hewitt, I believe the Lord wants to heal your arm before we go to church.' I said, 'I don't know whether He does or not.' He said, 'Will you try to believe?' As my arm lay there helpless on the pillow with all its corruptness right before my eyes, I said, 'Do you want me to believe that it is instantly made well?' He answered, 'Yes,' I replied, 'That looks difficult, but by the grace of God I will believe.'

"He then engaged in prayer, I praying with him and the others. My thoughts seemed to cling to the great helplessness of my arm, but after a little my soul took wings and I was greatly blessed. Then by the help of the Lord I laid my faith down on the promise, and the next moment I found myself sitting up in bed.

Removing all the wrappings from my arm, I thrust my hand to the injured spot and found all the soreness gone, and my soul was abundantly blessed.

"The morning following the doctor came. Finding me up, he was much surprised. When I told him the Lord had healed me he desired to see my arm; rolling up my sleeve he turned to my wife and said, 'You have no more need of me.'"

ADA RAYMOND'S LAST BALL.

(*See Illustration.*)

IN a fashionable mansion, in a room where on every side were signs of wealth and luxury, sat a young lady of about eighteen. In her hand she held a card of invitation to a ball, to be given at a friend's house that evening. A few weeks before, Ada Raymond had accepted it with high glee, and had counted the days which must elapse before the day fixed. But in the interval a momentous event had occurred. One of her most intimate friends fell ill. "Only a cold," was the verdict given on her case. But the cold became pneumonia, that dread scourge of our Eastern cities, and, two weeks ago, Ada Raymond had seen her friend lie still in death. A clergyman was present at the time, who said to Ada, as she knelt weeping at the bedside, "Death comes to all, but he has no terrors for those whom Christ has saved."

Ada made no reply at the time, but the words sank into her heart, and led to serious thought and prayer. She was seeking light, and somehow the ball so eagerly anticipated seemed to lose its glamour; and, on the whole, she wished she had not promised to go.

Ada Raymond and her Partner find their Hostess at the Ball.

There was also another cause for uneasiness. The previous night Ada Raymond had a dream. It had such a painful, terrible vividness belonging to it, that, try as she would, she could not banish it from her thoughts; it haunted and followed her wherever she went, making her miserable and unhappy, a feeling quite new to the petted, spoiled daughter of fashion. But her dress was ready, and her friends would be disappointed if she did not go, and finally she resolved that she would be there. She had no mother to consult, and her father was a man of the world, who, if she told him the circumstances, would prescribe the ball "to drive away the blues."

A modern ball-room is not a place where an anxious soul is likely to be at ease. The careless, the frivolous, even the vicious soul can find pleasure there. Ladies appear there in dresses which are an offence to modesty if not to decency; the music is of the most exciting kind, and the modern dance appears as if it were expressly designed to promote sensuality. A soul "hungering after righteousness," anxious to "depart from evil," finds in a ball-room the very surroundings most antagonistic to its progress toward light and truth.

Ada Raymond looked around her, looked at her own reflection in a mirror, and shuddered. She made her way to a conservatory opening out of the ball-room, and sat down to think. But soon a young gentleman to whom she had promised a dance came in search of her, and found her place of concealment. As she rose to accompany him her agitation became extreme. Her face was stained with tears, and she trembled from head to foot. Her partner saw and sympathized with her. He placed her gently in the seat from which she had risen, and said, "Let me send a friend to you, you seem to be unwell."

"No, do not send any one to me," said Ada, "I shall be better presently, and then I will go home. I cannot dance to-night."

In a short time Ada recovered, and begged her partner to conduct her to the hostess that she might make her excuses and depart. They found the lady sitting a little apart from her guests among the plants which decorated the approach to the ball-room. The lady, a florid, voluptuous beauty, looked keenly at Ada's pale face and swollen eyelids, and inquired anxiously the cause of her distress. But Ada could not explain then, and was only eager to leave the scene of frivolous pleasure. It was not difficult to obtain that permission, for a face so woebegone as Ada's, the hostess was not anxious to have among the guests, chilling their gaiety. Her cavalier accordingly conducted her to a carriage, and she was soon in her own room at home.

She sat for some time lost in thought, from which she was aroused by the entrance of Janet, a pious old Scotchwoman, who had been her nurse and who still remained in Mr. Raymond's household, held there by her love of Ada and Ada's love of her.

"And how is it, my purty bairn, ye have returned so soon; dinna ye feel well?"

"O Janet, I am miserable, wretched, and unhappy. *I want you to pray for me.* I dreamed last night that I died, and that an angel came and carried me to heaven. The place was so beautiful, and every one was so happy, and my mother was there; but just as I was going to kiss her a stern angel came between us and said to me, 'Hence, you have no right to be here,' and he hurried me out through the golden gates. O Janet, I cannot describe my feelings as I left the beautiful scene and heard the soft music and saw angels everywhere around. Suddenly I found myself standing on the brink of an awful precipice. I cannot describe the horrors I saw below, although I can see it now—O Janet, what can it mean?"

"That the gude Lord could see ye was being drawn awa fra Him by the giddy whirl of pleasure, and so thought He would show ye in a dream what ye might expect if ye did na follow Him. It was a warning, my sweet; listen to it noo."

"Janet, will *you* pray for me?" asked Ada.

"That I will, my sweet, but just you pray for yoursel'; the gude Lord would rather hear you." There in the solitary hours, when all others of the household had gone to rest, the two women prayed—Ada for peace and pardon, Janet that she might find it. The rays of morning still found Ada on her knees; though she had dismissed Janet, she herself had not gone to rest, but with her mother's Bible open before her she knelt and prayed for light. That night was the turning point in her life. Before another day had passed she had given her heart to God, and had turned her back forever upon the pleasures of the world.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 239.*)

The Favored Sinner.

MR. WALDRON pleading with John Morley was a spectacle sad and strange. The despicable fellow who had desolated a home, who had corrupted and stolen away the wife of the bookseller, wanted to come home to enjoy himself as if his sin had been slight; and his father wanted to receive him. Mr. Waldron showed some sense of the irreparable wrong his son had done by asking the bookseller's consent to the sinner's return, but even he did not realize as he should have done how vile his son was. So it seemed to the gentle girl who listened to the aristocrat's appeal.

Hester's work had fallen from her hands; and the faint color in her cheeks faded altogether away.

"Do you hear me?" asked Mr. Waldron, when the silence grew insupportable.

"I hear you," muttered John Morley again.

"Then why do you not answer me?" he cried impatiently. "I need not have spoken to you at all about my son's return. But tell me that you will give your consent to his coming back to me; after all these years."

"And she?" whispered the husband, with bloodless lips and a face as of one upon the point of death from some slow torture.

"I know nothing of her," was the short

answer. "I am not talking of her, but of my son"—

He paused suddenly, for Hester had left her seat, and placed herself at her father's side, with her hand resting fondly and protectingly on his arm.

"You are talking of your son," she said in hurried tones, "and of your own desolation; but you do not think what it has been here, in this home, to me, to my father. You have no right to speak of desolation to us; you, who have had your duties and your pleasures as before. Look at my father if you wish to see what your son has done. Look at me. We have had no laughter, or smiles, or joyful words, not one, these nine years. If he is to come home again, why may not she? Has she not repented, do you think? Would it be impossible to bring back our banished one as well as yours?"

"It would be impossible," answered Mr. Waldron, in a low voice.

"Would it be impossible, father?" she continued. "If she came back, as his son comes back, penitent, and suffering, and broken-hearted, could we not take her in, the poor, contrite creature? I think of her often," and Hester's voice almost failed her. "Is it impossible?"

"She can never come back," replied John Morley.

"Oh! it is not right," cried Hester, in her young energy of passion; "why should you receive your son back, if we cannot forgive her? If he comes back forgiven, why should not we open our door to her?"

"You are a child yet, Hester," answered Mr. Waldron.

"Yes," she said, "but there are some things hidden from the wise and prudent, which are revealed to babes. I would not receive one, and cast out the other. If she should ever come back, broken-hearted and penitent, be sure I will not turn away from her."

She spoke with a kind of gracious hardihood at which Mr. Waldron would have smiled any other time, but he was too deeply in earnest just now to be moved by anything apart from his purpose. He had made it a point with his conscience to obtain John Morley's permission for the return of his son; and as yet he had said nothing which could be construed into consent.

"Hester," he said, for John Morley looked like one half stupefied, "my son is truly repentant, and he implores your father to forgive him, and to suffer him to return home. He knows nothing, and has known nothing for years, of that unhappy woman. If we could discover her we would do everything in our power to repair the past, as far as it ever can be repaired. Tell me, Hester, is your father Christian in prolonging the exile of my boy?"

His voice and attitude were full of entreaty, which had relinquished all the harshness of a claim. He listened for Hester's answer as for a sentence which would be the doom of his son. John Morley himself raised his lustreless eyes, and fastened them upon his daughter.

"My father will not banish him from his home," she said, with a singular and solemn sweetness in her tone; "what are we that any of us should refuse mercy to another? Are we not bound to forgive, who have been forgiven of God?"

"No, no!" cried her father, "you do not know what the wrong is, Hester. I cannot do it. He has cursed all my life. They have almost, if not quite—I do not know yet whether they have not quite—destroyed my soul! These nine years I have caught no passing glimpse of God's mercy. I have been the song of the drunkard; I have been exceedingly filled with contempt. Do not let me see him, Hester; I could not look into his face, and both of us live after it."

Like Mr. Waldron, he was appealing to Hester, as if upon her depended the sentence which would be final. She stood silent for a minute looking tenderly into his face, with tears in her clear, gray eyes; and when she spoke there was a scarcely perceptible tremor in her voice, though her answer was steady and definite.

"He must come home," she said; "he would come, sooner or later, if you withheld your consent. But he must not run the risk of meeting you. He must promise never to enter our chapel, or pass up and down this street, and then you will never see him. Let him come home if he will, but he must not intermeddle with us. You would consent to that, father?"

"Yes," he answered, reluctantly.

"And you, Mr. Waldron?" she continued. "Do you understand our condition, and will you agree to it? If he will but keep away out of our sight he will not greatly stir our old grief. You agree to it?"

"Yes, yes!" he replied, eagerly; "he shall never come across your father, Hester. God bless you, child! But shall we never see you? Will you not come down sometimes to see us, as you used to do. Could you not forgive my son well enough to speak to him, and tell him that you have forgiven him? You remember him, Hester?"

"I remember him well," she said, sighing; "I have not much to remember. Yes, I forgive him, and I forgive her also. Only I do not wish to see him again. *But if I knew where she was, I would seek her out, and let her know that I had not deserted her.*"

"You will feel differently when you are a woman," said Mr. Waldron.

Hester shook her head, with a faint smile in her eyes, and went back to her chair and her sewing. There followed a silence which told Mr. Waldron plainly enough that it was time to go. He looked round the room, dark, shabby, and bare, with the wear of nine years upon it since he had last stood within its walls. He glanced at John Morley, upon whom a premature old age had fallen, more decrepit than that of years. Hester herself, pale, subdued, and womanly, bore a burden of years which had pressed hardly upon her in the passing. He saw the work of his son for whom he had been pleading; and his heart felt heavy in spite of his success. His own home might lose the light cloud which had overshadowed it, but what could ever chase away the thick gloom which had fallen upon this hearth? He had attained his purpose; but he went away saddened, and occupying his shrewd head with schemes for the welfare of John Morley and Hester, which had little chance of fulfilment.

Robert Waldron's long banishment of nine years had not been without alleviation or enjoyment. He had satiated his restless love of travel, which had been the fever of his youth; and now, at the age of thirty-three, he felt quite willing to settle down into the luxurious order of an English home, and to enter upon the pleasant occupations of an English gentleman. His father had by no means misrepresented wilfully his condition as one of remorse and contrition; he was convinced that his son was repenting in sackcloth and ashes for that long past sin, which was kept so vividly in mind by himself and John Morley.

Nor had he been altogether deceived in this matter. There were seasons when Robert Waldron's volatile nature was plunged into profound depths of self-reproach, very closely allied to repentance. At these times, having no reticence, he appealed to his father for sympathy, and made him the confidant of all the prickings of his conscience. But it was many years since he had seen Rose; and but for the mystery of her utter disappearance, which kept alive a sort of interest in her fate, he would long ago have ceased to think of her. He wished to be at peace with both the world and himself; and therefore the recollection of his former folly stung him at times into a kind of paroxysm of regret and compunction.

The difficulty of obtaining permission to visit Aston Court served to aggravate his home-sickness. He very well understood the point his father made of asking John Morley's consent; and in this he had more consideration for the injured husband than had Miss Waldron, who felt her dignity infringed by the idea that her family should stand upon such terms with that of a tradesman. Readily enough Robert acquiesced in the conditions laid down by Hester. He promised to avoid any contact with John Morley, and never to go to the chapel where he worshipped, nor into the street where he dwelt. Having bound himself by these promises, he turned his face homeward with all the gladness which his emotional temperament experienced in at last gaining a long-delayed pleasure.

It was with a very keen feeling of delight that he caught the first glimpse of the formal front of his father's house, with its dark background of trees. Mr. Waldron, a sturdy, hale old man not much aged since he had seen him last, was walking up and down the terrace in expectation of his arrival, and Robert called impetuously upon the coachman to stop, and sprang from the carriage to receive his welcome. The father and son held one another's hand, in the strong, stern grasp which is the acme of Anglo-Saxon emotion, and gazed without speaking into each other's face.

Mr. Waldron could not suppress a thrill of pride in this fine, handsome man, no longer a youth, whom he could call his son; and for a few minutes his satisfaction was both profound and untroubled. Yet, as second thoughts came, he felt a little disconcerted, for he had been picturing to himself a feeble, broken-spirited, shame-faced prodigal, coming back with the mournful confession in his mouth, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee."

True, there was a moisture in Robert's fine eyes, and his mustache rose and fell with the tremulous motion of his lips, but there was the rude glow of health and the sun-burnt hue of travel on his face. Beyond this and below it there was an indefinable air of general self-complacency, not in offensive obtrusiveness—it was no more than the gentlemanly self-approbation of one who for the time being has no special reason for diffidence—yet it was certainly very far removed from the mien of the prodigal, who needs the best robe brought forth, and shoes put upon his feet, and a ring on his hand. All these Robert had supplied for himself.

He embraced his sister with the same affectionate agitation which he had shown in meeting his father; and he expressed with warm, quick feeling his delight in being at home. There had not been so lively a dinner hour at Aston Court since he had left it. Miss Waldron herself became almost gay, and laughed short little spurts of laughter, like the first efforts of a fountain to play, after its pipes have long been closed up. Nor did she in her self-righteous pharisaism feel one pang of sorrow for that poor woman whom her profligate brother had led to her ruin.

Mr. Waldron found his taste and enjoyment of humor and repartee returning, and forgot that his son was a sinner, until Miss Waldron left them alone in the dining-room. They drew up their chairs before a comfortable fire; and then there came one of those pauses full of satisfaction, when the heart is gathering to itself all the pleasures, rare and fleeting, of the first moments of reunion. Robert's face was shining with unclouded happiness, when his father broke the pleasant silence.

"Robert," he said, sharply; and the son looked up to see his smile vanished, and his face overcast.

"Yes, father," he answered, in some amazement.

"Robert," repeated Mr. Waldron, "I was not prepared to see you so light-hearted. This is not what your letters led me to expect. I have a hard question or two to ask you, my boy, and it is as well to ask them first as last."

The air of gay and tender sentiment fled from Robert's face, which he turned partially aside from his father's keen scrutiny.

"First of all," he said, "you must tell me

ruly, Robert, *what has become of that poor irl?*"

"Father, I don't know," answered Robert, n a tone of irritation; "I can only repeat what have said already. She left me at Falaise, five nonths after we went away, and I have never eard a word from her or of her since. I have one everything a man could do for my own eace of mind; but I could never find the lightest trace of her. It was not that I wanted o see her again—we had been too miserable to- ether for that—but I wished to make a pro- ision for her. I would have given a good deal, ither of time or money, to make sure she was ot in want."

"Robert," remarked Mr. Waldron, after a ause, "I thought you were a repentant man."

"So I am," cried Robert, hotly; "there are imes when I could cut off my right hand, if hat would undo what I did. But I cannot feel ike that always; it would have been unnatural o feel like that to-day, when I see you and my ister again. Perhaps to-morrow I shall have ne of my fits, and then you will see if I am not epentant. Why will you not let me enjoy my- elf while I can?"

"But I do not understand fits," said Mr. Waldron, who had pursued an even tenor of un- motional life, both public, social, and re- igious; "a man is a penitent until he obtains ardon. Then he becomes a religious man and member of the Church, and steadily fulfils his luty toward God and man. There is no need f fits. Are you seeking pardon?"

"Not just at this moment," he answered; ut his light tone changed to one of respect, as e caught sight of Mr. Waldron's anxious face. 'Dear father," he added, "I never was any- hing but a graceless fellow, not worthy of your nxiety. But if you mean, have I ever prayed o God to forgive my sin toward Rose, and to ave her from further evil—why, there have been whole days when that prayer alone has gone up rom my heart to Him."

His voice faltered, and his changeful eyes vere filled for a moment with tears.

"I wish to heaven," he cried, as he recovered rom the transient sadness, "I could do some remendous penance, and have done with it. But what will satisfy you—you and God? I ave been away nine of the best years of my ife, and I have done all I could to atone for my ault; and I am ready to do everything you can uggest. Why cannot we let by-gones be by- ones?"

(To be continued.)

ABSTINENCE FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

S. S. Lesson for April 27, 1 Cor. 8. Golden Text, Phil. 2 : 4. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Abstinence from Intoxicants and Narcotics—More than a Personal Question—Pernicious English Influence in India and China—Knowledge that Puffs up—Love that Builds—The Evil of Paul's Time—Paul's Argument—A Plea for the Weak—Responsibility for the Fall of Others—Clean Hands Needed for God's Work—The Might in Intercession—Paul's Spirit of Self-Renunciation.

"LOOK not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Charity . . . "seeketh *not* her own" (1 Cor. 13 : 5). Christ pleased *not* Himself (Rom. 15 : 3). It was Paul's reproach to the generality of Christians "all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's" (Phil. 2 : 21). The question of abstinence from

INTOXICANTS—AND NARCOTICS

might be included—is no longer a personal question. In our own land, more than any other, souls and bodies by the thousand are falling victims to the drink; in China, through English instrumentality, souls and bodies by the million are being ruined by opium. The evils of drink are greatly increasing on the Continent of Europe, and the brutalizing influence of this baneful self-indulgence and that of smoking tell terribly upon the morals and religion of professedly Christian countries. Lunatic asylums, prisons, and graves fill rapidly in consequence of these things. In India

THE HINDUS,

who never used intoxicants until English influence was brought to bear upon them, are now, in common with other castes, encouraged to drink by the government license system, and untold evil is being done by it. What then is the true position of Christians with regard to these things? Are we to go with the multitude to do evil? God forbid! Setting aside the question whether or not these things are good for us individually, from either the moral, physical, or spiritual point of view, let us consider whether the use of them on our part helps to drag our brethren out of the mire or encourages them to wallow in it.

In our chapter Paul contrasts love with knowledge, knowledge puffeth up, but love buildeth up [Greek], buildeth up, not ourselves only, but other people. "And if any man thinketh that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know." How often we have heard moderate drinkers declare how much they knew of the evils of drunkenness, but that for themselves they were ordered stimulants by doctors, and they should think it very wrong to abstain; they knew how to take it in moderation. Puffed up by their own knowledge of how much drink they might take with impunity, they condemn the weakness of the poor hapless drunkard. And some poor tempted servant with no such knowledge has thought, "If my master, who is such a respected Christian man, thinks it right to use stimulants, how much more should I, who make no such profession!" And the poor servant, having no such power of self-control, becomes a poor drunkard, robs his master's cellar, leaves without a character, and ends either in a prison or a poorhouse! The knowledge which puffed up went no way toward saving the poor tempted one.

How many families we have known in which one half, in some cases the whole family, has fallen through drink! If we visit the prisons, the lunatic asylums, the courts and alleys of our large towns, and search out the cause of thousands who are mad, thousands who are paupers, thousands who are out of work, thousands who are outcasts upon our streets, the reason will be found, in nine cases out of ten, in the habitual use of intoxicants and narcotics. And none of these victims began by excess! Puffed up by the knowledge, as they thought, of their own strength, they fell, and there was none to help them. But

LOVE BUILDETH UP.

That which no other power in all the universe has accomplished, love has done. Jesus has made a way by which the poor lost drunkard, and harlot, and opium slave may be redeemed from their sin and its misery, even from the very taste and desire of that which has enslaved them, as well as from its physical consequences His love "buildeth up" a temple of the Holy Ghost out of the veriest ruin which rum, uncleanness, or opium have made. For us, His followers, His representatives, the members of His body, what is becoming? Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, deals with the question of meat offered to idols. In the prevalent polytheism current among the Greeks of his day, a large proportion of the food which appeared on the table was that which had been offered in sacrifice to idols. He demonstrated clearly that an idol was nothing, that meat offered to idols could in itself neither do good nor harm; a man *knowing this* could eat it with impunity. But how about those who had not such knowledge, and whose weak conscience might be defiled? The apostle says, "Take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become

A STUMBLINGBLOCK TO THEM THAT ARE WEAK.

For if any man see thee which hast knowledge sit at meat in the idol's temple, shall not the conscience of him which is weak be emboldened to eat those things which are sacrificed to idols; And through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish, for whom Christ died?" The same reasoning may apply to anything in which we may "put a stumblingblock or an occasion to fall in our brother's way" (Rom. 14 : 13). If by our example some young man, or some weak, nervous woman, some workman or needlewoman is tempted to make use of stimulants, and then succumbs to their increasing power and becomes a drunkard, dare we say that we are guiltless, dare we say we are innocent of the perdition of our weak brother or sister for whom Christ died? As living sacrifices, as living, not unto ourselves but unto Him which died for us and rose again (II Cor. 5 : 15), it no longer belongs to *us* to regulate what we shall eat or what we drink. We are not our own, but bought with a price, and He has commanded by His apostle, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God" (1 Cor. 10 : 30). We can understand believers who have received pardon for their past sins but who have never yet yielded themselves in living sacrifice to God, still continuing the use of intoxicants by force of habit. But where the Holy Ghost has driven a man to make

AN INVENTORY OF HIMSELF

and all he has, and to yield it up entirely to God, believing that He takes possession, we cannot see it possible for such an one to continue the use of intoxicants in a land like ours. "Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died. . . . For meat destroy not the work of God. . . . It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." So speaks the Holy Ghost by Paul.

The heart of Jesus is ever to seek and to save the lost, to go out after the lost sheep until He find it. We cannot do this until *our own hands are clean*, not only from that which is absolutely sinful, but that which may hinder another. Gehazi had no power to awaken the Shunamite's child (II Kings 4 : 31; 5 : 20–27) while the love of money still reigned in his own heart. The disciples had no power to cast out the unclean spirit from the child while the thought of which among them should be the greatest was occupying them (Mark 9 : 18–33). The Shunamite felt that the power of God was not in Gehazi; the father of the child testified to Jesus about His disciples, "They could not cast him out." No power but the power of the living God will ever fully overcome the power of Satan through the drink. Human efforts are poor things at best, but there is a

MIGHT IN INTERCESSION,

which will do more than years of effort, as has been fully proved by the whiskey war in America. But how can we pray in faith about this matter, unless in our own lives we are entirely clear? Thank God, in answer to the prayers of many, great progress has been made in a few years as regard public opinion in this matter, and especially the opinion of the Christian public. We are thankful to find that in England at least, as has long been the case in America, the majority of truly spiritual ministers of all denominations are on the side of total abstinence. But we need more of the out-and-out spirit of Paul, who, looking beyond man altogether, sees Christ wounded in the house of His friends, and says, "When ye sin so against the brethren and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ." Whenever a weak conscience has been wronged by the act of a Christian, Christ Himself has been wounded by His own disciple. Paul contemplating such a possibility, says, "Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." Paul could trust God for his strength, his health, and all which might be affected by his renunciation of any meat which was offered to idols; he was ready to give up even that which was wholesome and nourishing. Shall we scruple to give up that which is doing such deadly work around us? Let us with Paul be ready to renounce everything which may stand in the way of others, let it cost us what it may.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Another Difficulty in Egypt Arose Last Week in the resignation of Nubar Pacha, the Khedive's Prime Minister, who was unable to work in conjunction with Mr. Clifford Lloyd, the English representative. Nubar Pacha, who is really the most capable of Egyptian officials, has now been induced to withdraw his resignation. Mr. G. W. Smalley, cabling to his journal, says that Nubar, though friendly to England, personifies Egyptian hostility to the reforms which England is pledged to execute. Mr. Clifford Lloyd has been resolutely attacking abuses regardless of etiquette or routine. To accept Nubar's resignation would have brought the English Ministry face to face with the situation it has so long struggled to evade. To accept Mr. Lloyd's would mean the abandonment of all reforms. The Cabinet characteristically contrived to avoid either alternative. Sir Evelyn Baring, under pressure from the Home Government, has succeeded in coaxing Nubar to retain office by the promise of ostensible deference to Egyptian susceptibilities, assuring Mr. Lloyd in the mean time that the real power as before will remain with him.

General Gordon's Situation at Khartoum causes serious apprehension. The English Government has sent him imperative orders to retire from the city as speedily as possible. He succeeded on April 1st in sending a despatch to the British Minister in Egypt, which states that a mutiny had broken out against him in the city, and that on March 25th he disarmed 250 Bashi Bazouks who were the chief offenders. The following day he shelled the rebel camp on the Blue Nile, killing forty of the enemy. March 27th the rebels fired upon Khartoum from the village opposite. But this they were soon forced to evacuate, losing fifty-nine men in the engagement, and the Bashi Bazouks occupied the village and held it until March 30th. On that day the rebels returned in force and drove them out, but then retired themselves. The White Nile district is quiet. The Khartoum market is well supplied. The Mahdi has sent the rebels six guns. General Gordon estimates that the rebels about Khartoum number fully 2000.

A Dynamite Agent was Captured in England on April 11th with bombs on his person. Some months ago a warning was sent to the British Government that a dynamiter was on his way to England. A watch was set, and it was discovered that a man named Daly, alias Denman, who answered the description of the dynamiter, had arrived at Birmingham and taken lodgings in a suburb with a clerk named James Egan, who is the ex-secretary of the local branch of the Land League. There Daly remained until Wednesday, April 9th, when he went to Birkenhead, closely followed by a detective and two Irish constables. On Friday, as he was re-booking at the railway station for Birmingham, he was arrested by the officers who had been following him. Three explosive bombs were found in his pockets exactly like those used in destroying the railroad depot in London recently. He also carried several bottles containing a substance believed to be nitroglycerine. Egan was arrested at Birmingham on the charge of being an accomplice of Daly and of having explosives in his house for an unlawful purpose. He maintained the utmost coolness, and had nothing to say. A sackful of documents were found in his possession which, it is stated, implicate the Land League in the dynamite plots.

The Bill Extending the Franchise in Great Britain passed its second reading in the House of Commons on April 7th. That stage is usually the severest battle-ground of a measure. The subsequent course is to debate each clause of the bill in committee. The second reading was passed by a vote of 390 to 210, which shows that on home questions the Gladstone ministry still maintains its strength in the House. Mr. Gladstone was sufficiently recovered to take part in the debate, and in the course of his speech he said it was a good thing for the State that the largest number of capable citizens should possess the franchise. He defended the extension of the franchise in Ireland as an act of right and justice. A large number of intelligent mechanics and small tradesmen will be allowed to vote if the act passes, but the agricultural laborers who will also be admitted by it to the franchise are, for the most part, uneducated men.

The Outrages on the American Missionaries in Armenia were the subject of an interrogation addressed to the British Cabinet on April 7th in the House of Commons. The representative of the State Department in the House said the department had not received precise information regarding the American schools, but it was aware that American missionaries had been attacked near Bitlis and had been prevented from opening a school at Injeh-Soo, and had also learned that the schools at Van had been closed. The American Government, he said, had thanked the British Charge d'Affaires for the aid he had rendered General Wallace, United States Minister at Constantinople, in the matter. He also stated that Lord Dufferin, British Ambassador to Turkey, has impressed upon the Turkish Government the necessity of ameliorating the condition of affairs in Kurdistan and East Anatolia.

The French Military Operations in Madagascar are to be resumed. The French Prime Minister informed the Chambers on April 9th that the negotiations with Queen Ranavalona's government had been broken off, owing to the ill-will of the Malagassies. General Miot, who started for Madagascar that day, goes under orders to occupy several more points on the north-west coast, the object being to affirm the treaty rights of France. This policy necessitates a re-enforcement of the troops at present in Madagascar.

A Colleague for Mr. H. M. Stanley is Being sent to the Congo by the King of the Belgians. He is an Italian named Lieutenant Massari. It is stated that he does not go to supersede Stanley, but to aid him in founding new stations in the interior. In the course of an interview with a reporter, Lieutenant Massari said that the expedition could not become a Belgian enterprise, the king having given positive assurances that it should continue neutral, all nationalities to have unlimited facilities for commerce.

The Death of Charles Reade, the Famous novelist, is announced. He expired in London on April 11th, at the age of seventy. Mr. Reade was an author whose works were read more extensively in this country than those of any novelist beside Dickens. They differ from the ordinary romance in the fact that Mr. Reade was anxious in writing them to influence public opinion against social and political abuses. In one case—that of the novel entitled "Hard Cash"—Mr. Reade succeeded in promoting legislation to protect sane people whose relatives from interested motives attempted to imprison them in lunatic asylums. Mr. Reade was a man of generous dsposition, giving freely to any case of real need brought under his notice, but he is said to have been somewhat implacable and pugnacious in temperament.

The Prince of Wales has been Visiting the abodes of the London poor. The excursion was made with the object of qualifying him for his labors on the commission of inquiry into the condition of the dwellings in the worst quarters of London. The Prince, describing his visit afterward, said the condition of the people, or rather of their dwellings, was "perfectly disgraceful." His Royal Highness was apparently profoundly impressed with the misery and poverty he witnessed. If he has a reflective mind he could not fail to have remarked the startling contrast between the miserable abodes of the people who pay the taxes and the luxuriant palaces in which the royal personages live who are paid out of the taxes. His own share is more than five hundred thousand dollars a year. It may be hoped that the impressions of his visit will not be obliterated by the dissipations and excitements of fashionable life. If he take up the cause of the poor with the zest with which he enters into less worthy pursuits, the commissioners may be so stimulated by his example that the poor may no longer be obliged to live in a condition which the Prince rightfully characterized as "perfectly disgraceful."

A Prominent Jewish Banker in Russia has been exiled to Siberia. The New York *Herald* states that M. Natanson, the banker in question, has established and mainly supports several free schools in Warsaw. Recently the order was issued by M. Apuchtyn, the Government Curator of Schools, that all studies should be given out in the Russian language. M. Natanson being informed of this, immediately called on M. Apuchtyn, begging him not to lay this burden on the school, and saying that even if the Russian language were made compulsory he thought the Polish should not be suppressed, as it was the daily language of the people. He also asked that the decrees should be given in writing. M. Apuchtyn replied that in a few days he might receive the written resolutions. But in two days after this interview a kibitka stopped before Natanson's door, taking him for a start toward Siberia, tearing the peaceful gentleman from his family, his banking interests, and numerous young students who were being educated at his expense and now find themselves without a guardian. In a country where such outrages are committed by the government, and where the people are not protected by law, it is not surprising that irreligious people become Nihilists.

The Last Words of the Baroness Rothschild, who died in London recently, were: "Remember the poor." This lady, who was the widow of the late Baron Lionel Rothschild, the eminent Jewish financier, was the centre of a large and fashionable circle of the aristocracy. The Earl of Beaconsfield was a frequent visitor at her house, and crowds of celebrities British and foreign, peers, diplomats, legislators and men of letters might be met under her roof. Nevertheless her energies, time, and money were consecrated to the welfare of the poor. Free schools, free kitchens, free hospitals, all came within her range, and to all she gave largely. She had great energy of character, and it was all at the service of others. Her last thoughts were of the friendless and destitute.

A Grand Confederation of Temperance Societies is projected in England with the object of securing united action in legislative and other directions. The London *Christian* says: "Could this be done, such is the hold temperance principles have taken upon society, that nothing could withstand their influence. The British Temperance League, the United Kingdom Alliance, Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, and several other societies were represented at a conference held to promote the union, and a committee formed to consider the basis of further action in the matter. Divided, the forces ranged on the side of total abstinence are comparatively weak; united, they will carry their triumphs into the very heart of the enemy's citadel."

"The Treasury of David," by C. H. Spurgeon. A few copies of two volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, of the above valuable work are on sale at The Christian Herald office, at $2.50 per volume. They are Vol. III and Vol. IV. Vol. III. contains comments on Psalms 53 to 78; Vol. IV. on Psalms 79 to 103. They contain an original exposition of that portion of the Book of Psalms, a collection of illustrative extracts from the whole range of literature, a series of homiletical hints upon almost every verse, and lists of writers upon each Psalm. Also by the same author, "John Ploughman's Talk, or Plain Advice to Plain People," in stiff paper cover, price 25 cents. Postage paid.

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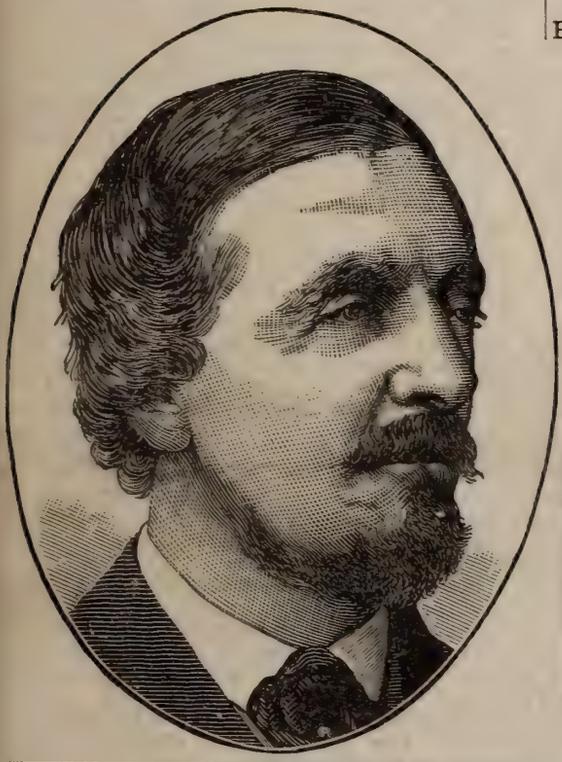

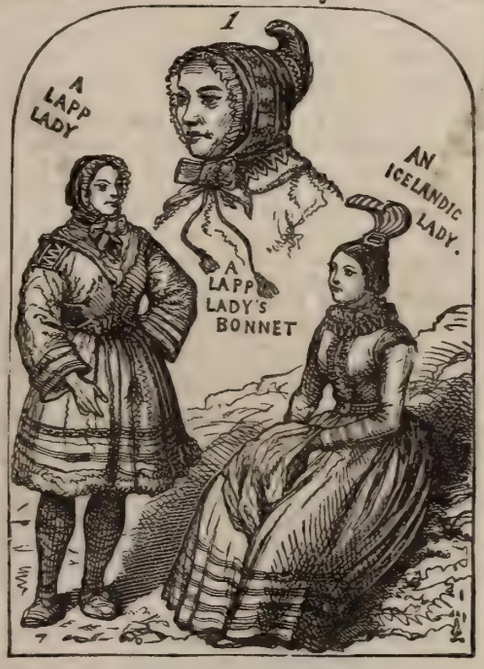

LAPP AND ICELANDIC LADIES.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN—Scenes in their lives.

THE EARL OF DUFFERIN,

Ex-Governor-General of Canada.

Birth and Education—Appointed a Lord in-Waiting—Love of Out-door Exercises—A Cruise in the Northern Seas — Description of a Lapp Lady and Two Gentlemen—Dines at the Geyser Springs, Iceland, with Prince Napoleon—The Intense Cold of Spitzbergen—A Large Polar Bear Shot — Appointed Commissioner to Syria in 1860—Under-Secretary for India in 1864—Governor-General of Canada—His Present Position at Constantinople.

It is not often that the dispensers of patronage make so wise an appointment or show sagacity so profound and statesmanlike as was shown in sending across the Atlantic as Governor-General of Canada the distinguished statesman whose portrait, with that of his wife, adorns this week the first page of The Christian Herald. The name of the Earl of Dufferin will long be an honored one throughout the Dominion. During the six years in which he represented his sovereign in her American colony his impartiality and equity were attested by the singular unanimity of the applause he won and of the regrets with which his departure was crowned. There are no dissentient voices when his praises are repeated.

The consenting and spontaneous movement of all the municipalities of a vast province, "as large, as important, as flourishing," to quote Lord Dufferin's own words, "as many a European kingdom," which was aroused to do honor to a ruler who had parted with the substance of power, who had no patronage to bestow, nor even any social favors to distribute, cannot be explained away. Lord Dufferin beyond all question displayed in a high degree the qualities which are needed in a Constitutional ruler, and without any adventitious aid from birth or tradition conquered popularity, and, what is more, the affection of a great community.

When we remember that in 1872 at the time his appointment was announced the name of Lord Dufferin was known only to a few Canadians, that he did not attempt to win favor by profuse expenditure, that the community he came to rule was intensely democratic, divided by bitter party feuds, and at the time discontented with the policy of the mother country, we cannot refrain from acknowledging that the tact and geniality of the Governor-General worked wonders. His administration of Canadian affairs was the triumph of his career, and though in the diplomatic sphere he has since added to his laurels, yet the six years he spent on this side the Atlantic form the epoch of his life by which he is best known and which render his name so popular in the New World.

Frederick Temple, Earl of Dufferin, is, as he is proud to declare, *an Irishman*. Though not born in that country, his family is Irish, his early life was passed in Ireland, and all his family associations are with Ireland. It happened that he was born in Florence, Italy, but whenever he has had occasion to speak of himself he has been careful to let it be known that he is an Irishman. He is now fifty-eight years of age, having been born in 1826. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. In 1849 he was appointed one of the Lords-in-Waiting on the Queen, but the young man had too much brain and too much force of character to rest content in a position, the duties of which could be performed by any high-born youngster who had the soul of a lackey, and he therefore resigned the post after a very brief experience. He was drawn toward a diplomatic career, and in 1856 was specially attached to the mission to Vienna, undertaken by Lord John Russell.

One of the striking personal characteristics of this versatile nobleman, Lord Dufferin, is his

LOVE OF OUT-DOOR EXERCISES,

and as a literary man and orator, he has proved himself a worthy descendant of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was one of his maternal ancestors. In 1859 Lord Dufferin made a cruise to the Northern Seas in his schooner yacht, the Foam, and his "Letters from High Latitudes," under which title he published an account of his journey, display the wit and humor characteristic of the man and his race, which afterward rendered his speeches so popular. The illustrations on our front page are of incidents narrated in that book.

LAPP AND ICELANDIC LADIES.

Between the portraits of Earl and Countess Dufferin are sketches of Lapp and Icelandic ladies, among whom the Earl spent some time when visiting their country. He says: "It was in the streets of Hammerfest that I first set eyes on a Laplander. Turning round the corner of one of the ill-built houses, we suddenly ran over a diminutive little personage in a white woollen tunic, bordered with red and yellow stripes, green trousers, fastened round the ankles, and reindeer boots, curving up at the toes like Turkish slippers. On her head—for notwithstanding the trousers she turned out to be a lady—was perched a gay parti-colored cap, fitting close round the face, and running up at the back into an overarching peak of red cloth. Within this peak was crammed—as I afterward learned—a piece of hollow wood, weighing about a quarter of a pound, into which is fitted

THE WEARER'S LOCK OF HAIR.

"Hardly had we taken off our hats, and bowed a thousand apologies for our unintentional rudeness to the fair inhabitant of the green trousers, before a couple of Lapp gentlemen hove in sight. They were dressed pretty much like the lady, except that an ordinary red nightcap replaced the queer helmet worn by their companion; and the knife and sporran fastened to their belts, instead of being suspended in front as hers were, hung down against their hips. Their tunics, too, may have been a trifle shorter. None of the three were beautiful."

ENTERTAINS PRINCE NAPOLEON.

While Lord Dufferin was in Iceland he met Prince Jerome Napoleon (Plon Plon) at the celebrated boiling springs called the Geysers. Lord Dufferin thus describes the entertainment: "Having heard of the anticipated arrival of the Prince and his suite, my first care was to order coffee for the tired Frenchmen; and then, feeling that long residence having given us a kind of proprietorship in the Geysers, we were bound to do the honors of the place to the approaching travellers, I summoned the cook, and gave orders that he should make a holocaust of all the game we had, and get under way a plum pudding whose dimensions should do himself and England credit."

At length the party arrived, "as merry a group of Frenchmen as it might ever be one's fortune to fall in with. My old friend Count Trampe presented me to the Prince, and encouraged by the gracious reception which His Imperial Highness accorded me, I ventured to inform him that 'there was a poor banquet toward,' of which I trusted he, and as many of his officers as the table could hold, would condescend to partake. A few minutes afterward I received him as a guest within my tent.

"Although I never had the pleasure of seeing Prince Napoleon before, I should have known him among a thousand, from his remarkable *likeness to his uncle*, the first Emperor. The same delicate, sharply-cut features, thin, refined mouth, and firm, determined jaw. The Prince's frame, however, is built altogether on a larger scale, and his eyes, instead of being of a cold, piercing blue, are soft and brown, with quite a different expression. The dinner went off very well, as every dinner must do where such agreeable companions are the convives." *The meeting with the Prince is shown on our front page.*

THE INTENSE COLD OF SPITZBERGEN.

In August, 1856, Lord Dufferin's yacht Foam skirted the inhospitable coasts of Spitzbergen. Of this bleak and inhospitable land Lord Dufferin says: "No description can give an adequate idea of the intense rigor of the six months' winter in this part of the world. Stones crack with the noise of thunder; in a crowded hut the breath of its occupants will fall in flakes of snow; the snow burns like caustic; if iron touches the flesh it brings the skin away with it. Even in the height of summer the moisture inherent in the atmosphere is often frozen into innumerable particles, so minute as to assume the appearance of an impalpable mist." While here the party killed

A LARGE POLAR BEAR,

and Lord Dufferin thus relates the story:

"As Mr. Wyse was pacing the deck, his attention was suddenly attracted by a white speck in the water, swimming across from Prince Charles's Foreland—the long island which lies over against English Bay. When first observed, the creature, whatever it might be, was about a mile and a half off—the width of the channel between the island and the main being about five miles. Some said it was a bird, others a whale, and the cook suggested a mermaid. When the fact was ascertained that it was a *bona fide* bear, a gun was fired as a signal for us who were ashore to return; but it was evident that unless at once intercepted, Bruin would get to land. Mr. Wyse, therefore, very properly determined to make sure of him. This was a matter of no difficulty; the poor beast showed very little fight. His first impulse was to swim away from the boat; and even after he had been wounded, he only turned round once or twice upon his pursuers. The death wound was speedily given, and the honor must be divided between the steward Grant and the mate Mr. Wyse." (*See frontispiece picture.*)

COMMISSIONER TO SYRIA.

In 1860 Lord Dufferin's diplomatic talents were again called into requisition. A Mohammedan massacre of Christians took place at Damascus, and the French and English Governments intervened to stop the atrocities. The first business was to ascertain the exact facts and then to place them before the Sultan with such a protest as would secure the Christians for the future his powerful protection. Lord Palmerston was then in office, and valued so highly the talents of Lord Dufferin that he appointed him a commissioner to Syria, and in this capacity he acted with great firmness and Christian consideration. For his services on that occasion he was nominated on his return a K.C.B. (Knight-Commander of the Order of the Bath).

Four years later Lord Dufferin was made a member of the Liberal administration. Lord Palmerston was Premier, and as the Secretary for India was a member of the House of Commons, some member of the House of Lords was needed to represent the department in that chamber, to answer questions and to explain its policy. The position was offered to Lord Dufferin, and accepted.

It was in 1872 that he received the high honor of being appointed

GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

It was at a very critical time that Lord Dufferin arrived in Canada. The people were at heart loyal to the British Government, and their attachment to the throne was, *and still is*, more enthusiastic than that of Englishmen in England. But their feelings had been deeply wounded. The Liberal party in England, which was the dominant one at the time, had failed to cultivate friendly relations with the Dominion. In fact, one or two of the leaders of that party had displayed a want of sagacity as well as of tact in speaking publicly in disparaging terms of the value of Canada as a part of the British Empire. They had done nothing to induce the Canadians to organize for self-defence. Had they appealed to the loyalty of the people there would have been an enthusiastic response which would have astonished them, but no such appeal was made. Mr. Gladstone plainly intimated that if Great Britain, in order to retain Canada, must support an army to defend it, he would prefer to abandon it. Only on condition that the Dominion cost Great Britain nothing to protect did he believe the tie connecting it with the mother country should be maintained.

As is usual in all cases of dispute, there was much misunderstanding. The Canadians in their just resentment exaggerated the importance and suspected the spirit of Mr. Gladstone's utterances, while the Gladstone Cabinet utterly misunderstood the temper and disposition of the people of Canada. If at that time some obstinate, priggish, domineering nobleman had been sent to Canada, the breach would have been widened and possibly there would have been a permanent rupture between the two countries. As it was, Lord Dufferin was sent, and his delicacy, geniality, and matchless tact healed the wounded susceptibilities of the Canadians on one side, while he enlightened the British Cabinet on the other. His one desire was to serve the Dominion, and he shrank from no toil nor trouble which promised to achieve that purpose.

A colonial governor who is eager to obtain substantial power and the immediate pleasure of popularity is greatly tempted to take a part in the politics of the country he is selected to rule. This is in contravention of the policy of the mother country, but the temptation is not always resisted. It is not so easy to conquer the confidence of the whole people by holding the balance even between contending parties, by practising conciliatory and moderating arts, and by training the colonists to look up to the Imperial Government not as a meddlesome and censorious power, but as kindly, tolerant, just, and wise. As Lord Dufferin said in a public speech at the close of his term of office, he had

LEARNED TO BELIEVE IN CANADA,

and his faith never wavered. It would be impossible here to give even a summary of the events of Lord Dufferin's administration, nor could we describe even the more prominent, such as *the Pacific Railroad scandal*, in the space at our disposal, with that fulness of detail which could alone place them fairly before the reader. Some idea of the success of his government may, however, be gained from

ONE OF THE ADDRESSES,

that of the Province of Ontario, presented to him on his departure from Canada. It is part of the joint address presented on September 5th, 1878, to the Governor-General at the citadel, Ontario, by seventy-four municipalities. The address was beautifully illuminated by a Guelph artist. The title-page is, indeed, an exquisite specimen of artistic skill. At the top is a representation of the Parliament buildings, and the dates 1872–1878—being the years marking the period of his Excellency's administration in Canada. Below this again are the royal and Canadian arms blended, with the Irish shield and Scottish lion on either side. The beaver occupies a place at the bottom of the page, while the two lower corners are formed by illuminated representations of Niagara Falls, and of a steamer "shooting the rapids." The following is an extract from the address:

"Permit us to assure you that our mission is a sad but also a pleasing one—sad, inasmuch as we are mindful that the ties which have linked you in affectionate union with us for the past six years are about to be severed; and pleasing, in that we have the opportunity, before you leave, of placing in your hands the evidence that those whom we represent are not forgetful of their duty as loyal people toward the Viceroy whose rule has been signalized by so many examples of remarkable tact and executive ability. It is not our intention to indulge in expressions of fulsome adulation or address you in terms capable of being construed as meaningless flattery. Such, we are aware, would be but a doubtful compliment to your superior taste. We desire rather, in the simple but eloquent language of the heart, to tender your Excellency, on behalf of the people of Ontario, their unqualified approval of your career as Governor-General of Canada, accompanied with the warmest personal regard for your Excellency and the illustrious Countess of Dufferin.

"While admiring the ease, firmness, and efficiency displayed in the discharge of your important State duties, we have not failed also to appreciate the lively interest you have taken in whatever was calculated to promote the prosperity of the several provinces, or aid in the material and intellectual improvement of the people. It has been your study to become thoroughly acquainted with the character, the resources, and requirements of all classes, and the kindness of heart which you have manifested in *visiting the habitations of the poor*, even in the most remote territories, will not prove the least of the many triumphs which you have achieved in Canada.

"Our scientific and educational institutions, encouraged by your generous bounty, have acquired fresh vigor from the impetus which a liberal appreciation of their merit is always sure to impart, and we cannot but advert to the fact that innocent amusement, so essential for the preservation of 'a sound mind in a sound body,' has received your Excellency's indorsation.

"Under your wise supervision Canada has made rapid advancement, and we feel convinced that many real blessings will be the outgrowth of your zeal, eloquence, and administrative talent."

Lord Dufferin now occupies the difficult and responsible post of

MINISTER TO TURKEY.

The deplorable condition of that government, and the difficulty of keeping the Sultan to the performance of his engagements renders the office anything but a sinecure. It is no mean tribute to Lord Dufferin's diplomatic abilities that during the present Egyptian complication he has been able to prevent the Sultan making an anti-English demonstration in Egypt.

In another way, too, the British Government proved their high estimation of his prudence and statesmanship. They confided to his hands the task of reorganizing the Egyptian Government. Lord Dufferin was summoned from Constantinople to Alexandria, and there held numerous conferences with the Khedive and his officials, the result of which was the system of government now in operation. That it should work smoothly at first was scarcely to be expected in the disorganized condition of the country.

Lord Dufferin has the reputation of being a considerate employer and a devoted friend. His life is fashioned according to the precepts of the Word of God, and his desire for the success of philanthropic enterprises, and especially for the spread of the Gospel of Christ among the nations of the earth, is practical and profound. In his present position he has opportunities of promoting the cause of missions and in many ways using the influences he undoubtedly possesses over the Sultan for good, and especially for the removal of the obstacles existing to the spread of Christianity in the Turkish dominions. It may be hoped that God will show him his duty in these matters and enable him to perform it.

THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.

Harriet Georgina, Countess of Dufferin, is the eldest daughter of the late Captain Archibald Rowan Hamilton, of Killyleagh Castle, County Down, Ireland. The present representative of the Hamilton family is Major Hamilton, D.L. The Countess of Dufferin has often been mistaken for the authoress of the popular ballads, "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant," "I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary," and "Katty's Letter," but we believe these truly Irish productions were written by her distinguished mother-in-law, a lineal descendant of Sheridan. The Countess is the great-grandniece of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, who once occupied a large space in the public eye. He loved his country not wisely, but too well, for he was involved in

THE REBELLION OF 1798,

became a leader among the United Irishmen, was prosecuted on an ex-officio information by the Attorney-General for Ireland for the publication of a libel alleged to be seditious, and imprisoned for two years, from the larger part of which punishment he escaped in an open boat to France, and having lived for some years in that country and also in America, returned to Ireland, having obtained from the king a complete and honorable pardon.

In the Countess of Dufferin personal charms and domestic excellence are combined with much grace and affability of manner, and among her achievements not the least is that of winning the heart of the chivalrous and gifted Dufferin, to whom she was married in 1862. She is two or three years younger than her husband.

HER FIRST MISSTEP.

Learned critics are in our day very anxious to convince the world that the Bible is an obsolete book. They teach that it belongs to the literature of an Eastern nation, that many of the histories it contains are Jewish myths and legends, and that its injunctions and commands were intended for the Jews only and have no application to this nineteenth century. The attentive reader of the daily newspaper, however, cannot fail to remark how different a world this would be if the book the critics call obsolete were more read and heeded. The daily record of sin and sorrow makes one's heart ache. To what small dimensions would that black record sink if the teachings of the Bible were carefully studied and if people took for the guide of their lives the book our scholars are so anxious to banish to the topmost shelves of our libraries. A case in point, which happily ended with less serious consequences than follow in thousands of similar instances, is reported among the proceedings of a New York police court, in the *Herald* of April 16th. The shame and humiliation which fell on a respectable family might have been avoided had the fallen one remembered the wise king's warning, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise" (Prov. 20 : 1).

A lady—if appearance and costly garments indicate social position—attracted attention in First Avenue on Monday night by staggering along with a baby in her arms. When at last she fell to the sidewalk a woman rescued the infant and sent for Policeman Newman. The unconscious mother was locked up in the Fifth Street station house. The child, a beautifully dressed boy, jumped and crowed when placed on the sergeant's desk, and seemed equally happy when an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children arrived to take care of him.

The mother, looking pale and sorrowful, was yesterday brought up in the Essex Market Police Court. Baby was also there, playing with a big policeman's whiskers. The prisoner, in a low voice, gave her name, age (she is but twenty-two years), and residence to the justice.

A well-dressed young man there whispered to Justice White: "She is my wife; it is her first misstep; it will never happen again, judge."

"You seem to be very respectable people," said the Court after the story had been told. "How did it happen this time?"

Hesitatingly, and with great embarrassment, the lady replied: "I hardly know how it happened. I never drank a drop before in my life. I went to pay a visit to a friend in Jersey City on Monday and she made me drink two glasses of wine. I came over the ferry all right, but when I got out of the cross-town car my head went around and—but thank God baby is safe."

Tears began to choke the fair prisoner's utterance. Her husband's arm slipped lightly around her, and he said:

"Can she go, judge?"

"Yes," answered the court. "She has been terribly punished. I feel very sorry for both of you."

Then the couple stepped down; baby was once more placed in its mother's arms, and was almost smothered by her tears and caresses.

EASY DIVORCE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, April 20, 1884.

"What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder."—Matt. 19 : 6.

Skeletons in the Home—Miseries of Ill-Assorted Marriage.—Divorce as a Remedy—Wholesale Divorce a National Scourge—The Enemies of the Marriage Relation—The Free Love Movement—Mormon Polygamy—Pustulous Literature—How Easy Divorce is now—Statistics of the States—The Testimony of History—What is Needed—A Uniform and Rigorous Law—As a Check on Marriage as an Experiment—As a Financial Speculation—As a Reforming Process—On Hasty Marriages—Advice to Lovers—Ask Parental Council—How John Brown Proposed—Advice to the Married—Bear and Forbear—Will Carleton's Lines on a Repentant Husband—Avoid First Quarrels—How Catastrophes are Caused.

That there are hundreds and thousands of infelicitous homes in America no one will doubt. If there were only one skeleton in the closet, that might be locked up and abandoned ; but in many a home there is a skeleton in the hallway and a skeleton in all the apartments.

"UNHAPPILY MARRIED"

are two words descriptive of many a homestead. It needs no orthodox minister to prove to a badly mated pair that there is a hell ; they are there now. Sometimes a grand and gracious woman will be thus incarcerated, and her life will be a crucifixion, as was the case with Mrs. Sigourney, the great poetess and the great soul. Sometimes a consecrated man will be united to a fury, as was John Wesley, or united to a vixen, as was John Milton. Sometimes, and generally, both parties are to blame, and Thomas Carlyle is an intolerable scold, and his wife smokes and swears, and Froude, the historian, is mean enough because of the shekels he gets for the manuscript* to pull aside the curtain from the lifelong squabble at Craigenputtock and Five, Cheyne Row.

Some say that for

THE ALLEVIATION

of all these domestic disorders of which we hear, easy divorce is a good prescription. God sometimes authorizes divorce as certainly as He authorizes marriage. I have just as much regard for one lawfully divorced as I have for one lawfully married. But you know and I know that wholesale divorce is one of

OUR NATIONAL SCOURGES.

I am not surprised at this when I think of the influences which have been abroad militating against the marriage relation.

For many years the platforms of the country rang with talk about a free-love millennium. There were meetings of this kind held in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Cooper Institute, New York, Tremont Temple, Boston, and all over the land. Some of the women who were most prominent in that movement have since been distinguished for great promiscuosity of affection. Popular themes for such occasions were the tyranny of man, the oppression of the marriage relation, women's rights, and the affinities. Prominent speakers were women with short curls and short dress and very long tongue, everlastingly at war with God because they were created women ; while on the platform sat meek men with soft accent and cowed demeanor, apologetic for masculinity, and holding the parasols while the termagant orators went on preaching the gospel of free love.

That campaign of about twenty years set more devils into the marriage relation than will be exorcised in the next fifty. Men and women went home from such meetings so permanently confused as to who were their wives and husbands that they never got out of the perplexity, and the criminal and the civil courts tried to disentangle the Iliad of woes, and this one got alimony, and that one got a limited divorce, and this mother kept the children on condition that the father could sometimes come and look at them, and these went into poorhouses, and those went into an insane asylum, and those went into dissolute public life, and all went to destruction. The mightiest war ever made against the marriage institution was that free-love campaign, sometimes under one name and sometimes under another.

Another influence that has warred upon the marriage relation has been

POLYGAMY IN UTAH.

That is a stereotyped caricature of the marriage relation, and has poisoned the whole land. You might as well think that you can have an arm in a state of mortification and yet the whole body not be sickened, as to have those territories polygamized and yet the body of the nation not feel the putrefaction. Hear it, good men and women of America, that so long ago as 1862 a law was passed by Congress forbidding polygamy in the territories and in all the places where they had jurisdiction. Twenty-two years have passed along and five administrations. Armed with all the power of government, and having an army at their disposal, and yet the first brick has not been knocked from that fortress of libertinism.

Every new President in his inaugural has tickled that monster with the straw of condemnation, and every Congress has stultified itself in proposing some plan that would not work. Polygamy stands in Utah and in other of the territories to-day more entrenched, and more brazen, and more puissant, and more braggart, and more infernal, than at any time in its history. James Buchanan, a much-abused man of his day, did more for the extirpation of this villainy than all the subsequent administrations have dared to do. Mr. Buchanan sent out an army, and although it was halted in its work, still he accomplished more than the subsequent administrations, which have done nothing but talk, talk, talk.

I want the people of America to know that for twenty-two years we have had a positive law prohibiting polygamy in the territories. People are crying out for some new law, as though we had not an old law already with which that infamy could be swept into the perdition from which it smoked up. Polygamy in Utah has warred against the marriage relation throughout the land. It is impossible to have such an awful sewer of iniquity sending up its miasma, which is wafted by the winds north, south, east, and west, without the whole land being affected by it.

Another influence that has warred against the marriage relation in this country has been a

PUSTULOUS LITERATURE,

with its millions of sheets every week choked with stories of domestic wrongs, and infidelities, and massacres, and outrages, until it is a wonder to me that there are any decencies or any common-sense left on the subject of marriage. One half of the news-stands of Brooklyn and New York and all our cities reeking with the filth.

"Now," say some, "we admit all these evils, and the only way to clear them out or correct them is by easy divorce." Well, before we yield to that cry, let us find out

HOW EASY IT IS NOW.

I have looked over the laws of all the States, and I find that while in some States it is easier than in others, in every State it is easy. The State of Illinois through its legislature recites a long list of proper causes for divorce, and then closes up by giving to the courts the right to make a decree of divorce in any case where they deem it expedient. After that you are not surprised at the announcement that in one county of the State of Illinois, in one year, there were 833 divorces. If you want to know how easy it is you have only to look over the records of the States. In Massachusetts 600 divorces in one year; in Maine 478 in one year ; in Connecticut 401 divorces in one year ; in the city of San Francisco 333 divorces in 1880 ; in New England in one year 2113 divorces, and in twenty years in New England twenty thousand. Is that not easy enough ?

If the same ratio continue, the ratio of multiplied divorce and multiplied causes of divorce we are not far from the time when our courts will have to set apart whole days for application, and all you will have to prove against a man will be that he left his slippers in the middle of the floor, and all you will have to prove against a woman will be that her husband's overcoat was buttonless. Causes of divorce doubled in a few years, doubled in France, doubled in England, and doubled in the United States. To show how very easy it is I have to tell you that in Western Reserve, Ohio, the proportion of divorces to marriages celebrated is one to eleven ; in Rhode Island is one to thirteen ; in Vermont is one to fourteen. Is not that easy enough ?

I want you to notice that frequency of divorce always goes along with the dissoluteness of society. Rome for five hundred years had not one case of divorce. Those were her days of glory and virtue. Then the reign of vice began, and divorce became epidemic. If you want to know how rapidly the Empire went down, ask Gibbon. Do you know how the Reign of Terror was introduced in France ? By 20,000 cases of divorce in one year in Paris.

WHAT WE WANT

in this country and in all lands is that divorce be made more and more and more difficult. Then people before they enter that relation will be persuaded that there will probably be no escape from it except through the door of the sepulchre. Then they will pause on the verge of that relation until they are fully satisfied that it is best, and that it is right, and that it is happiest. Then we shall have no more marriage in fun. Then men and women will not enter the relation with the idea it is *only a trial trip*, and if they do not like it they can get out at the first landing. Then this whole question will be taken out of the frivolous into the tremendous, and there will be no more joking about the blossoms in a bride's hair than about the cypress on a coffin.

What we want is that the Congress of the United States at this present session move for the changing the national Constitution so that a law can be passed which shall be uniform all over the country, and what shall be right in one State shall be right in all the States, and what is wrong in one State will be wrong in all the States.

HOW IS IT NOW ?

If a party in the marriage relation gets dissatisfied it is only necessary to move to another State to achieve liberation from the domestic tie, and divorce is effected so easy that the first one party knows of it is by seeing it in the newspaper that Rev. Dr. Somebody on April 14th, 1884, introduced into a new marriage relation a member of the household who went on a pleasure excursion to Newport or a business excursion to Chicago. Married at the bride's house. No cards. There are States of the Union which practically put a premium upon the disintegration of the marriage relation while there are other States, like our own New York State, that has the pre-eminent idiocy of making marriage lawful at twelve and fourteen years of age.

The Congress of the United States needs to move at the present session for a change of the national Constitution, and then to appoint a committee—not made up of single gentlemen but of men of families, and their families in Washington—who shall prepare a good, honest, righteous, comprehensive,

UNIFORM LAW

that will control everything from Sandy Hook to Golden Horn. That will put an end to brokerages in marriage. That will send divorce lawyers into a decent business. That will se

* Dr. Talmage, in common with many critics, here censures Mr. James Anthony Froude for making the disclosures. It is, however, due to that eminent historian to say that he gives a different explanation of his motives than that suggested by Dr. Talmage of a regard for "shekels." He states that as Mr. Carlyle had selected him as his biographer and given the materials for the work into his hands, he conceived that his duty as a conscientious man was to tell the whole truth. He did it also as a matter of policy as well as of principle. Had he kept back any part, it would have been told with less accuracy by others who knew some of the facts but not all of them.—Ed.]

people agitated for many years on the question of how shall they get away from each other to planning how they can adjust themselves to the more or less unfavorable circumstances.

More difficult divorce will put an estoppal to a great extent upon marriage as a financial speculation. There are men who go into the relation just as they go into Wall Street to purchase shares. The female to be invited into the partnership of wedlock is utterly unattractive, and in disposition a suppressed Vesuvius. Everybody knows it, but this masculine candidate for matrimonial orders, through the commercial agency or through the county records, finds out how much estate is to be inherited, and he calculates it. He thinks out how long it will be before the old man will die, and whether he can stand the refractory temper until he does die, and then he enters the relation; for he says, "If I cannot stand it, then through the divorce law I'll back out." That process is going on all the time, and men enter the relation without any moral principle, without any affection, and it is as much a matter of stock speculation as anything that transpired yesterday in Union Pacific, Wabash and Delaware and Lackawanna.

Now, suppose a man understood, as he ought to understand, that if he goes into that relation there is no possibility of his getting out, or no probability, he would be more slow to put his neck in the yoke. He should say to himself, "Rather than a Caribbean whirlwind with a whole fleet of shipping in its arms, give me a zephyr off fields of sunshine and gardens of peace."

Rigorous divorce law will also hinder women from

THE FATAL MISTAKE

of marrying men to reform them. If a young man by twenty-five years of age or thirty years of age have the habit of strong drink fixed on him, he is as certainly bound for a drunkard's grave as that a train starting out from Grand Central Depot at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning is bound for Albany. The train may not reach Albany, for it may be thrown from the track. The young man may not reach a drunkard's grave, for something may throw him off the iron track of evil habit; but the probability is that the train that starts to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock for Albany will get there and the probability is that the young man who has the habit of strong drink fixed on him before twenty-five or thirty years of age will arrive at a drunkard's grave. She knows he drinks, although he tries to hide it by chewing cloves. Everybody knows he drinks. Parents warn, neighbors and friends warn. She will marry him, she will reform him.

If she is unsuccessful in the experiment, why then the divorce law will emancipate her, because habitual drunkenness is a cause for divorce in Indiana, Kentucky, Florida, Connecticut, and nearly all the States. So the poor thing goes to the altar of sacrifice. If you will show me the poverty-struck streets in any city I will show you the homes of the women who married men to reform them. In one case out of ten thousand it may be a successful experiment. I never saw the successful experiment. But have a rigorous divorce law, and that woman will say, "If I am affianced to that man it is for life; and if now in the ardor of his young love, and I am the prize to be won, he will not give up his cups, when he has won the prize, surely he will not give up his cups." And so that woman will say to the man, "No, sir, you are already married to the club, and you are married to that evil habit, and so you are married twice, and *you are a bigamist. Go!*"

A rigorous divorce law will also do much to hinder hasty and

INCONSIDERATE MARRIAGES.

Under the impression that one can be easily released people enter the relation without inquiry and without reflection. Romance and impulse rule the day. Perhaps the only ground for the marriage compact is that she likes his looks and he admires the graceful way she passes around the ice cream at the picnic! It is all they know about each other. It is all the preparation for life. A man not able to pay his own board bill, with not a dollar in his possession, will stand at the altar and take the loving hand, and say, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow!" A woman that could not make a loaf of bread to save her life will swear to cherish and obey. A Christian will marry an atheist, and that always makes conjoined wretchedness; for if a man does not believe there is a God, he is neither to be trusted with a dollar nor with your lifelong happiness.

Having read much about love in a cottage people brought up in ease will go and starve in a hovel. Runaway matches and elopements, 999 out of 1000 of which mean death and hell, multiplying on all hands. You see them in every day's newspapers. Our ministers in this region have no defence such as they have in other cities where the banns must be previously published and an officer of the law must give a certificate that all is right; so clergymen are left defenceless, and unite those who ought never to be united. Perhaps they are too young or perhaps they are standing already in some domestic compact.

By the wreck of ten thousand homes, by the holocaust of ten thousand sacrificed men and women, by the hearthstone of the family which is the cornerstone of the State, and in the name of that God who hath set up the family institution and who hath made the breaking of the marital oath the most appalling of all perjuries, I implore the Congress of the United States to make some righteous, uniform law for all the States and from ocean to ocean, on this subject of marriage and divorce.

ADVICE TO LOVERS.

Let me say to the hundreds of young people in this house this morning, before you give your heart and hand in holy alliance, use all caution; inquire outside as to habits, explore the disposition, scrutinize the taste, question the ancestry, and find out the ambitions. Do not take the heroes and the heroines of cheap novels for a model. Do not put your lifetime happiness in the keeping of a man who has a reputation for being a little loose in morals or in the keeping of a woman who dresses fast. Remember that while good looks are a kindly gift of God wrinkles or accident may despoil them. Remember that Byron was no more celebrated for his beauty than for his depravity. Remember that Absalom's hair was not more splendid than his habits were despicable. Hear it, hear it! *The only foundation for happy marriage* that ever has been or ever will be, is good character.

ASK FATHER AND MOTHER'S COUNSEL

in this most important step of your life. They are good advisers. They are the best friends you ever had. They made more sacrifices for you than any one else ever did, and they will do more to-day for your happiness than any other people. Ask them, and, above all,

ASK GOD.

I used to smile at John Brown of Haddington because when he was about to offer his hand and heart in marriage to one who became his lifelong companion, he opened the conversation by saying, "Let us pray." But I have seen so many shipwrecks on the sea of matrimony, I have made up my mind that John Brown of Haddington was right. A union formed in prayer will be a happy union, though sickness pale the cheek, and poverty empty the bread tray, and death open the small graves, and all the path of life be strewn with thorns, from the marriage altar with its wedding march and orange blossoms clear on down to the last farewell at that gate where Isaac and Rebecca, Abraham and Sarah, Adam and Eve parted.

And let me say to you who are in this relation, if you make one man or woman happy you have not lived in vain. Christ says that what He is to the Church you ought to be to each other; and if sometimes through difference of opinion or difference of disposition you make up your mind that your marriage was a mistake, patiently bear and forbear, remembering that life at the longest is short and that for those who have been badly mated in this world, death will give quick and immediate bill of divorcement written in letters of green grass on quiet graves. And perhaps, my brother, my sister, perhaps you may appreciate each other better in heaven than you have appreciated each other on earth.

In the "Farm-ballads" our American poet puts into the lips of a repentant husband after a life of married perturbation these suggestive words:

"And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And lying together in silence, perhaps we will agree.
And if ever we meet in heaven, I would not think it queer
If we love each other better because we quarrelled here."

And let me say to those of you who are in happy married union,

AVOID FIRST QUARRELS;

have no unexplained correspondence with former admirers; cultivate no suspicions; in a moment of bad temper do not rush out and tell the neighbors; do not let any of those gadabouts of society unload in your house their baggage of gab and tittle-tattle; do not stand on your rights; learn how to apologize; do not be so proud, or so stubborn, or so devilish that you will not make up. Remember that the worst domestic misfortunes and most scandalous divorce cases started from little infelicities. The whole piled-up train of ten rail cars telescoped and smashed at the foot of an embankment one hundred feet down came to that catastrophe by getting two or three inches off the track. Some of the greatest domestic misfortunes and the widest resounding divorce cases have started from little misunderstandings that were allowed to go on and go on until home, and respectability, and religion, and immortal soul went down in the crash, crash!

And, fellow-citizens as well as fellow-Christians, let us have a divine rage against anything that wars on the marriage state. Blessed institution! Instead of two arms to fight the battle of life, four. Instead of two eyes to scrutinize the path of life, four. Instead of two shoulders to lift the burden of life, four. Twice the energy, twice the courage, twice the holy ambition, twice the probability of worldly success, twice the prospects of heaven. Into that matrimonial bower God fetches two souls. Outside the bower room for all contentions, and all bickerings, and all controversies, but inside that bower there is room for only one guest—the angel of love. Let that angel stand at the floral doorway of this Edenic bower with drawn sword to hew down the worst foe of that bower—easy divorce. And for every Paradise lost may there be a Paradise regained. And after we quit our home here may we have a brighter home in heaven at the windows of which this moment are familiar faces watching for our arrival and wondering why so long we tarry.

A Noble Work in Jaffa is being Carried on by four ladies, who have established a hospital for natives, under the charge of Miss Mangan. It was begun in a small way in the town of Jaffa by Miss Mangan and Miss Newton, who received a few sick people at their house as out-patients, and spoke to them of Christ. The work grew rapidly, and a house was taken in a more healthy situation in the suburbs, that in-patients might be received; afterward an additional ward was built. Last year 150 patients passed through the hospital, there being eighteen beds, which are always full. Of out-patients there were, last year, 11,500 attendances, 5000 being new cases. In the house family prayer is offered daily in Arabic, all the in-patients who are able being present. In addition to this work, the ladies conduct sewing-classes for women, and visit their old patients in the villages round Jaffa. The fame of the hospital has spread far and wide, and people come to it not only from the neighborhood of Jaffa, but also from Nablus (Schechem), Gaza, and the borders of Egypt.

UNPRAISED HELPERS.

By Rev. Charles F. Deems, DD., LL.D.

THERE are many people in the world who are doing much good, and who are both unnoticed by the world and unconscious to themselves. They often stand in close relation to very active, conspicuous and useful people with whom their humble souls contrast themselves, to their own increase of despondency.

For instance, here is a woman, without any genius, who has a brilliant husband, a man distinguished in the councils of the nation, or on the lecture-forum, or in the pulpit, or at the bar; or a man perpetually increasing the area of known truth by his investigations, and enlarging the field of human intelligence by his publications. The good woman compares herself to this brilliant husband, and says, "Alas! I am doing nothing. What a sensation his last book made; it has gone far and wide; in many a household it is read for comfort or instruction, but I have never written a line which can be of benefit to any human being, unless it may have been in some of my poor letters." And so she depreciates herself and grows sad.

In a church an humble layman may look up at the pulpit and see his pastor, as on a throne of power, when he is using the Word of God authoritatively, and is evidently swaying multitudes into paths of righteousness. The layman says to himself, "I can scarcely lead my family in prayer, so broken is my thought, and so lame in my language. I very seldom have the courage to say a word in our prayer-meetings. I seem to have no talent in the world but the talent for money making. I can work down in my counting-house, and turn over and over dollar on dollar, and get richer and richer; but what is that compared with being rich in the souls one has brought to God in Christ Jesus?" And so he becomes discouraged.

But let these good people look on the other side.

First take the case of the wife. Why is her husband so successful a man? Simply because he has not a particle of domestic care. His wife has raised his children so that not one of them has ever given him a pang. They are ensamples to the whole flock. He can say to his people, "Follow my children as they follow Christ." Everything is at peace at home. This could not have come to pass if the good wife had not assiduously employed her practical common-sense in looking after the domestic matters. Now let her remember that while she was cheapening groceries, patching little trousers, darning her husband's stockings, mending here, saving there, smoothing yonder, often when her own heart was tired and her hands weary, she was, in all these things, clearing the field for the exercise of her husband's great ability. He could not have had half the power he wields nor half the field he occupies but for that good wife's good management. Half the glory of the crown which the Lord will give at the close of this ministry will belong to that good woman. She has done her part as faithfully as the husband has done his, and the Lord is not unmindful to forget her labor of love.

In the other case, let the layman recollect that, as times are now in the present organization of society, churches cannot be maintained without money. Land must be bought, and materials procured for the erection of ecclesiastical edifices; repairs must be made; constant attendance is required; and there must be some one who can furnish the pecuniary supplies. The pastor wants some members of his congregation who have, rather financial ability, and whose engagements allow them to do something for the church. He must never have financial cares; he must never have to think how his own support is to come, how a church debt is to be paid, how money is to be raised for repairs. It is a vicious system which rolls any of this work upon the heart of the pastor. Every man that takes any portion off leaves the soul of his pastor more alert, his intellect more elastic, his heart more ardent for the special work of edifying the saints, and of calling sinners to repentance.

There is many a blessed pastor this day who has a good time preaching the Gospel, and who may not himself know to what plain man of plodding, practical intellect he owes arrangements which make the financial affairs of his church run so smoothly as to relieve him of all care. But when the crowns come to be distributed, then the Lord will remember the layman that had uncircumcised lips, like Moses, and not forget his labor of love in that he labored for the saints.

Let us not be betrayed into misjudgments or despondencies by the appearance of things; our main audience is behind the scenes. Where there is one seeing us on earth, there are multitudes looking at us out of eternity. Little fames on earth are small indeed, but the glory of eternity is enduring.

HEALING THROUGH FAITH

By the Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D.

A VERY able article on this subject appears in the January number of the *Presbyterian Review*, by Rev. R. L. Stanton, D.D., of Washington. It is good to find such a thorough and radical defence of healing through the prayer of faith in so staid and conservative a magazine. We have seen nowhere so strong and convincing an argument for this side of the question. Dr. Stanton proceeds on the inductive method, beginning with facts, and tracing these to their cause, alleging that "facts are never heresies, either in science or religion;" a reasonable proposition, we say, and one which those critics should weigh who are inclined to fly in your face at the bare mention of some extraordinary case of healing through prayer. The facts adduced are startling enough, and they are not vague or anonymous cases, either. Names and places are given, and the most rigid investigation is courted. The facts, we are inclined to think, will constitute a wall through which the objector will not be able to break at a bound, rushing on to a wild, a rampant denial of all supernatural cures in the present day. The objections to admitting that God heals the sick immediately and supernaturally in our time are very stubborn, not to say arrogant, as the discussions cited by Dr. Stanton show. But facts are stubborn things, also; and we think that when stubborn fact meets stubborn prejudice, the latter should step aside and give the right of way to the former.

We reproduce one of the most striking of these facts. It is the experience of Mrs. Mahan, the wife of Dr. Mahan, formerly President of Oberlin College, who is well known as a writer and educator. The statement is certified by Mr. and Mrs. Mahan, and by the writer himself, who heard from the lips of the lady herself. The case was done when the patient had been given up to die by the physicians, and when she was considered to be near her end.

Mrs. Mahan had a cancer in the breast, which had eaten into her lungs, and was frequently discharging blood from her mouth. The best medical authorities deemed death inevitable from this cancer, and near at hand. At the same time she had a tumor, so located as to be inaccessible to surgical operation, which also gave her great pain. This, too, was declared incurable, and equally threatening as to fatal consequences. Mrs. Mahan's attention had not been called specially to the subject of faith-healing much before this. One night, from the profuse hæmorrhage through her lungs and mouth, she thought the fatal hour had come. Dr. Mahan was then out of London, holding a protracted religious meeting, and she declined to have him called home. Regarding death to be very near, she lifted up her soul to God in prayer, substantially to this effect: that if it were God's will to take her then to Himself, she could say, "Thy will, O God, be done!" But she desired to live a few years longer, to assist her husband in certain literary work, and therefore she prayed for immediate healing, yet with entire submission. Upon the utterance of this prayer, yes, instantly, "wonder of wonders," as her written narrative says, the blood ceased to flow, all pain from both cancer and tumor at once ceased, and she fell into a quiet slumber and slept till morning. She then arose, felt entirely cured, dressed herself, went downstairs—which she had not been able to do for some time—was able to attend to her house duties and her literary work, and has had no trouble since from either cancer or tumor, both having entirely disappeared. At the time this narrative was related (1879) Mrs. Mahan had been healed some two or three years. She is still living and in good health, as her occasional letters to us bear witness.

Such instances as this are multiplying on every hand, at home and abroad, in Christian lands and in heathen lands. Since publishing "The Ministry of Healing," we have had many striking cases reported to us by missionaries on foreign fields. We believe that God is making bare His arm in the sight of all the heathen. Let us praise rather than ridicule.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

An Old Sinner's Stinging Reproof.—At a Recent meeting Mr. Deware said: "Shortly after I came to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, I was talking to an aged man, who was very careless about his soul, and was living a most wicked life. In my youthful zeal I thought it was impossible for any one not to see the truth as I had seen it. In replying to my entreaties and arguments he spoke about the hypocrisy of professors. He kept perfectly cool, but I regret to say I lost my temper; then he looked me straight in the face, and said, 'You profess to be a converted man; you look very like it now!' It was a stinging and deserved reproof. I never forgot it."

How the Clergyman's Servants were Converted.—The Rev. Mr. Boyd says: "An Episcopal clergyman kept quite a number of servants, and it was noticed that every one of them was converted soon after entering upon his service. People began to ask, 'How is it he never speaks to them directly about religion, yet his servants are all converted almost as soon as they go to the parsonage?' On inquiry, it proved to be his Christian life which was the means used by God to convert the servants. He was so bright and joyful, kind and considerate, that they felt the power of Christ flowing from his heart to theirs. Let each of us so live that we may also obtain a similar blessing to that of this clergyman. Let men take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus, and have learned of Him."

"Quite a Curiosity!"—"A Married Couple were fearfully addicted to drink. The man was a noted street-fighter and the woman usually spent her Sabbath in the police station. One Sunday afternoon the man came to our Gospel-meeting for people in their working clothes; there the Lord met him, and made him a new man in Christ Jesus. The same characteristic which made him so zealous in the service of the evil one now made him set to work vigorously for Christ. He opened a kitchen-meeting in his own house, and conducts it himself. One after another of his friends and relations have been brought to Jesus by him. His house, which was formerly the centre of evil in his district, has now become a centre of Christian work. The influence of his changed life radiates all through the district, though, of course, scoffers laugh and say that he is quite a curiosity."

In a Cave among Gypsies.—Mr. Deware said: "My first effort in conversion work was in a haunt of gypsies, numbering about twenty men and women. They had taken up their abode in a cave on the seashore of the Western Highlands. I got very much interested in them, and wondered greatly what I could do for them. As doing in this case was better than wondering, I went to them with Bible in hand and the love of Christ in my heart, and asked permission to

read a chapter to them. One or two of the members scowled, but the majority assented. I read a chapter, and then spoke a few words. On stopping, one of the men said abruptly, 'I knew your father. Are you from Perthshire?' 'Yes.' 'I am also.' That was a connecting link, two connecting links, in fact—knowing my father and being from Perthshire. This was quite sufficient to make two Scotchmen friends who met each other in a strange place. The Lord blessed my first effort, and some of these gypsies were led to yield themselves to Christ, and He has since abundantly blessed me during a long service for Him."

An Inconsistent Covenanter.—"I Have a vivid recollection of a prayer I heard once. I was visiting a poor sick woman in the country. As I stood at the door waiting for admittance, I heard the voice of a man engaged in prayer. His words were exceedingly appropriate and quite scriptural from beginning to end, not a word out of place. At the conclusion of the prayer I entered and found that the suppliant was the sick woman's brother, who belonged to the Covenanters, a body which is recognized as being very sound in doctrine; but this man was well known at fairs and markets as being one who did not restrain his passions nor curb his appetites, yet the prayer he offered was right in everything but one, namely, earnest faith. There is no use praying as a matter of form; it must be from the heart in love and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

A Scoffer's Sudden Death.—Mr. Bamford said: "On the last day of last year I had the privilege of speaking a word of warning and exhortation to a man who lived in the vicinity of a hall where a small body of humble, earnest Christians met for prayer. He had a bitter hatred against them, and gave them a great deal of annoyance as they went to their meetings, by scoffing, and pointing his finger at them, crying, 'There go the saints!' and such-like contemptuous sentences. Eight days after I spoke to him, he was at work, apparently in perfect health. Suddenly he turned to a fellow-workman, and said, 'I feel very ill; I will go home, and come back when I am better.' Alas! he never rose from his bed again, but passed away to appear before God, unreconciled, unwashed in the precious blood of the Lamb. Beware! do not delay, but turn to God *now*, lest Death should suddenly mark you for his own, and leave you without time for repentance."

A Corean Tutor's Warning.—Mr. McMicking related: "Some youths belonging to Corea, a mysterious country which lies close to China, were recently sent to Japan to study science. The teacher who had charge of them, and who knew that there were some believers in Christ in Japan, said, 'If any of you become Christians I cannot return to Corea, but must commit suicide, as I shall be disgraced.' A Corean native Christian, living in Japan, got acquainted with some of these youths, and told them of Jesus and His love. After a time they grew interested in the Gospel, felt themselves to be sinners, and gave themselves unreservedly to Christ, and confessed Him to all with whom they came in contact. They were immediately cast adrift by their relatives, and their allowance stopped, but they still trusted in the Lord, and He did not fail them. Their teacher also has been so impressed by their noble conduct that he accepted a gift of the New Testament in the Corean language, and is now inquiring into the truth of the Gospel."

Basely Robbing a Kind Host.—"I Visited a man who lives in Anderston. He was a drunkard for twenty years, but was converted to Christ ten months ago, and was the cause of much prayerful anxiety to those who knew him. When I called on him on New Year's Day, I found him in a strange state. His home consisted of a room and kitchen. Out of pure Christian charity he had taken in a couple into his room, so that they might have shelter till better times came for them. He had to go into the country for a week to do some work, and when he returned to his comfortable home, he found that his guests had basely stripped it of everything, taking even his watch and Sunday suit of clothes, so that he had nothing but the working clothes in which he was standing. The shock he got was enough to drive an unconverted man to drinking. He quietly kindled a fire, and kneeling down in the middle of his empty kitchen he poured out his complaint to God, and God heard him, and sent relief. Soon he was enabled to rise from his knees praising and magnifying the goodness and mercy of God to him, and cast himself upon His promised strength and bounty."

THE TWO RESURRECTIONS.

By the Rev. George Shipman Payson.

(From the Episcopal Recorder.)

Three Characteristics of the Millennium—Disagreement of Views as to the Two Resurrections—Will be Identical in their Nature—Believed by the Early Church—The first Resurrection as a Ground for Hope—Texts Confirming It—The Irresistible Conclusion.

THE question as to whether the next coming of our Lord is to precede or to follow the millennium, is one of the deepest interest. Its discussion leads us briefly to consider what the Scriptures teach concerning the millennium, the second advent, and the relation of these two in point of time.

I. Webster defines millennium as "a thousand years; a word used to designate the thousand years mentioned in the twentieth chapter of Revelation, during which period Satan will be bound and holiness triumphant throughout the world."

The only Scripture in which the millennium as such is spoken of is in Rev. 20: 1–8. The phrase, "a thousand years," is nowhere else employed to designate this period. This is the only place where the characteristics of the millennium are distinctly referred to in connection with that term.

It will be noticed on examining that passage that it is characterized by these notable features: (1) The binding of Satan: (2) the reign of the saints and martyrs; and (3) the two resurrections, that of the just at its commencement, and that of "the rest of the dead at its close." Concerning the first and second, premillennial and post-millennial authorities are agreed. As to the third there is serious disagreement. Post-millennial authorities claim that the first resurrection here spoken of is a spiritual one; that it does not refer to the resurrection of the body (of which Paul says, "This corruption must put on incorruption"), but to conversion, in which the soul that has been dead in trespasses and sins is raised again in newness of life.

But to this it may be replied, the two resurrections must be

OF THE SAME NATURE

precisely, for both are referred to in precisely the same terms, and in almost the same breath. The fifth verse says of the martyrs: "They lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years." The sixth verse adds, "But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection." If the first resurrection is spiritual, then the second must be, which can only be maintained by Universalism. But if the second is literal, corporeal resurrection, so is the first. Otherwise, to use Dean Alford's expressive words with reference to this very discussion, "Scripture is wiped out as a definite testimony to anything." Moreover, if the first resurrection is not literal and corporeal, then the saints do not rise at all, for they certainly do not rise with "the rest of the dead" who are contrasted with them.

Hence there are to be two resurrections; the one of the just at the beginning of the millennial period, and the other of the unjust at its close. This was the view of the whole primitive Church, of the Apostles, of their immediate pupils, and of those who believed through them, down to the accession of Constantine, in the beginning of the fourth century. Dean Alford characterizes it as "the most cogent instance of consensus which primitive antiquity presents."

II. If we were to select from the multitude of New Testament passages, referring to the second advent of our Lord, that which is most conspicuous and definite, it would be 1 Thess. 4: 15–17: Here there is no reference to the resurrection of the wicked. But the resurrection of "the dead in Christ" is spoken of as a ground of hope, and comfort, and desire. And it is inseparably associated with the Coming of the Lord for His saints. It must be the *first* resurrection spoken of in the twentieth chapter of Revelation. And since this is to precede the millennium, and usher it in, therefore the second advent of our Lord is to be pre-millennial, and may occur at any hour.

This is the briefest possible outline of the scriptural argument. We may glance at a few

CORROBORATIVE TEXTS.

Our Saviour says (Luke 14: 13–14): "But when thou makest a feast, call the poor . . . and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed *at the resurrection of the just*." But why at the resurrection of the just? Why not at the resurrection simply? There are to be two; the first of the just, the second of the unjust; one to precede, the other to follow the millennium; the earlier to be associated with glory at Christ's reappearance, the later to be attended with judgment and shame at His bar.

Daniel says (12: 2): "*Many from among the sleepers* of the dust of the earth shall awake; these shall be unto everlasting life, but those (the rest of sleepers) shall be unto shame and everlasting contempt." This is the translation of that eminent scholar and critic, Tregelles, who says: "I have given, I believe, the most literal rendering of this verse. It speaks of an eclectic resurrection—many from among the sleepers—and the passage has been understood by the Jewish commentators in the sense that I have stated."

Paul says (1 Cor. 15: 23) of the resurrection of believers, "But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward *they that are Christ's at His coming*," and the whole chapter may be regarded as corroborating this doctrine.

Most remarkable, however, is Phil. 3: 7–11, in which Paul describes the great sacrifices which he had made, "if by any means he might attain unto the resurrection *from* the dead." (Revised Version.) He taught that all men should be raised. But for the resurrection of the just he strove with unflagging zeal. He invents a Greek term to describe his conception of it. *Exanastasis* is nowhere else employed. It has been well translated "the out-resurrection," "that which is to be out from among the dead," and in connection with the peculiar Greek construction immediately following, this clause is an exact translation. It clearly describes a special and, as Tregelles describes it, an eclectic resurrection. It is the same which precedes the millennium, and is associated with Christ's second coming. It is the "living hope" for which Peter exclaims (1 Peter, 1: 3), "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." And it is the goal toward which the primitive Church pressed eagerly and prayerfully, and with the martyrs' zeal.

We are content to leave the argument from Scripture just here. It is irrefutable. It may be obscured by the veils of sophistry, by the dust of conflict, or by the glamor of worldliness. But nothing can destroy the fact that the Apostles, the Apostolic Church, and the early followers of Christ, lived in daily, and hourly, and eager anticipation of our Lord's return. Either the inspired teachers of the New Testament were in error here, and therefore nothing that they said can be relied upon, or else it is the privilege of all Christians in every age to live as those who look for their Lord from heaven, and "love His appearing."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Trial of Strength on Mr. Morrison's Tariff bill took place in the House on April 15th. An effort was made to prevent the measure being considered, and Mr. Randall and the Republican managers had taken care that pairs were made for every absentee. The vote for considering the bill was 140 to 138. Thirty-nine Democrats voted with the Republicans and five Republicans voted with the Democrats. Counting those paired for the bill it appears that the vote for consideration was 158. That, however, does not represent the supporters of the measure, as it is probable some members who are opposed to it, voted for its consideration, believing that a measure so important ought not to be rejected without discussion. The debate promises to be a long one; more than eighty members have signified their wish to speak.

Several State Republican Conventions were held last week to select delegates for the Chicago Convention on June 3d. *In Pennsylvania* Mr. Blaine was declared the choice of the convention for President and Mr. Lincoln for Vice-President, and the delegates-at-large were instructed to vote for them. The convention in its platform approved President Arthur's administration, opposed tariff reduction, and recommended suspension of the coinage of the silver dollar. Nothing was said about the scheme endorsed at the previous convention for distributing the surplus. As Mr. Randall is the Democratic choice in that State, it appears that both parties there are agreed on the tariff question. *In Illinois* the convention declared General Logan its choice for President, and the delegates were so instructed. That convention also declared for protection. *In New Jersey* the delegates are left uninstructed. Some of them are said to be Blaine men, while others are for Edmunds. This convention had a special interest from the fact that the notorious Robeson made frantic efforts to be made delegate-at-large. He was defeated, and even when the convention proceeded to the election of alternates it preferred a colored man to Robeson. It is feared by Mr. Blaine's supporters that Mr. Robeson's energetic advocacy of his friend's nomination will injure that candidate's prospects, the fact of Mr. Robeson wanting any man elected to the Presidency being likely to cause the people to distrust the candidate. *In Indiana* also the delegates were left uninstructed, but it was understood that Senator Harrison was their first choice and after that the delegates were divided between Arthur and Blaine. *In South Carolina and Alabama* Arthur is the first choice.

A Deputation of Business-Men went to Washington last week to urge upon Congress the danger to business interests of continuing the silver-dollar coinage. The representative from New York carried a petition signed by two thousand prominent merchants and bankers, asking for a suspension of the coinage for two years. The deputation was received by the House Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures, but the tone of the reception was not encouraging.

The Miscarriage of Justice which Led to the recent fatal riots in Cincinnati is paralleled in other great cities. The causes are not difficult to find. The Boston *Transcript* describes a state of affairs in that city which, bad as it is, is better than that of New York. It says: "Good easy citizens may believe that such scandalous failures of justice as brought on the revolt in Cincinnati are impossible in this community. What do the law and order workers tell us on this point? At a recent meeting of the City Council a man was elected to a responsible public trust who, as the court-records show, has been several times arrested, and has been fined not only for violating the liquor-selling laws, but also for assault. Two of the members of the Police Committee of our Common Council have lately been up for the illegal selling of liquor. A short while ago *a man sat upon the jury* in our Superior Criminal Court who was *the real defendant* in three or four criminal cases appealed to the same term; and there is always a liquor-dealer or two upon the Criminal Court juries. The officials of the League assert that bad cases of violation of the liquor law have been settled or withheld from prosecution."

Another Disastrous Tornado is Reported from the South. On April 15th a violent storm passed over parts of Alabama and Georgia accompanied by the heaviest rainfall ever known in that section. The trains on all railroads had to be side-tracked, and several trestle bridges were swept away. At Attala on the Alabama Great Southern route the depot was struck by lightning, and that and the contiguous hotel were burned. At Chipley, Ga., several lives were lost, and many persons were carried by the tornado long distances and were severely injured. The loss of property was serious.

Chief-Justice Noah Davis Delivered an Address before the Nineteenth Century Club in New York on April 15th on the subject of divorce. Judge Davis's long experience on the bench gave his opinions on the subject much weight, and his address was heard with marked attention. He advocated as a remedy for the evils, which he exhaustively summarized, the passing of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States giving Congress power to establish a uniform rule for all the States. This he argued would do away with the common practice of people going to distant States, where the law was more lax than in their own, to obtain a divorce. He urged that divorces should not be granted for any other cause than that sanctioned by the Bible. Among the minor remedies he recommended as safeguards against fraud and collusion was a law providing that no judgment could be entered until it appeared clearly that the suit had been actually pending at least six months after service of the process. This not only to prevent frauds, but to give the parties a breathing spell for possible reconciliation, and to prevent immediate and shameful remarriage. In all cases the defendant should have the right to insist that the alleged paramour be brought in and made a party to the action, so that an unjust accusation could be met and confuted by both of the accused. And, above all, that in all such actions the State should be made a party, so that it shall be able to prevent the wrongs that are inflicted upon the public and upon children and innocent persons; and no judgment should be allowed until it appears that some lawful representative of the State has been served with a process and had opportunity to appear and resist the divorce. The judge showed, by a survey of the laws of the different States, how unscrupulous persons might, by taking advantage of the diversities, now obtain divorces from partners of whom they were weary, and contract marriages in four or five States in succession without being amenable to the law, and in some cases without the partners from whom they were divorced knowing that divorce proceedings were in progress.

Ladies who Carry Pistols have during the past few weeks attracted some attention. The New York *Evening Post* has been at some pains to collect the records of recent cases of homicide in which ladies have played the chief part. It mentions one day only two weeks ago in which two murders were committed by women with pistols, and in both cases the murderesses seem to have armed themselves in advance. In Hazleton, Penn., Mrs. Thomas Rees, "driven to desperation by the taunts and jeers" of Mrs. Simmons, of whom she was jealous, suddenly pulled out a pistol, and with it killed an innocent bystander, who was unwise enough to undertake to save Mrs. Simmons's life. On the same day, in Syracuse in this State, Mrs. William Ransier killed Mr. Adam Sutter, with whom she had had a good deal of trouble, and in this case, too, she seems to have armed herself in advance. In another case murder in court was averted by the judge adjourning the sitting. A lady under cross-examination was irritated by the questions addressed to her, and felt in her pocket for her pistol, and in an instant pistol barrels glittered in various directions around the court. The judge promptly adjourned, and when the court reassembled would allow no one to enter who carried a pistol. One of our most urgently needed reforms is a well-executed law against carrying concealed weapons.

Mr. Thomas G. Appleton, the Brother-in-Law and intimate friend of the poet Longfellow, died of pneumonia in New York on Thursday last. He came to this city a week before to visit his relatives here, and was about to return to Boston when seized with the illness which proved fatal. Mr. Appleton was seventy-two years of age. He was well known here and in Europe, his genial disposition, ready wit, and refined culture gaining him friends wherever he went. He wrote several works in prose and verse, prominent among them being "Fresh and Faded Leaves," "A Nile Journal," and "Syrian Sunshine." He was one of the most valued members of the distinguished circle which included Professor Agassiz, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmers, Hon. James Russell Lowell, Sumner, and Hawthorne.

A Temperance Victory has been Achieved in Dakota. A correspondent of the New York *Witness*, writing from De Smeet, D. T., says: "We have just passed through a very exciting temperance campaign, in which Kingsbury County, by a majority of ninety-eight men and two hundred and twenty-two women, refused to grant license to saloons for the coming year. It snowed all the day of election, and most of the time threatened to become dangerous to travel on the prairie; yet eleven hundred men turned out, some going fifteen miles and back to deposit their vote. Two hundred and twenty-two women also went to the polls, and either by vote in a separate ballot-box or by petitions presented in person to the commissioners gave their voice for prohibition. One brave woman went seven miles in the storm and cast the only woman's vote in her township."

A Revival is Reported from Johnstown, Ohio. The Rev. James T. Minehart says in a letter recently received, that "the entire circuit from one end to the other is in a revival flame." During the past eleven weeks one hundred and sixty conversions have taken place under his preaching. "The oldest inhabitants say they have never seen such marvellous displays of God's mighty power."

The Annual Conference of the Primitive Methodist Church of America was held in Mahanoy City, Pa., from April 3d to 9th. Many ministers and delegates were present from all parts. A revival was in progress during the meetings, and about fifty souls were converted. Mrs. Shipman of England was present, and preached on Sunday morning, April 6th, at the Primitive Methodist Church. She is still suffering from the diphtheritic sore throat, which compels an almost entire cessation from preaching. Prayers are requested that the Lord will restore her to health in order that she may continue her labors as an evangelist.

Mr. Ben Hogan, the Converted Pugilist, is now laboring in Pueblo, Col., where, he desires us to say, his letters may be sent. He has been conducting evangelistic meetings in Salt Lake City, Utah, where large meetings were held in the Grand Opera House.

The Religious Work in St. Louis Commenced by Mr. Harrison's services is still continued. Dr. Tudor, of the Centenary Church, in which the revival services were held, baptized forty-seven adults on Sunday, April 16th. A newspaper correspondent in St. Louis writes: "Dr. Tudor has now a list of three hundred applicants for admission into the communion of the church. Mr. Harrison left the city two weeks ago, but the services have not been discontinued. There are daily meetings at three o'clock for prayer and praise and the interchange of experience; also at eight o'clock every night. These meetings are well attended, and much interest is felt."

Miss Jennie Smith Held Successful Revival services in the Madison Avenue Congregational Church, New York, last week. She was assisted by her zealous and indefatigable colleague, Miss Sherman. Miss Smith has been continuously engaged now for many months in revival work in various States, holding frequent meetings, some of which were all-day meetings occupying more than twelve hours. These labors have involved long railroad journeys and loss of rest. Nevertheless she shows no signs of weariness or fatigue. Yet before her cure through faith and prayer she was an invalid unable to leave her sick bed. When asked about the progress of the cottage, the fund for which was established by grateful railroad men on the Baltimore and Ohio Line, she said that the building was in course of erection. Her project of adding a wing to it for the use of disabled workers in the Lord's service who need rest for recuperation, will be carried out, if the necessary funds are received, about which Miss Smith seems to have no doubt, though she is making no effort to obtain them. She expects that the Lord will send them in some way. It appears that the immediate need is about $240.

A Fatal Girdle of Gold was Worn by an aged couple in California some time ago. The wife of a hotel proprietor at Marysville, Cal., relates the incident. She saw an Englishman and his wife come down from the mountains looking hungry and miserable, clad in garments so old and wretched that in compassion she gave the woman some decent clothing. At night they begged to have a room with good fastenings to the windows and doors, and when they were asked why they were so anxious on this matter admitted that they carried in belts around their bodies gold dust worth $10,000. They were on their way to New York, whence they intended to sail for England. The landlady advised them to send the dust by express to New York, but they refused. They said they could not afford to pay express charges, and besides could not bear to have it out of their sight. It represented years of toil, hardship, and semi-starvation. They accordingly clung to it. The landlady says: "The next news I heard of them was that *they were both drowned* at Virgin Bay while going from the shore in a boat to get on board the steamer. The weight of *their gold belts sank them* at once, while the rest of the capsized boat's passengers floated and were picked up by other boats." But for the gold so hardly won and so dearly prized the aged couple might have been saved too. So it has been with some souls. The young man who went away from Christ sorrowfully because of his great possessions has many followers (Mark 10 : 23).

A Remarkable Cure of the Opium Habit is reported from Groton, Conn. A telegram from that place to the New York *Times* states that a well-known lady, who has for many years taken opium in large quantities, has been enabled to discontinue its use through faith and prayer. Those who know anything of the drug are aware that a sudden stoppage of its use produces a condition in which life and reason are both in danger. The telegram in question states that this lady, though taking half an ounce of opium daily, was able to discontinue it entirely, and has felt no ill effects. Her deliverance was instantaneous, and occurred while she and several friends were pleading with God for the blessing.

A Lady's Kindness to a Tramp has Won her a fortune, according to a despatch from Louisville, Ky. It states that a young lady residing at Russellville, in that State, about a year ago showed some kindness to an aged tramp. A few days afterward the tramp sought her, and asked her for her name. He said: "You are a good girl, and I like you. Don't you know that you are the only person that has treated me with any kindness for years? They say I am old and crazy, but don't you believe 'em. I have got lots of money, and I am going to leave it all to you." The lady's mother coming in at this point, he repeated his remarks to her, and shaking hands with both ladies, left. Recently a letter was received by the lady to the effect that the man was dead, and that on his body a paper was found directing all his money, amounting to several thousand dollars, should be sent to her. Such a reward for kindness to the poor is very rare, but Christ assured us that those who succor them for His sake should in no wise lose a reward (Luke 14 : 4).

A Grateful Deed of Daring was Performed recently in Alabama. It was connected with the Everingham disaster. After the boat had been banked a roster of the crew was called, and Assistant Pilot Wingate did not answer. "Where is Wingate?" some one shouted. "Asleep, in his berth," was the answer, which horrified every one. At that time the flames had full control of the vessel, the supports of the upper deck were being eaten rapidly away, and the flames circled round and round over the hurricane deck, licking the glass of the state-room doors, and rising high above the ship's head. No sooner were the words uttered than a black form was seen rushing toward Wingate's berth and impending death. A surge, a crash, and the door gave way, and Wingate and his rescuer were seen making their way gallantly through the fire and smoke. In a few minutes, scorched and almost suffocated, they escaped in safety to the shore. It was subsequently ascertained that this deed of daring was prompted by gratitude. The negro remembered, when he heard of Wingate's peril, that some time before, his own life had been saved by Wingate. The two were together in a disaster last April when the Wylly went to pieces against the Fort Gaines bridge. He was going under for the third time when Wingate snatched him from his grave. The thought of his own deliverance sent the negro, at the risk of his life, to rescue his rescuer. He seemed to think that the man who had saved him had a claim on the life he had saved. How earnestly and devotedly would Christian men work for Christ if they realized their obligations as this negro did his (Rom. 12 ; 1).

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

Suggested by the Sudden Death of H. R. H., Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany.

"For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." —James 4 : 14.

A Sudden Death an Impressive Warning—Death Impartial—Peter Waldo's Conversion through a Death—Luther's Awakening—I. The Truth in the Text—Men Have no Foresight—The Future Wisely Veiled—Foolishness in Foresight—An Emphatic Question—Some Remarkable Deaths—The Apostolic Comparison—II. The Lessons in the Truth—Seek Substance Elsewhere—The Folly of Delay—Mr. Moody's Pronunciation—Folly of Getting and Hoarding—Folly of Fretting—Lives Ravelled at the End—Vanishing into the Life to Come—The Gain of Dying.

When a prince dies they toll the great bell of the cathedral that all the city may hear it, and that for miles round the tidings may spread. A *royal* death is a national warning. A death in any one of our families is a loud call to our own household, a call which I trust we hear; but a death in the royal family has a voice to the whole nation. A *sudden* death is a specially impressive warning. If men die of old age we regard it as coming in the common course of things; but when a young man is suddenly snatched away, then we understand that though the old must die, the young may die; and that no one among us may reckon upon any long day of life, since in a moment our sun may go down ere it is yet noon. So falls the grass beneath the mower's scythe, so fades the leaf from the tree. In a moment our strength is turned to weakness, and our comeliness into corruption. Then, in accents as plain as they are terrible, the Lord saith, "Because I will do this unto thee, prepare to meet thy God, O Israel!"

We have this week received fresh proof that

DEATH IS IMPARTIAL.

As the Arab proverb hath it, the black camel stops at every man's door. Sorrow has entered in at the windows of palaces, and even in the royal chamber there lieth one dead. To us also in due time shall be brought the message, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." My ear hears a voice crying aloud, "Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live." Will not you hear it? Will any one of you refuse the voice which speaketh from heaven? Death evidently pays no respect to character, age, or hopefulness. A man may addict himself to the service of his country, but his patriotism will not protect him. He may be surrounded with a wall of affection, but this will not screen him. He may have at command all the comforts of life, and yet life may ooze out before the physician is aware. He may be tenderly beloved of an affectionate mother, and his name may be engraven on the heart of the fondest of wives, but death hath no regard to the love of women. "It is appointed unto men once to die." There is no discharge in this war; we shall all march into this fight, and unless the Lord Himself shall speedily come and end the present dispensation, we shall each one fall upon this battlefield, for the shafts of death fly everywhere, and there is no armor for either back or breast by which his cruel darts may be turned aside. I would to God that all of us retained this truth in our memories.

History tells us of Peter Waldo, of Lyons, who was sitting at a banquet as thoughtless and careless as any of the revellers, when suddenly one at the table bowed his head and died. Waldo was startled into thought, and went home to seek his God; he searched the Scriptures, and, according to some, became a great helper, if not the second founder, of the Waldensian Church, which in the Alpine valleys kept the lamp of the Gospel burning when all around was veiled in night. A whole church of God was thus strengthened and perpetuated by the hallowed influence of death upon a single mind. I suppose it is also true that Luther in

his younger days, walking with his friend Alexis, saw him struck to the ground by a flash of lightning, and became thenceforward prepared in heart for that deep work of grace through which he learned the doctrine of justification by faith, and rose to be the liberator of Europe from Papal bondage. How much every way we owe to this weighty subject!

With an intense desire for our spiritual profiting I shall speak upon our text in two ways; first, let us consider *the truth in the text*, and, secondly, *the lessons in that truth*.

I. We commence with the truth in the text, upon which we have already touched. The text begins by reminding us that

WE HAVE NO FORESIGHT:

"Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow." God has given us memory that we may look backward, and it were well if we used our memories better for remembrance, reflection, and repentance, but God has given us no eyes wherewith to pry into the future. He unveils the past to our penitence; but He veils the future from our curiosity. Dark days may be near at hand for some of us, but we do not perceive them. Let us be thankful that we do not, for we might multiply our afflictions by the foresight of them, and the prospect of evil to come might cast a gloom over pleasure near at hand. As we may feel a thousand deaths in fearing one, so may we faint under a thousand lashes in dreading a single stroke.

It is good also that our God conceals from us our earthly joys until the time for their arrival. Great prosperity may await you, and a considerable enlargement of your temporal comfort, but you do not know it; and it is as well that you should not, for you might be none the better for the prospect. *Earth's goods are like bird-lime*, and are fearfully apt to glue us down to things below, and prevent our soaring toward heaven. If then we could know all the pleasurable events that may happen to us we might become more worldly and more earthbound than we are.

No, we cannot see far, and those who act as if they could see into coming days behave most foolishly. Hear these people whom James describes; they boast most wretchedly; they will go into the city, they are sure they will, what is to hinder them? "To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city"—they have plenty of time, and can make a selection according to their pleasure; they can go where they like, and when they like. They see themselves with prophetic glance entering in at the city gate, and they are fully assured that they shall "continue there a year." Of course, a year that is a small matter; if they please they will stay longer. They allot themselves a lease for three, seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, at discretion; at least they talk as if they could do so.

They are going into the city to "buy and sell;" they are sure of that too. Of course they will not be laid up with sickness; they do not fear that accident or disease will keep them away from market, or hinder the active transacting of their business. No, they are going to buy and sell, and such is their confidence in their own superior abilities that they are sure to make a profit of it; the markets cannot fall below the price which they have fixed in their own minds, neither will they make bad debts, nor incur other losses, for they have decided that they will "get gain." Hitherto they have been self-made men, and they mean to go on making themselves, until they put the finishing stroke by adding a few more thousands. They have visions of going on to fortune. Ah, ye prophets, ye are going to your graves! This is

A SURE ORACLE.

The text divides itself into an emphatic question, "What is your life?" and an instructive answer, "It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

First, I say, we have here *an emphatic question*; he asks, "What is your life?" For solidity, for stability; what is it? It will fail before a touch, a breath. Justinian, an emperor of Rome, died by going into a room which had been newly painted; Adrian, a pope, was strangled by a fly; a consul struck his foot against his own threshold, and his foot mortified, so that he died thereby. There are a thousand gates to death; and, though some seem to be narrow wickets, many souls have passed through them. Men have been choked by a grape stone, killed by a tile falling from the roof of a house, poisoned by a drop, carried off by a whiff of foul air. I know not what there is that is too little to slay the greatest king. It is a marvel that man lives at all. So unstable is our life that the Apostle says, What is it? So frail, so fragile is it, that he does not call it a flower of the field, or the snuff of a candle, but asks, What is our life? It is as if he had said,

IS IT ANYTHING?

Is it not a near approach to nothing?

St. Augustine used to say he did not know whether to call it a dying life or a living death, and I leave you the choice between those two expressions. This is certainly a dying life; its march is marked by graves. We are always dying. Every beating pulse we tell leaves but the number less; the more years we count in our life, the fewer remain in which we shall behold the light of day. While we are sitting still in this house, the earth is revolving round the sun, and bearing us all through space at an amazing rate. We are all moving, and yet we do not perceive it; even so while you are listening to this sermon you are all being borne onward toward eternity at lightning speed. What, then, is our life? That is a question which remains to a large degree unanswered and unanswerable.

Yet our text affords us what is in some aspects *an instructive answer*. It does not so much tell us what life actually is as what it is like. "It is even a vapor." James compares our life, you see, to a very subtle, unsubstantial, flimsy thing—a vapor. He proceeds to explain his own symbol in a sentence which is full of meaning. "It is even a vapor, *that appeareth*." Notice that. He does not speak of it as a substance, having a true existence, but says that it "appeareth." Vapor is so ethereal,

PHANTOM-LIKE, AND UNREAL,

that it may rather be said to appear than to exist. If you could reach yon fleecy cloud, you would scarcely know that you had entered it, for it would possibly appear to be the thinest of mist. The vapor which steams from your mouth, how light, how airy, it is next door to nothing; it only "appeareth." And such is this life—a dream, a vain show, an apparition of the night.

Further the Apostle says, It "appeareth *for a little time*." It is only a very little while that a man lives at the longest. Compare a man's life with that of a tree. There is so striking a contrast between our present short life and that of a cedar, or an oak, that to set forth the longer life of saints in the millennial age the Lord says, "As the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands." In that happy age men shall flourish long as the trees of the forest; but now a man standing beneath an oak is a mere infant compared with the boughs which overshadow him. Compare our life with the existence of this world; I mean not the present state of the earth as fitted up for man, but I allude to those unknown ages which intervened between the present arrangement and that beginning wherein God created the heavens and the earth. The long eras of fire and water, the reigns of fishes and reptiles, the periods of tropical heat and polar ice, make one think of man as a thing of yesterday. He appeareth for a little while.

The parallel is further consummated by the Apostle's adding, "*And then vanisheth away.*" The cloud is gone from the mountain. Where is it? It has vanished away. No trace of it is left; neither can you recall it. We too shall soon be gone; gone as a dream when one awaketh. With the most of us our remembrance will be short. Many leave us concerning whom it would be a pity that they should be remembered; while many fail to live for others, and therefore their fellows speedily forget them. Amid the crowded cemetery

A SINGLE GRAVE IS LOST;

amid ten thousand deaths no one departure can long abide in human memory. Children may bear our name, and yet a fourth generation shall quite forget that we ever sojourned in this region. Such is our life—"a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." This is the truth; you know it, but I cannot impress it upon your hearts as it ought to be impressed; hence I invite you to join me in the prayer, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

II. Secondly, let us now learn the lessons which lie within this truth. May we read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the same.

First, if this life be unsubstantial as a vapor—and nobody can deny the fact—let us regard it as such, and let us seek for something substantial elsewhere.

> "This world's a dream, an empty show;
> But the great world to which I go
> Hath joys substantial and sincere;
> When shall I wake and find me there?"

It may be well to make the best of both worlds; but of this poor world nothing can be made unless it be viewed in the light of another. This is a poor withering life at the best, for we all do fade as a leaf. Unless we purposely live with a view to the next world, we cannot make much out of our present existence. Let us grip the eternal, and sit loose by the temporal. The jewels of eternity will glitter in our crowns when all things pass away; but the trifles of this life are as the flowers which children pluck in the meadows, which wither in their hands before they can carry them home.

In this place I suggest as your prayer that stanza of the poet in which he addresses the Well-beloved thus:

> "Show me thy face—
> My faith and love
> Shall henceforth fixed be,
> And nothing here have power to move
> My soul's serenity.
> My life shall seem a trance, a dream,
> And all I feel and see
> Illusive, visionary—Thou
> The one reality."

Next, is life most uncertain? We know it is; no one attempts to deny it. Then let us not delay. I would to God I could whisper this wisdom into every procrastinator's ear. Why dost thou halt and hesitate? If thou art desirous to be saved from the wrath to come, why dost thou put it off till a to-morrow which may never come? Awake, I pray thee! Since death is hastening, haste thou thyself until thou hast found a refuge in the cleft of the Rock of Ages, and art safe in the arms of Jesus. Since life is so uncertain, oh haste thee, Christian, to serve thy God while the opportunity is given thee;

BE DILIGENT

to-day to do those works which perfect saints above and holy angels cannot do. Thou wilt soon be where thou canst no more give alms to the poor, nor instruct the ignorant, nor visit the fatherless and the widow. Thou shalt have no opportunities for speaking to men about their souls, or winning them for Christ, when once this shadowy life has vanished away. How earnest every worker ought to be to do his work well while he has the opportunity! I have charged myself again and again—I would to God the charge had been more effectual—to preach

> "As though I ne'er might preach again,
> A dying man to dying men."

I am persuaded that if we were in possession of all the wisdom that grace will give us, we should do everything for the good of men most speedily, with deep prayerfulness, with true spiritual life, and with an entire dependence upon the Spirit of God for the blessing of it.

Is life so short? Does it only appear for a

little time, and then vanish away? Then let us put all we can into it. If life be short, it is wisdom to have no fallows, but to sow every foot of ground while we can. It will be prudent to pack our little space as full as possible. Somebody said the other day of *our dear friend Mr. Moody*, that he was the only man who could pronounce "Jerusalem" in two syllables. It shows the activity of the man that he can speak as much in two syllables as other people can say in four; he is always at it, working for his Master double tides, rowing with both hands. Some speakers are long in delivering short sense; instead of saying much in little, they say little in much. Oh, for some one to teach them to say "Jerusalem" in two syllables! Let us put plenty of life into our existence, plenty of work into our life, plenty of heart into our work, and plenty of warmth into our heart. Oh, may God give us to live while we live! May we not only live, but be all alive.

Is life so short? Then do not let us make any very great provision for it. I have heard of certain people who are so imprudent that they never lay by anything for a rainy day, to whom I would say, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." It would be a poverty-stricken world if all followed the example of improvidence which is set by certain spiritual blunderers. There is a thriftiness which we all ought to exercise; but there is no justification for laying up treasure which will never be used. Ants do not store up grain for storing's sake; they do but divide over the whole year the harvest of a month. To hoard up endless gold is

A SPECIES OF INSANITY.

If I were going a day's voyage, I should not wish to take with me enough biscuit and salt beef to last for three years; it would only cumber the boat. One walking-stick is an admirable help, as I often find; but to carry a bundle of them when going on a journey would be a superfluity of absurdity. Alas, how many load themselves as if life's journey would last a thousand years, at the least! Some men have amassed hundreds of thousands of pounds; when are they going to enjoy their wealth? They are getting more and more, and this occupies all their time; they are so busy cooking that they never have time to dine; they are so taken up with filling the wardrobe that they are all in rags. We do not want a ton weight of candles if we are only going to sit up for a few minutes. Let us be wise enough to suit the supply to the need.

Is time so short? Then do not let us fret about its troubles and discomforts. A man is on a journey, and puts up at an inn, and when he is fairly in the hostelry, he perceives that it is a poor place, with scant food, and a hard bed. "Well, well," says he, "I am off the first thing to-morrow morning, and so it does not matter." This world is an inn, and if there are certain discomforts in it, let us remember that we are not tenants for years, but only

GUESTS FOR A DAY.

Let us make the best we can of the temporary accommodation which this poor shanty of a world affords. Let us sing together—

"The way may be rough, but it cannot be long;
So let's smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song."

Must life vanish away? We know it must. What then? That vanishing is the end of one life and the beginning of another. Dear friends, may I recommend you to remember that death is the end of this life? Do not leave this life to be ravelled out at the end. I would like to have a well-hemmed life, with a finish about it. I would like to have my life inclosed with a ring-fence of completeness. Too many leave life's business in such a way that they leave endless trouble for their families; lawyers devour their substance, and their children are impoverished. See that your will is made, your debts paid, your charities distributed, and all your affairs are arranged. Set your house in order; it is your duty as a citizen; it is your higher duty as a Christian. Do all that you would like to have done if you knew you would die to-morrow.

Must this life vanish away? Then recollect it is the beginning of another. The life present melts into the life to come. What kind of life will that other be? Do you not think that if it is to be

A GLORIOUS LIFE

it ought to commence here? Who would like to enter heaven, could it be possible, and feel compelled to say, "I cannot join in the music, for I do not know the tune; I cannot take up the hymn, for I know nothing of the song. I cannot glorify God, for I never did so while below. I cannot adore the Lamb, for I never trusted in Him while I was on earth." You must learn the music here, or you will never sing in the choirs of heaven.

And is death quite sure to come to me? Then, as I cannot avoid it, let me face it. If there were a way of avoiding it, I might postpone all consideration of it; but since I must meet it, let me know what I am at; let me get ready for the inevitable, maybe it will become desirable. The thought of death will be one of two things to us; it will be a ghost to haunt us if we remain out of Christ, unreconciled to God, and unrenewed in heart. But death will become another thing to you if you are renewed in heart. To the Christian it is an angel beckoning him onward and upward. We do not desire to live here always. Why should we? Banished from our God, liable to sin, subject to temptation, vexed with infirmities, struggling with corruptions, O Lord, what wait we for?

"Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge
That sets my longing soul at large,
Takes off my chains, breaks up my cell,
And gives me with my God to dwell!"

Believers have everything to gain by dying. "To die is gain." We shall lose nothing which will be a loss to us. If one should take from us a jewel, but should give us another a thousand times its value, we should not regret the exchange. We lose this life, let it be such a jewel as you like, but we win the life to come, which is infinitely more precious. Beloved, instead of fearing death, we would be willing rather to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. Why should we be unwilling to be glorified? Our departing day is

OUR MARRIAGE-DAY.

Oh, that the bells would ring it in! It is our home-coming from the school where we have been in training here below. Why are the minutes so slow, the years so long? Let the holidays, the holy days, come soon, when we shall be at home in the Father's house! "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," but it very soon will appear, and it will be no mere appearing—it will be real joy and lasting pleasure, solid, substantial, eternal, like the God who has prepared it for us from of old. It is a blessed thing to be able to go through the world thanking God for this life, but blessing Him yet more that it will land us at His right hand. Death is thus stripped of all dread; the curse is turned into a blessing. At the thought of it I feel ready to join in that rough but sweet verse—

"Since Jesus is mine, I'll not fear undressing,
But gladly put off these garments of clay;
To die in the Lord is a covenant blessing,
Since Jesus to glory through death led the way."

God grant us so to live and die that we may live to die no more, for Christ's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

THE CHILCATS OF ALASKA TERRITORY.

(*See Illustration on page 268.*)

So little is known of this strange tribe living on the confines of our land that the following account of them, extracted from an article by the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., who has labored in mission work among them, will be welcome to our readers:

"At the northern end of the Alexander Archipelago, between latitude 59° and 60°, amid the grandest and wildest scenery on the continent, dwell the Chilcat tribe of south-eastern Alaska. They have three ancient villages on the Chilcat River, the northernmost being Clok-won, containing sixty-five houses and five hundred and fifty-eight inhabitants. This village is situated along rapids of the river, and is supplied with an abundance of fresh fish winter and summer. At this village a branch mission station of the Presbyterian Church has been established, and a log-house and school-room erected.

"A few miles south of Clok-won is Katwaltu, with eleven houses and one hundred and twenty-five inhabitants.

"Twenty miles south of Clok-won at tide-water is Jendestaka, with sixteen houses and one hundred and seventy-one people. A few miles to the eastward of these villages, along the rapids of the Chilcoot River, is Chilcoot, with eight houses and one hundred and twenty-seven inhabitants, and near by the fishing village of Tenany, with two houses and twenty people.

"Altogether the Chilcats number a thousand souls. They are a well-formed, active, healthy race. They are great traders, being the 'middlemen' of their region, carrying the goods of commerce to the interior and exchanging them for furs, which are brought to the coast and in turn exchanged for more merchandise. Their native dress consists of dressed deer-skin, ornamented with fur and sometimes with quill embroidery, and a carved wooden hat. They are skilful carvers in wood, stone, and metals. Their wands or sticks used in sorcery, their ordinary household dishes and boxes, spoons, canes, the posts that support the roof of their houses, and many other things, are elaborately carved with the emblems of their totems or family clans. The women excel in the weaving from grasses and bark beautiful table mats and baskets of a great variety of shape and size. They are also beautiful sewers.

"They occupy large plank houses about fifty feet square. The entrance is a low door, from which steps descend to the floor. Around the four sides of the room are one and sometimes two platforms, which are used for stowing away their boxes and goods, and also sleeping. The platform on one side is curtained off for a sleeping apartment. The fireplace is in the middle of the room. The smoke from the fire curls around the room and then finds exit out of a hole in the roof made for that purpose.

"They have among them four distinct tribal families, named respectively the Cinnamon Bear, the Crows, the Wolves, and the Whales. The Crows and Bears constitute the aristocracy. These totems also exist among the neighboring tribes, much as several secret societies may exist in the same college and each of these have chapters in other colleges. A man and woman of the same totem, although no blood relation, cannot marry. The children belong to the same totem as the mother, so that it often happens in war that fathers and sons are on opposite sides."

Their customs are savage and cruel, and Dr. Jackson cites several instances of their shocking barbarity. He says: "It was our hope to have located the principal mission at the village of Clok-won, where many scenes of bloodshed have been witnessed; but unable to carry the necessary material for the buildings up the shallow river, we built on Portage Bay, and named the new station Haines, after the efficient secretary of the Woman's Executive Committee of

Native Chilcat Dress,

Chilcat School-House and Teacher's Residence, Haines, Alaska.

Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church. From the mission house fifteen glaciers are visible. As the Chilcats come more and more under the influence of the Gospel such bloody scenes as those recorded in their history will cease."

TERRORISM IN EUROPE.

An article under the above title, published in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, calls attention to the dangers which now menace society from the dynamiters. The writer, who appears to be more familiar with Russian affairs than with those of other countries, dwells with considerable force and penetration on the development of the forces which the discontented classes have adopted and are using so freely. To him it appears that the gigantic evil of a despotism such as that of the Russian Czar is a curse which palliates the use of the destructive agent; but that in countries where no such curse exists there is no justification for its use.

If he were to talk to an Irish Invincible, to a Paris Communist, or to the anarchists who meet in Justus Schwab's room in New York, he would speedily discover his mistake. All these men believe that in the countries in which they live there is oppression either of governments, or rings, or monopolies against which it is right and justifiable to adopt warfare of any kind. The arguments used by the writer to prove that when a tyrant has an army too strong to be overcome by his enemies, when warfare open and in due form cannot be waged against him, and it is at the same time a duty to strike him, then that dynamite,

"THE ACCREDITED SYMBOL OF ANARCHY,"

may be used, are precisely the arguments used by dynamiters everywhere. The men who desire to overturn society justify their course in the same way as conspirators do who want to kill a king. It is evident to every close observer of the times that we are on the verge of an outbreak which will shake the world to its centre. It is only necessary, as this writer points out, for the enemies of social order, who now act independently of each other, to organize and act in harmony, to bring to a culmination this world-wide disaffection. Who can consider these facts and at the same time diligently study the inspired prophecies without coming to the conclusion that we are now in those

"LAST TIMES"

which we are taught that we may recognize by precisely these characteristics. If any are disposed to underrate the danger now menacing the world, let them read the following passage, which forms the opening of the article in the *Contemporary Review* to which we have referred:

"Time was when dynamite seemed likely to remain the exclusive patrimony of Russian revolutionists—that is to say, of Nihilists — and have no function outside the Muscovite Empire, except the innocent industrial one of exploding mines. But in the last year or two events have occurred, now in one place and now in another, which make this supposition questionable. In France, in Belgium, in Spain, in Italy, and even in England, there have been explosions of dynamite, of which the aim has been by no means industrial. It is true that the crimes committed in Europe have not as yet assumed a serious aspect, owing to the manifest want of organization in their preparation, the inexperience shown in their execution, and the defect of concerted plan by which they are all characterized.

"But may not this aspect of the matter change with time? The first step has been achieved, and it involves much; to the acts mentioned above, the significance of a policy has been imputed; dynamite has become the accredited symbol of anarchy, the banner of the extreme revolutionary party. And for a certain class of minds extreme parties will always have peculiar attractions. Will it not be possible for all revolutionary spirits who have resorted to courses of destruction and violence, to unite themselves under this banner in a single organization of a prudent and far-seeing character, which shall give a terrible concentration to these hitherto disconnected acts?"

EDWARD DAYTON'S ORATORIO.

By Mr. Charles Walton.

(*See Illustration.*)

Edward Dayton was endued with wonderful musical talents. He was an only son, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and from his early childhood gave indications of the innate gift lying within him. At the age of seven he was a fair performer on the piano, and when he commenced his experiences of scholastic life he was pronounced by all to be the best player in the school. His whole soul seemed wrapt up in the exquisite art, and every moment of his spare time was given to its attainment. His progression was extraordinary, and at the age of seventeen he was regarded not only as a perfect master of the piano, but very few could equal him on the violin.

Edward was living at home with his parents in one of the broad avenues of New York's twin city; his father was wealthy, being a partner in a well-established Wall Street firm, and consequently was enabled to encourage in every way the talents displayed by his son. His mother, was a confirmed invalid, having been confined to her room for eight years, but possessed that joy and peace in suffering that only Christians can experience. She doted on her boy, and although very proud of his ability, yet her earnest prayer and longing desire was to see Edward converted and brought into the fold of Christ. It had been long decided that Edward should follow the profession for which he evinced such taste, and after leaving school he proceeded to Boston to enter into a course of study at the Conservatory of Music, an institution of which that city is justly proud. While there he made the acquaintance of Miss Mabel Searle, the daughter of one of the professors, an acquaintance which speedily ripened into an attachment and ended in marriage. Mabel was a beautiful girl, and had just entered her eighteenth year; she was an accomplished musician, and possessed a magnificent soprano voice, thus making a befitting companion for the young rising musician. After a severe course of study Edward returned to Brooklyn, bringing with him his bride, and settled down in a comfortable house near the residence of his father.

At that time Mrs. Dayton's one great wish was gratified, and she had reason to pour out her earnest thanks to an all-loving God for answering her prayers. Her son had for some time been under conviction of sin; he knew and realized his lost condition as a sinner be-

fore God, and longed to obtain full, free, and glorious salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. At that time an evangelist from the West was holding revival services at the church where the Dayton family worshipped, and young Dayton and his wife were constant attendants. One evening the Spirit of God came down on the meeting, and they were both led to the altar, humble suppliants for divine mercy and for that new life through faith in Christ. God is always ready to hear the sinner's cry, and they were enabled to return home rejoicing in a risen Saviour and conscious that all their sins were washed away through His blood.

Edward at this time was very anxious to produce a composition of his own, and his long course of study at the Conservatory had fitted him for such an undertaking; the question was as to its character. Beethoven, Handel, Mendelssohn, Mozart, and Spohr were his favorite composers, and he considered the productions of those great masters to excel all the operatic music ever written, and his great desire was to be able to produce something approaching Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" in grandeur and Spohr's "Last Judgment" in pathos. He therefore determined to write an oratorio, and chose the beautiful words of the Psalmist of the 103d Psalm for his theme. He entered into his work with great enthusiasm, and in about three months it was completed, and a grand rehearsal was arranged to be held at his house. He had acquired many friends in the profession, including several talented and well-known performers; these had all promised to attend. They were very curious to try the production, knowing as they did that Edward was more than ordinarily gifted. When the eventful evening arrived, expectation was at its height. The piece was rehearsed (*see illustration*), his wife at the piano and himself as first violin, and at its conclusion all were unanimous in declaring it to be very fine and worthy of the pen of some of our greatest musicians, and congratulations poured in on all sides.

The Rehearsal of Edward Dayton's First Composition.

Edward had one particular friend among the party who was considered one of the best musical critics of the day, and he was consequently very desirous to have his opinion. He had not long to wait, as his friend approached him with outstretched hand, exclaiming, "It is good, very good; but tell me, are you inspired? that solo in B flat; 'The Lord is merciful, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy,' was superb; it seemed as if the angels had composed it. Then the fuge in G sharp, 'For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him,' seemed to tell out in indescribable tones the loving mercy of God; and the grand concluding chorus, 'Bless the Lord, ye His angels,' etc., was such that one imagined the whole of heaven and earth were praising and blessing God."

Edward cordially grasped the extended hand, and replied: "The secret of my inspiration, if such you call it, lies in the fact that when I wrote that oratorio I knew for myself personally that the Lord was gracious and slow to anger, and that His mercies were as high as the heaven is above the earth, and my whole soul could bless and praise the Lord for His goodness to me. Thus was I enabled to combine realization with my poor talent, and bring out the feelings I experienced on the subject, my heart all the time so full of love to God for what He had done for me that I was enabled to enter into the full spirit of the Psalmist's words."

This was the only piece he was permitted to compose; pneumonia did its deadly work shortly afterward, and he passed away with these words on his lips: "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." He left behind him a sorrowing widow and the universal regret that one so talented and gifted should have been thus taken away. His oratorio was never published, but kept in the family as a memento of a loving son, devoted husband, and earnest Christian.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 255.*)

A Secret Blow.

When Robert Waldron asked his father, "What will satisfy you—and God?" he showed plainly the unutterable meanness of his soul. Such men cannot get rid of the idea that they can compound for their sins in some way. They regard every sin as having its price. Wrongdoing they think may be settled for either by some act of self-sacrifice, or the payment of money, or by doing some great work. All men have this idea more or less deeply fixed in their minds. "What shall I do?" is the first question, as a rule, of the awakened sinner realizing for the first time his sinfulness in the sight of God. But sin is a thing so heinous that it cannot so be blotted out. The broken law of God can never be repaired by any act of the sinner. Only by the sacrifice and death of the incarnate God could atonement be made.

Had this dastard of a man, Robert Waldron, realized the sinfulness of the thing he had done—had he realized the consequences of his act, the ruin of his victim, the desolation of the home he had robbed, his whimpering inquiry would never have been uttered. But such men cannot realize the consequences of their acts. Before they sink so low as to commit their sins their whole souls are blunted in their apprehension, and their sense of shame and right is lost.

It is the fashion in society—and ladies are in this respect the chief sinners—to regard a man who has stolen another man's wife as something of a hero, "a dear, dangerous, bewitching man, my dear." He is received into society, welcomed, fêted, and admired, and though his sin is known, it does not operate to his disadvantage. Yet he is the meanest and most contemptible of sinners, a creature despicable and cowardly, who knows well that the social consequences of his sin will fall on his victim while he escapes. Such men God will punish with a terrible punishment. It is doubtful whether Mr. Waldron himself rightly estimated the vileness of his son's sin, but even he was amazed and disgusted to observe that Robert had thought only for himself and wished his wickedness might be forgotten as if it had been some trivial boyish scrape. Such "bygones," as Robert called them, were too serious to be lightly regarded.

Mr. Waldron sighed heavily. This was not the repentance he had looked for, the repentance which was seemly in his son, the repentance of which he had spoken almost vauntingly to his minister. There was a doubt in his mind that Miss Waldron would be no better satisfied with its quality than himself; and Miss Waldron was something like *a domestic pope*—infallible and autocratic. Robert was settling down again into a quiet and self-sympathizing mood, which could look, over the mist of years, at the other actors in the sad drama of the past.

"Poor Morley!" he said; "what has become of him?"

"He is a ruined man," said his father, sternly; "you should see him to know what you have done. He is ruined in all senses, for I hear that he has no business, and is verging toward bankruptcy."

"We can help him there," exclaimed Robert, with impetuosity; "we must save him from that!"

"John Morley," said Mr. Waldron, dryly, "unless I mistake him greatly, will take no help from our hands. We are not in a position to do him any favor."

It was a point of delicacy which the elder man could comprehend, while the younger could not. There was a vigorous hardness and manhood in Mr. Waldron's nature, which would have rejected indignantly the aid of a dishonored hand; while his son would have seized the meanest help which would deliver him out of present difficulties.

"There was a little girl," said Robert, in a tone of musing.

"Hester," answered Mr. Waldron, "the sweetest girl I have ever seen. She has the face of a saint—an angel, I was going to say. I often watch her as we stand up to sing, and I have sometimes thought how greatly I should have rejoiced had God blessed me with such a daughter. Not but that Miss Waldron is everything a father could wish; I have never found any fault in her. But Hester—she used to come here occasionally—is so sweet and tender and gentle! Ah! John Morley is not altogether lost while he possesses a child like Hester."

"Little Hetty?" said Robert, absently; "I remember her now. And she comes here sometimes?"

"Not while you are here," replied his father; "I shall see her only from my pew; and Miss

Waldron will meet her at her classes; that must suffice."

The old man sighed as if over a lost pleasure; but he smiled once more as he looked at the face of his only son. The hard questions he had intended to ask, if there were any more, had slipped out of his mind, and Robert was not one to remind him of them. The evening took again the brightness of its first welcome, and the welcome of the prodigal was not further clouded by ill-timed retrospections.

For a few days Little Aston was busy with the return of Robert Waldron. The old story was raked up and sifted with keen comments and discussions. Already the details of the ancient scandal were almost lost in obscurity; and some persons were not sure that it was merely the step-mother of Hester Morley who had left her husband's house and never been heard of since.

But Robert Waldron, handsome, young, and rich, could not remain under censure. His father had never been a favorite, for he had come among them as a stranger and dissenter, and had held himself aloof from a town in which he had no manner of interest. But the young squire, as Robert was called, had been a boy in their streets, had frequented their shops, and had made boyish acquaintance with many of them. It was natural to him to make himself popular. Besides this, now he was come back after his long absence, he attended the parish church, instead of going to the chapel, to which Miss Waldron's carriage drove every Sunday in irritating pomp. The vicar, with his three elegant and marriageable daughters, welcomed him cordially. The small gentry of the neighborhood paid him homage as the most travelled, the most cultivated, and the most agreeable personage in their narrow world. He was no longer one among the million, as when he was swallowed up in the gulf of London, or in the stream of tourists which flooded the Continent. He found himself the chief man of the place; and he enjoyed the distinction. The woman who had suffered at his hands would have been scouted had she returned, even in penitence.

For a few months the pleasure of being flattered and courted by all about him was sufficient for Robert Waldron; and he gave himself up to it with the zest of one who had for some time been a stranger to such tokens of esteem. But there was a secret fetter chafing him. He could not bear to think that there was one street of the town where he must not set his foot, and one house which he must not pass. There was the galling and bitter feeling of not being free to go where he would. He had his hours of sentimental memory, and moments of regret which would not die, though it slept for long periods; and in both of these moods he longed to see again the house where John Morley dwelt, and from which he had stolen away Rose.

A feverish desire possessed him from time to time to meet John Morley himself, and to judge with his own eyes whether he had wrought so great a wrong to him as his father described. Hester, too, stood before his memory as the grave, fair, pleasant child, of whom he had been so fond, and who had loved him with such childish devotion. The mere fact that he was prohibited from entering the chapel where his father and sister worshipped made it seem the most desirable place to attend; and he chafed every Sunday when they set out to their early service, leaving him behind for the later hours of the church. He grew to listen with morbid attention to the tittle-tattle of chapel affairs which had formerly bored him so much, that he might catch the name of John Morley or Hester—names which stung him with a not altogether unpleasant pain.

It was not in Robert Waldron's nature to resist and master the inclination which had taken possession of him. He had never conquered any caprice. He began to haunt the street stealthily in the long dark nights of winter, after the shutters of the houses were put up, and there was no light except that of the far-apart lamps. It was an old-fashioned street, reminding him of those in foreign towns; and at night, when he was recognized by none, in his great coat buttoned up to the chin, and his felt hat drawn over his face, he came now and then upon the scenes which amused him, and enlivened the dull routine of his country life.

But of the home of John Morley there was nothing to be seen except the dark walls and closed doors and windows. It stood in the darkest part of the street, in the middle distance between two lamps, and never did a single gleam of light appear upon its black front. Sometimes he remained in the doorway of an empty house opposite, smoking his cigar, while he awaited some token of the interior life; but there came none. All was black and still as a grave. It became at length a necessary penance to him to haunt the mournful dwelling, and keep a sentinel's watch upon its doors and windows. He would leave the comfort and repose and shelter of his father's house to march with heavy steps to and fro before this house which he had made desolate, with a vague sense of *atoning for his sin* by his voluntary exposure to discomfort almost amounting to pain, at the same time that he was satisfying his own capricious curiosity. It was little else than the purposeless disquietude of a purposeless nature.

The habit grew upon him so strongly that when Mr. and Miss Waldron went up to London, upon the re-opening of Parliament, he stayed behind—for a few days only, he said, not caring to confess to himself the whim that bound him to the place. He soon fell into a daily routine, ending every night, when it was darkest, in patrolling the forbidden street, and smoking his cigar under the closed window of the room where Rose had left all the traces of her habitation in that house. The shutters of that window were always closed, but Robert knew nothing of that. He could not run the risk of passing it by daylight.

He was sauntering past the silent house one night, a little later than usual, dreaming vaguely, as he was wont to do, of the life within, with his arms folded, and his head bowed down, when there fell suddenly upon him, how or whence he knew not, *a blow* which felled him instantly to the ground! He made a faint effort to defend himself and to cry for help; but before he could do either, the blow, savage and revengeful, fell heavily upon his head, and he felt nothing more. He lay motionless and lifeless upon the pavement in the dark corner where John Morley's house stood, and at an hour of the night when there were few passers-by.

When Robert Waldron opened his eyes again, feebly and with pain, he saw only a strange room, dimly lighted by a shaded candle set upon a table at the foot of the bed upon which he was lying. A face he did not know was turned toward him with the evident solicitude of one who was watching for the first sign of returning consciousness. It was the face of a young man of about four and twenty, frank and pleasant, with a professional look upon it that spoke unmistakably of a medical student. A small case of instruments lay upon the bed close to his hand, while his fingers gently pressed Robert Waldron's pulse. He closed his eyes again in a stupor of bewilderment and exhaustion, but in an instant a cup was held to his lips.

"Drink," said an authoritative voice; "it is a cordial that will revive you."

The draught fulfilled its work so well that he reopened his heavy eyelids and gazed vacantly about him. He was lying in bed in a large low chamber which he had certainly never seen before; his head was bound up tightly with fillets of linen, but when he attempted to raise his right hand to feel it, he was compelled to relinquish the effort, with a groan of pain.

"A dislocation of the shoulder," said the stranger, as if replying to a question, "and some heavy contusions about the head; done with a blunt instrument, a poker or large hammer. Do you think you can speak to me now?"

"Yes," answered Robert, faintly.

"You ought not to speak at all," said the young medical man, in a tone of regret; "but I'm only passing through this town, and I must go on in the morning. So we must make the best of our circumstances. Tell me all you can recollect before this blow."

"Where am I?" asked Robert.

"Can't tell you," was the reply; "I found you on the pavement, and I knocked at the nearest door to ask for help. The people here don't know you. Are you a stranger, like myself?"

"Stop a moment, let me think," said Robert.

It seemed an almost insurmountable difficulty to recall the events of the night; but after a while he remembered where he had been standing when the savage and sudden attack was made upon him from behind. He tried to turn his head upon the pillow so as to bring his mouth nearer to the stranger's ear.

"What is their name?" he whispered.

"I don't know," said the stranger; "there is an old man, and a girl—very good-hearted people. They don't know you; so most likely you don't know them."

"Couldn't you find it out?" he asked, feverishly.

"Well, there are some book-shelves yonder," replied his attendant, "and I'll look to please you. But you must keep your strength to tell me what complaint to make at the police-office. You must have been set upon savagely."

"Find out the name," urged Robert, faintly.

His brain ached too much for any clear thought; yet he watched eagerly while the stranger took a book from the shelves upon the wall and brought it to the light. It was bound in crimson morocco, richly embellished, with the edges of the leaves gilded; but upon opening it, it proved to be nothing but an old dog-eared fairy book, with some of the pages torn, and all of them soiled with frequent reading.

"This is odd," said the student; "they must be lavish with their gilding and book-binding here. There is no name in it; but I'll find another. I chose one of the handsomest-looking."

He brought a second volume to the light; a Bible, fastened with silver clasps. He opened the front page, and read in a cautious undertone, with a glance toward the closed door, "Hester Morley, from her loving mother, Rose Morley."

Robert Waldron shut his eyes, and turned his bruised and aching head toward the wall, trying to realize his position; but thought was impossible to him. There was only one thing clear to his mind, that nothing must be found out about him either in the house or the town. He slowly gathered together his strength, and without turning to the medical student, he asked, "Shall I be laid up here long?"

"That depends upon yourself," was the answer; "be calm, and a few days may see you well enough to give your evidence safely. Fret and fume, and you'll have brain fever. In the mean time, what shall I say to the police?"

"Nothing," said Robert.

"Nothing?" repeated the stranger; "you were all but murdered, man! You'll have a near touch yet; I wish I could stop and see you through it."

"Stop!" said Robert; "I'm rich enough to make it worth your while. Say nothing about me in the town, and don't let anybody, doctor or nurse, come near me. I must not be known here. Do you understand? Not a soul must know about this."

He spoke with violent and warning pains in his throbbing temples, but he uttered these sentences emphatically, and with intense anxiety. The young man had leaned over him to catch his labored tones, and continued to look searchingly into his face when he had done. "Ah!" he said, "some mystery, is it? Well, well, I'm willing; so set your mind at ease. You'll have enough to do to keep yourself calm. Neither doctor nor nurse shall come near you, unless there is more danger than I foresee. And your

own mother would hardly know you. There—be satisfied. I'll take care of you."

Robert Waldron scarcely heard the end of this speech, for a heavy stupor, whether of sleep or insensibility, crept over him again. There were intervals during the next forty-eight hours in which his mind tried to struggle toward some lucid thought and memory, but all in vain. He had a dim perception of seeing always the same good-tempered, masculine face about him and of hearing the same gruff but not unpleasant accents whenever a voice penetrated to his brain; and he felt himself handled by strong skilful hands. But as to where he was, or who he was, or how he had been brought to this condition, or how long he had been in it, not a single ray of intelligence came across him. With no sensation except that he was all head—and that a bruised and aching head—Robert Waldron lay under John Morley's roof; while the housekeeper at Aston Court ascribed his absence to one of his sudden whims, and his father and sister believed him quietly and safely at home.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

S. S. Lesson for May 4, 1 Cor. 13 : 1-13. Golden Text, Rom. 13 : 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The State of the Corinthian Church—The Gifts of the Spirit—Love Lacking—The Point at Issue—God's Claim on the Body—Love Absolutely Indispensable—The Exhaustless Love—Its Characteristics—Cannot be Provoked—Not Censorious—The Only Infallibility—The Time of Perfecting.

"He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him" (1 John 4 : 16). This is the consummation of Christ's redemption work. But our God must prepare His dwelling-place for Himself; the Corinthian Christians, to whom Paul was writing about divine love, were already saved and sanctified, "But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of our Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God" (1 Cor. 6 : 11); and this last clause is evidence that they had received the Holy Ghost. Moreover, they were enriched by the grace of God in Christ Jesus "in all utterance, and in all knowledge . . . so that they came behind in no gift" (1 Cor. 1 : 4-7). By the Spirit was given unto them "the word of wisdom," "the word of knowledge," "faith," "the gifts of healing," "the working of miracles," "prophecy," "discerning of spirits," "kinds of tongues," "the interpretation of tongues" (1 Cor. 12 : 8-10). With this the Spirit of God had given them great liberty, and the church of Corinth was full of life, "When ye come together, every one of you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a revelation, hath an interpretation" (1 Cor. 14 : 26). But with all this life they yet

LACKED LOVE;

self was still uppermost, and another spirit than that of Christ actuated them. The question of condemnation was fully settled; they were sanctified; sin, as far as their consciences recognized it, no longer had dominion; and yet there were contentions among them, yet they were carnal, and walked as men (1 Cor. 1 : 11; 3 : 1-4); they still needed to be reminded that they were not their own masters. The Apostle writes, "*Know ye not* that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are" (1 Cor. 3 : 16, 17).

THE POINT AT ISSUE

between them and God was always the same, the possession of their body. God claimed it as His redeemed property; they appropriated it as their own. "*Know ye not* that your bodies are the members of Christ" (1 Cor. 6 : 15)? "What! *knew ye not* that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price" (ver. 19, 20). It is this complete surrender, not only of sin, but of ourselves—this complete acceptance of God as our Proprietor—which makes way for God, who is love, to dwell in us. While in any point the will is unsurrendered, this is impossible. But the will surrendered, the whole being yielded up. Then it is not simply that the Holy Ghost is in us or that Christ is in us, but that being rooted and grounded in love we "may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with

ALL THE FULNESS OF GOD."

God looks down upon a lost world which has wronged Him, and wounded Him, and beams down love upon His enemies. He seeks to make us all love by filling us with Himself who is love. Looking upon all things from above, from a level which is higher than they, God can afford to love those who do not love Him, if we are one with Him, and all our personal interests are His, and His ours, He gives us to see things from His standpoint, and shine down love upon the unloving and the unlovely.

Paul draws the picture of divine love in the sunlight of God lest any should mistake it. In the first verses of our chapter he shows that all which the Corinthians already possessed fell far short of divine love, and he makes himself personally an example of what he taught, so making himself all things to all men (1 Cor. 9 : 22). "Though I (Paul) speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love (Greek), I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." A

SOUND WITHOUT SENSE,

a voice without a language! God dwelling in His people speaks Christ; unconsciously to them a savor of Christ is left behind them, a presence of God is with them, for which people do not know how to account; they impress people with Him, not with themselves. Paul shows that prophecy, even to the understanding of all mysteries and all knowledge, and even such faith as removes mountains, is nothing without love; that self-denial, which may give away all worldly possessions, and even the very body in martyrdom, cannot serve God's purpose without divine love. He prizes, not the self-devotion which springs from any natural nobility of character in us, and which could attract admiration to us fallen, unworthy creatures, but the abnegation of ourselves to manifest Him, the divine in place of the human, the perfect in place of the imperfect. It is not that we are to make ourselves like Him by our poor puny efforts, but that He takes possession of us, and then lives His life over again in us.

"Love suffereth long and is kind." This is not so with human love; it soon runs out and becomes exhausted. God's love is exhaustless; it cannot be worn out. Thus any love in us which cools under coldness, which is affected by the conduct of those we love, is

NOT DIVINE BUT HUMAN.

Misunderstandings, soreness, wounded feelings cannot manifest themselves in the atmosphere of divine love; all these belong to the human; they are carnal, and occur when we walk as men. Love is out of reach of anything personal, love "envieth not." She is so satisfied with God as her portion, that the gifts of another and the experience of another who belongs to God, is the same to her as though it were her own; it is but another member of the same body. She "vaunteth not herself, is not puffed up" because Christ is Self to her now, and all centres around Him; He occupies the place which self has vacated. She "seeketh not her own," but His own; denying or ignoring herself, she cannot be easily provoked, for all provocation is addressed to self, not to Christ in us. How can that provoke us which we believe to be working together for our good? We know that nothing which occurs can upset God's plans, and as to our own, if He has not formed them, the sooner they are done away with the better. How can we be provoked about that for which we give thanks? "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, make your requests known unto God" (Phil. 4 : 6); "giving thanks always, for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Eph. 5 : 20).

NOT CENSORIOUS.

Love "thinketh no evil." Evil in our own hearts makes us suspicious of others. In order to think evil we must be evil. How often we have heard a person condemning another in the most indignant terms for taking stimulant to excess; it is generally a proof that the condemning party is not an abstainer, and therefore has not clean hands in the matter. Those who speak most strongly about gossip are generally those who are themselves given to it. Those whose hearts are made clean from these things by the blood of Christ, and who are filled with divine love, seek, like their Lord, not to condemn the world, but to save the world. Love under no circumstances rejoices in iniquity. When God revealed to Samuel the defection of King Saul, instead of rejoicing that his own words about Saul had come true, he "cried unto the Lord all night" (1 Sam. 15 : 11). Love rejoices in the truth by whomsoever spoken, by whomsoever lived. Love breaks down all barriers, all denominations, all parties, all nationalities, all castes, and brings everything to a divine level. Love does not choose what she can bear; God is her Strength, and she "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Looking at man this is impossible; but looking on God's side of every man and every circumstance, love can bear, believe, hope, and endure even against hope. It becomes no longer the question whether there is in a poor fallen one any ground for hope; the question is turned round, "Is there any power left in God? What can the Creator do for him? What can the Redeemer do, who saves unto the uttermost all who come unto God by Him?" It is easy to bear all from man when the Almighty, all-loving, all-redeeming Saviour is seen; easy to hope all and never see the dark side, the side of impossibility; it is easy to believe all things and endure all things in such a light.

Love "never faileth." Love is

THE ONLY INFALLIBILITY.

Prophecies fail. Never, perhaps, was there a time of such universal prophesying as in the present day; never were such numbers engaged in preaching the Gospel. Ministers of all denominations, lay preachers, local preachers, elders, Scripture readers, Bible women, evangelists, male and female, Salvation Army and other army officers—all are preaching; and thank God thousands of souls are brought to Jesus and saved from open sin. But prophecy has failed to produce a Christianity on the level of the Bible; and with all this prophesying infidelity flourishes and superstition, formal religion, and sacerdotalism are fearfully on the increase. Love alone can lift Christianity to its true level, when men of God shall be, as once before, "of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common; . . . and great grace was upon them all." Prophecies, tongues, knowledge are only means to an end; they shall "fail," "cease," "vanish away." "For we know in part, and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come (God dwelling in us, and we in God) then that which is in part shall be done away." Paul does not speak of himself as having attained divine love, nor does he four years later in writing to the Philippians (3 : 12-14). He not only says, "*We* know in part," but "I know in part." Nevertheless he looks upon the Lord's perfecting His work in him as a thing so certain that he adds, "Then shall I know even as also I am known," then shall I see, not "through a glass, darkly," but "face to face." "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity." Faith brings us in contact with God, hope maintains that contact, but love is God Himself dwelling in us.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Another Terrible Massacre has Taken Place in Egypt. News arrived here on Monday that a shipload of fugitives had been sent from Shendy to Berber, owing to scarcity of provisions at Shendy. On the way, the steamer ran aground on a sand-bank near El Baala, and was soon surrounded by swarms of rebels, who attacked the steamer on every side and massacred everybody on board. The fugitives numbered 450, including a portion of the Shendy garrison and many women and children.

An International Conference on the Egyptian Question is among the projects advocated for extricating England from her dilemma. Earl Granville is preparing a circular to the Powers declaring that England is desirous of renewing a definite understanding in regard to Egypt, and of establishing future relations on an international basis. The concord between France and Russia, says Lord Granville, will not permit England to act in contradiction to the protocol of disinterestedness signed at the conference at Constantinople. General Gordon is still at Khartoum surrounded by a hostile army. On April 9th he sent a despatch to the English minister informing him that information had arrived at Khartoum of dissensions in the Mahdi's camp. A merchant who travelled thither from El Obeid reported that the Mahdi in repressing a disturbance among his followers had been attacked by the Tegeba tribes and twice defeated. General Gordon appears to derive encouragement from the news, although it does not reduce his own peril. The forces opposed to him do not acknowledge the Mahdi.

The French Troops have Occupied Hung-Hoa, a town at the apex of the Red River Delta, and the nearest place of importance to the Chinese frontier. The French general bombarded the towns on the road to Hung-Hoa on April 10th, and then advanced toward that place. As he approached, the Chinese fled, carrying off the artillery and destroying the magazine. The zone between Hung-Hoa and the Chinese frontier is now the only part of Tonquin that the French do not hold. They are masters of the entire country south of that place. No formal demands on China appear to have been made as yet, but it is expected that the French will claim a heavy indemnity. The Chinese Government is severely punishing such of its officials as it deems responsible for the situation; some of them have been beheaded and others dismissed from their offices and degraded in rank. This is according to Chinese precedents. Success or failure is the only test applied in China to official service; fidelity passes without notice.

The Dynamite War Material Used in England is, it is now stated, not sent from America but from France. A cable despatch published last week says: "The export of dynamite from the port of Havre to England continues unchecked, as there is no law to prevent it. The dynamite taken to England is conveyed by persons who conceal the explosive between the lining and the cloth of their coats. The dynamite is wrapped in oiled paper in cakes like blacking. The cakes, which are an inch in thickness and five inches in diameter, are left at one place in England, where they are joined into one mass. The dynamiters, however, depend on America for funds to defray the cost of their nefarious enterprise, and the work is done by Irish-Americans.

The Prime Minister of France, M. Ferry, delivered a speech on April 15th, which has caused considerable comment in Europe, where its meaning is regarded as ominous. The true policy of France, said M. Ferry, should be to continue firm and steadfast in her present course. Frequent changes of government were detrimental to her best interests, and would result in leaving the state with no sure basis on which to stand. The present government, he declared, had been more successful than its predecessors in its management of foreign affairs, because it had had the support of Parliament, and had therefore been able to *address foreign nations with authority.* "The intentions of the government," he said, "are not obscure. Europe knows with whom we consort and *with whom we refuse to consort.*" M. Ferry also said that the government desired a revision of the Constitution, for which he considered the country was now prepared.

Mr. Parnell Denounces the Project for the nationalization of land which is advocated by Mr. Henry George and Mr. Davitt. Drogheda presented him on April 15th with the freedom of the city. In accepting the honor Mr. Parnell said the borough showed a remarkable example of the results attained by the Land League. He afterward addressed a crowd from a window, and congratulated them on the progress which nationalist ideas had made. He expressed the hope that the extension of the franchise would enable them to return members to Parliament who would vindicate their claim to self-government. At a banquet at Drogheda the same evening Mr. Parnell said that the prospects of Ireland were very bright. Referring to nationalization of the land, he again warned his hearers that the subject would cause difficulty and possibly disunion.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley is Preparing to Start on a new expedition in Central Africa. He intends striking northward from the Congo region through unexplored country, hoping to penetrate to the Egyptian stations in the Mombutter country. It was General Gordon's intention to have undertaken this formidable enterprise, but the mission to Khartoum confided to him by the British Government disarranged his plans. His object was to strike an effectual blow at the slave trade by attacking it at its source. Mr. Stanley's object is to solve a problem which to geographers in all lands has long been a mystery. He will doubtless open the way for the mitigation of the horrors of the slave trade.

Several Distinguished American Authors were honored by the University of Edinburgh last week. At the tercentenary of the University, which was celebrated with much enthusiasm, the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon the Hon. James Russell Lowell, our minister to England, Dr. Fordyce Barker, of New York, and Principal Dawson, of Montreal. The degree of D.D. was conferred on Professor William Henry Green, of Princeton. Mr. Lowell's reception by the faculty, the students, and the spectators was extremely flattering. In the course of the speech he delivered, he said: "There is no country in the world that owes so much to literature as Scotland. I bring with me the felicitations of three American universities and their God-speed to the older university here. We feel as strongly as ever that blood is thicker than water. I warmly reciprocate, and feel that I am expressing the feelings of Americans in so doing, the expressions of friendship used at this banquet."

The English Postmaster-General, Professor Fawcett, states that intemperance and gambling are the two great evils he has to contend with in the administration of his department. In the course of a recent speech he said: "My experience is that if it were not for two causes, which seem to me responsible for almost everything that happens wrong in the staff—I mean intemperance and betting—there would practically be no fault whatever to find with any of its members. Nothing connected with my administration of the post-office causes me such sincere regret as when, in consequence of some wrong-doing, I have to sign the dismissal of a person from the service, or when, in some case of graver offence, the party has to be prosecuted. I know what dismissal in too many cases means. I know that it means great suffering to the wife and children, and also that the man generally loses such a position that it is impossible for him in after life to regain it. I am sure it is no exaggeration to say that in cases which lead to either dismissal or breach of discipline, the cause which, in almost every instance, has led to the offence is either intemperance or betting." No lecturing will influence those who have started; the only hope is in warning the young before they make their first bet.

Queen Victoria has Written to the English papers to express her thanks for the sympathy extended to her in her recent bereavement, which, she says, has overwhelmed her with sorrow. Her Majesty, who is now in Germany, where she has gone to take part in some wedding festivities, thus writes: "The appreciation of my beloved son's great qualities of head and heart and the affectionate sympathy of my loyal people, which has never failed me in weal or woe, are very soothing to my heart. Though much shaken and sorely afflicted by many sorrows and trials, I will not lose courage, and with the help of God I will strive to labor for the sake of my children and for the good of the country I love so well. The Duchess of Albany, who bears her loss with touching, unmurmuring resignation, is deeply gratified by the universal expressions of sympathy." The Duchess has been granted a pension of $30,000 a year by Parliament.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have now Removed to the neighborhood of Hampstead, London. The services now completed at Kensington were, as at other places, crowded by people eager to hear the American evangelists, and overflow meetings were held. The railroad companies ran excursion trains daily, which brought large numbers of country people to the services. The local clergymen and lay workers rendered Mr. Moody valuable assistance in the after-meetings. Workingmen attended in large numbers, seats being reserved for them, and at the mid-day meetings the long line of private carriages outside the hall showed that the aristocracy were as anxious as the poor to hear the evangelists.

Mr. R. T. Booth, the Blue Ribbon Temperance orator, while in Tasmania recently, appears to have been as successful in his efforts as he was in the United States, and more lately in Great Britain. He had the honor of pinning the blue on the Bishop of Tasmania, the dean, and a host of clergymen and ministers. The Melbourne campaign was opened on February 19th by Mr. Booth and Mr. Glover. The Western annex of the Exhibition Building has been hired at $675 per week. The city and suburbs have been mapped out and visited. On the opening night the choir nuumbered about 130 and the audience 6000.

"Thy Healer." A New Magazine Devoted to the subject of faith-healing, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price five cents, including postage. It is issued in London on the first and fifteenth of each month, and will be sent to subscribers promptly on its receipt in New York. The annual subscription is one dollar. It is *edited by Mrs. M. Baxter* whose expositions of the International Sunday-school lessons are published every week in this journal. It contains incidents of faith-healing reported from Bethshan, the London faith-healing institution, and from other similar institutions in Europe, and articles by eminent writers on the subject.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for April may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents, including postage. This number contains the following articles: "The Earth without a Christian," by Rev. J. R. Graves, LL.D.; "The Second Advent of our Lord Jesus Christ, as Foretold by the Prophets," by G. B. Taylor; "The Seven Apocalyptic Cycles," by Professor J. Alexis Edgren, D.D.; "The Great Pyramid;" "Foreshadows of the Coming Night," by the Rev. E. J. Hytche; "The Scriptures (as a whole) Explicable Only in Light of the Second Advent and Correlative Events: The Books of Daniel and Revelation;" "That Blessed Hope," Part V., by H. M. Barnett, B.A.; "The Law and the Land," by Christlieb; "War and Mission Work in Egypt," by the Editor; passing events viewed from the prophetic standpoint.

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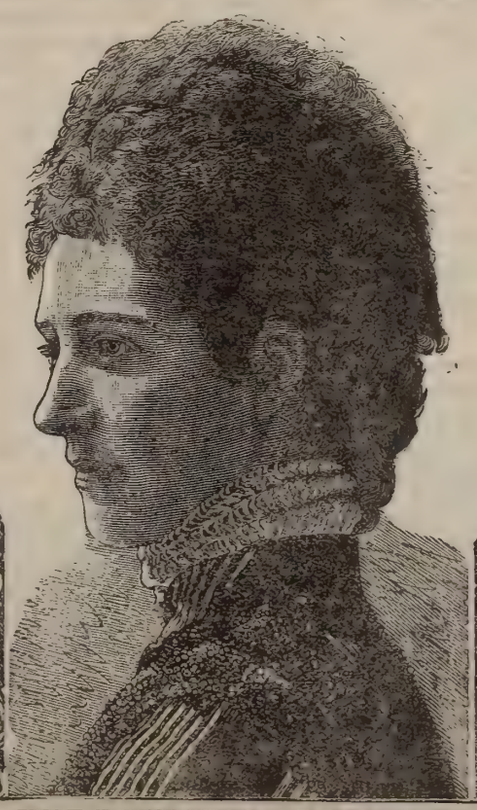

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE death of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, on March 28th, having directed public attention to the royal family of Great Britain to an unusual degree, our readers may be interested in learning a few details respecting other members of that family of which the late Prince, whose name has occupied so prominent a place in the newspapers, was a member. We accordingly give this week a portrait of the Prince of Wales, the eldest son of Queen Victoria, who is the heir-apparent to the British throne; of his wife, the Princess of Wales, and of his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh. With these is a vignette of Prince Albert, the late husband of Queen Victoria.

A portrait of the late Duke of Albany and a sketch of his life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 18, 1882.

PRINCE ALBERT.

FRANCIS AUGUSTUS ALBERT EMMANUEL the late Consort of Queen Victoria, was born at his father's summer residence, The Rosenau, near Coburg, on August 26th, 1819, three months and two days after the birth of his future wife. (*The section of our frontispiece on the left of the Prince's portrait represents The Rosenau.*)

In 1836 the Princess (now Queen) Victoria stood next in succession to the throne of England, and her guardian, Leopold, King of the Belgians, began to consider about a match for the future sovereign of England, and took counsel with his friend and former physician, Baron Stockmar, who lived at Coburg, and who was well acquainted with Ernest, Duke of Coburg, and his family. The Baron suggested that the Duchess of Kent should invite her kinsman, Duke Ernest and his sons to England.

On October 10th, 1839, Prince Albert arrived with his brother at Windsor Castle, and urged his suit successfully. On the 14th of the same month the Queen announced to Lord Melbourne, the then Prime Minister of England and a valued personal friend of the Queen, her intention to marry the Prince, and wrote to the same effect to King Leopold, who was delighted at the success of his long-cherished scheme.

MARRIAGE AND NATURALIZATION.

The *marriage* of the Queen and Prince took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, February 10th, 1840, and the bride subsequently conferred various honors and gifts upon the fortunate bridegroom. He was naturalized, and the title of Royal Highness bestowed on him; he was made a Knight of the Garter, of the Bath, and of St. Patrick, and a Privy Councillor, with the lucrative sinecures of field-marshal and several full colonelcies, beside a farm at Windsor. It was settled that the Prince should rank next to the Queen; but it was not till 1857 that the title of Prince Consort was formally conferred upon him.

EFFORTS FOR SOCIAL PROGRESS.

The Prince took an active part in movements relating to social progress, delivering addresses; and, as is well known, the Exhibition of 1851, in Hyde Park, London, was the result of his suggestions. This structure was subsequently removed to Sydenham, where it now stands, affording recreation and instruction to thousands every year. (*A picture of the Crystal Palace, as it is now called, forms the background of the portrait.*)

HOME LIFE.

Prince Albert's home life was a model of morality and domestic happiness. As a husband and father he was universally esteemed. He took a daily and hourly interest in the education of his sons and daughters, and was, in fact, their chief instructor, spending some hours every day in superintending their instruction. The Bible was his companion in his student days and was his daily rule of life when he became the husband of the Queen. The Prince was very kind to the tenants at Balmoral and his other estates, and was careful in providing for the wants of the poor.

The Prince, however, was less happy in his political influence. His early life having been spent in a petty German court, he took with him into his new sphere, ideas antagonistic to the British Constitution. He was jealous of the prerogatives of the Sovereign, and incited the Queen to resist the gradual progress and development of those principles of government by the people, which are the basis of true national progress. Happily for the country, the popular leaders were men of tact and wisdom, and they neutralized the mischievous influence of the Prince. The Queen was induced to submit herself to the will of her constitutional advisers and to refrain from attempting to thwart the will of the people.

The struggle at the commencement of the Prince's married life was obstinate, but it soon became clear that if the Queen followed his advice and attempted to exercise rights which really belonged to her under the constitution, of which the monarch had never been deprived, there would be trouble. The power of Parliament had been steadily growing for more than two centuries; the Cabinet, which existed by the will of Parliament, shaped the policy of the nation, and the monarch had been gradually sinking into the position of a social figure-head. The Prince's effort to make the Queen such a potent factor in the Constitution as her ancestors had been, was an attempt to turn back the hands on the horologe of progress, and was strenuously and successfully opposed. His dull and obstinate German disposition was at length overcome, and he learned, not without many humiliations, that the sphere of his duties to which he was expected to confine himself was the domestic and social one. Accordingly he spent his time chiefly in attending to model farms, breeding prize cattle, acquiring a large fortune, talking social science to learned bodies, and generally abstaining from meddling in politics. That course was harmless and respectable, and the English people began to think better of him.

In the fall of 1861 he was prostrated by typhoid fever, and though he was tenderly nursed and the most eminent physicians of the day gave him constant attention, he died December 14th, 1861. The Queen mourned his loss bitterly. She retired from public life, and has never since regained the cheerfulness and energy necessary to resume her former position in society.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of the Queen and the heir-apparent to the throne, was born at Buckingham Palace, London, November 9th, 1841, and is now in his forty-third year. According to the practice which has prevailed for more than five hundred years he was created Prince of Wales about three weeks after his birth. He is also, by inheritance, the Duke of Cornwall, which Duchy yields him an annual revenue of over $300,000.

While his *early education* was carefully conducted by tutors, his father, the late Prince Consort, may be said to have been his chief instructor until he went to college. His education was completed at Edinburgh, Oxford, and Cambridge.

HIS TRAVELS.

Perhaps the most interesting feature in the more public life of the Prince of Wales has been his travels to various parts of the world. When he was little more than a youth, he began his travels by going on a tour through Germany and Switzerland; after this he visited Ireland, where he became exceedingly popular among all classes of society.

He next visited Germany, and afterward Rome. Canada was visited in 1860, and there his reception was most loyal and cordial. In fact the Canadians were at a loss for expressions of loyalty strong and deep enough to convey their joy in having their Queen's son among them. From Canada the Prince travelled to the United States, and in New York and other great centres of influence received a hearty welcome becoming to the position the young man occupied as the future head of a nation allied to us by blood and language. These visits were made during vacation time, and as a relief from his studies at Cambridge, whither he returned when term began.

MEETING PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

While upon one of these tours he paid a visit which was to have an important bearing upon his future life. He was returning to England from Belgium, when he met, for the first time, the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. He was precluded by law from marrying any one but a royal lady, and also from marrying a Roman Catholic. Hence the circle of his choice was limited to a very few ladies, among whom the daughters of the King of Denmark were the most prominent. The interview resulted in a mutual feeling of affection. They were married on March 10th, 1863, the ceremony being one of the utmost magnificence. Its issue has been three sons and three daughters, the youngest son dying in infancy.

Perhaps no event in the history of the Prince of Wales showed more clearly the high place he occupied in the nation's interest than *his dangerous illness* toward the close of the year 1871, when he was afflicted with typhoid fever, and for some weeks it was feared that he would die. The Prince was at that time residing at Sandringham, in Norfolk, and telegrams were despatched several times a day and published in every city and town in the kingdom, giving particulars of his condition. These were for some time read with the gravest anxiety, and special prayers were offered, in places of worship generally, that, if consistent with the will of the All-wise, his life might be spared. At last, to the relief of the nation, the Prince was pronounced to be out of danger, and eventually, on February 27th, 1872, the Queen and her son went to St. Paul's Cathedral, publicly to return thanks for his restoration to health.

In 1875 the Prince visited India and made a royal progress through that wonderful country. A series of brilliant receptions were held in his honor, and the native princes vied with each other in entertaining him and loading him with costly presents.

The Prince is a man of the most genial disposition. He is remarkable for his affability and friendliness. He has a wonderful memory, and, it is stated, never forgets the face and name of any one he has once seen. Some very remarkable anecdotes are told of his power in this respect. The better class of English people, however, see with deep regret that his moral life is not so pure as that of his father. The temptations incidental to his position and his own easy disposition led to his falling an easy prey to vice. Of late years, especially since his illness, there have been welcome intimations made from time to time of an improvement in this matter. It may be hoped they are true, for the English aristocracy are much influenced by the example of the monarch, and such a court as that over which George IV. presided might seriously lower the standard of morality in all ranks of society.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE good and charming lady whose portrait accompanies that of her husband on the frontispiece has won the hearts of the English people by her grace, amiability, sweet patience, and general loveliness of character. She is now in her fortieth year, having been born in the Royal Palace at Copenhagen, on December 1st, 1844. The early years of the Princess Alexandra were spent at the palace situated in the street called Amaliegade, in Copenhagen. This has been the town residence of her parents ever since the day of their marriage, and all their children were born and educated here. It has been the home of a most exemplary and happy family, and is full of sweet remembrances to the Princess of Wales.

EARLY DAYS AND COURTSHIP.

Those who had the happiness of knowing the Princess in the days of her girlhood describe her as characterized by pure and refined tastes, and giving evidence of fine mental abilities; but they refer especially to *the sweetness of her disposition*, and to her early popularity in her native land, where she laid aside the hauteur royal personages generally have, and mixed freely with the people. The announcement of her betrothal to the Prince of Wales caused a general interest to be felt in England toward her, and when the people learned how noble and lovable and virtuous she was, they hailed the proposed union with pleasure.

LEAVES DENMARK.

The announcement in Copenhagen, toward the close of February, 1863, that the Princess Alexandra was about to quit the home of her early years, was the signal for public demonstrations in her honor, which sufficiently testified to the high esteem in which she was held. She was accompanied on her journey to England by her parents and her eldest brother, and attended by a numerous suite. The welcome she received on her arrival was enthusiastic, and her beauty, grace, and dignity were the subject of public congratulation.

The marriage took place on March 10th, 1863. From that time until the present the Princess has been growing in public esteem. She has been a devoted wife and mother, and in both capacities has displayed those sweet womanly qualities which good people always appreciate. Her position has been one of extreme delicacy, the Prince being surrounded by vicious and dissolute men, to whom he has extended the hospitalities of his house. Nevertheless, the tongue of scandal which has been so busy with her husband's name has never uttered a whisper against hers. During his illness her devotion to him was constant; she watched continually at his bedside, and the only time she left the house during those long weeks of anxiety was when the congregation at the village church was praying for the Prince's recovery, and she went to join in their prayers. There is in all England to-day no more popular lady than Alexandra, Princess of Wales.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

THE second son of Queen Victoria, Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, who was on his majority created Duke of Edinburgh, is now in his fortieth year, having been born at Windsor Castle, August 6th, 1844. In his boyhood he displayed much more vigor than his eldest brother, and needed a more stringent control. When twelve years of age he was placed under the care of a major in the army, who from that time directed his education. Under the major's care he travelled extensively on the Continent of Europe, visiting and residing for some time at various European cities. He thus became an accomplished linguist. He also developed a taste for music, which he assiduously cultivated, attaining considerable proficiency.

Having chosen the sea as his profession, he underwent a thorough course of preparatory study, and passed his examination with credit. He entered the naval service as a cadet, and took his share of duty with his comrades, disdaining to accept any favor offered him in consequence of his royal birth. The captains under whom he served testify that he was always respectful and attentive to the duties of his position. He served on board the Euryalus, and visited many of the Mediterranean ports during his first voyages of 1858-61.

In December, 1862, he

REFUSED THE CROWN OF GREECE,

which was offered to him, and which was subsequently offered to and accepted by the present King, who is a brother of the Princess of Wales.

On the Prince attaining his majority the Parliament granted him a yearly salary of $75,000, which was increased to $125,000 on his marriage. He was made Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Kent, and Earl of Ulster on May 24th, 1866, and took his seat in the House of Lords on June 8th. Early in 1867 the Duke was appointed to the command of the Galatea, which sailed from Plymouth on February 26th. Since then he has visited nearly every country in the world, proceeding first to Australia, where he met with a most enthusiastic reception on the part of the inhabitants, and great indignation was felt at the attempt of an Irishman, named O'Farrell, to assassinate the Prince at a picnic held at Clontarf, near Port Jackson, New South Wales, on March 12th, 1868. The Prince, however, was only slightly wounded by a pistol shot in the back. O'Farrell was tried, found guilty, and executed on April 21st. His Royal Highness subsequently visited Japan, China, and India.

His marriage to the Grand Duchess Marie, only daughter of Alexander II., the late Emperor of Russia, and sister of the present Czar, was celebrated with great pomp at St. Petersburg, on January 23d, 1874; and three months later the Duke and Duchess made a public entry into London amid much popular enthusiasm. The marriage was arranged with some difficulty, owing to the intense pride and arrogance of the Russian Imperial family. The Princess Marie inherited her full share of those qualities, and made an unwise display of them soon after her arrival. She desired a recognition of her rank as the daughter of the Emperor of Russia, which she considered entitled her to precedence over the Princess of Wales in court ceremonies. It was, of course, refused her, and the Princess Marie displayed so much temper about it that she earned for herself the soubriquet of "the Little Russian Bear."

The Duke is a man of considerable personal courage, and has on more than one occasion displayed reckless daring in the course of his naval duties. He is also humane, though not as generous as sailors usually are. During the famine in Ireland two years ago he exerted himself in

DISTRIBUTING RELIEF

among the poor, and when the American contribution was sent over, he went in the ship under his command and assisted in carrying the provisions along the coast.

Neither the Duke nor his wife are so popular in England as other members of the Royal Family.

A NEW DANGER TO EUROPE.

Increased French Preparations for War.

THE prophecy that France is to be healed of its deadly Sedan wound (Rev. 13 : 3), and to form a confederacy of ten nations—the ten-horned wild beast (Dan. 7 : 24)—after defeating Germany in a future war of giants, seems daily to be approaching nearer.

The French Parliament, in session on April 8th, passed a new law that every Frenchman shall undergo military service in the army for three years, without exception, save that of physical or mental incapacity. Hitherto, a conscript has served, nominally, three years in barrack life and two in the reserve; while, as a matter of fact, he has frequently been sent home on furlough before the term was completed. But a considerable number of exemptions were permitted, and what we may call the professional classes were allowed to pass out of the ranks at the expiration of one year. The earliest inroad upon these privileges was made two years ago, when teachers in elementary schools and the pupils at clerical seminaries were brought under the condition of those who were taken for twelve months. Now, however, it is proposed to apply rigorously the principle laid down in 1872, when it was enacted that "every Frenchman, not declared unfit for military service, may be called upon, from the age of twenty to that of forty years, to enter the active army or the reserves."

Under this system of almost universal conscription France obtained, in round numbers, control over

NEARLY THREE MILLIONS OF MEN,

who, if emergency required, might be summoned to arms. It should be remembered that, in France, as in other countries, the actual standing army, in any one year of peace, is only one sixth of the aggregate on paper. The French Budget of 1884 provided for, all services included, five hundred and eighteen thousand six hundred and forty-two (518,642) men, and one hundred and thirty thousand one hundred and forty-six horses, or nearly seventy thousand more than the army of Germany on a peace footing. But the new law of recruitment will materially augment the entire force of drilled Frenchmen who will be at the mercy of the politicians.

Every nation must be the best judge of its own needs—or, at least, has the full right so to regard itself. No one will contend that the French are not entitled to levy, train, equip, and furnish big armies—if they think it expedient. Nevertheless, all other peoples are deeply interested in such changes as that now proposed by General Campenon, since the very measure may be looked on as

A SYMPTOM AND A WARNING.

What does he want? He desires to sweep into the army the whole body of young men who, from inclination or position, intend to follow an intellectual or an industrial career—at the Bar, in the Church, in the colleges, in literature or art, as manufacturers, bankers, merchants, and in other ways.

As a political portent, what does it mean? A Frenchman, M. Francis Charmes, in the *Journal des Débats*, has the courage to say that "the Republic is preparing a dragon's crop of armed men, which will some day be let loose on Europe to avenge the disaster of Sedan, and to realize again the dream of military glory which has always been the bane of France." It is a gloomy forecast, yet one which, judging from the pages of history, cannot be disregarded. General Campenon wishes to create the most effective army he can; M. Charmes looks to the probable uses to which, following precedents, the army will be put; bearing in mind, doubtless, that the general is of Gambetta's school, wherein

THE IDEAS OF REVENGE PREVAIL.

He may be right in a prediction which does not in the least detract from its patriotism; but Europe will also be bound to take note of the visible surging up of French ambition, so markedly Monarchical, Imperial, and Republican.

The indications afforded by the proposed law do not chime in harmoniously with the talk of disarmament, so often heard, but so little heeded, nor with the great efforts made by Prince Bismarck to preserve the general peace. Disarmament is not practicable. It was not under the old plan of voluntary enlistment, and is less so now than ever. The kings could not trust each other then; the nations, and their rulers of different kinds, cannot place confidence in each other now. Even, however, if disarmament had been practicable yesterday, it would not be to-day.

THE ALLIED PEACE LEAGUE

of Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, as it has been facetiously called, consists of States not wanting in a love of self-preservation, and the statesmen and soldiers who sway their policies will not ignore the evident *revival of French military spirit*. The proposed increase of the French army in 1872 was met by threats from Germany, and the same thing may happen now, and thus *bring the probabilities of war closer than they are*. In any case

THE ARMED CAMP, CALLED THE CONTINENT,

will more than ever deserve that very suggestive title, when all the best, brightest, and most physically powerful among the French youth are caught up and fashioned by the drill-sergeant. That the vast preparations of France look to *far more than self-defence*, few will have the hardihood to deny. Whatever may be the motives for the project or the designs cherished in the French capital, *Europe will not fail to note the fresh sign of danger in an already overcharged sky.*

SPIRITUALISM AN IMPOSTURE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, April 27, 1884.

"There shall not be found among you any consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer, for all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord."—DEUT. 18 : 10–12.

A Very Thin Wall—The Invisible World in Communication with the Material—Spiritualism a Fraud—The Tremont Temple Exposure—Spiritualistic Photography—A Very Old Doctrine—Its Appearance in New York State—The Haunted Weekman House—The Brahminical Table-Turners—What God Thinks of It—Spiritualism Takes Advantage of Human Weakness—Spirits Weak in Orthography—An Affair of the Night—It Ruins the Health—A Marital and Social Curse—A Pandemonium of Carnality—Produces Insanity—A Domestic Wreck at Flushing, L. I.—Spiritualistic Lies about the Atlantic—Ruins its Mediums—Ruins the Soul—A Spiritualist Catechism—A Christian Séance.

WE are surrounded by mystery. Before us, behind us, to the right of us, to the left of us, mystery. There is a vast realm unexplored that science, I have no doubt, will yet map out. He who explores that realm will do the world more service than did ever a Columbus or an Amerigo Vespuici. There are so many things that cannot be accounted for, so many sounds and appearances which defy acoustics and investigation, so many things approximating to the spectral, so many effects which do not seem to have a sufficient cause. The wall between the spiritual and the material is

A VERY THIN WALL.

That there are communications between this world and the next world there can be no doubt, the spirits of our departed going from this world to that, and, according to the Bible, ministering spirits coming from that to this. I do not know but that some time there may be complete and constant and unmistakable lines of communication opened between this world and the next.

To unlatch the door between the present state and the future state all the fingers of superstition have been busy. We have books entitled "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Other Worlds;" "The Debatable Land Between this World and the Next;" "Researches Into the Phenomena of Spiritualism," and whole libraries of hocus-pocus, enough to deceive the very elect. I shall not take time this morning to rehearse the history of divination, Delphic Oracle, sybil, or palmistry, or the whole centuries of imposture.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM

proposes to open the door between this world and the next, and put us into communication with the dead. It has never yet offered one reasonable credential. There is nothing in the intelligence or the character of the founders of Spiritualism to commend it. All the wonderful things performed by Spiritualism have been performed by sleight-of-hand and rank deception. Dr. Carpenter, Robert Horden, Mr. Waite and others have exposed the fraud by dramatizing in the presence of audiences the very things that Spiritualism proposes to do or says it has done. In the New York *Independent* there was an account of a challenge given by a non-Spiritualist to a Spiritualist to meet him on the platform of Tremont Temple, Boston. The non-Spiritualist declared that he would by sleight-of-hand perform all the feats executed by the Spiritualist. They met in the presence of an audience. The Spiritualist went through his wonderful performances, and the other man by sleight-of-hand did the same things.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," is the test that Christ gave, and by that test I conclude that the tree of Spiritualism which yields bad fruit, and bad fruit continually, is one of the worst trees in all the orchard of necromancy. The post-office which it has established between the next world and this is another Star Route post-office kept up at vast expense without ever having delivered one letter from the other world to this. In our times, Spiritualism proposes a materialization.

I hold in my hand a specimen of

SPIRITUALISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

—Spiritualists bringing up the dead, and then clothing them in bodies somewhat similar to the bodies they once had but somewhat shadowy. Here are photographs. This, of an editor who calls back a dead editress. She comes clothed in materialization, her cheek against his forehead. The picture of the living and the picture of the dead. And all these pictures. One I cannot show you, for it is of Christ. Men have rushed in, as one man from this church went behind the scenes, and he found the masks and the false hair and all the apparatus for building up a body. In all cases a swindle.

The first leading remark I have to make in regard to Spiritualism is that it is

A VERY OLD DOCTRINE.

Do you want to know the origin and the history of that which has captured so many in all our towns and cities, a doctrine with which some of you are tinged? Spiritualism in America was born in 1847, in Hydesville, Wayne County, New York, where one night there was a rapping at the door of Michael Weekman, and a second rapping at the door, and a third rapping at the door, and every time the door was opened there was no one there. Proof positive that they were invisible knuckles that rapped at the door. In that same house there was a man who felt a cold hand pass over his forehead, and there was no arm attached to the hand. Proof positive it was spiritualistic influence.

After a while, Mr. Fox with his family moved into that house, and then they had bangings at the door every night. One night Mr. Fox cried out, "Are you a spirit?" Two raps—answer in the affirmative. "Are you *an injured spirit?*" Two raps—answer in the affirmative. Then they knew right away that it was the spirit of a peddler who had been murdered in that house years before, and who had been robbed of his $500. Whether the spirit of the peddler came back to collect his $500 or his bones I do not know. But from that time on there was a constant excitement around the premises, and the excitement spread all over the land. All these are matters of history. People said: "Well, now, we have a new religion." Ah! it is

NOT A NEW RELIGION.

In all ages there have been necromancers, those who consulted with the spirits of the departed—charmers who threw people into a mesmeric state, sorcerers who by eating poisonous herbs can see everything, hear everything, and tell everything, astrologers who found out a new dispensation of the stars, experts in palmistry who can tell by the lines in the palm of your hand your origin, your history and your destiny. From the cavern on Mount Parnassus it is said there came up an atmosphere that intoxicated the sheep and the goats that came near by, and under its influence the shepherds were lifted into exaltation so they could foretell future events and consult with familiar spirits. Long before the time of Christ the Brahmins had all the table rocking and the table quaking.

You want to know

WHAT GOD THINKS

of all these things. He says in one place, "I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers." He says in another place: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." And lest you should make too wide a margin between Spiritualism and witchcraft, He groups them together in the text and says: "There shall not be found among you any consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer, for all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord." And then the still more remarkable passage which says: "The soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards, to go a whoring after them, I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people;" and a score of passages showing that God never speaks of these evils in any other way than with living thunders of indignation. After all that, be a Spiritualist if you dare!

Another remark I have to make in regard to Spiritualism is, that, it takes advantage of people when they are weak and morbid with trouble. We lose a friend. The house is dark, the world is dark, the future seems dark. If we had in our rebellion and in our weakness the power to marshal a host and recapture our loved one from the next world, we would marshal the host. Oh how

WE LONG TO SPEAK WITH THE DEAD!

Spiritualism comes in at that moment, when we are all worn out, perhaps by six weeks' or two months' watching, all worn out body, mind and soul, and says, "now, I will open the door, you shall hear the voices; take your place around the table; all be quiet now." Five minutes pass along; no response from the next world. Ten minutes, fifteen minutes, twenty minutes. Nervous system all the time more and more agitated. Thirty minutes; no response from the next world. Forty minutes pass, and the table begins to shiver. Then the medium sits down, his hand twitching, and the pen and the ink and the paper having been provided he writes out the message from the next world.

What is remarkable that these spirits after being in the illumination of heaven, some of them for years, *forget how to spell* right. People who were excellent grammarians come back and with their first sentence smash all the laws of English grammar! I received such a letter. I happened to know the man that signed it. It was a miserably spelled letter. I sent it back with the remark, "you just send word to those spirits they had better go to school and study orthography." It comes in time of weakness and overthrows the soul. Now, just think of spirits enthroned in heaven coming down to crawl under a table, and break crockery, and ring the bell before supper is ready, and rattle the shutters on a gusty night. What consolation in such miserable stuff as compared with the consolation of our departed friends free from toil and sin and pain are forever happy, and that we will join them, not in mysterious and half utterance which makes the hair stand on end and makes cold chills creep the back, but in a reunion most blessed and happy and glorious.

"And none shall murmur or misdoubt
When God's great sunrise finds us out."

Oh, I hate Spiritualism because it takes advantage of people when they are weak and worn out and morbid under the bereavements and sorrows of this life.

Another remark I have to make in regard to Spiritualism is, that it is

AN AFFAIR OF THE NIGHT.

The Davenports, the Foxes, the Fowlers, and all the mediums prefer the night, or, if it is in the daytime, a darkened room. Why? Because deception is more successful in the night. Some of the things done in Spiritualism are not frauds but are to be ascribed to some occult law of nature which will after a while be demonstrated; but nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of their feats are arrant and *unmitigated humbug*.

I suppose almost every one sometimes has been touched by some hallucination. Indigestion from a late supper generally accounts for it. If you will only take in generous proportions at eleven o'clock at night, lobster salad and mince-pie and ice cream and lemonade and a little cocoanut, you will be able to see fifty materialized spirits! All the mediums of the past did their work in the night. Witch of Endor held her *séance* in the night. Deeds of darkness. Away with this religion of spooks.

Another remark I have to make in regard to Spiritualism is that it

RUINS THE PHYSICAL HEALTH.

Look in upon an audience of Spiritualists. Cadaverous, pale, worn out, exhausted. Hands cold and clammy. Nothing prospers but long hair—soft marshes yielding rank grass. Something startling going through that room, clothed

in white. Table fidgety as though to get its feet loose and dance. Voices sepulchral. Rappings mysterious. I never knew a confirmed Spiritualist who had a healthy nervous organization. It is the first stages of epilepsy or catalepsy. I have noticed that people who hear a great many rappings from the next world have not much strength to endure the hard raps of this.

What a sin it is for you, my brother, to be *trifling with your nervous system*. Get your nervous system out of tune and the whole universe is out of tune as far as you are concerned. Better tamper with the chemist's retort that may smite you dead, or with the engineer's steam-boiler that may blow you to atoms, than trifle with your nerves. You can live without eyes, and with one lung and with no hands and no feet. Be happy as men have been happy in such misfortune; but alas! if your nervous system is gone.

Another remark I have to make in regard to Spiritualism is that it is

A MARITAL AND SOCIAL CURSE.

Deeds of darkness and orgies of obscenity have transpired under its wing. I cannot tell you the story. I will not pollute my tongue or your ears with the recital. Enough to know that the criminal courts have often been called to stop the criminality. How many families have been broken up here in Brooklyn and throughout the United States! Women by the hundreds have by Spiritualism been pushed off into a life of profligacy. It employs all that phraseology about "spiritual affinities," and "affinital relation," and "spiritual matches," and the whole vocabulary of free love. It is at war with the marriage relation. I read you from one of their prominent papers where it says: "Marriage is the monster curse of civilization." The Spiritualist paper goes on to say: "Marriage controls education, is the fountain of selfishness, the cause of intemperance and debauchery, the source and aggravation of poverty, the prolific mother of disease and crime. The society we want is men and women living in freedom, sustaining themselves by their own industry, dealing with each other in equity, respecting each other's sovereignty and governed by their attractions."

If Spiritualism had full swing it would turn this world into a pandemonium of carnality. It is an unclean and an adulterous religion, and the sooner it goes down to the pit from which it came up, the better for earth and heaven. For the sake of man's honor and woman's purity, let it perish. I wish I could gather up all the raps it has ever heard from spirits blest or damned on its own head in one thundering rap of annihilation.

Another remark I have to make in regard to Spiritualism is that it

PRODUCES INSANITY.

There is not an asylum from Bangor to San Francisco where there are not the torn and bleeding victims of Spiritualism. You go into an asylum and say: "What is the matter with this man?" The doctors will tell you again and again, "Spiritualism demented him." "What is the matter with this woman?" The doctors will tell you: "Spiritualism demented her." They have been carried off into mental midnight—senators, judges of courts—and at one time they came near capturing a President of the United States. At Flushing, Long Island, there was a happy home. The father became infatuated with Spiritualism, forsook his home, took the $15,000, the only $15,000 he had, surrendered them to a New York medium, three times attempted to take his own life, and then was sent to the State lunatic asylum. You put your hand in the hand of this influence and it will lead you down to darkness, eternal darkness where Spiritualism holds an everlasting *séance*.

You remember

THE STEAMER ATLANTIC

started from Europe for America. After it had been out long enough to get to the middle of the ocean, the machinery broke, and for days and weeks the steamer Atlantic tossed about in the waves. Well, there were many friends of passengers in these cities and they said, "that vessel has gone down; it is a month since she was due; that vessel must have sunk." There were wives who went to spiritual mediums to learn the fate of that vessel. The spirits were gathered around the table and they said that vessel had gone to the bottom with all on board. Some of those women went to the insane asylum and passed the rest of their lives. But one day, off Quarantine, a gun was heard. Flags went up on all the shipping, bells of New York and Brooklyn were rung, newsboys ran through the streets shouting: "Extra! The Atlantic safe!" The vessel came to wharf, and there was embracing of long-absent ones; but some of these men went up to the insane asylums to find their wives incarcerated by this foul cheat of hell, Spiritualism.

What did Judge Edmonds say in Broadway Tabernacle, New York, while making argument in behalf of Spiritualism, himself having been fully captured. What did Judge Edmonds say? He admitted this: "There is a fascination about consultation with the spirits of the dead that has a tendency to lead people off from their right judgment and to instil into them a fanaticism that is revolting to the natural mind."

Spiritualism not only ruins its disciples but it

RUINS ITS MEDIUMS.

No sooner had the Gadarean swine on the banks of Galilee become spiritual mediums than they went down in an avalanche of pork to the consternation of all the herdsmen. Spiritualism bad for a man, bad for a woman, bad for a beast.

Another remark I have to make in regard to Spiritualism is, that it

RUINS THE SOUL.

It first makes a man quarter of an infidel, then it makes him half an infidel, then it makes him a full infidel. The whole system is built on the insufficiency of the Bible as a revelation. If God is ever struck square in the face it is when men sit at a table, put their hands on the table and practically say: "come, you spirits of the departed, and make a revelation in regard to the future world which the Bible has not made. Come father, come mother, companion in life, my children, come, tell me something about that future world which the Bible is not able to tell me. Although the Bible says he that adds a word to it shall be found a liar, men are all the time getting these revelations, or trying to get them from the next world. You will either, my brother, my sister, you will either have to give up the Bible or give up Spiritualism. No one ever for a very great length of time kept both of them.

I received a letter yesterday from a gentleman saying he was a Christian and a Spiritualist, and that he had been brought up under the excellent teaching of Theodore Parker, of Boston. Theodore Parker *a worse infidel than Tom Paine* because Tom Paine never pretended to be anything but an infidel. I can understand how a man brought up under Theodore Parker can believe Spiritualism or anything else. You will either have to give up Spiritualism or you will have to give up the Bible.

How do I know that Spiritualism is antagonistic to the Christian religion? I know it by the fact that Spiritualists call up the spirits of those who believed in the Christian religion here, but coming now from the next world, denounce it. They call up for instance, as I have evidence to show, Lorenzo Dow, the evangelist. What does he do? Coming at their call he denounces all Christians as idolaters. They call up Tom Paine. He says he is stopping at the same house with John Bunyan! They call up John Wesley who denounces Christianity, coming from the spiritual world, although all his life he so gloriously preached it. Andrew Jackson Davis, the chief of their apostles, says that the New Testament is a dismal echo of a barbaric age. In another place he says the Bible is a pen-and-ink relic of Christianity. I have in my house a book used in Spiritualistic service in this city years ago. It contains

A CATECHISM

and a hymn book. The catechism has these questions and answers:

"Q. What is our chief baptism?
A. Frequent ablution in water.
Q. What is our inspiration?
A. Fresh air and sunshine.
Q. What is our love feast?
A. Clear conscience and sound sleep.
Q. What is our prayer?
A. Physical exercise."

And then it goes on to show that a great proportion of their religious service is a system of calisthenics. Then when they want to arouse the devotion of the people to the highest pitch, they give out the hymn on the 65th page:

"The night hath gathered up her silken fringes,"

Or, on the 15th page:

"Come to the woods, heigh ho!"

But you say you are not such a fool as that. You will be if you keep on with your Spiritualism. "Oh!" says some one, "don't you really think it might authenticate Christianity? don't you know there are some people who deny there is any future world? and don't you realize that if spirits come back from another world it will persuade them that there is another world?" To that question I answer in the ringing words of the Son of God: "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead."

A FULFILLED PROPHECY.

I believe this sermon under God will save some from disease and death and darkness and doom. I think we have come to the time spoken of by the Apostle when he says: "In the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits." And I think never so much as now the words of my text need to be rung in all the churches: "There shall not be found among you any consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer, for all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord."

I invite you to

A CHRISTIAN SÉANCE

—not a midnight but a noonday *séance*. This whole church is a family. Here is the table. Put the Bible on the table. Then let us put our hands on the Bible and listen if we can catch a voice from the next world. The answer comes: "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong to us and to our children forever." That is a voice from the next world. Before you quit this Christian *séance* I want you to promise that you will trust in the Word of God as it is until the light of the eternal world flashes upon us.

Do not sit at a worldly *séance* either in fun or in earnest. Have your tables so well made that they will not tip. If the table must move have it move under the offices of industrious housewifery. Let your children know there are no ghosts except those that walk on two or four feet—human or bestial. Do not go to get somebody to tell your fortune. Tell your own fortune by putting your trust in God and doing your best. *I will tell your fortune.* "All things work together for good to those that love God." Do not insult your departed friends by asking them to come into a dark closet to cut up capers, or crawl under the extension table. Remember there is only one spirit you have a right to invoke, and that is the grand, the glorious, the august, the holy, the Ominpotent Spirit of God that hovers this morning around your soul and that has been around you all your life long. That Spirit now moving upon your soul. Grieve Him not away. The voice dropping through the roof, coming in at the window, filling all this room from door to door and from floor to ceiling, with tender and overmastering intonation saying: "My spirit shall not always strive."

THE APPROACHING FALL OF MOHAMMEDANISM.

By Rev. James Meikle, D.D.

(*Written in* 1865.)

The Coming Overthrow of Turkey—The Jews to Return at that Time—The Predicted Date—The Duration of Mohammedanism Limited—When it Commenced—The Date of the Hegira—The Decisive Battle—The Parallel Reckoning.

THE time of the overthrow of the Turkish empire, and of the restoration of the Jews to Palestine, demands the attention of the student of the prophecies of Scripture. In general we are told that the deliverance of the Jewish people from their present state of unbelief and captivity, and of their restoration to their own land, shall be contemporaneous with the downfall of the Ottoman empire: "He" (that is, the Sultan of Constantinople) "shall come to his end, and none shall help him. And *at that time*," says God to Daniel (12 : 1), "shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth up for the children of thy people. And there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time. And *at that time* thy people shall be delivered every one that shall be found written in the book." These words render it certain that the deliverance here promised to the Jewish people shall be contemporaneous with the destruction of the Turkish power.

THE PROPHETIC DATE.

As to the time when this event shall take place, the man clothed with linen gives us definite information on this point in his reply to the question, "How long shall it be to the end of these wonders?" "I heard," says Daniel, "the man clothed with linen, which was upon the waters of the river, when he held up his right hand and his left hand unto heaven, and sware by Him that liveth forever, *that it shall be for a time, times, and an half*. And when he shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people, all these things shall be finished." The time, times, and an half, mean three years and a half of prophetical time, or 1260 prophetic days, that is to say, in the year-day fulfilment, 1260 years, as is similarly denoted by the 1260 days in Revelation 11 : 3. The time of the downfall of the Ottoman empire, and of the deliverance of the Jewish people from captivity, is, therefore, exactly specified, and distinctly determined by this oath of the man clothed with linen. The point, however, is to fix the period when these 1260 years of Mohammedanism commenced.

WHEN IT COMMENCED.

Edward Upham, in his "History of the Turkish or Ottoman Empire," says: "The Mussulmans date the commencement of Mohammed's sway from the first year of Hegira, A.D. 622. The generality of writers place this epoch on Friday, the 16th of July, 622. It was from this period that Mohammed, having fully ascertained the hate of his enemies, and the extent of his own power, proceeded to lay aside the arts of persuasion and patient endurance, whereby he had hitherto sought to propagate his tenets; and, elated by the devotion of his disciples, and his reception at Medina, he framed henceforth the revelation of the Koran in a tone which proclaimed him a persecutor, and empowered his followers to make determined war against all opposers."

Gibbon, in his "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," chap. 50, also says: "The prophet of Medina assumed in his new revelations a fiercer and more sanguinary tone, which proves that his former moderation was the effect of weakness. The means of persuasion had been tried; the season of forbearance was elapsed; and he was now commanded to propagate his religion by the sword, to destroy the monuments of idolatry, and without regarding the sanctity of days or months, to pursue the unbelieving nations of the earth. . . . 'The sword,' says Mohammed, 'is the key of heaven and of hell; a drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent in arms, is of more avail than two months of fasting or prayers. Whosoever falls in battle, his sins are forgiven. At the day of judgment his wounds shall be resplendent as vermilion, and odoriferous as musk; and the loss of his limbs shall be supplied by the wings of angels and cherubims.'"

Now, if the year 622, when Mohammed began to propagate his religion, no longer by persuasion, but by the sword, is the time when the 1260 prophetical days commenced, then these shall terminate in A.D. 1882, and that year shall be signalized by the destruction of the Turko-Mohammedan or Ottoman empire.

THE DECISIVE BATTLE,

But it was not until A.D. 636, that the power of the Roman Empire over Syria was destroyed by the Saracens' victory over Heraclius, the Græco-Roman Emperor of Constantinople. Andrew Crichton, in his "History of Arabia," chap. 8, says: "Manuel, the commander of the Mohammedan army, advanced to the banks of the Yermouk, where Khaled, the general of Heraclius's army, had taken his position, and where he had resolved to stake the fate of Syria. This petty stream, the Hieromax of the Greeks, immortalized by one of the most sanguinary battles of antiquity, rises in Mount Hermon, and winding through the plain of Decapolis, is lost after a short run in the Lake of Tiberias. . . . The battle raged several days, and night separated the combatants only to renew the encounter. . . . The carnage of Yermouk surpassed that of any preceding battle. The veterans of former wars confessed it to be one of the most desperate and doubtful encounters they had ever seen; but it was decisive. Seventy thousand of the best troops of Heraclius, with their general, and a vast number of his principal officers, were left on the field. Altogether, the Christians are stated to have lost 150,000 men killed, and 48,100 in prisoners. Perhaps the Arabs may exaggerate in point of number; but the Greek historians themselves have admitted the total overthrow of the Roman power in Syria in this sanguinary engagement (November, 636), which they long after bewailed as a just retribution for their sins."

Now, if the year 636, when the Saracens completely overthrew the Roman power in Syria, is to be taken as the time when the 1260 prophetical days or years commenced, then it follows that the Ottoman empire shall be destroyed in A.D. 1896.

A PARALLEL RECKONING.

Jerusalem was besieged and taken in A.D. 637 by the Saracens. Upham, in his "History of the Ottoman Empire," says: "In 637, Jerusalem, the holy city, which had somewhat regained her consideration and stately rank since the time of Adrian, fell under the Mohammedan sway by the arms of the Saracens under Caliph Omar. Thus this revered capital (with the exception of the short subsequent period of about ninety years at the time of the Crusades) has continued to this day under a heavier yoke than it had ever borne. In Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," chap. 17, it is said: "In 637 Jerusalem, after a siege of four months, capitulated. And Caliph Omar, after the signing of the capitulation, entered the city without fear or precaution, and courteously discoursed with the patrarich concerning its religious antiquities. Sophronius bowed before his new master, and secretly muttered in the words of Daniel, '*The abomination of desolation is in the holy place.*' At the hour of prayer they stood together in the Church of the Resurrection; but Caliph Omar refused to perform his devotions, and contented himself with praying on the steps of the Church of Constantine. By his command the ground of the temple of Solomon was prepared for the foundation of a Mohammedan Mosque (which stands there to this day, and is called the mosque of Omar)."

Now, if the year 637, when Jerusalem was besieged and taken by the Moslems, was the commencement of the 1260 years, then the Turkish power shall not be destroyed until A.D. 1897. Like the kingdom of Amalek of old, "its latter end shall be, that it perish forever."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Successful Man's Confession.—At a Recent meeting Mr. Napier said: "Being a business man, I know all the ups and downs of business life, and have noticed that it is *not* by any ability of my own that I have made money. When I was most eager to gain, then I lost it by thousands upon thousands; but when I was successful, it was in the ordinary course of business that the Lord blessed me. If prosperity be good for His servants, God will send it to them, for 'the gold and the silver are His;' 'the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;' but He will never bestow anything which will do His trusting children harm."

Flogged and Disgraced for his Brother.—Mr. Campbell relates that a friend of his, much against his will, was forced to administer chastisement to one of his boys. "He took his son into a side room to give him a flogging, but was interrupted by a knock at the door. In answer to the invitation, 'Come in,' the eldest boy walked in, and said, 'Father, I want to take the flogging for my brother.' 'Well, you will have to bear the disgrace as well,' the father answered. 'I will,' replied the boy. The younger brother looked on while his substitute bore the stripes which he should have had, and his heart was wrung with sorrow at his sin and its result. This is something like that which Christ has done for us. 'The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed'" (Isaiah 53 : 5).

A Bond-Slave to Strong Drink.—Mr. Lees, who is engaged in temperance work in Scotland, said: "I was speaking recently to a gentleman on my way from Kirkcaldy about God. He replied, 'I know all about that; but I have not followed it out.' 'What!' I answered, 'yet you dare to resist God?' 'I know; I know,' was his sorrowful reply; 'but drink is my ruin. I got up yesterday morning, quite sober, yet I required to take five glasses of brandy to steady my nerves for business!' He is a man of good education, in a capital position in Glasgow, but is a helpless and despairing bond-slave to King Alcohol, who, as tens of thousands can testify, is a cruel and remorseless master. Let us be ever ready to preach the Gospel to these poor slaves, for Christ has power to bid the captives go free."

An Unforgiven Enemy.—"I Remember not long ago sitting in a church alongside an anxious inquirer. She professed to understand all I said, and to see the way of salvation clearly through faith in Jesus Christ; but yet it brought no peace to her troubled soul. Suddenly it flashed across my mind, I know not why—'Is there any one she refuses to forgive?' I put the question to her at once, and she hung her head with shame. I then assured her that there was no hope of salvation or peace to her till she forgave as she hoped to be forgiven. After a brief, sharp struggle, she left the church unsaved. Weeks afterward I was again in that church, and made special inquiry about the woman, and got the gratifying reply, 'She is all right now; she forgave her enemy, and is walking in the bright light of her Saviour's countenance, and is full of peace in Him.'"

No Stepping-Stones to Christ.—Mr. Graham said: "One Sunday at Mr. Moody's meeting in London, I had the privilege of speaking with a clergyman's wife about the eternal interests of her soul. She had come from a country parish to attend the meeting, so that she might participate in the bounteous spiritual blessing which is being poured upon these meetings. At this meeting she realized that her own soul was not at peace with the Lord, and became very anxious to know what to do, for, as she told me, she had worked very hard in her own parish, promoting every kind of religious meetings, but producing no good results. The idea which

filled her mind was that these works were stepping-stones to Christ. I told her that they were only filthy rags, and that she must put them all aside, and rely upon Christ only for safety. Very anxiously she inquired, 'Must I give them *all* up then?' 'No, but you must take Christ into your own heart, and then take Him into the meetings.' At the men's meeting the lady was on the platform, and handed me her card, saying, 'I wish you would write me; I have found Christ to-day, and He will give a blessing to our meetings, I know, because He has promised to do so.'"

A Young Christian Baker Testified: "I know that I am saved. Four years ago I attended a Gospel Temperance Meeting for Bakers, where the Holy Spirit convicted me of sin, and showed me the way to be saved. I was not in the habit of attending church before my conversion, and did not do so afterward, neither did I enter into the work of the Lord. The natural consequence was that I became cold and indifferent, then an open backslider. My inmost soul was grieved by this, but I did not understand how it was till I spoke to a brother tradesman, who was a bright, happy Christian. He advised me to give up struggling against sin in my own strength, and to cast myself on the Lord entirely. I followed his advice, and soon there came into my soul a great peace, and then a craving for fellowship with true believers. I now enjoy the service of the Lord's house, have much sweet communion with Christ and His people, and am working to the best of my ability to bring others to my loving and gracious Saviour."

An Aged Grandmother's Criticism.—The Rev. Mr. Forwell related: "During a time of gracious revival, I remember showing to my aged grandmother a pass-book, in which I had entered the names and addresses of those with whom I had privately conversed about Christ, and who professed to come out on the Lord's side. I said to her while showing the book, 'Here are the names of one hundred and twenty-seven I have conversed with during the last three months; but see what is written on the outside, "*Supposed* to be saved."' Her reply was, 'Ah! weel ye ken, Willie, that is a' that can be said o' anybody.' She was quite right, for we may profess to be followers of the Lord, but no person will believe it unless our lives bear our word out to be true. Our daily life, and the little deeds and words which compose the duties and actions of our existence, speak more eloquently than loud-mouthed professions without these being in harmony with Christ's teachings. Oh, that men might take knowledge of us, as of His former disciples, that we 'have been with Jesus, and have learned of Him!'"

Janet's Pathetic Confession.—The Rev. Mr. Scrimgeour related the following: "A poor woman, somewhat weak in her mind, felt it pressing upon her soul that Jesus was her Saviour and that she must confess Him publicly. She went to the minister just before the half-yearly Communion, and applied for the privilege of church membership, so that she might sit at the Lord's Table. He put one or two very simple questions to her, which she could not answer, and very regretfully he said, 'Janet, I am sorry that I cannot admit you to church fellowship.' The poor woman did not understand it, but patiently submitted to the deprivation for the time being; but as the Communion seasons came round, Janet applied again and again, with the same result. At last it was impressed upon her heart that unless she sat down at the Table this time, she would never do it at all on earth. The minister put the same questions, but still Janet could not answer them, and again he refused to admit her. She turned to go, and with her hand on the knob of the study door, made a final appeal in these true and touching words, 'Weel, sir, a canna speak aboot it, but as the Lint flower opens tae the sun in the morning, sae does ma soul open tae Jesus.' It was sufficient; she obtained her desire, and truly was her foreboding fulfilled, for ere another Communion season came round, poor, weak-minded Janet was in the presence of her Saviour in glory."

THE SECOND ADVENT PRE-MILLENNIAL.

THE WITNESS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

By Willis Lord, D.D.*

The Revelation of the Divine Order of Events—The Absence of the Bridegroom—Fasting to Continue—Rejoicing at His Return—The Decay of Faith—Cannot Occur in the Millennium—Its Absence at the Coming—Inference that the Second Advent is Pre-Millennial.

As the witness of the New Testament to the second coming of Christ is more full and definite than that of the Old Testament with reference to the great event itself and its accessories, so also it is as to its time. It does not, indeed, lift the veil from "that day and hour" when the Lord will come, but it pours a clear light on

THE DIVINE ORDER.

In harmony with the witness of the Old Testament, it shows that the great day of the Lord, when He will come in the glory of His Father, and with the holy angels, will *precede* and usher in the millennium. Glance at some of its testimonies. Taken singly, they may appear more or less decisive. Taken together, they lay a solid foundation for Christian faith.

ABSENCE OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

John the Baptist was an ascetic. He came neither eating bread nor drinking wine. He was also a preacher of repentance, and enjoined fasting as a religious duty. Like the Pharisees, therefore, his disciples were wont to fast. It was meant to be an expressive, outward sign of strong, inward feeling; a symbolical confession of sin and sorrow; of deep affliction of the soul. The disciples of Jesus did not fast. The fact was observed, and prompted the inquiry, "Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft, but thy disciples fast not?" (Matt. 9 : 15).

How instructive and beautiful is the reply: "Jesus said unto them, Can the children of the bride-chamber mourn as long as the Bridegroom is with them?" Certainly not. Well, I am the Bridegroom of the Church. And thus, as Alford points out, He "announces the fulfilment in Him of a whole cycle of Old Testament prophecies and figures." And this being so, how could His disciples fast? His personal presence with them precluded sorrow. It did so, even when they saw Him in the form of a servant, and their knowledge of Him and His sublime purposes was most imperfect. Much more will it do this when He shall be present with them in His full array of divine beauty and power. "But," He added, "the days will come when the Bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then shall they fast." The evangelist Luke has it, "and then shall they fast, in those days," *i.e.*, when and while the Bridegroom is gone.

The going away of the Bridegroom was, indeed, expedient; but how the very thought of it depressed those first disciples. It would itself be a great sorrow. It would also bring the season and the occasions for other sorrows. Then the world would renew its temptations; then the flesh would stand disclosed in all its weakness; then Satan would redouble his infernal craft and power; then too, if ever, they would know by experience of the great tribulation out of which all will come who shall stand before the throne of God and of the Lamb in the glory of conquerors.

And how could they suppose the effect would be less permanent than its cause? Or, how can we suppose this? The fasting-time of the Bride is plainly commensurate with the absence of the Bridegroom; unless, indeed, meanwhile, her love shall grow cold, and the Bride become an harlot. But this would call for still deeper sorrow. It would indicate anything else than the presence and glories of the millennium. Those days, therefore, when the Bride shall fast because the Bridegroom is taken away, will continue until the Bridegroom returns.

THE DECAY OF FAITH.

Add to this thought that touching question of the Lord in the parable of the unjust judge. He would impress it upon men that they should always pray and not faint. He does this by showing us a widow bringing her suit before an earthly tribunal (Luke 18 : 1–8). The judge is one who does not care for either man or God. His office is his instrument of power and plunder. Time and again, therefore, he sends her from his presence without redress. She, however, will not be denied. She persists in urging and re-urging her case, until the wretch is compelled, by regard to his own ease, to vindicate her. Now, will not God, the infinitely righteous Judge, and who also loves His people with an immeasurable love, hear and answer those who cry day and night unto Him? Most assuredly He will, and that speedily.

This the Scriptures certify, and this the ages have seen. If often the furnace has been exceeding hot, the result in spiritual wealth and beauty has been correspondingly eminent. "Nevertheless," the Saviour proceeds to ask, "when the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" What a startling inquiry! He will come again, but when He comes, what a spiritual condition of men! But the import of the question is plain. Faith will have almost failed when the Son of Man shall come.

And yet, the ideas now so current in the Church make this astounding and world-wide decay of faith follow at once upon the millennium; *i.e.*, upon the world-wide prevalence of truth, righteousness, peace, and all the extraordinary blessings and glories of the long-promised thousand years!

IS IT CONCEIVABLE?

Is it possible? We can, indeed, see how faith in revealed truth may now fail. In fact, we see that it often does fail. In the visible Church itself there seems to be already more of unbelief than of faith. Large numbers of professedly Christian teachers find the ultimate authority in their own reason. Still larger numbers of professedly Christian people delight more in human folly than in the divine wisdom. It is not difficult to believe that in the last days *perilous times will come* by means of false philosophy, false science, false religion, and of the worldly spirit and unholy lives of those who ought to be the witnesses of God; and that at the end of this dispensation it may be just as it was in the days before the flood. But, that the millennium should come and go and leave no trace behind; that a period which the Scriptures clothe with more than the beauty and brightness of the sun; whose demonstrations of truth will be overwhelming as they will be grand and glorious; whose fruits of righteousness, peace, purity and abounding joy will make the earth again like heaven; and during which "all men shall be blessed in Christ and all nations shall call Him blessed;" that such a period should end in one of almost utter darkness is incredible.

For a little season, it is true, Satan will be loosed from his prison. He will then make another and most desperate attempt against the saints and their mighty King. But with what result? Apparently with no result, except to deceive some of the then unconverted in the four quarters of the earth. Most assuredly there will be no want of faith then in the camp of the saints or in the beloved city. And when at length the great adversary and His embattled host are all ready for the onset, but before they seem to have struck a blow—fire comes down from God out of heaven and devours them. In the Bible view of the future there is no place after the millennium for so stupendous a descent, as the current ideas imply from universal faith and holiness, to universal unbelief and impiety. If, when the Son of Man cometh, He shall not find faith on the earth, His coming must be before the millennium.

* From his work "The Blessed Hope," published by Mr. F. H. Revell, Chicago.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Republican Conventions Held Last week indicate that the choice of a candidate by the Chicago Convention is still a matter of uncertainty. *In Ohio* three of the delegates-at-large are claimed for Mr. Sherman and one for Mr. Blaine. *In Connecticut* Mr. Hawley was the favorite candidate. *In Michigan* the majority of the delegates are said to be for Mr. Blaine, three for Mr. Edmunds, and one for President Arthur. The platforms adopted are of the ordinary type, and in all cases praise the administration of President Arthur. The decided manifestation of opposition to the nomination of either the President on the one hand, or Mr. Blaine on the other leads to the expectation that both candidates will be rejected in favor of some one whom all sections of the party can support.

The New York Republican Convention Held at Utica last Wednesday resulted in the election of four Edmunds delegates-at-large. The people have substantial reason for being satisfied with this result, because the delegates, who will speak for the whole State, though known as Edmunds men, are not pledged to vote for Mr. Edmunds, but are prepared to vote for any candidate who represents the principles with which the name of Mr. Edmunds is popularly identified. Those principles are honesty, administrative reform, and non-political appointments in the civil service. The election of the four delegates was a genuine surprise. Mr. Blaine's friends expected to control the convention, and on the very morning on which it assembled boasted that they could send four Blaine delegates to Chicago; but they were disappointed. The President's friends, finding that Arthur delegates could not be chosen, combined with the friends of Mr. Edmunds. Not being able to secure a triumph for their candidate, the President's friends considered the next best thing was to defeat Mr. Blaine, which they did. Senator Warner Miller was one of the rejected candidates for delegate-at-large. Mr. Whitelaw Reid was expected to be another candidate on the same ticket, but he declined in advance. This was a disappointment to many of the delegates, who were anxious that the State Convention should place on record its estimate of the writer of "the midnight despatch." The section of the party known as the young independents is jubilant over the result of the convention. That section is steadily working for the reformation of the party. It has a deep-rooted abhorrence for the methods of the machine and its boss, Mr. John J. O'Brien, and it has a yet more intense dislike for the record of Mr. Blaine and the policy of his friends. Any one who regards the result of the convention as an expression of public feeling here, must conclude that the State of New York cannot be carried next November by Mr. Blaine or any man who would permit Mr. Blaine to shape his policy.

The Senate Passed its Bankruptcy Bill on Monday, April 21st, by a vote of 32 to 15. The bill has attracted considerable public attention owing to the glaring defects of the present system and the scandals and injustice now existing. The new bill is by no means a perfect system, and those who are intent on rascality will doubtless be able to evade its provisions, but it is a decided improvement on the law now in force, because it reduces the cost of proceedings and simplifies the work of the courts. One important feature is that it provides for the payment of the officials by salary and not by fees. The District Courts are to be Courts of Bankruptcy, and they are to be open always in vacation as well as in term time. Many amendments have been made in the bill since it left the Judiciary Committee, and the House will probably still further amend it during its progress there.

While the President's Friends are Exerting themselves to secure for him the Republican nomination, and while the business men in New York and other large cities are anxious that he, rather than any other Republican should be nominated, it is gratifying to learn that no pressure is being exerted by him on the officials whom he has put in office, to work for him. In a letter recently sent to a collector by Mr. Folger, the Secretary says: "I do not, nor does he (the President), wish any man in office under his administration to feel compelled to go counter to his duty as a citizen." There are men in the South who are known to favor other candidates than the President, but who have considered it their duty to work for his nomination at Chicago, because they were put into office under his administration.

Much Enthusiasm was Evoked Last Week by the sailing of the Bear, the first of the three vessels which are being sent in search of the Greely party. The Bear left the Brooklyn Navy Yard for her voyage to the Arctic on Thursday last, and a great crowd assembled to witness her departure. The wharves and bulkheads and the ships on the river were covered by citizens cheering the gallant crew and waving adieux to them as the ship was steered down toward the bay. Her commander is Lieutenant W. H. Emory, and the crew are all volunteers, most of them being Americans. The captain is ordered to proceed to St. John's, Newfoundland, and replenish his coal, get on board twenty dogs and their harness. He is then to proceed to Godhavn, Disco, and Upernavik. At Upernavik he will await the Thetis unless he should hear that Greely had come down to Littleton Island. In that event he will go across Melville Sound as soon as possible, leaving a record behind of all that he learns. The Thetis is to sail this week. The Alert, the vessel presented by the British Government to the United States, arrived here on Tuesday, April 22d. She will be placed on the dry dock and thoroughly overhauled before her departure. She will be used as the supply ship of the expedition. The commander of the expedition is Captain Schley, who will sail on the Thetis, and Engineer Melville, one of the survivors of the Jeannette, will be the fleet-engineer. The Secretary of the Navy has sent a letter to Captain Schley ordering him to take command of the expedition, and to proceed to the coast of Greenland, or farther if necessary, and if possible to rescue or ascertain the fate of Lieutenant Greely and his party. All the officers and men under Captain Schley's command are enjoined to perform any duty on sea or land that may be ordered. *No detailed instructions are given,* as the Secretary expresses himself fully confident that Captain Schley has the courage, ability, and discretion necessary to do all that can be done to rescue the Greely party.

An Effort to Aid Prohibitionists was made in the Senate on April 21st by Mr. Ingalls who introduced a bill to change the present laws with respect to the special tax imposed by the general government on the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors so as to provide that collectors of internal revenue shall be prohibited from receiving such special taxes, or granting permits or licenses for the carrying on of the business of wholesale or retail liquor dealers or brewers, in any State or municipality in which the carrying on of such business is contrary to the State or municipal laws; and that the payment of any tax imposed by the internal revenue laws for carrying on such business shall not be held to exempt any person from any penalty imposed by the State laws for carrying on the same.

Dr. Willard Parker, one of the Most Eminent physicians in America, died on Friday, April 25th. He was eighty-four years of age, and his long life had been full of usefulness to a remarkable degree. He was descended on both sides of his family from the English Puritans, and in his mental characteristics he much resembled those noble men. As a professor and in his private practice he won the esteem of all with whom he came in contact, and he goes to his grave deeply lamented. It is especially noteworthy that a physician so eminent as Dr. Parker was strongly on the side of temperance. He held *alcohol to be essentially a poison,* that it cannot be considered a food, and that its use should be exceptional, when advised by a physician and in the preparation of medicines. Dr. Parker occupied while comparatively a young man several responsible positions, but he first became prominent in philanthropic circles, when in 1865, on the death of Dr. Valentine Mott, who was then President of the New York State Inebriate Asylum, at Binghamton, Dr. Parker was appointed his successor. To this institution Dr. Parker devoted much time and thought. The subject was one in which he was deeply interested, and it is to his care and energy that the asylum is largely indebted for its success.

Congress and the Liquor Traffic was the subject discussed at the Conference of the Women's National Christian Temperance Union held in New York last week, at which delegates were present from all parts of this State and from Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. An earnest address was delivered by Mr. A. M. Powell on the national aspect of the question, in which he vigorously denounced Mr. Blaine's scheme for distributing the revenue derived from the liquor traffic among the States. He said, "Mr. Blaine's plan assumes the indefinite perpetuation of the liquor traffic. Nor does he make any account of the fact that in his own State—Maine—the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors for drinking purposes are already illegal; that a constitutional amendment has been proposed by the Legislature of Maine to forever prohibit the traffic in alcoholic beverages. What Maine proposes to do in thus amending its fundamental law Kansas has already done, Iowa has pronounced in favor of, Ohio recently gave over 300,000 votes for, and in *seventeen States* during the last legislative year, in one form or another, initial steps have been taken to secure. By what sort of moral philosophy a State which regards and treats the liquor traffic as a crime can assent to any plan for reducing its own taxation by receiving the liquor revenue derived from other States Mr. Blaine's letter does not make apparent."

An Open Letter to Clergymen and Officers of churches has been issued by the Women's Christian Temperance Union of New York. Its object is to induce them to cease from using fermented wine at the Lord's table. The following extract from the letter indicates the ground taken by the writers: It can be proved by many instances, that not only reformed men and women have fallen into their old dissipated habits on account of wine taken at Communion, but that the taste for intoxicants has been aroused (notably in those who have the hereditary disposition) by its use at the Lord's Supper. Many are constrained to pass the wine untasted, because of its great danger to them; and a large number of those connected with temperance work are deprived of the full enjoyment of the Sacrament, because they cannot conscientiously taste fermented wine.

The White Cross Reform Club is an Organization established in Detroit, Mich., about eight weeks ago, which now numbers over four hundred members. The Detroit *Evening Journal* publishes a remarkable account of its origin. A man named Henry O. Wells is president of the club. He has lived in the city many years and was well known there as a notorious profligate. A bloated figure, ragged attire and tobacco besmeared face made up his appearance. He haunted the meanest dives, and his associates were the scum of the city. In October last he returned home in his usual besotted condition, cursed his wife, and drove his frightened children crying to bed. In the night he awoke in great distress believing he was about to die. In his terror he sent for a Christian friend whose appeals to him he had often rejected with contempt. His friend came to him though it was long past midnight. He prayed with the terrified drunkard and led him to pray for himself. The man became a changed character, quitted the liquor, and stopped using tobacco. The change was sudden but thorough. He immediately set to work in the cause of Christian temperance, and the White Cross Reform Club of Detroit with its four hundred members is the result of God's blessing on his labors.

The German Young Men's Christian Association is endeavoring to raise funds for the erection of a building in New York. There was in 1880 a population of Germans in the city numbering 163,482, and since that time it has largely increased. As it was found that the young men of that nationality rarely attended church, an effort was made some time ago to attract them to an association, and the Young Men's Christian Association placed a room in their building at the disposal of the Christian workers making the effort. A German Young Men's Christian Association was formed which now numbers 150 regular members with a large number of casual visitors, and a room was hired down-town to accommodate them. That room is now too small, and they propose to erect a house to contain large rooms for conversation, reading, and a library; also music and class-rooms, a gymnasium, and bathing institute. The interest taken in this enterprise by those who are practically engaged in it is shown by the fact that they have started a building fund among themselves, and have already raised over $6000. Mr. Von Schluembach, of the International Committee, is working vigorously in the enterprise.

The Florence Night Mission, One of the most useful institutions of its class in New York City, celebrated its first anniversary on April 20th. It was organized by Mr. Charles N. Crittenden, in memory of his daughter Florence, as an aid to fallen women. It is situated in Bleecker Street, in the neighborhood of the haunts were dissolute persons spend their evenings. Meetings are held in the mission ever night, and they last sometimes until two or three o'clock in the morning. Men and women come in to stay five minutes and stay for hours. Beside the good effected by the services at the mission, Mr. Henry Gibbard, the energetic and devoted missionary, has been able by visiting the wretched dives on the Bowery and Chatham Street and other disreputable resorts, to exert a Christian influence over the women who frequent them and induce them to attend the mission services. At the anniversary meeting it was stated that during the past year 176 women had been received into the mission, of whom 66 were sent to asylums, 38 to situations, 25 were returned to their families, two died and 20 joined churches. Four couples were married. Some of them are still in the home. Mr. Crittenden is still the chief support of the home. He was present at the anniversary and said that during the year $5270.80 had been expended and $1713.17 received. He did not regret the money he had spent personally, and he would start the mission for its second year clear of debt and would head a subscription list with $1000. The work of the mission had exceeded his expectations.

A Wedding Ceremony Performed on a Bridge has had a disastrous sequel. About a month ago a young lady residing in West Virginia ran away from home to be married. The place selected for the ceremony was a bridge over the Potomac, a romantic spot which has for such couples the additional attraction of being between the two States of Maryland and West Virginia, not under the jurisdiction of either State and where no marriage license is required. The marriage service was read and the bride and bridegroom departed. But last week the bride found herself deserted, and on inquiry she found she had been deceived. The ceremony had been performed by a sham clergyman and it had no legal value. The deserted woman would be glad now to have the protection of the law of either State, though she connived at the scheme to evade the jurisdiction of both. When the law is despised either by nations or individuals disaster generally follows (Neh. 9 : 26, 27).

A Man Saved by a Mule is the Hero of a story related in the *Youth's Companion*. Dr. William A. Hammond writing in that paper says that while stationed at Fort Webster, in what is now Arizona, he started down the cañon on a very fine and large mule. The beast stopped abruptly, and signified that he would not budge a step. Spurs were dug into his flanks to no purpose. There he stood as firm as a rock. Hammond pulled him round, and galloped back to the fort. The next morning it was ascertained that at a point scarcely a hundred yards in advance of where the mule had gained his victory some Apache Indians had ambushed the road, and but for the brute's keen nose and ears, and firmness in resisting an obstinate man, short work would have been made of both. This modern Balaam acknowledges that he owes his life to the mule's sagacity which he mistook for obstinacy. So it will be when we come to review our lives in the clearer light beyond the grave. Many of the events we have called misfortunes and hindrances will be recognized as benefits which God sent to preserve us from disaster (Prov. 20 : 24).

A Successful Appeal to a Judge is one of the reminiscences recently narrated by a writer on the history of the war. The judge was very busy and had besides done his full share in assisting the sufferers of that sad time, so that when a wounded and emaciated soldier entered his office and pleaded for assistance, the judge told him he had no time to attend to his application. "But I have a letter for you," said the soldier and he laid on the desk a letter from the judge's son who was then serving at the front. The judge opened the letter and read: "Dear Father: The bearer of this is a soldier discharged from the hospital. He is going home to die. Assist him in any way you can, for Charlie's sake." And then Judge A—— forgot how very busy he was. His heart went out toward the poor, sick soldier, and "for Charlie's sake," his own soldier-boy far away, he loaded him with gifts and acts of kindness, and lodged him till he could send him on his way rejoicing. So will God answer prayers offered in the name of His dear Son (John 16 : 26, 27).

GOD'S WORK UPON MINISTER AND CONVERT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister, . . . delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, . . . that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance."—ACTS 26 : 16–20.

The Preparation of the Preacher—Unexpected and Miraculous—I. God's Work upon him—Fitting him for Service—By Subduing him—The Use of Suffering—Special Keys for Spiritual Locks—By Encouraging him—Giving him his Commission—By Revelation—By Continuous Instruction—His Life Preserved—Dangers of Modern Times — A Remarkable Conversion through an Extinguished Lamp — II. God's Work on the Hearer—Illumination—Conversion —Complete Forgiveness — III. The Hearer's Own Work—Repentance—Turning to God.

BEHOLD an amazing sight! Saul of Tarsus at the feet of Jesus of Nazareth! Listen! The persecutor's voice is changed into that of an inquiring disciple. He asks, "What wilt thou have me to do?" If angels sang with delight over a new-made world, their song must have been seven times as joyous over a new-made apostle. The change was miraculous. At this distance of time we can hardly appreciate it; but if we had been living in daily fear of our lives, if we had seen our father or our brother dragged off to death by this ferocious enemy of the cross, and then had suddenly heard that he was converted to the faith which he opposed, we should have cried, "Incredible!" For the Ethiopian to change his skin, or for the leopard to lose his spots, would be little compared with this cruel Pharisee bowing himself in lowly penitence before the Lord Jesus whom he had persecuted. Do you wonder that when Saul was come to Jerusalem, and essayed to join himself to the disciples, they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple?

My brethren, as in history, so in the grace of God, it is

THE UNEXPECTED

which frequently occurs. The men and women whom I expected to confess Christ long ago have not yet come. I have seen Felix tremble, but I have not seen him converted; I have seen Agrippa almost persuaded, but he is not yet a Christian. Meanwhile, I have beheld a Saul of Tarsus, who aforetime raged against the cross, bowing himself submissively before the Lord Jesus. Let us never be discouraged; but let us expect to see signs and wonders in the world of grace. Though priestcraft is far too dominant in our land, we yet may hear that "a great company of the priests" have believed in Christ. Though freethought rides roughshod over everything, we may yet hear that the boldest freethinkers have been made truly free, and have felt the power of His thoughts, which are as high above our thoughts as the heavens are above the earth.

Note with care how men are converted; I shall show you God's preparation for it, in *a work wrought upon the minister*, making him a fit witness for the truth; then I shall speak upon *God's work wrought in the convert* in opening his eyes, and turning him from darkness to light; and, lastly, I shall call your attention to *a work which must be wrought by the convert himself;* for Paul preached that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentence.

GOD'S WORK UPON THE MINISTER.

I. First, let us notice a work wrought by God upon the minister. "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." "Faith cometh by hearing." "How shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?" In order to the conversion of the hearer many processes must be experienced by the preacher: he must be made, called, sent, and afterward delivered. All the work of the Lord

upon him is a work of grace on behalf of those who shall be converted by his means.

The minister whom God sends is first of all himself subdued, and made to be obedient to the will of his Lord. While a man is a rebel the Lord does not appoint him to act as an ambassador; while he is dead in sin He does not commission him to preach the way of life. Paul was struck down to the earth: if he had not himself fallen, he would not have known how to lift up others whom the Lord has laid low.

THE HARDENING PROCESS.

It may be that some young man present this morning is undergoing a singularly severe discipline at the hands of the Holy Spirit. His sins are exceedingly heavy upon him, and relief does not come. A companion of his who was aroused at the same time has found rest, and is already rejoicing in the light; but this young brother finds the darkness thicken about him. Dear friend, it may be that your deeper conviction and more oppressive sense of sin are needful because in your future life you are to be made largerly helpful to troubled hearts. Do not think that everybody is blind for three days, as Paul was when he did neither eat nor drink during all that time; but conclude that some peculiar end is to be served by this remarkable experience. Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened to receive the truth, was not thus blinded and troubled; but then she was not called to be an apostle to preach the gospel from Jerusalem to Spain. The weapon which is to be most used in battle must be more completely hardened than that which is for peaceful service.

Discipline in our own spiritual life is a part of ministerial education which the chosen of the Lord shall not miss. See then, how God may be working for the conversion of generations yet unborn in the deep and painful experience of individuals who are now being turned from darkness to light. See, my dear hearer, what God may have done already in the hearts of His chosen ministers to fit them to become the means of your conversion. In order to slay your sins the shaft has been polished. Another has groaned and wept, and cried out in bitter agony, in order that he may know how to speak a word in season to you.

Each of the best locks made by our eminent locksmiths is unique and by itself; and when this is the case, each lock needs

ITS OWN SPECIAL KEY:

so is it with human minds, there is a peculiarity about each one. Certain minds will never be reached until they come in contact with other minds constituted on purpose to touch them. I know that there is a suitability in my experience to affect many of my fellow-men, and they open to me when the Lord takes me in His hand, and uses me as His key; but I also feel that in all probability I shall never move certain other individuals, because my mental conformation excites prejudice in them; I do not fit them, and they will not permit me to be of use to them. Thank God, He has other servants, and by these I trust He will accomplish good for those to whom I am an unsuitable instrument.

The next preparation for the Lord's minister was that he should be encouraged. The Lord Jesus said to him, "Rise, and stand upon thy feet." As much as to say—"Thou art forgiven, thou art chosen, thou art beloved; therefore lie no longer prostrate, overwhelmed with fear. Give not way to despondency. Resign thyself into my hands, and be prepared with activity and diligence to spend all the rest of thy life in doing good. Arise, stand on thy feet, for work is to be done at once which will need all thy courage and might!" Men can hardly be very useful till they cease to be despondent, diffident, and depressed, and become energetic and hopeful. Even good men need to be braced up that they may rise to bold attempts and believing labors for their Lord.

The uplifting work being done, it remained that Paul should now be made, constituted, and ordained a minister, and to this end he must see the Lord for himself. The Lord said, "I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness." It is plain from these words that

THE RIGHT WAY TO MAKE MINISTERS

is for the Lord Jesus Christ to appear to them. We have heard of making men into ministers, but we have no belief in the result of such a manufacture. If one man makes another man a minister, he will be very badly made, and the sooner he is broken up again the better. The means which the Lord uses for the true preacher's education and ordination are here displayed before us. It is by Christ's appearing to the man that he is prepared to preach the Lord Christ among men.

Our Lord's appearing to a man operates two ways: first, it makes him willing to be a servant, for that is the meaning of the word "minister." When the renewed mind beholds the Lord, it adores Him, and cries out, "What wilt thou have me to do?" The same heavenly vision qualifies the believer to act as a witness for Jesus. We cannot bear witness to that which we have never seen.

See you, then, dear friends, that in order to the conversion of those who are not yet saved, the Lord Jesus has been at work upon others, making them fit to be servants and witnesses, and He has used as His chief means of instruction the revealing of Himself. This is instructive, for it gives us a clear indication as to the best method of accomplishing the salvation of those around us. Beloved, if you want to win souls follow up this line of things. Soul-winning is generally accomplished not by argument, but by testimony. Bear witness to what you know, to what you feel, to the power of Christ to pacify the conscience and to change the life; bear, I say, your witness to Jesus, and you will have done that which God will bless to the opening of the eyes of the spiritually blind.

Further, dear friends, the man who is to win a soul for Christ must be continuously instructed of God. He is to be a witness not only of those things which he has seen, but also of those things in the which the Lord will yet appear unto him. The discipline and tuition which our Lord vouchsafes to His servant when he begins his witness, will not suffice him for the whole of his life; he must continue to be taught that he may continue to teach. You who wish to win souls for Jesus—and I know many of you do—must always sit at His feet yourselves. Your eyes must evermore be fixed upon your Master, so that His dear image may photograph itself perpetually upon your heart. It is poor work to talk of a Saviour whom we have not communed with for months, but it is blessed to come forth from His presence to describe His beauties.

Where all this is done, there yet remains somewhat more, namely, that God should constantly preserve His messenger; as He said to Paul; "Delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee." Paul's life was always in danger, and yet

NEVER IN REAL PERIL,

for the Lord was his keeper. He was daily delivered unto death, and yet he was immortal till his life-work was complete. They stoned him and supposed that he was dead; but he rose up and began to cheer the brethren. Till his time came and his work was finished, the stormy sea could not drown him, the beasts of Ephesus could not devour him, the mob could not kill him, even sworn conspirators could not slay him. When he had finished his course, he submitted his neck to the headsman's sword; but till that moment he was delivered out of the mouth of the lion, and guarded from perils of robbers, perils of rivers, and perils by false brethren. So shall every true servant of Christ be kept as with a garrison from all evil.

We do not nowadays run risks of the kind which beset the apostle, but ours are more subtle and insinuating; yet the true servant of God shall be preserved from all evil. He shall be kept from the pride which cometh of visible success, and from the despondency which cometh of apparent failure; he shall be delivered from the temptations common to man, and from the peculiar temptations which compass him as a minister of Christ. He shall be delivered from the strife of tongues, and from the tumult of the people. If God has sent him, the devil cannot withstand him; he shall perform his mission in the conversion of those whom the Lord intends to save.

I have known the Lord bring men to Himself not only by His ministers, but by the simplest things and most common events.

A YOUNG WOMAN

utterly careless and godless, returned to her room one night where she had left her lamp burning, but, lo, it had gone out, and she was in darkness. As she sought for the lamp she remembered the parable of our Lord, and the cry of the foolish virgins, "Our lamps have gone out." She reflected that her lamp had gone out because she had forgotten to put oil to it that morning; and there and then, under the power of the word of God, she knelt down and gave her heart to Christ. A funeral knell, a tempest, a faded flower, a picture, have all been God's means of bringing His banished home to Himself. I am constantly meeting with instances of individuals who for years were careless, irreligious, dissipated, and vicious, and rose one Sabbath morning to waste the day as usual; but by some circumstance or other they were induced to hear Mr. Moody, or to turn in here, or to attend a theatre service; and there and then the Lord met with them. It is delightful to think that God can put any man or any creature into commission to carry out His purposes of love.

GOD'S WORK ON THE HEARER.

II. And now, secondly, we come to describe the work which is wrought in the hearer when God is saving him. It usually begins by illumination; the Lord sends His servant "to open their eyes." Men are born blind, and continue blind till by the power of Jesus sight is given to them. Opening the eye of the mind is not an operation which usually demands much time. In Paul's case we read, "Immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales; and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized." The mind sees truth on a sudden, the aspect of everything is altered; and the man has obtained a new faculty.

What a blessing it will be if the Lord has sent me to any of you this day that you may receive your sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost! A film shuts out the light from your souls so that you grope as blind men; but the Lord can at once remove it. Perhaps you are ignorant. If you did but know the truth, you would see by its light. Oh, that the Holy Spirit may teach you! Or your education and your surroundings have placed a film of prejudice over your eyes; if a candid, childlike spirit were given you, you would speedily see. Or possibly some favorite sin is like a cataract upon the eye of your conscience, and you cannot see the evil of sin, or the beauty of holiness, or the desirableness of being renewed. The Lord can take away these scales. Oh, that the Lord would cause you to see sin in its true colors, and holiness in its own splendor! Or it may be that unbelief darkens your soul. Those who will not believe cannot see the salvation of God.

The next thing which the minister is made to do is conversion; Paul was sent "to turn them from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God." Much depends upon the direction in which a man's face is turned. Here stands a blind man with his face to the darkness; if he goes forward he advances into blacker night; how needful then is that work of the blessed Spirit by which men are turned completely round, and their front is reversed! The darkness is now behind the convert, and the light is on ahead, so that every step he takes he advances toward the light, which increases upon his vision as he nears it. He has not re-

ceived all the light he desires; but one thing he knows—whereas he was once blind he now sees.

As the soul is brought into a new element, so is it also brought under a new government. Translation has taken place; the man is translated from the power of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, or, as our text has it, "from the power of Satan unto God." Notice, the man is turned "from the power of Satan," the tyrannic dominion, and crushing grasp of the evil, cunning, malicious, hateful prince of fallen angels. To the Lord whom he had forgotten he has turned, so that he thinks of Him, cares for Him, trusts in Him. What

A BLESSED TURNING

this—from the power of Satan to the power of God! Happy are the men who are the means of converting their fellows in this fashion!

Somebody says, "Well, I know there is such a fact as conversion, but I do not understand how it can be performed in a minute." I reply that I do not understand how regeneration, which is the secret cause of conversion, could occupy so long as a minute. Should not goodness rule at once? Two men are fighting, and we beg them to leave off. Do you recommend them to leave off gradually! Shall they take an hour or two over it? Why, they might kill one another in that time. A fire is about to consume your house—do you say to the firemen, "Get it out gradually"? If my house were on fire I should long to see the flame quenched at once. If anybody held a pistol at my head I should not say, "Take it away by degrees." I would wish him to remove the revolver at once. Yet all these things are matters which could be prolonged over a space of time without such risk as would be involved in a slow process of conversion.

Changes of mind such as are necessary to conversion had need be quick when sin is to be forsaken, for every moment deepens the guilt. I grant you that in many persons conversion appears to be gradual, and many things lead up to it as by an inclined plane; but as to the new birth and the reception of the divine life, there is a distinct line of demarkation—on that side of the line all is death, and on this side of it all is life. I cannot tell you when any one man crosses that line, but there must be an instant when he does so.

Together with conversion comes complete forgiveness. Read the passage—"that they may receive forgiveness of sins." When a man turns to God it is a proof that God has turned to him. When he hates his sins the Lord has put them away; as soon as ever he confesses and forsakes them they are blotted out forever. The complete turning of his mind from darkness to light is

A PROOF TO THE CONVERT

that God the righteous Judge has turned away His wrath from him. When the love of sin has gone the guilt of sin has gone also. Full conversion carries with it full pardon. The same moment that we receive Christ we "receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among them which are sanctified." Think of that; oh, that you may know all that it means! What a blessing to become an heir of God! Yet in the moment of forgiveness we receive power to become the sons of God. We are put among the children, and the children's portion is our portion.

And all this has for its certificate and mark of genuineness these words—"By faith that is in me." Those words are not merely appended to sanctification, though it is worth noticing that sanctification is by faith, since so many look at it as if it were by effort rather than by believing. But the whole process of salvation is by faith. It is all of faith from first to last. May God work it in your souls.

THE HEARER'S OWN WORK.

III. Now, I close by the last point, which is a work which must be done by the hearer himself. This text speaks of Paul being an instrument in the hands of God of opening men's eyes and turning them to God, that they may receive pardon, and so forth, in all which they seem to be passive; but in this latter verse they are called upon to be active—"That they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance." Never let us forget either the free agency of man or the purposes of God. God leaves us free agents, and yet in infinite wisdom He accomplishes His purposes and fulfils His decree. Grace reigns not over slaves, but over obedient children. The will of the Lord is done, and yet the responsibility and freedom of men are left untouched. How the Lord does this I do not know; He has never deigned to explain His infinity to us, nor need we desire that He should.

Dear hearer, if you would be saved, you must repent. It is not the work of God the Holy Ghost to repent for you, but to lead *you* to repent. The Holy Ghost has nothing to repent of, and it is a work which

CANNOT BE DONE BY PROXY.

We cannot give you repentance as a doctor may inject morphia under the skin; it must be your own act and deed, your own feeling and emotion. You cannot be saved unless you personally turn from sin; it is the work of God's Holy Spirit to bring you so to do, but you have to repent with your own heart and mind. Remember your child's verse and attend to it—

"Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before;
And show that we in earnest grieve
By doing so no more."

This is demanded of you by the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. "The times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

The next thing necessary is that you *turn to God*. Your prayer may be, "Turn thou me, and I shall be turned," but the command is, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" God will turn you, but you have willingly to yield, and thus turn yourself. We cannot take you by the ears and drag you into heaven. No person can be holy unwillingly, or happy unwillingly, or go to heaven unwillingly. The great turn needed is to turn to God. Now you turn away from Him, you do not like to think of Him; this morning you have heard quite as much as you can bear, and you will try and forget it, and so turn away from God. Would not it be grand news for some of you if there were no God, no law, no judgment to come, no heaven, no hell? It would create in you a sense of liberty, would it not? But as for some of us, it would be slavery to us and the worst calamity that could possibly happen, for we should have lost our joy, our comfort, our all.

And then to conclude, it is added they must do works meet for repentance; for wherever there is true faith there will be corresponding works. Now

WHAT ARE WORKS

"meet for repentance"? They are such as these—restitution if you have wronged any one, reconciliation if you are at enmity with any one, acknowledgment if you have spoken falsely, giving up of evil habits, and an earnest endeavor to be pure and holy. If you run into temptation wilfully that is not a work fit to go with repentance. If you commit again the sin which you have committed before, and return to it as a dog to its vomit, that is not a work meet for repentance. If you live in neglect of the means of grace, if you disregard the Sabbath, if you neglect prayer, if you omit the study of God's Word, these are not works that will agree with repentance. If you live wholly for yourself and your own personal aggrandisement, that is not a work meet for repentance. But if you do indeed repent, you must pray the Lord to change your whole life. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature;" that is the whole of it; you must be new from head to foot, new in every thought and word and deed.

After all, it turns on this, Will you have Christ or not? Dear hearers, I would like to press that question home upon you. I pray that you may be enabled to say, "I will put my trust in Him; I will at once accept Him as my Saviour." I am afraid you get so used to my voice that it does not strike you now as it used to do; but still the truth is the same whoever speaks it. If I talk nonsense, forget it; but if this be truth to which you are listening, I implore you to attend to it. Do not hear it and say, "Oh, yes," and then go away, and think no more of it. May God grant you grace at once really to repent, to turn to God, and to do works meet for repentance, through faith which is in Christ, for His dear name's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A GROUP OF MISSIONARIES FOR CHINA.

(*See Picture on page* 284.)

ON March 27th THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave a brief account of a valedictory meeting held on the occasion of the departure of five missionaries of the China Inland Mission. On the next page is a picture of the group of these devoted servants of Christ. They are the Misses Minchin, Whitchurch, and Fowler, and Messrs. Windsor and Hughesdon. We have already given a brief report of the speeches made on the occasion by the missionaries, but the remarks of one of them—Miss Minchin—present so clear a view of the spirit in which the workers in this mission go out, that they deserve a more extended publication, which we are now enabled to give. Miss Minchin said:

"I have been living in a town where Unitarianism, and cold, dry formalism have prevailed, and I went into the little lanes and open highways to preach Jesus; and He gave me the joy of seeing many brought to know Him, and now my work there has come to an end, and the mission-room is closed. It was taken from me. The owner of it said he was *compelled* to take it from me. For six months the Lord kept me in the dark, but peaceful, knowing that He would open the way, that the light would shine on my path. All that time I asked Him, 'Did He mean me to go abroad? Did He mean me to work in mission service in England?' and He opened many a door. In the last week in September, 1883, a clergyman said to me, 'I think the Lord has need of you in China.' 'Oh, no,' I said. 'I did want to go to China eight years ago; but the Lord shut the door—it cannot be for me to go now.' I had quite forgotten that I had promised the Lord, eight years ago, that if He made me strong I would go to China. He took me at my word. I said at first, 'It is impossible; it might be New Zealand or Australia, but I am too old to learn a new language,' and this gentleman said to me, 'Do not say that. The Lord can give you the power to learn the language. Do not think about your age; only ask whether the Lord will have you go.' I said, 'If He bids me go, I shall be ready; but it must be made very clear to me.'

"The next day I heard Mr. Hudson Taylor speak of the great needs of China, and gradually it came back to me, 'Why, you promised the Lord you would go to China eight years ago; and perhaps the Lord is taking you at your word, and would have you go.' I said, 'Lord, I am ready, only do make it *quite clear* that it is *Thy* will.'

"As I was pleading hour after hour through the night, and thinking of the people I loved so well in my little town in Devonshire, the Holy Spirit brought home this verse with power, and it was as if a human voice said it: 'Depart, for I will send thee far hence, unto the Gentiles.' I said, 'That is enough, Lord; if Thou art sending me, I am ready.'

"Now, I want your prayers that God will use me. I know He will make me happy, but I do

A Group of Missionaries Going to China.

Robert Wheeler's Life Insurance Policy.

want that He should be glorified and speak through me, that others may be brought to know the reality of trusting and following Him."

ROBERT WHEELER'S LIFE INSURANCE.

(*See Illustration.*)

WHEN Robert Wheeler came home from the war there was a wedding in the quiet New Hampshire village in which all the early years of his life had been spent. At one time it was thought he would never be seen there again. for in those sad lists which were published in the newspapers, which were read in the stores, and post-offices, and farmhouses, by anxious eyes, dreading lest a familiar name should appear there, Robert Wheeler's name was found under the head of wounded.

But the dreaded blow did not fall. Robert's wound was severe, and he was laid up in hospital several weeks, but he recovered. The war closed soon afterward, and he received a glad welcome home. He was not long in securing employment, for he was a good, steady, skilful workman, and the builder for whom he had worked before the war broke out, offered him his old place. Then he and Mary were married, loving each other none the less for the years of waiting during which Robert had been exposed to so much danger, and Mary had suffered so much anxiety.

The three years that followed were a happy time, allayed only by one grief that oppressed Mary day and night. During the war her distress and anxiety had driven her to prayer, and as she prayed for her lover she had been drawn toward God. Looking to Him continually as the Protector of the loved one, she had thought more of His character, His love and mercy, and so had come to see that she was sinful and unworthy. She was very miserable for a time until light broke upon her soul and she saw in Jesus the way of salvation. When Robert returned Mary was a very different girl from the light-hearted, merry, thoughtless maiden he left behind. There was a calm, deep happiness in her heart, a cheerful, sweet look in her eyes which he had never seen there before, and somehow, though she was changed, she seemed better and more lovable than before. Robert soon learned that "Mary had got religion," and though he did not care for such things himself, it seemed to him that she was the better for it. After they were married Mary tried to get Robert to seek for himself the blessing she enjoyed, and it was her failure in this effort that weighed so heavily on her mind and spoiled the happy days of her opening married life.

"Look here, Mary," he said one night, as he left the little workshop he had fitted up at his home where he worked at night, and came into the little parlor where she sat sewing, with their little girl playing at her feet. "Here is something to help you if I should die." He opened a paper he had in his hand, and handed it to her. He was a strong, stalwart man, and as he stood there, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, the smell of pine shavings about him, and the perspiration of honest labor on his brow, he looked the picture of health and manly vigor.

Mary took the paper and read it. It was a policy of life-insurance, which guaranteed the payment of one thousand dollars to Robert's heirs in the event of his death. "That will be useful to you, little woman," he said, "if anything should happen to me. The messenger has just brought it from the office. I have not read it over yet; I suppose it's all right," he added, as he leaned over, resting on the table and scanned the document as Mary read it.

"This is very good of you, Robert. And you are going to deny yourself to pay these premiums for the sake of baby and me? It is like you, always kind and thoughtful for us, rather than for yourself."

"Oh, that is only a man's duty. I may be taken off any day, like poor Sam. Killed in a minute when that scaffold fell. I couldn't bear to think of you and Mamie going to the poor-house, or having to go out to work, if I should die."

"But you are young and strong, Robert. You went all through those dreadful battles and were not killed; it isn't likely you will get killed now."

"None of us can tell, little woman. I hope I shall live many a year yet, and see Mamie a grown woman, married and settled, but it's best to be on the safe side."

"Yes, it is, and that shows your thoughtfulness for us, Robert, and I thank you for it; but why don't you show the same thoughtfulness for yourself? You own that you may be taken off any day, and insuring your life proves that you believe it; don't you see that *you* ought to be on the safe side, too?"

"Ah, little woman, that is what you are always driving at; but there's time enough for me to get religion yet."

"You did not think there was any time to lose in providing for us, Robert. As you said, you may be taken off any day. If you are sure to live I may put this policy in the fire, and you need not deny yourself to pay the premiums; but if it is uncertain, why don't you do as I want you?"

"That is what you may call a dilemma, little logician. I am fairly caught. But I can't say I fancy becoming a gloomy, psalm-singing church-goer yet awhile!"

"Do you think me gloomy, Robert?"

"I think you the best and dearest wife a man ever had," said Robert kissing her. "I would not have you different from what you are for the world. But it is different for a man."

"I do not see why it should be different, Robert. I am sure you would be happier than you are now. Besides, you would be on the safe side."

"It isn't fair to keep on with that argument, Mary, after I owned I was beaten. You are hitting a man when he is down, and that's against the rules."

"Then I wont hit you so any more, Robert.

Let me put it another way. You hate meanness. Don't you think it's mean that after God kept you safely through the war, and gave you the wife you wanted, and the dearest child in the village, and a nice home, that you never say a single word of thanks to Him?"

"Well, Mary, you like to say God did it all, but didn't I work for the home myself?"

"Yes, Robert, you have, and worked well, but you couldn't have worked if God hadn't given you strength. And then, too, there is worse meanness. When Christ left heaven and came here to suffer and die that you might be happy in eternity, it is mean to take no notice of such love. He might as well never have died, so far as you are concerned."

"I never saw it in that light before, little woman. I'll think of it."

Robert did think of it, and the more he thought the more his meanness and sinfulness seemed to become apparent. Then, too, Mary's talk about the life policy convicted him of folly. He was not "on the safe side," and he knew it. The next Sunday Robert went to church, where he had not been since the day he was married. And after church Mary and he had another serious talk, and she prayed *with* him as she had prayed for him every day since she had seen the light herself. It was not many days afterward before she had the intense happiness of knowing that Robert was on the safe side. He, too, could say I know in whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. And so Robert secured the best of all life policies.

An Ancient Niche in the Walls of Jerusalem.

THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

THE visitor to Jerusalem in our day finds but little in the city to render it in his eyes a fit type of the city of God, the golden city, which John saw descending out of heaven. Earthquakes have shaken its foundations, conquering armies have battered down its walls and palaces, and burned the gorgeous buildings which rendered it "the pride of the whole earth." Long years of submission to Turkish misgovernment, the most corrupt and effete, yet withal the most tyrannical of all despotisms, have wrought their inevitable work of rendering the city almost unfit for human habitation. But the student of the Bible finds here and there about Jerusalem remnants of its ancient strength and splendor. Such a fragment is depicted in our illustration. The old wall once formed part of the glorious city, and as the Christian traveller gazes upon it, he thinks with awe that prophets and apostles and even the Master Himself may have passed that way and looked upon its stones.

A graphic description of the city as it is now has been written by *Dr. H. M. Field*, of New York, who visited it last year. In the course of his narrative he writes: "Jerusalem is a city set on a hill, or rather an elevated plateau, half a mile above the level of the Mediterranean, and so cut off by deep ravines from the surrounding country, that it is like a bold headland jutting into the sea, and joined to the mainland only on its north-western side. This neck of land is not very large to be the site of a capital: only about a thousand acres in all, and to this must be confined the city that is built upon it. 'Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.' It is 'compact' because it has no room to expand. In the days of its prosperity the whole plateau was densely populated. In the time of Christ the walls were four miles in extent; they are now but two and a half.

"To get a general impression of Jerusalem, there is but one way: 'Walk about Zion, and go round about her!' This direction we have obeyed literally, making the circuit of the city without and within, and going round on the top of the walls. Our first excursion was outside the walls, and the first natural feature of the environs we explored was the Valley of Hinnom! This was beginning low enough by a descent into Gehenna! Going out by the Jaffa Gate, we turned to the left and descended the slope, yet verging away to the opposite side of the valley, so that we might stand 'over against the city,' at a sufficient distance to obtain a general view. Here we stood facing Mount Zion, its bold height rising directly before us. That is a very ancient part of Jerusalem, for though it bears the name of the City of David, it was a city, a fortified town or castle, long before David was born. A little below the brow of yonder hill is still pointed out a wall that is supposed to have been built by the Jebusites, and close within the wall are old cisterns for securing rain water, which supplied the garrison.

"As we sauntered along the slopes of the valley, we found that we were walking among the graves of the dead, many of whom, Israelites in race, had lived and perhaps died far from the land of their fathers, but had desired to be buried under the walls of Jerusalem.

"Another day we made the circuit of the city on the top of the walls. From this point of vantage we looked down into the interior of the city, and saw how it was divided by the Tyropæan Valley, not only into halves but into quarters by side ravines projecting east and west, so that Jerusalem may be said to stand on four, as Rome stands on seven, hills.

"One of the most ancient monuments of the city is the Tower of David, a massive structure with walls of great strength and height. Though built by Herod it bears the name of the Hebrew king, from an old tradition that David's palace stood on that very spot. In the destruction of Jerusalem, this Tower was spared by Titus, and stood almost alone amid the mighty ruin; and so it has remained, sometimes dismantled and broken, yet reconstructed; and still it stands, and may stand until it sees our Lord coming again in the clouds of heaven."

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 271.*)

The Unknown Sufferer.

THE monotony of John Morley's household had been exceedingly disturbed by this strange incident, surpassing all the fanciful events which Hester sometimes allowed her imagination to invent. That such a dark and villainous crime should have been perpetrated at their very door, in the secure streets of an English town; that an assassin should have been lurking in the shadow of their walls, seemed too incredible for belief. Yet there lay the intended victim in her own chamber, the only one which had been ready for his reception; and the other stranger, who stated frankly who he was, and where he came from and was going to, was watching over him with the patient fidelity of an old friend. He had told her that the almost murdered man desired to keep the crime a secret! but this only increased her amazement.

John Morley had been scarcely moved from his imperturbable gloom, and appeared willing to accept the event as one of ordinary occurrence. He considered it his duty to appear every morning at the door of the patient's room, to inquire how he was getting on; when his voice seemed to have a troubling effect upon the almost insensible form of the sufferer. But having discharged this duty, he did not care to discuss the circumstance as Hester would have liked. He told her she must wait for the stranger's recovery before her questions could be answered; and then he hastened to shut himself up with his books. He was no more communicative with the neighbors, who, hearing various confused rumors, found some excuse for invading his solitude. A gentleman, who was a stranger to him, had met with a se-

rious accident at his door; and a friend of his had asked shelter and help for him. That was all he knew, said John Morley. Neither had Hester an opportunity of talking over the marvellous occurrence with Lawson, for he had been unaccountably absent from his workshop for two days. Such a thing had never happened before in Hester's memory; except about six months ago, when he had travelled to Southampton to meet his mother, who had lived till then with her only daughter in a small town in Burgundy. The third morning, when she found the attic empty, she resolved to seek Lawson out in his own home and ascertain the cause of his absence.

She had never been to Lawson's dwelling, and, strange to say, scarcely knew where he lived. She had been so accustomed to know that he was up-stairs in the attic the first thing in the morning and the last at night, that she had hardly ever thought of where he went to when he left the house; while he had never mentioned his own affairs, more than to tell her that his mother was coming over to him now her daughter was dead. All that Hester knew was that they lived somewhere in a court, which had its entrance nearly opposite the chapel at the top of the old-fashioned street.

She found admission to the court by a low narrow passage between two shops, where she had to walk carefully in semi-obscurity, until she came to a long close strip of rough pavement, around which were built tall thin houses, three stories high, and but one room in breadth. A dull and murky winter sky seemed to lie flat upon the roofs, closing them in with its gray and cold covering. Most of them were untenanted, as was plainly shown by their broken panes and rotting casements; and Hester directed her steps toward a door which had "Public Bakehouse" painted above it. There was a small bankrupt-looking shop on the ground floor; and, as Hester entered it, a middle-aged woman, wiping the dough from her hands, came forward to attend to her.

"Can you tell me where Lawson, Mr. Morley's bookbinder, lives?" she inquired.

"He lives here, miss," she answered, "in the top story, both rooms, he and madam. You don't know madam, perhaps, miss?"

"Not at all," said Hester, with a new sentiment of curiosity.

"She's a foreigner," continued the woman, mysteriously. "I charge a higher rent for that. Not that she's like a good many of them French. She's as clean as a nut; but she's queer. She has wood-ashes out of my oven, and puts 'em in a box, and sets it under her petticoats, instead of having a fire; which she'll be burned to death some day. It's six months since she's been here, and she's never set foot out of doors yet. She hasn't got a bonnet, I think; only a queer tall cap, as sets all the children to laugh. She can't speak a word of English, nor we a word of French; so we can't have much to do with one another, you know."

"She must have been very dull and lonely," said Hester, self-reproachfully.

"No, bless you, miss!" answered the shopwoman; "she's as gay as can be, and sings like an old canary. You just hark up here."

She opened a door at the foot of a flight of steps which was profoundly dark, and Hester heard a clear, pleasant old voice, failing a little in the higher notes, but set to a merry tune.

"That's the way up, miss," said the woman; "but as you've never been before, I'll go on first and show you the room."

Besides being in dense darkness, the staircase was a winding one, with no single step straight, and a thick rope, rather sticky and dirty to the touch, served in the stead of bannisters. Beyond a faint glimmer from the open door below, there was not a gleam of light; and Hester only knew she was getting near the top by the increasing shrillness and vigor of the cheery song.

"I forgot to ask you if Lawson was at home," she said, checking her guide as she was about to knock at the door of the room from whence the sound proceeded. She had learned French from a master, and could read it fluently; but she was a little afraid of encountering some living Frenchwoman, who, no doubt, could speak only in an unintelligible patois.

"Oh, he's at home," was the answer; "he's been at home these two or three days, ill. Mr. Lawson, here's a young lady come to see you and madam."

The song ceased the instant the door was opened; and a small, round, comely old woman met Hester, with a face as clear-cut and fresh and free from wrinkles as her own. She was courtesying, gesticulating, and talking with as much ease and fluency in her limbs as in her tongue. Hester stood confused and abashed, but as she advanced farther into the room, the familiar voice of Lawson made itself heard.

"It is madame, my mother, Miss Hester," he said; "she is telling you that you are welcome."

He was seated near an open hearth, upon which burned a few smoky coals, held together by rusty hand-irons. The room, to English eyes, looked comfortless, even for the abode of a workman. The only good piece of furniture was a bed set in one corner, which was covered with a handsome counterpane of some scarlet stuff, with a large square pillow the cover of which was as white as snow, resting upon it. For the rest, the chamber was poverty-stricken and squalid. A small window looked out upon the court, and in two other places in the sloping roof, a pane of glass had been let in, through which the gray cold canopy of the sky could be seen. Three small crucifixes ornamented the bare mantel-shelf, and a chaplet of brown beads hung on a wall near them, balanced on the other side by a portrait, painted in showy colors, of a French actress in her theatrical costume.

Hester could not make all these observations at once, for her attention was concentrated upon Lawson. He looked ghastly, his face being more meagre and bleak than ever. He could scarcely raise himself from his seat, for his limbs trembled like those of a person barely recovered from some severe shock; and while he stood, he was obliged to support himself by the back of his chair.

"I'm not ill, Miss Hester," he said, hastily; "it's only upon my nerves. I shall be all right in a day or two; but it was of no use coming to my work when I could do nothing. Look here."

He tried to hold out his hand, but it shook as if stricken with palsy; and when she looked him in the face, the tears were rolling fast down his hollow cheeks.

"Lawson," she said, sorrowfully, "you have been taking opium again."

"It's only on the nerves, Miss Hester," he sobbed; "try to talk a bit to madame, my dear."

She turned away to look again at Lawson's strange mother. The old Frenchwoman was dressed well and tastily, though her clothes were poor; and she wore a picturesque cap, rivalling the pillow-case in whiteness. All her gestures were lively and flexible, as if nothing of the rigidity of old age had seized upon her joints. She motioned to Hester to take a seat beside her, and chuckled merrily to herself as she complied.

"If you would talk slowly," said Hester, trying timidly her own powers, "perhaps I could understand you a little."

"Seigneur!" she cried, "you speak my language! Ah! it is well; very well. Oh, what happiness! I will speak to you very slowly in my own tongue."

The clean old face, with its complexion as soft as a child's, was flushed with a bright color; and her plump, shapely hands were raised in astonishment and delight.

"Ah, chère Mademoiselle!" she exclaimed, beginning slowly, but falling quickly into a rapidity of utterance which bewildered Hester; "it is these six months that I have been here, and I have never heard a word of my own language except from my son; never, never! Ah! but it is sad; but when I feel ennui, I sing a little song to myself, or I say a little prayer to one of the dear little saints, and it is past, quite past, I assure you. My son is very good to me, and he earns a great deal of money in the service of monsieur, your father: twenty francs a week, and sometimes twenty-five."

"Do you like England?" inquired Hester, who felt her conversational powers limited, and was glad to ask any question which could show an interest in the foreigner.

"Bah!" answered Madame with a grimace, "I was too old to leave my country for another. I never thought of quitting France, though I married myself to an Englishman. I would not come with him when he left Paris; but when my daughter was dead, I came to finish my life with my son, or take him back with me to Burgundy, where the sun shines and the grapes ripen. Here the sun never shines, but it peeps out sometimes in the summer. My son has put that glass in to catch the sunshine for me; and when we are rich we are going home to Burgundy."

Lawson shook his head furtively, as if saying, "No."

"Yes, yes, yes!" cried the old lady, whose quick eyes caught her son's by-play. "I say, yes. I will not die out of Burgundy. I could not bear to be shut up here, but for that."

"But why do you shut yourself up?" asked Hester.

"Why go out?" she said, shrugging her shoulders; "no sun, no warmth, no friends, no gayety. The bad children laughing at me! All the world strange, and nobody to speak a word to me. No, no; I can sing to myself here, and be as gay as I please all day long. Shall I sing a little song to you, my dear?"

She settled herself upon her chair, so as to give her hands free scope to accompany her song, with appropriate gestures. A hundred little wrinkles as fine as thread, puckered about the corners of her eyes, and her tongue so thrilled and quavered and shook between her almost toothless gums, that Hester watched its rapid movement with amazement. When her song was ended, she clapped her own hands in applause, and hugged herself with her old arms, while she laughed and nodded merrily.

Madame Lawson presented so strange a contrast to her son that Hester was almost lost in wonder. Lawson had partially recovered himself, and was looking toward her with an expression which plainly enough asked the meaning of her unexpected visit. She was glad to regain the free use of her own tongue, and she spoke in her turn with a volubility and fluency to which the Frenchwoman listened with marks of lively astonishment and admiration.

"Lawson," she said, "have you heard nothing of what happened to us two nights ago? Do you know that some stranger, a man, was found almost dead at our very door? Have you heard nothing of it?"

"No," he answered, still apathetic from the use of the drug he had taken; "what became of him?"

"Another stranger who was passing by found him on the pavement, and brought him into our house. My father and I did all we could to help, and we carried him up-stairs to my room. The other stranger—I know his name now, Mr. Grant—is a surgeon, and knew exactly what to do, and he is staying with him still. Isn't it very strange, Lawson?"

Lawson's eyes regained more brightness as Hester spoke, and he appeared to shake off a little of his lethargy as he tried to ponder over the news.

"Do you know who it is?" he asked.

"No," said Hester, "he is quite a stranger to us; a man with a thick brown beard and mustache; he looks a little like a foreigner. My father knows nothing of him; how should he?"

"How often has he seen him?" inquired Lawson, in a sharp, quick tone of interest.

"Only when he was carried in almost dead," she replied; "neither of us have seen him since. Mr. Grant does everything for him. But, O Lawson! it was a dreadful sight. I should have thought such a thing could never have happened in our town. He was nearly, very nearly, killed by some murderer."

Hester stopped, shuddering at the recollection, and Lawson did not speak for a minute or two.

"The master was at home when it happened?" he asked.

"He had come in only a few minutes before," said Hester; "he says he did not see anybody lying on the pavement then; but he would never see anything—my poor father! Besides, it might have been done after he was in the house; nobody knows. And, Lawson, what do you think? he is not going to let the police know anything about it."

"Not let the police know!" echoed Lawson.

"No; Mr. Grant says he knows who struck him, and he wishes to screen him, and keep it all a secret."

"He is getting over it, then," said Lawson.

"Yes; Mr. Grant says he will be able to get up in a few days. I shall see him then, and try if he will not tell me more about it. I am very curious, and I never knew what it was to be curious before."

Hester shook her head sagely, and laughed a little at her own unusual state of mind; but Lawson remained plunged in thought for some time. At last he looked up into her face with an air of deep anxiety.

"Miss Hester," he said, "don't you try to find out anything. There's many a thing had better remain a secret to you all your life. I should like to know who this man is; but don't you go asking him, or Mr. Grant either. Leave well alone, Miss Hester."

She was neither inclined nor prepared to obey him; but she did not provoke any further remonstrance by putting her dissent into words. In her solitary and self-directed life, Hester had learned to choose her own path without looking to any authority. She rose to take her leave, promising the old woman to come again soon to see her, and submitting with a rare and sweet smile to being kissed by her upon both cheeks, though her color came and her face burned. It was so many years since any lips had touched her cheek, and then it had been Rose who had kissed her. Lawson preceded her down the winding staircase, and up the narrow entry into the street.

"I shall be back at work in the morning, Miss Hester," he said; "and I should very much like to set eyes on this gentleman."

(To be continued.)

VICTORY OVER DEATH.

S. S. Lesson for May 11, 1 Cor. 15 : 50-58. Golden Text, verse 58. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Man Created to Live not to Die—Death the Result of Sin—Man's Natural Love of Life—Encouraged by Promises—Victory Over Death when Jesus Comes—Foretaste of the Change—The Keys of Death—Wrested by Christ from Satan—Death a Promotion—No Interruption—The Sting Taken Away—Fear of Death Removed—Victory Assured.

DEATH is foreign to our nature. God did not create man to die, but to live; sin and death are inseparably connected. When God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul, He only mentioned death as the penalty of sin not as a necessity of his being. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men," and so it happened that "it is appointed unto men once to die" (Rom. 5 : 12; Heb. 9 : 27). But God has encouraged the natural love of life which is in all men by His repeated promises. "He is thy Life, and the length of thy days" (Deut. 30 : 20). "He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him, even length of days forever and ever" (Ps. 21 : 4). "I will dwell in the house of the Lord" [to length of days] (Ps. 23 : 6, margin), says David. "With long life will I satisfy him" who hath "set his love upon Me," and hath "known my name" (Ps. 91 : 14-16). The wise man says of the commandments, "Length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add unto thee," and that "length of days" is in the right hand of divine wisdom (Prov. 3 : 2, 16).

These promises are not confined to the Old Testament. Paul writes to the Ephesians, "Honor thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth" (Eph. 6 : 2, 3). Paul, writing to the Corinthians, declares that the want of discerning the Lord's body in breaking of bread was the cause that many were weak and sickly among them, and many slept (1 Cor. 11 : 30).

How then are we to understand the declaration of the same Apostle that to depart and be with Christ is far better (Phil. 1 : 23)? Perhaps the experience of

A BELOVED SISTER

just on the borderland between life and death may explain this. The Lord showed her both sides of service—the earth side and the heaven side. The work was one, the Leader was One, but on the heaven side all were working in the light which came from the person of Jesus. Those on earth doing the same service were themselves in the light, but they did not see it; they were working in the dark, they were veiled by the flesh. She asked the Lord why she should desire to live, if service in heaven was so much more glorious, and He told her she would miss nothing if she were to die and exchange service on earth for service in heaven, but He would miss a heart which trusted Him against appearances. The service in heaven is all by sight, that on earth is all by faith, and He prizes hearts which can trust Him in the dark.

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death" (1 Cor. 15 : 26). Many who do not quite understand a full salvation from condemnation, from the power and presence of sin, and from sickness, tell us we are inconsistent, for that if it be true that Christ's redemption work touches sickness, it ought to touch death too. Thank God, it *does*, but the manifestation of Christ's power over death will only be

WHEN JESUS COMES

again. Enoch and Elijah passed from the corruptible to the incorruptible without dying, and so will those who shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air when He comes again. "By faith Enoch was translated that He should not see death" (Heb. 11 : 5). By faith will those be translated who shall be caught away when Jesus comes. "This I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall *not all sleep*, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

Oh, how much of blessed change do we know already! How many of us have

CHANGED WITH JESUS

sin for righteousness, shame for glory, sorrow for joy, distress for peace, defeat for victory, and many of us sickness for health, ourselves for Himself! We have known what it was to wait upon the Lord, and change our strength, spirit, soul, and body (Isa. 40 : 31); letting Him have our weakness and taking hold of His strength. We have changed our foolishness for His wisdom, and He of God is made unto us "the power of God and the wisdom of God" (1 Cor. 1 : 24). But it yet remains for us to be changed from corruptible to incorruptible; from what we now are to what Christ was, and what also Moses and Elias were on the mount of the transfiguration. Then and only then will death be conquered. "When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

JESUS HAS THE KEYS.

But, thank God, he who had the power of death, even the devil (Heb. 2 : 14), holds that power no longer. "The keys of hell and of death" are in the hands of his Conqueror, who has delivered "them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage" (Heb. 2 : 15). How can one who has given all he is and has to Jesus continue to fear death? Before Jesus passed through death one can well understand the horrible dread of an unknown, untried future, especially when a consciousness of having sinned and uncertainty about pardon reigned. But praise God! Christ "hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel" (II Tim. 1 : 10).

"Abolished death," you will say, "while death is a daily fact?" Yes, because to him that believeth all its power, all its sting, is gone. It is simply promotion from earth service to heaven service, from faith to sight, from victory by faith to victory visible; who can dread such a transition? To the unbeliever death is the loss of all he has; friends, money, honor, all his plans and projects must be left behind; no wonder he dreads death. But to him who is cleansed from all sin, who is a living sacrifice to God, whose treasure is already in heaven, whose friends are either there or on the way, who has no self-made plans, but who agrees with God's plans which he willingly falls into, death is gain to him if God should call him to die. Death would be

NOT AN INTERRUPTION,

but a continuation of the eternal life which he is already living. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

"The sting of death is sin." Unfaithful believers often fear death more than open sinners, because their consciences are no longer paralyzed, and they are conscious that there is something which needs to be set right with God before they can say with Paul they have "a desire to depart . . . which is far better." Beloved, if this is so with any reader of these words, will you remain thus with something wrong in your relations to God? Will you let sin dishonor Him and rob you of your peace? Like a loving Father He has the deepest compassion for you, and stands ready at this moment to put the wrong thing right. But He must have your co-operation. Are you willing to yield yourself unto Him? Will you so give yourself to Him as to reserve no consideration for yourself, no self-pity? Will you take everything which comes, from whatsoever quarter, as being indeed the loving permission of your Father, and thank Him for it? Will you thus wholly yield yourself, your will, your choices, your all to God? And then will you take as *yours* the blood of Jesus Christ which cleanseth from all sin? Will you receive as yours the Holy Spirit to dwell in you and keep you? And will you now go and tell God so, and have the matter fairly settled with Him? If you will and do, you will wonder where your

FEAR OF DEATH IS GONE

to. You will wonder why you have lost all your dread of circumstances and people, you will see by instinct the hand of God everywhere directing everything, and your life will be all sunshine. "The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

It is but little that death is mentioned in the New Testament. Our thoughts are rather led on to the coming of the Lord, which is constantly spoken of throughout God's Word. But to be ready for His coming is to be ready for death, if the Lord's coming does not first take place. In view of either, Paul exhorts by the Holy Ghost, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

An Earthquake of Considerable Force was felt in the eastern counties of England on April 22d. The town of Colchester, in Essex, was the centre of the disturbance and there the damage to public buildings and private property was serious. The concussion occurred at half-past nine in the morning and lasted half a minute. The first symptom was a deep rumbling sound. This was speedily followed by a quaking and shaking of all the buildings. The church bells sounded as though swayed by unseen hands. The tall chimney-stacks of the factories crashed in ruins to the earth, and other lofty structures were destroyed. The spire of one of the largest churches in the city, one hundred and fifty feet in height, fell with *an awful crash* to the ground. In one part of the city a fire was caused by the shock. In the private houses in Colchester the greatest confusion prevailed. Tables were overturned, chairs swayed and nodded and then fell sprawling upon the floor. The china and glassware in cupboards and sideboards rattled together and were frequently shattered, while pictures and other ornaments upon the walls were loosened from their fastenings and fell to the floor. The people were terror-stricken. Men, women and children rushed shrieking into the streets, where their agonized cries and pale faces made a most impressive scene. The houses were so badly shaken that traffic was forbidden in some of the streets on the day after the shock. Other towns also suffered, though more slightly, and the shock was perceptible in some parts of London. It is the severest earthquake on record since the reign of Elizabeth at the close of the sixteenth century.

Rumors of Disasters and Massacres in the Soudan were in circulation last week. It was stated that Shendy had fallen, and the inhabitants to the number of two thousand had been put to the sword. Later telegrams said that the number had been exaggerated and that the loss was but slight. Reliable intelligence as to the capture of that point, and as to General Gordon's situation has not been published. Serious apprehensions for that commander's safety are, however, entertained. The British Government admit that they are responsible for his safety, and Mr. Gladstone stated in the House of Commons that he was in no danger at Khartoum. It is now rumored that an expedition will be sent to his relief in the autumn. The military authorities believe that it would be impossible to convey a British force across the desert lying between Suakim and Khartoum during the hot weather.

The Proposals for a European Conference on the Egyptian question are not cordially received by the Powers consulted on the subject. The British Government desire to restrict the questions to be submitted to the Conference to the financial situation. Egypt, it appears, is in pressing need of a loan of forty million dollars, which could not be raised unless her foreign creditors grant some concession of their claims. The British Government propose the Conference with the view of obtaining that concession. France and Turkey, on the other hand, demand that the whole question of the government of Egypt shall be submitted to the Conference.

At the Examination of Eagan, the Irishman who was arrested in England as an accomplice of Daly the dynamiter, the prosecuting lawyer stated that the police had found a tin can belonging to Eagan containing treasonable documents. One, dated 1869, gives an explanation of the constitution of the Irish Republic. Another is a manifesto proclaiming that in case England should become involved in war Ireland must rise, or Irish nationality would become a byword and a reproach. The brethren are exhorted to provide themselves with arms, to practice shooting and to subscribe money for the purchase of war materials. They are urged to work quietly but determinedly. Besides these documents, the police also found samples of cartridges and arms. The tin can was found in Eagan's garden. In it was a book containing the rules of the Brotherhood. Other important disclosures are expected to be made at the trial of the accused men.

The Annual Financial Statement was Presented to the British House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Friday. It appears that the national debt was reduced last year by $42,500,000. The revenue derived from *the sale of beer increased* during the year, while that derived from spirits decreased. The total income of the year was $436,000,000, and the surplus of income over expenditure was $1,315,000. Among the projects proposed by the Secretary was one to reduce the value of the smaller gold coin by one tenth. The half sovereign would thus be worth nine shillings instead of ten. The proposal has already aroused opposition.

A Vigorous War on Socialism has been Commenced in Germany. New laws of a very stringent character have been introduced in the Reichstag and favorably reported by the committee. These laws will enable the government to act more promptly against the socialists and to take precautions against dynamiters and to punish them if detected. The anticipated effect of the new law is to prevent unification and concerted action among the various orders of anarchists within the German Empire. The German police are also operating in conjunction with the police of other countries to frustrate the attempts now being made to unite the dynamiters and revolutionists in a common brotherhood.

The Misgovernment of Russia which has Encouraged and stimulated the development of Nihilism has been recently exposed in a work entitled "Underground Russia." The author who writes under the name of Stepniak has been furnishing to the newspapers other instances of the tyranny and brutality of officials. The following is one of them: A Councillor of State and physician, Dr. Deduline, accompanied by his wife, who was *enciente*, alighted from a tramway carriage. Some bystanders insulted Mme. Deduline, and tried to hustle her, for what reason is not stated. Dr. Deduline appealed to a city sergeant for protection. Instead of receiving it, his wife and he were set upon by the policeman and some assistants, thrown into a droshky, where the lady was kept prostrate under the brutal driver's feet and kicked until they reached the police-station. They were further ill-treated there, and finally locked up in a cell. When the "mistake" was found out—namely, that it was a Councillor of State and his wife who had been thus dealt with—they were "invited" to depart, with the remark that their arrest "had been caused by a misunderstanding." This, if we are to believe Stepniak, was only one of the constantly-occurring wanton outrages perpetrated by the Russian police out of sheer insolence of office.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Services in London continue to attract enormous crowds and are being signally blessed. During the services at Kensington the scene within the capacious hall varied but little from night to night, the place being usually thronged, the seats immediately in front of the platform being reserved for workingmen, whose interest and attention seemed riveted, while now and then a note of appreciation escaped the lips of one who felt the power of the speaker's words. One evening a workingman said to a Christian worker, "It's my last night in London, sir. I am going to start for Canada to-morrow, as I can't get on here; but, please God, I'll never forget what I've heard in there. I've been abroad before, sir, but I never spent my last evening like I have to-night." The poor fellow, an intelligent young Irishman, of six-and-twenty, had been a *confirmed drunkard from fifteen years of age*. He was reclaimed a few months ago, but has many times since felt the awful craving for drink. He was much encouraged by Mr. Moody's assurance that God was able and willing even to take this appetite entirely away. Among those who were drawn to the inquiry-room, after Mr. Moody's address on the subject of "Assurance," was the son of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, and it was stated that he has been led to decision for Christ.

The McAll Missions in France were much blessed during the past year. At a recent meeting Mr. McAll said that the past twelve months had been marked by many tokens of God's goodness, and the work was continually extending. They had now ninety-one mission stations in different parts of France, about ten of these having been opened in the past year. One station had also been opened in Corsica, and two in Algiers. With regard to many of these stations, especially in Paris, whatever novelty there was had long since passed away, and yet, instead of losing ground, they were continually gaining; there had been an increase in attendance from 500,000 in 1882 to 554,000 in 1883, and the total attendances throughout France had been nearly 1,000,000. Between 14,000, and 15,000 visits had also been made to the homes of the people, and there had been a large circulation of Testaments and religious tracts. Acknowledging the work also done by Miss de Broen in Belleville, by Mr. Gibson, and Pastor Armand de Lille, he went on to say that the work among the children had been especially blessed; many scholars had become teachers, and devoted themselves to the furtherance of the work of the Gospel.

A Japanese Chief of Police was Recently led to confess Christ as his Saviour. He became very active in Christian work, as well as constant in his attendance upon the Christian services. When this came to the notice of the Prefect of the province, he privately sent him word that he must give up his Christianity or else resign his office. The chief remonstrated, and maintained that, so far from his religion having interfered with the discharge of his duties, it had made him more faithful. His remonstrance proved unavailing, and he was again informed that he must resign. This time, thinking there was no escape, he sent in his resignation. So far as appears, there was no attempt made to show that he had neglected his duty, or was, in any respect, an inefficient officer. On the contrary, he was regarded as thoroughly competent and faithful. His prompt decision has led to a great increase of interest in Christianity.

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A Special Offer: In one of our Former Issues we alluded to the excellent series of books published by Mr. J. A. Whipple, 9 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass. We have now the pleasure to inform our readers that Mr. Whipple kindly offers to *lend* to any of our subscribers who will send him the postage (six cents), his precious little book, "How to see Jesus with Fulness of Joy and Peace." This valuable work has been the means of so much good to Christians all over the land that Mr. Whipple is very anxious that all who have not been able to read it, will send at once and get a copy. Those who wish to *buy* the book may do so for seventy-five cents.

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The Right Rev. HENRY C. POTTER, D.D., LL.D., Assistant Bishop of the P. E. Diocese of New York.

THE RIGHT REV. HENRY C. POTTER, D.D., LL.D.,

Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of New York.

An Honored Family—Hereditary Traits—A Pioneer Temperance Bishop—Birth and Early Life—Business Experience—First Charge—Seven Years' Successful Labor—Invitations Declined—Removal to Boston—Grace Church Rectorship—Christian Activity—Election to the Episcopate—The Consecration Ceremony—First Sermon in the Penitentiary—Personal Characteristics—Interest in Temperance.

THE name of Potter is an honored one in the Protestant Episcopal Church and in society. Two bishops of that name beside the subject of our sketch, have lived active and useful lives, gaining the respect and love of the clergy and laity of the dioceses they ruled; and another representative of the family is now the worthy President of Union College. General Robert P. Potter was one of the heroes of the war in which he was severely wounded, and Clarkson N. Potter made a record in Congress worthy of the family name, and one which would probably have been more brilliant still, had he not been cut down in the prime of life.

The distinguishing characteristic of the family is vigorous intellectual power; but that characteristic has been allied in each member of it with purity of character and with that interest in the poor, and concern for their spiritual and temporal advancement which our Saviour enjoined on His followers. Earnest

PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY

has always had for this family irresistible attractions, and the female, as well as the male members of it, have thrown their energies with a will into any enterprise which had for its object the mitigation of the miseries of the poor and their elevation through the only safe way—the way of righteousness and Christian principle. Though moving in the higher ranks of society they have always been accessible to the poor and needy, who have ever found sympathy and liberal help ready at their call. This trait is especially prominent in the subject of our sketch, who, when he was the pastor of the aristocratic congregation of Grace Church, New York, used his influence in training the rich to give liberally, and exerted himself, at no small cost of time and labor, in applying their gifts to the best purpose. Grace Church under his care became the centre of Christian activity, from which radiated innumerable agencies of religious benevolence. It was such work, conjoined with many excellences of character, which the world and the Church alike appreciate, that evoked so general an expression of approval from the secular press and the religious press of all denominations, when it was announced that Dr. Potter had been elected to the Episcopate.

The Right Rev. Henry Codman Potter, D.D., LL.D., was born in 1836. His father, Dr. Alonzo Potter, was then residing at Schenectady, N. Y., occupying the distinguished and responsible position of Vice-President and virtual President of Union College, of which his venerable father-in-law, Dr. Eliphalet Nott, was the actual President. Ten years later Dr. Alonzo Potter was elected Bishop of Pennsylvania in succession to Dr. Henry Ustick Onderdonk. His administration of the diocese was most successful. A prominent journalist, describing that era of church life, says: "Bishop Alonzo Potter not only resuscitated the distracted and disheartened Church, by the dignity and force of his manly eloquence, by his deep practical wisdom, as well as by the symmetry and spiritual vigor of his Christian life, but it at the same time constituted a new era in the relations of the Episcopal Church to the larger life of the community. He recognized the claims of modern science to the consideration of Christian men, and pointed out its kinship with divine revelation and the supernatural. To his efforts in developing and bringing into relation the foremost minds of the Episcopal Church are largely due the Church congresses which of late years have expanded the influence of that Church and given it a commanding position."

A PIONEER TEMPERANCE BISHOP.

The new Bishop of Pennsylvania astonished his clerical and lay friends by a peculiarity rare in that day. He declared himself *a total abstainer*, and urged the same course on his clergy as a Christian duty. There were not a few people then who regarded him as a fanatic on that subject. The total abstinence doctrine and practice was new and unfashionable, a wise practice for the poor drunkard, but a needless self-denial for men who could control their appetites. It needed considerable courage to adhere to the principle in those times, and the total abstainer, especially if he belonged to the higher ranks of society, had to continually defend his position from the assaults of argument and ridicule. But the good bishop did not lack courage. He was fully convinced that he was right, and he lived to see the clergy of all denominations entering on the course in which he had the honor of being a pioneer. Who can tell how much of the present misery and sin, which have been the harvest of the liquor traffic, might have been spared to this generation, had the late Bishop of Pennsylvania received in his day the assistance and support instead of the opposition of his brethren! One of the most encouraging signs of our day in this respect is the earnestness with which the clergy, by precept and example, are helping forward the temperance work, so that it is more rare to find a clergyman who is not a total abstainer than it was half a century ago to find one who was a total abstainer.

The bishop sent his son to the Episcopal Academy of Philadelphia for his preparatory studies, after which he went to Union College. He commenced life as

A CLERK,

thereby obtaining that practical knowledge of business life which has enabled him to address with force and point the merchants and business men who have flocked to his ministry. What religion can do for the man engaged in the hard struggle of commercial life; how profound is the need of such men for the restraining, controlling, and tranquillizing influences of Christianity, the young man learned at his desk. When, in later years, the bankers of the city, the brokers from Wall Street, and the merchants and importers of the exchanges sat under his ministry, Dr. Potter did not have to apply his Gospel message at random, but recollecting the experience of his adolescence he could show them how the religion of Christ entered into the struggles of life, could preserve them from falling, and was full of blessing for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come.

Business pursuits were not, however, to be the life-work of the young clerk. His desire to consecrate himself and his life to the Master's service soon asserted itself, and he applied for admission to the Episcopal Seminary, Fairfax County, Virginia, to prepare himself for the work of the ministry. He graduated there in 1857, and at the age of twenty-two was ordained deacon.

HIS FIRST CHARGE

was the small parish of Greensburg, Westmoreland County, Penn. He preached his earliest sermons in Christ Church in that village, and God blessed his labors abundantly. After a successful pastorate of two years he was called to St. John's Church, Troy, N. Y. There he labored for seven years, entering vigorously into practical work among the poor, and setting on foot many agencies of usefulness. Those years were happy ones, developing his powers as a preacher and a worker, and they were rich in fruit for his Master.

It was very reluctantly that Dr. Potter quitted Troy. In 1862 he received a call to Christ's Church, Cincinnati, which would have been from its superior position and larger income tempting to many a young man of twenty-seven; but he declined it. The next year brought him the offer of the Presidency of Kenyon College, Ohio, a position always attractive to men of ripe scholarship and vigorous intellect; that, too, he declined. He also rejected an offer of the pastorate of St. Paul's Church, Albany, N. Y. At length, in May, 1866, his people learned with deep regret that the time had come when they must part from their beloved minister. Dr. Potter (he had by this time received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from his alma mater, Union College) became the assistant minister of Trinity Church, Boston, Mass., where he labored for two years. At the end of that time he was called to the

RECTORSHIP OF GRACE CHURCH,

New York City, and entered upon his work there in May, 1868. He succeeded Dr. Thomas H. Taylor, of South Carolina, who had been the rector of Grace Church for thirty-four years. It was during Dr. Taylor's rectorship that Grace Church was built on its present site of Broadway and Tenth Street, just at the point where Broadway makes its departure toward the west. The building cost $100,000, and was consecrated March 7th, 1846. Prior to that the congregation had worshipped in a church at the corner of Broadway and Rector Street, near the present Trinity Church. Four years after Dr. Potter became its rector, the building was burned, and the present beautiful edifice was erected on its site.

Dr. Potter on entering on his rectorship commenced that course of Christian activity which has made the name of Grace Church famous throughout the city. It was, as we have said, a fashionable and aristocratic congregation, but within half a score of blocks on every side of the church there is much poverty and squalid misery. The new rector was able to utilize all the funds he could get in mission chapels and in supporting Christian workers. The congregation responded nobly to his appeals, and from that time forward the progress has been rapid and aggressive. The following figures, published last year, show how earnestly Dr. Potter labored in his various enterprises, and how loyally his people aided him with funds: In the ten years before 1875 the church contributions amounted to $1,082,368, and for the last ten years the contributions have averaged $150,000 annually. Last year they were $106,866.22. Of this last sum $17,585.59 was devoted to domestic missions, $5,296.71 to foreign missions, and $12,469.81 to mission work in this city. None of the money contributed was spent upon Grace Church itself. The church has a membership at present of 1150 persons. In 1868, when Dr. Potter became rector, there were seventy vacant pews. Now every sitting is occupied, and there are ninety families waiting for an opportunity to rent pews. There are 1500 children in all of the Sunday-schools of the parish and 800 in the parent school. A gift of $5000 was recently given to the parish by a gentleman who refuses to allow his name to be published, for the purpose of building "Grace House-by-the-Sea" as a summer home for poor children. A good site has been secured at Far Rockaway, plans have been made for the building, and it will be built at once.

THE EPISCOPATE.

On Wednesday, September 26th, 1883, the one hundredth annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York assembled in St. Augustine's Chapel, East Houston Street. The delegates present, clerical and lay, numbered about 750. After the opening exercises a letter was read from the venerable Bishop of New York, the Right Rev. Horatio Potter, who is the uncle of the subject of our sketch. The letter informed the convention that it was necessary that some action should be taken to relieve him of the administration of the diocese. He was eighty-one years old, and had been bishop for twenty-nine years. In addition to the infirmities of age, Dr. Horatio Potter had suffered from a severe attack of pneumonia. He said in his letter to the convention: "It is very evident to me, and it is

ed the opinion of my physician, that even y life should be considerably prolonged, I never have the physical strength that is ssary to conduct the fatigues and exposures dent to the active duties of this office. It herefore, after mature deliberation and with single desire for the best interests of the ese, that I address the Standing Committee ugh their chairman, communicating these s to them and requesting them to make them wn to the diocese at the approaching con- ion, in whatever manner they may deem calculated to secure for me that entire re- rom official duty which has become abso- y necessary, and to promote the highest est of the Church." The bishop did not n, as he well knew that his resignation d not have been accepted. It was, there- necessary to elect an assistant bishop.

efore entering on the nomination of assist- bishop the convention engaged for several ents in silent prayer. The first nomination that of the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, of e Church, by the Rev. Dr. Morgan. Dr. er, who was seated near the pulpit, rose at . "I am profoundly sensible," he said, the great honor my brother has done me, I am constrained to say I cannot permit lf to acquiesce in the nomination or to the use of my name in this election." nominations continued, and one delegate g if Dr. Potter was still a candidate, the man said that notwithstanding the with- al of Dr. Potter, if his friends insisted on g for him, his name must still be considered fore the convention. Dr. Potter again his wish to withdraw his name, and ly before recess he left the convention, and not return during the afternoon. The dates put in nomination, besides Dr. r, were the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, the Dr. Noah Hunt Schenck, of St. Ann's, klyn; the Rev. Dr. T. L. Davies, of Phila- ia; the Rev. Dr. Philander K. Cady, of Park; the Rev. William R. Huntington, orcester, Mass.; the Rev. Dr. Eugene A. nan, Dean of the General Theological nary; the Rev. Dr. William J. Seabury, of Church of the Annunciation; Bishop l S. Tuttle, of Utah; the Rev. Dr. as Gallaudet, of St. Ann's; the Rev. Dr. e Leads, of Baltimore; the Rev. Dr. C. vope, the Rev. Dr. Edwin Harwood, of Haven; the Rev. Dr. Henry Y. Satterlee, Rev. Dr. J. H. Rylance, of St. Mark's; the James Haughton, of St. John's, Yonkers, he Rev. Dr. George F. Houghton, of the h of the Transfiguration. Most of these s received a small scattering vote on each . On the third ballot Dr. Potter was d.

re can be no doubt that the *Nolo Episcopari* Dr. Potter's case no empty form. To a er who called upon him on the day of his n, he said: "As the son of a bishop, I only too well the nature of the honor that en conferred on me. I was not desirous taining it, and my people here have sly objected to my considering it at all. will regret very much that I should them now that so many plans are just ing for church work. I do not know yet shall do; the announcement has come so ectedly that I have not had time to pre- nyself." The prayerful consideration of ppointment, however, resulted in Dr. being led to accept it. That the change upation was not a welcome one, but was ndertaken from a sense of duty, may be d from the following extracts from

HIS SPEECH TO THE CONVENTION,

ed on September 28th, accepting the " It seems proper by my own presence to vledge the communication which came to terday. I need not tell you how utterly helmed I have been at the action of this ition, nor how I have shrunk from it. e whole circumstances attending it were hat they seemed to take from me the power of discretion. I throw myself on your compassion. If I am to take up the office to which you have called me I need your sympathy and prayers and your arms. I am singularly unfortunate in my ignorance of ecclesiastical routine, and with the exception of my knowledge of the House of Bishops I am as ignorant as the youngest presbyter in this house. Behind me is a record that may well appall one, and a kinsman though I am with the bishop of this diocese, I need not regret to speak of his untiring service and work for this Church. 'Who is sufficient for these things?' God knows that I am conscious I am not. I hope it is not incongruous for me at this time to express my grateful sense of the manner in which the communication was presented to me—to my venerable father, the rector of St. Thomas's Church, for his kind address, to the distinguished laymen who accompanied him, and especially do I desire to express my grateful thanks to my brother, the distinguished rector of Trinity Church, for his generous chivalry and tenderness which he has been good enough to express to me privately—I cannot forget it."

THE CONSECRATION

of the new bishop took place on October 20th, forty-six bishops and several hundred clergymen being present. It was a noteworthy fact that many clergymen of other denominations attended, testifying by their presence the esteem in which they held Dr. Potter. Prominent among them were Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D. LL.D., and Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D. The sermon was preached by Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, its subject being the work of the ministry. At the close of his discourse, and turning to the bishop-elect, who rose in his place, the preacher paid a pathetic tribute to the late Bishop Potter, his father. The bishop-elect was then divested of his surplice, under which he wore the Episcopal rochet, and was conducted into the middle of the sanctuary by Bishop Lay and Bishop Howe, and Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, seating himself in the centre, he was formally presented. The usual questions being asked as to fitness and competency, the Bishop called for the testimonials. Those from the Diocese of New York were read by the Rev. Dr. W. F. Morgan, those from the House of Deputies by Dr. W. E. Eigenbrodt, and those from the Bishops by Dr. Tatlock.

Dr. Henry C. Potter then pronounced the Promise of Conformity in a clear and distinct voice, after which the Litany was read by Bishop Stevens. Again seating himself in his chair, Bishop Clark proceeded to examine the candidate. Dr. Potter answered all the questions in a clear voice. Then, all standing up, Bishop Clark invoked a solemn blessing upon him. The anthem of investiture was then sung (composed especially by the organist of Grace Church for the occasion) from Psalms 20: 1. During this the two chaplains, Dr. Potter and Dr. Dix, advanced with the black satin chimere and lawn sleeves, and assisted the bishop to robe himself. Then, all kneeling, the bishop of Maine entoned the *Veni Creator Spiritus*.

At this moment the venerable Bishop Smith, nearly ninety years of age, was almost carried in from the vestry by the Rev. Arthur Brooks and the Rev. T. Olmsted. It had been proposed to wheel him into the chancel upon a chair, but he protested that he would walk. He presented an affecting spectacle, a man worn out in his Master's service. His finely marked face was encircled with snowy hair; and yet his voice was distinct as he laid his trembling hands on the head of Dr. Potter and repeated from memory the consecrating words.

THE FIRST EPISCOPAL SERMON

Dr. Potter delivered was one which by its place and its subject was by a singular coincidence appropriate to his character. It was not to the wealthy and the respectable, but to a congregation of criminals in the penitentiary. Instead of the broad aisles, the swelling arches and the Gothic beauty of the Broadway edifice, there was a long, narrow apartment with a low ceiling, bare, whitewashed walls and massive iron doors, double locked; in place of the richly carved pulpit, the preacher had a small platform, covered with a cheap colored cloth; instead of addressing men and women of society, in silks and satins and broadcloth, his words were directed to men and women whose acts had placed them beyond the pale of society, the former of whom were clothed in zebra striped suits of gray and brown, the latter in coarse blue striped calico gowns; in place of the suave ushers, moving noiselessly to and fro, uniformed men, sharp of eye and stern of visage, sat at intervals on elevated perches, and kept uninterrupted watch over the worshippers; in a word, Dr. Potter had transferred his ministrations from the fashionable congregation of Grace Church to the convict audience in the little chapel attached to the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island.

His text was John 8: 11, "Jesus said unto her, neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." The prisoners listened eagerly and breathlessly to the earnest words Bishop Potter addressed to them, full of hatred of sin but of pity for the sinner, and many a hardened face was wet with tears as he pronounced the concluding words: "I say to you, hearken, my brethren and my sisters, to the Divine voice. Your Master and my Master calls to you to-day, saying: 'Come to me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Though your sins as scarlet be, I will make them white as snow.'"

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

One well qualified to judge of the merits of men and preachers, thus writes of Dr. Potter: "In figure he is tall, with a finely proportioned and commanding person, and a manner inviting confidence, while it exacts an unconscious deference. As a preacher his career is marked by staid, sterling qualities, rather than the exceptional fascinations of popular oratory. There is remarkable modesty and simplicity, almost a self-abnegation, in his style and diction, careful attention to the quality and honesty of speech, with a characteristic dread of exaggeration, and a shrinking from the expedients of the mere rhetorician. The hearer is brought into immediate relations with the purpose of the preacher, in which purpose the preacher himself is easily forgotten. His idiom is a vigorous, sinewy Saxon, well tempered with various cultures of books, travels, society, and experience. He makes sure of the quick intelligence and appreciation of his listeners, and his capital lies in this gift of making the most of his opportunity with no waste or by-play of word-spinning, no artifice or exploit of the pedant, and withal a fine flavor of grace and elegance that feathers the arrows of his argument to sure and ready purpose. Dr. Potter is a direct, cogent, persuasive preacher. His topics are rarely drawn from polemics or vexed questions that distract and puzzle priests and people. He deals little in mere speculation and idealizations. His voice is resonant and penetrating, with an agreeable and well-managed modulation; and his clear, deliberate elocution seizes and retains the attention. His readiness and felicity in extempore and occasional addresses are remarkable."

It is worthy of mention that Bishop Potter is an earnest advocate of total abstinence, and has labored ardently among both rich and poor to advance the cause. He is chairman of the executive committee of the Church Temperance Society, of which Mr. Robert Graham is the general secretary.

Two Missionary Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church were elected by the House of Bishops in New York on Thursday, April 24th. The Rev. William Jones Boone was elected missionary Bishop of Shanghai, China. The Rev. Samuel D. Ferguson, a native of Liberia, and a full blooded negro, was chosen Missionary Bishop for Cape Palmas. He is *the first colored man* who has been elected to this high office.

ARE THEATRES IMPROVING?

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, May 4, 1884.

"Watchman, what of the night."—ISAIAH 21 : 11.

The March of Civilization and Christianity—Always Forward—The Entertainments of the World not Abreast—Theatres not Improving in Moral Tone—Newspaper Testimony—Testimony of the Bulletin Boards—The Disgusting Picture-Gallery of the Streets—The Increased Importation of Bad Morals—Growing Degeneracy of the Plays—Specimen Plays—Not Fit for Home Reading—Corrupting Youth—The Drama to be Rescued—The Love of the Drama Divinely Implanted—Evidences of it in Home and Public Life—May be Harnessed for God—A Drama on the Streets of Philadelphia—Why People Do not Go to Church—A Caution—The Drama of Your Life—Its Beginning and End—The Spectators.

As near as I can tell, it is about half past four o'clock in the morning. Signs of dawn all around the sky. Caverns full of darkness, but the mountains are being transfigured. The sun is coming up, although coming very slowly.

THE WORLD PROGRESSES.

Since the armies of civilization and Christianity started on their march, they have not fallen back an inch. There have been regiments cowardly, which have retreated and surrendered to the enemy, just as in all armies there are those unworthy the standard they carry; but the great host of God has been answering to the command given at the start of "Forward, march!"

Have the entertainments and the recreations of the world kept abreast in this grand march of the ages? Are the novels of our day superior to those that are past? Is the dance of this decade an improvement upon the dance of other decades? Are the opera houses rendering grander music than that which they rendered in other times? Are parlor games more healthful than they used to be?

ARE THE THEATRES ADVANCING

in moral tone? In reply to this last question I give myself this morning in this series of discourses in answer to some of the absorbing questions of the day.

Mark you, I am not to discuss whether the theatre is right or wrong. I am not to make wholesale attack upon tragedians and comedians. There are a hundred questions in regard to the theatre that might be asked which I shall not this morning answer, the most of them having been answered at some other time in this pulpit. You say that Henry Irving, and Edwin Booth, and John McCullough, and Joseph Jefferson are great actors, and are honorable men. I believe it. The question that I am to discuss to-day is: Are the theatres advancing in high moral tone? and I shall in no wise be diverted from that discussion.

NEWSPAPER TESTIMONY.

There are three or four reasons for answering this question in the negative, and the first is the combined and universal testimony of all the secular newspapers of the land that are worth anything. There is not a secular newspaper of any power in the United States which has not within the past few years, both in editorial and reportorial column, reprehended the styles of play most frequent. It is contrary to the financial interests of the secular newspaper severely to criticise the playhouse, because from it comes the largest advertising patronage, larger than from any other source, thousands and tens of thousands of dollars a year. When, therefore, the secular newspapers of the land, contrary to their financial interests, severely criticise the playhouse for imbecile and impure spectacular, their testimony is to me conclusive. On the negative side of this question I roll up all the respectable printing-presses of America.

Another reason for answering this question in the negative is the depraved advertisements on

THE BULLETIN BOARDS

and on the board fences and in the show windows from ocean to ocean. I take it for granted that those advertisements are honest, and that night by night are depicted the scenes there advertised. Are those the scenes to which parents take their sons and daughters and young men their affianced? Would you allow in your parlor such brazen indecency enacted as is dramatized every night in some of the theatres of America, unless their advertisements be a libel? If the pictures be genuine, the scenes are damnable.

That which is wrong in a parlor is wrong on a stage. It ought to require just as much completeness of apparel to be honorable in one place as to be honorable in another. If you, fathers and mothers, take your sons and daughters to see such Sodomite lack of robe, and then in after time the ploughshare of libertinism and profligacy should go through your own household, you will get what you deserve. It seems as if having obtained a surplus of sanctity during the Lenten services, right after Easter, all through the United States, the streets became a picture gallery which rival the museums of Pompeii, which are kept under lock and key. Where are the mayors of the cities, and the judges of the courts, and the police that they allow such things? I declare what every man and woman in this house knows to be true. When our cities are blotched with these depraved advertisements is it not some reason why we should think that the theatres of this country are not very rapidly advancing toward millennial excellence?

Another reason for answering this question in the negative is the large

IMPORTATION OF BAD MORALS

from foreign countries to the American stage. France sent one of her queens of the stage to this country, her infamy, instead of a shame, a boast. Never a more popular actress on the American stage, and never one more dissolute. Thousands and tens of thousands of professed Christian men and women went and burned incense before that goddess of debauchery. England, too, has sent her delectable specimens of ineffable sweetness commended by foreign princes, not as good as their mother. When I take into consideration this large importation of bad morals from foreign ports, I come to the conclusion that the American theatres are not, as a general thing, advancing in moral tone.

Another reason for answering this question in the negative is the fact that the vast majority of

THE PLAYS OF THE DAY

are degenerate. I will not name many of them, because I might advertise that which I condemn, and the mere mention of them would be a perfidy. If I mention any they must be those that are a little past, but which may come back again when the American taste wants a change of carrion. Take the plays of the last fifteen years, and I will admit that one tenth of them are unobjectionable, but the nine tenths of them are unfit to be looked at by the families of America. Subtract from them the libertinism and the domestic intrigue and the innuendo and the vulgarity and the marital scandalism, and you would leave those plays powerless in the dramatic market.

Put side by side the plays of the time of Macready and the elder Booth and the modern plays, and you will find there has been an awful decadence. I have not seen those plays, but I have taken the testimony of authentic witnesses, and I have seen the skilful analyses by critics—a score of critics—among them such men as Dr. Buckley, of New York, men who have read scores of the plays and who can report in regard to them—I take the testimony of those who witnessed the plays and then I take the testimony of the critics who like the theatre and who do not like it, I put them all together, and I find a moral decadence.

SPECIMEN PLAYS.

If you who took your families to see *East Lynne* will now in your cooler moments read the manuscript of that play—read the printed play, and go through the fetid and malodorous chapters in which dishonest womanhood is chased from iniquity to iniquity, you wil able to judge for yourself whether that i improved drama. You might as well go the grogshop of the village hotel and sit d among the bevy of village loafers expectir get moral elevation as to get any moral vation from a play like the *Ticket of L Man*, full of villainous pictures and low s The play entitled *A New Way to Pay Debts* is a eulogy, a practical eulogy on ception practised on the bad, and men women never come from seeing that as pure as when they went in. *She Stoo Conquer* is as full of moral miasma as the Rc Campagna is full of typhus fever on a sun night. You may write Oliver Goldsmith a it and beneath it and at the close of each but you cannot cover up the profane and salacious. *The School for Scandal* is rc clear through with lasciviousness, and if a should come into your house and take that from under his arm and read it to your fa all the bones that were left in his body broken would not be worth mentioning.

But who could mention all the Don Ce and the barmaids, and the Peg Woffingt and the Courtleighs, and the Lady Gay Sp ers, and the poltroons, and the scapegraces the people minus all excellency plus all ab nation, who gather men, women, boys, and by tens of thousands every night in *the lazz of the average American theatre.* It is estim that there are one thousand boys in Broc every night breathing that pestilence. He ye whose sons stay out until 11 o'clock at n and you do not know where they are! He ye philanthropists who want this gener better than the generations that have gone

Once in a while a great tragedian will re *King Lear* or *Merchant of Venice* or *H* before entranced audiences, but those pla compared with the imbecile and depraved on the American stage to-day are as the drops of pure blood to the bad blood in a who has passed out from yellow fever Asiatic cholera and is now winding up first-class small-pox. Now, I say the maj of the plays of this country being bad in influence, I have a right to conclude tha theatres of America, take them as an ave are not coming to any very large mora provement.

Now, I demand that as men and women love the best interests of society that we together to snatch the drama from its de surroundings. I demand that as philan pists and Christians we

RESCUE THE DRAMA.

The drama is not the theatre. The th is a human institution. The drama is a lit expression of something which God impl in nearly all of our souls. People talk as th it were something built up entirely outsi us by the Congreves and the Sheridans an Shakespeares of literature. Oh! no. It echo of something divinely put within us. see it in your little child three or four ye age with the dolls and the cradles and the You see it ten years after in the parlor rades. You see it after in the impersonatic the Academy of Music. You see it on Th giving Day, when we decorate the house o with the fruits and harvests of the earth, spectacular arousing our gratitude. We on Easter morn, when we spell out on the of the house of God in flowers the words: is Risen," that spectacular arousing our tion. Every parent likes it, and demonstra when he goes to see the school exhibition its dialogues and its droll costumes. It i denced in the torchlight procession amid political excitement, that torchlight proce only a dramatization of the political prin proclaimed.

Dithyrambic drama, romantic drama, mental drama, all an echo of the human Farquhar and Congreve put in English l ture only that which was in the English l Thespis and Eschylus dramatized only

ch was in the Greek heart; Seneca and utus dramatized only that which was in the nan heart; Racine and Alfieri dramatized y that which was in the French and the Ital- heart; Shakespeare dramatized only that ch was in the world's heart. But this

DIVINE PRINCIPLE

ot to be despoiled and dragged into the ser- of sin. It is our business to rescue it, to it up, to bring it back, to exalt it. Will you press it? You might as well try to suppress Creator. Just as we cultivate the beautiful the sublime in taste by bird-haunted glen roystering stream and cascade let down r moss-covered rocks, and the day setting up anners of victory in the east, and passing the gates of the west, setting everything on the Austerlitz and the Waterloo of a July nder-storm blazing its batteries into a sultry rnoon, and the round tear of the world wet he cheek of the night—as by these things try to culture a taste for the sublime and the utiful, so we are to culture this dramatic e by staccato passages in literature, by an- esis and synthesis, by all tragic passages in an life.

Ve are to take this dramatic element and we to harness it for God. Because it has been en into the service of sin is nothing against You might as well denounce music because Corinth and Herculaneum it was used to monstrate and set forth depravity and turpi- Shall we not enthrone music on the an because music again and again has been npled under the foot of impious dance? ause there are pollutions in art shall we our back upon Church's "Niagara," or vers's "Greek Slave," or Rubens's "De- t from the Cross," or Michael Angelo's ast Judgment"? Because these things have n dragged into the service of sin is the very son that you and I should take the drama and

HARNESS IT FOR GOD

the truth. You Sabbath-school teachers t more of the dramatic element in your k, in your recital of the Bible scene, in the dote that you tell, in the descriptive gest- , in the impersonation of the character you sent—you want more of the dramatic ele- t. I can tell in looking over an audience of bath-school children in which teacher the matic element is dominant and in which the actic element is dominant.

Fifty essays on the sufferings of the poor uld not impress me as

A LITTLE DRAMA

uffering and accident which I saw one slip- y morning in the streets of Philadelphia. ad just ahead of me, wretched in apparel, b amputated at the knee, cheek pale, show- that amputation had taken place only a le while before—it was a very slippery morn- —under his arm a package of food which I pose he had begged at the door. As I ne on up to him I steadied him a little, for I red he would fall; but after a while his crutch pped, and he fell. As well as I could I gath- d up the package of food and put it under one arm and helped him with the crutch der the other arm; but when I saw the blood his pale cheek I burst into tears. Fifty ser- ns about the sufferings of the poor would have affected me as much as that little ima.

Oh, there are hundreds of people here who trying to do good. Have less of the di- ctic element and have more of the dramatic. e tendency in our time is to drone religion, moan religion, to croak religion, to sepul- erize religion, when it ought to be put in ani- ted and spectacular manner.

Sabbath by Sabbath there are theological dents in this house. They come in from the rrounding institutions, and I say to all those ung men who are preparing for the Gospel nistry, go home to your libraries, and you will d that those who bring most souls to God, ng most into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, are dramatic. John Knox dramatic, Thomas Chalmers dramatic, Robert M'Cheyne dramatic, Rowland Hill dramatic, Robert Hall dramatic, Robert South dramatic, Fenelon dramatic, George Whitefield dramatic, Dr. John Mason dramatic, Bourdaloue dramatic, Dr. Knott dramatic, George W. Bethune dramatic. And you have a right to

CULTIVATE THAT ELEMENT

in your nature. Oh, young men preparing for Christian work, and though you may meet with mighty rebuff and caricature if you attempt it, and though you may be arraigned by church courts who will try to put you down, the Lord will start you, and He will keep you all through, and great will be the reward for the assiduous and the plucky.

Oh, my friends, we want in all our work to freshen up. We want to freshen up, you in your sphere and I in mine. Great discussions in religious newspapers about

WHY PEOPLE DO NOT COME TO CHURCH.

I will tell you. You cannot take the old hackneyed phrases that have come snoring down through the centuries and arrest the attention of the masses. People in religious work do not want the sham flowers bought in a millinery shop, but the japonicas wet with the morning dew. They do not want the bones of the extinct megatherium of the past, but the living reindeer caught last August at the edge of Schroon Lake. We need, all of us, to drive out of our religious work the drowsy and the tedious and the didactic, and bring in the brightness, and the vivacity, and the holy sarcasm, and the sanctified wit, and the epigrammatic power, and the blood-red earnestness, and we will get it through the sanctified drama.

A CAUTION.

But let me say to the hundreds of young men in this audience, do not let your fondness for the dramatic lead you into sin. While God has given you this faculty, cultivate it, and cultivate it in the right direction. Admire it when it is used for God. Abhor it when it is used for sin. We do not try to suppress it in you. Do not misrepresent us. We would have it directed, we would have it educated, we would have it harnessed for multiplicand usefulness. In no wise suppress it. Gather all your faculties, and this among the others, and consecrate them to the Lord Jesus Christ.

But

THE DRAMA OF YOUR LIFE

and mine will soon end. No *encore* will bring us back after the curtain has dropped. At the beginning of the drama stood a cradle; at the close of the drama will stand a grave; the intermediate acts banquet and burial, laughter and groans, songs and tears, processions bridal and funeral. It was not original with Shakespeare when he said,

"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players."

He took it from Paul, who fifteen centuries before had said, "We are a spectacle to the world and to angels and to men." A spectacle in a coliseum, fighting wild beasts in an amphitheatre. Here we destroy a lion, there we grapple a gladiator. When we fall devils shout; when we rise angels sing.

THE SPECTATORS.

Gallery above gallery, gallery above gallery looking down. *Gallery of our departed kindred* wishing to throw us a garland, waiting for our victory, hoping for our triumph, wondering if we will be faithful to our ancestry. Glorified children and parents with cheer after cheer urging us on. *Gallery of the martyrs*, the McKails, and the Ridleys, and the Latimers, and the Theban Legion, and they of Brussels market-place, and they of Piedmont. Gallery of the martyrs crying down: "God gave us that victory, and He will give it you." *Gallery of the angels*, cherubic, seraphic, and archangelic, clapping their wings at our triumph, veiling their faces at our defeat. *Gallery of the King* from which there waves a scarred hand and from which there comes down a sympathetic voice saying: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." Oh, the spectacle in which you and I are the actors! Oh, the piled-up galleries looking down!

REMARKABLE FAITH CURES.

THE Rev. D. Marshall, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Stanberry, Mo., writes THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that a member of his congregation has been restored to health through faith and prayer. A child named Claribell, the thirteen-year-old daughter of a banker in the city, was suddenly seized with a sickness, which an eminent physician pronounced critical. After two days hope was abandoned; the physician said that she could not live many hours. A beloved relative was summoned, and the child's parents stood weeping at the bedside. The child had already given evidence of a change of heart, and her pastor visited her and gave such consolation to the afflicted family as he could.

An evangelist was then in the city assisting Mr. Marshall in some revival services. He too went to the house, and at his suggestion a meeting for prayer was held in an upper room. On the evening of the same day, when the child was believed to be dying, there was another meeting by the bedside, and God's promises of healing in answer to prayer were pleaded. As the friends rose from their knees and looked at the sufferer, they saw her gape. She fell into a natural, refreshing sleep which lasted all night. The following morning her recovery was assured, and she insisted on rising, declaring that she was *quite well*. Her friends, though Christian people having faith in prayer, were at first incredulous; but when the child rose with every sign of perfect health they believed. There was no convalescence, no weakness, but complete recovery.

A GROUP OF INSTANCES.

A gentleman who attended a public meeting at Bethshan, the London house of faith healing, three weeks ago, gave the following testimony: "I have been a great sufferer from *bronchitis* for fourteen years, especially about three and a half years ago, when I was so ill that I bid good-by to my wife and children, as I was dying, given up by the doctor. But I got better. I was at the skating rink in Norwich last October. A girl there thanked God that He had healed her by restoring her *voice;* that led me to search my Bible about the Lord's healing. I wrote to Bethshan, and got a letter from Miss Sisson and four little tracts. I accepted Christ as my healer, and am now stronger for work than I have been for years. I gave up two sick clubs which supplied me with funds in my illness, for I would not keep them on when the Lord healed me. I have often had an empty cupboard, but never really wanted for a meal, praise the Lord! A friend of mine who was near death in *consumption*, and for whom I requested prayer in the same letter in which I asked prayer for myself, read Miss Sisson's letter, which was written to us both, and he took Christ as his healer too, recovered, and is now at work."

The Rev. Arbuthnot, at the same place, said he was very thankful that the Lord had possessed his body since the 22d December. He was thoroughly healed at Bethshan on the 5th January, and although his *voice* had been more severely worked, yet it was stronger now than ever it had been before. Of course some of his friends expressed doubt at the time whether the cure would be permanent, but he could testify that it was. The Lord had renewed him in Christ Jesus. He could not say he had been without assault, for the devil would never lose a body or a soul without an effort—but on every occasion the Lord had kept him. *A man* who had a *deceased bone* in his leg said he had that afternoon come to the meeting out of mere curiosity, but had been so convinced by the testimonies he had heard that he was desirous of putting his case in the Lord's hands as the Healer.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Forgotten Dedi ation.—At a Recent meeting the Rev. Mr. Gault said: "When the late Professor Dickson was born, his father and mother dedicated him to the ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but as he grew up they forgot their vow, and trained him for commercial life. I am not quite sure of his exact age, but think it was in his youth that the hand of God was laid upon him in the form of what looked like a fatal sickness. His doting parents then remembered their vow, and reconsecrated him to the Lord and His service. In a short time he got better, and has been used by God to turn many from darkness into the glorious light of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Smashing the Bottle.—Mr. Barrowman, who is doing a good work in Glasgow, said: "We have begun a new meeting in Cadogan Street, on Saturday nights, which is called 'The Rescue' meeting. It has been and is very successful. On a recent Saturday, in the after-meeting, our chairman, Mr. Reid, and another worker, were dealing with a man who was slightly under the influence of drink. Most earnestly he was urged to accept Christ as his personal Saviour, and to take the pledge. He was deeply impressed, and all at once he started from his seat, and moving out, said, 'Let me go up-stairs first.' 'Why?' he was naturally asked. 'Come with me,' he answered, 'and see.' On reaching the street the man took a black bottle, which was full of whiskey, out of his pocket, and violently dashed it to pieces on the hard stones. He then came back and took the pledge, and we have good grounds for hoping also that he has given himself to the Lord."

How Captain Moreton was Converted.—Mr. Jack stated that: "For a long time before the Hon. Captain Moreton, late of Mildmay, was converted to the Saviour whom he loves and serves so well, he was under deep anxiety of mind about the salvation of his soul. He consulted a great many people about what he should do to be saved. One said, 'You must give up this sin,' another, 'You must give up that sin,' and so on, till one evening at a party where he was really converted, he met Miss Marsh, author of 'English Hearts and English Hands,' and asked her, 'What do *you* say I must give up, Miss Marsh?' 'Nothing, Captain Moreton; I wish you to *take* something.' 'Take something! What is that?' 'Pardon, peace, and rest, which you can obtain at once "without money and without price" by taking Christ as your Saviour.' It was enough. Captain Moreton in the midst of that gay company gave himself to Christ, and got the peace which had eluded his grasp so long."

Prayer in the Whiskey Cellars.—"I Remember well the meeting at which I was convicted of sin. I went to hear Mr. Sankey sing, but determined to put my finger in my ears when Mr. Moody should speak. Just as I sat down, the Rev. Mr. Riddell went into the pulpit, and cried out, 'Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God' (John 3 : 3). I heard nothing else during the meeting. Mr. Sankey sang and Mr. Moody spoke, yet it was to me as though they had not done so, for these words of Jesus troubled me so much that I could get no rest nor peace that night. The next morning I went to business as usual, but every gill of whiskey that I sold made my heart quake and my hand tremble so much that I got frightened, and *went down to the cellars to pray*. Day after day did I spend in the cellars praying to God, till my father thought I was going mad through drinking too much whiskey, and ordered me to come up-stairs, but I refused. Next Sabbath I went to Mr. Moody's meeting, and waited till the after-meeting. When Mr. Moody asked those who wished to be spoken with to come to the front, I rose up, and was making my way thither, when I felt a hand laid on my shoulder, and a voice say, 'Tom! mind the whiskey-shops!' Looking round, I saw one of our shopmen, and a lot of my friends at my back; but my mind was made up, and I answered, 'Let the whiskey-shops go! Christ for me! Christ for me!' That day my soul got perfect peace in Christ my Redeemer."

A Sermon that Needed Baptizing.—Mr. Davidson related the following suggestive incident: "I was speaking one day with a young minister of the Gospel, who told me that on one occasion during his college days he was present when a number of students delivered trial sermons for criticism, in the presence of their professor. One very talented young man distinguished himself by the freedom of his delivery and the great eloquence with which he spoke. All present were charmed by the power and beauty of his sermon. As a work of art it was practically faultless. At the conclusion the professor put his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder, solemnly saying to him, 'My young friend, your sermon only requires to be baptized with the Holy Ghost.' That is just what we all want, in order that we may be able to overcome all temptations, or coldness of heart, and work cordially and continuously for Christ. Happily if we ask the Lord Jesus to send the Comforter, He will come and bless us."

Afraid of a Big Black Bull.—At a Recent Mizpah meeting Mr. Calder said: "Some time ago I was taking a few children into the country. The road was lined on both sides with hedges, and as my little band were walking cheerily along it, a big black bull in one of the fields gave a threatening roar, and, the next instant, his shaggy head was over the hedge. 'Oh,' I cried, 'what shall I do?' A young man who was with me replied, 'Man, Calder, don't be afraid! look the beast in the face, and he will turn tail.' 'You may do that,' I replied, 'but I won't.' 'Man! think of the children.' So saying, my friend bent down, and lifting a large stone, looked the bull in the face, and flung the stone right between its eyes. In another instant the beast wheeled round, and rushing across the field, gored the opposite hedge. The incident reminds us of the Scripture injunction, 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.' His roar may terrify, but cannot harm; and the calm look of faith, and the stone of divine truth, prevent him injuring those whose trust is in God."

A Fish-Curer's Despair.—A Minister Related the following: "I remember seeing a touching sight in the North. In preparation for the herring fishing, a fish-curer had stored salt enough for his purposes. One morning, when the boats came into harbor laden to within an inch or two of the gunwale with their silvery loads, he opened his store to get some salt. The women were waiting with their knives ready to clean the fish, the coopers had made the new barrels in order to hold them, and the herrings were there in abundance; but the salt, where was it? A secret spring had broken out, and destroyed and dissolved every particle of it. The now despairing fish-curer ran hither and thither, trying to borrow from his neighbors, but they had none to spare. The man was utterly ruined, and his woe was painful to witness. Wealth just within his grasp, but lost by a hidden spring coming to light. Many thousands of men and women are ruined body and soul by some secret sin. Pray that you may be spared such peril through the forgiving and preserving might of the grace of Christ."

A Deserter's Discharge.—Mr. Jack Related the following beautiful illustration of answer to prayer: "A soldier, who had risen by good conduct to the position of sergeant, attended a small meeting, where he was converted to Christ; hitherto he had led a careless, godless life, but the change which had been brought about by the Holy Spirit became evident to every one. One thing troubled him very much, and he could not shake it off; so he laid the facts before the brethren, and they laid them before the Lord. The cause of his trouble was, that nine years before he had deserted from the navy and enlisted as a soldier. This is a c which is followed by heavy punishment. It with a heavy heart that he decided to confes his commanding officer, for he had a wife children, and it would go hard with them. brethren told the sergeant, 'If you are im oned we will see after your wife and childr He then went and confessed to the officer, said, 'Oh, it's an old affair, nine years ago; it rest.' 'No, sir, I can't,' said the s 'Why not?' inquired the officer. 'I am Christian man,' the sergeant replied, 'and c rest with this crime on my conscience.' 'V well, I will attend to it.' The colonel imm ately wrote to the War Office, stating the c and in a few weeks a free pardon, along with discharge from the navy, was handed to him the colonel. How true it is that if we 'c mit' our 'way unto the Lord,' that 'He bring it to pass.'"

THE PREDICTED RESTITUTION OF ALL THINGS.

By Rev. Charles K. Imbrie, D.D.*

The Prevalent Belief in a Coming Millennium Its Vague Character—Explicit Teaching Prophecy—I. A New Heaven and Earth—Identified with this Earth—III. In the Pr ence of Christ—IV. The Saints Reigning—Evil Swept Away—VI. The Earth Purified Fire—VII. The Remnant Preserved—VI Conversion of the Jews—IX. Men Living in Flesh—X. Unprecedented Outpouring of Spirit—XI. Satan Bound—XII. All Nati Holy—XIII. Perpetual Generations—XIV. animate Creation to Participate—The Ble ings of that Age.

THE anticipation of some sort of bliss change to come upon this sad and sinful e after its long-continued storms and sorrows in one form or another, very general. E those who despise God's word and rely human prognostications or scientific researc for their date, prophesy with greater or less tinctness of meaning a future Millennium. T belief is indeed so general that the coming the Millennium has even passed into a curr newspaper phrase. With all those who t God's Word for their guide, the expectation such a time of coming blessedness, in so form, is universal.

But what is to be the character of the chang How far is it to affect this earth and the rac What are its attendants and its time? On th points there is the greatest diversity of beli And yet every one must see that there can but one true view of the case. For Go thoughts and plan in this matter are fixed a not changeful or doubtful; and all things shaping, in the hands of the King, to bring just the result He has all along intended u none other.

Let no one suppose from the existing gre diversity of views that the Scripture expressio concerning this event are meagre or doubtf On the contrary, they are very striking a comprehensive. They arrest attention at onc To say nothing just now of the vivid pictures that bright future day drawn in the Old Test ment, and in which the various features of t time are grouped together; the terms used the New Testament are very strong.

It is called first a "Regeneration" a n creation, a second birth—Palingenesia. Sure this implies a vast and comprehensive and thc ough change, and a change on the earth.

Again, it is so vast and comprehensive th the whole creation is depicted as groaning a travailing in pain, waiting to be admitted in "the glorious liberty of the children of God (Rom. 8 : 21, 22). And it is represented as glorious, that even believers also with the firs fruits of the Spirit are groaning and waiting f this day; the day of the redemption of t body; when they shall be "manifested to the sons of God" (Rom. 8 : 19–23).

It is called by the Apostle Peter a "Restit tion of all things" (Acts 3 : 21), implying th

* Part of an address delivered at the Church of the Holy Tri ity, New York.

there is no department of creation that has been impaired which shall not feel the influence of the restitution.

It is represented both by the Old Testament prophets (Isaiah 65 : 17–66–22) and New Testament apostles (II Pet. 3 : 13 ; Rev. 21 : 1) as "a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness ;" a complete, all-pervading, blessed, abiding change.

And to close all : In the prophecy which foreshadows it as accomplished, the change is represented as total as it is glorious ; and we hear the voice of the King on the throne saying, "Behold I make ALL things new" (Rev. 21 : 5).

And yet, strange to say, comprehensive and glorious as these Scripture expressions are, the results derived from them by different minds differ greatly.

If we are asked what that Regeneration is which the Scriptures foreshow, it seems we must be "slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken" of the glory to follow the sufferings of Christ, if we receive not these things as truth :

1. That there is to be a thorough renewing, physical and spiritual, of the earth and the race ; "a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness ;" "a kingdom of God under the whole heaven that shall abide forever." For so the Prophets Isaiah and Daniel distinctly declare, and the Apostle John sets it forth in symbol just as plainly.

2. That this kingdom of God, promised from the beginning, is identified with, and must not be expected independently of, this earth on which we tread. For Isaiah and all the prophets, in every prophecy, speak of Israel when restored, as abiding here forever. They testify that all the nations of the earth from generation to generation are to worship the Lord in this renewed earth, and the Apostle John in Revelation makes no note of any other condition of things up to the very last chapter.

3. That this regeneration of the earth is to take place in

THE VISIBLE PRESENCE

of God's King, the Lord Jesus, who "shall reign in Mount Zion and before His ancients gloriously." For to His presence, not only Isaiah witnesses but Daniel also and Jeremiah and Zechariah, as already shown speaking of Him sometimes as David's Son, sometimes as the true David, sometimes as the Lord our Righteousness. So does Christ Himself witness, for He says He will personally come to the earth, and will cast out of the kingdom all that offends ; and "then the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." And none can mistake the Apostle John's declaration that it is in the visible presence of the returned Christ the reign on earth shall take place.

4. That the saints of God from all ages shall reign with Christ over the nations of the saved, the dead saints being raised in the first resurrection, the living saints changed, and both caught up and glorified. For so the Prophet Zechariah declares : "The Lord my God shall come and all the saints with Him." So Enoch testified before the flood (Jude 14 : 15). And so Paul declares : "If we suffer we shall reign with Him"—that is, reign when He reigns. So Christ declares : "He that overcometh shall sit with me on my throne." So John declares : "They lived and reigned with Christ."

5. That this Regeneration is to be preceded by a sweeping away of all moral evil from the earth—the almighty act of vengeance on the part of the King against the wicked powers of earth. For almost every prophecy I have repeated, and which portrays the coming glory, testifies to the "indignation of the Lord against all nations." (See the prophecy in Isaiah, ch. 24 to ch. 27). So also Christ testifies, that at His coming, "He will send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend and them who do iniquity." And so Ezekiel shows at length (ch. 39). And so the Revelation testifies that Christ, attended by heaven's army, shall go forth in battle against the Beast and the False Prophet and their armies (Rev. ch. 19).

More especially, that these enemies shall be gathered with intent against Jerusalem and the people of Israel (possibly in the hope of proving the Scripture untrue by the annihilation of that people), and that, there, shall be witnessed the Lord's judgment against them. So Zechariah testifies (ch. 13 and 14). And further, that the last and highest form of evil,

SATAN'S MASTERPIECE,

the Man of Sin, shall then be destroyed. So Isaiah declares (ch. 11 : 4). And so the Apostle Paul testifies to the Thessalonians (II Thess. 2 : 8).

6. That the earth is to be purified by fire. Isaiah the prophet testifies : "The Lord will come with fire and with His chariots, like a whirlwind, to render His anger with fury, and His rebuke with flames of fire. For by fire and by sword will the Lord plead with all flesh, and the slain of the Lord shall be many" (ch. 66 : 15, 16). The Apostle Peter also testifies "that the elements shall melt with fervent heat," and thence the new heavens and new earth shall emerge. And less any should doubt whether God can save any alive under such circumstances, the apostle points, in his second epistle, to Noah saved and to Lot saved amid a general destruction, in order to show that "the Lord knows how to deliver the godly out of trial, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished" (II Pet. 2 : 4–10).

7. That after the desolating judgments with which the returning Lord and King will visit the nations, there will still be some left when the storm has passed by, who will doubtless form the source from which the nations will spring who shall dwell on the earth during the Millennial era. For so Isaiah testifies as to this spared remnant in the midst of the widespread destruction on the earth (ch. 24 : 5, 6, 13, 16, 21, 22). And so Zechariah declares, also, that some shall escape of the nations destroyed of the Lord when they come against Jerusalem, and that these shall afterward serve Him (ch. 14 : 16). And so John declares in the Revelation : That, after the desolating judgments foretold in ch. 19 : 13, 21, there will nevertheless be nations living during the Millennial era, who are not deceived by Satan then bound (Rev. 20 : 3).

8. That this Regeneration shall be attended by the national repentance and

CONVERSION OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE,

their gathering to their own land, and their perpetual residence there, exalted as a people to be a blessing in all the earth. This, many passages already quoted, declare. (See Isaiah 61 : 7–9 ; 60 : 9–14.)

9. That in the "Regeneration," therefore, there will be living men in the flesh, distinct from the glorified saints who rule with Christ, and these men will be organized as nations. For so Isaiah speaks of the remnant who are escaped of the nations after the Lord's judgment of the ungodly. So John speaks of the nations of the earth (after the curse is gone) as walking in the light of the New Jerusalem.

10. That to bring about this blessed condition of things the Spirit shall be poured out in an unprecedented manner on all flesh. So the Prophet Joel declares (ch. 2 : 28–32) pointing, by his predicted signs to the end of this dispensation of the Spirit, and to the conversion of the Gentiles (that are spared) most probably by Jewish instrumentality, a pregnant prophecy that takes in the whole Messianic time, as one vast period, the beginning and end of which are foreshortened into one and the same picture. And so Isaiah intimates, as to the times of the new heavens and new earth (Isa. 66 : 18–20). And so the Apostle James intimates (Acts 15 : 15–18).

11. That Satan, the arch-enemy, will be then bound so as to deceive the nations no more until the thousand years are past. So the Apostle John declares explicitly (Rev. 20 : 1–7).

12. That then

ALL THE NATIONS SHALL BE HOLY.

So Isaiah says to Israel : "All thy children shall be taught of God." "None shall say to another, know the Lord, for *all* shall know Him." "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." "All nations shall come and worship before Thee" (Isa. 54 : 13 ; Jer. 31 : 34 ; Isa. 11 : 9 ; Rev. 15 : 4).

13. That the race, on earth then made holy, will continue on the earth, in perpetual generations. For so Psalm 72d intimates, as already quoted (vv. 5, 7, 8, 17). So God declares that the earth will abide safe from destruction by flood under His *everlasting* covenant, throughout "*perpetual generations*" (Gen. 9 : 12–17). So Psalm 145 : 13 testifies that the Lord's kingdom continues, as an everlasting kingdom (Heb. kingdom of the ages) "*throughout all generations.*" And thus generations continue as long as the kingdom continues. So Daniel also declares (chap. 7 : 13, 14, 18, 27) that Christ's kingdom on earth is to be a kingdom wherein "all peoples, nations and languages shall serve Him," and that this kingdom, embracing all nations and languages, "shall not pass away nor be destroyed forever." Paul also speaks of "glory being given to God by the church in Christ, *unto all the generations of the age of ages.*" The "church" is the one body of believers of Jews and Gentiles, fellow-heirs in Christ, of which Paul had just been speaking. They are to be raised from the dead and glorified together as Christ's bride reigning with Him over the nations. And Paul tells us that praise shall be rendered to God by this glorified church, throughout all the perpetual generations of men dwelling on the earth.

And so, finally, the Apostle John, in the Apocalypse, gives not the slightest intimation of any cessation of the nations on the earth. On the contrary, even after the second resurrection is passed, and Satan cast out, and after the kingdom is established in its glory, these nations are represented as still walking in the light of the heavenly rule of Christ and His saints symbolized by the New Jerusalem come down out of heaven (Rev. 21 : 22–27 ; 22 : 1–5).

14. That the curse shall be removed from the earth itself, and

INANIMATE CREATION WILL PARTICIPATE

in the joy of the "sons of God." So testify the prophets. The waste places are to be made like Eden, and the deserts like the garden of the Lord (Ez. 34 : 27 ; 36 : 11, 29, 30, 34–36 ; Isa. 51 : 3 ; Ps. 67 : 4–6). And so the Apostle Paul represents the case in his account of the Palingenesia, toward which the creature, "made subject to vanity for man's sake," looks forward with ardent expectation (Rom. 8 : 18–23).

Thus the Regeneration will be a blessed change affecting the whole earth and the race living upon it. The long winter has indeed stripped off the foliage and made it for a long time look like waste and barren. But the reviving spring is soon to come and bring forth a "summer" of glory, forever (Luke 21 : 30). The centuries of earth's curse and earth's disorders and sins will indeed have been among men endured. That fact must remain forever true. And they "who knew not God, and obeyed not the Gospel" and died in their sins, must indeed be cast out from God forever. But the race, as a race, is redeemed, and sees at length all nations of the earth walking with God. Christ's blood avails to the uttermost generation. "None need say to another—Know the Lord, for all shall know Him from the least to the greatest." "All thy children shall be taught of God and great shall be the peace of thy children." "From generation to generation they shall come up to Jerusalem to serve the Lord." "For all the ends of the world shall worship God." So testify Isaiah and all the prophets.

(*To be concluded next week.*)

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CURRENT EVENTS.

An Extraordinary Legislative Proposal has made its appearance in the House, indorsed by the Committee on Education and Labor. It appears to be an extension in modified form of the Anti-Chinese law. If it should be enacted, immigrants under agreement to work for persons or corporations engaged in mining, manufacturing, building, or transportation will not be allowed to settle in the United States. Employers, however, who need skilled labor from abroad are permitted by the bill to apply to the President, and if they can convince him that native workmen of the kind they need cannot be obtained, he will have the power to license a fixed number of skilled foreign workmen whom the employers may import. The bill is a clumsy device ostensibly to protect native workmen, which if passed would be easily evaded. It is significant only as showing the means legislators adopt to make themselves popular among unthinking people. If the bill passes, skilled mechanics will come from Europe without an agreement, and will compete for the higher wages as successfully as they do now. If Congress really cared to help the workingman it could do so in many ways. This scheme is worthless, and intended to deceive him.

Eighteen Republican Conventions were Held last week, which elected about three hundred delegates to the National Convention. They were held in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Iowa, California, Nevada, Oregon, West Virginia, and Florida on Wednesday. On Thursday, Rhode Island, Minnesota, Kentucky, Nebraska, Colorado, Maryland, and North Carolina held conventions and elected delegates. Those elections close the list as far as the Republican party is concerned. Mr. Blaine's strength was materially increased by last week's elections. In Maine, Iowa, California, Nevada, Oregon, West Virginia, Rhode Island, and Colorado a solid Blaine delegation was elected. Mr. Blaine's organ now calculates that he will have at least 379 votes on the first ballot, only lacking 32 votes of the number necessary for a choice. Other tables published, place his strength on the first ballot at 294, but as so many delegates have been elected uninstructed, later ballots may show startling changes. President Arthur's number of delegates is variously estimated from 272 to 323. His weakness is explained concisely by a prominent Republican in the words: "He has been a good President for the country, but not for the party." Those politicians who think more of the party than of the country are much influenced by such an objection. It is evident that the majority of Republican voters in Republican States are in favor of Mr. Blaine's nomination, but as they cannot elect a President without the aid of the Independent voters in New York and other doubtful States, who are resolutely opposed to Mr. Blaine, his nomination is generally regarded as improbable. The prevalent impression is that some arrangement will be made similar to that of 1880, by which the Blaine strength will be given to a candidate whose record is less objectionable to the voters than that of Mr. Blaine, and who will, if elected, make Mr. Blaine his chief adviser.

A League for Revenue Reform was Organized in Boston on April 29th. A large number of prominent citizens of both political parties responded to the call for the conference and assisted in settling the platform of the League. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., was elected president. In stating the objects of the League he endeavored to disarm opposition by stating that neither he nor his colleagues consider free trade to-day to be a living issue. He said, "All that we desire is that those trammels which have been thrown around trade during the last twenty years should be so far removed that the manufactures that we have built up—the infant of forty years' growth that has, we think, now arrived at man's estate—should be placed in a position where they can go out and compete in the markets of the word. However it may be as to a tariff for revenue with incidental protection, we are opposed to a tariff for protection with incidental revenue." There are indications that the programme of the League is attracting sympathy in both the political parties, and it is predicted by men usually far-sighted, that if neither party honestly and earnestly undertakes revenue reform a new party will be organized with that as the chief plank of its platform.

The Question of Prohibition was Voted upon in the Assembly of New York on April 29th. When the proposal was made to submit to the vote of the people a prohibition amendment to the Constitution, sixty-three votes were recorded for it, and sixty against. The majority, however, was not sufficient, sixty-five votes being required under the Constitution; and the other two votes could not be secured. Eight Democrats voted in the affirmative, and eighteen Republicans were among those members who voted in the negative.

Another Star Route Case was Before the criminal court in Washington last week. Mr. William Pitt Kellogg, M.C., ex-Senator from Louisiana, was placed on trial on April 29th charged with having received money while a United States Senator for services rendered in relation to a contract with the United States. The penalty for this offence is imprisonment for not more than two years and a fine of not more than $10,000, and the defendant, if convicted, is to be rendered "forever thereafter incapable of holding any office of honor, trust, or profit under the Government of the United States." The contracts in question were for the performance by J. B. Price of mail service upon star routes, and Mr. Kellogg was charged with having received from Price notes and drafts of the aggregate value of $20,000 in consideration of influencing Thomas J. Brady, Second Assistant Postmaster-General, to make certain orders for expedition of service on these routes, resulting in a large increase of the contractor's pay. As a matter of fact Price's annual pay on one route was raised from $2733 to $28,403, and on the other route from $9380 to $22,367. The principal witness for the government was John A. Walsh, a banker and broker who dealt in postal drafts. He has testified that the five drafts and the note were deposited in his hands by Senator Kellogg for collection, one half of the proceeds to be credited to the Senator and one half to Second Assistant Postmaster-General Brady. He exhibits checks and other papers to show that the collections were made and the proceeds disposed of according to instructions. The court directed the jury to return a verdict of "not guilty," on the ground that the offence was not committed when the note and drafts were *paid*, but on April 18th, 1879, the date when they were said to have been received by Kellogg, and that being so the trial was barred by the statute of limitations. There was also a defect in the indictment which charged Kellogg with receiving "lawful money," whereas the evidence was that he was paid in a note and drafts which are not "lawful money." The Springer Committee will now take up the case. For the credit of the country it should be stated that this is the first instance in our history of a United States Senator being charged with an offence so disgraceful.

A Colored Convention was in Session at Pittsburg, Penn., last week. It was styled "An Inter-State convention of representative colored men of the country," and was called to discuss the interests of their race. The total number of delegates present was 60, representing the States of Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New York, Illinois, Michigan, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Virginia, Kansas, and the District of Columbia. The convention resolved in executive session, that no action should be taken in favor of either political party or of any candidate. The delegates from Illinois were more determined on this point than on any other. One of the delegates, when asked how he regarded Robert T. Lincoln as a Republican Presidential candidate, said, "Singular as it may seem, the colored people are opposed to him, notwithstanding their indebtedness to his father. Why? Because Mr. Lincoln does not like colored people himself. Some of the delegates from Illinois know him well, and they say that he actually dislikes people of our race." A marked feature of the convention was the unpopularity of Mr. Fred. Douglass. The colored delegates were so incensed by his marriage to a white lady that they would not listen to him, and they elected a comparatively unknown man as their chairman in preference to him.

The Thetis Sailed from the Brooklyn Navy Yard on Thursday last for the Arctic. She is the most important vessel of the Greely Relief Expedition. The general anxiety about the fate of Lieutenant Greely and his companions, combined with interest in the brave men who have volunteered to go on the dangerous mission of rescuing them, made the departure of the Thetis an occasion of considerable excitement. The Secretaries of War and of the Navy came to see the vessel sail and to wish God-speed to the men. The officers and the crew were photographed standing on deck. The scene as they stood side by side in full uniform on the deck was very impressive. Engineer Melville, his long hair streaming in the wind, kept in the background, while Commander Schley, his strong, clear-cut features moved with emotion, stood directly in front. Standing near the cabin stairs watching the men as they were grouped before the camera stood a woman and a young girl sixteen years of age. Both were robed in black. The girl had a ribbon pinned around her neck, upon which appeared in gilt lettering the word "Thetis." They were the wife and child of Commander Schley. Tears streamed down their cheeks as the photographer silently proceeded with his work. The after part of the Thetis contained other sad groups. Friends and relations of the sailors were there, bidding good-by to the noble fellows who were going so far away from home.

Ohio was Visited by a Destructive Tornado Sunday, April 27th, which passed over ontgomery and Greene counties, doing great mage. An eye-witness writing from Dayton s the storm appears to have originated near oodburn, a small town ten miles south of ere, and was appalling in its fury. The cy- ne was formed by the union of two light rm-clouds from the south and north-west, ich immediately assumed *the form of a water- ut*, rising and descending like waves of the , and destroying everything in its way. Its th was fully one eighth of a mile wide, the rm moving over the country like an im- nse cloud of smoke, while everywhere in its urse the air was filled with trees and the ins of houses. *Forests were mowed down like eds*, fences were destroyed for miles, and it is imated that in one county alone, at least enty residences are in ruins, to say nothing the loss on other buildings, live stock and m property. The towns which suffered the l force of the storm were Alexandersville, rrollton, Bellbrook, Xenia, and Jamestown. e last named thriving town is described as utter wreck. Six persons are known to ve been killed.

Extensive Forest Fires Desolated large Tracts country in Pennsylvania and New Jersey last ek. *Fifty square miles of forest land* were rned over near Ashland, Penn. Fires were o reported in Pennsylvania in the vicinity of ranton, Pottsville, Easton, and Emporium, d in New Jersey near Washington and Mat- an. A strong wind on Saturday swept the mes in the direction of Gilman's Station, and ough all the inhabitants turned out to fight e fire, their efforts were futile. Houses, hools, mills, and post-office were swept away, d the people fled for their lives. Over one ndred people are rendered homeless in that lage alone. The aggregate loss of property all this widespread conflagration will be ormous. It cannot be estimated yet, but the ildings destroyed will make a heavy showing, d the timber, of which more than two hun- ed million feet have been burned, is a serious ss. The need of more trees is severely felt in any parts of the country, and organized forts have been made to check the wholesale tting down of our forests. Those efforts ould now be extended to prevent the negli- nce which renders the extensive forest fires ssible.

Ben Hogan's Work in Pueblo, Col., is Produc- g good results. The Rev. E. W. Oakes says, a letter to the editor of THE CHRISTIAN ERALD, recently received: "Ben Hogan is oing a good work here. The beauty of Ben's ork is that he keeps testifying that nothing at the blood of Jesus can save from sin. He ses the Bible for his foundation. He is a truly ospel temperance worker. He spoke the first unday night in my church to an overflowing udience. Since then he has been working in hall on one of our leading avenues, and the all keeps full. He speaks on Sunday next in he Presbyterian church."

A Prediction of an Impending Social Con- ulsion was made by Dr. Talmage in the course f his last "Friday Evening Talk," which was n the subject of the May moving-day. He aid: "The trouble is, that the few in this ountry own all the real estate. The gathering f so much wealth into the coffers of a select umber compels the great mass of people to ake up residences they dislike. *Society is out f joint*, or every industrious man would own his wn house." He then spoke of the deserving en, who, because of being strictly honest, had ot what they merited, while others less crupulous became possessed of this world's oods in excess of their deserts." Continuing, e said: "This first of May moving is to be as- ribed to a radical defect in our social econ- my—a defect so deep, so wide, so overmas- ering that no one but God can ever eradicate it. he time will come when the law of the land ill put a limit to one's right to accumulate. I do not think that anything will be accomplished by the gospel of dynamite. But that something must be done and will be done to stop this monopolistic devastation and give a chance to every man to achieve for himself an unmortgaged home, I am as certain as that yesterday was the first of May." He then showed the tendency of existing monopolies, and predicted that if things were allowed to go on as at present they were going, the troubles of Ireland would be upon us, only in a tenfold more dangerous form. Concluding, he said: "It will not be London fighting Dublin, but New York at the throat of New York; Brooklyn against Brooklyn; *a death-grapple* from St. Lawrence to Mobile Bay, and from ocean to ocean. May God avert this tremendous issue."

The New Jersey Temperance Crusade is being earnestly pressed forward. Messrs. Mabee and English are now at Rahway, where the interest rivals that aroused at Plainfield. They held their first meeting on April 30th in the Opera House, which was crowded with people. At the conclusion of their exhortations two hundred and eighty persons signed the pledge of total abstinence. Among the number were many of the best known drinkers of the town. On Friday night the Opera House was again filled to overflowing, and nearly a hundred men signed the pledge. The crusade is being carried on under the auspices of the Rahway Reform Club, through whose efforts nine saloons have been closed within the past week. At Princeton the temperance people are agitating against saloons and the college faculty are assisting. On May 1st an immense prohibition mass meeting was held in the First Presbyterian Church. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Drs. Hodge, McCosh, Worden, and Janvier, Prof. Johnson, and Mr. Baldwin. Several hundred voters signed the no-license petition, whch is to be presented this week to the new Republican Common Council.

A Peculiar Yellow Mist Covered New York, Brooklyn, and the adjacent cities on Friday last. It lay thick like fog on the rivers and delayed traffic. It is supposed to have been smoke carried by the wind from the burning forests of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. A despatch from Philadelphia states that the same phenomenon was observed there, and that it was so thick along the railroads in the valley that engineers had much difficulty in running their trains, white lights appearing red and being mistaken for danger signals." The inconvenience thus caused involved less peril than if the conditions had been reversed, and the red or danger signals made to appear white, indicating safety. A worldly atmosphere frequently acts in that way on the minds of young people and careless Christians, who, looking through the mist of worldly motives and sophistry do not recognize the warning signals God sends them (1 Tim. 6 : 4-10).

A Gold Nugget was Found among some dead leaves recently in Rhode Island. One of the citizens of Narragansett formerly resided in California, where he found a small nugget which he had made into a breastpin and wore upon his scarf. Several years ago while he was getting birch bark in the Rhode Island woods he lost the pin, and though he searched carefully could not find it. Two weeks ago he was again in the woods near the spot where he believed he had lost the pin. Though so many years had passed, something impelled him to search the spot again. He was almost ashamed to look, the idea of finding it seemed so silly, but he did look, and brushing away the dead leaves and twigs he saw the pin, with its gold-nugget top uninjured though tarnished. It looked worthless, but the finder knew its value, and was delighted at recovering it. We read that "the precious sons of Zion," though despised, are "comparable to fine gold" (Lam. 4 : 2), and some of them through backsliding are lost. Those who find them and restore them, though they may have become tarnished by sin, are promised an eternal reward (James 5 : 19, 20).

"MY LORD AND MY GOD."

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and my God."—JOHN 20 : 28.

The Absent One a Doubter—Christ's Patience—Value of a Convinced Sceptical Witness—Christ's Care for Those who Lag Behind—I. The Exclamation of Thomas—A Plain Confession—Accepted by Jesus—Not a Profane Exclamation—An Expression of Wonder—Of Delight—Did Thomas Touch the Lord?—A Confession of Faith—A Profession of Allegiance—II. How he Came to the Exclamation—Why he went to the Meeting—His Thoughts Revealed—The Sight of the Wounds—III. How we may Come to it.

WHEN the apostles met on the first Lord's-day after Jesus had risen, Thomas was the only disciple absent out of the eleven; on the second Lord's-day Thomas was there, and he was the only disciple doubting out of the eleven. How much the fact of his doubting was occasioned and helped by the fact of his former absence I cannot say; but still it looks highly probable that had he been there at the first, he would have enjoyed the same experience as the other ten, and would have been able to say as they did, "We have seen the Lord." Let us not forsake the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is, for we cannot tell what loss we may sustain thereby.

On the second occasion Thomas is present, and he is the only one out of the eleven who is vexed with doubts. He cannot think it possible that the Lord Jesus, who was nailed to the cross, and whose side was pierced, could have really risen from the dead. Observe joyfully the Lord's patience with him. All the others had been doubtful too, and the Lord had gently upbraided them for their unbelief and the hardness of their hearts; but Thomas is not convinced by the tenfold testimony of his brethren, who each one well deserved his implicit confidence. After the plain way in which the Lord had told His disciples that He should be crucified and would rise again from the dead, they ought to have expected the resurrection; and inasmuch as they did not they were to be blamed: what shall we say of him who in addition to all this had heard the witness of his ten comrades who had actually seen the Lord? Yet there he is,

THE ONE DOUBTER,

the one sturdy questioner who has laid down most stringent requirements as to the only way in which he will be brought to believe. Will not his Lord be provoked by his obstinacy? See how patient Jesus is! He rebukes their unbelief: for that was needful for their sakes; but He manifests no vexation of spirit. Especially on this occasion He shows His tenderness toward Thomas, and addresses His first words to him. If Thomas will not be convinced except by what I must call the most gross and materialistic evidence, He will give him such evidence; if he must put his finger into the print of the nails, he shall put his finger there; if he must thrust his hand into His side, he shall be permitted to take that liberty. Oh, see how Jesus condescends to the weaknesses and even to the follies of His people! If we are unbelieving it is not His fault; for He goes out of His way to teach us faith, and sometimes He even gives what we have no right to ask. It is not His will that one of His little ones should perish; and therefore He chases away unbelief, which is their deadliest foe.

Our Lord had special reasons for turning as he did to Thomas that day, and for taking so much trouble to bring Thomas out of his unbelieving condition. The reason must have been, surely, first, that He desired to make of Thomas a most convincing witness to the reality of His resurrection. Here is a man who is determined not to be deceived; let him come and use the tests of his own choice. In Thomas we have a man who was specially hard to be convinced, a man who was so obstinate as to give the lie to ten of his friends with whom he had been

associated for years. Now, if I had a statement to make which I wished to have well attested, I should like to place in the witness-box a person who was known to be exceedingly cautious and wary. I should be glad if it were known that at the first he had been suspicious and critical, but had at length been overwhelmed by evidence so as to be compelled to believe. I am sure that such a man would give his evidence with the accent of conviction, as indeed Thomas did when he cried, "My Lord and my God." We cannot have a better witness to the fact that the Lord is risen indeed than that this cool, examining, prudent, critical Thomas arrived at an absolute certainty.

This note is also to be heard in reference to this matter: After all, it is to be feared that the dull, the slow, the questioning, the anxious, the weak in faith, make up a very considerable part of the church; I do not know that they are in the majority, but they are certainly far too numerous. If all Christians were arranged and classified, I fear we could not many of us place ourselves in the front rank; but a large portion would have to go among the Little-faiths. Our Lord here shows us that He has a condescending care for *those who lag behind.* Thomas is a week behind everybody else, yet his Lord has not lost patience, but waiteth to be gracious. The other ten apostles have all seen the Lord, and been well assured of His resurrection for the last seven days; but that is no reason why the late-comer should be left out in the cold. Our Lord does not leave the rear rank to perish.

Now, if there should be any in this assembly who honestly have to put themselves down in the sick list, I beg them to take comfort while I try and set forth the experience of Thomas and what came of it. First, I shall call your attention to *the exclamation of Thomas,* "My Lord and my God;" secondly, we will consider, *how he came to it;* and thirdly, *how we come to it;* for I trust many of us have also cried, "My Lord and My God."

I. Let us consider

THE EXCLAMATION

of Thomas, "My Lord and my God." This is a most plain and hearty confession of the true and proper Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is as much as a man could say if he wished to assert indisputably and dogmatically that Jesus is indeed God and Lord. We find David saying, "O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God," and in another place (Psalm 35 : 23) he says, "My God and my Lord," terms only applicable to Jehovah. Such expressions were known to Thomas, and he as an Israelite would never have applied them to any person whom he did not believe to be God. We are sure therefore that it was the belief of Thomas that the risen Saviour was Lord and God. If this had been a mistake, the Lord Jesus would have rebuked him, for He would not have allowed him to be guilty of worshipping a mere man. No good man among us would permit a person to call him God and Lord. The perfect Jesus accepted divine homage, and therefore we are assured that it was rightly and properly given, and we do here at this moment offer him the like adoration.

To escape from the force of this confession, some who denied our Lord's Deity in olden times had the effrontery to charge Thomas with breaking the third commandment by uttering such a cry of surprise as is common among profane talkers. Just as thoughtless persons take the Lord's name in vain and say, "Good God!" or "O Lord!" when they are much astonished, so certain ancient heretics dared to interpret these words—"My Lord and my God." It is clear to any thoughtful person that this could not have been the case. For, in the first place, it was not the habit of a Jew to use any such exclamation when surprised or amazed. An irreligious Gentile might have done so, but it was the last thing that would occur to a devout Israelite. If there is one thing about which the Jews in our Lord's times were particular beyond everything, it was about using the name of God. Why, even in their sacred books they have omitted the word "Jehovah," and have only written "Adonai," because of a superstitious reverence for the very letters of the divine name. I do not know what an Israelite might have said under the influence of a great surprise, but I am absolutely certain that he would not have said, "My Lord and my God."

In the next place, it could not have been a mere exclamation of surprise, or an irreverent utterance, because it was not rebuked by our Lord, and we may be sure He would not have suffered such an unhallowed cry to have gone without a reprimand. Observe, too, that it was addressed to the Lord Jesus—"Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and my God." It was not a mere outburst of surprise addressed to no one, but it was an answer directed to the Lord who had spoken to him. It was also such a reply that our Lord Jesus Christ accepted it as

AN EVIDENCE OF FAITH,

for in the twenty-ninth verse He says, "Thou hast believed," and that confession was the only evidence of his believing which our Lord had received from Thomas. A mere outcry of confused astonishment in irreverent words would never have been received as a satisfactory proof of faith. Sin is not an evidence of faith. The slander proposed by the Arian must, therefore, be rejected with derision. I am almost ashamed to have mentioned it, but in these days, when every kind of error is rife, it is needful to bring to light and break in pieces many idols which we had rather have left with the moles and bats.

I regard this cry of Thomas, first, as *a devout expression of that holy wonder* which came upon him when his heart made the great discovery that Jesus was assuredly his Lord and God. It had flashed upon the mind of Thomas that this august person whom he had regarded as the Messiah was also God. He saw that the man at whose feet he had sat was more than man, and was assuredly God, and this amazed him so that he used broken speech. He does not say, "Thou are my Lord and my God," as a man would say who is making a doctrinal statement, but he brings it out in fragments, he makes adoration of it, he cries in ecstacy, "My Lord and my God."

He is amazed at the discovery which he has made, and probably also at the fact that he has not seen it long before. Why, he might have known it, and ought to have perceived it years before! Had he not been present when Jesus trod the sea? when He hushed the winds, and bade the waters sleep? Had he not seen Him open the blind eyes, and unstop the deaf ears? Why did he not cry, "My Lord and my God," then? Thomas had been

SLOW TO LEARN,

and the Lord might have said to him, as He did to Philip, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me?" Now on a sudden he does know his Lord—knows Him to such a surprising extent that such knowlege is too wonderful for him. He had come to the meeting to prove whether He who appeared to his brethren was the same man who had died on Calvary, but now he seems to have forgotten that original question; it is more than answered, it has ceased to be a question; he is carried far further by the flood of evidence, he is landed in a full belief of the Godhead of Jesus.

Next, I believe that this was an expression of *immeasurable delight;* for you observe he does not say, "Lord and God," but "My Lord and my God." He seems to take hold of the Lord Jesus with both hands, by those two blessed "my's"—"My Lord and my God." Oh, the joy that flashed from the eyes of Thomas at that moment! How quickly his heart beat! He had never known such joy as at that instant, and though he must have felt deeply humbled, yet in that humiliation there was an excessive sweetness of intense satisfaction as he looked at his divine Lord and gazed on Him, from the pierced feet up to the brow so marred with th crown of thorns, and said, "My Lord and m God."

More than this, I believe that the words Thomas indicate

A COMPLETE CHANGE OF MIND

—in other words, a most hearty repentanc He has not asked of the Lord Jesus to be pe mitted to put his finger into the print of th nails. No, all that has gone without debat If you look at the chapter you will find n statement that he ever did handle the Lord ; he had at first proposed. I put the question t a dear companion of mine; I read the passag and then I asked, "What think you, di Thomas put his hand into Christ's side?" an the answer from a thoughtful mind and gentle heart was this—"I do not think h could; after the Master had so spoken to hi he would shrink from doing so, and would thin it wilful unbelief to attempt it." This repl coincided exactly with my own convictions. feel sure that had it been my case I should hav felt so ashamed at ever having proposed such test, and so overwhelmed to find the Lord yield ing to it, that I could not have gone an inc further in the way of seeking tokens and proo unless I had been absolutely commanded to d so. The Saviour said to him, "Because tho hast *seen* me, thou hast believed." Now, I la no stress upon it; but it would seem probabl that the Saviour might have said, "Becaus thou hast touched me thou hast believed," Thomas had indeed touched Him; but inas much as He only speaks of sight, it may be tha sight was enough for Thomas. I do not insis upon it, but I think it right to suggest it; I fe it is not unreasonable to conclude that a Thomas did was to look at his Lord.

This exclamation is also *a brief confession faith,* "My Lord and my God." Whosoeve will be saved, before all things it is necessar that he be able to unite with Thomas heartil in this creed, "My Lord and my God." I d not go in for all the minute distinctions of th Athanasian Creed, but I have no doubt that was absolutely needful at the time it wa written, and that it materially helped to chec the evasions and tricks of the Arians.

THIS SHORT CREED

of Thomas I like much better, for it is brie pithy, full, sententious, and it avoids thos matters of detail which are the quicksands c faith. Socinians may call Jesus what the please; to me He is God over all, blessed fo ever. I know that you say, "Amen."

Further than this, do you not think tha these words of Thomas were *an enthusiasti profession of his allegiance* to Christ? "M Lord and my God." It was as though he pai Him lowliest homage, and dedicated himsel there and then in the entirety of his nature t His service. To Him whom He had onc doubted he now submits himself, for in Him h fully believes. He does as good as say "Henceforth, O Christ, thou art my Lord, an I will serve Thee: Thou art my God, and I wil worship Thee."

II. Our next division is to be headed wit the question—

HOW DID HE COME

to that exclamation? Have you ever though what Thomas's feelings were when he went t the meeting that evening? His going needed complicated explanation. Why did he mingl with men whose solemn assertions he doubted Could he have fellowship with them, and ye give them the lie? Suppose Jesus Christ to b dead, and not risen, why does Thomas go? I he going to worship a dead man? Is he abou to renounce the faith of the last two years How can he hold it if Jesus is not alive? Ye how can he give it up? Was Jesus Christ Lor and God to Thomas when he first entered tha meeting? I suppose not. He did not, wher he entered the room, believe Him to be th same person who had died. The other disciple did believe, and Thomas was now the lone doubter, peculiar, positive, obstinate, Has i

never happened to other disciples to drift into much the same condition? Thomas was *a lot out of catalogue* that evening; he was the odd person in the little gathering, and yet before service was over the Lord had completely altered him. "Behold, there are last which shall be first, and there are first which shall be last."

The first thing, I think, that led Thomas to this confession of his belief in Christ's Deity was that *he had his thoughts revealed.* The Saviour came into the room, the doors being shut; without opening the doors He suddenly appeared before them by His own divine power. There and then pointing to Thomas He repeated to him the very words which Thomas had said to his brethren. They had not been reported to the Saviour, but the Saviour had read Thomas's thoughts at a distance, and He was therefore able to bring before him his exact words. "Oh," saith he, "He who now speaks to me is none other than God, and He shall be my Lord and my God." This helped him to his assured conviction that one who had read his thoughts must be God.

But perhaps the most convincing arguments of all were *our Lord's wounds.* It seems a long way round to infer the Deity of Christ from His wounds; yet it is

GOOD AND CLEAR ARGUMENT.

I shall not set it out in order before you, but leave you to think it out for yourselves, yet one little hint I would give you; here is a wound in His side more than sufficient to have caused death; it has gone right to the heart; the soldier with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith flowed there out blood and water, proving that the heart was pierced. The opening was still there, for the Lord invited Thomas to thrust his hand into His side, and yet Jesus lived. Heard ye ever such a story as this?—a man with a death-wound gaping wide inviting another to thrust his hand therein. Had our Lord been living after the way in which we live, by the circulation of the blood, one can hardly see how this could have been possible. *Flesh and blood*, being subject to corruption, cannot inherit the kingdom of God; but the Saviour's risen body came not under that description, as indeed His buried body did not, for He saw no corruption.

I invite you to note well the distinction which may be seen in our Lord's words concerning His own body; He does not speak of His body as flesh *and blood*, but He says, "Handle Me, and see; for a spirit hath not *flesh and bones* as ye see Me have." It was a real body and a material body; for He took a piece of a broiled fish and of a honeycomb, and did eat before them; but still his resurrection body, living with an open wound in His side, reaching to the heart, was not after the manner of men. So even in the wounds of Christ, we read that He is man, but not mere man; His wounds in various ways were evidence to Thomas of His Deity. Anyhow, the glorious fact rushed upon Thomas's astonished mind in a single moment, and therefore he cried out, "My Lord and my God."

III. Finally, let us see

HOW WE MAY COME TO IT.

That is our final point, and the most practical of all. I doubt not that the Spirit of God was at work with Thomas at that time very mightily, and that the true cause of his enlightenment was heavenly illumination. If ever any one of us shall cry in spirit and in truth, "My Lord and my God!" the Holy Spirit must teach us.

But I will tell you when believers do cry, "My Lord and my God." I remember the first time it filled my heart. Burdened with guilt, and full of fears, I was as wretched as a man could be outside of hell-gate, when I heard the voice of the Lord saying, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." I did look there and then; I gave a faith-glance to Him who suffered in my stead and in an instant my peace was like a river. My heart leaped from despair to gladness, and I knew my Lord to be divine. If any one had said to me then, "Jesus Christ is not God," I would have laughed him to scorn. He was beyond all question my Lord and my God, for He had wrought a divine work in me. It may not be an argument to anybody else, but forgiveness consciously known in the soul is a conclusive argument to the man who has ever felt it.

This first avowal has proved to be only the beginning of these confessions. We remember many other acknowledgments of the same fact. We were severely tempted, and yet we did not slip, nor stain our garments. What a wonder that we escaped! He that kept us from falling must be God. I know some moments in my life when I could stand and look back in the morning-light upon the valley through which I had passed in the dark; and when I saw how narrow the pathway was, how a little step to the left or to the right must have been my total destruction, and yet I had never tripped, but had come straight through in perfect safety, I was astounded, and bowing my head I worshipped, saying, "The Lord has been my refuge and my defence."

Such, also, has been the case in time of trouble, when you have been comforted and upheld. A very heavy affliction has fallen upon you, and yet to your surprise it has not crushed you as you feared it would have done. Years before you had looked forward to the stroke with agonizing apprehension, and said, "I shall never bear it;" but you did bear it, and at this moment you are thankful that you had it to bear. The thing which you feared came upon you, and when it came it seemed like a feather weight compared with what you expected it to be; you were able to sit down and say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Your friends were surprised at you; you had been a poor, wretchedly nervous creature before, but in the time of trial you displayed a singular strength such as surprised everybody. Most of all

YOU SURPRISED YOURSELF,

for you were full of amazement that in weakness you were made so strong. You said, "I was brought low, and He helped me." You could not doubt His Deity then.

There have been other occasions less trying. Bear with me if I mention one or two more. When we have been musing, the fire has burned. While studying the story of our Lord, our faith in His Deity has been intensified. When the Spirit of God has revealed the Lord Jesus to us and in us, then we have cried, "My Lord and my God." Though not after the flesh, yet in very deed and truth we have seen the Lord. On a day which I had given up to prayer, I sat before the Lord in holy peacefulness, wrapped in solemn contemplation, and though I did not see a vision, nor wish to see one, yet I so realized my Master's presence that I was borne away from all earthly things, and knew of no man save Jesus only. Then a sense of His Godhead filled me till I would fain have stood up where I was and have proclaimed aloud, as with the voice of a trumpet, that He was my Lord and my God. Such times you also have known.

I will tell you yet again when Jesus has been Lord and God both to me and to you, and that is in times

WHEN HE HAS BLESSED OUR LABORS,

and laid His arm bare in the salvation of men. When our report has been believed by those who rejected it before, and the Lord has sent us a happy season of revival, we have given to Him the glory, and rejoiced in His omnipotent love. We prayed for our children, and when to our surprise—it is a shame to say to our surprise, for it ought not to have surprised us—the Lord heard our prayer, and first one and then another came to us and said, "Father, I have found the Lord," then we knew that the Lord He is God, and our God too. We looked up from our poor prayers with tears in our eyes to think the Lord Jesus could have heard such weak petitions, and we said in the depths of our hearts, "My Lord and my God."

We went out and tried to teach a dozen or two in a cottage—poor, broken words were all that we could utter; but the Lord blessed it, and we heard a poor woman crying for mercy as we came out, and we said inwardly, "My Lord and my God." If you have been in the inquiry room after some brother whom God greatly honors has been proclaiming the Word with power, and if you have seen the people falling right and left under the shafts of the divine word, you must have cried, "This is no cunningly devised fable, no fiction, and no fancy," and your heart must have throbbed with all its life, "My Lord and my God."

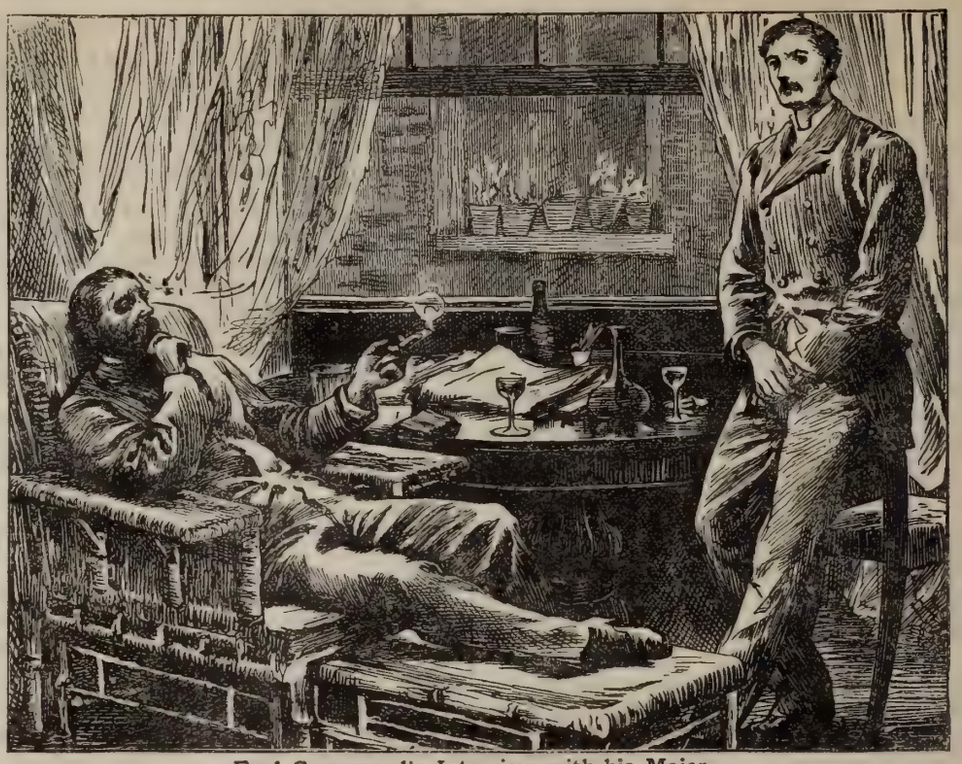
The time is very soon coming with some of us when we shall have our last opportunities in this life to find this true. How comforted and refreshed have I often been when visiting dying saints. Truly the Lord has prepared a table for them in the presence of

THE LAST ENEMY.

I can truly say that no scenes that these eyes have ever beheld have so gladdened me as the sight of my dear brethren and sisters when they have been departing out of the world unto the Father. The saddest scene has been the happiest. I have known some of them in life as self-distrusting, trembling, lowly-minded believers; and when they have come into the valley of death-shade they have displayed no fear, no doubt, but all has been full assurance. How sweet to know Jesus as our living God in our dying moments! In Him we rejoice with joy unspeakable and fully of glory, as we say unto Him in death, "My Lord and my God." Come, brothers and sisters, be of good cheer! A little further on we shall come to the narrow stream. This we shall cross in an instant, and then———! It will be but a short, short time; twenty years is soon gone, a hundred years even fly as on eagles' wings, and then we shall be forever with the Lord in the glory land. How sweetly will we sing to His eternal praise, "My Lord and my God!" There shall be no doubters in heaven; no sceptics shall worry us there; but this shall be the unanimous voice of all the redeemed—"Jesus is our Lord and God." The united Church, freed from every spot and wrinkle, and gloriously arrayed as the bride of Christ, shall be conducted to His throne, and acknowledged as the Lord's beloved, and then shall she with full heart exclaim, "My Lord and my God."

Morphine Instead of Quinine was Administered on April 14th by an Alabama physician. A patient was suffering from tonsillitis, and the doctor having given medicine to abate the fever, left the house, giving directions that she should take certain capsules later in the day. At the time indicated one of the capsules was given her. In a short time she complained of "feeling foolish" about her head, and soon afterward fell into a stupor. The physician was again summoned, and the patient's mother said to him: "Doctor, are you certain you have given the right medicine?" By this time he had discovered his error, and replied, "Lord have mercy on me! I have given the wrong medicine." Naturally the doctor was excited, but he had presence of mind enough to order hot coffee to be made and put those present to rubbing the patient and dashing cold water in her face, while he went in search of an antidote. But it was all in vain. The young lady was dead in an hour. By mistake the doctor had given morphine instead of quinine. It was an agonizing mistake, and the doctor was overwhelmed with sorrow for his irreparable blunder. Similar mistakes are sometimes made by false spiritual guides. The souls of awakened sinners in spiritual agony have been lulled into false peace by those who should have led them to the Saviour. The responsibility of those who thus deal with anxious inquirers is appalling (Jer. 8; 11).

Queen Pomare V. of Tahiti.



Fred Greenwood's Interview with his Major.

POMARE V.,
Queen of Tahiti.

THE royal lady whose portrait appears above, spent a few days in New York two weeks ago. She made no fuss, had no formal reception, and went about much as other ladies do. With one lady attendant, she rode in the horse-cars and on the elevated road, strolled about Central Park, and purchased herself, such articles as she needed from the stores on Broadway. It may have surprised other royal ladies that nothing dreadful occurred, and that after the contact of royalty with the common people neither the Queen nor the common people were any the worse.

Queen Pomare was on her way home from a visit to France, and after she left New York she travelled to San Francisco, where she will take the steamer for Tahiti. Her majesty is tall and of graceful figure, has olive complexion, dark eyes, and black hair. She speaks English, French, and Spanish fluently, and is witty and intelligent. Her power in the country of which she is Queen has been curtailed of late years, and, as has happened to other royal personages, she cannot rule her subjects as her predecessors did. In addition to the checks imposed on royalty by the democratic tendencies of the times, the monarchs of Tahiti have been further controlled by the protectorate of France. This protectorate was first established in 1844, France adopting her favorite pretext of "protecting" Roman Catholic missionaries. On June 29th, 1880, the mask was formally dropped, and Tahiti and the other Society Islands were annexed. The Pomare dynasty, however, still nominally rule in Tahiti.

Queen Pomare, on the occasion of her visit, thus described the government and people:

"We have a double government in many respects. For instance, there are three courts in Tahiti. The first is the Toohita Court, in which judge, jury, and people are all natives. Then there are the Supreme Court and Lower Court for Europeans. The natives sometimes come under the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court in important cases, but the King has the power of keeping people of native blood out of the Supreme Court if he so desires. The people are well satisfied with the present form of government. They are quiet, peaceable, and strictly honest. In the past fifty years only three murders have been committed on the island. There are 10,000 natives and 1500 Europeans on the island. We have no railroads, or other of your modern inventions. I do not know that we need them."

The Protestant missionaries were vehemently opposed by the French, and many of them were forced to fly from the island. A concession was, however, ultimately obtained from Louis Napoleon by the English Government, and since that time their presence has been tolerated, and they continue preaching with success.

FRED GREENWOOD'S RESOLVE.

(See Illustration.)

Two young officers of the army were pacing the parade ground one sultry summer evening. They were engaged in earnest conversation, and only by a passing nod of recognition noticed the acquaintances whom they met. The elder of the two, Lieutenant Greenwood, was talking seriously and encouragingly, while his companion, Ensign Harding, was moody and despairing. The conversation continued until after sundown, and at last Lieutenant Greenwood parted from the other, and walked rapidly in the opposite direction. He halted at the door of the Major's quarters, and was admitted.

Greenwood was a great favorite of the Major, and was received with a cordial welcome. The Major, a well-preserved man of some five and fifty years, was stretched at length in his Indian chair enjoying his customary evening cigar. A glass of iced liquor stood at his elbow, and the materials for making more of the same beverage were on the table. Major Bolton was a bachelor, and very hospitable; he laid down the little volume of poetry he was reading, and bade his young friend "light up" and mix for himself.

"Glad to see you, my boy," he said; "it is too hot to go out to-night, so I settled myself for a solitary evening, but I had rather have company. Sit down and make yourself comfortable."

But Fred Greenwood was not in the mood to be comfortable, and fidgeted about the Major's room in a nervous manner. He was at a loss how to open the subject he had in hand.

"What is the matter with you, Greenwood?" the Major asked. "You are as restless as a monkey."

"The fact is, Major, I have a miserable business in hand, and I have come to see if I can get some aid from you; but I am a bad hand in such matters."

"What is the trouble, Fred? Be sure I will help you if I can. You are the last of our men I should have expected to get into trouble. I have always considered you a model officer, and wished Harding and the other fast young fellows would follow your example."

"The trouble is not mine, Major, though I am afraid I am not guiltless. The fact is Harding is in difficulties. I have just been talking with him. He is a good fellow, but as weak as water. He has been drinking, and betting, and playing poker until he has gone all to pieces. He is so cornered now that I have had great difficulty in keeping him from committin suicide."

"Well, Fred, that is neither your affair nor mine. We have not won any of his money. If young fellows will act in that way they must take the consequences."

"Yes, I know that, Major, but I am uneasy about it, nevertheless. You see, I know his family. His mother is a widow, and she and his sisters are the most refined, affectionate, gentle ladies in the world. He has two younger brothers, too, bright little fellows they are; his disgrace would break their hearts. I wish we could save him for their sakes."

"I wish that, too; but when a young fellow makes up his mind to go to the devil, it is hard work to hinder him. How much does he owe?"

"About eight thousand dollars, I believe."

"That might be arranged," said the Major, "but I doubt whether it would do him any good. If he could be induced to swear off and keep his oath there would be some encouragement to arrange this money; but, as you say, he is so deplorably weak that if we helped him now he would soon be in another difficulty."

"Yes, I know, but I cannot bear to let him go to ruin. I feel some responsibility myself. When he joined, he was as respectable and virtuous a young fellow as there was in the regiment. I could scarcely get him to drink a glass of wine. I wish I had never persuaded him to do it. Knowing his family I had him at my quarters a good deal, and it was there he learned to drink. He never drank to excess at my place, but he went away with other men and had more liquor, and so got into trouble. He is

a perfect fool when he has taken a few glasses, and will play with any one and for any stakes. When he is sober he is careful and economical. He loves his mother and sisters dearly, and it is the thought of them that has driven him to despair. If we could make a total abstainer of him he would be safe."

"He has not the backbone for that, Fred. You know how he would be laughed at and ridiculed. No, make a temperance man of him. One or two glasses and no more; that is his line."

"That has been his line in intention, Major, but not in practice. When he has had the two glasses he weakens, and nothing stops him. God forgive me, I have pressed him to take more myself, and he yielded."

"So have I," said the hospitable Major. "I did not know of his weakness, or that he was making a struggle, or I would not have done it."

"My conscience accuses me of assisting in his ruin," said the younger man. "I feel bound to try to help him to recover."

"But how can you do that, Fred?"

"I don't quite know, but there is one thing I could do. I could become a total abstainer with him, and so help him bear the ridicule. He could never do it alone, but he might do it if there were two of us."

"That is rather a self-sacrifice, Fred, is it not? Do you feel so much regard as that for him?"

"It is not only regard, Major, it is a sense of my responsibility that impels me. I have had a share in the awful work of leading him wrong, and I must pay the penalty of a little loss of pleasure to bring him back. It will not cost much self-denial."

"You are a brave fellow, Fred, and a noble friend; I hope you will succeed. I suppose you want me to attend to the money part of the difficulty? Well, your enthusiasm has affected me. I will see what can be done. When does your total abstinence commence?"

"I have taken my last glass, Major. I have made up my mind. I will have no share for the future, neither by example nor invitation, in leading a young man astray. Good-night, Major. I'll go and take the good news about the money to Harding, and see if I can make a teetotaler of him."

Fred Greenwood shook the Major's hand heartily, and strode off toward Harding's rooms. He felt sure that he could put the young man on the right track and help him to keep to it. When he arrived at his friend's quarters he knocked, but received no answer. "Gone off for another spree," he said to himself. "That is too bad; I wonder where he is. I'll go after him if I can find out."

"Mr. Harding, sir," said the man who acted as Harding's valet and whom Greenwood questioned, "he is in his room, sir. I saw him go in, and he has not been out since."

Greenwood was alarmed, and knocked again more loudly. Then no answer being given he forced the door open. He had come too late. The young man lay on his bed, dead. A pistol shot had done the fatal work. It was too late to help him now. Greenwood, brave and manly as he was, sat down by the bedside and wept.

It was a sorrowful task to carry the melancholy intelligence to the bereaved family, but Fred undertook it. The sight of their woe confirmed him in the resolution he had taken; he never again touched liquor, and when he was tempted the thought of Harding's fate and the consciousness that he had a share in bringing it about nerved him to resist. Many a young man in after days was indebted to Fred Greenwood's example and advice for assistance in avoiding the first step on the fatal road of dissipation.

A Hawaian Equestrienne.

A HAWAIAN EQUESTRIENNE.

THE missionaries who have labored with so much success in the Sandwich Islands speak of the gracefulness with which the ladies of that locality sit their horses and of their fondness for that exercise. Our illustration represents a spectacle that may be witnessed every day in that land which was once the scene of idolatry and wickedness, but which now has been gloriously changed by the blessing of God on the labors of the devoted men of God. Formerly it was to enjoy pleasures, cruel and barbarous, that the native ladies mounted their horses and rode through the avenues of palm trees; but now they go with greater pleasure to attend the Gospel services.

Previous to 1819 the Sandwich Islands were the abode of cannibals, and human sacrifices were regularly offered there. Captain Cook, the famous navigator, was there killed and eaten in 1778. But in 1819 a missionary expedition was organized, and sailed from Boston, Mass. God had wonderfully prepared the way before it. Only a month or two before the arrival of the missionaries a new king, more enlightened than his predecessors, ascended the throne, whose name was Leholiho. There soon followed an event, which has scarcely a parallel in history, giving an affirmative answer to the inquiry of the prophet, "Hath a nation changed their gods which are yet no gods?" (Jeremiah 2 : 11.) The *tabu* system of restrictions and prohibitions, which was *inseparable from the national idolatry*, was overthrown. This tabu extended to sacred days, places, persons, and things; and the least failure to observe it was *punished with death*. But the king and queen set their faces against it, and the people soon followed their example. When the Americans arrived not only were they welcomed as missionaries, but as apostles of civilization, and Dr. Judd, their leader, became the adviser of the king and the chiefs. He organized the finances of the government, and was Minister of Finance almost to the time of his death, about 1867. The Rev. Dr. William Armstrong, of Pennsylvania, went out as a missionary in 1831, and remained at the mission until 1848, when King Kamehameha induced him to become Minister of Public Instruction, a place he held until his death, in 1859. Almost his first act was to establish a private school for the education of the children of the chiefs. It included among the classmates Kalakaua, now king of the islands, the dowager Queen Emma, and the three previous kings.

In our life of Dr. Titus Coan, published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 25th, 1883, one of the most indefatigable of these missionaries, full particulars were given of the progress of the Gospel work there.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 287.*)

A Budget of News.

THE following letter was mailed from Little Aston by the surgeon who was attending Robert Waldron. It was addressed to his friend Carl, a theological student, and explains the course of events in the Morley household:

"LITTLE ASTON, February 21, 186–.

"DEAR CARL: 'Where is Little Aston? and whatever is Grant doing there?' you are asking at this moment. Little Aston is a very small town, noticeable chiefly as a junction on the Midland Counties Railway, the town being nearly a mile from the station. Grant is being head-doctor, nurse, and general *valet de chambre* for a stranger who narrowly escaped assassination in the streets of the same small town three nights ago. I must explain to you how it all came about.

"You are aware that it is my usual luck to miss my train at a junction; and this luck threw me, at nine o'clock last Wednesday night, upon the tender mercies of the good innkeepers of Little Aston. As I am not rich, I sought a more humble tavern than the great hotel in the square, and I turned up a narrow, old-fashioned, dimly-lighted street in search of

one. Here I stumbled against a man lying across the pavement, who, on examination proved to be not drunk, but half dead. There was not a sound to be heard in the street. I have learned since that every other night the police are sent out of the town into the country in pursuit of poachers, an admirable arrangement! I knocked with all my might at the nearest door, and as soon as it was opened, I carried in my man, and examined the extent of the mischief done. He had been wounded within an inch of his life. As he had neither blood nor time to lose, I demanded a room and a bed, which were immediately put at my disposal; and here I have been ever since.

"The whole affair is queer, excessively queer. The gentleman—he is a gentleman, there is no mistake about that; dress, jewelry, etc., are first-class, and his voice and language those of a well-born man—as soon as he recovered a little consciousness, begged me to keep this assault upon him a secret, and to remain with him until he can go away in order to avoid calling in a doctor and nurse. I have not any very particular business demanding me in any other part of the world, so I agreed to stay and bring him through it alone if there were no access of danger. I was anxious for the first forty-eight hours, but my anxiety is over now. He will do, and in another few days he and I may go on our separate ways; though I rather expect the 'Good Samaritan' will get a handsome fee for his time and trouble upon this occasion.

"The household subjected to this unpleasant invasion is as interesting as my patient. It consists of a father and daughter, with one very ordinary maid-of-all-work. I wish you could see them, Carl. Don't let Annie read this letter. The girl—her name is Hester—is different from any young creature I have ever seen. She produces upon me the impression of having always lived in moonlight, and having never seen the sun. She reminds me of primroses with the scent of spring in them, but which one knows will die before the summer sun comes. Or she is like her namesake, Queen Esther, stately, austere, and beautiful, but with the pallor of famine in her cheeks as she stands meekly in the outer court before the king has stretched out his royal sceptre to her. See how poetical I grow? But this girl has been starving all her life. There has been a famine of sunshine and laughter, and music; and she has grown up sad and pale. I should like to see her brought out into the full light; but I do not know how she could bear it.

"The father is a man bordering upon fifty, but he looks sixty, for his hair is snow-white, and his face seamed with lines. It is a gray mask, a dull, unnatural gray; but it lights up at times as from some smouldering flame behind it, and you see intense light and heat in his eyes. Do you remember that story we read when boys of the Hall of Eblis, where each tortured ghost walks solitarily, with his hand pressed upon his breast, and whenever the hand is raised, one can see a heart of fire beneath? I have thought once or twice, when I have come unexpectedly upon this man, that he was about to show me his heart on fire. He would perhaps do it to you, Carl; but you will never come across him. He is a bookseller; but reads more books than he sells. It is evident that money is scarce here. But who knows? perhaps this stranger, who tells me he is a rich man, will lift them out of their poverty. Perhaps he will fall in love with Hester. If I were he, and if I had never seen thy sister, Carl, I would woo this girl, and take her out into the fullest, brightest sunshine of fortune. She shall see him soon, and help me to nurse him; and—who can tell?

"I had written so far when I made the acquaintance of another member of this strange household. I was building a castle for my hero in bed here and my pale young heroine downstairs, when I heard the door very warily turned upon its hinges, and a new face peered round it. My patient had fallen asleep, and I beckoned angrily to the intruder to go away. Instead of doing so he entered on tiptoe, with his finger to his lips, and advanced into the middle of the room, steadfastly regarding the face of the sleeper. It was a small, shrunken man, wearing a linen apron and a brown paper cap. He glanced at me deprecatingly, but persisted in disregarding my gestures until I took him by the arm and led him to the door. He submitted meekly enough; and, as soon as we were in the passage outside, I whispered in a passion, 'What on earth brought you in there?'

"'Do you know who he is?' he asked, in a whisper also, but in a tone of horror which aroused my curiosity.'

"'No,' I said.

"'He ought not to be in this house,' he continued, energetically; 'not in the same house as the master and Miss Hester, of all places in the world. He ought never to have been brought in here, and he must be taken away at once, or worse will come of it. Everybody would say the same.'

"'Tell me why,' I said.

"'Who are you?' he asked.

"'A stranger; my name is James Grant, and I am a surgeon by profession.'

"He looked at me searchingly—it was like being scrutinized by a sparrow—and nodded. 'Come to my room,' he said.

"My patient was sleeping quietly, and would probably sleep for an hour. I followed the little man through three or four black-looking rooms which had formerly served as printing-offices, for there were some old presses still left, till we reached a large and light garret. Upon some shelves there were specimens of bookbinding which would have charmed your heart, and all other biblio-maniacs; but my new friend did not draw my attention to these. He gave me his stool to sit upon, and placed himself upon a heap of books. There was a chair in the window, but he did not offer it to me.

"Then, Carl, he unfolded to me a story. The man, whom I found well-nigh murdered, is the only son of that David Waldron who is one of your greatest men, and a trustee of your college. Ten years ago, he, the son, ran away with the young wife of the man whose home he is now in, and the husband has never since lifted up his head or let a smile dawn upon his face. He is here, sheltered by the roof he has dishonored; owing his life to the prompt humanity of the household he has wronged.

"My mind stopped there suddenly. Who, then, was the enemy that struck the blow—the deadly blow which nearly killed the man whom John Morley must needs hate? It seems that young Waldron only returned to his father's house a few months ago, on condition that he never set foot in the street where John Morley lives. What then brought him where I found him, at their very door? Whose hand but John Morley's own could have been lifted against him?

"'He must be taken away,' said the little man, trembling with excitement; 'you must get him away at once. Suppose the master should see him again, and know him! or Miss Hester!' Just then we heard the rustle of a dress on the staircase, and a step so light that we could hardly hear it. The workman rose hurriedly and placed a gorgeous book in my hand. It was a marvel of curious binding, with gilding as fine as gossamer and as rich as lace.

"'Yes,' he said, as Hester glided softly into the attic, 'it is very costly. Ah, Miss Hester! this gentleman is looking at some of my old work. But I can't do anything like this now, sir. My handy is not steady, and my eyesight is growing dull.'

"'I am learning this work myself,' she said to me, with a faint smile; 'but are you able to leave your charge? Is he so much better?'

"'He is going on well,' I answered; 'so well that he will soon be able to tell us something about himself. Your father and you must wish to know who he is?'

"The workman looked at me over her shoulder with an air of warning and entreaty.

"'I wish to know,' she said, 'and so does Lawson here; but my father cares very little about anything. He inquires after him, as you know, every day, and that is all.'

"I understood perfectly this absence of curiosity in John Morley.

"'Do you know who he is yet?' she inquired.

"'He has not been well enough for me to ask him any questions,' I answered, 'and he is quite a stranger to me. But I will ask him soon. He ought to communicate with his friends.'

"'It would be well,' she replied, with that dignity which reminds me of Queen Esther, and then she unfolded a large apron and sleeves, and attired herself in them for her singular occupation. I remained a few minutes watching her. I took up mechanically a short but heavy iron bar, technically called a pin, with which the binder screws and unscrews his press. It crossed my mind that such as this might easily be the blunt instrument with which Waldron had been struck. I threw it down hastily and returned to my patient.

"He was lying awake, and looking more collected than he had done since his accident. His eyes were clear, his pulse steady, and his face, though colorless, perfectly calm. As well as he could, he was promenading his regards, as the French say, about the room. It is a pleasant, simply-furnished chamber, with no ornament except the splendidly-bound volumes I have already mentioned. He was in a mood for talk; and I told him at some length who I am, and how I came to be at Little Aston in the right nick of time for him.

"'Do you see much of the people of the house?' he inquired.

"'Not much,' I answered; 'they are poor, and we give no little trouble in the house. They keep only one servant, and Hester has to work hard herself; especially since we two have been here.'

"'Hester!' he repeated, in a low tone; 'is she a little girl, demure, but merry at times? I fancy I know something of her and her father. Have they seen me, either of them?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'they have both seen you, and say you are a stranger to them. But Hester is not merry. Merry! she has not laughed these ten years, I should judge.'

"He winced, and turned his head away uneasily.

"'I want to see her,' he said, fretfully, and as if speaking to himself. 'I must tell little Hetty who I am. I could tell it to her; some good might come of it. Besides, I must see her; I have thought of nothing else since I knew where I was. I must and will speak to Hester.'

"He did not talk any more, but fell into a restless sleep, muttering to himself that he must see Hester. I am watching beside him now. The night is come on, and the house is as silent as a grave. I long to stamp heavily down the stairs, slam the doors, and whistle loudly; but the instant I set my foot out of this room the gloom conquers me. I tread on tiptoe, and close the doors as quietly as if some one lay a-dying somewhere. It has been a long dying here, Carl—a lingering death of ten years, and it is a man's heart that has been slowly breaking. It would have been more merciful to have killed him at once. I pity greatly John Morley.

"Good-by, old fellow. Write me a sermon for my romance. We ought to go through life together, you and I—to you the souls, to me the bodies. Together we might heal many sicknesses. GRANT."

While Robert Waldron had been lying in a state of stupefaction bordering upon delirium, he had possessed a dull but constant realization of the fact that he was in John Morley's house.

There was, it is strange to say, a species of satisfaction to him in this. The place which he

d been forbidden to approach had become a elter to him, and had received him into its ost intimate recesses. He could hear, night d morning, John Morley's footsteps upon the airs; and he listened with a thrill of interest d a momentary triumph that he could hear it. ie soft sweet voice at his door was the voice the little Hester whom he had loved with the licate and chivalrous fondness which young en sometimes feel for children just entering on girlhood. There was a vague, weak grati-ation in knowing that he was with them—in e house where he had come and gone as a miliar friend in the days long gone by. In his upor, he was not sure that that time was ite past, or that Rose herself might not come his side and lay her cool hands upon his rning head. The past and present mingled iriously in his mind; and, upon the whole, his eling was one of contentment in being where was.

But when that lethargy was ended, his memo-es and fears awoke strongly within him. It as impossible to drive away the suspicion, on ripening into conviction, that it was John orley's own hand which had so nearly eprived him of life. He had no other enemy; ere was no other fellow-creature to whom he ved such a debt, which only revenge could y. He did not blame his assailant; he rather wned that it was no more than he deserved. ut if this were true, then John Morley knew m to be lying helpless, and within his power. e was in the hands of a deadly and stealthy e, with no protector but this stranger who d chanced to find him bleeding to death in ie street. He began to be suspicious of the ccor given to him. What could it all mean? as it an artifice to avert suspicion? Or did hn Morley wish to keep him yet within reach a subtle vengeance? The more he pondered er his position, the more bewildered and dis-uieted he became.

In his perplexity, he at last came to the solution to see Hester, and trust himself to er; and for that reason he endeavored to gain d preserve the calm which Grant assured im was essential to his speedy recovery. here were three wills at work in the house: obert Waldron had resolved to see Hester, nd speak with her; Grant was decided that it ould be best and wisest to get him away from ie place without letting her known who had een their guest; while Hester herself, in the ewly-awakened stimulus of curiosity, was bent pon discovering all she could concerning their trange inmate.

(To be continued.)

THE UPROAR AT EPHESUS.

S. S. Lesson for May 16, Acts 19 : 23-34. Golden Text, verse 36. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Satan's Opportunities—When he is Foiled—Demetrius Stirred up—Business Interests Involved — Modern Disciples of Demetrius — The Meeting in the Theatre—Paul Hindered by Officials — The Confusion in the Meeting—The Town Clerk's Wisdom and Tact — God's Teaching about Persecution.

"WHEN the enemy shall come in like a flood, he Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard gainst him" (Isa. 59 : 19). And equally might ve say, "When the Spirit of the Lord is most anifestly at work, the devil rages most." imothy and Erastus (a Corinthian of some ote, formerly the chamberlain of Corinth) Rom. 16 : 23) were gone into Macedonia on he work of the Lord. "And the same time here arose no small stir about that way."

SATAN TIMES OUR TRIALS

at seasons of greatest difficulty. He takes care hat a child shall fall ill, or an unexpected vis-tor come, just at the time one is changing ser-vants. He will manage that an unusual run of correspondence shall come just when one's cor-responding clerk is out of the way; there is some special need to use a conveyance just when the horse has lost a shoe; or a servant finds that breakfast is rung for early, just the very morning that the fire won't burn. If we have the care of these things in our hands, he soon succeeds in getting us into a state of worry. If the Lord reigns within, Satan meets with his Conqueror.

It was at the time when the loss of these two brethren made changes necessary in the church at Ephesus, that Satan stirred up Demetrius, a silversmith, to consider, in common with the heathen tradesmen and workmen of Ephesus, the bearing of the new religion upon their mercantile prospects. They held a public meeting, which was largely attended, and Demetrius addressed the audience. He was no enthusiast for his religion, and did not attempt to prove it was superior to Christianity. Quite another thing preoccupied him. "Sirs, ye know that

BY THIS CRAFT WE HAVE OUR WEALTH."

Perhaps there is not a brewer or a distiller in this country who would dare to say that the manufacture of drink was really good for the country; and yet they defend it tooth and nail, because by this craft they have their wealth. Probably there is not a tobacconist or a cigar manufacturer who would say that the country was the better, the richer, the more religious, or even the more intellectual for smoking; but by this trade they get their wealth, and so they must defend it. Few opium growers would maintain that the public health and morals of China were improved by the opium traffic; but guilty England winks at the sacrifice of life, and says, "By this trade we get our wealth." "If you can make money by it, it is lawful;" such is practically the creed of those who "seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's" (Phil. 2 : 21). Awful revelations come to light of members of churches whose revenue comes from houses of ill-fame, and the unholy excuse with which all is covered up is but that of the heathen Demetrius, "By this craft we have our wealth."

Demetrius, however, is a witness to the spread of the Gospel; he says: "Moreover ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods, which are made with hands." Like other outsiders, Demetrius only sees the negative side; he represents Paul as taking away the old superstition and giving nothing in the place of it: true disciple of his master, the devil, who always represents the service of God as a dead loss. Demetrius continues, "So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought (*this first*); but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth." Business first, religion second. The people, roused by this appeal, and their self-interest and superstition touched, they raised a cry which they spread throughout the city, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

How far Paul and his helpers knew of what was stirring we know not; this we know, that God cares for His own, and nothing can come upon them without His permission. The whole city was filled with confusion, and the leaders of the riot caught two of Paul's companions in travel, Gaius and Aristarchus, and rushed, carrying them along, into the theatre. Arrived there, they held

A MEETING WITHOUT A LEADER,

one of the most impossible things that can be; some "cried one thing, and some another: for the assembly was confused; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together." Paul was not the man to hide and run away at such a time; he desired to go into the theatre, but "the disciples suffered him not." Probably he would not have been hindered by all their entreaties but that some of the chief of Asia, men in authority, desired him not to adventure himself into the theatre. Paul always recognized the authority of "the powers that be," and he yielded. This was not from fear; he had already "fought with beasts at Ephesus" (1 Cor. 15 : 32), probably in that very theatre. We see from this history that Paul did not court persecution, but he was ready for it when it came. Unless the Lord had sent him into the theatre, it is not likely that there would have been quiet enough for him to speak, and Paul could trust God for his companions as much while himself outside, as though he were present with them. We may be sure that Paul was engaged in trusting his God for the issue of this outbreak of persecution, and

THE LORD DID UNDERTAKE.

The people, not knowing on whom to vent their rage, "drew Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews putting him forward." We have no evidence that this was the same Alexander as that "Alexander the coppersmith," who did Paul much harm, and who was probably an Ephesian citizen, and the same of whom he speaks in connection with Hymeneus (1 Tim. 1 : 20). This Alexander wanted to make his defence unto the people—a hopeless thing amid such dire confusion! It only drew upon him the deafening cry of an excited multitude, continuing for two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." How helpless man is in such a scene as this, but how easily God can manage any multitude of people! He sent the town clerk, who appeased the people; they would give audience to him when to none else. The town clerk must have been a man of sense and with more reverence for the religion he professed than Demetrius had. He appeals to the people as Ephesian citizens, and to the reputation of Ephesus as the temple-keeper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter (supposed to be an ærolite, but superstitiously worshipped by the Greeks of those days). He argues, "Seeing then that these things cannot be spoken against, ye ought to be quiet, and to do nothing rashly. For ye have brought hither these men, which are neither robbers of churches, nor yet blasphemers of your goddess." This was true, and the people must have felt it so, and that they looked very foolish in having thus taken the law into their own hands. And when their chief magistrate said that if Demetrius, or the craftsmen had a matter against any man, the law was open, and they could obtain redress in the ordinary way, the more thinking portion of the multitude must have felt very small, and that they had made

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

The town clerk would countenance nothing that was illegal, and consequently they had to go away feeling that they had lost their time and gained nothing. Thus the assembly was dismissed, and no man received any harm.

We are not told so, but the context would lead us to conclude that this blessed intervention was in answer to the prayers of Paul. It is also very apparent that God made use of this occasion to tell Paul that He needed him elsewhere. God has a voice in every circumstance; His language cannot be reduced to human rules. It would never answer to think that because Paul left Ephesus at this time, therefore whenever the multitude becomes excited in a city then is the time for God's messenger to flee. Neither is it a rule of God that His people are never to flee in time of persecution. He reserves to Himself the direction needed in each individual case. But He has taught us not to look at persecution as a strange or unusual thing, but to rejoice inasmuch as we are partakers of Christ's sufferings. Again and again He teaches us to rejoice in persecution. "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, *happy* are ye" (1 Pet. 4 : 13, 14). "*Count it all joy* when ye fall into divers temptations" (James 1 : 2). "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution" (II Tim. 2 : 12). "*Blessed* are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. *Rejoice* and be exceeding glad" (Matt. 5 : 11, 12). As apostolic piety revives, apostolic persecution will revive also; we can be ready for it only as we abide in Christ and as He lives His life in us.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

General Gordon's Perilous Position in Khartoum is causing serious apprehension in England. As the government is indisposed to send an expedition to rescue him, it has been proposed to raise a fund to defray the expense of a private expedition. Many wealthy people have written to the newspapers stating their readiness to contribute to the fund. One person offers $125,000. The newspapers, however, decline to receive the subscriptions, contending that it is the duty of the government to provide for the safety of the distinguished general. The government express their conviction that General Gordon is not in any danger, but the publication of his urgent and pathetic appeals for assistance, his indignant declaration that he considers himself abandoned, and the fact that Sir Evelyn Baring, the British Minister in Egypt, urges that a force be sent to his succor, have created a painful impression. A motion of censure on the government for its negligence has been introduced into the House of Commons.

The Proposed Conference on the Egyptian financial difficulty is still under consideration among the great Powers of Europe. The chief obstacle is the opposition of the French Government. It protests against the scheme to reduce the claims of the bondholders and also against the Conference being limited to the discussion of the financial question. The French Minister has informed the English Secretary of State that the contemplated Egyptian Conference cannot be confined altogether to consideration of the obligations of Egypt to her creditors. The security of bondholders cannot be reduced to defray the expenses of recent adventurous enterprises which caused the difficulties that now embarrass the Egyptian Treasury Department. If appropriations are made partially on the ground of present necessities, a precedent will be established which will be certain to result in a renewal of the practice at recurring troubles of a similar character.

A Royal Marriage was Solemnized at Darmstadt, in Germany, on April 30th. The bride, Princess Victoria, is the daughter of the late Princess Alice of England, who married the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. The bridegroom, Prince Louis of Battenberg, is the son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, and brother of the Prince of Bulgaria. The bride's grandmother, the Queen of England, attended the ceremony, which especially interested her on account of her love for her favorite daughter, Princess Alice. *A photograph* was taken during the progress of the festivities which is likely to become popular among Her Majesty's loyal subjects. It was of the Queen as the centre of a group in which were her daughter, the Princess Imperial of Germany, and that lady's daughter and grand-daughter, four generations being thus represented of this prolific family.

An Extensive Scheme to Aid the Irish Peasantry will, it is said, be proposed by the British Government at an early date. Mr. William Shaw, one of the members of Parliament representing the city of Cork, is authority for the statement. He says: "I have the most positive knowledge that the government will announce within the next fortnight a new and important proposal for the extension of Irish peasant land-proprietorship. In this Mr. Gladstone will name two leading Irishmen, who will be asked to serve on the commission to be created for carrying out the plan. This plan will place at the disposal of the commission $25,000,000, to be lent out in small sums, at low interest and long terms, to Irish peasants who desire to purchase their present holdings at official valuation, which the government will force as low as possible. This is wonderful liberality, and the step, if carried out, will do more to place Ireland in the hands of the Irish and secure genuine home rule in Ireland than all the political fuss which any number of leagues could make in a century." Mr. Shaw, who is much respected in Ireland, is an advocate of home rule, but is opposed to Mr. Parnell's tactics. He regards that leader as a visionary who would prevent hungry Irishmen from getting bread unless they can get the whole loaf.

An International Confederation Against Socialism is being organized by the Russian Government. It has proposed to Austria to enter into an agreement to refuse all harbor to social refugees, and to surrender suspects to the complaining Powers. The Russian Government believe that if all the European Powers joined in such an association, the extreme forms of socialism, such as anarchism, would soon be crushed out by legal prosecutions and the inability of the revolutionists to find harbor or basis of operations. It is stated that Austria will reply favorably to Russia's proposition.

Distressing Anxiety and Suspense has been caused by the intelligence that the steamer State of Florida has foundered at sea. She sailed from New York for Glasgow on April 12th. She had on board eighty-five passengers, and her officers and crew numbered eighty men. On April 27th the steamer Devon picked up two empty life-boats belonging to the State of Florida, and passed a quantity of wreckage of the same vessel. It is believed that some of those on board were rescued. The City of Rome passed on April 23d a sailing vessel which made signals to her that she had on board a shipwrecked crew, but the signal giving the name of the vessel to which the crew belonged was not understood, though the first word was believed to be "State."

Disturbances have Occurred in Spain in Connection with the election of members of the Cortes. The government exercised its influence with a shameless disregard of the wishes of the people. So openly were electoral rights suppressed that in many cases the popular candidates withdrew from the election before the poll opened. The people were much excited by the oppression of the officials, and there were several risings which were suppressed by force. There were indications in some districts that the Nihilistic society called *the Black Hand* has largely extended its influence and membership. There is also in existence a military secret society affiliated with the Black Hand, which includes a large number of the rank and file of the army and a considerable proportion of the officers. The existence and rapid growth of these societies menaces the permanence of the present government of Spain.

The Liberals of Germany are Organizing an extensive movement having for its object the creation of a great national liberal German party, to embrace the entire Empire, with the view of uniting the whole German people in the pursuit of patriotic liberalism. A national conference of the party was held last week at Stuttgart for the purpose of arranging a final plan for the conduct of the coming campaign for election of members to the Reichstag. Three hundred and forty regular delegates, representing all the northern sections of the Empire, attended.

Dynamiters have been at Work in Toronto. On April 30th a boy whose father is a care-taker of the Parliament buildings in Toronto was playing around the western end of the buildings in which are situated the Crown Lands offices. From the ventilator under the window lighting the Commissioner of Crown Lands office he saw a roll of paper protruding, and his curiosity was aroused. He pulled it out, and he saw that it was a dynamite cartridge. Wire and a fuse were attached ready for explosion at a very short notice. The boy at once gave the alarm, and an instant search was made of the whole of the buildings. In the ventilator corresponding to the one in the western end, under the steps approaching the Speaker's chambers, two more cartridges were found in a similar position. The dynamite was in the cartridges, the wire was attached, and preparations had been made for the attachment of the fuse, which lay a short distance away. This demonstrates that the miscreants had been disturbed in their purpose and compelled suddenly to abandon it. "Th is enough in one cartridge," said Mr. McDon a gentleman who had one in his hands, blow up either the east or the west wing of Parliament buildings."

Christian Work in Russia is being Prose by Dr. Baedeker, who, writing from Odessa his journey to that place, says: "At Gratz I some interesting cases by talking to the pe in the street or in shops, and also in a la shoe factory, where, by permission of director, Scriptures were given to some h dreds in various languages. These meeti were attended by large numbers of Jews and fidels, and there was a brisk demand for Bi and Testaments by men who had neglected rejected its claims altogether. They were poor for the greater part, but they were suc would not have bought Bibles for themselve

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Among the Valuable Religious Works P lished by Mr. Thomas Whittaker, of 2 an Bible House, New York City, has been recer issued a new edition of that most justly pop little book, "Thoughts for Weary Hours," cheap and attractive form; a new edition "Personal Piety," a help to Christians to w worthy of their calling, being a very valua compendium of practical and suggestive co sel in pursuing the Christian race; "Earn Thoughts for Every Day," an inexpensive tastefully arranged little volume abounding w bright thoughts for the encouragement of tivity in the Christian life; "Counsel and Co fort for Daily Life," and "Hopeful Words the Sick and Suffering," companion volur severally described by their titles, consisting choice collections of short articles from *Parish Visitor*; "Little Things in Every-D Life," a short treatise on the importance of garding the minor details of daily routi "The Christian Life," by Right Rev. Ash Oxenden, D.D.; "Thoughts on the Lor Prayer," by Rev. Francis Washburn, a pra cal and suggestive treatise on that inexhausti subject; an edition of the "Life of Fran Ridley Havergal," in paper covers, for popu distribution; "Short Prayers for Private Us by Rev. D. F. Sprigg, D.D.; "Morning, No and Night," daily prayer and meditation co piled from eminent authors; and many ot works of like character, a full catalogue of wh can be obtained by request from the abo named publisher.

"Thy Healer." A New Magazine Devoted the subject of faith-healing, may be had fr the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, p five cents, including postage. It is issued London on the first and fifteenth of each mon and will be sent to subscribers promptly on receipt in New York. The annual subscript is one dollar. It is *edited by Mrs. M. Ba* whose expositions of the International Sund school lessons are published every week in t journal. It contains incidents of faith-heal reported from Bethshan, the London faith-h ing institution, and from other similar insti tions in Europe, and articles by eminent writ on the subject.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfil prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Bax entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN H ALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitt one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is ha somely bound in cloth and contains fifty f page pictures and diagrams representing scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel in the book of the Revelation. It also conta a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, extracts carefully collated from the works of the most eminent writers on prophecy, from earliest ages of the Christian era down to th of recent date. It thus forms the most us and complete guide the student can have in tering on the study of that portion of the W of God. The book may also be obtained for dollar from any bookseller, who can procur from the American News Company.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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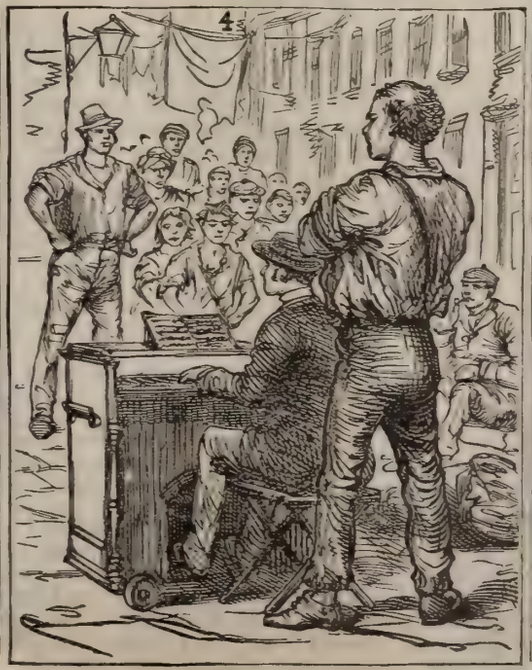
LADY ELIZABETH HOPE.



LADY ELIZABETH HOPE, the Philanthropist—Scenes in Outcast London.

LADY ELIZABETH HOPE,

The Christian Friend of the Poor.

The Rich and the Poor Meet Together—An Aristocratic Philanthropist—Her Father and Husband—Active Philanthropy—Scenes in Outcast London—Paradise Place—The Queen's Gardens—A Centre of Horrors—A Thieves' Den—Adventure with a Harmonium—A Fallen Music-Teacher—An Infidel Shoemaker—The Problem of the Poor—A Menace to Society—Responsibility of Wealthy Christians.

MUCH has been said and written during the past few months of the horrors of "Outcast London." The London correspondents of the American newspapers have sent us thrilling narratives of the misery and wretchedness in which the poor f that monster city live. We know by our tenement-house revelations how deplorable is the condition of our own poor; but not the worst scenes in the worst quarters of New York can parallel the scenes described by the newspaper correspondents as existing in London. Much has been said, too, of the responsibility for this shameful condition of affairs. It is intimated, or explicitly stated, that wealthy nobles own the wretched hovels in which these poor creatures live, and that they extort high rents from their tenants, while neglecting to provide for them decent accommodation. Nor has Christianity escaped censure. The Church in London is charged with forgetting her Lord's injunction to care for the poor and with omitting to carry the Gospel to the heathen at home, while spending large sums in evangelizing the heathen abroad. There is ground for these charges, but it is not right in this case—it is seldom right in any case—to condemn a class in the bulk. There are among English aristocrats many philanthropists, many Christian workers, who turn their backs on worldly pleasure and frivolity, and give their time, and labor, and wealth to the great undertaking of improving the condition of the poor. Prominent among these workers is the gentle lady whose portrait adorns this week the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Lady Hope, formerly Miss Elizabeth R. Cotton, is already known by her writing to our readers; a tale from her pen, entitled "Touches of Real Life," having appeared in these columns during the early months of 1881. She has written many similar works, full of incidents in the lives of the poor, and proving how intimately she must have associated with them, how deeply she sympathizes with them, and how anxious she is to awaken a similar sympathy in the minds of others. Her own personal labors in the slums of London are well known in English philanthropic circles. They are of various kinds, but all directed to the one end of improving the condition of the poor, both spiritually and physically, and they are all prompted by one motive—love to Christ and those whom He specially designated as

HIS REPRESENTATIVES

on earth. By preaching the Gospel in mission halls, by visiting the sick and telling them of Christ, by helping the mothers and the children in their daily duties, and by inculcating temperance principles among the rough and brutal men, she has sought, and with no small success, to mitigate the sorrow and suffering incidental to their lot.

Lady Hope is now about forty years of age, is prepossessing in appearance, gifted with a voice of singular sweetness, an indefatigable capacity for hard work, and a most tender and sympathetic heart. Her father was General Sir Arthur Cotton, who in 1861 received the honor of knighthood for his public services in India, and in 1867 was nominated lieutenant-general in the army, attaining the rank of general in 1876. He was placed on the retired list in 1877.

Shortly after this event Miss Cotton married Admiral Sir James Hope, a relative of the Earl of Hopetoun, but her wedded life was only of brief duration, as Sir James died in 1882. He held the chief command of the English naval forces, on the East Indian Station and on the Chinese coast, in 1859–60, and he was nominated a K.C.B. for his ability and skill in that capacity, especially in the operations which led to the capture of Pekin. He was promoted to the rank of admiral in 1870; was appointed principal naval aide-de-camp to the Queen in 1873, and was placed on the retired list in March, 1878. His widow since his death has continued the labors of her earlier years, and in a recently published work she sketches the scenes amid which she has worked. One of those scenes is in the very district about which so much has been written lately.

IN THE MIDST OF "OUTCAST LONDON."

The details given are drawn from the records of a devoted missionary, who, having been blessed in his labors for Christ elsewhere, had entered upon this new and trying sphere of labor. Missionaries one after another had deserted the post, and curates left in rapid succession, borne down by the sights, and sounds, and smells, under which their courage had ebbed and their health given way. The scene which met the new-comer's eye when he ventured to inspect the district he was about to enter is shown in our frontispiece picture, No. 1, and is thus graphically depicted by the authoress:

He looked around. He was surrounded by houses, houses, houses! overtopping one another right into the gray dimness of smoke, and vapor, and cloud, of every shape, and size, and degree. Leaning, and jutting, and slanting, and bending, all jostling and crowded together like the huge iron limbs of a great forest, they seemed to have entangled in their meshes a tiny yard and imprisoned it. An oppressive load of foul air seemed to suffocate him as, with his friend, he found himself travelling the defiles of the court. It was called, as if in grim irony,

PARADISE PLACE!

Strange misnomer. A rush of comparisons entered his mind, and he said to himself, "Where am I? Surely 'Fiends' Court' would be the truest name for this fearful spot!" But another thought came—"Have not these people souls—precious souls? Souls that may be lost or saved, won or ruined?" And the softer feelings of pity and sorrow filled his heart.

At the further end of the court two wretched, half-clothed women were fighting desperately, striving to tear one another to pieces in their rage and fury. It was a sickening sight. Their hair was wild and unkempt; their clothes ragged; their voices shrieks from some evil depths, reminding one of the words applied to the unhallowed tongue,

"SET ON FIRE OF HELL."

Costermongers were filling their barrows, children were screaming and rolling in a sea of blackened filth at the open doors. Rags, in every stage of dirt, were hanging in rude festoons from the windows, garlanding the wretched yard, like archways, fluttering poison from their wreaths with every fresh breeze that passed them. Men and women, sleeping a half-drunken sleep, lay in the doorways, and groaned aloud in their misery as the two men passed, begging for money—"browns," they said, and "ha'porths of gin."

Sick, wearied, horrified, he turned his steps to another court. The name of this was

THE "QUEEN'S GARDENS."

In the first house three women sat upon an empty orange box, playing cards. "You are the man I want!" said one woman, springing to her feet as he came in. She had an awful face, bad and bold, discolored with sores and bruises. "You are the man for me," she repeated again. "Look at me! Don't I look bad? See what my man did the other night. He pitched me out of bed and hit me about. He declares he will murder me some day. I want you to convert him! When he is good we save a lot of money; when he is bad it's dreadful, that it is. Oh! do convert him. If you do, I'll *stand treat!*" (*See picture No. 2 on frontispiece.*)

No wonder that after a day spent among such scenes as these, the record affirms, "Our friend went back to his lodging very weary."

While ready to hail all agencies put forward for improving the condition of the dwellers in this pitiable region, Lady Hope has no faith in the efficacy of mere externals. She observes—and the experience of all who have studied the subject will support the opinion thus expressed—"Just take these poor creatures from the London slums, and put them into the most beautiful and aristocratic mansions of Belgravia—transplant them to Mayfair—do it to-day, and in one month's time Belgravia and Mayfair will be a rookery like the lowest depths of the East End. We all know this perfectly well. We see it every day."

The mischief is largely traced to its source, when we are reminded that amid it all the grog-shop is

A CENTRE OF HORRORS,

more or less defined, more or less tangible, such as this—drunken sleeps, perverted affections, unnatural cruelty, violations of decency. Murder, death, and infamy, with every other sin included, are fostered and sustained, *created* by this fearful liquor, put before the people as it is in its cheapness and intoxicating power.

The *true remedy* for all the trouble is thus tersely pointed: "Give the people better homes!" we cry. This is true. It is right. But at the same time take from them this deadly curse, and provide them with the living water of the Gospel. It is the only one. It is *the only medium of salvation for man.*

A VISIT TO A THIEVES' DEN.

To illustrate the missionary's difficulties in visiting haunts such as we have described, *and worse*, Lady Hope relates the following incident: "As he was walking down a court one day a woman stopped him, saying: 'Could you sign a paper for my man to get his money? He's a sojer, and he's got the roomatics very badly, so he can't go to get it done hisself.' The woman seemed in a great hurry, earnestly begging that her request might be attended to instantly. The visitor's only course seemed to be a walk in the direction that was indicated. He therefore followed his guide through the intricacies of courts and doorways. At length he found himself in a long dark passage underground. Escape was now impossible, as he possessed no clue to his entrance. On and on they went, till finally a door opened, and he found himself in a long, low room, where a fire was burning in the grate. By its light he could perceive a man sitting by the table.

"'This is the man,' said his guide; 'he wants his paper signed, he do.' Just as a few precautionary questions were being asked, *the wall itself appeared to open.* There was no visible door, and from the opening there advanced a man, horribly ferocious looking, with a heavy bludgeon uplifted. The next instant he rushed upon the stranger, evidently intending to strike him down. (*See frontispiece picture No. 3.*)

"The woman, who seemed quite at home in this desperate abode, also rushed forward, and seized the uplifted hand, parrying the blow. 'Don't touch him!' she screamed. 'It is the missionary!' We may imagine that the servant of Christ was not sorry to escape when his work was done, by her aid returning through the labyrinths he had traversed. When once more he breathed the fresh air, his courage returned, and he made one or two inquiries about the strange haunts he had discovered. It proved to be a thieves' den, and the man who had emerged from the wall so suddenly *was only mistaking his guest for a detective in plain clothes!* Had it not been for the woman's speedy intervention, there is not the slightest doubt that a life would have been sacrificed that night and a silent murder committed."

There came a day in the missionary's calendar when he thought *he would carry his portable harmonium* into one of the very worst haunts, named Gold Court, at a little distance from his house. It was to some degree untrodden ground. Though he had visited the houses in it, and was more or less acquainted with many of its families, he had not yet attempted any-

thing like open-air preaching in it. The demons of drink and immorality revelled unchecked here; with them, of course, there dwelt the companion spirits of disloyalty and insubordination.

But one Sunday afternoon the harmonium was placed in the centre of the court. A hymn was started. A few chords had been played, when out from a door near there came an Irishman, of noticeable stature, storming with rage—a veritable ruffian! In a loud voice, and with an unquestionably threatening attitude, he asked: "What be you going to do with that there thing?" "I am going to cheer you up a bit, that's all," said the visitor.

"I AM GOING TO SING TO YOU."

"None of your noise!" answered the Irishman. "None of your noise, or I'll smash the thing all to bits." "*The thing*" meant the unfortunate harmonium. Just as the missionary was replying to his adversary in some mollifying strain, another man rushed out of another doorway and began to interpose *his* questions. "Now then! what are you going to sing?" he said. "Have it out! What is it all about?" "I was going to sing," he replied; "but I cannot do it now, for this man says he will smash my instrument if I play or sing." "What!" the new-comer demanded fiercely; "smash your music, when you come round to cheer us up a bit? Never! I'll smash *him* first!" In an instant his coat was off and he was ready for a fight. "You go ahead!" he shouted to the missionary; "and I'll dare him to touch you. *I'll* see that you are not meddled with." So the missionary played, and sang, and spoke for about half an hour, his friend standing by him with turned-up shirt sleeves, closed fists, and folded arms, ready to protect him from any shadow of interference that might arise. (*See frontispiece picture No.* 4.)

"You see," Mr. Felix, the missionary, explained at the close of his discourse, which he had thus been permitted to carry on unmolested to its close—"you see, our friend here who wanted me to 'move on,' did not know me. He was a stranger. But *you* all know me, and you know why I come." "We *do* know you!" answered the man in the shirt sleeves; "and we know *why* you come. And we ask you to come again. And nobody shall ever touch you when you come here. No, never! You are

ALWAYS WELCOME."

Beside a bright fire, his wife in front of him, his babe upon his knee, sat Mr. Felix, as Lady Hope describes him, on one winter's evening. A timid knock at the door recalled his thoughts and brought him once more to his work. A woman, ill-clad and desperate-looking, stood at his door. "Sir, may I speak to you?" she said. "Don't people sign the pledge here?" He replied in the affirmative, showing her his pledge-book, and at the same time offering her a seat.

A FALLEN MUSIC TEACHER.

She had hardly taken her place beside the table, when she began her story. It was a very sad one. She had sold everything she possessed for *spirits*. In two days she had spent nearly ten dollars. Now she had just left the gin palace in disgust because, finding she had no money left, the landlord had threatened to take out her earrings, in payment for his liquor. This had vexed her, and she had replied indignantly: "I would rather let you draw every tooth in my head than part with my earrings!" and so saying had passed through the heavy swing door, out into the chill, damp night, and had found her way to the missionary's parlor, where she was now resolving never to "touch the drink again."

"Oh, sir!" she said, "it is the *company* that drags one down. The society here is so evil. I have a home and five children and a good husband. But—but—I have been a bad wife to him. There, now, I have told you the truth." "Will you kneel down with me?" Mr. Felix asked, "and let us pray the Lord to help you to keep this pledge."

"No! I won't!" said the woman. "I won't be a hypocrite. I am too wicked to pray." Mr. Felix was struck by the ladylike manners and faultless diction of his guest, which seemed to stand out in strange contrast to her appearance, as well as the description of her depraved surroundings.

She had risen from her chair in the excitement of her story, and now seemed to be anxious to leave. However, Mr. Felix interposed. "I cannot let you go away like this," he said. "Do sit down again, and see if I cannot help you. There is something the matter, somewhere, I can see that. Now, what is it? Let me be a friend to you. Try and tell me your troubles." "No," she said; "my troubles are too bad to tell anybody."

Seeing the little portable harmonium near her, she exclaimed, "I am passionately fond of music." "Sit down, then, and play, if you like," Mr. Felix said. She immediately put her hands upon the keys, and began to play most exquisitely. Gradually she added a vocal accompaniment, her voice rising and falling with intense pathos in its clear, beautiful notes. "I only wish I could play on my instrument as you do," Mr. Felix remarked, "and sing as well." "Oh," she replied, "I have given many a music lesson. I have played at many a concert, and sang too. I have had a good education. I understand several languages. But nobody cares for me now. I know I am wicked. I know I have done wrong."

By degrees she confessed that she had sunk from her proper station in life. Her *brother* was a *clergyman*, her *husband* was a *solicitor*. Now she was living in a low street near with a *shoemaker*, who by her own account was the worst of characters. But *she loved him!* this she positively declared, saying that nothing would ever induce her to leave him.

A SCENE OF SHOCKING MISERY.

She left her address at parting, and a day or two after the missionary called upon her. There he found two half-naked children upon the floor. *They had been brought away by her from her rightful home!* and now sat crouched together in all the horrors of starvation. They were cold and hungry, their fingers pressed upon their lips as though they would keep down their cries of hunger. *The mother had broken the pledge and was drinking still.*

It was all that the visitor could do to forbear from commenting on the horrible scene before him. He did ask, as kindly as his feelings would let him, the name of her brother. "Will you not tell me his name?" he said, "and I will go and find him at once. I know several clergymen. I am sure he would forgive you. I think that he would be glad to find you." "I don't want to see him," she answered harshly; "nor should I like him to know where I am. You must not ask me too many questions."

"Then may I not go to your husband, and tell him where you are? I am sure he would heartily welcome you home again. You must not despair. There is forgiveness for the vilest." She said: "Not for me!

I WAS ONCE A PURE, BRIGHT GIRL,

but I have sunk so low now!"

"Will you come and get some tea at my house to-morrow?" he asked, "and we will have another talk." "No, I won't!" she said decidedly. "If I can find your brother or husband, and they will receive you, will you go home again?" he inquired. "No, sir!" she answered hotly. "They would not let me drink; and I *like* the liquor. I *must have* it! I cannot live without it!"

"To be plain with you," Mr. Felix now said, using his last argument, "it just comes to this: you say you love the shoemaker, with whom you are living, better than your own husband, because he lets you drink; and he drinks too, I suppose!" "Yes," she answered, "that's it. You have it now."

"Then I ask you once more, will you give up Bob and the drink, and accept the Saviour, who alone can keep you, and make you a bright, happy woman yet; or will you stick to Bob and the drink, and be lost forever?" She said: "*I'll be lost, then, sir!*" (*See frontispiece picture No.* 5.)

A REPULSIVE PARAMOUR.

She was visited several times. The shoemaker was a strange creature to have inspired passion in the breast of an educated woman; he was a disciple of the atheist, Bradlaugh, holding his opinions firmly, and declaring vehemently, in indecent language, the falsity of the Bible, and expressing his hatred of the English laws. He was a terrible-looking man, repulsive to a degree; always ready to argue, and, judging by his words and his appearance, also ready to strike. With all his boastings he confessed that his "conscience" was a "hell to him."

The passages we have quoted from Lady Hope's book sufficiently indicate its character. It is an attempt to make the Christian public acquainted with the ulcer that is eating its way into the social life of the country. That people who love the Lord Jesus and desire to live in the light of His life should know that such a state of things exists and should make no effort to change it, Lady Hope does not believe. She assumes that a personal and united public effort will be made to discharge so fearful a responsibility. The question is, what kind of an effort promises success, and how it shall be initiated.

One method she suggests is the establishment of coffee-rooms, where, with refreshments provided at the lowest rate, there shall be innocent amusements and an abundance of wholesome literature. These, she believes, would compete successfully with the rum-shops, which now are the only places which open their doors to the men and women who, weary of their wretched homes, pine for society and amusement of any kind that will help them to forget their misery. The experiment is being tried with encouraging results, but much yet remains to be done.

The urgent need of considering this problem is not confined to London. In our own cities the evil is not so stupendous, but it is sufficiently serious to demand our attention, and it is developing with appalling rapidity. It menaces the very existence of society. How long such people may endure their misery in patience, who can tell? The time may come when desperate men, seeing on all hands the presence of abundant wealth, will rise and demand their share of it, and attempt to seize it by force. Then there will be a struggle such as was seen on two occasions in Paris, and then the streets of the city ran with blood. For the most part the poor are patient now, but it is easy to understand that men who are hungry, who have not a dollar to buy clothing, who see their wives and children, whom they love, pining and dying before their eyes, and realize that the lives they love might be saved if they had but five dollars to spend in nourishment for them, may come to an end of their patience. They meet men on the streets who possess millions, and who go on hoarding their money—men who waste in one hour money that would, if they had it, save the lives of their loved ones, and yet who hold out no helping hand to their brethren. The sight may some day turn law-abiding men into rioters, plunderers, and murderers.

Our cities exist on the crater of a volcano; it remains to be seen whether there are in them those few wise men of whom Solomon spoke, who, by their wisdom, can save the city. It is a question for patriots and statesmen, but more especially for Christian men, who are taught that every man in need is their neighbor, to whom they are bound, by the most solemn obligations, to render help. The Christian millionaire—and there are in all our cities many of them—may wisely go into the slums and see how the poor live, and then go home, and on his knees ask the question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?"

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IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, May 11, 1884.

"Wherefore doth a living man complain?"—LAMENTATIONS 3 : 39.

A Question Every One Asks—Solomon's Answer—Due to a Polygamous Life—Jeremiah's Answer—Modern Diversity of Opinion—A Prosperous Young Man's Opinion—A Middle-aged Unfortunate—The Right Answer—A Money-getting Life a Failure—Worldly Approval Disappointing—Social Position Unsatisfactory—Wealth the Passport to Society—A Life that is Worth Living—Taking Stock—A Comprehension of Responsibilities—Life a Brief Preface—A New Hampshire Home—A Devoted Mother's Life—Peter Cooper's Beneficent Years—Heroic Lives—The True Test.

IF we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophecy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

Solomon in his unhappy moments says it is not. "Vanity," "vexation of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says in my text

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING.

In a book supposed to be doleful, and lugubrious, and sepulchral, and entitled "Lamentations," he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The author of my text cries out in startling intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

A DIVERSITY OF OPINION

in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair, and blue eyes, and sound digestion, and generous salary, and happily affianced, and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tip-top of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and all the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will drawl out in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

HOW ARE WE TO DECIDE

this matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much upon which way the wind blows. If the wind blow from the northwest and you ask him, he will say, "Yes;" and if it blow from the north-east and you ask him, he will say, "No." How are we then to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on Eastern or Western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Aye" and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misfortune and trouble the "Noes" would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as

THE RIGHT ANSWER.

If you ask me "Is life worth living?" I answer, *it all depends upon the kind of life you live.*

In the first place, I remark, that a life of mere money getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the millionaires, and next to them those who have half a million. There is not a scissors-grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn that is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire-bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when Marine Bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp-strings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall Street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegraph or a telephone in their own house, so they catch every breath of change in the money-market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones.

Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chlorate of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths he would find he is made up of copper, and gold, and silver, and zinc, and lead, and coal, and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for Happiness to come and live there, but

HAPPINESS WILL NOT COME.

They send footmaned and postillioned equipage to bring her; she will not ride to their door. They send princely escort; she will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation.

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money-getting fall far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

So the idea of

WORLDLY APPROVAL.

If that be dominant in a man's life he is miserable. The two most unfortunate men in this country for the next six months will be the two men nominated for the Presidency. The reservoirs of abuse, and diatribe, and malediction are gradually filling up now, gallon above gallon, hogshead above hogshead, and about midsummer these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these nominees, and they will have to stand it, and take the abuse, and the falsehood, and the caricature, and the anathema, and the caterwauling, and the filth, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are choked, and submerged, and strangulated, and at every sign of returning consciousness they will be barked at by all the hounds of political parties from ocean to ocean. And yet, there are a hundred men to-day struggling for that privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered and abused cheaper than that!

Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you. But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called

SOCIAL POSITION.

Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or the show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men to-day as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out-and-out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices, and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regrets without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russia. Their ignorance is positively sublime. Making English grammar almost disreputable. And yet the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth, if you only got it. Perhaps you got it by failing four or five times. It is the most rapid way of accumulation in this country—that is, the quickest way to get in social position. Those who fail only once are not very well off, but by the time a man has failed the second time he is comfortable, and by the time he has failed the third time he is affluent. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, have a few preferred creditors, and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over, and then come back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quick it will get you into high social position? What is the use of toiling with forty of fifty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune. Ah! my friends, when you really lose your money how quick they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

There are thousands to-day in that realm who are anxious to keep in it. There are thousands in that realm who are nervous for fear they will fall out of it, and there are changes going on every year, and every month, and every hour which involve heartbreaks that are never reported. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the delicate question as to whom they shall let in and whom they shall push out, and the battle is going on—pier mirror against pier mirror, chandelier against chandelier, wine cellar against wine cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Uncertainty and insecurity dominant in that realm, wretchedness enthroned, torture at a premium, and a life not worth living.

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh, and the devil is a failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you send to that cradle, or how many garlands you send to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstone this in-

scription : " Better for that man if he had never been born."

But I shall show you

A LIFE THAT IS WORTH LIVING.

A young man says : " I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry ; others decided that. I am not responsible for my temperament ; God gave me that. But here I am, in the afternoon of the nineteenth century, at twenty years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put it to the very best uses, and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch sweetest music and the voices of friendship—the very best music. A tongue, with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome, or resist, or lift, or smite, or wave, or bless—hands to help myself and help others.

Here is a world which after six thousand years of battling with tempest and accident is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me—a golden lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantel of the night. Yea, I have that at twenty years of age which defies all inventory of valuables—a soul, with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or to hate. Plato says it is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal. An old book among the family relics—a book with leathern cover almost worn out, and pages almost obliterated by oft perusal, joins to the other books in saying I am immortal. I have eighty years for a lifetime, sixty years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently and for a long life. Sixty years added to the twenty I have already lived, that will bring me to eighty. I must remember that these eighty years are only

A BRIEF PREFACE

to the five hundred thousand millions of quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. Now, I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities.

If there is any being in the universe all wise and all beneficent who can help a man in such a juncture, I want him. The old book found among the family relics tells me there is a God, and that for the sake of His Son, one Jesus, He will give help to a man. To Him I appeal. God help me! Here, I have sixty years yet to do for myself and to do for others. I must develop this body by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all sunshine, by all fresh air, by all good habits. And this soul I must have swept, and garnished, and illumined, and glorified by all that I can do for it and all that I can get God to do for it. It shall be a Luxembourg of fine pictures. It shall be an orchestra of grand harmonies. It shall be a palace for God and righteousness to reign in. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the next sixty years? I will try. I wonder how many good deeds I can do in the next sixty years? I will try. God help me!"

That young man enters life. He is buffeted, he is tried, he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side and a grave opens on that side. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes, and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavors, and at the close of it God says to him : " Well done, good and faithful servant ; enter into the joys of thy Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, or eighty years of age ; you can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words, " His life was worth living."

A NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME.

Amid the hills of New Hampshire, in olden times, there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough, hard work to coax a living out of it. Mighty tug to make the two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the mantuamaker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house—the spinning-wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blankets she quilted. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down, and is reminded of the Bible description of a good housewife—" Her children arise up, and call her blessed ; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Some years go by, and the two oldest boys want a collegiate education, and the household economies are severer, and the calculations are closer, and until those two boys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the university, stands in a pulpit widely influential, and preaches righteousness, judgment, and temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The other lad who got the collegiate education goes into the law, and thence into legislative halls, and after a while he commands listening Senates as he make a plea for the downtrodden and the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, starting at the foot of the ladder, but climbing on up until his success and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son stays at home because he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they get old.

Of the two daughters : when the war broke out one went through the hospitals of Pittsburg Landing and Fortress Munroe, cheering up the dying and the homesick, and taking the last message to kindred far away. So that every time Christ thought of her He said, as of old, " The same is my sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon of the forenoon when she has been devoted to her household, she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there start

FIVE TELEGRAMS

from the village for these five absent ones, saying : " Come, mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start, they receive another telegram, saying : " Come, mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect. But as that farming son, and the clergyman, and the senator, and the merchant, and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dead mother taking the last look, or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want to ask that group around the casket one question : "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of unselfishness, a useful life, a Christian life is always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, Peter Cooper, making glue for a living, and then amassing a great fortune until he could build a philanthropy which has had its echo in ten thousand philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Methodism and the other son to ring his anthems all through the ages. I would not find it hard work to persuade you that the life of Frances Leere was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke out between France and Germany went to the front, and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches, and with her weak arm—standing one night in the hospital—pushing back a German soldier to his couch, as, all frenzied with his wounds, he rushed toward the door, and said : " Let me go, let me go to my *liebe mutter*." Major-generals standing back to let pass this angel of mercy.

Neither would I have hard work to persuade you that Grace Darling lived a life worth living—the heroine of the lifeboat. You are not wondering that the Duchess of Northumberland came to see her, and that people of all lands asked for her lighthouse, and that the proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre in London offered her a hundred dollars a night just to sit in the lifeboat while some shipwreck scene was being enacted.

THE TRUE TEST.

But I know the thought in the minds of hundreds here to-day. You say : " While I know all these lived lives worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Ah! my friends, whether you live a life conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is worth living, if you live aright. And I want my next sentence to go down into the depths of all your souls. You are to be rewarded, not according to the greatness of your work, but according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents, for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of the crowns of heaven will be given to people who had one talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is

THE VESTIBULE TO A PALACE ;

but who despises the door of a Madeleine because there are grander glories within? Your life if rightly lived is the first bar of an eternal oratorio, and who despises the first note of Haydn's symphonies? And the life you live now is all the worth more living because it opens into a life that shall never end, and the last letter of the word " time" is the first letter of the word " eternity!"

The Singular Escape of a Dog from Death is mentioned in a despatch from Highland, Col., which describes a catastrophe in which five miners lost their lives. The miners lived about six miles from Highland, in a cabin which was buried under an enormous snow slide. The snow was twenty feet deep, and nearly a week elapsed before the men's bodies could be dug out as the snow was frozen and it was necessary to use axes and cut it away in solid blocks. One of the men was found with his pipe in his mouth and his pocket-knife clasped in his hand, and the others in positions showing conclusively that they were all instantly killed. One of the miners had a dog that he prized very highly, that always made his quarters under the bunk where the men slept, and of course everybody supposed the dog was killed. On April 14th a further search of the cabin was made in order to find a trunk containing valuable papers, which was known to be in the cabin, as the men were tunnelling to get at the floor of the cabin they heard the dog whine, and finally dug him out from under the bunk alive and well, but thin after his thirty-two days' imprisonment with nothing to eat but snow. The slide struck the cabin on the side where the bunk was, but left three rounds of logs standing, which protected the bunk and saved it from being crushed by the mass of snow, leaving a space of thirty feet for the dog. It was strange that of all in the cabin the dog should have been the only one to escape. But he did not save himself ; he simply lay still in his refuge and was unhurt. It is so in spiritual concerns ; the wise and prudent will not be saved but the simple and the despised who are in the Refuge provided, will be delivered (Ps. 57 ; 1).

A JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE, ITALY, EGYPT, AND GREECE.

By Charles Cook.*

Gambling at Monte Carlo—Among the Prisoners at Rome—Brindisi, Cairo, and along the Nile—The American Mission in Egypt—Visit to the Soudan and Greece.

RUNNING through the length and breadth of France, and only stopping at Paris and Cannes,

TO VISIT THE PRISONS

there, we reached Monte Carlo, where we did some little work in distributing portions of the Word of God among the gamblers. The receipts from the gambling tables there amount to 16,000,000 francs, their expenses are 9,000,000 francs, they pay the Prince of Monaco, a tax of 2,000,000 francs, and net as profit, the remaining 5,000,000 francs. [A franc is worth about twenty cents.] The awful number of suicides demands that the place be speedily stopped.

Reaching Rome, we began our visitation of *the Italian prisons*, by first seeing the Castle of St. Angelo, on the banks of the Tiber. It was built by the Emperor Adrian, and is now used as a fortress and a military prison. Then driving out along the road along which Paul traversed on his way to execution, we came to the place where he was beheaded, and adjoining the three churches which are built in his memory, is a large convict establishment; and still farther on the Campagna is a second to which we also went. We then visited the prisons in the city, and in each one of these places we were allowed uninterruptedly to distribute the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, etc. There is a good deal more liberty in Italy than when I was last here, some years ago; the governors and officers of these places being as pleased to accept Gospels as the convicts themselves.

Eighteen hours' journey brought us to Brindisi, and on the Sunday afternoon we went to the old Castle, picturesquely situated on a high rock overlooking the harbor and the sea, and which has been turned into *a convict prison*. Here, in sorrow and in chains, are hundreds of our fellow-men, and, sad to say, hard at work on the Sunday. In the hospital were a number of men, very ill, and to these we gave our welcome books; and then on, through this huge, grim old prison, we wended our way, distributing as we went the bread of life. Sailing from here, after three days we reached Alexandria; thence to Cairo, and amid the streets of this strange and populous city we were soon wending our way. On the Sunday, we were permitted to hold services among the soldiers at the Citadel, and were pleased to help and take part in the work of *the American mission*. The Director-General of

EGYPTIAN PRISONS

took me over the one in Cairo, and gave me permission to visit all the prisons in Egypt, telling me they were in a dreadful condition. He has cleansed four of them, and is doing all he can to remedy the others. I have been right through Egypt from end to end.

THE SOUDAN.

The prisons here, certainly, are very bad. No work to do, and in chains, the poor prisoners live their dreary life. There are over 1400 untried prisoners; many have been waiting trial over two years, some four, and even six years. No bed or bedding was given them. Dr. Cruickshank told me he believed that many of these men were falsely accused. Thank God, the doctor has done wonders; he has set the men to work in some places, made them clean the prisons, and given them a mat to lie on and a blanket to cover them.

At Assiout, a man condemned to death, presented a petition to me seeking my help and interference. I listened to the man's story, and according to the Governor's account, he seemed to have been hardly dealt with. He was a fine bright intelligent-looking man. His own sisters had been murdered by the man he was charged with killing, therefore if guilty, he had received great provocation.

I STAYED THE EXECUTION,

and told him I would appeal to and petition the Khedive for him; the gratitude of the man could hardly be expressed; kissing our hands and heaping blessing on our heads in the name of Allah, he followed us to the door of the jail. On reaching Cairo, I at once went to the police, and was asked to write out the case. I appealed to His Highness for the life of the poor man and asked him to interfere in the cases of these poor untried prisoners.

As proof of the unsettled state of the country, the whole length of Nile Valley, I give the following incident. Our boat used to anchor each evening off one of the many towns on the river. At Soag, as we came down, we saw that the houses of all the people who were not Mussulmen, were marked in chalk with these words

"DESTRUCTION TO THE CHRISTIANS,"

while on the houses of the Mohammedans was written "A blessing in the name of God." This was after the news of Braham's first victory, what would have been the result had the victory been on the other side we can hardly tell, but we know that the people, on both sides of the river, are in a state of ferment. I believe it is not so much that they want or expect the Mahdi, as it is they are tired of the continued oppression and bad government they have so long been under. Nearly all the officials are Turks, and they grind the noses of the poor fellaheen to extract the last farthing. Everybody here knows that an English Protectorate is the only hope for Egypt. As I left Egypt directly after writing to the Khedive, there has not been time for me to get an answer, but am thankful to say by the telegrams seen that the prisoners are being released at the rate of 120 per day. We thank God and take courage. I ought to add, that we gave Arabic portions of the Scriptures to those prisoners who could read, and scattered hundreds of copies among the Arabs during our long journey through the country.

Bidding good-by to the many friends in Cairo to whom I was known through our meetings, and the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we sailed from Alexandria for

THE SHORES OF GREECE.

And now began our first real trouble. We had been annoyed by the flies of Egypt, bitten by the mosquitoes, disgusted at the dirt and filth, and greatly annoyed by the howling of the many dogs in this wonderfully interesting country, but all this was atoned for by the interest felt as we journeyed through this land, once so important and so great, but now existing only in ruins to prove the truth of the prophecy, "I will destroy the cities."

But these were trifles. On the first day out of Alexandria, my friend, Mr. Cole, who had accompanied us from Rome, was stricken with opthalmia in both eyes, and in addition suffered much from sea-sickness, a malady which also prostrated my other companion, Mr. Clark, leaving him for a time unconscious. Fortunately, I was pretty well, but the next morning my eyes gave me some anxiety, and for a week I suffered, but only in a very small degree in comparison with Mr. Cole. My eyes were bad, I believe, from the foul atmosphere of the prisons, while Mr. Cole's was caused by a fly bringing disease from another person. On reaching Athens, we put him under a skilful oculist, and though obliged to leave him there when we sailed for Italy, we think he was much better.

We have seen also

THE PRISONS OF GREECE,

and in some respects they are worse than Egypt. In a room ten feet square ten men were sleeping, in another, twelve feet square, there were twelve, one of whom was very ill. No work, no books, and almost lying in filth. Thankfully, they received our books, and we gave them twelve francs between them, that they might all enjoy a good cup of coffee. The day after we arrived, three men escaped, one who was condemned to death, and two others. I wrote to the Prime Minister, suggesting to him that the prisoners should cleanse the prisons, and that they should have more air and room. Mr. Clark and I reached Italy safely, and in southern Italy inspected the prisons and gave the Word of God. I hope soon to return for a short visit to the prisons in the north of Italy. In no country visited have we been hindered in our work of Bible distribution, and have been successful in effecting much needed reform. Will the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD thank God on our behalf?

* A portrait of Mr. Charles Cook and a sketch of his life and work appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Sept. 15th, 1881, when he was visiting this country.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Wood-Chopping City Missionary.—At a recent meeting Mr. Deware, a venerable city missionary, said: "I found it somewhat difficult to get a woman to attend a meeting where Christ was preached, or even to get inside her house to talk about Christ. One day I called when she was trying to cleave a bit of wood. She was going about it, as women usually do such things, in a rather clumsy way. I asked her to give me the hatchet and the wood, and let me break it for her. With some reluctance she gave them to me. Owing to some experience gained in my younger days, it was not long before I handed the wood, duly broken, and the axe back to her. From that day her door was always open to me, and she is favorably disposed now toward the Saviour."

A Maniac at a Window.—"A Minister informs us that when he was a young lad he was one day passing an asylum for the insane. Prompted by boyish curiosity, he paused, and gazed for some time at the dreary-looking building. As he stood there a wild, emaciated woman came to the iron railings, and pointing her finger at him, cried out, 'Young man! live for eternity. Young man! live for eternity.' Awed by the appearance and words of the woman, he turned away, and tried to blot out the memory of both from his mind, but they came before him again and again with such appalling vividness that at last he decided to give himself to Christ, and live for eternity. He at once set to work to lead others to make the same wise and safe resolution. His earnest endeavors were much blessed by the Lord, and he has had no cause to regret the day he listened to the words of a maniac."

A Sailor's Memories in Prison.—An Experienced Christian worker said: "Last week I was stopped in the street by an unknown sailor, who told me that twenty years ago he was a Sabbath-school scholar of mine, but that he had since led an extremely bad life till two years ago, when in prison for an offence against the laws, the old lessons learned in the Sabbath-school came back to his mind, and when the period of his sentence had expired, he went to a children's meeting, where he heard them singing the same hymns which he had sung when a child. They were the means of breaking his heart, and opened the fountain of tears which had been closed for many, many years. Just as he was, he gave himself unreservedly to the Saviour. Sabbath-school teachers! take heart; be not discouraged; 'ye shall reap if ye faint not.' This is a case in which the seed was sown twenty years ago, now bearing fruit after lying apparently dead nearly all that time."

Burned to Death through Deceit.—Dr. Cameron said: "I was called into a case the other day which shows how deceit or disobedience always brings punishment. 'As a man sows so shall he also reap,' is one of God's fixed and unalterable laws. A young woman wished to finish reading some light story, but her parents put the gas out, and forbade her to read any more that night. She pretended to retire to bed, but when the house was still she got up and sat down close to the kitchen fire to read. Worn out by the toils of the day, she speedily fell fast asleep, and, falling against the glowing fire, her dress was in a blaze instantly. Her scream of

fright and pain awoke the house, and her father severely scorched his hands in a vain attempt to quench the flames. 'Father, save me! do save me!' the poor victim of sin cried; but, alas! no power on earth could do that. Her sin brought its own punishment; she burned to death. Every one who deliberately plans deceit imagines that it will never be found out, but it will as sure as God says it" (Ps. 101 : 7 ; 55 : 23).

A Reformed Laboring Man Testified at a recent Gospel Temperance meeting. He said: "I came home one Monday night very drunk; my two wee girls had come to this hall to see the magic lantern, but not having tickets they were refused admittance. They returned home crying, very sore with disappointment, and begged me to come with them, and they would get in; but I was not in a condition to accompany them. I could not get over their tears all next day, so that I came home sober that night, and the wee ones got me to take them to see the lantern. When the exhibition was over, a young man asked me to take the pledge, and I said I would. When he went for my ticket I bent my head on my hands, and asked the Lord Jesus to keep me, as I kent fine that I could not keep myself. The Lord heard my prayer and has kept me till now, and will keep me to the end. 'None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.'"

Donald's Dying Discovery.—Mr. Clyde Said: "I was called upon to visit one Sunday evening recently a man who was apparently dying. He was so anxious about his soul that he sent a messenger to two meetings, so that he might be sure that a Christian worker would come to speak to him about Christ. I had a long conversation with him, pointing out the fact that Christ had finished the work of salvation, and that he, as a sinner, had nothing to do, confirming my assertions by appeals to Scripture. The truth came upon him like a shock, for he gave one leap in the bed, and cried out, 'It is finished! I see it! Oh, what a relief it is for me! Christ has done the work!' His aged mother was sitting beside him. Turning to her, he said, 'Mother, don't you see it? Christ has done it all; we have both been making the same mistake all along, trying to do something to save ourselves.' She answered, 'I can't say much, but I *can* say, "Christ for me!"' Last night I was told that Donald was dead. He was praising God for His great mercy and love when he passed away."

An Apostolic Kaffir.—Mr. McMicking Related: "Sixteen years ago a man left the far north of the Transvaal and went to Pietermaritzburg, to fight the battle of life. The late Mr. Alison, a gentleman living in that city, taught the poor Kaffir the principles of the Gospel. It made another man of him; his heart was fired with love to Jesus, and the Holy Spirit urged him to go back to his tribe and preach the Gospel. He walked back—seven hundred miles—and told the chief what he meant to do. The chief's answer was, 'Oh! you are come here to tell about the great chief, Jesus, to whom all the tribes are to submit? If you do so, you must leave the tribe, or I will put you to death. I am the only chief here.' Not at all disheartened, the Kaffir, instead of preaching publicly, told the old story of salvation from hut to hut till in a year or two the chief died and was succeeded by his wife, who proclaimed religious toleration. Then the work spread rapidly, so the heathen got alarmed and burned down the chapel and ordered the native Christians out of their huts, which they also burned, and then, beating the Christians with sticks, drove them out of the tribe. But instead of stopping the work, this only caused it to spread among the other tribes to which the confessors were driven. Mr. Owens, a missionary in Africa, said: 'This little Kaffir (he is only five feet three inches in height) has the courage of Paul, the love of John, and for the last nine years has done a grand work unrecognized, unknown, and unpaid, working with his hands for his daily bread; yet he has done greater good than any other of our missionaries in the African field.' It is men like this full of devotion to Christ whom God will use to convert multitudes of men to Himself."

Bill the Blacksmith's Pig.—Mr. Lee Narrated the following story: "In a Yorkshire village there lived a big, brawny, bearded blacksmith, called Bill. Naturally a strong man, his trade made him still stronger, so that with the help of his two assistants he earned a lot of money, but his wife got the miserable pittance of six or seven shillings to keep house with. A dirty miserable hovel was his home, and his two children, Nellie and Johnny, were as ragged and thin-faced bairns as you would see in a day's walk. One day Bill and his two assistants had finished some work at a farm-house, for which he got paid at once. On their way home they all entered a 'saloon,' and spent three hours and twelve shillings in drink; then they went on their way, and landed in another rum hole, where among the company Bill spent all the money he had gained. On his way out a butcher entered with a newly killed and dressed pig, which was slipping from the man's shoulder. Bill put up his hand to catch it, when the landlady called out, 'Keep your dirty paws off my pig, and get a pig of your own, you brute!' 'Oh,' thought Bill, '*get a pig of my own*; I will do that.' The day passed on, and to his wife's pleased surprise he spent his evening at his own home. On the Saturday night he handed his wife ten dollars. Next day he went to church, and shortly afterward Bill gave his heart to Jesus, and began to work for Him. Once the landlord tried to get him into his house, but Bill replied, 'No, no, landlord, I can put my dirty paws on my own pig now; ay, and I have a house to keep it in, and one to put myself and family in.' Bill is now a loving, earnest Christian man, and much blessed in his efforts for the welfare of others."

THE PREDICTED RESTITUTION OF ALL THINGS.

By Rev. Charles K. Imbrie, D.D.*

(*Continued from page* 295.)

DOUBTLESS, time will be needed, after the Lord comes to introduce the Millennial reign, before His glory is completed. God's word declares so. Peter speaks, not merely of the Restitution, but of the "*times*" of the Restitution—a vast period. And the Apostle Paul testifies "He must reign till He has put all enemies under His feet," and that "the last enemy which shall be destroyed is Death" (1 Cor. 15 : 25, 26).

It would seem from this that during the Millennial reign which is, indeed, a far brighter and more blessed era, and immeasurably more glorious than the present; and as Isaiah declares, the longevity of God's elect shall be "as the days of a tree" (Isa. 65 : 22), yet Satan is not completely overthrown until its close, and while other enemies are not destroyed Death must still continue. For, as Paul declares, Death is the last enemy to be destroyed. At the close comes Satan's final effort, his overthrow, the general judgment, the banishment of the wicked dead to hell, and last of all, Death and Hades are destroyed. And then the kingdom is seen in its final form of perennial blessedness—the Regeneration is completed.

Thus the Seed of the woman will have entirely destroyed all the works of the devil, and the curse, uttered in Eden, is wiped away. At the fall, there hung in hideous darkness over man, alienation from God, a cursed earth, pains and labors and tears, death, the grave, and Hades. Now at last all are gone—even the last enemy, Death, gone forever—and so the triumphant voice of gladness from heaven at last announces its arrival (Rev. 21 : 1–5).

What a contrast between the earth at its best estate now and the redeemed earth then! It is true, indeed, that even now, while the curse still hangs as a blight upon us, God's mercy does soften the curse. Like a bright star hung on the horizon, when clouds cover the sky, still giving token of the glories of the concealed heaven, so God's mercy-drops sweeten the bitter cup even of the present. But what will it be when the light fills all the heavens! Think of the households, for example, of the earth redeemed. Ye mothers of the present world, tried and anxious, think of them. There will be then no fear for that lovely circle around the mother's knee, for the inhabitants of that world shall never say, "I am sick;" no fear of evil passions springing up within those young hearts, for all temptation and sin will be gone; no doubt of their future character, for "all their children shall be taught of God;" no days of watching or nights of anxiety and weakness. All the earth filled with homes of holiness and peace! Oh, glorious day, begin!

Think of the intercourse of the nations in that day. Even now, indeed, we have Christian civilization, and this has meliorated the condition and the intercourse of the world. We go to a foreign shore, and we are sure of restraining laws and of mercy for strangers. We are sure of a guard for our persons and the means of health, and yet how every street and every abode, high and low, tells of sore needs, and of poverty, and crime, and sorrow, and sin. But what a brotherhood will the holy nations of that day present! The wanderer from his own home will only exchange one home and welcome for another. From North to South, from East to West, all nations sing the same song of redeeming love. All bow in fealty to the same glorious King; all show the same fruits of the Spirit. Every appointment of government shall be in conformity with the righteous rule, to do honor to the King of all the earth and to bless all under its sway. For, "A King shall reign in righteousness and princes shall rule in judgment; and a Man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

What God will do with this earth, regenerated, and with its saved race, we know not. One thing we know: He who will sit as King over all in human nature, our Brother, is appointed of the Father, Head over all things—the Head of creation. We know, too, as the apostle tells us, that it is God's design "to show in the ages to come the exceeding riches of His grace, in His kindness toward us in Christ Jesus" (Eph. 2–7). But who may be the students of these marvels of mercy we know not. God's word reveals no more. Only let us be sure that a world redeemed by the blood of God's own Son, and bound to Him, through the requirements of the covenant of mercy in everlasting fellowship, is not saved without some object worthy of God who redeems it.

Let us then, brethren, hear the voice which comes to us through all God's holy prophets. Amid the temptations, and the vain show, and the sorrows of this world, let us cheer our hearts with a believing view of the coming glory, when all the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, and men shall say: "Behold, this land which was desolate is become like the garden of Eden." Let us pray for Israel, that the Lord may pardon his iniquities and bring in the day of his deliverance. Let us diligently spread the Lord's glorious "Gospel of the kingdom" to all lands under heaven, and by His aid gather out of every nation a people to His praise. Let us keep our garments white, that we walk not naked in the day of His coming, and men see our shame. Let us beware of having "our hearts surcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness and the cares of this life, and so that day which shall come as a snare upon all the earth," come upon us, too, unawares. Let us rejoice over our dying ones, that they are soon to come again with the Lord and see the glory of the Regeneration. And let us never cease to pray, as our only hope for the approach of that day of glory, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly!"

* Part of an address delivered at the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Defeat of the Morrison Tariff Bill was effected on May 6th by the coalition of Mr. Randall and his friends with the Republicans. The vote was 159 to 155. Of the majority 118 were Republicans and 41 were Democrats. Four Republicans voted with the minority. They were from Minnesota. The Southern and Western Democrats, with few exceptions, voted in favor of Mr. Morrison's bill. The Republicans in the House displayed remarkable shrewdness in this contest. They allowed the Democrats to take the lead in killing a Democratic bill. Mr. Eaton and Mr. Converse led the fight, and thus the Republicans escaped responsibility. It is evident that three fourths of the Democratic party are sincerely anxious for a reduction of the tariff, but yet, in a Democratic House, they could not carry so small a measure as the Morrison bill. They were defeated by the defection of their own party, and not by their opponents. The result is significant, because in the approaching struggle the party will be placed in an ambiguous position on the only vital question before the country. There were hopes, when Mr. Carlisle was elected to the Speakership, that the contest would have been one of principles; now it appears that it will be again a mere fight for the offices. Nevertheless the financial question will have to be decided. It is obvious that the present anomalous condition of the Treasury cannot be continued. The people are compelled to pay more than one hundred millions a year above what is needed for the legitimate expenses of government; thus the difficulty of living is *unnecessarily and cruelly increased.* The Forty-seventh Congress aggravated the wrong by squandering the enormous surplus, and the existence of the surplus will always be a temptation to other Congresses to do likewise. The excessive income must be reduced, and the question the people will have to decide is, in what department the reduction shall be made. The free-traders advocate a reduction of the tariff, proposing to admit into the country free, many articles on which a duty is now levied, and lowering the rate on others. The protectionists oppose that scheme on the ground that if there is no duty, or only a small duty levied, the foreign goods could be sold at a lower rate than those manufactured at home, notwithstanding that they would be burdened with the cost of transportation. The other scheme is to reduce or entirely abolish internal revenue. It would be impossible to discuss here the merits and advantages of these rival schemes, but there is no lack of information on the subject before the public. This, however, may be said: the proposal now so earnestly advocated to take the tax off *whiskey and tobacco* ought not to be entertained. It would give relief to those least entitled to it, and would leave the industrious, frugal citizen still groaning under his intolerable burden.

Two Financial Disasters Startled the Financial world last week. The failure of the Marine National Bank of New York, quickly followed by the suspension of the influential firm of Grant, Ward & Co., bankers and brokers of Wall Street, caused a flurry which at another time might have led to a panic. As it was, public confidence was not materially shaken, and only those immediately interested in the broken institutions were embarrassed. It appears that the president of the bank, Mr. James D. Fish, was a partner in the firm of Grant & Ward, and that Mr. Ward was a director of the bank. That fact explained the disaster being twofold. The bank had overcertified the cheques of Grant & Ward to the extent of $800,000, and Mr. Fish had joined Mr. Ward in speculations known in Wall Street as "wild-cat" operations. The firm of Grant & Ward enjoyed the confidence of the public, owing to the fact that ex-President Grant was one of the partners, and credit was consequently given to the representations made, that the firm had exceptional opportunities of investing profitably. The result was that many people intrusted to the firm all their capital. The accounts have not yet been balanced, but there are indications that the failures will involve serious and widespread calamity. General sympathy is felt for ex-President Grant, who appears to have been ignorant of the nature of his partner's speculations, and who will probably lose all he possesses. Happily for him, the fund of a quarter of a million dollars raised for his benefit four years ago is in the hands of trustees, and he will still enjoy its proceeds. There is also now a prospect of the bill passing to place him on the retired list as a general of the army, with the full pay of $19,000 a year.

The Third Vessel of the Greely Relief Expedition sailed from the Brooklyn Navy Yard on Saturday last. That was the Alert, the vessel the English Government presented to the United States. An immense concourse of people watched her departure. The Union Jack floated from the vessel, and was saluted from ships and the fort as the Alert sailed to the bay. After the ship had passed Fort Columbus the English flag was hauled down, and the Stars and Stripes fluttered in the breeze at the masthead. The officers and crew were in excellent spirits, and appeared to appreciate the enthusiasm evoked by their departure on their perilous voyage.

The Involuntary Contribution Liquor Sellers make to the institutions which take care of their victims in New York amounted last year to $616,650. That was the amount collected and turned over to the city by the Excise Commissioners for the year ending April 30th. This sum is $99,455 in excess of the excise collections for any previous year, and represents the amount appropriated from this source by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to the support of charitable and benevolent institutions for the corresponding period of twelve months. The receipts in the Excise Board last month amounted to $102,975. It is quite right that the money should be so appropriated, but the liquor sellers cannot congratulate themselves on so paying for all the mischief they do. If they were compelled to support all those whom their poison ruins, liquor-selling would be a losing business. The burden is chiefly borne by the philanthropists.

The Forest Fires in Pennsylvania and New Jersey were extinguished last week, and the frequent showers of rain dispelled the fears of their again breaking out. The distress the conflagrations have caused is severely felt in many places, but the worst case is that of Brisbin, Penn., which was utterly destroyed. The inhabitants fled to Houtzdale, where the citizens have displayed splendid hospitality to the destitute refugees. An appeal has been made for assistance, as the homeless people are completely ruined. Clothes and means to erect temporary shelter are required. The loss in Elk County alone by the fires exceeds a million dollars.

Mr. John F. Slater, who Gave a Million Dollars to educate the freedmen of the South, died on May 7th at his home in Norwich, Conn. He was sixty-eight years of age. For more than a quarter of a century he has been actively engaged in philanthropic work. The munificent gift to the freedmen, by which he is best known, was made in 1882. He made his money in the cotton manufacturing business, which was established by his father and uncle, who were in early life employés of the firm of Strutt & Arkwright, the famous English manufacturers. When the elder members of the Slater family died John F. and his brother succeeded to the business, and extended and developed it. He leaves one son, who is one of the trustees of the Slater fund.

The Methodist Episcopal General Conference now in session in Philadelphia marks the centennial of American Methodism. It is exactly a hundred years since John Wesley ordained the first superintendent and lay preachers of the Methodist churches in this country, and in the same year the first General Conference was held in Baltimore. Six years later—in 1790—the number of members of the Church in the United States was reported to be about forty-three thousand. Now the entire number of lay members is more than one million seven hundred thousand in the American Methodist Episcopal Church proper; while, including all the sections in the United States and Canada, the Church numbers nearly four millions. Four hundred and fifty delegates are present at the Conference, and their decision on several vital questions, of which the itinerancy is the most prominent, is anxiously anticipated.

A Public Nursery was Opened in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Tuesday, April 29th. It has cost $35,000 and is a substantial and elegant building. The expenses have been defrayed by local philanthropists. Its object is to aid, instruct, and educate poor and friendless children by providing for them a home. None are to be received over three years of age. Some of the mothers are employed in the nursery, and by labor satisfactorily rendered secure a home for themselves and babes. Three of the wards have been well *furnished by different Sunday-schools* in the city. The building will accommodate one hundred children.

Christian Work in Utah was Described at the meeting of the Baptist pastors last week by Rev. Mr. Spencer, of Utah, who gave an encouraging report of Baptist progress within that Territory. Churches have been built at Ogden and Salt Lake, with respective memberships of one hundred and twenty. That in Salt Lake is the first church edifice in Utah, costing $13,000, all of which has been paid. In the school attached there are about one hundred Mormon children, all of whom also attend the Sunday-school. Several converts from the Mormons have been made, all of whom have been rebaptized. The first convert was a Mormon, who desired to be married to his so-called second wife, the first one having died. This was done, the witnesses being the eight children of the parents.

A Chinese Lady Eighteen Years of Age attended a missionary meeting in Philadelphia on May 8th. She had dark complexion and almond eyes, with rather pretty features, and wore the richly-embroidered sack and skirt and silk slippers of ladies of rank in China. This was Hu King Eng, who arrived in this country last week from China in company with the Rev. Dr. Whitney, a missionary stationed at Foochow. She is the daughter of Hu Yong Mi, a convert, who occupies the position of Presiding Elder in the Foochow Conference, and is held in high esteem in China. Her mother, who is *a lady of high rank*, assists her father in his missionary labor. Her grandfather, Hu King Hi, who died recently, was a mandarin of rank, and enjoyed the distinction of being the second convert to the Methodist Episcopal Church in China. The girl is unusually bright and intelligent. She has assisted her father in his missionary labors, and has rendered valuable aid at the hospital connected with the mission at Foochow, which is in charge of several ladies from this country. Her purpose in coming here is to obtain a medical education, which will enable her to take charge of the hospital on her return to her native country. With this object in view, she will take a regular course in the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia.

Mrs. M. F. Shipman, the Lady Evangelist from England, requests us to thank on her behalf numerous friends in all parts of the country, who during her sickness have written to express sympathy with her. Her weakness and prostration have prevented her sending direct acknowledgments of letters which have been a source of encouragement and comfort. She is now slowly recovering, and hopes to commence her work again in a few days. During the past nine weeks her sufferings have been severe. She regards the improvement made as an answer to the many prayers of God's people. Her departure to England has been postponed from June until August, in order that she may fulfil some of the engagements made prior to her illness.

Mr. John B. Gough, the Veteran Temperance orator, celebrated on May 2d the fortieth anniversary of his first temperance lecture. He addressed a large meeting in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, and received the congratulations of his numerous friends. In the course of his address Mr. Gough said: "Forty years ago last October I signed the temperance pledge in Worcester, Mass. I have since then given eight thousand five hundred lectures, but have never been able to give a literary entertainment, or hardly a logical argument. I have travelled more than four hundred and seventy thousand miles, and this is my three hundred and twenty-third speech in New York City. In Boston the other day I gave my three hundred and ninety-fifth lecture for that city. I was twenty-five years of age when I signed the temperance pledge. Up to that time I had never read a useful book, a scientific work, or a literary essay. But when I signed the temperance pledge I had a story to tell."

A Perilous Ride of Four Hundred Miles on the truck of a railroad car was accomplished without serious injury by a young man on May 6th. When the limited express arrived at Enon near Pittsburg, Penn., on that day, the man was discovered lying on the truck of the second car, between the wheels and the floor of the car. He had ridden from Chicago in that position, a distance of 400 miles. He said: "When the limited pulled out of the Union Station at Chicago last night I was lying on the truck of the second car. When the train got fairly under way, at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, I wished I was dead a hundred times. I was compelled to lie on my stomach and hold on with both arms and legs. In this position my face was exposed to the dust that was thrown up by the wheels, and I was almost blinded. Every time the car jolted I thought I would be thrown on the track and killed, and several times when we passed over high trestles I became dizzy, shut my eyes, and gave myself up for lost. Those feelings continued over the first hundred miles, after which, finding that no harm came to him, he concluded to finish the journey in that position, and might have done so had not he been discovered. So many men make the journey of life. At first they are troubled in the commission of sin by fear of punishment, but when it does not come they take encouragement from their apparent immunity to continue in their wicked and perilous way (Eccles. 8 : 11, 12).

A Bridge was Carried Away by a Landslide near Dover, N. H., on May 1st. A despatch from that city says: "The bridge over the Cocheco River, on the Boston and Maine Railroad, has been destroyed, and the tracks carried away by a heavy landslide. Trees and weighty rocks, and one thousand square yards of solid clay were deposited in the river, forming a complete dam. The damage is large. An engineer, with hoisting engine, was carried entirely across the river, and narrowly escaped being smothered." Happily, no train was crossing at the time, or the loss of life would have been terrible. The catastrophe shows how necessary it is to be careful about foundations. The bridge might have been the strongest of its kind, but the landslide would have destroyed it because it was built on an insecure foundation. That is the fault of humanly devised schemes of salvation. No man can reach heaven by them. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid" (1 Cor. 3 : 11).

A Family of Children Tied Together with a rope were seen at the Union Depot, Milwaukee, Wis., recently. An early morning Chicago train brought in an immigrant family from Denmark, consisting of husband, wife, and fifteen children. When they alighted from the cars the man and woman each carried in their arms an infant, and were followed into the depot by the remainder of the numerous family. The thirteen children were all joined together by a small rope, which was fastened around the arm of each child. They were *tied together in Denmark*, and in this manner the long journey was made. The strangers remained at the depot until the afternoon, when they departed for Minnesota, where they will settle upon a farm. All were comfortably clothed, and the happy father appeared to be well supplied with money. Though the parents had so many children, their dread of any of them straying prompted this peculiar method of keeping them safe. The rope might have been taken as a badge of slavery, but it was really an emblem of love. So God holds His children sometimes with "cords of affliction" (Job 36 : 8), sometimes with the "cords of a man and the bands of love" (Hos. 11 : 4).

A Bride's Consternation was Amusingly described the other day by a New York barber. He had dyed her hair a beautiful auburn some time before, and had applied a wash from time to time to keep the color bright. When she was going away on her wedding tour she bought a bottle of the "auricomus" to take with her, intending to apply it herself. After a few days the barber received a despatch from Long Branch. It ran: "You're a fraud, and when I get back I'll bring an action against you for damages. I'm getting dark hourly. What you gave me was not what you applied while I was in your store. I am on my wedding tour, and would have given thousands of dollars to prevent this. Send proper stuff at once, with directions." It appeared that the lady had made a mistake in the manner of applying the wash, hence the change in her appearance and consequent mortification. We should infer from the chagrin expressed in her communication to the barber that her husband had detected the imposture, and resented it. Those who sail under false colors—and there are many such in the Church and in the world—are always liable to detection and exposure, and we are assured that a day will come in which such exposure is inevitable (Isa. 33 : 14-16).

UNBINDING LAZARUS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And when he had thus spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go."—JOHN 11 : 43, 44.

Men Co-Workers with Christ—What they Can and Cannot Do.—I. A Memorable Miracle—The Man Dead Four Days—The Human Weakness of the Worker—By a Simple Word—The Result—The Effect Decisive—II. A Singular Spectacle—A Living Man in his Shroud—A Moving Man Bound—An Object Repulsive yet Attractive—Strong yet Helpless—III. Timely Assistance—A Duty to Render it—What the Bonds are—The Blinding Napkin—Bands of Sorrow—Of Fear—Of Prejudice—Of Evil Habit—Why the Bonds were Left—Why they Should be Removed—IV. A Practical Hint—Readiness for Service.

IN many things our Lord Jesus stands alone as a worker. No other can unite his voice with the fiat which says, "Lazarus, come forth." Yet in certain points of gracious operation the Master associates His servants with Him, so that when Lazarus has come forth He says *to them*, "Loose him, and let him go." In the raising of the dead He is alone, and therein majestic and divine; in the loosing of the bound He is associated with them, and remains still majestic; but His more prominent feature is condescension. How exceedingly kind it is of our Lord Jesus to permit His disciples to do some little thing in connection with His great deeds, so that they may be

"WORKERS TOGETHER

with Him." Our Lord as frequently as possible associated His disciples with Himself; of course, they could not aid Him in presenting an atoning sacrifice, yet it was their honor that they had said, "Let us go that we may die with Him," and that in their love they resolved to go with Him to prison and to death.

Our Lord understood the fickleness of their character, yet He knew that they were sincere in their desire to be associated with Him in all His life-story, whatever it might be. Hence, when He afterward rode into Jerusalem in triumph, He alone was saluted with Hosannas; but He sent two of His disciples to bring the ass on which He rode, and they cast their garments upon the colt and they set Jesus thereon, and as He went they spread their clothes in the way. He sent Peter and John to prepare that passover, He directed them to the large upper room furnished, and there He bade them make ready. Anything that they could do they were allowed to do.

Their Lord was willing to have led them further still; but through weakness they stopped short. In the garden He bade them watch with Him on that dreadful night, and He sought sympathy from them.

> "Backward and forward, thrice he ran,
> As if he sought some help from man."

He cried in sorrowful disappointment, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Ah, no! They could go to the brink of the abyss with Him, but they could not descend into its deeps. He must tread the winepress alone, and of the people there must be none with Him; yet as far as they could go He disdained not their society.

Beloved, our Jesus Christ still delights to associate us with Him as far as our feebleness and folly will permit. In His present work of bringing sinners to Himself, He counts it a part of His reward that we should be laborers together with Him.

The chief subject of this morning's discourse is our association with Christ in gracious labor; but we must on the road consider other themes which lead up to it. First, I would call your attention to *a memorable miracle* which was wrought by our Lord in the burying-place at Bethany; secondly, I would set before you *a singular spectacle*, for in Lazarus we see a living man wearing the wrappings of the dead; thirdly,

we will learn something from *a timely assistance*, which the friends around lent to the risen man after the Lord had said, "Loose him, and let him go;" and then, by way of conclusion, we will note *a practical hint* which this whole subject gives to those who are willing to hear what Christ their Lord will speak to them. Oh, that the Spirit of God may make us quick of understanding to perceive the mind of the Lord, and then diligent of heart to carry out His will! Come, O blessed Spirit, help thy servant at this hour!

I. First, then, this chapter records

A MEMORABLE MIRACLE.

Perhaps that writer is correct who speaks of the raising of Lazarus as the most remarkable of all our Lord's mighty works. There is no measuring miracles, for they are all displays of the infinite; but in some respects the raising of Lazarus stands at the head of the wonderful series of miracles with which our Lord astonished and instructed the people. Yet I am not in error when I assert that it is a type of what the Lord Jesus is constantly doing at this hour in the realm of mind and spirit. Did He raise the naturally dead? So doth He still raise the spiritually dead. Did He bring back a body from corruption? So doth He still deliver men from loathsome sins. The life-giving miracle of grace is as truly astounding as the quickening miracle of power.

I notice the memorableness of this miracle in the subject of it, because the man had been dead four days. Probably the sisters had perceived the traces of decay upon the body of their beloved brother before they buried him, for it is more than supposable that they delayed the funeral as long as possible under an undefined hope that perhaps their Lord would appear upon the scene. In that warm climate the ravages of decay are extremely rapid, and before many hours the loving sisters were compelled to admit, as Abraham had done before them, that they must bury their dead out of their sight. It was their full conviction that the terrible devourings of corruption had commenced. What then can be done? Surely it were an easier task to make a new man altogether out of the earth than to take this poor corrupted corpse which has turned to worms' meat and make it live again. This was the stupendous miracle of divine power which our glorious Lord performed upon His friend Lazarus.

Now, there are some men who are symbolized by this case; they are not only devoid of all spiritual life, but corruption has set in; their character has become abominable, their language is putrid, their spirit is loathsome. The pure mind desires to have them put out of sight; they cannot be endured in any decent society. They are so far gone from original righteousness as to be an offence to all, and it does not seem possible that ever they should be restored to purity, honesty, or hope. Blessed be His name, we have seen Him do this, and therefore we have cheering hope for the worst of men!

The next notable point about this miracle is the manifest human

WEAKNESS OF ITS WORKER.

He who had to deal with this dead man was Himself a man. I do not know of any passage of Scripture wherein the manhood of Christ is more frequently manifested than in this narrative. The Godhead is, of course, eminently conspicuous in the resurrection of Lazarus, but the Lord seemed as if He designedly at the same time set His manhood to the front. We cannot forget those memorable words, "Jesus wept." Who but a man should weep? Weeping is a human speciality. Jesus never seems to be more completely bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh than when He weeps. Next, our Lord made an inquiry, "Where have ye laid him?" He veils His omniscience; as a man He seeks information—where is the body of His dear departed friend? Being man, "Jesus therefore again groaning in Himself cometh to the grave."

When he has reached the spot He sees a cave whose mouth is closed by a huge stone, and now He seeks human assistance. He cries, "Take ye away the stone." Why, surely He who could raise the dead could have rolled away the stone with the self-same word! That done, our Lord lifts up His eyes to heaven, and addresses the Father in mingled prayer and thanksgiving. How like a man is all this! He takes the suppliant's place. He speaks with God as a man speaketh with His friend, but still as a man. Did not this condescending revelation of the manhood make the miracle all the more remarkable? The time came when the flame of the Godhead flashed forth from the unconsumed bush of the manhood. The voice of Him who wept was heard in the chambers of death-shade, and forth came the soul of Lazarus to live again in the body. "The weakness of God" proved itself to be stronger than death and mightier than the grave. It is a parable of our own case as workers. Sometimes we see the human side of the Gospel, and wonder whether it can do many mighty works. When we tell the story, we fear that it will appear to the people as a thrice-told tale. We wonder how it can be that truth so simple, so homely, so common should have any special power about it. Yet it is so. Out of the foolishness of preaching the wisdom of God shines forth.

Let us consider for a few moments *the instrumental cause of this resurrection*. Nothing was used by our Lord but His own word of power. Jesus cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" He simply repeated the dead man's name, and added two commanding words. This was a simple business enough. Dear friends, a miracle seems all the greater when the means used are apparently feeble and little adapted to the working of so great a result. It is so in the salvation of men. It is marvellous that such poor preaching should convert such great sinners. Many are turned unto the Lord by the simplest, plainest, most unadorned preaching of the Gospel. They hear little, but that little is from the lip of Jesus.

THE RESULT

of the Lord's working must not be passed over, for it is a main element of wonder in this miracle. Lazarus did come forth and that immediately. The thunder of Christ's voice was attended by the lightning of His divine power, and forthwith life flashed into Lazarus and he came forth. Bound as he was, the power which had enabled him to live enabled him to shuffle forth from the ledge of rock whereon he lay, and there he stood with nothing of death about him but his grave-clothes. He quitted the close air of the sepulchre and returned to know once more the things which are done under the sun; and that at once. To me it is one of the great glories of the Gospel that it does not require weeks and months to quicken men and make new creatures of them; salvation can come to them at once. The man who stepped into this Tabernacle this morning steeped in rebellion against his God, and apparently impervious to divine truth, may nevertheless go down those steps with his sins forgiven, and with a new spirit imparted to him, in the strength of which he shall begin to live unto God as he never lived before.

The effect which this miracle produced upon those who looked on was very remarkable, for many believed in the Lord Jesus. Besides this, the miracle of raising Lazarus was so unquestioned and unquestionable a fact that it brought the Pharisees to a point—they would now make an end of Christ. They had huffed and puffed at His former miracles; but this one had struck such a blow that in their wrath they determined that He should die. No doubt this miracle was the immediate cause of the crucifixion of Jesus; it marked a point of decision when men must either believe in Christ or become His deadly foes. Oh, brethren, if the Lord be with us, we shall see multitudes believing through Jesus; and if the rage of the enemy becomes thereby the more intense, let us not fear it; there will come a last decisive struggle, and mayhap it shall be brought on by some amazing display of the divine power in the conversion of the chief of sinners. Let us hope so; let us not be afraid that Armageddon should be fought, for it will end in victory. We shall see greater things than these!

II. Secondly, I beg you to observe

A SINGULAR SPECTACLE.

A notable miracle was unquestionably wrought; but it required a finishing touch. The man was wholly raised, but not wholly freed. See, here is a living man in the garments of death! That napkin and other grave-clothes were altogether congruous with death, but they were much out of place when Lazarus began again to live. It is a wretched sight to see a living man wearing his shroud. Yet we have seen in this Tabernacle hundreds of times people quickened by divine grace with their grave-clothes still upon them. Such was their condition that unless you observed carefully you would think them still dead; and yet within them the lamp of heavenly life was burning.

Moreover, he was

A MOVING MAN BOUND

hand and foot. How he moved I do not know. I know that I have seen souls bound and yet moving; moving intensely in one direction, and yet not capable of stirring an inch in another. Have you not seen a man so truly alive that he wept, he mourned, he groaned over sin; but yet he could not believe in Christ, but seemed bound hand and foot as to faith? I have seen him give up his sin determinedly, and crush a bad habit under his foot, and yet he could not lay hold on a promise or receive a hope. Lazarus was free enough in one way, for he came out of the tomb, but the blinding napkin was about his head; and even so it is with many a quickened sinner, for when you try to show him some cheering truth he cannot see it.

Moreover, here was a repulsive object, but yet attractive. Mary and Martha must have been charmed to see their brother, even though wrapped in grave-clothes. He startled all the assembly, and yet they were drawn to him. A man fresh from the sepulchre robed in a winding-sheet is a sight one would go a long way not to see, but such was Lazarus; yet a man restored from death it were worth while to travel round the world to look upon, and such was Lazarus. So have we come near to a poor sinner; it was enough to frighten anybody to hear his groans, and to see his weeping, but yet he was so dear to every true heart that we loved to be with him.

Moreover, here was a man

STRONG, AND YET HELPLESS.

He was strong enough to come forth from his grave, and yet he could not take the napkin from his own head, for his hands were bound, and he could not go to his house, for his feet were swathed. Unless some kind hand unbound him he would remain a living mummy. He had strength sufficient to quit the grave, but he could not be quit of his grave-clothes. So have we seen men strong, for the Spirit of God has been in them, and has moved them mightily; they have been passionately in earnest even to agony in one direction, yet the newborn life has been so feeble in other ways that they seemed to be mere babes in swaddling clothes. They have not been able to enjoy the liberty of Christ, nor enter into communion with Christ, nor work for Christ. They have been bound hand and foot; work and progress have alike been beyond them. This seems a strange sequel to a miracle. Such anomalies are common in the world of grace.

III. This brings us to consider

A TIMELY ASSISTANCE

which you and I are called upon to render. Oh for wisdom to learn our duty, and grace to do it at once. Let us consider what are these bands which often bind newly regenerated sinners. Some of them are blindfolded by the napkin about their head; they are very *ignorant*, sadly devoid of spiritual perception, and

withal the eye of faith is darkened. Yet the eye is there, and Christ has opened it; and it is the business of the servant of God to remove the napkin which bandages it, by teaching the truth, explaining it, and clearing up difficulties. This is a simple thing to do, but exceedingly necessary. Now that they have life we shall teach them to purpose. Besides that, they are bound hand and foot, so that they are compelled to *inaction*; we can show them how to work for Jesus. Sometimes these bands are those of *sorrow*, they are in an awful terror about the past; we have to unbind them by showing that the past is blotted out. They are wrapped about by many a yard of *doubt*, mistrust, anguish, and remorse. "Loose them, and let them go."

Another hinderance is the band of *fear*. "Oh," says the poor soul, "I am such a sinner that God must punish me for my sin." Tell him the grand doctrine of substitution. Unwrap this cerement by the assurance that Jesus took our sin, and that "by His stripes we are healed." It is wonderful what liberty comes by that precious truth when it is well understood.

Souls are very often bound with the

GRAVE-CLOTHES OF PREJUDICE.

They used to think so and so before conversion, and they are very apt to carry their dead thoughts into their new life. Go and tell them that things are not what they seem; that old things have passed away, and behold all things have become new. The days of their ignorance God winked at, but now they must change their minds about everything, and no more judge according to the sight of the eyes and the hearing of the ears. Some of them are bound with the grave-clothes of evil *habit*. It is a noble work to aid a drunkard to unwind the accursed bands which prevent his making the slightest progress toward better things. Let us tear off every band from ourselves that we may the more readily help *them* to be free.

But why are these bandages left? Why did not the miracle which raised Lazarus also loosen his grave-clothes? I answer because our Lord Jesus is always economical of miracles. Lazarus cannot be raised out of the grave except by a miracle, but he can be

UNSTRIPPED WITHOUT A MIRACLE,

and therefore human hands must do it. If there is anything in the kingdom of God which we can do ourselves it is folly to say, "May the Lord do it," for He will do nothing of the sort. If you can do it you shall do it; or if you refuse the neglect shall be visited upon you.

I suppose that those bands were left that those who came to unwind him should be sure that he was the same man who died. Some of them may have said, "This is Lazarus, for these are the grave-clothes which we wrapped about him. There is no trickery here. This is the self-same man that was laid out and prepared by us for burial." For some such cause our Lord permits the quickened sinner to remain in a measure of bondage, that we may know that the man is the same person who was really dead in trespasses and sins. He was no sham sinner, for the traces of his sins are still upon him. You can see by what he says that his training was none of the best; the relics of the old nature show what manner of man he used to be. Every now and then the smell of the sepulchre meets your nostril; the mould of the grave has stained his grave-clothes; his was true death, and no imitation of it. So, too, we know that he is alive, for we hear his sighs and cries, and we perceive that his experience is that of a living child of God.

Moreover, I still think that the main object was that these disciples might enter into rare fellowship with Christ. They could each say, not proudly but still joyfully, "Our Lord raised Lazarus, and I was there and helped to unloose him from his grave-clothes." Perhaps Martha could say in after-life, "I took the napkin from my brother's dear face," and Mary could add, "I helped to unbind a hand." It is most sweet to hope that we have done anything to cheer, or to teach, or sanctify a soul. Not unto us can be any praise, but unto us there is much comfort concerning this thing. Brothers and sisters, will you not earn a share in this dear delight? Will you not seek the lost sheep? Will you not sweep the house for the lost money? Will you not at the very least help to feast the long-lost son?

We should do this because it is very possible that we

HELPED TO BIND

those grave-clothes upon our friend. Some of the people who were at Bethany that day had assisted in the burial of Lazarus, and surely those should loose Lazarus who helped to bind him. Many a Christian man before his conversion has helped to make sinners worse by his example, and possibly after his conversion he may by his indifference and want of zeal have aided in binding new converts in the bonds of doubt and sorrow. At any rate, you have said of many a person, "He will never be saved!" Thus you have wrapped him in grave-clothes; the Lord never told you to do *that*—you did it of your own accord; and now that He bids you remove those grave-clothes, will you not be quick to do it?

I remember when somebody lent a hand to take the grave-clothes off from me, and therefore I desire to loose the grave-clothes of others. If we cannot repay what we owe to the precise individual who wrought us good, we can at least repay it by working for the general benefit of seekers. "There," said a benevolent man, as he gave help to a poor man, "take that money, and when you can pay it back give it to the next man whom you meet who is in the same plight as yourself, and tell him he is to pay it to another destitute person as soon as he can afford it; and so my money will go travelling on for many a day." That is how our Lord does; He sends a brother to loose my bonds; then I am helped to set another free, and he releases a third, and so on to the world's end. God grant that you and I may not be negligent in this heavenly service.

IV. Lastly,

A PRACTICAL HINT.

If the Lord Jesus Christ employed the disciples in relieving Lazarus of his grave-clothes, do you not think He would employ us if we were ready for such work? Yonder is Paul; the Lord Jesus has struck him down; but the lowly Ananias must visit him and baptize him, that he may receive his sight. Innumerable are the instances of souls blessed by human instrumentality; but I shall conclude by calling attention to one passage upon which I wish to dwell for a second or two.

When the prodigal came home, the father did not say to one of his servants, "Go and meet him." No; we read "when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him." He did all this himself. The father personally forgave him, and restored him; but we read further on "the father *said to his servants*, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry." Come, fellow-servants, bring forth the best robe. I am never happier than when I preach the righteousness of Christ, and try to put it upon the sinner.

"What!" cries one, "you cannot put it on!" So the parable says—"Bring forth the best robe *and put it on him.*" I not only bring it out and show it; but by the Holy Spirit's help I try to put it on the sinner. I hold it up before him, just as you hold up a friend's great-coat to help him to put it on. You have to guide the poor sinner's hand into the sleeve, and lift it up upon his shoulders, or he might never get it on. You are to teach him, comfort him, cheer him, and, in fact, help him to be dressed like one of the family. Then the ring, can we not bring it forth? He has a long journey to go; he is to be a pilgrim, and we must

HELP TO SHOE HIM

with the preparation of the Gospel of peace. His feet are new in the Lord's ways; we must show him how to run on the Master's errands. As for the fatted calf, it is ours to feed the restored ones; and as for the music and the dancing, it is ours to make the hearts of penitents glad by rejoicing over them. There is plenty to be done: Oh, my brethren, try and do some of it this morning.

There are children of God who have not yet a shoe to their feet; there are *plenty of shoes in the house*, but no servant has put them on. When I come to look, I see some brethren who have not the ring on their hand. Oh, that I might have the privilege of putting it on! I charge you, brethren, by the blood that bought you, and by the love that holds you, and by the supreme bounty which supplies your need, go forth and do what your Master graciously permits and commands you to do; loose Lazarus, bring forth the best robe and put it on him, put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet, and let us all eat and be merry with our Father. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

CASTAWAYS AMONG BANDITTI.

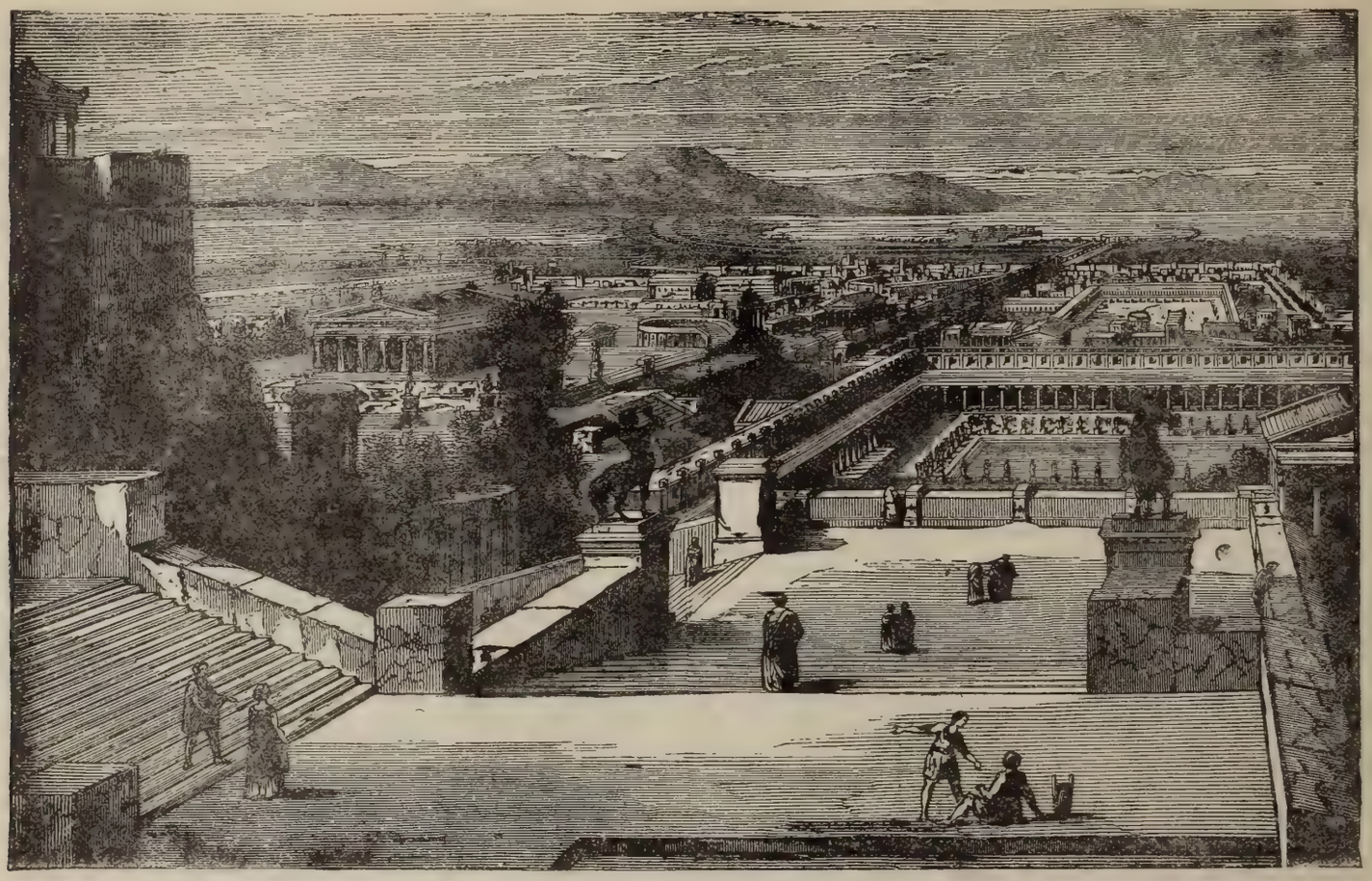
CASTAWAYS among banditti have sometimes proved that Jesus died for them. "Some time ago," says an earnest minister of the Gospel, "I was travelling in one of the mountainous regions of the Continent of Europe. At the close of a brilliant day I was anxious to see the last rays of the setting sun. I mounted a hill, and struck with admiration at the glorious coloring around me, I longed for a companion to unite with me in praising the Sun of Righteousness, thus visible in the beauties of creation. A distant whistle from a peasant, returning to his home, quickened my steps; but his speed far exceeded mine, and he was quickly out of sight. As I descended the height I walked close to a hedge, which bordered a deep ravine. The sound of voices from beneath arrested my attention; and looking through the bushes I beheld a body of men, having the appearance of banditti, at their evening meal. Here, I thought, is an opportunity of making known the plan of salvation; but my timid nature suggested the rashness of such an effort: one so totally defenceless as I could not be called on to face such a gang. So I moved on slowly, still listening to their rough language. Dissatisfied with my own cowardice, I went near an opening in the hedge to take another view. My foot trod upon unsafe ground, and I came down with the crumbling earth into the midst of the dreaded party.

"'A booty! a booty!' shouted the marauders.

"With strength given me, I think, from above, I echoed with a firm voice, 'A booty! a booty such as you have never received before!' An unpleasant expression passed over their faces. I heeded it not, feeling assured I had God's message to deliver. 'Yes!' I said, 'I bring you good news, glorious news of a Powerful Friend, who is able and willing to save both body and soul.'

"A tall, dark-featured man took up my words. 'Save my soul! No one has ever cared for my soul. I have been a castaway from my birth!'

"Opening my pocket Bible, I repeated from memory (for there was now little light) suitable invitations, exhortations, and promises. Oh, how quick and wonderful is the Word of God, discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart—imparting light, life, and hope. Finding the



Ancient Ephesus.

attention of my hearers riveted, I concluded with this verse, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'

"We all knelt down under the blue vault of heaven. Upon rising, the dark-featured man begged a favor of me. 'Will you give me your Bible?'

"'Will you promise,' I asked, 'to read it with prayer?' 'I will,' he answered.

"Three years after this interview I was accosted by a respectable-looking man in Piccadilly. 'Excuse the liberty of inquiry, sir; did you visit such and such a Canton, in such a year? and do you recognize this book?' producing from his pocket my Bible, *well worn*. When I answered in the affirmative, he grasped my hand, and said: 'This gift has been blessed to my soul; and often have I prayed that I might meet you on earth to thank you for this inestimable boon.' The castaway among banditti had proved that the sinners' Saviour had died for him."

A REMARKABLE FAITH CURE.

CRUTCHES DISCARDED.

The Journal, of Augusta, Me., states that a well-known lady of that city, who has been unable for two years to walk without crutches, has been healed through faith and prayer. Mrs. Hannah E. Casey was thrown from a vehicle on October 11th, 1881, and so severely injured that she was unable to put one of her feet to the ground. The tendons of the hip were drawn up and were rigid, and the limb was contracted and disfigured. Thirteen physicians were successively consulted, and all pronounced her case hopeless.

Services were being held last month in Meonian Hall by Mr. and Mrs. Pierson, and Mrs. Casey hobbled to the meetings by the aid of her crutch. One night she begged the evangelists to pray for her that she might be healed. Mrs. Casey was asked if she had faith. The answer was in the affirmative. Mr. and Mrs. Pierson offered fervent prayers for her recovery. The next day she came to meeting again still using her crutch, and Mr. Pierson advised her to *make kindling wood of it*. The next time she appeared at the services the crutch was not to be seen, but in its place was a cane. Again she came, without support, and, to all appearances, could walk as well as any person. It was evident that she had been thoroughly healed. On April 7th she attended services at the Christian church on Sand Hill in the forenoon, at Eureka Hall on the east side in the afternoon, and at Meonian Hall in the evening, walking from and to her residence on Elm Street each time. Since then her walking powers have continued, and her recovery astonishes all who know her.

FRANK LEVISON'S CREED.

(*See Illustration on page 317.*)

"WHERE is Miss Levison to-day? Do you know why she is staying away just as we are so busy with the examinations?" said a teacher in a large grammar school, as she came up to a group of other teachers who were standing together talking at recess.

"I know," said one of them; "it is Passover, and she has to go to synagogue, I expect. At any rate, she would not come to school. I saw her father's store was closed as I came by this morning, and a notice was on the doors that it would not be open until Monday, in consequence of Passover. They must think a good deal of their religion."

"It's only their superstition," said another. "You cannot call it religion. For my part, I cannot bear Jews. They are so unsociable and so proud and disagreeable. I never speak to that Miss Levison; I think she is horrid. I wonder how she got the appointment."

"I never speak to her either," said another. "She seems to be very clever, but I don't like Jews."

It appeared that none of the group of teacher was friendly with the Jewess. Some avoided her for one reason and some for another, but all of them were prejudiced against her chiefly on account of her race.

"I do not know Miss Levison," said Madeline Mathieson, a tall, handsome girl, the daughter of an aged clergyman, a newly appointed teacher. "I have never noticed her, but I shall try to get acquainted. I have no prejudice against Jews. They are the grandest race on earth. I think we Christians ought to respect them, and show them kindness whenever we have opportunity. We are indebted to them more than to any other people. Our Saviour was a Jew, and the best of all books was written by Jews. As God made them His chosen people, we ought not to despise them."

Madeline's enthusiasm only awakened mirth among the other girls, whose religion was of a less practical kind than Madeline's. But recess being over the teachers hurried away to their classes, and nothing was said in reply. Madeline, however, kept her word, and soon found an opportunity of doing the Jewish teacher a kindness, which led to an acquaintance that shortly became intimate. The isolation in which Rebecca Levison was placed rendered her grateful for the friendship of her fellow-teacher, and her proud reserve thawed under the kindly intercourse.

"Rebecca, I want you to come and spend the evening with me," said Miss Mathieson one day to her friend. "It is my birthday, and though we do not make any fuss, we always celebrate our birthdays by having a friend or two to see us. I should like to introduce you to my father and sisters."

"I thank you, Madeline, but I cannot come to-night. I have promised to go out with my brother. He is so seldom at home that I should not like to disappoint him."

"Oh, that need be no difficulty," said Madeline. "Bring your brother with you by all means. That will be an additional pleasure."

So it was arranged, and Frank Levison and his sister duly presented themselves in the evening at the Mathieson home, a quiet, unpre-

tending house two or three miles from the city. The old clergyman's weight of years and infirmities precluded him from pulpit labor, but a moderate income was provided for him by the church he had served long and faithfully. This, with such additions as his daughters were able to make from their earnings, sufficed for the modest wants of the family. The Jewess and her brother received a cordial welcome from the clergyman and his daughters, and after supper the little party gathered around the piano. Frank Levison, like most of his race, was an enthusiast in music, and he listened with delight to the performance of Madeline, whose voice and touch betokened true genius. One piece succeeded another, until at last she took out Kücken's "Maid of Judah." Then her rich deep contralto voice thrilled every listener as she sang:

Frank Levison hears "The Maid of Judah" sung.

"O blest native land! O fatherland mine!
How long for thy refuge in vain shall I pine?
* * * * * *
Thy cities are ruin, thy valleys lie waste,
Their summer enchantment the foe hath erased."

Frank Levison thanked her warmly, and then asked her to sing some Christian hymns, mentioning one or two especially which he liked to hear. Madeline complied willingly, and her sisters joined in the singing.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds" was one of the hymns, and Madeline and her sisters threw into it deep feeling.

Frank Levison seated himself by the clergyman as the singing ceased, and said: "Your daughters, Mr. Mathieson, have charming voices; I cannot express to you the pleasure I have felt in listening to them."

"Yes," said the clergyman, "they have had but little instruction, and I suppose there are artistic faults in their performances; but in such pieces as they have given us to-night one loses sight of the faults in the earnestness and genuine feeling they throw into their singing."

"I felt that," said the young Jew. "As Miss Madeline sang that 'Maid of Judah' I could have imagined her a coreligionist. Yet scarcely that, for she seemed to feel a deeper yearning over the historic land than any of our sisters feel. We as a race are abandoning the expectation of returning to Palestine. The Reformed school, to which I belong, has no desire to return, though my father and his friends of the Orthodox school would sooner live there in poverty than anywhere else in luxury. It is a strange desire—a hope cherished through many centuries—but it will never be fulfilled."

"I am sure it will be fulfilled in God's time," said Mr. Mathieson, quietly. "The promises are as explicit and definite as anything contained in the Bible."

"The prophets, and poets, and dreamers of our race believed it, I know," said Levison, "and encouraged the people to hope for it. I think that is all the 'promises' amount to."

"I am sure there is far more than that in them. The prophets were merely the channels of God's revelation to the world. They spoke with authority, when they predicted the return of the Jews and their acceptance of Jesus as the Messiah."

"I wish I could believe that," said Levison, earnestly. "To me the literature of the Bible is very interesting; I venerate it as the legends of a bygone time, very beautiful and ennobling, but with no more truth in it than in the legends of other races, except that the pure monotheism, which is its centre, is true. As to Jesus and His teaching, I think He was the greatest teacher our race ever produced, but He was in advance of His time. Like Galileo and other teachers whom the world venerates now, He was misunderstood by His contemporaries, and He, with the courage and tenacity that Galileo and such men cannot reach as the ethical philosopher can, died a martyr to the truth. We of the Reformed school hold very much such a creed as Jesus taught."

"Why, then, are you not Christians?" asked Mr. Mathieson.

"Because Christianity, as it is now taught, is the philosophy of Paul, not of Jesus."

It was a rare opportunity for preaching Christ, which Mr. Mathieson was not the man to let slip. With simple, God-given eloquence he showed this young Jew that the philosophy of Christianity, true and excellent as it is, is but the dress that covers the living person of Jesus, the Redeemer of the world. That visit was only the first of a long series. The young man was in earnest in his search for truth. With devout thankfulness to God Mr. Mathieson had the joy of seeing as the fruit of his old age the conversion of him and his sister, and of witnessing their labors for Christ.

ANCIENT EPHESUS.

THE picture on page 316 represents Ephesus in its ancient grandeur. At the present day it is a heap of ruins, many of which are buried eighteen feet below the surface, and a village called Ayaseluk, with houses, trees, and fields, exists over the spot where once stood the famous temple of Diana. Ephesus was an important city three hundred years before Christ was born; and when Alexander's kingdom was divided among his four generals, Ephesus was one of the chief cities which fell to the lot of Lysimachus, who improved and beautified it. When the Romans obtained possession of it they made it the chief place for trade of all the Asiatic cities west of the Taurus. It was in the reign of Augustus that the Apostle Paul spent three years there and Ephesus was in the zenith of its prosperity.

The theatre referred to in the Acts as the scene of that tumultuous meeting which the town-clerk dispersed, was a magnificent building; fragments of it have been discovered recently. The city also contained a music hall and many other splendid edifices. The most famous was the great temple about which Demetrius expressed so much concern. It was the largest Greek temple ever constructed. Its cost was enormous, but so great was the enthusiasm of the people, that even the ladies gave their earrings and jewelry to be sold for the benefit of the building fund. It had 128 columns, 60 feet in height, many of which were exquisitely carved. It contained numberless statues, the work of the greatest sculptors the world has ever seen, and its altar was a masterpiece of art. The temple itself was 425 feet in length, 220 in width, and attracted visitors from all parts of Europe and Asia. It was destroyed by the Goths about 260 years after Christ.

The name of Ephesus will never be forgotten by the world, but the associations of the name are not with its power and splendor. It would be a comparatively unknown name to all but historical scholars and antiquarians had it not been immortalized by the residence there of the Apostle Paul. How incredulous would have been the priests and great public functionaries of that time, if they had been told what would be the association which would render the name of their city familiar to people eighteen hundred years later! The names of priests and rulers and public officers have passed away into oblivion; the fête days and grand festivals are forgotten, but a poor despised preacher, a mere working man, who spent three years there, has rescued the city from oblivion, and one day in which an insignificant disturbance arose and was easily suppressed is the day which is best known in its history.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page* 303.)

A Surprise for Hester.

AT last the day came when Grant announced to Robert Waldron that he was well enough to spend an hour or two in another apartment. He shuddered at the idea of entering once again the room where he had spent so many hours with Rose. But Grant was not the man to whom he could confide his story with its episode of guilt. Had he not thought it might be part of the penance which, in some measure, by its sharp pang, would atone for his sin? He strung up his nerves, bade his heart be strong, and leaning tremblingly upon Grant's shoulder, left the chamber where he had been lying, half unconscious, on the edge of the grave.

The room to which he was conducted was scarcely larger than a closet, and contained only a very small table and two chairs; one of them the large antique chair, with high back and sides, which had been bought years ago for Hester's mother, and which had never since been moved from its station on John Morley's hearth. He sank into it exhausted. It was not until Grant had left him, asleep as he supposed, that he opened his eyes again, and gazed about him anxiously.

His seat was set opposite to a small window, the view from which was dismal; an outer staircase, black with smoke and rot, leading up to a discolored door, about which clustered some dingy ivy-leaves. This closed door, and the mournful leafage about it, fascinated him. It seemed to fill the little casement; for without going closer to it, nothing could be seen but this one gable with its blackened and worn-out steps leading to it. He could see, by the rust upon the handle and by the overgrowth of sickly tendrils stretching across the doorway, that it was a place fallen into disuse—a mere lumber-room shut up for long months together, and left to the dust and mildew; yet none the less did his mind, weakened and dizzy, imagine that there lurked in it some scene which it was necessary for him to see, and which would all lie before him, plain and intelligible and full of interest, if only the rotten panels of the door would give way. Somewhere outside the sun was shining, and in the grate a cheerful fire was crackling; but in spite of the light and warmth he shivered as one shivers sometimes at a ghastly thought in the depth of a winter's night. Day and night John Morley's house was a haunted house for him.

Robert Waldron started with nervous and guilty dread as the latch of the door clicked softly before it was pushed quietly open. He turned his eyes, large and sunken with his illness, upon the doorway, wondering who might be about to enter; for it was never with this slow caution that Grant came in. A girl's face looked in for a moment before advancing; a fair, grave face with a color upon it, soft and clear and delicate, and a light in the large gray eyes, like the shining of the spring sun behind a thin veil of mist. This surely could not be Hester, the little child whom he had been wont to nurse upon his knee, and to whom he had read fairy stories. Yet it could be no one else. He felt the sudden sting of hot tears under his eyelids. It was Hester—little Hetty—whose whole life he had clouded and saddened. He attempted to rise from his chair, but he found himself powerless and speechless. It was with an almost superhuman effort that he restrained himself from breaking out into loud and bitter weeping.

"I am Hester Morley," she said, advancing toward him, and speaking in a low and measured voice, which was somewhat monotonous in its accents, yet all the more soothing to him. "Mr. Grant told me you were going to sit here for an hour or two. Can I do anything for you? Shall I fetch you anything?"

"Stay with me a little while," he answered, stammering and hesitating; "I have something to tell you."

"Do you feel strong enough yet?" she asked, looking at him with an expression of grave anxiety. "Mr. Grant does not know I am come, or he would not let me be here; but I wished to tell you that you are among friends, and you need not hurry yourself to go away. We are your friends though we are strangers to each other yet. It would not be possible to watch over any one and think about them night and day, and pray to God for their recovery, without feeling that they are friends. I want you to feel this too."

The words were spoken softly, with that faint languor of a voice which had never been quickened by either mirth or passion; but they smote upon Robert Waldron with the keenest tone of reproach. He looked up speechlessly into her face; and her clear eyes, from whose grave scrutiny he shrank, looked down pitifully upon his agitation.

"Nay," she said, "I must leave you if you will excite yourself. I told you Mr. Grant does not know I am at home, and I think he would be displeased if he found me here. So you must be calm, and prove that I do you good and not harm, then he will let me come again. My father is John Morley, the bookseller; do you know us? He thinks of coming to see you this evening; do you know him at all?"

"I used to know him a little," answered Robert Waldron.

"Every one knows my father," said Hester, with a sad smile; "so you see you are not among strangers, and you may feel quite at home in our house. I do not know many people, for I have never been out of Little Aston, and it is no wonder that you are a stranger to me; yet I do not feel as if you were really a stranger. I suppose it is because I was afraid you were going to die here; and nobody has died in this house since my mother, nearly nineteen years ago."

She stood within reach of his hand if he had dared to touch her with it, a subdued and quiet girl, as if she had grown up in the shadow of her mother's death; but he knew well that was not the chill and the darkness which had fallen upon her life.

"Your father married a second time," he said, almost in spite of himself, and shuddering at the answer he had invoked.

"You know it," she said, "if you know my father."

"I have not seen him," he answered, laying his hand upon his heart, "these ten years."

"You would not know him again, then," said Hester, mournfully; "he is an old man now, broken down and infirm; are you sure you never heard of our trouble? Everybody knew it."

He did not answer; but Hester, in the dead silence which followed, could hear the heavy throbbing of his heart. She was about to call Grant, when he stretched out his hands to her.

"I am very ill," he muttered; "hold my hand in yours for a moment."

Hester took it between both her own and held it in a firm warm clasp, waiting for this paroxysm of weakness to pass before she hastened away. The tears which had been burning under his eyelids fell in torrents; and at length Robert Waldron bent down his fevered head, and rested it upon her hand.

"Don't you know who I am, Hester?" he murmured.

A slight shiver ran through Hester's frame. There was something in his tone now which startled her memory, and she tried to free her hands from those which held them; but he was grasping them too tightly for her to disengage herself.

"Hetty!" he cried, and no one had ever called her by that name since Rose had fled; "little Hetty, have pity upon me; I am very wretched!"

The first passionate moment in Hester's life had come. She thrust back the bruised head, and wrested herself from the grasp which held her, falling back from him as one who was an abhorrence to her. He had been the curse of her father's house, and through the long solitary years to which he had doomed her, his sin and her step-mother's had haunted her. And now he was within the very recesses of their home again—more than a guest now—an inmate, thought of, tended, and cared for. The pallor had passed away from her face and the soft lustre from her eyes; and when she spoke, her voice had the eager and vehement ring of passion.

"Oh!" she cried, "is it possible that you could be near dying, and yet not die, in this house? Many a man would have died here of grief and shame alone. How can you breathe the air my father breathes? How can you eat his bread and not be choked by it? Is it possible that any man can be so mean a thing, so miserable a thing?"

"Hester," moaned Robert Waldron, "I am the most miserable of men!"

He lifted up to her his wan, emaciated face, covered with grief and remorse. For the present he was stripped of all the self-sufficiency and pleasant palliation of his own faults, which in easier moments characterized Robert Waldron. Hester felt herself smitten with pity and compassion for him. If he had repented thus, he must have well-nigh borne the full penalty of his crime during the ten years which had passed so painfully over her father's head.

"My father must never know whom he has sheltered," she said, in a softer voice; "you must leave us as soon as you can, and with all the secrecy possible. No one must know you have ever been in this house, lest it should reach his ears. I believe it would kill him. Rouse yourself, and think what we can do to prevent him discovering it."

"Hester!" he cried, "say something pitiful to me."

"Oh, I pity you!" she answered; "I pity you all—her and you and my father; but what can I do? There are troubles which no one can lighten. They say that time will soften every sorrow; but it has not done anything for you, or my father, or for her."

For an instant Robert remembered how dim the past had grown to him.

"Forgive me, little Hetty," he said.

"I forgive you," she replied, touching with the tips of her fingers his hand which lay upon the table; "for you did not know what you were doing. Look at me; how different I should have been if I had grown up by the side of a mother who loved me. You cannot see my father or her; but me you can see, so different from what I might have been but for you."

He looked at her, standing before him with her pure young face, austere and grave, yet possessing a charm which made his heart throb again rapidly. Looking at her did not bring to his mind the evil he had committed; but he did not dare to put into words any of the thoughts which thronged his brain, and he kept a sombre silence.

"When can you go away?" asked Hester.

"Not to-day," he said, imploringly; "do not send me away to-day, Hester."

"You shall stay," she answered, in the old soft languid voice, "until you can go safely. But my father must not see you. Tell Mr. Grant enough to let him know why you must make haste to go, and he will arrange how you can be removed, so that no one may find out that you have been here."

A half smile crossed his face, which he had shaded with his hand, as he thought how well John Morley knew who he was, and how it was that he had been struggling against death these last few days. But he could not breathe a word of this to Hester; he did not know what he dared to say to her now she knew him. He longed to hear her voice again, and to lift his eyes to her sweet though reproving face. When he did so at last, feeling the silence too painful, he found himself again alone, for Hester had stolen away noiselessly; and his heavy and weary eyes fastened once more upon the dismal doorway opposite to him, with its smoky wreath of ivy.

Hester had to pay her price for the gratification of her curiosity. Grant had, as he supposed, made sure that she was safely out of the way before he had left his charge, to take the sleep he so greatly needed; and she had availed herself of his absence to visit the stranger about whom her mind had been busy with a thousand painful conjectures. It had been a romance to her, but now the romance had suddenly assumed the severe and hard aspect of a reality. That which, to more distant onlookers, added to the romance, brought it for her into the practical region of an unpleasant fact. Robert Waldron, whose name was never uttered in her father's hearing, was here, separated from him only by thin walls and a door whose latch could be lifted with a touch.

Hester believed in the implacable resentment of her father. He had forsaken many of the established forms of religion, had withdrawn from all prominent offices in the Church, had even given up the practice of assembling his little household for private worship, and never took into his lips the name of the God he had once professed to serve. These were signs of such tremendous import in the judgment of his minister, and of Miss Waldron especially, that it was no wonder Hester's mind was troubled by them; or that she attributed them, as they did, to an unrelenting hatred to those who had destroyed the honor and happiness of his existence. Secretly, though troubled, Hester had rather gloried in her father's implacability, as being in accord with the high-flown romances and poems with which her imagination had fed itself. But of late she had longed for some ray of tender light, some flash of possible relenting, to break in upon the gloom of his spirit; and now that Robert Waldron was positively in their dwelling, she was frightened. What would her father feel? What would he do? Into what might he be hurried if he came face to face with their unknown guest, and found in him the man whom he hated, his enemy and betrayer?

She went slowly down-stairs, deliberating within herself, until she reached her father's sitting-room. He glanced up at her entrance with a gleam of light upon his gray face which was his nearest approach to a smile, for neither lips nor eyebrows were unbended. She went forward with an involuntary movement, as if she would take his white head into her arms and kiss the furrowed face which had so sorrowful a story graven upon it; but caresses were rarely exchanged between them, and Hester checked her impulse. The hearth looked empty without the great chair which had kept its place there these twenty years—her own mother's chair; and Hester's face burned as she thought of Robert Waldron resting in it in her little study up-stairs.

"Ah!" said John Morley, looking toward the empty place, "I miss it, Hester. Is our poor guest up yet? Have you seen him?"

"Yes," answered Hester, briefly.

"I will visit him myself as soon as I am at liberty," he continued; "has he made known to you his name and family?"

Hester started, and hesitated. At all risks she must keep this terrible secret from him; and yet she was not practised in dissimulation, and was not ready with a reply. Fortunately he was habitually indifferent to any subject of conversation, and happily at that moment there occurred something that diverted his attention.

(To be continued.)

LIBERAL GIVING.

S. S. Lesson for May 25, II Cor. 9. Golden Text, verse 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Various Rules about Giving—A Gauge of Spiritual Life—The Jewish Tenth—How God's Work might be Doubled—A Law of God—Not of Law but of Grace—Simplicity Makes Life Easy—Christian Work in a Poor Room—The Macedonian Order.

"WHAT is your rule about giving?" is a question often asked among Christians. The replies are various, but they are always in accordance with the measure in which God is appreciated by the speaker. Many fall back upon the old Jewish law, and say with a kind of self-conscious righteousness, "I always give the tenth." Others, who do not make much stir about it, reverse this order, live on the tenth of their income, and give nine tenths to God. We know of one who always does so. "But how can such a man keep up his position?" some may say. When our position is to be at God's disposal as regards all we are, and all we have, the keeping of our position is in His hands, not ours; it does not consist in having a house furnished to our taste, in having a number of servants, horses, carriages, and the society which such surroundings always bring; but, on the contrary, in being free from all which cannot serve God's purpose. God forbid that we should say a word against those who are called of God to such surroundings; there are many who in these things serve God, but there are a thousand-fold more who in these things serve themselves, and, in so doing, serve the prince of this world.

Under the law,

THE TENTH

of everything was God's portion, and a pious Jew would have counted himself guilty of sacrilege to appropriate this portion to his own use. Abraham was the first recorded who paid tithes to "Melchizedec, the priest of the Most High God" (Gen. 14 : 20). Jacob promised God tithes, if He really would keep His promises (Gen. 28 : 22). Under the law the tithes were the portion of the Levites (Num. 18 : 21, 24; II Chron. 31 : 5, 6, 12; Neh. 13 : 12). God's mind regarding these tithes is taught us thus: "All the tithes of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree is the Lord's: it is holy unto the Lord." This was by constraint; it was the order of God; the children of Israel might give free-will offerings, but these were always over and above the tithes. "If a man will at all redeem aught of his tithes, he shall add thereto the fifth part thereof." Thus any change must involve an addition; on no pretence was God's portion to be diminished; it was "holy unto the Lord." "He shall not search whether it be good or bad, neither shall he change it; and if he change it at all, then both it and the change thereof shall be holy; it shall not be redeemed" (Lev. 27 : 30–33).

Suppose that every converted person did only as much as this, what would be the result? The work of God would be doubled or trebled at once. But even then the principle would be defective. Are we to reckon ourselves living sacrifices, but exclude our possessions from the sacrifice? are we to be consecrated to the Lord with the exception of our capital and our income? Unhesitatingly we affirm that if all believers were really

CONVERTED FROM SELF

to God, so that position, reputation, in short, *all* were laid upon the altar, the world would get such a shock that it could never recover.

In the early days of the Church some few thousands of believers "were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that *aught of the things which he possessed* (let alone the tithes) was his own. Then great grace was upon them all, then half-hearted men dared not join themselves unto them, then a lie could not live for half an hour, then all the sick were healed, and conversions took place in multitudes. What then would be the effect if some two millions of believers now living in the United States were to do the same? What would be the result if once again the spirit were abroad among us to leave all, and follow Jesus? Thank God, there are blessed instances of this spirit among us, but the majority of believers do not give to the work of the Lord much more, if as much, as respectable unconverted people do.

Paul has laid down

A LAW OF GOD

in this matter—"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." Look at the joy of heart which that little girl has who denies herself sugar in her tea and butter on her bread that she may have money to send for Dr. Barnardo's homes. The joy of heart far outdoes the sweet taste of the butter and sugar, and she has a consciousness that she is doing some good in the world. Look at that poor laundress, working till midnight, and always on the Sunday morning putting her contribution into the missionary box, feeling that the smile of God is upon her, although it is not often she knows the taste of meat. Very near her there is a lady who spends on her housekeeping $75 a week, and when the missionary sermon is preached she puts half a dollar on the plate, and thinks this is as much as can be expected of her for one year, while the poor woman, whose hard-earned income amounts to less than three dollars in the week, has given in the same space of time more than five dollars. The lady would say, "Well, there are so many claims." Let us put them all together, and probably we should find that the sum given for all these different charities did not amount to four times as much as the poor woman's donation. In the one instance $50 or $60 is given in the year out of an income of $3750; in the other $5 is given out of an income of $156. We fear this is no uncommon thing.

God has one rule in our days, not of law, but of grace. He does not bind us to a tenth, or a fifth, or one half, but says, "Every man according as he

PURPOSETH IN HIS HEART,

so let him give, not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth the cheerful giver." What then is the purpose of our hearts? "All for *me* and a fraction for the Lord, to satisfy my own conscience." Is this the purpose of heart? "I *must* have my comforts, I *must* have the same appearance as my friends, or what would they think of me? I *must* keep my carriage, it is expected of me; I *must* have receptions, and then how can I give more? My income barely suffices." Who insists on all this? "Oh, *everybody* does the same." And is the purpose of heart to honor the claim of everybody but God? And are you, poor slave of everybody's opinion, a child of God? Oh, be free, honor God's claim, He "is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work . . . being enriched in everything to all [simplicity, see margin] which causeth through us thanksgiving to God." Simplicity or singleness of eye makes everything easy.

If we know that we are the Lord's, and that all we have is His, then He disposes of it. We have no need to lash ourselves into a strain of self-denial on certain points, but just be willing, when God calls us, to make any change He wills. He may not require us to alter our establishments; but if He prefers a claim upon our hearts, and it requires that we should forego a carriage, or a servant, or a journey, or a new dress, or a day's holiday, then is the time to praise Him. He is giving us the opportunity to proclaim His ownership of us, by the joy with which we make the sacrifice.

"For the administration of this service not only supplieth the want of the saints, but is abundant also by many thanksgivings unto God." Thankofferings on the part of those who are blessed bring forth thanksgivings on the part of those by whom they were blessed. Some twenty-four years ago

A LITTLE MISSION ROOM

was opened in a small town in Worcestershire. There was no door; the roof was hung with cobwebs; the glass was out of the windows, and the only seats were planks loosely laid on a few blocks of wood. But several precious souls were there gathered to the Lord, and although no collection and no mention of money was made in the meetings, thankofferings flowed in. One came in the shape of a door, others in that of benches, others in panes for the windows, one in the cleaning and kalsomining of the roof, another in a little stove; many came in the way of coal, candles, etc.; and thus the administration of this service supplied the want of the saints, and was also abundant by many thanksgivings to God. One thing is very noticeable, that thankofferings come much more frequently from the poor than from the rich. They always excite prayer for the donors, however much they may be received from the hand of God. Wherever a company of believers enter into the Pentecostal spirit, there is liberality in giving. The thought no longer reigns, I must live up to my income; what have I over? but rather, as the Macedonian Christians who "first gave their own selves to the Lord and unto Paul and the Church" by the will of God.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Report of the Wreck of the Steamer State of Florida has been confirmed, and turns out to have been a more terrible catastrophe than was originally feared. The steamer collided in mid-ocean on April 18th, shortly before midnight, with the English bark Pomena, and both ships went down immediately. Forty-four persons of all those who were on the steamer and on the bark were saved in the boats, and were picked up thirty-six hours later by the Norwegian ship Theresa. Twenty-four were transferred from the Theresa to the Louisa on April 24th, and these were again transferred on May 5th to the Titania, which brought them to Quebec. Twenty others are therefore still on the Norwegian ship. One hundred and twenty-three persons went down with the State of Florida. Most of the passengers and crew were asleep when the disaster occurred, and there was no time to awaken them. The bark struck the steamer amidships, making a gigantic hole through which the water poured, and in fifteen minutes the steamer settled and sank. Blame is attached to the captain of the steamer, as the Pomena's lights were seen half an hour before she struck; but as the captain was among those drowned the exact facts cannot be ascertained. The inhumanity of the captain of the City of Rome, who saw the signal of a shipwrecked crew on board the Theresa and offered no assistance, is severely condemned on both sides the Atlantic.

The Triumph of Red Republicanism in Paris is the interpretation French journals place on the elections held in that city last week. The anarchists polled over 175,000, which is 60,000 more than they polled in 1881. The present government is decisively defeated, and only the anarchists and the Orleanists have gained ground. The Communist journals are jubilant, and announce that "the grand struggle is at hand." The *Gaulois* says: "The elections demonstrate—first, that the Republic has sprung a bad leak and is waterlogged; second, that a royalist party exists in every sense of the word, and, third, that France will not go the monarchy unless via *the Commune, toward which she is advancing with rapid strides.* The anarchists know exactly what they want, and they want it sufficiently to risk their necks for it. But the republicans of other stripes have neither a programme, enthusiasm, nor fanaticism. In short, everything promises the return of the Commune."

Indignation against the British Government for its desertion of General Gordon appears to be spreading throughout all ranks of society. On May 8th Mr. Gladstone's appearance at a public meeting was the signal for an outburst of hisses and groans, which the London *Times* interprets as an expression of "the feeling of discontent which has gradually been gathering force since the nervelessness of the government's policy in Egypt became apparent and which has been increased by the treatment of General Gordon." At a meeting of the Church Missionary Society, held in Exeter Hall, London, on May 6th, Canon Hoare, in the course of a speech, remarked that the English people were ashamed that General Gordon had been left in Egypt without support and without means of defence; thereupon the audience, numbering three thousand people, rose and tumultuously cheered the speaker. The incident was considered one of unusual significance showing, as it does, the strong undercurrent of feeling among people from whom such demonstrations are least to be expected. There is, however, among Liberals a disposition to continue their support of Mr. Gladstone in his Egyptian policy. They contend that General Gordon was sent to the Soudan with the distinct understanding that his mission was a pacific one, in which troops would not be employed. General Gordon overestimated his influence, and in the new situation which has come about, the government is reluctant to abandon its determination not to interfere by force in the Soudan. Nevertheless the personal respect Englishmen feel for General Gordon impels them to insist on his being rescued, even at the cost of sacrificing the policy of the government.

Daly and Egan, the Accused Dynamiters, have been committed for trial. The evidence given at the preliminary examination leads to the expectation that they will be convicted. The documentary evidence discovered by the police is described as very damaging, and, combined with the papers and explosives found in Egan's garden, is sufficient to make a good case for the crown, independent of oral testimony. The police yet hope to connect both Daly and Egan with the explosion last February in Victoria Station, but it is evident that proof is lacking, as it is said that they might consent to use Egan as an informer against Daly in this matter. The impression that the two men are guilty parties is increased by the rumors of plots for their rescue, which would scarcely exist if the men were not important members of the conspiracy. When Daly was removed from Chester to Birmingham last week a suspicious circumstance occurred. His escort were astonished to find fifty Irishmen on the platform of the station at Chester. The men were disguised as laborers. Daly was handcuffed to two officers, and others, armed with revolvers, prevented any one from approaching him until the train departed. It was afterward stated that the seeming laborers were really Invincibles.

Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, the Distinguished lawyer who was Secretary of State in the government of the Southern Confederacy, died in Paris last week. He had practised at the English bar since the dissolution of the Confederate Government, and had risen to the front rank among English barristers. His popularity among English lawyers and barristers had no parallel. During the comparatively short space of time between 1866, when he went to England, and the present he won the confidence and respect of suitors, his brethren at the bar, and of the justiciary, and enjoyed a brilliant reputation for learning and eloquence. He also wrote works on intricate questions of English law, which are regarded as standard authorities. Mr. Benjamin was the son of English parents of the Jewish faith. He was born in St. Croix in 1811, and his parents removed in 1816 to Wilmington, N. C., where his father became naturalized. Mr. Benjamin married a non-Jewish lady, and did not afterward identify himself with the synagogue.

The Privations of a Princess would be an appropriate title for the life of the Princess Alice recently published, under the sanction of her mother, Queen Victoria. It appears from the disclosures made in the book that the married life of the Princess was anything but a happy one. They display in the most glaring way the pitiful daily pinching which Princess Alice was compelled to resort to to make ends meet in her Darmstadt palace; the pathetic appeals she was forced to make to tradesmen for unpaid bills; the keenness with which she felt the disgrace of her poverty when entertaining royal visitors, and, worst of all, the penuriousness of her husband in making it necessary for her to often mend her own clothes, and even to turn the garments of herself and children for new use when too threadbare on one side for further exhibition. The disclosures have excited much indignation in England, because the English people supplied the Princess with an income of $30,000 a year from the national treasury. The treatment she received in her German home was in startling contrast to the liberality the English nation showed toward Prince Albert and a crowd of German royal and princely paupers who followed him to England.

The Meetings Held by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in the London district of Hampstead were attended with unabated interest and increasing blessing. The large hall was generally crowded at the evangelistic addresses; the Bible readings proved attractive and interesting, and the special meetings which were held for women realized signal blessing. The hearty co-operation and goodwill evinced by clergymen and ministers of the surrounding districts was most gratifying. The mission at Hampstead closed on May 5th, and, as announced, the evangelists went to Croydon on the following day for a three weeks' campaign; then they will commence a series of services to continue three weeks on the Thames Embankment, near Blackfriars Bridge, which will terminate their missions in London.

The Epitaph of Charles Reade, the English novelist—whose death was recently announced—which will be placed on his tombstone by his own desire, is as follows: "Here lie the mortal remains of Charles Reade, his last words to mankind are on this stone. I hope for a resurrection, not from any power in nature, but from the will of the Lord God Omnipotent, who made nature and me. He created man out of nothing, which nature could not. He can restore man from the dust, which nature cannot. And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not for anything I have said or done in this body, but from the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. He has promised His intercession to all that seek it, and He will not break His word: that intercession, once granted, cannot be rejected: for He is God, and His merits infinite: a man's sins are but human and finite. 'Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.' 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous and He is the propitiation for our sins.'"

The Ladies' Manual of Fancy Work is the title of a useful book issued at the low price of *fifty cents.* It contains over *four hundred illustrations*, and has ninety-two pages of descriptive matter with directions for the manufacture of the articles mentioned. Those articles though technically described as "fancy work," are many of them of a useful character. Tasteful patterns for lace-work, embroidery for cushions and slippers, knitting, tatting, crochet work, and net-work are among the illustrations, and directions for making carriage rugs, school-bags, purses, door-mats, and innumerable articles which may be ugly, but which it is much more pleasant to have pretty, are given in plain and simple language. The book in paper cover may be had, postage paid, by sending fifty cents to Mr. J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

"Thy Healer." A New Magazine Devoted to the subject of faith-healing, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price five cents, including postage. It is issued in London on the first and fifteenth of each month and will be sent to subscribers promptly on its receipt in New York. The annual subscription is one dollar. It is *edited by Mrs. M. Baxter*, whose expositions of the International Sunday school lessons are published every week in the journal. It contains incidents of faith-healing reported from Bethshan, the London faith-healing institution, and from other similar institutions in Europe, and articles by eminent writers on the subject.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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IN our issue of May 1st we mentioned, under the head of "Foreign Topics," an earthquake which, on April 22d, passed through the South-eastern Counties of England, doing considerable damage. Reference was made to a large church in Colchester, Essex County, the spire of which was partially destroyed. This week we give a picture of the church and a few particulars of the convulsion, which is described more fully in the English journals now received, than in the brief cablegram sent at the time.

The earthquake, which was the most serious on record since 1580, occurred about 9.20 A. M. on Tuesday, April 22d. Colchester was the centre of the disturbance, which, however, was distinctly felt not only in most of the Eastern Counties, but also as far away as Woolwich, on the south side of the Thames. In every case the shocks were preceded by

A LOUD RUMBLING NOISE,

and, in some instances, by sudden gusts of wind. The earthquake wave passed from south to north, and the distinctly felt shocks lasted from two to three, and in some instances, apparently to thirty seconds.

From the evidence of credible witnesses in Colchester, where the effects of the disturbance were most widely felt, it appears that at twenty minutes past nine o'clock a sudden terrestrial movement was experienced, followed almost instantaneously by another of greater severity. In this short space of time an extraordinary amount of destruction was effected. Chimney stacks fell in all directions, many of them crushing through roofs into bedrooms, while some houses rocked, and the contents were dislodged, innumerable articles of furniture, ornaments, and machinery being broken by the shock.

In a moment a large part of the population of Colchester had rushed into the open air, the most

EXTREME TERROR PREVAILING,

as for the time no one guessed the real cause of the disturbance. Women shrieked and fainted, and the cries of children intensified the temporary panic which prevailed. The first impression, and that was general, was that the shock was the effect of some gigantic explosion; and it was only as the panic gradually subsided that it was seen that it was due to a seismatic disturbance of a violent character, so much so that some twenty feet of

THE TALL SPIRE

of the Congregational Church in Lion Walk was hurled to the ground, smashing and defacing the pinnacles and corbels of the tower in its descent. The huge fragments of stone separated as they fell, and were scattered around the base of the steeple, demolishing several large tombstones, and smashing the iron gates of the churchyard. Providentially none fell on the surrounding buildings, one block only falling out, smashing the window-sill of a neighboring house. The remaining portion of the spire is in a dangerous condition, and the masonry has been displaced almost down to the base. The tower seemed to be lifted bodily, and it now stands with a marked inclination northward, as if it might topple over.

In the lower part of the town in the Hythe scarcely a house escaped damage from falling chimney pots and stacks. Two great stacks fell through the roof of St. Leonard's Vicarage, Dr. Manning, *the vicar, having a narrow escape;* while in his church two of the candlesticks on the altar were overthrown, but the building itself escaped injury. Fires were caused in three parts of the town by burning coals being ejected from stoves, but in no case did they spread. Houses were moved bodily from their foundations. An auctioneer's house and shop was seen to move away, *leaving a huge fissure several inches wide*, which, however, immediately closed up, not without severely shaking and damaging the property. A house partially fell, and the gable walls of others fell out or subsided, and several tall factory chimneys of unstable construction were nearly demolished.

In the consternation ensuing upon the first alarm, Mrs. Doe, wife of a tradesman, rushed out of her house, and was

STRUCK ON THE HEAD

by a falling brick (*see frontispiece*), sustaining such a fracture that she lies in a serious state.

The Colchester *Gazette* says: "Not within living memory has Colchester been thrown into such a state of excitement, consternation, and panic as it was soon after nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, when the town was visited by a fearful and most appalling earthquake, which will remain in the recollection of those who experienced it to their dying day. An amount of damage was done to property, which it will take weeks to set right, and in some cases the destruction is irreparable. Not a house in the borough escaped its mighty influence, clocks stopped, bells were set a ringing, furniture displaced, pictures dislodged from the walls, vases and ornaments overturned, and no end of damage of a more serious character was done in the space of a few seconds, and it is impossible to exaggerate the feeling of consternation that prevailed.

EVERY ONE RUSHED INTO THE STREET,

which they instinctively thought to be the safest place, and certainly, if much property had fallen, the amount of life that must have been sacrificed is fearful to contemplate. Providentially, however, this was not the case, and although there are reported several cases of persons having been injured when they rushed into the streets by the falling *débris*, yet no person is known to have received any fatal injury.

"The scenes in the different parts of the town were most heartrending, women shrieking and rushing into the street in the most frantic manner, and strong men seemed helpless to console them, being themselves completely unnerved and paralyzed. No one seemed to have the heart to recommence work, which was almost entirely suspended, all rushing about the town to see what damage had been done.

"The rumor quickly circulated that the spire of the Lion Walk Congregational Church had fallen, and this was ascertained to be partly true. The spire was rent asunder, portions of the *débris* fell upon the roof, above the north aisle of the church, and crashed through, causing fragments of broken slates to rain in all directions. At first from fifteen to twenty feet of the steeple was toppled over, and then

THE WHOLE FABRIC WAS SHATTERED

to the basement. Immediately a vast crowd of people congregated round the edifice, but as it looked as if some portion of the masonry would subsequently descend, they kept at a respectful distance, and shortly a police-constable arrived, and kept the space immediately below perfectly clear.

"Go where one would, the fearful result of the devastation met the eye, the ground being here and there strewn with heaps of the *débris*, the remains of a stack of chimneys, slates, and other things which had all met with a similar fate at the hands of the sweeping power."

The shock seems to have been felt in some of the parishes around Colchester even more severely than in the borough itself, and certainly more damage has been done. This is notably the case in Abberton, Langenhoe, Peldon, and West Mersea, where the inhabitants were greatly startled and alarmed, and very many are rendered *practically homeless*. The scene from Abberton to West Mersea—the adjoining parish of East Mersea seems to have somewhat escaped—is almost an indescribable one, on account of the ruin which has been wrought. There is scarcely a house or cottage to be seen that does not tell the same tale of damage done—chimneys down, houses unroofed, and in numerous cases buildings entirely destroyed or rendered temporarily untenantable, while there are several cases of personal injury, and not a few

MIRACULOUS ESCAPES FROM DEATH.

At Abberton, the new rectory in course of construction for the Rev. J. Pilditch was considerably injured—the walls and chimneys were either cracked or shifted, and it must cost considerable sum to make good the damage. Langenhoe parish church is completely wrecked and presents a most extraordinary appearance. The rector of the parish (the Rev. W. Parkinson) thus graphically describes what occurred. He said: "On Tuesday morning, at 9.20, we had a very violent shock of earthquake here. The room in which I was seemed lifted up. Several persons thrown to the ground. My chimneys are all shattered. They seem as if they were twisted. A chest of drawers was moved several inches (four at least) from the wall, bottles were thrown down in the cellar, and glass, etc., shaken from the shelves. The church suffered very much; *the battlements fell from the tower* on to the nave and smashed about half the roof, carrying away the gallery beneath; the chancel is entirely stripped; many other places in the neighborhood suffered, but I have only heard of one case of personal injury—at Peldon."

THE SHOCK AT WYVENHOE

was really terrific, and a great deal of damage was done. The Hall, the residence of Mr. Jackson, was very much shattered and made uninhabitable, in consequence of which Mr. Jackson had to remove his family and household to London. Colonel Bowen was also obliged to leave his residence, the "Nook," for a similar reason and come to Colchester to stay with some friends. The tower of the church has suffered very much, about fourteen feet of it having fallen. A large yacht, weighing 15 tons, was uplifted bodily from the place where it had been moored for the winter, and moved six inches, and a large chimney fell down on to a small yacht, of about three tons, and completely smashed it. All along the quay the houses were wrecked so far as their roofs are concerned, and there is scarcely a house in the whole village which has not suffered some damage.

INJURY IN OTHER PLACES.

At Layer Breton one side of the church sustained serious injury, and a couple of chimney stacks fell through the roof of the glebe house, the floors being upheaved and the crockery upset. The church at Salcot was damaged. The yacht-building yard of Mr. Wilkins sustained some damage. Mr. Wilkins states that he was standing on the ground, near the stern of a schooner yacht of 180 tons placed near the buildings, and well shored up. He says the vessel was lifted up and down bodily, and swayed from side to side. One of the after shores dropped down, and another was shifted from its place. Fortunately, although a considerable number of men were working in the yard, no one was hurt. Eye-witnesses on board the yachts in the river state there was little water disturbance, but the masts of vessels whipped sharply and quickly from side to side, mooring chains strained and vibrated, and the vessels, themselves,

BUMPED UP AND DOWN IN THE WATER.

Service was being held in St. Peter's Church, Sudbury, when the first shock was felt. The massive piers supporting the roof and the walls perceptibly shook, the flooring seemed to upheave, and the windows rattled. The congregation, which was small, rushed panic-stricken from the sacred edifice; but no one was injured.

At Dovercourt and Harwich the shock was distinctly felt. In the South End district two shocks were felt. At Sheerness, on the opposite shore of the estuary of the Thames, the shocks were very marked, and considerable damage resulted.

THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS

in the dockyard were shaken to their foundations, and immense excitement for a time pre-

vailed in the town, as it was feared an explosion had occurred in the government powder magazines on the Medway. At Coggleshall several chimney stacks were thrown down, and other damage was done. At the National Schools the girls instantly rushed to the staircase, frantically endeavoring to get into the open air, and in the panic a number were thrown down, three of whom were somewhat severely injured. At Malden the window of the post-office was shaken out of its frame, and the telegraph instruments were visibly affected. The shock was also felt at Woolwich, Stroud, Westgate-on-Sea, Cambridge, Northampton, Bristol, and Birmingham.

THE EFFECTS IN THE METROPOLIS.

In the metropolis the shock was very distinctly felt, more especially along the Strand, where the time of the alarming undulation was accurately fixed by the stoppage of a clock in Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's establishment at 9.20.

One tradesman states that his attention was first arrested by a crackling sound, then came a violent shock, during which every article in the room shook. In a printing-office on the Strand every one rushed into the street, thinking the building was about to fall; a reader, in the same place, said the roof seemed to be about to fall in, while the floor oscillated under him. A surveyor had to examine and certify the safety of the building before the men could be induced to return to work. Several similar experiences are recorded.

Telegraphic instruments were everywhere affected, furniture was much shaken, bells were violently rung, and gasaliers swayed to and fro in the most alarming manner. So dreadful did the rocking of the walls seem to the employés in one large establishment in the Strand, that they rushed into the street, hesitating to return for some time. All over the Houses of Parliament the effect of the earthquake was fully experienced. Several officials were in the library of the House of Commons at the moment, and the impression was that several very heavy vehicles were passing over Westminster Bridge. There were violent tremors and a rumbling noise. It appears that for some time repairs have been in process of execution in the Victoria Tower, which stands at the extreme end of the House of Lords. In one of the four pinnacles of the tower six workmen were engaged. These men were engaged busily at their work some little distance apart, when they were all greatly alarmed at the sudden undulatory motion. They collected together in amazement, and another shock coming on, they instantly withdrew from the pinnacle to the roof of the tower, near the flag staff. Here they felt the tower still vibrate, and they immediately reported the matter, attributing the shaking of the tower to the wind.

There is no difficulty in mapping out the area affected by the convulsion. It was not felt to the east of the North Sea, nor, so far as yet appears, by vessels on the eastern coast of England, while the extreme western limit seems to have been near Leicester, and it was felt but slightly south of the Thames. In severity, as measured by the destruction caused at Colchester and the neighborhood, it has, undoubtedly, surpassed any English earthquake of modern times.

PREVIOUS EARTHQUAKES.

Though earthquake shocks have neither been very numerous nor very fatal in England, that country has not enjoyed complete immunity from them, there being about 255 instances recorded in history. As early as the year 974 there is a note of such an occurrence, and in 1101 William of Malmesbury tells us that all England was terrified "with a horrid spectacle, for the buildings were lifted up and then again settled as before." Thirty-two years later many houses were overthrown and flames issued from rifts in the earth, and in 1185, according to Holinshed, there "chanced a sore Earthquake throughout all parts of this land, such a one as the like had not been heard of in England since the beginning of the world, for stones that lay couched fast in the earth were removed out of their places, houses were overthrown, and the great church of Lincoln rent from the top downward." On September 12th, 1275, St. Michael's Church, in Glastonbury, was destroyed by an earthquake, and in 1361, in the "Metrical Chronicle" of John Harding, we read that a similar visitation "greatly gan the people all affraye, so dreadful was it and perilous."

Indeed, there is scarcely a decade during which one of these shocks did not terrify the nation, some so severely that Queen Elizabeth caused a special form of "*Earthquake prayer*" to be issued. It is even affirmed, though the statement lacks confirmation, that in the fifteenth century Lyme Regis was nearly destroyed, and it is certain that London escaped no better than the rest of the Kingdom. On Easter Monday, 1580, the great bell at Westminster and the bells of the various churches were set jangling, the people rushed out of the theatres in consternation, and the Templars, leaving their supper, ran out of the Hall with their knives in their hands. Part of the Temple Church was cast down, some stones fell from St. Paul's, and two apprentices were killed at Christ Church. On September 8th, 1692, the merchants were driven from 'Change, and the streets were filled with a panic-stricken crowd of swooning or wondering people. In 1750, as the readers of Horace Walpole's gossip will remember, there were so many shocks that White's was kept busy *betting on the events*, Grub Street inditing pamphlets regarding them, and quacks selling "*pills good against the Earthquake.*" A crazy Life Guardsman having predicted a disastrous one on April 8th, 1750, thousands of all ranks passed the night in Hyde Park. "Earthquake gowns"—that is, warm robes to wear while sitting out of doors—being in great request with the women, who whiled away the time with the aid of cards and candles.

THE FUTURE EARTHQUAKE.

These appalling convulsions, which science is unable to explain, though various theories contradictory to each other have been advanced, will grow more violent—as the student of prophecy knows—as the end of this dispensation approaches. "Earthquakes in divers places" was a sign mentioned by Christ as an indication of the nearness of His coming. And in the Apocalypse we are told that when the seventh and last vial is poured out—and we are now living on the threshold of that event—there will be "a great earthquake such as never was since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great, and the cities of the nations shall fall." While men scoff and even Christians say, "Where is the promise of His coming? for from the day that the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation," yet the hour will come in which every word spoken in prophecy will be fulfilled. Happy are they whom that day will find watching!

DAVID'S SLEEP EXPERIENCE.

By Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D.

IN the third Psalm there is a verse which, however superficially read, it is pleasant to hear: "I laid me down and slept. I waked, for the Lord sustained me."

It is very easy for a Christian in ordinary circumstances to make that statement. Indeed, any man who believes in the superintending providence of the good God might say those words; but they have a peculiar significance as uttered by David, in his circumstances. It is to be remembered that the Psalm was composed when he was fleeing from Absalom, his son. His enemies were multiplying. His friends appeared to be failing. There were many who said of his soul: "No help for him in God." But David trusted in God, and prayed to the Lord, and felt sure that Jehovah heard him from His holy hill of Zion. To show the effect of this faith upon his mental and physical condition, he uses three words which are very striking under the circumstances.

He says first: "I laid me down." The word used here in the original denotes preparation and peace. He did not tumble down upon his couch, but he regularly prepared himself for bed, and quietly laid down to sleep as one does whose business has been completely finished, and who has no anxiety about the morning.

His second word is: "I slept." It does not imply a mere catching of such sleep as a soldier may obtain through the night-watches after a toilsome day; a slumber made tortuous by his thoughts and broken by his anxiety. It was sleep, God's gift of balm. It was not the heavy slumber of one who has cast himself into sleep as one might spring into a well till those who hunted him had passed by. This is indicated by what follows.

His third word is: "I waked." It does not signify a starting out of sleep as when one is frightened. It shows that he was not overwhelmed in a deep slumber. He went to bed at his regular hour. He took his natural, healthy sleep, and when that was finished he naturally awoke. The Lord had sustained him.

This is a more beautiful and touching picture of the triumph of faith than we sometimes see in its more heroic aspects. When a man is engaged in action, pushing things about him and *making things fly*, even when surrounded by enemies, the very exertion increases his faith; but when surrounded by hostile forces that are constantly increasing, a man has such trust in the Lord that his sleep is not invaded, when he can lie down in quiet like a baby in its mother's lap, and fall asleep in the arms of God, this is a triumph of faith that is beautiful indeed.

What is there more valuable for life than that which brings healthy, natural sleep. Our activities are good only as they bring about that state of fatigue which makes sleep sure and sweet. It is a triumph of faith that it can accomplish this. In times of peace many a man is so beset by the cares of business that unless he secures for himself a sufficiency of good and natural sleep, he cannot keep his health and sustain himself in his work. Merchants, mechanics, lawyers, physicians, men of all professions and occupations in this busy life, must sleep or be unfitted for their work. Better than all narcotics is simple trust in the sustaining, gracious providence of the good God. In view of this, a study of David's sleep experience will be profitable.

Temperance Work in Great Britain was Described in the course of a speech in New York last week by Mr. Thomas Barker, a noted English temperance advocate. He said: "We have been busy in England during the last thirty years extending temperance work. Our plans have been modelled largely after those in the United States, and we have had valuable aid from the leading temperance men in this country, such as Mr. Gough and the late Mr. Dodge. I do not suppose we have made the same proggress you have here, but we have done a good deal. Our counties have not the privilege of self-government as in the States, or we should to-day have local option in Scotland, Wales, and the northern counties of England. So much we have done. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, president of the Alliance, obtained for local option a majority in the House of Commons, and Mr. Gladstone has pledged himself that a bill shall be brought into the House dealing with the whole question. Formerly the members paid no attention to us, but now many are with us. Sir Wilfrid Lawson contributes $5000 a year to temperance work and many others contribute sums regularly from $500 to $2500. The expenditure in Great Britain for intoxicating liquors has averaged during the last twelve years six hundred and eighty million dollars a year; this is a decrease from the period preceding, a reduction partly due to the work of the United Kingdom Alliance."

BOOKS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, May 18, 1884.

"Of making many books there is no end."—ECCLES. 12 : 12.

Progress in Book-making—Books the Chorus of the Ages—Responsibility of Editors and Authors—The Coming Battle of the Books—The Victims of Unclean Literature—How to Stem the Torrent—Keep Aloof from it—Is it Right to Read Novels?—Good Novels—Pernicious Novels—The Test of Books—False Pictures of Life—Books Containing Evil and Good—An Infamous French Author—The Victims of Pernicious Stories—Three Funerals in One Day—Books that are Apologetic—Working Out a Curse—Iniquitous Pictorials—Invitations to Death's Banquet—Men Indebted to Books—A Lady Copying in a Hotel—Books to be Burned—A Stage-Driver's Expedient—Lady Hester Stanhope's Work—The Waiting Horses.

IF true so many years B.C., how much more true so many years A.D. We so often see books we have no appreciation of what a book is. Stand it on end. Measure the height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it. You cannot. Examine the paper of the book and see what

VAST PROGRESS

from the time when impression was made upon clay, and then upon the bark of trees, and then upon papyrus, and then upon the hides of wild animals, on and on until we have the miracles of our modern paper manufactory. Examine *the type of it*, and think of the advance made from the time when Solon's laws were written on oaks, plank oaks, and the poems of Hesiod were written on tables of lead, and the time when the Sinaitic commandments were written on tables of stone, on down to Hoe's perfecting printing press. A book! it took all civilizations, all martyr fires, all battles, all victories, all defeats, all glooms, all brightnesses, all centuries to make one book possible. A book is

THE CHORUS OF THE AGES;

it is the drawing-room in which kings and queens and philosophers and poets and orators and rhetoricians come forth to meet. If I burned incense to any idol I would build an altar before a book. Thank God for books—good books, healthful books, instructive books, historical books, poetic books, books of men, books of women, Book of God—"of making many books there is no end."

The printing press is the mightiest agency for good or evil. A minister of the Gospel occupies an important position, but not one so responsible as that of the editor and publisher. Take the one fact that from the daily press of New York there go forth four hundred and fifty thousand copies a day, and that three of the weeklies have an aggregate circulation of one million two hundred thousand, and then cipher, if you can, how far up, and how far down, and how far out reach the influences of the American printing press.

I have an idea that it is to be the chief agency for the rescue and evangelization of the world, and that the last great battle will not be fought with guns and swords, but with types and presses; a gospelized printing press triumphing over and trampling under foot and crushing out a

PERNICIOUS LITERATURE.

The greatest blessing that has come to this world since Jesus Christ came is good journalism, and the worst scourge unclean journalism. You must apply the same law to the book and the newspaper. The newspaper is a book swifter and in more portable shape. Under unclean literature, under pernicious books and newspapers, tens of thousands have gone down; the bodies of the victims in the penitentiaries, in the dens of shame, and some of the souls in the asylums for the imbecile and the insane, more of the souls already having gone down in an avalanche of horror and despair. The London plague is nothing to it. That counted its victims by the thousands; this modern pest shovels its millions into the charnel-house of the morally dead. The longest train of cars that ever rolled over the Erie track, or the Hudson, is not long enough, or large enough, to hold the beastliness and the putrefaction which has been gathered up in the bad books and newspapers of America for the last twenty years.

Now, there is no more absorbing question to-day for every man and every patriot than this question: Is there anything we can do to stem this awful torrent of pernicious literature? Are we to make our minds the receptacle for all that bad people choose to write? Are we to stoop down and drink out of the trough which wickedness has filled? Are we to mire in iniquity, or to chase will-o'-the-wisps across swamps of death, when God invites us into the blooming gardens of His love? Is there anything you can do? Yes. Is there anything that I can do to help stem this mighty torrent of pernicious literature? Yes.

The first thing for us all to do is to *keep ourselves and our families aloof* from iniquitous books and newspapers. Standing as we do, chin deep in fictitious literature, the question is every day asked:

IS IT RIGHT TO READ NOVELS?

Well, I have to say that there are good novels, honest novels, Christian novels, useful novels, novels that make the heart purer and the life better. The world can never pay its debt of obligation to Hawthorne and Landor and Hunt and Mackenzie and scores of others who in times past have written healthful novels. The follies of the world were never better excoriated than in the books of Miss Edgeworth. The memories of the past were never better embalmed than in the writings of Walter Scott. No healthier books have been written than those by Fenimore Cooper, his novels full of the breath of the seaweed and the air of the American forests. Kingsley did a grand work in his books in smiting morbidity and giving us the poetry of strong muscles and good health and fresh air. Thackeray accomplished a good work when he caricatured pretenders to gentility and high blood. The writings of Charles Dickens are an everlasting protest against injustice and a plea for the poor.

These books, read in the right time and read in the right proportion with other books, are healthful and beneficial. But I declare to you to-day that I believe three fourths of the novels of the time are pernicious and baleful to the last extent. The whole land is flooded with the iniquity. Some of these

BAD NOVELS

come forth from respectable printing presses. Some of them are actually commended by religious journals. You find them in the desk of the school miss, you find them in the trunk of the young man on his journey, you find them in the steamboat cabin, you find them in the hotel reception room. Everywhere, everywhere, a pernicious literature. You see a light late at night in your child's room. You go in and say, "What are you doing?" "Reading." "What are you reading?" "A book." You take the book and look at it, and you find it is a pernicious book. You say, "Where did you get it?" "Borrowed it." Thousands of people buy pernicious literature and are generous enough to let others also be blasted.

Now, I gather to-day all the novels, good and bad; all the histories, false and true; all the romances, beautiful and hideous; all the epilogues, commentaries, catalogues; family, city, state, national libraries, and I heave them into one great pyramid, and I bring to bear upon them some grand and glorious and infallible Christian principles, so that if you ask me to-day, Is there anything we can do to stem this tide? I say, Yes, very much, every way.

First, we will stand aloof from all books that give

FALSE PICTURES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Life is neither a tragedy nor a farce. Men are not all either knaves or heroes. Women are neither angels nor furies. Judging, however, from much of the literature of this day, we would come to the idea that life is a fitful, fantastic, and extravagant thing, instead of a practical and useful thing. After these people have been reading late at night romances which glorify iniquity and present knavery in most attractive form, how poorly prepared are they for the work of life. That man who is an indiscriminate novel reader is unfit for the duties of the store, the shop, the factory. He will be looking for his heroine in the tin shop, in the grocery store, in the banking house, and will not find her.

Those women who are indiscriminate readers of novels are unfit for the duties of wife, mother, sister, daughter—the duties of home life, the duties of a Christian life. There she sits at midnight, hands trembling, looking aghast, bursting into tears at midnight over the woes of some imaginary unfortunate. When the morrow comes she will sit by the hour gazing at nothing and biting her nails into the quick. The carpet that was plain enough before will be plainer now that she has walked through tessellated halls, and the industrious companion will be more unattractive now that she has lounged in the king's park with a polished desperado. Oh, these confirmed readers of novels! they are unfit for the duties of this life, which is a tremendous discipline, and they are unfit for the work of a world where all we gain is achieved by hard, continuous, and exhaustive work.

EVIL AND GOOD MIXED.

We will also help to stem this tide of pernicious literature by standing aloof, we and our families, from books which have some good, but a large admixture of evil. You have read books that had in them the good and the bad. Which stuck? The bad! There are minds like sieves, which let the small particles of gold fall through and keep the large cinders, while there are intellects like loadstones plunged into filings of steel and brass, that will keep the steel and repel the brass. But it is generally just the opposite. You plunge through a hedge of burrs to get one blackberry, and you will get more burrs than blackberries. I do not care how good you are, you cannot afford to read a bad book.

You say, "The influence is insignificant." Ah! the scratch of a pin may produce the lockjaw. You out of curiosity plunge into a bad book, and you have the curiosity of a man who takes a torch into a gunpowder mill to see whether or not it will blow up.

If you want to help stem the tide of pernicious literature, you and your families must stand back from books whch corrupt the imagination. I refer now not to that literature which the villain has under his coat, waiting for the school to come out, then looking up and down the street for the police, and then offering the book to your boy on his way home. I refer not to that; but to a polished literature, which comes forth with a cute plot sounding the tocsin that arouses all the bad passions of our soul.

Years ago there came forth a French authoress under the assumed name of George Sand. She smoked cigars, she wore masculine apparel. She wrote with a style ardent, eloquent, graphic in its pictures, horrible in its suggestions, damnable in its results, and sending forth into the libraries and the homes of the world an influence which has not yet relaxed; and I want to tell you that all the

INFAMOUS STORIES

we have got from Paris in the last five or ten years are only copies of that woman's iniquity. These books are sold by Christian booksellers. Under the nostrils of your cities there is to-day a fetid, reeking, unwashed literature enough to poison all the fountains of virtue and smite your sons and daughters as with the wings of a destroying angel, and it is high time that the ministers of religion and all reformers banded together and marshalled an army of righteousness all armed to the teeth to fight back this moral calamity.

What do you make out of the fact that fifty per cent—more than fifty per cent—of the criminals in the jails and penitentiaries of this country are under twenty-one years of age; many of them under eighteen, many under sixteen, many under fifteen. You go along the corridors of the prisons, and you will find that nine out of ten came there from reading bad books or newspapers. The men will tell you so; the women will tell you so. Is not that a fact worthy the consideration of those whose families are dear to them?

"Oh!" you say, "I am a business man, and can't be looking after the literature of my household; I can't be examining books and newspapers; they will have to look after themselves." Suppose your child was threatened with typhoid fever, would you have time to go for a doctor? would you have time to watch the progress of the disease? would you have time to attend the funeral? In the name of God, I warn some of you that your children are threatened with moral and spiritual typhoid, and if the evil be unarrested there will be the funeral of the body, and the funeral of the mind, and the funeral of the soul—three funerals in one day.

If you want to help stem this tide, keep aloof, you and your families, from all books that are

APOLOGETIC FOR CRIME.

Some of the most fascinating book-binding in our time is thrown around sin. Vice is horrible anyhow. It is born in shame, and it dies howling in the darkness. It whips one through this life with a scourge of scorpions, and after that God's thunders of wrath pursue it over boundless deserts. If you want to paint carnality, do not represent it as looking out from embroidered curtains, or from the window of a royal seraglio. Paint it as writhing in the horrors of a city hospital.

Cursed are the books which make impurity decent and crime honorable and hypocrisy noble. Ye authors who write them, ye publishers who print them, ye booksellers who distribute them shall be cut to pieces, if not by an aroused public sentiment, then by Almighty God, who will sweep you to the lowest pit of perdition, ye murderers of souls. You may escape in this world; in the next the heel of calamity will grind you, and you will be fastened to the rock, and vultures of despair will claw at your soul, and those whom you have destroyed will come and torment you, pouring hotter coals into your suffering, eternally rejoicing at the outcry of your pain and the howling of your damnation. "God shall wound the hairy scalp of him that goeth on in his trespasses."

There she sits at midnight, bending over

THE EVIL ROMANCE.

The tears are started. The color dashes to the cheek, and then it fades. The hands tremble as though a guardian angel were trying to shake the deadly book from her grasp. Then there is a rush of hot tears. The perspiration on her brow is the spray dashed up from the river of death. She laughs with a laugh that dies at its own sound. Soon in a madhouse she will mistake the ringlets for crawling serpents, and thrust her white hand through the bars of the incarceration, and then beat her head and push it as though she would push the scalp from the skull, crying, "My brain, my brain!" Oh, stand off from such infernal literature! Why go sounding among the reefs and among the warning buoys when there is such a vast ocean of good literature, good books, and good newspapers?—an ocean on which you may voyage all sail set.

I must in this connection call to your mind the

INIQUITOUS PICTORIALS

of our time. For good pictures I have great admiration. An artist with one flash will do that which an author can accomplish in four hundred pages. Fine paintings are the aristocracy of art. Engravings are the democracy of art. A good picture on one side of a pictorial will sometimes do just as much good as a book of four or five hundred pages. Multiply these pictures. Put them in your household. If there are any sick, put them upon the couch. Put these pictorials on your walls. Gather them in portfolios and albums. God speed the good pictures on their errands of knowledge and mercy. It is a mighty agency for God and the truth, a good picture.

But you know our cities are to-day cursed with evil pictorials. These death-warrants are on every street. A young man purchases perhaps one copy, and he purchases with it his eternal discomfiture. That one bad picture poisons one soul, that soul poisons fifty souls, the fifty despoil a hundred, the hundred a thousand, the thousand a million, and the million other millions until it will take the measuring line of eternity to tell the height, and the depth, and the ghastliness of the great undoing. A young man buys one copy, and he unrolls it amid roaring companions; but long after that paper is gone the evil will be seen in the blasted imaginations of those who looked at it. Every night the Queen of Death holds a banquet, and these evil pictorials are the printed invitations to the guests.

Alas! that the fair brow of American art should be blotched with that plague spot. Oh, young man—and how many young men come here Sabbath mornings and evenings to hear me preach, and I talk to them as a brother talks to a brother—oh, young man, buy none of that moral strychnine, do not pick up a nest of coiled adders for your pocket. Your heart will be more pure than your eye. A man is never better than the pictures he loves to look at. Show me what style of pictures a man buys and I will tell you his character. Out of a thousand times I will not make one failure in judgment. When Satan fails to get a man to read a bad book he sometimes captures him by getting him to look at a bad picture. When Satan goes a-fishing he does not care whether it is a long line or a short line, if he only hauls in his victim.

Oh, if in answer to this stupendous question of the day, a question which so many answer in the negative because they are in despairful mood, "Is there anything to be done to stem this awful tide of pernicious literature?" if I have shown you that there is something for us to do, I shall have done a work that I will not be ashamed of in that day which shall try every man's work of what sort it is. Oh, remember that one column of good reading may save a soul, that one column of bad reading may destroy a soul.

Benjamin Franklin said that the reading of Cotton Mather's "Essay to Do Good" moulded his entire life. The assassin of Lord Russell said he entered crime through an evil romance. John Angell James, than whom England never produced a better man, or the Church of God honors a more consistent Christian, declared in his old days that he had never got over once having for fifteen minutes read a bad book. Ah! the power of a bad book. And then the power of a good book.

Years ago a clergyman passing along through the West stopped at a hotel and saw a woman copying from a book. He found the book was Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." This woman had been pleased with the book which she had borrowed, and was copying a passage that impressed her very much. The clergyman happened to have a copy of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" in his valise, and gave it to her. Thirty years passed along and that clergyman came to the same hotel and was inquiring about the family that had lived there thirty years before, and was pointed to a house near by. He went there and said to the woman, "Do you remember seeing me before?" She said, "I don't remember ever to have seen you before." "Don't you remember thirty years ago a man giving you a copy of Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress'?" "Oh, yes, I remember that; that saved my soul, that book. I loaned it to my neighbors, and they read it, and they all came into the kingdom, and we had a great revival. Do you see the spire of a church out yonder? That church was built as a consequence of that book." Oh, the power of a good book! Oh, the power of a bad book!

I had one book in my library of which I have never thought with any comfort. It was an infidel book, which I bought for the purpose of finding out the arguments against Christianity. A gentleman in my library one day said, "Can I borrow that book?" I said, "Certainly." That book came back with some passages marked as having especially impressed him, and when I heard that he had gone down in a shipwreck off Cape Hatteras I asked myself the question, "I wonder if anything he saw in that book which he borrowed from me could have affected his eternal destiny?"

Oh, go home to-day and

EXAMINE YOUR LIBRARIES,

and after you have got through your libraries, examine the stand where the pictorials and newspapers are, and if you find anything there that cannot stand the test of the judgment day, do not give it to others—that would despoil them; do not sell it—that would be getting the price of blood; but kindle a fire on your kitchen hearth or in your back yard, and put the poison in and keep stirring the blaze until everything has gone to ashes from preface to appendix.

And crowd your minds with good books, and there will be no room for the bad. When Thomas Chalmers was riding beside a stage-driver and the horses were going beautifully, the stage-driver drew his long lash and struck the ear of the leader. It seemed to Thomas Chalmers a great cruelty, and he said, "Why did you strike that horse; he is going splendidly." "Ah!" said the stage-driver, "do you see that frightful object along the road? I never in the world would have got that horse along there if I hadn't given him something else to think of!" Thomas Chalmers went home and wrote his immortal sermon, "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection."

And while you have looked after yourselves and looked after your families, I want you to join this great army enlisted against pernicious literature. We are going to triumph. I feel to the tips of my fingers and in the depths of my soul the assurance that righteousness is going to triumph over all iniquity. If God be with us, who, *who* can be against us? Lady Hester Stanhope was the daughter of the third Earl Stanhope, and when her relatives were all dead she went to the far East and took possession of a deserted convent. Then she threw up fortresses amid the mountains of Lebanon, and invited to her castle all the poor and the wretched and the forsaken and the forgotten. Her house, her castle was a rest for all the weary.

She was a devoted Christian woman and expected that the Lord Jesus Christ would come again in person and reign in this world, and she was so entranced with the thought that Christ would come again that it was too much for her brain. She had in her magnificent stables two horses, which she kept all the time groomed and bridled and saddled and caparisoned, so that when the Lord should come He might take one horse and she the other, and they could speed away to Jerusalem, the city of the Great King. Of course it was a fanaticism and a delusion, but there was great beauty in the dream even.

Oh, my friends, we need no earthly palfreys groomed and bridled and saddled and caparisoned for our Lord when He comes to put down iniquity. The horse is already in the Heavenly equerry, and the imperial rider is about to mount. "And I saw, and behold a white horse: and He that sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given unto Him: and He went forth conquering and to conquer. Horsemen of Heaven, mount! Cavalrymen of God, ride on! Charge, charge! until they shall be hurled back, the black horse of famine, the red horse of carnage, the pale horse of death. Jesus forever!

WHY THE SECOND ADVENT MUST PRECEDE THE MILLENNIUM.

By Rev. John T. Duffield, D.D.,

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The Question at Issue—Agreement as to Future Events—Divergence as to their Order—The Second Advent Must Precede the Millennium—1. The Opposite Doctrine not Prominent in the New Testament—Not in the Gospels—Nor the Acts—2. The Positive Teaching—Injunctions Inappropriate for the Millennium—3. The Advent Represented as Imminent—4. The Priority of the Millennium Inconsistent with Christ's Injunctions—5. With Specific Teaching—6. The Expectation of the Apostolic Church—7. And of the Early Church—8. The Common Doctrine a Novel One.

THE Scriptures unquestionably teach that the Lord Jesus, once on this earth in an estate of humiliation, shall return again "in His glory," and "the glory of the Father, with His holy angels." The Scriptures also contain many predictions yet unfulfilled, of an era of universal righteousness and peace on earth, when there shall be "given to the Son of Man dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people and nations and languages should serve Him."

The question at issue between Pre-Millenarians and their brethren is as to *the order* in which these two predicted events shall occur. Will the universal reign of righteousness and peace on earth—from Rev. 20 : 3, commonly called "*the Millennium*"—precede the Advent; or is this Messianic Kingdom of prophecy to be manifested at, and not before, "the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ?"

While there are some predicted events, yet future, in regard to which a difference of opinion as to the order of their occurrence is a matter of little or no practical moment, the question as to the order of occurrence of the two events just mentioned is one of the highest importance, affecting as it does the meaning and practical influence of much of the Saviour's instruction.

THE ORDER OF OCCURRENCE

of the two events mentioned effects, further, the meaning and practical influence of a doctrine urged by the inspired apostles more frequently and prominently than any other, as an incentive to holy living and fidelity in Christ's service.

In presenting a summary of the argument in defence of Pre-Millenarianism, permit me to do it in the form of a reply to the question—*Will the predicted Millennial era of universal righteousness and peace on earth precede the Advent?*

In reply to the question proposed, we remark:

1. If the Millennial era is to occur during the present Dispensation, we should expect to find the Doctrine prominent in the New Testament.

Had the Saviour intended the Church to expect the Millennium during the present Dispensation, is it credible that He would have omitted—as He has omitted—any intimation of it, in His extended discourse on Eschatology, uttered for the very purpose of instructing the disciples as to the state of the Church, and of the world, during the entire period of the present Dispensation? He does predict "wars and rumors of wars, famines and pestilences and earthquakes;" He does forewarn the disciples of the opposition of the world to themselves and their message. He foretells corruption in the Church, that "iniquity shall abound," that "the love of many shall wax cold," that only they who "shall endure unto the end shall be saved," adding: "and this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come," but not one word respecting the Millennium. Had he intended the Church to believe what is now the prevailing belief on this subject, is not this omission wholly inexplicable?

Is it credible that the Apostles held the doctrine which now prevails in the Church, and yet in all their preaching and their writings should make no allusion to it? If this doctrine be, as many allege, of paramount importance, as an incentive to missionary effort *now*, was it less so in apostolic days, when the Church was just entering on the fulfilment of her great commission, and *the work of missions* was the one work above all others to which her energies were to be specially directed? As the Apostles spoke and wrote under the influence of the promised Spirit, of whom the Saviour said: "He shall teach you all things and bring to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you," is not their silence conclusive, not only that they were not taught the doctrine directly by the Spirit, but, also, that they did not understand it to be taught by the Parable of the grain of mustard seed, or the Parable of the leaven or the terms of their Commission, or by any other utterance of the blessed Saviour?

2. This *negative* argument, which of itself would seem to be decisive as to the point at issue, is confirmed by *the distinct and abundant positive teaching of the New Testament, respecting the present Dispensation.*

Until we come to the closing chapters of the Apocalypse, the Church is uniformly represented as the Church *militant*—not the Church *triumphant*. The antagonism of the Church and the world, the elect and the great mass of mankind, is asserted or assumed on every page. The Gospel was, indeed, to be preached among all nations—not with the assurance or intimation that the world would thereby be converted, but "*for a witness* unto all nations" (Matt. 24 : 14).

To illustrate and enforce this very truth,

THREE NOTABLE PARABLES

were uttered by the Saviour, and to emphasize their importance and prevent the possibility of misapprehension as to their meaning, their interpretation was given to the disciples and recorded in minute detail for the instruction of the Church throughout the New Testament dispensation. Only a portion of the seed of Gospel truth falls "on good ground"—the rest on "the wayside," "on stony places," and "among thorns." The visible Church is as "a net cast into the sea," it may inclose "a great multitude of fishes," but not all; and of those that are gathered in there are "bad," as well as "good." There are tares among the wheat—"the children of the wicked one" among "the children of the Kingdom"—both are "to grow together until the harvest," and "*the harvest is the end of the world.*" "We see not yet all things put under Christ." It is "the world to come" that is to be in subjection to Him. *Now*, the Christian life is a warfare, and *the world* and *Satan*, as well as the flesh, are enemies. We are exhorted to "clothe ourselves in the armor of God, that we may be able to withstand the wiles of the devil." Is there any intimation in God's Word that at any period of the present dispensation this and similar representations with which the New Testament abounds are to become obsolete? And yet, will not this be so, if for a thousand years before the Advent, Satan is to be "bound and cast into the bottomless pit, that he go not forth to deceive the nations?"

In the second Epistle to the Thessalonians, 2d chapter, Paul foretells what would occur before the Advent, and he mentions, not the Millennium, but *an apostasy*. "That day shall not come except there be *a falling away* first, and the man of sin be revealed;" and as if to exclude the idea of *the Millennium* intervening, he adds: "Whom the Lord shall destroy with the brightness of His coming."

These references to the *positive* teaching of the New Testament respecting the present dispensation might be extended indefinitely. But it is needless. If the question at issue is to be determined by the authority of God's word, do not the passages above referred to furnish a demonstration of the Pre-Millenarian faith, which cannot be successfully gainsaid or resisted?

3. While the New Testament makes no allusion to a universal reign of righteousness before the Advent, the Advent itself is repeatedly, prominently referred to, and as

AN EVENT EVER IMMINENT—

the great object of the Christian's desire and expectation.

As Christ's "appearing and His Kingdom" are in the New Testament conjoined, He has made the desire for His "appearing" part of the first petition of our daily prayer. That His followers might have it ever in view, He reminds them of it in every administration of that Holy Sacrament in which we "do show the Lord's death *until He comes.*" "Paul in all his Epistles speaketh of these things" (II Peter 3 : 16). Peter speaks of it again and again in his first Epistle, and then makes it the one theme of a second Epistle. James and John, and even Jude in his brief Epistle, holds it prominently forth. The Apocalypse opens with the announcement, "*Behold He Cometh;*" and closes with the declaration of Christ Himself, "*Surely I come quickly,*" and the responsive prayer of the beloved disciple, the last utterance of the breath of inspiration, "*Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.*"

It should be observed that the point of these inspired exhortations, and of other similar passages that might be quoted, is not the mere *fact* or *certainty* of the Advent, but its *possible nearness*, that for aught that was revealed, it might occur in their day.

Now, is this the language of men who believed that a millennium was to intervene before the Advent? Had such been their faith, could they have uttered such exhortations? Pre-millenarians express their distinctive faith in the very language of the inspired Apostles. Could they do so if the inspired Apostles were not pre-millenarians?

(*To be concluded next week.*)

* From an address published by Mr. F. H. Revell, of Chicago.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Stolen Barrel of Apples.—At a Recent meeting the Rev. Mr. Riddell related: "I saw at the Lord's Table to-day a man who told me that he never realized he was a lost, ruined sinner till one day he stole a barrel of apples, and was in the act of carrying it away on his shoulder, when his conscience cried out upon him, and made him restore the apples to their true owner. The devil had taken a step too far with this man; the heinous nature of the sin opened his eyes, and made him cry to God for pardon. God was merciful, and for His dear Son's sake gave him peace, and lifted him from the position of a thief to be a child of the Almighty."

A Woman's Reply to an Evangelist.—Mr. Lowe related: "An evangelist in an inquiry meeting asked a woman, 'Are you resting in Jesus?' Very indignantly she replied, 'It is nothing to you whether I am or not; besides, I would not speak about such a subject to any one but God!' In about a fortnight the evangelist was in another inquiry meeting, and saw this same person speaking very earnestly to another woman. Drawing near to them, he heard her telling the stranger about her own conversion to Christ, and pressing the woman to follow Jesus at once. Much gratified, the evangelist, thinking to test her, said, 'Madam, madam, keep your mouth shut on that subject!' 'Keep my mouth shut!' she replied with enthusiasm, 'I cannot do it, sir; I *must* speak about Jesus.'"

Three Visits to a Vinery.—The Rev. Mr. Ross said: "A gentleman entered a vinery one day while the gardener was pruning a magnificent vine. It seemed to be bleeding at every cut, and the visitor was grieved at what he thought the cruel recklessness of the gardener. He said, 'Ah, gardener, that is a magnificent vine!' 'Yes, sir, it is a fine vine.' 'Then why are you so recklessly cruel with it?' 'Come back later on and you will see,' was the man's reply. The gentleman returned some months later, and saw fine branches and well-formed leaves. Turning to the gardener, he said, 'I thought when I saw you pruning that vine that you had ruined it; but look at that thick trunk, those spreading branches, and beautiful leaves. You have obtained your desire.' 'No, sir,' he

answered, 'I have not; its chief glory is yet to come.' 'What is its chief glory?' inquired the visitor. 'Come back in September, and I will show you.' The gentleman returned in September, and beheld great clusters of luscious fruit hanging from the branches, and sheltered by the leaves. Pointing to the grapes, the gardener said, 'These are the chief glory of the vine; I have now obtained my desire.' And is not Christ's desire the same for all the branches in Himself, the true vine?" (John 15.)

The Covenanter and Congregationalist.—Mr. Dewar said: "I lived, when a young man, on the west coast of Scotland. In the village where I lived there was an old patriarch who was one of the actual covenanters. When with him I avoided any mention of the Solemn League and Covenant. At a little distance lived an equally aged patriarch, who was a Congregationalist; when in his company I avoided speaking about church government, as it was a dangerous topic with him. I cannot tell you how much good I got from both these men when we spoke about our Lord and Master. I often longed that they could see each other as I saw them, and enjoy mutual fellowship together with the Lord Jesus; but as it was, they almost hated each other, owing to their difference of opinion upon the secondary question of church government. I doubt not but that they see each other in a right light now; but, alas! how much they lost. I learned a lesson from them which I never forgot."

Wolves and Dogs at War.—The Rev. Mr. Salmond said: "Away back as far as the days of the Reformation, the most successful means used by the Evil One to hinder the work of God have been dissensions among those who should be united in a compact phalanx against the common enemy. Melanchthon was much grieved by this spirit of anger and envy among the workers of his time, and for the purpose of uniting them together told the following parable. Once upon a time the wolves and dogs were at war. The wolves, alarmed by the increasing strength of their foes, sent a spy among the dogs, who on his return reported, 'There are not many mastiffs among them, but there are a great many snarling curs. What encouraged me most was that they seemed to hate each other, and be desirous to fly at each other's throats.' The lesson Melanchthon desired to be drawn from this was, 'It is lamentable that the enemy should have power to conquer and ruin men's souls through the internal dissensions among Christians themselves.'"

A Spaniard's Imprisonment for Christ.—The Rev. Mr. Martini, from Spain, says: "I have had the privilege of suffering a little—a very little—for the dear Lord, but in a sense it was my own fault, for I broke the law of my country. In Spain it was against the law for a Protestant to preach to a congregation of more than twenty persons, and that law I broke by addressing an audience of more than two hundred and fifty persons in the open air. I was holding a meeting of twelve persons in a small room, when certain persons entered and told me that there was a large number of people who wished me to preach to them in the open air. I thought, 'This is a call from God! Shall I obey God or man?' I obeyed God, and broke the law of man; the consequence was that I was sent to prison for forty-six days. I was well treated by every one. The mayor and all the notables came to see me, and I gave them tracts and Gospels, besides preaching inside the prison to more than fifty persons at a time, although the law forbade me to preach to more than twenty persons at a time outside the prison."

A Revival among Fisherfolk.—The Rev. Mr. Inglis tells how a remarkable awakening took place lately in a fishing village near Montrose. There was great concern among the older people about the rising generation, as there had been no conversions for some time. This made them wrestle in prayer with God on their behalf. A girl in the minister's class was impressed with the verse, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit" (Romans 8 : 1). The girl was seized with a fatal illness; during its continuance she could only speak about "no condemnation" to her companions. Nothing else interested her, and she died very happy in the Lord. The minister told this incident in the school, and it was the means of commencing a great religious movement among the young people of the village. The result was that one hundred and twenty young people gave their hearts to Christ, and were admitted to the fellowship of the church. Every one of them was converted in this revival. God's ways are not our ways, but they are always right ways.

THE MOHAMMEDAN ANTICHRIST'S 1260 YEARS.

By the late Rev. W. Girdlestone.

The Starting-Point of the 1260 Years Begins in A.D. 630 — The Little Horn of Daniel 8—Who are the "Transgressors"?—Mohammed Pushed his Dominion so as to Include the "Pleasant Land" of Judea—His Koran and Proud Assumptions—Taking Away "the Daily Sacrifice."

THE period of 1260 years is to be dated from the establishment of Mohammedan imposture, which took place in the year A.D 630, when Mohammed seized possession of the city of Mecca, which thenceforth became the sacred capital of Mohammedanism, and synchronizes, therefore, with the taking away of the daily sacrifice (Rev. 11 : 2, 3.)

Mohammed did not establish his religion or his power till he was master of Mecca; from that time the Mussulman armies poured into Syria, and out of Syria they came down upon Jerusalem.

The little horn of Dan. 8 is described as being a tyrannical king, not inheriting power of his own, but gaining it by the help of others; he is to succeed by the exercise of his understanding and craft; he is to practise and prosper, and to destroy wonderfully, particularly, the *mighty* and *holy* people; and by peace shall he destroy many, and, above all, he shall stand up against the Prince of princes; he is to arise within the precincts of one of Alexander the Great's four kingdoms, and at a time when the

TRANSGRESSORS SHALL BE COME TO THE FULL.

The transgressors are those who departed from the Christian faith, once delivered to the saints, and at the time of Mohammed's appearance, no age, no church, not even Rome herself in the darkest ages, ever witnessed such a medley Christianity, composed of heathenism, Judaism, and Gnosticism, with its variety of schisms and heresies, branching and sprouting out of that pestiferous sect, as then disgraced the Greek Church. Had not Mohammed found the soil thus ready prepared to hand, thus richly manured with the rottenness of corruption, and watered already by the poisonous flood from the dragon's mouth, he would not have dared to plant his deadly upas tree, and from under its branches circumscribe with his bloody scimetar an empire which astonished, and for ages has amazed, the world.

We see in this "horn" religious tyranny and overbearing character; but he begins and proceeds in his career by dark sentences and craft, by mysterious revelations and persuasion; he destroys not only by the sword, but by seduction, not only the mighty but the holy people, not only in war but in peace, and he sets himself up against the Prince of princes, our Lord Jesus Christ. He arises at a time when the transgressors are come to the full, and stretches his dominion over the south, and the east, and

THE PLEASANT LAND.

I think that no description of the impostor Mohammed can be given more applicable to him than this. He retired to his cave, and there hatched his pretended mysterious revelation; he came forth, and persuaded a few. By their help his tenets spread; by their assistance he was raised to power, and established that power by the possession of Mecca in the year 630; from thence he pushed his dominion, with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, four hundred leagues toward the south, and toward the east, which included the *pleasant land* of Judea.

His Koran is a medley of dark sentences; he prospered no less by his craft than by his sword, for he formed his religion to suit the different tastes, the different manners, the vicious and corrupt inclinations of the people he labored to convert as well as to subdue. To gain the Jew he reverenced Moses. To entice the Christian he acknowledged the authority of Jesus Christ; and to reconcile all, he gave a sanction to their worst passions, and

INDULGED THEIR FIERCEST APPETITES.

He appeared also at a time when all seemed ripe for such an apostasy, when the transgressors were come to the full; when Judaism was degraded, Christianity corrupted, and heathenish customs, rites, and manners seemed to preponderate over all. But whatever reverence he might pay to Moses or Christ, however he might acknowledge the divinity of their missions, he set up *his own* as superior to theirs, and exalted himself above the Prince of princes. He

TOOK AWAY THE DAILY SACRIFICE, AND SET UP THE ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION

in the following sense:

The *Romans* when they conquered the Jewish nation, warred not against the *religion* of the Jews; they regarded not their superstitions (as they called them) or their ceremonies, these were everywhere tolerated; but their object was to break the *political* power of this contumacious people, to bend them to their yoke, and to quell their turbulent dispositions; and this they conceived was the more easily to be done by destroying their city and temple, and driving them out of their country.

Not so the *Mohammedan conquerors;* they laid their axe at the root of religion, they conquered only that they might convert; they gave their vanquished foe his country, but subverted his religion.

It was against the pure mode of worship of the Lord Jesus Christ, which was typified by the Jewish craft, were levelled; and, as I conceive it, this was sacrifice, that the Mohammedan arms and the Mohammedan daily sacrifice, or the *atoning sacrifice*, the true worship, which was taken away and annihilated, as it were, by the Arabian prophet and his followers. Thus we see that the daily sacrifice was taken away by Mohammed in the year A.D. 630. Add to this 1260 years the era of the prosperity of the Mohammedan little horn, and we reach the year 1890.

[NOTE BY REV. M. BAXTER.—The foregoing extract from the prophetic exposition published sixty-four years ago, in 1820, by Mr. Girdlestone, a clergyman of the Church of England, is valuable, as foreshowing that the 1260 years of Mohammedan temporal power would terminate about A.D. 1890, which is the terminating epoch of other dates. The sixty-four years which have elapsed since Mr. Girdlestone's exposition have signally verified his views, for the Turko-Mohammedan Empire is greatly shrunk in size and weakened since 1820.

In the *year-day* fulfilment the little horn of Dan. 8 is the *Mohammedan* Antichrist for 1260 *years*, and the little horn of Dan. 7 is the *Papal* Antichrist also for 1260 *years*. But in the future *literal-day* fulfilment the last personal *Infidel* Antichrist (who will be a Napoleon) will be not only the little horn of Dan. 8, but also the little horn of Dan. 7 for 1260 literal *days*, as the terms of his persecuting temporal power; as such he will combine in himself the peculiar distinctive features both of Mohammed and the Pope. They have been, in fact, precursory types of him. A Napoleon will soon arise as sovereign of a little State in the East, and run a career very like, but much greater, than that of Mohammed.]

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Black Wednesday will now Take its Place in our national history by the side of the Black Friday of 1869. Wednesday, May 14th, was a day of financial disasters. None who passed through Wall Street and the neighborhood on that day will ever forget the excitement there. Anxiety, distress, agony, despair might be seen written on the faces of the hurrying throng, and on the steps of the broken financial institutions there were scenes of sorrow that melted the heart with pity. Happily the disasters are not so bad as was feared at first, but many a home has been ruined, and the provision on which many widows and orphans depended, has been swept away. The condition of the country is much more stable now than it was in 1857, 1869, and 1873, when former panics occurred, so that it is hoped the crisis has now passed, though it may be some time before public confidence is completely restored. It will be a beneficial result of this trouble if it leads bank presidents to engage less extensively in outside speculations and prompts directors to exercise a closer supervision over the business they are supposed to direct.

Indications that a Storm was Gathering were apparent on Monday, May 12th. The two gigantic failures mentioned last week had clearly unsettled public confidence. The word "swindle" was freely applied to the Grant & Ward catastrophe, and people who had lost money there declared that their money had been obtained under false pretences. On the following day it was announced that there had been a heavy defalcation at the Second National Bank, and that the president had made away with over two million dollars. That tended to increase the panicky feeling, and though the president's father and the other directors of the bank promptly made good the defalcation, a run commenced on that bank. On Wednesday morning the Stock Exchange was crowded with anxious men. Within an hour after the opening three enormous failures were announced, and before the day closed, the list had increased to nine. Gloom and apprehension weighed on the public mind, and none could tell what institution might be the next to fail. Even the strongest were in peril, for unthinking people increased the danger by rushing to the bank where their savings were deposited, to draw them out. Bankers who pay interest on deposits cannot afford to keep them idle in their vaults, and they know by experience the proportion that should be kept on hand to meet ordinary demands, but this sudden demand might find perfectly sound banks unprepared to meet it. The knowledge of this fact led to serious apprehensions, which increased as failure after failure was announced.

A Check to the Panic was Effected later in the day by the action of the bankers, who held a meeting and agreed to stand by each other as they did in 1873. The sound institutions held securities which under ordinary circumstances could have been readily turned into money in a sufficient quantity to meet all demands, but the value, even of the best, had shrunk in the panic to a degree that would have rendered a forced sale ruinous. It was therefore decided that any banker, who was a member of the Clearing-House Association, might send his securities to the Clearing-House and receive in exchange a certificate which any other member would receive as cash. This expedient relieved the pressure and prevented speculators reaping a rich harvest at the expense of honest institutions. The Secretary of the Treasury also came to the rescue, and, by authorizing a call for bonds, released some of the money in the treasury.

The two Most Startling Suspensions in the panic were those of the Metropolitan National Bank and Messrs. Fisk & Hatch. The Metropolitan Bank had for its president the eminent philanthropist *Mr. George I. Seney*, whose public gifts aggregate more than a million dollars. One of the most recent was his gift of land and money to the Methodist Episcopal Church to erect a hospital in Brooklyn. Mr. Seney was undoubtedly very wealthy, but it is stated that recently his enterprises have not been so successful as formerly, and in several cases he has lost heavily. He was consequently crippled in his private resources, and as he owned three fourths of the shares of the Metropolitan Bank, that institution suffered. The failure of Nelson Robinson & Co., stock brokers, which firm was composed of Mr. Seney's sons and sons-in-law, and of other brokers, precipitated the trouble and rendered a suspension unavoidable. The bank, however, was found to be solvent, and taking advantage of the facilities offered by the Clearing-House *it resumed business* on Thursday. Mr. Seney resigned the presidency, and turned his private property over to the bank. General sympathy is expressed for him. *Messrs. Fisk & Hatch* also received much kindly sympathy from their friends on the Exchange. Both partners are very highly respected, and Mr. Hatch was re-elected president of the Exchange only the day before the collapse of the firm. He was very prominent in religious circles, took a deep interest in home mission work, and frequently preached for Jerry McAuley and at other missions. Mr. Fisk also is a man of simple, unaffected piety. Sincere regret for the misfortunes of the firm is expressed in all quarters. No statement was issued last week of their affairs, so that it is not yet known how serious the disaster may be. Unhappily the collapse of the firm carried under the Newark Savings Bank, which will cause much distress in that city.

The House of Representatives is in Considerable arrear with its business, but is nevertheless talking of an early adjournment. The way in which it expects to get through was indicated last week when three important appropriation bills were cursorily examined and passed. They were those for the Army, the District of Columbia, and Consular and Diplomatic Service. It may be hoped that Congress will, before it adjourns, deal with legislation urgently needed by the country. So much time has already been wasted that but little opportunity remains for the consideration of several important measures which ought not to be further postponed. Prominent among them are the Shipping, Bankruptcy, and Electoral College bills.

The Congressional Committee of the Republican party is in a difficulty which appears likely to be a source of embarrassment to them. It has been discovered that a section of the civil service law recently passed, provides "that no Senator or Representative or Territorial Delegate of Congress, or any officer or employé of either house, and no executive, judicial, military or naval officer of the United States, and no clerk or employé of any department of the government of the United States, shall, directly or indirectly, solicit or receive, or in any manner be concerned in soliciting and receiving, any assessment, subscription, or contribution for any political purpose whatever, from any officer, clerk, or employé of the United States, or from any person receiving compensation from any moneys derived from the treasury of the United States." This law applies to the use of money "for any political purpose whatever," and includes conventions, torchlight processions, the printing of posters or the hiring of brass bands, not only after the nomination of candidates or delegates, but before the holding of conventions. The penalty for breaking this law is a fine of five thousand dollars and imprisonment in the Penitentiary for five years. The section appears to have escaped notice during its consideration by Congress, but it places not a few prominent men in an awkward dilemma just now.

Charles O'Conor, the Distinguished Lawyer died at his residence in Nantucket, Mass., on Monday, May 12th, from the effects of a severe cold contracted about three weeks ago. His mind was clear to the last. In 1875 he suffered a prolonged and serious illness, and was several times reported dead, but his remarkable constitution saved him. He was born in this city January 21st, 1804, his parents being Irish. He had an elementary education, and studied law being admitted to the bar in 1824. As early as 1829 he achieved prominence in the courts, and from that time forward he was employed in some of the most celebrated cases, notably the Jack slave case in 1835, the Lispenard will case in 1843, the Forrest divorce case in 1851, the Lemmon slave case in 1856, and the litigation connected with the Jumel estate. In 1873 he was prominent in *the prosecution of the Tweed ring* cases in New York City. He served in the constitutional conventions of 1846 and 1864. In 1872 he was nominated for the Presidency by the Independent Democracy and labor reformers. He declined both nominations, but received about 20,000 votes. Mr. O'Conor's reputation as an honest lawyer was more highly prized by him than his reputation as a brilliant and learned lawyer.

The Project of the Vassar Brothers' Hospital at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., approaches realization. When the will of the late Matthew Vassar was admitted to probate, the fact was made known that he had left a large sum of money for the erection and endowment of a hospital in Poughkeepsie, to be called Vassar Brothers' Hospital, on condition that his surviving brother, John Guy Vassar, should contribute an equal sum, and that he, also, made the hospital the residuary legatee of his estate. Since that time Mr. John Guy Vassar has not only fulfilled the conditions named, but has taken an active interest in the matter. The exact amount placed at the disposal of the hospital is not stated, and probably is not yet certainly known. It will, however, be sufficient to erect very handsome and extensive buildings, and so endow them that their usefulness in the future is assured beyond a doubt. During the last season the trustees purchased land, the plans and specifications are now completed, and builders have been invited to examine them and present proposals for the work of construction. The building is to be of brick trimmed with terra-cotta.

Four New Bishops were Elected by the Methodist Episcopal Conference on Thursday last. The Rev. W. X. Ninde, D.D., of the Detroit Conference, and the Rev. J. M. Walden, D.D., of Cincinnati, were elected on the second ballot. On the third ballot the Rev. Willard F. Mallalieu, D.D., was elected; the fourth ballot was without result, but on the fifth ballot the Rev. C. H. Fowler, D.D., was elected. A resolution was adopted "that the Conference reaffirms the doctrine of our fathers of the Church, that the bishopric is not an order but an office; in orders a bishop is merely a presbyter or elder."

Colored Missionary Bishops in the Protestant Episcopal Church have been, it appears, consecrated prior to those elected on April 24th. Mr. W. W. Montgomery writes us in correction of an error in our issue of May 8th, that one or two colored bishops have been consecrated by the English Church and are now laboring in the mission field, and that in 1874 Dr. Holley, a colored bishop, was consecrated in Grace Church, New York.

Nine Hundred Chinamen were Present at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on May 12th, at the anniversary of the Chinese Sunday-School Union. The Tabernacle was red with flags. Chinamen wearing the commonest garbs of their country and Chinamen decked out in the latest New York fashions met the eye in all directions. They sat among the audience, which numbered about twenty-five hundred, and a select hundred occupied the platform and constituted the choir. The Chinese Consul, Au Yang Ming, entered late in the evening amid tumultuous applause. His little boy, twelve years old, rejoicing in the name of Nam Ouyang, accompanied him. All the Chinese took part in the proceedings with eager attention, and seemed to enjoy them immensely, singing the hymns in loud but not inharmonious voices, and joining in the prayers with apparent devotion. An address in English was made by Chu M. Seung. He spoke good English, and there was not the least difficulty in understanding every word. Mr. James F. Garvin read a report showing the history of the Chinese schools since their foundation sixteen years ago. "Ye-soo tsün nang che ming Kung he," or "All hail the power of Jesus' name," was then sung, and a Chinese prayer was offered by Yu Sing.

The Fourth International S. S. Convention of the United States and Canada is to be held at Louisville, Ky., June 11th–13th. A careful programme has been prepared and a large number of the foremost Sabbath-school workers of the country will be present. Any inquiries as to entertainment should be addressed J. E. Hardy, Louisville. A reduction of railroad fares has been granted by some lines on condition that delegates present a certificate of their appointment.

A Misplaced Buoy Caused the Wreck of a steamer worth $125,000, the loss of a valuable cargo, and peril to many lives on May 8th. The steamer City of Portland left Boston on May 7th on her voyage to St. Johns, N. B., with seventy passengers on board and considerable freight. The night was clear, and as the steamer passed the Owl's Head just before daybreak the captain saw a striped buoy indicating the presence of a sunken rock. The course was altered in accordance with the position of the buoy, but in a few minutes the steamer struck a ledge, slid on amidships, and stuck fast, the buoy being fifty feet away on the port side. The pumps were started at once, distress colors set, and the boats cleared. The officers and crew retained their presence of mind, and despatched a boat for help. In a short time a steamer arrived, and took off the terrified passengers, but the steamer and cargo are a total loss. The captain of the ship is an expert and careful man, and was in no way blameable. The buoy, which was put there to be a means of safety, was by its displacement the cause of disaster. It had drifted. The same words are often used about preachers who have discontinued preaching the Gospel, and, instead, preach strange doctrines. They have drifted, as the buoy did, and there is reason to fear that their change of position may cause the wreck of the souls of those who flock to hear them. Their responsibility is appalling (Ezekiel 33 : 8).

A Thirty-Cent Inheritance has Fallen to the lot of seven relatives of a deceased lady who formerly resided at South Toledo, Ohio. The lady had never married; her father and mother died before she did, and she had neither brother nor sister. As she left no will, there was a dispute about the heirship to her property, which consisted of a house and lot worth $360. A lawsuit was brought by the rival claimants, which was decided on May 15th. The property was sold, $121 was deducted for expenses of sale, and the balance divided according to nearness of relationship. Seven of the twenty-eight claimants received thirty cents each as their share. They doubtless regard it as a contemptible inheritance, but that is the unavoidable consequence of there being so many to participate in so small a property. Those whom God has declared to be joint-heirs with Christ, numerous though they are, cannot be thus disappointed, for they will inherit with Him who is "Heir of all things" (Heb. 1 : 2).

A Monkey has Involved a County in New York in a heavy expense. The bark Marguerite, laden with oil, came into New York harbor a short time ago. There was a monkey on board who upset a lamp, setting the vessel on fire. She was beached, while burning, near West New Brighton, Staten Island. The Pilot Commissioners, finding the wreck interfered with navigation, ordered Richmond County to remove it. The owners thereupon sent their own men to strip the wreck, but the county wreckmasters had them arrested. The county has now received a bill of sixty-five hundred dollars from its own contractors for removing the wreck; the owners have sued for two thousand dollars, the sum at which they value the hull; and the arrested wreckers have begun suits for false imprisonment. Altogether the mischievous animal has put the county to an expense which cannot fall short of ten thousand dollars. The monkey perished in the flames. The wretched creature only acted according to its nature, and it paid the penalty with its life, but the consequences of its misdoing fall on others. Evolutionists might find an argument for their doctrines in the conduct of many men whose character has much of the monkey nature. They scatter slanders and falsehoods, and when shown the consequences of their wickedness, say, "I was only in fun" (Prov. 26 : 18–22).

A Scrap of Paper Occasioned Some Excitement in Lewiston, Me., recently. One of the banks in the city is connected with police headquarters by a burglar-alarm. On the night of May 7th, soon after sunset, the police were startled by the ringing of the bell, which continued its warning the full time. The police hurried to the bank, and a crowd quickly collected. There was, however, no burglary in progress, but an examination of the premises showed the cause of the alarm. After the bank is closed every night a clock-work attachment is set to work, which makes the electric connection, and the doors and shutters of the bank, when closed, touch electric buttons, completing the circuit. The opening of a door or shutter breaks the circuit and sets the bell ringing in the police station. On the night in question a small piece of paper was accidentally shut in the door-jamb, interposing between the button and the door. When the clock-work made the connection, the paper broke the circuit as completely as the opening of the door would have done. It seemed but a paltry interposition, but it sufficed to disturb arrangements so delicate. Small matters often exert an influence altogether disproportionate to their ordinary importance. It is so in spiritual affairs, as the Christian often finds to his sorrow, when some sin, the world considers venial, separates him from the light of God's countenance (Isa. 59 : 2).

ESTHER'S EXALTATION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Then Mordecai commanded to answer Esther, Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house, more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place: but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"—ESTHER 4 : 13, 14.

The Two Great Nations of the Earth—Nations and Churches Composed of Individuals—Personal Responsibility—Four Words to Individuals—I. Hearken—The Separation of Interests—The Way to Disaster—Fellowship Essential—The Interests not Secured by Separation—God can Dispense with Workers—The Disgrace of Losing Opportunities—II. Consider—An Advanced Position—Why God has Given Promotion—The Evil of the Time—Special Circumstances—Special Equipment for Special Work—III. Aspire—Success Possible—No One Knows to the Contrary—IV. Confide—Confidence Assures Safety—Victory Certain.

THE appeal of Mordecai in his pressing time of distress was to one single person, namely, to Esther. I believe that I shall do better this morning by making my sermon an address to individuals than by speaking of nations or churches. I assuredly believe that England has been raised up as a nation and brought to her present unique position that she may be the means of spreading the Gospel throughout all the nations of the earth. I judge that God has blessed

THE TWO GREAT NATIONS

of the Anglo-Saxon race—England and the United States—and given them pre-eminence in commerce and in liberty on purpose that in such a time as this they may spread abroad the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Woe to these nations if they fail to fulfil their solemn obligations! If, being raised up for a purpose, they refuse to perform it, they shall melt away. We are intrusted with great opportunities; if we do not rightly use them the New Zealander of Macaulay may yet survey the ruins of this empire-city. "Thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed," said Mordecai to Esther, and he says the same to us. Oh, that England may know the day of her visitation.

We might properly say of any Christian church that it has its own appointed place in the purposes of divine mercy. If the candle is lighted, even though it be set upon a golden candlestick, it is not lighted for itself, but that it may give light to all that are in the house. If any church fail to bless others, and so proves unfaithful to her solemn trust, the Lord will take away the candlestick out of its place, and leave the unfaithful to mourn in darkness. The Church in Rome was once a church of high commanding influence for good; you know what it has become. Some other churches are on the way, I fear, to the same dreadful end. God grant that none of the churches with which we are connected as Christian people may ever either apostatize from the faith, or grow lax and worldly, or become indifferent to the glory of God and the salvation of men. I might thus speak to each church and say, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

My brethren, it is a wonderfully easy thing to denounce the faults of a government or of a nation, to complain of this being done, and of that being left undone; and this amusement may only serve to divert our conscience from its more profitable duties at home. The same is true with regard to a church. Men are too apt to condemn in the mass what they tolerate in themselves as individuals. But why are we so ready to accuse the churches? Why are we so censorious as to what the churches do, and what the churches are? Who make up the churches? Why, we each one by our influence help to make the churches good, or bad, or indifferent, as the case may be. There-

fore, I will not waste time in generalities, but I will come to personalities. I will follow Mordecai's tack, and speak alone to Esther; that is to say, to each one who may happen to be here to whom God has intrusted opportunity, talent, and position, I would urge them to remember that there is a something for each believer to do, a work which he cannot delegate to another, a task which it is his privilege to be permitted to undertake, which it will be to his solemn disgrace and detriment if he do not execute, but which will be to his eternal glory under God if he be found faithful in it. I shall lay out my sermon in four parcels, arranging it under four words.

I. The first word is hearken! Hearken to my word, as Mordecai desired Esther to hearken to him. Hearken while God the Lord speaks to your heart, and calls you to your high vocation.

Hearken, first, to a question. Brother,

WILL YOU SEPARATE

your interests from those of your people and your God? I do not think that Mordecai was afraid that Esther would do so; but still it is sometimes as well to prevent an evil before we perceive it; and he did so by saying, "Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house." It was possible that being a queen it might enter into her mind that she would be safe even if all the rest of the Jews were put to death. It would be a painful thing that her countrymen should be destroyed, but still the stroke might not touch her in the seclusion of the palace, where she had "not yet showed her kindred nor her people." She would still remain the favored wife of the great king; and she might, therefore, selfishly look to herself, and leave those who were in peril to look to themselves or to their God, while she coldly hoped that the Lord would somehow or other give them deliverance.

Does that temptation come across the path of any one of us? It may: You may say, "I shall be saved though the city should perish in its iniquity. Though the people are steeped in poverty and ignorance, I shall enjoy plenty and live in light. I know the Lord myself, and that is my main concern; if the heathen perish I am not one of them, and I am thankful that it will not interfere with my destiny." Will you argue in this selfish manner? Do you wish to be joined with Jesus so as to be rescued from hell? I tell you, sirs, there is no receiving Christ unless you receive His doctrine and rule. You must receive this grace also, namely, that you give yourself to Him to make His interests your interests, His life your life, His kingdom your kingdom, His glory your glory.

Hearken to a second question. If you could separate your interests from those of the cause of God, would you thereby secure them? You are a church-member; you think also that you are a living member of the body of Christ, and you are tempted to look to yourself and to leave others to their shifts. Hearken—"Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house, more than all the Jews." Is it so, that because you are yourself a member of a flourishing church, and because you enjoy all sorts of Christian privileges, you therefore harden your heart concerning dying churches and desponding saints? Do you imagine that the body can be sick, and yet you as a member of it will not suffer? I tell you, if the Church of God goes aside it will be to your injury; if the truth of God be not preached

YOU WILL BE A LOSER;

if Christian life be not vigorous you will be weakened. When a baneful atmosphere is over other Christians you will breathe it. Sinners cannot be left in their spiritual death without creating a foulness in the air which is to the peril of us all.

If this great city is left to seethe and rot in its infidelity and misery and filthiness, fancy not that you Christian people will escape. You dwell with these outcasts, and you are already feeling their influence, and will feel it still more if they do not feel yours. How far and how deep that participation will go I will not venture to prophesy, for I am no prophet, neither the son of a prophet; but there are elements now fermenting which threaten, first, the existence of the commonwealth, and next, the liberties of Christian worship. Take you good heed, my brethren; things cannot long remain as they are. *This great flood of wretchedness must be assuaged, or it will sweep us all away.* This may be a selfish argument; but as we are battling with selfishness, we may fitly take Goliath's sword with which to cut off his head. You Christian people suffer if the Church suffers; you suffer even if the world suffers.

Next, remember, for your humiliation, that

GOD CAN DO WITHOUT YOU.

Enlargement and deliverance will arise to His people from another place if it come not by us. If the Lord were tied up to any one man, or any one church, or any one nation, it were treasonable for that person, church, or nation to be negligent; but as the Lord waiteth not for man, neither tarrieth for the sons of men, it becomes them to mind what they are at. He can do without *us*. When He looked and there was no man, His own arm brought salvation; and as it was of old so will it be again. Mark you that. He will effect His purpose; He will fetch home His banished; He will gather together His scattered sheep; He will cause the earth to be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea; and if we do not gather in the wanderers, or spread the knowledge of His grace, the work will be done by more faithful men.

Here follows a still more sobering reflection. Recollect that as God can do without us, it may be He will do without us. It might come to pass that God would say, "I will no more bless the world by this England; she has become selfishly mercantile; she cares more for commerce than for righteousness; she is drunken and infidel; I will give her up. Her merchants care nothing for the poor, whose labor is ill-requited; let her pass away as all oppressors must, and let the nations say: "Alas, alas, that great city, that mighty city! For in one hour so great riches is come to nought." He may say to any church, "Repent; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth." "Ichabod" has been written aforetime, and may be again, on places where once there shone upon the forefront the inscription—"Holiness unto the Lord." So also any man may be set aside, even as the Lord put away Saul, and said to him, "Thou hast rejected the Word of the Lord, and the Lord hath rejected thee from being king over Israel." Hearken, I pray you, to this warning from the Lord. Hear, O heaven, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord will judge His people, and to whom much is given of him shall much be required.

Hearken to yet one thing more. How will you bear

THE DISGRACE,

if ever it come upon you, of having suffered your golden opportunities to be wasted? What if Israel had been destroyed for lack of Esther's intercession? Her name would have been a by-word among other nations as a base and traitorous woman. If the people had been spared by some other means, and she had refused her mission, as long as there lived a Jew they would have kept no feast of Purim, but have cursed her memory. When I think of the neglects of our own ancestors, I am anxious that we

TAKE WARNING

by them. There are at this moment straths in the Highlands which are thoroughly Romish. Why? They were not carefully evangelized at the time of the Reformation. If the workers of that period had done their work thoroughly there would have been no Romish valleys in Presbyterian Scotland. Ireland still cowers under the shadow of the Pope; there was a hopeful time when better things were promised, but this was allowed to pass by; and what can be done to rescue Ireland now? Times do not tarry, and tides do not wait; and if we do not avail ourselves of them while they are with us, our descendants may lament our neglects.

I fear that the best among us can recollect with regret times which we have suffered to pass over us unimproved We can never call them back again. You did not train your children; they are men and women now, and will not listen to you. O parents, why did you not speak to them when they would have listened? But what if a whole life should glide away in living for yourselves, in living for your own comfort and enriching? Let every Esther resolve that she will never bring this ban upon her name; let every man, woman, and even child among us, knowing the Lord, feel that the vows of the Lord are upon us, and that by imperative necessity we must serve according to our capacity the cause of God and truth.

II. I change a little, and the call is now

"CONSIDER."

Consider to what some of you have been advanced. You have been raised to salvation. What manner of persons ought we to be? You have been raised to that honor, walk worthy of it. If I had said that you had been elevated to be queens, like Esther, it would have been a poor elevation compared with that which you have actually received. Some of you who are the favorites of heaven have leaned your head on Christ's bosom, and have been permitted to sit where angels would wish to be; you are near and dear to Jesus, and espoused to Him in love.

In addition to all this, the Lord has raised some of you out of poverty and brought you to comparative wealth, perhaps to positive wealth; and He has given you positions which once you never dreamed of. To this He adds domestic comfort, and health, and prosperity in all its forms. The Lord has also given you talent. I fear we have all of us more ability than we use—but some have more talent than they themselves are aware of, and this perhaps they display in business, but never in the cause of God.

Thus you are brought to the kingdom; but why is it so? I want you to consider *why the Lord has brought you where you are.* Do you think that He has done it for your own sake? Does He intend all this merely that you may practise self-indulgence? Can this be the design of God? Do not think so. Whatever you have is yours not to hoard for yourself, or to spend upon yourself, but that you may use it as a good steward of God. Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom which God has given thee for such a time as this, when there is need of thee and all that thou hast?

Consider, next, *at what a time it is that you have been thus advanced.* You have been instructed in the faith in a time when unbelief is rampant. What for? You have wealth when many are starving. Why is this? Do you think you are the proprietor of what you have amassed; or do you admit that you are a steward? If you are a steward, use not the goods intrusted to you for your own ends, but for your Master; for if you do not,

YOU ARE A THIEF.

Whenever a steward considers that the estate is his own property, and not his master's, he is a thief, and before long his master will deal with him and say, "Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward."

Consider also, I pray you, under what very special circumstances you have come where you are. To you as an individual I distinctly speak, and to no one else. It was a very strange thing that Esther, who was the foster child of Mordecai, a humble Jew, should rise from lowly rank to be the queen of Persia. Out of all the women gathered from every province how singular that she should be chosen to be queen! Special Providence selected the Jewish maiden for the throne. The like is true of each one of us now occupying a post of usefulness. Many a man of business here to-day obtaining a satisfactory livelihood has a dozen times been within an inch of bankruptcy, and yet he has obtained help, and passed the rock in safety. Some of

you have been wellnigh ruined several times; and yet you still have bread to eat and raiment to put on. It is a miracle in your eyes that you have not come to beggary. Let your special deliverances and memorable mercies be as the tongue of persuasion, constraining you to grateful service.

Then I beg you to consider once more, with what singular personal adaptations you are endowed for the work to which God has called you. I believe you are endowed with special capacity for a certain work, so that no one is so fitted for it as yourself; you are a key to a lock which no other key will fit so well. God has prepared you for the work for which you are appointed. You, my brother, are equipped for such work as the Lord has appointed you; will you not

AT ONCE GET TO YOUR POST?

You say, "If I could preach, I would do it gladly." You would not preach worthily unless you are even now prepared to do other service for which you are fitted. You would be a disgrace to the pulpit if you are useless in the home circle. If God intrusts you with a single talent, and you do not use it, neither would you use ten talents; for he that is unfaithful in that which is least, would be unfaithful in that which is greatest.

Let each one of you feel that he has come to his own little kingdom for such a time as this. You and your work fit each other; God has joined you together, let no man put you asunder. Ask for more power from the Holy Spirit, and if there happens to be a tool which the Lord intends for you which hangs a little higher than your present reach, get the ladder of earnest endeavor and you will soon attain to it. Consider how you can improve yourself: give yourself to reading; study Scripture more, and use all helps toward increased knowledge and efficiency. If a further qualification be within your reach, be eager for it, and even the reaching after it may be as great a blessing to you as the talent itself.

III. Thirdly,

ASPIRE.

"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Rise to the utmost possible height. Fulfil your calling to its loftiest degree. Not only do all that you are sure you can do, but aim at something which as yet is high up among the questions. Say to yourself, "Who knoweth?" That is what the ambitious man says when he aspires to be great. When Louis Napoleon was shut up in the fortress of Ham, and everybody ridiculed his foolish attempts upon France, yet he said to himself, "Who knows? I am the nephew of my uncle, and may yet sit upon the imperial throne," and he did so before many years had passed. I have no desire to make any man ambitious after the poor thrones, and honors, and riches of this world; but I would fain make you all ardently ambitious to honor God and bless men. Who knows? Does anybody know what God may do by you? Does anybody know what capacities slumber within your bosom? I suggest the inquiry, and I will help you to an answer.

"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" *Nobody knows to the contrary.* I cannot tell but what God may bless you to this entire nation. Nobody will dare to say that He cannot. I cannot tell but what God may bless you, my friend, to that part of London in which you live, even though you may be deeply conscious of its great needs, and of your own insufficiency. Who can tell what the Lord can or will do? Dear mother, who knows but what the Lord Jesus may bless you to all the members of your family, so that by your means all the little ones shall come to Him? Nobody has any right to speak to the contrary. Who knows but what God may bless you, dear teacher, to all your Sunday-school class, so that you may meet them all in heaven? Nobody can declare that it shall not be so, therefore strive after it. The watchword is, "Aspire."

Young man, I trust you have given your heart to the Lord; what are you going to do? You have come into some property unexpectedly; or you are promoted in a house of business—what is the meaning of it? "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" My talented brother, should you not take your share in battling with present evils? I believe that in dark times

GOD IS MAKING LAMPS

with which to remove the gloom. Martin Luther is sitting by his father's hearth in the forest when the Pope is selling his wicked indulgences; he will come out soon, and stop the crowing of the cock of the Romish Christ-denying Peter. John Calvin is quietly studying when false doctrine is most rife, and he will be heard of at Geneva. A young man is here this morning—I do not know whereabouts he is, but I pray the Lord to make this to be an ordination sermon to him, starting him on his life-work. I feel as if I were Samuel at Bethlehem, seeking for David, to anoint him with a horn of oil in the name of the Lord.

Further, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" *You do not yourself know.* I speak experimentally, using my own self as an instance in the work which God has enabled me to do. If it had been revealed to me that I should have enjoyed the opportunities which have fallen to my lot, I could never have believed it. If the Lord could use *me*, He can also use *you*. Only stand in a waiting posture, saying, "Here am I, send me!" and you shall see things which you dare not expect. Who knoweth, brother or sister, whether thou art put in thy family to save thy family? Who knoweth whether thou art made to live in a back street to bless that street? Who knoweth whether thou art set down in a forlorn district to upraise that district? Who knoweth whether thou art put into that nation to save that nation? Ay, put into the world in Christ's name to save the world? Aspire to great things for God.

IV. Our fourth word is

CONFIDE.

"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" If thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this, *be confident that thou art safe.* If God has brought Esther to the throne that she may go in unto the king and save her people—go in, good Esther! Fear not the risk. Fast and pray your three days before you go, but be not dismayed. If the womanhood in you trembles in the prospect of a possible death, let confidence in God override your fears.

Each chosen servant of God is like the word which called him: as the word of the Lord does not return unto Him void, but prospers in the thing whereto He hath sent it, even so shall it be with every servant of the Most High. A holy confidence in the divine purpose instead of making men grow stolid and idle may prove to be one of the mightiest impulses to the heroic life. Cromwell's Ironsides to a man believed in the everlasting purpose, therefore they were invincible, for no fear ever breathed upon them. Though the hosts of the tyrant may be innumerable, yet with

THE WAR CRY,

"The Lord of hosts is with us," we will ride forth conquering and to conquer. Settle it in your mind that the Lord has called you to the work, and then advance without question or fear. Put your hand to the plough, and pause not. Do the work with your might. Do not stand asking how; do it as you can. Do not stand asking when; do it directly. Do not say, "But I am weak;"—the Lord is strong.

There was a man who strove in the House of Commons for what he thought would be a great boon to seamen, but he could not prevail. At last he broke through all the rules of the house and acted like a fanatic, and when everybody saw that the man was so in earnest that he was ready to faint and die, they said, "We must do something;" and it was done. An enthusiasm which overpowers yourself is likely to overpower others. Do not fail from want of fervor. Never mind if men think you crazy. When you are overwhelmed yourself the flood of zeal will bear all opposition before it. When you become so fanatically insane as to be absorbed by a passion for the glory of God, the salvation of men, the spread of truth, and the reclaiming of the fallen masses, there shall be about you the truest sanity and the mightiest force. May you feel such a passion concerning missions to-day. May you feel that the Gospel must be preached to all nations. May you feel that impulse at this moment while we worship God by giving our contributions to His cause.

W. S. CAINE, ESQ.,
The "Peter Cooper" of England.

(*See portrait on page 332.*)

THE workingmen of England are indebted to the eminent philanthropist whose portrait appears on the next page for assistance of the kind which the late Peter Cooper rendered his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Caine devotes his energies and his wealth to the service of his poorer brethren, and he believes that both are best expended in helping them to help themselves. He is ever ready to give money to individuals in distress, but his favorite method of helpfulness is to educate the young and aid the weak in their efforts to resist temptations to vice.

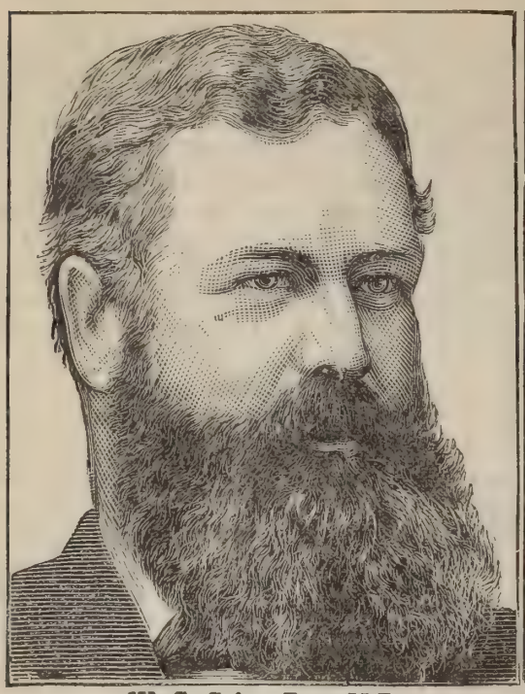
William Sproston Caine inherits a philanthropic disposition from his father, Nathaniel Caine, who was for many years a judge in Liverpool. It was under Judge Caine's auspices and largely at his expense that the famous series of lectures was delivered in Liverpool by Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, which have been read so extensively in this country. They were lectures with humorous titles specially adapted to induce workingmen to become total abstainers, frugal men, but especially Christians. The success which attended their delivery and which has followed their publication is incalculable.

Judge Caine subsequently embarked in the business of iron manufacture, and his first care after purchasing the business was to buy the nearest grog-shop and turn it into a workingmen's institute and reading-rooms for the benefit of his employés. His wife was also an indefatigable philanthropic worker, who heartily aided him in his efforts. From such parents Mr. Caine derives some of the energy and helpful spirit which characterize him.

Early in life Mr. Caine became a total abstainer. Mrs. Wightman, the author of "Haste to the Rescue," secured his name to her pledge-book—which she still carefully preserves—at the close of one of her lectures. The date is November 17th, 1862. Mr. Caine is now President of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association. As a Christian man he desires to see his denomination freed from any connection with the drink traffic, and with the customs which have too long fostered that traffic. During his presidency, results which were scarcely expected, have been attained within the denomination, the foundations of which were wisely laid by the first president; but to Mr. Caine and his leadership belongs the honor of bringing them to the present most successful stage.

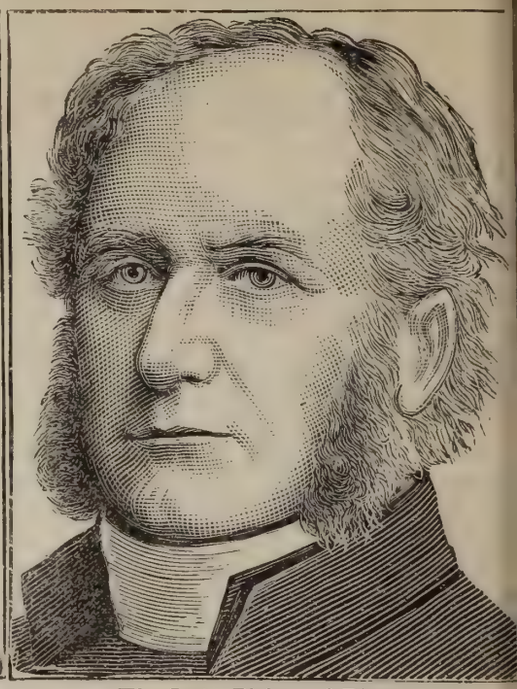
In this work, as, indeed, in all the good works with which Mr. Caine is associated, he is most ably seconded by his beloved wife, who is a daughter of his pastor, the Rev. H. S. Brown. Her winning, womanly incisiveness brooks no difficulty. Under this beautiful influence, all who work with her feel themselves moved forward in the path of the common goal, yet at the same time no one is sensible of anything but what the late Thomas Carlyle so aptly designated "Soft invincibility."

Mr. Caine's first attempts to enter Parliament were two unsuccessful contests for the honor of representing his native borough, in 1873–74. Subsequently he offered himself to Scarborough, and was elected, in 1880, upon the same platform for which Liverpool rejected him—Religion and Temperance reform. Scarborough enjoys a



W. S. Caine, Esq., M.P.

Mrs. Sarah F. Wells, M.D.



The Late Bishop of Ripon.

splendid school of art, replete with high-class models and efficient teachers to conduct the classes.

This is *the sole gift of Mr. Caine*, and the number of students which might be seen gathered in the various rooms in the evening fully testify to its usefulness. In short, Mr. Caine is a devoted follower of the Saviour and an untiring servant of his fellow-men.

A PEDDLER'S VOW.

A ROMANTIC story is related by English journals. A man has been for fourteen years permitted to stand on London Bridge and sell small articles from a basket to the thousands of people who cross that crowded thoroughfare daily.

The police and city officials pitied him as a deaf mute, and so accorded him a privilege denied to others. He was remarkably intelligent and his manners were refined. He recently fell ill, and was cared for in the infirmary of the poorhouse. When he was dying the peddler beckoned to his cot one of the hospital attendants, and terrified the man by speaking to him.

When the attendant recovered from his astonishment, the beggar confessed that his deafness and dumbness had been feigned. He said he was a Swiss *gentleman of fortune*, and belonged to one of the best families in the republic. When a young man he was betrothed to a beautiful and accomplished girl. He was possessed of a most violent temper, and in a lover's quarrel over a trifle one day he so wounded the girl by the bitterness of his invective that she fell ill. The reproaches of his friends for his cruel conduct stung him so that he left home. He then resolved to punish himself. He vowed to become a voluntary exile for twenty years; to earn his own living; leave his fortune untouched; keep his relatives and friends ignorant of his whereabouts, and go bareheaded and barefooted in all weathers during the entire time; and to listen to no one and speak to no human being during the ten last years of his exile. If he lived to complete his vow he meant to return home and use his fortune and the remainder of his days in making his betrothed happy, providing she were alive and unmarried. He had rigidly kept his vow; "but," he cried before he expired, "my time is not quite up, and I must die. I have been punished as I deserved." Investigation, so far as it has gone, has proven that the peddler's story is entirely true, and his family in Switzerland have been informed of his death.

If the man's story is true he has been guilty of folly as well as wickedness. His self-inflicted penance could not atone for his misconduct, and did no good to himself nor others, but, as in spiritual matters, the hardest thing for the wrongdoer to do is to humble himself and ask pardon (II Kings 5 : 13).

THE LATE BISHOP OF RIPON.

(*See portrait.*)

ON Wednesday, April 16th, died the Right Rev. Robert Bickersteth, D.D., Bishop of Ripon, and the senior Protestant Episcopal Bishop in Great Britain. He was appointed to the bishopric by Lord Palmerston in 1856. The veteran statesman had at that time a number of such appointments to make, and, happily for the church, he applied for advice to the Earl of Shaftesbury, who directed him to several clergymen, who all justified the wisdom of the choice by their subsequent conduct. They were evangelical men, and their influence was exerted to check the rising tide of Romanism and Unitarianism which were both operating disastrously in the Protestant Episcopal Church in Great Britain.

Dr. Bickersteth was the son of a clergyman. He was born August 24th, 1816, at his father's rectory, Sapcote, Lincolnshire. He chose medicine as his profession, but before taking his diploma he changed his mind, and concluded to enter the church. He was ordained in 1841, and held curacies successively at Sapcote, Reading, and Clapham. He was afterward made rector of St. Giles, London.

After his appointment to the Episcopal bench he continued preaching with all the ardor he had displayed in his curacies. He frequently delivered three extempore sermons in a day, and continued to the last an earnest and eloquent preacher of evangelical doctrines.

MRS. SARAH FURNAS WELLS, M.D.

(*See portrait.*)

THE parents of this distinguished lady-physician, lecturer, and traveller were Joseph and Frances Furnas. They were members of the Society of Friends, and resided near Troy, Miami County, Ohio. From childhood she was remarkable for mental power and energy. She had a Christian education, and while quite young took part in Sunday-school work. An earnest desire to be useful in the world prompted her to seek an entrance to the medical profession. With this object in view she commenced a course of study at Earlham College, Richmond, Ind. After two years, however, she was compelled by failure of health to leave the college and return home. On her recovery she went to Oberlin College, Ohio, where she graduated in 1865.

The special course of study for her profession commenced at the Woman's Medical College at Philadelphia, and was concluded at the New York Medical College for Women, from which college she received her diploma of Doctor of Medicine in 1869. Two years later she studied under Professor Baum at Vienna, and "walked" the great hospital of the Austrian capital. There she shared the same instruction as the other physicians, and received at the close of the sessions certificates from Dr. Rokitansky, Moerhoffer, and others. On her return to the college in New York she was regularly appointed Professor of Obstetrics and physician in the woman's hospital, where she labored with untiring earnestness and devotion. Her duties were, however, again interrupted; she was suddenly brought down by a very serious illness, cerebro spinal meningitis.

In the spring of 1873, believing that her health would be benefited by travelling, and with a view to further study and research, she entered upon a tour around the world, on which she was accompanied by her husband, himself a great traveller, speaker, and writer. She went first to Paris, where she followed the clinical instruction given in the medical department of the university. Thence she travelled to Moscow and St. Petersburg, where she remained six months, studying in the Russian hospitals. The following year she was invited to lecture in various capitals on the diseases of women and kindred topics. In the course of that year—1874—she lectured at Paris, Berlin, Dresden, at the German College for Ladies, at Nice, Venice, Florence, and Rome. At Venice she attended the grand fêtes given in honor of the visit of King Victor Emmanuel and the Emperor of Austria.

From Venice, in 1875, she sailed for Egypt. She visited Alexandria, Cairo, Memphis, Heliopolis, and the Pyramids, and ascended and entered Cheops, the Great Pyramid. From Cairo she went to Ismailia, and from there to Palestine, where she spent three months in exploring the hallowed scenes of Bible history. Thence she went to India, where, as in Pales-

...ine, she devoted her special attention to the efforts now being made by lady missionaries to render assistance to *the women in the Zenanas*, who now and in the past often die of diseases which physicians could cure, were they allowed to see them. Many lady missionaries now have a knowledge of medicine, and as they are permitted to enter the Zenanas, they have been the means of saving many lives. Mrs. Wells gladly gave them the benefit of her advice, and was able to advance them in their studies.

In 1877 she visited Australia, and lectured in Melbourne and Sydney. The spring of 1878 found her at Lima, Peru, from which place she sent home a series of valuable letters to the press, containing original observations on public and social life in that country.

She returned to America in 1880, and spent some time in assisting Mrs. Dr. M. P. Sawtelle to found in San Francisco the Women's Medical College of the Pacific Coast. Thence she travelled across the country to New York, lecturing in the principal cities on her way. A Southern lecturing tour followed, extending as far as Jacksonville, Fla. She returned to New York by steamer, and almost immediately set out on another European tour through Scandinavia and Russia.

In the course of her travels—probably the most extensive ever performed by any American lady—she has contributed a large number of letters to the newspaper press, and has been able to obtain and impart much useful information about the lands through which she passed.

John Fletcher's Avowal.

JOHN FLETCHER'S REFORMATION.

(*See Illustration.*)

ONE broiling summer day an aged man was toiling laboriously at a hedgerow on his employer's farm. At intervals he would raise himself to an erect posture, wipe the drops of perspiration from his forehead, and sigh heavily. At such times it could be seen that John Fletcher was a sturdy man, who, in spite of his years, could do a day's hard work with no little endurance. He was wiry and well proportioned, and though his hand shook a good deal more than it ought to have done at his time of life, it had not lost its strength nor its cunning. The rests were short, and John returned to his work with dogged perseverance.

Two young men strolled along while John worked, and they wished him "good day," and, having apparently nothing better to do, stopped for a chat.

"They say you were at the temperance meeting last night, John," said one of them.

"Yes I wur," said John, cutting away and not looking up.

"That's a change for you, John. What did they do without you at the saloon? You don't often miss a night there."

"It's a free country," John said; "I guess I can go where I like without asking leave. I ain't contracted to amuse Reilly's customers for him."

"You do it, though, generally, contract or no contract. I guess Reilly won't like it, if he knows you went to hear those fellows who are trying to shut his place up. He don't believe in prohibition—Reilly don't."

"Can't help what Reilly likes or don't like," John said firmly; "I went to the meeting and didn't ask him, and what's more, I'm a-going again."

"You seem to have liked it, John. I shouldn't have thought it would have suited you. There aren't many men can put away more rum than you can."

"You needn't tell me that; I s'pose I know. A man as has been drinking fifty years steady, knows how much he can put away. P'raps I've got tired on it. Who knows?"

"Well, it hasn't hurt you. You are as strong now as many a younger man, and I suppose you are pretty near eighty."

"Oh, it hasn't hurt me, hasn't it? Suited me pretty well, you think? Well, young man, do you think I ought to be working like this on a hot summer day? Do you think a man at my age ought to be doing work of this kind at all? Rum has done that for me. And you say it hasn't hurt me. I might have been owner of the land now instead of working on it for the boss, if it had not been for rum. You think I'm near eighty? Well, I'm only seventy; rum has put ten years on me. Oh yes, don't you make any mistake, rum has hurt me. I wish I'd found it out before, but I've done with it now."

"What, you don't mean to say you've signed the pledge?"

"I have; I'm a full-fledged teetotaler, and I don't care who knows it."

Two ladies had been approaching while this conversation had been going on, and as John in his excitement spoke loudly, they heard his words.

"Aunt," said the younger one, "did you hear what old John said? Rest a minute on this wheelbarrow. I'm going to speak to him; this is better than ever I hoped for." The young lady came up behind the old man, and laying her hand on his shoulder she said, "Did I hear you say you had signed the pledge, John?"

"I don't know, Miss Grace, but whether you did or not I have signed. Queer start for an old man, isn't it?"

"I call it a very good start, John. It is the best news I have heard for many a day. May God help you to keep it."

"If He don't miss I never shall keep it; but I think He will. I didn't think I could have got through this work this afternoon without a glass, but it seems as if the prayers they made over me last night was having some effect. I wish my poor wife had lived. She would ha' been glad, for she cried many a time over my drunken ways."

"I feel sure she knows, John. She is in heaven surely, and what would make her glad here will make her glad there. Only be brave and resist temptation, and trust in God for strength, and you will be safe."

John took his young friend's advice, and though many warned him of the danger at his time of life of giving up the liquor, he was firm in his resolution, and kept it. He believes that instead of shortening his remaining years it added to them, and anyhow he has a hope beyond the grave, which he would not have had if he had died a drunkard.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 319.*)

The Guest Departs.

MR. MORLEY heard Mr. Grant descending the staircase noisily. He approached the door and gave three sharp distinct raps upon it, which was answered by Hester opening it as quietly as usual. He looked in with a frank, hearty smile, and spoke in one of those voices, full of life and spirits, which sound so cheerfully in chambers of gloom and sickness.

"Come, Mr. Morley," he said, "I am a medical man, and I will give you a prescription gratis. You ought to take a walk of two hours every day in this lovely country."

"And who will attend to my business?" asked John Morley, with a second gleam upon his face.

"Your business is to be well," persisted Grant; "and how can you be well, sitting here all day long, brooding and moody, till you are capable of committing any crime in the calendar? You must take a good two hours' walk every day, or you may end by being guilty of murder, Mr. Morley."

He spoke lightly; but he looked hard at the moody man he was addressing, and John Morley's face perceptibly deepened in gloom. His fingers tightened over the ruler he had been using, and his eyes glistened darkly under his bushy eyebrows.

"More men are guilty of murder than you think of," he answered; "but it is not a daily walk that will save a soul from crime."

"It would go far to save yours," said Grant, eagerly; "only put yourself into my hands, and try it. Instead of sitting here in this dull room, wearing your heart and your brains out in brooding over heaven knows what, go out into the sunshine and bracing air of the fields; you'd be as far from murder as a child is."

"You are a boy yet," replied John Morley, "and scarcely know what you talk about. You do not know what it is for God's sun to give you neither heat nor light, and for the cool

winds to make the fever of your heart the hotter. But I run no risk of being guilty of murder—not I. Why me more than any other man? or why murder more than any other crime?"

He gazed darkly and suspiciously at Grant, whose open face had exchanged its frank smile for an air of disquietude, and who returned his gaze apparently with words upon his tongue which he longed to speak, but the moment for which was not yet come.

"Mr. Morley," he said, in an altered tone, "you told me, ten days ago, that you did not know the man whom I found nearly murdered at your door."

"No," he answered; "he is a stranger to me. He must be a stranger in the town; for if he belonged to Little Aston, he would have been missed. Has he told you who he is?"

"You see why I think of murder," said Grant; "it is no wonder that my mind runs upon it. At your own door a murder was well-nigh accomplished, and the victim was only saved by a mere accident—the barest chance. It is a strange story. Has the man an enemy? Who struck that blow? Where did the assassin escape to? Where is he now? Is there any meaning in the spot where he was almost murdered? I ask myself these questions over and over again, and I suspect every man I meet."

Grant spoke vehemently, but with a suppressed earnestness, more impressive than passionate. Hester felt a sickening dread and faintness creep over her, yet she scarcely knew what dim suspicions were taking hold of her mind. She listened breathlessly for her father's reply.

"They are grave questions," he said, calmly; "but your patient alone can answer them. It is a case for police investigation, and it should have been put into their hands at once. I suppose any other man but me would have done it. Do you not know the stranger's name yet?"

"Yes," answered Grant, still scanning John Morley's face with close scrutiny; "but I hold it as a trust which I am not to betray. He has resolved also to conceal the savage attack made upon him, out of consideration for his supposed enemy. The whole thing is to be kept a secret, even from his own family. No one will know it except ourselves, and with us it will be safe."

"It will be safe with me," said John Morley; "but this is a stranger story than before. An attempt at assassination in a quiet, remote town like this, and the victim of it is anxious to hush it up! Who is this man, and where does he come from? What does he suppose is the motive for the crime? This mystery, mark you, is being acted within my own walls. I must see the stranger and question him; it is only fitting that I should know more about it."

John Morley's face was lit up with a new expression of sinister interest and resolution. He rose from his chair, straightened his bowed shoulders, and lifted up his drooping head. Hester trembled, but she did not dare to speak; she did not know yet what she dreaded or suspected.

The twilight had already begun to gather in this house, surrounded by so many higher walls. John Morley turned the key in his shop-door, that no one might enter while he was absent; and as he returned to his sitting-room behind it, he said, in a lighter tone, "I will follow your advice; I am about to leave my business to take care of itself for awhile."

Hester had only time to fly up-stairs to the little room where she had left Robert Waldron, and to lower the blind over the window to add to the duskiness of the evening. With a hurried and importunate voice she addressed herself to him:

"My father is coming," she said; "oh! be so careful what you say. He has suffered so much, and from you. If it is possible, hide from him who you are."

He entered the room as she finished speaking, closely followed by Grant. The light was very dim, and such as there was it fell full upon the face and figure of John Morley, so eloquent of ruin and loss and utter wreck, that Robert, who had longed to see for himself the change that others reported as wrought in him, felt his eyes fastened and held by a spell which he could not conquer.

He was on his part in the shade, and the years which had passed over him had been those which transform a youth of three-and-twenty into a man in the prime of life. There was little danger that John Morley would recognize in this bearded stranger, still wearing a bandage about his head, the gay, handsome, thoughtless boy, whom the world was inclined to blame but little for his follies and faults. But Grant and Robert Waldron were not alarmed by the fear of discovery. There was not a doubt in their minds that it was this man's hand, thin and white as a scholar's, but nerved with long-cherished hatred, which had scarcely missed of murder.

"Mr. Grant tells me," said John Morley, lowering his voice to a very quiet key, "that you are now out of danger, and will soon be able to be moved. Have you communicated with your friends?"

"Not yet," answered Robert, in tremulous and indistinct tones.

"They will be anxious about you," he resumed, "and I am afraid you will find the accommodation of my house very limited. Such as it is, you are very welcome to it; but the situation is confined, and not good for an invalid. Still, you or Mr. Grant have only to make your wants known to my daughter Hester, and we will do all in our power to make your sojourn here comfortable. I beg that you will not leave until you feel quite equal to the effort."

The words were hospitable and polite, and his manner did not belie them. There was something of an antique and laborious courtesy about him—the ceremoniousness of an old school, but it commanded respect; and Robert Waldron bowed and murmured a few words of thanks.

"But," said John Morley, distinctly, "you would do me a favor, one that you will not refuse me, I am sure, by letting us know the name of the stranger who is within our doors."

Hester held her breath to listen. It was a moment of intense anxiety to her. In all her life, immured and isolated as it had been, she had never heard a lie spoken; and now she trembled between the desire of having the truth concealed at all hazards, and the dread of having a falsehood uttered at her instigation. She had been very near the sin herself only a few minutes before; and a sharp pang shot through her as she waited for Robert Waldron's untruth. Her conscience kept the sensitiveness of a conscience which knew nothing of the evil world outside her father's house.

"My name is Roberts," he said, unhesitatingly; "I am unknown here, and my family is in London."

"And may I ask further what you mean to do about this affair?" asked John Morley.

"Nothing," he answered.

"Nothing!" echoed John Morley, "excuse me, but I find your decision singular. Would it be possible to furnish us with any explanation?"

"Certainly," said Robert; "I believe I know the man; I could lay my hand upon him at an time. I know what has driven him to crime, and I must pass it over. He is safe from me, and would to God I could feel that he is now avenged! I shall keep out of his way for the future."

He looked up significantly and imploringly into John Morley's gray, worn face, which underwent no change while he spoke. He stood opposite to him in the dim light, his white head bowed toward him, and Robert Waldron could no longer keep back the tears and sobs which overmastered him.

"You are still very weak," said John Morley, soothingly, "and if I have wearied you by my questions I pray you to forgive me. When you are more able to bear it, I will speak to you again on this subject. In the mean time make my house your home, until your friends come to you, or you can go safely to them. Both you and Mr. Grant are welcome here. I leave you to his care now."

The interview had been a short one, but it was quite long enough for Robert Waldron. He had seen face to face the man who had forbidden him to set his foot in any place where he could by any chance encounter him. There had been nothing in his words or in his manner to betray that he knew him; but Robert could not doubt it. To his mind it seemed as if there was now a tacit and covert reconciliation between them. It might be one never to be displayed openly to the world; but there was a fairer balance of injury between them which might well satisfy John Morley's resentment. He felt no apprehension of further vengeance, though he might remain in his dwelling. If John Morley had lifted up his hand against his life, it had been in a moment of ungovernable passion, which had come upon him unawares. The man was too stricken, too impassive in his profound melancholy, to exert himself to active hate. He could not lash his heavy spirit into schemes of revenge. Robert Waldron felt that he could rest where he was in perfect safety.

Besides, the agitation of the day had thrown him back in his recovery, and he did not leave his room again for some time. While Hester was feverishly anxious to get him removed before there was a chance of her father seeing him again, he gave himself up to the fretful languor of a tedious convalescence, which was only soothed by her occasional visits to him. He preferred her quiet little study to the great empty apartments of Aston Court and the attendance of the old housekeeper. He was in no hurry to leave a place possessing the peculiar charm for him, perilous yet pleasant, which an outlaw might feel in being under the roof of the authority who has proclaimed his outlawry.

At the end of a few days, however, Grant announced to him that the time was come when he ought to leave John Morley's house. Robert had confided his whole story to him; and Hester had impressed upon him the necessity of so effecting the removal that no suspicion should be awakened in the town. Little Aston had been very curious both with respect to the doctor and his patient; but Grant and Roberts were names altogether unknown there, and John Morley either could not or would not reveal anything more about the strangers. Late at night therefore, a night when John Morley was attending a service at the chapel, a hack which Grant had hired from a town some miles distant drove up to the door; and Robert Waldron, well wrapped up, and leaning feebly upon Grant's arm, descended to the large old kitchen, which formed the entrance-hall of the house.

"Hester," he said, "say good-by to me, kindly."

She put her hand in his for a moment, but would not let it linger in his clasp.

"Hetty," he said, sorrowfully, "you have not forgiven me yet."

"Oh, I do forgive you," she said, in a tone of anxiety; "but I want you to get away. I have had no peace since I knew who you were. Do not think me unkind. I am very, very sorry for you, and I hope that some time you will be very happy again. It is no use for both you and my father to be miserable all your lives long. Good-by."

"And am I never to see you again, Hester?" he asked, gazing with a quiet thrill of admiration at the rare refined beauty of her thoughtful face.

"It will be best not," she answered; "no, you cannot see me. You must keep your promise now, and never come near my father again. I know what you think, and what Mr. Grant thinks about him; and perhaps it is true. But you must never come near us again. What would have become of me and of him, if you had been found dead?"

Her hands were clasped for an instant, and a fine shadow of terror crossed her face. Robert Waldron loitered still, regarding her fixedly, as though knowing it was for the last time. An old clock which stood in a dark corner of the apartment struck eight, and Hester started with alarm.

"Oh, make haste!" she cried, "go quickly, for my father will be at home in five minutes. Good-by, good-by."

She put her hand again into his, and hurried him to the door; but he had scarcely settled himself in the corner of the cab before John Morley came up. Grant was on the point of jumping in, and closing the door; but now he stood with one foot upon the step, and turned round to speak to him.

"My patient is very much exhausted, sir," he said, "and I should be glad if you would dispense with any farewell. We shall not go far to-night, and I will write to you from where we stop. We will not loiter any longer than we can help in the night air; so good-by, Mr. Morley."

"Have you all you need for the journey?" he inquired.

"All—everything," answered Grant, hurriedly; "good-by."

"Good-by to you both," said John Morley, raising his hat from his white head. Robert leaned forward to have a last glance at him and Hester, as she stood in the lighted doorway; and then he fell back with a groan.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

S. S. Lesson for June 1, Gal. 4 : 1–16. Golden Text, Gal. 5 : 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Slavery the Result of Satan's Work—The Partial Deliverance — Personal Effort Futile — Christ's Complete Deliverance—Disappointed Believers—The Way to Liberty—Bondage to Spiritual Leaders—The Bondage of Fashion—Of Public Opinion—To Slave-Drivers—Jesus, the Deliverer.

"STAND fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage" (Gal. 5 : 1). The work of Satan has been to bind men and bring them under law, the work of Christ is to deliver and set them free. No sooner did Satan succeed in bringing about the fall of Adam and Eve, than they found themselves slaves; they were under

"THE LAW OF SIN AND DEATH"

(Rom. 8 : 2). A power greater than their own bound them, and whether they would or no, sin entered into their thoughts, words, and deeds. Every man is born into the world under the same slavery to the law or power of sin. When the Spirit of God reveals the holiness of His law, then it is we feel the galling bondage of the law of sin and death; then "to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do" (Rom. 7 : 18, 19). Thousands both of converted and unconverted people know what this struggle is, according as their consciences are more or less enlightened.

Many who have been able to rejoice in sin forgiven yet know that the law of sin and death has power over them, and that besetting sins of worldliness, self-indulgence, evil temper, pride, unkind words, harsh judgment of others, etc., still have power over them sorely against their will. They strive, and struggle, and pray, and hope, but are again and again overcome.

IS THERE DELIVERANCE?

Yes, thank God, by the bringing in of a stronger law or power. "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. For . . . God sending His Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit" (Rom. 8 : 2–4). So long as we attempt to fulfil the righteousness of the law in our own power, taking the management of the matter into our own hands, the consequence will only be failure. One of two things will happen: either we shall call sin by some other name, and maintain that we are guiltless, and so bring down the holy law of God to our own fleshly level; or we shall see God's holiness, know we cannot live up to it, and give up in despair. The law cannot attain to God's righteousness in that it is "weak through the flesh." It is divine work to fulfil the righteousness of God's holy law, and only One who is divine can do it. It is not written "That *we* might fulfil the righteousness of the law," but "That the righteousness of the law might *be* fulfilled in us." By whom? By Jesus Himself dwelling within us, when we have let Him come in, and have laid the government upon His shoulder, to work henceforth only under the command of the Holy Ghost.

Under the law, God's children are in the position of servants; "The heir, as long as he is a child [an infant, Gr.] differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all." "But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons [*i.e.*, the privileges of grown-up sons]. And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father. Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ."

This reads gloriously, the Lord show us how far it is our experience. There are numbers of believers the tone of whose prayers, the pith of whose words, and the expression of whose faces speak disappointment. "*I ought* to love God more, but I can't; I *ought* to love souls, but I don't know how; I *ought* to be more in earnest, I pray to be so, but I don't find any change." Is this liberty or bondage? the spirit of the servant or of the Son?

"I OUGHT, BUT I CAN'T"

is not the liberty wherewith Christ makes free. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" (II Cor. 3 : 17); but this bondage, brother, is your own spirit, not the Spirit of the Lord. If you come to the end of yourself, and give yourself up as hopeless, and claim the Holy Ghost to come and take the full possession and direction of your being, external and internal, of your circumstances, reputation, family, friends as well as of your religious experience—you will find that a very different state of things will come to pass. It may seem to you beforehand that it is far too much to give up your personal liberty in this way, that it is to make yourself a mere machine, and you fear lest you should subside into indifference. But you forget that the surrender is not into the hands of one equal with yourself; you surrender to your rightful Owner, to Him who alone fits you, and who alone can take the command. The hand is not free, but in the most terrible bondage, when its movements are not directed by the head, as in the case of shaking palsy or St. Vitus dance. Under the direction of the head all the members have the fullest freedom of action. And thus surrendered to Jesus, and governed by the Holy Ghost, we are free indeed.

There is a kind of bondage into which Satan succeeds in bringing many who already know the power of the cleansing blood and liberty from the power of known sin—

BONDAGE TO SPIRITUAL LEADERS.

When God's truth shines out in some way new to them, instead of going to the Lord directly with it and claiming the light of the Holy Ghost upon it, they will ask the opinion of one whose life and doctrine most commends itself to them. It may be on this point God has not been dealing with them, and instead of obtaining more light, the little light which they had is put out. God will not have us walk in the light of other Christians, but each one alone and independently with Him. Enoch and Noah were contemporaries for one hundred and thirty-three years, but it is not said that Noah walked with Enoch, but "Enoch walked with God," and "Noah walked with God" (Gen. 5 : 22; 6 : 9). Some are in bondage to the feelings of others. God leads one of His children to take a step of faith, another of His children living in the same house has not had the same experience of God, and is sure to oppose that step in all conscientiousness. To persuade him of the justice of it is hopeless, it is a path he has not trodden, and many, rather than grieve a friend, and risk giving him pain, will fail to follow the Lord alone. "Ye are bought with a price, be ye not servants of men" (I Cor. 7 : 23). Paul could speak of himself as being "free from all men," and yet as the Holy Ghost's instrument, he made himself "servant unto all" (I Cor. 9 : 19); but oh how different was his service to this bondage of which we have spoken.

Worldlings are in abject bondage to what people think, and to

WHAT IS EXPECTED

of them. Their choice of a husband or wife is regulated far more according to what is expected of them, than what will really make them happy. They can't spend their money as they like; it is expected of them that it should be spent in furniture, equipage, dinner-parties, servants, etc., and the deep joy of helping the needy and the miserable is utterly unknown to them, because it isn't *expected of them!* Of course they must *give*, but only as it is *expected*, to just the societies to which every one in their station is expected to give. But they have no freedom to give to him that needeth, nor yet to give as the Lord shall call. Their time is not their own, they spend it as is *expected of them;* they may not have much choice in their dress, it must be just what is expected of them, whether it is comfortable or not! And there are some believers who are under this bondage.

But there are others under another kind of bondage. A certain class of God's children seem to have served an apprenticeship in Egypt under Pharaoh, and to have learned well how to oppress their brethren. They invite them to come and preach. When they arrive they will find some three or four services a day announced, and people are coming for spiritual conversation in between; others are invited to meet them at dinner, tea, and supper; and, in fact, not a moment is to be allowed for taking counsel with God; every moment is to be utilized for the work. Many dear children of God fall into this snare, get overdriven in soul and body, and have not the independence in God to say, "I will first ask the Lord, and then I will do what He bids me, and trust the remainder to Him." Some Christians are in bondage to circumstances. In their own minds they have planned such and such work for the Lord, in the way which seems to them best; something occurs to upset all their plans, circumstances appear to be against them, and they are fretted and troubled.

From all this bondage

JESUS SETS US FREE.

Let it be once understood that Jesus is to have His way in all things, then everything which He permits *must* work together for good, and the upset of our plans was to teach us to make no more, but to let Him make them. If it is agreed that we serve the Lord Christ instead of serving men, then whether we satisfy the expectation of some Christian brother or sister is of very little matter. When between God and us all is light, and we know that we are pleasing Him, we may well trust Christian brethren, circumstances, plans, to Him, and walk at liberty from all other. One bound, however, is set to this liberty. It is liberty not in the flesh but in the Spirit; if it does not lead to disinterested serving one another, it is not the true thing. "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another" (Gal. 5 : 13).

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Motion to Censure The Gladstone Administration for neglecting to rescue General "Chinese" Gordon was defeated in the British House of Commons on May 13th by a majority of twenty-eight in a full house. The victory is regarded as a defeat, Mr. Gladstone's majority having dwindled down from forty-nine to twenty-eight in a few weeks. There is unquestionably a strong feeling of indignation against the Cabinet for their abandonment of the brave soldier, which was not dispelled by Mr. Gladstone's eloquent speech. There was considerable disappointment manifested over the Premier's defence, which though a splendid oration lacked direct assurances and explicit statement. Many of his own party voted against him, and much amusement was caused by one Liberal making the blunt declaration that he had vo' d before that black was white, but he would n ,t do so again. The remark expressed the real feeling of the Liberals, the Radicals excepted. Many Liberals notified to the whips that they would not vote against the Tory motion unless some express assurance were given that the Government were responsible for the safety not only of General Gordon, but of the Khartoum garrison. That responsibility the Marquis of Hartington accordingly admitted. His speech, being explicit, clear and frank, removed to some extent the unfortunate impression produced by Mr. Gladstone.

A Treaty of Peace between France and China has been signed. One of the clauses stipulates that China shall immediately withdraw her troops from Tonquin. China engages to respect the present and any future treaties that may be made between France and Annam. In view of the conciliatory attitude taken by China and the patriotic wisdom of Li Hung Chang, France abandons all claim to indemnity for losses sustained during the troubles between the two nations. China consents to freedom of trade between Annam, France, and China, for the establishment of which a treaty of commerce will shortly be concluded. The back-down of China is attributed to internal troubles, to the insecurity of the Chinese dynasty, and to the influence of Germany in obtaining from France an abandonment of the claim for indemnity.

The Burning of Another European Theatre is announced. On May 16th the great Stadt Theatre, of Vienna, Austria, was totally consumed. Many persons were injured, but no lives were lost. The performance was to have begun at seven o'clock, but the flames were discovered two hours earlier in the auditorium. The whole city was filled with a burning smell, and a thick, black smoke darkened the heavens. At seven the roof fell in with a crash, and the flames, with a loud roar, ascended from the auditorium. The conflagration first broke out in the upper gallery. The iron curtain separating the stage from the auditorium fell in, and the flames immediately attacked the stage, and it, together with the theatrical properties, was destroyed. The firemen succeeded in extinguishing the flames at ten o'clock, but not before the entire building had been ruined. The fire was caused by the carelessness of painters who were at work in the building.

A Disgraceful Scandal in Connection with the army contracts for the Egyptian campaign has come to light in England. From a brief summary of facts cabled by the Associated Press it appears that the exposures grow more startling day by day, and already exhibit a condition of affairs described as "more shameful than anything ever displayed even in American politics." It has been shown that the hay sent to the army for forage was not only mouldy, but was loaded with stones and bricks to make up for its short weight. Every device conceivable by rascality was employed to bleed the treasury. Cattle intended for food for the troops were landed from the transports and then left untended until hundreds of them strayed over into the enemy's lines, and more had to be ordered from home The troop ships and transports were in many cases overloaded when they left England to such an extent that the stores had to be thrown overboard while proceeding to the front, in order to save the vessels. Officers of the Commissary Department have testified that they received word from time to time of outlying detachments of British troops who were literally starving, but to whom it was impossible to send food, because of the utter inefficiency of the transportation service.

Russia's Annexation of Merv, which was Regarded at the time as a menace to English rule in India, is the subject of an article published in a new Caucasian paper, the organ of Prince Dondonkoff Korsakoff, governor of the Caucasus, who has recently annexed Merv. The article openly declares that the object of the new conquest is to threaten England in India, and Afghanistan is spoken of as destined to play in a war, over India, the same function which was fulfilled by Roumania in the war with Turkey. The Russian officials are annoyed by this imprudent disclosure. The semi-official organs are in pitiable straits to explain it away, and the English Ambassador has applied to the Russian Foreign Office for explanations.

Mr. James Stephens, the ex-Fenian Head-centre, has issued a circular to Irish nationalists in America stating that he has consented to again place himself at their head, because the moment has arrived when a union of all Irishmen is possible. As soon as he receives answers from America the new conference of Irish leaders will meet in Paris. Stephens declares that Ireland shall be an independent republic before he dies. At the conclusion of the forthcoming conference in Paris he will issue a manifesto prohibiting dynamite murders. He considers that those who trusted to the dynamite theory of resistance are now convinced of their error. There are many indications, however, that Stephens is in error. The dynamiters are exceedingly active, and the Irish here are strongly in sympathy with the cowardly and detestable policy.

The Damages Caused by the Recent Earthquake in England are estimated by Dr. Alexander Wallace, a clergyman at Colchester, to amount to *half a million dollars*. "The damage," he says, "is not confined to poor people's cottages; these have been wrecked by the hundred, tiles shaken off, chimneys thrown down through the roofs, and furniture spoiled—this is the common lot. The larger and better houses of farmers and professional men are more or less damaged, chimney-stacks fell through the roofs, spoiling carpets and furniture, filling the rooms with bricks and soot; side walls cracked, heavy walls twisted and rent, requiring repair done to the foundation. Mansions also, such as Donyland Hall, Wivenhoe Hall, and others, have suffered severe damage, so that the repairs in each case must cost hundreds of pounds. Lastly, churches have been wrecked. Langenhoe and Peldon churches, I fear, from a hasty inspection, are doomed; and others have been much damaged. The damage visible outside is only a small part of the mischief done; the twists and cracks of the substantial walls which require rebuilding from the foundations are the most serious."

New Information Respecting the Mahdi has been sent to the London *Daily News* by a special correspondent of that journal in the Soudan. He says: "The movement led by Mohammed Ahmed, the Mahdi, is a curious admixture of religious, political, and social fanaticism. It is at once a war against the Turk, the infidel, and that common enemy of disinherited humanity—the man of property. Under the new dispensation there are to be no poor and no rich. Every one is to have a little, and no one too much. The central idea of the movement may be described with sufficient accuracy as an effort to redistribute surplus property. The new formula would then run—all surplus property is robbery; and with this amendment the new champion of Islam might strike hands with the French and German socialists as a man after their own hearts, only somewhat more thorough. The more intelligent part of the population do not put any faith in his divine mission; but among the mass of the people, who are sunk in almost absolute ignorance, Mohammed Ahmed is undoubtedly regarded as a prophet sent by Allah, whom it is sinful to resist. 'Had he declared himself a king,' said an intelligent merchant the other day, 'no one would have followed him; but because he comes as a prophet the people fear to disobey him, lest they should expose themselves to the divine vengeance.'"

Mr. R. T. Booth, the American Temperance advocate, now in Australia, has been prostrated by illness in the midst of his successful campaign. His physician deems the case a serious one, and has ordered a complete cessation of work for some months. He prohibits Mr. Booth speaking in public again before November, at the earliest.

A Disreputable Nobleman in England Threatens to claim a privilege which is likely to raise a constitutional struggle. It appears that Lord St. Leonards, who is the grandson of the famous Lord High Chancellor, has committed a crime of a most disgusting and shameful character. He was brought before a judge who sent him to prison to await his trial, and refused to accept bail. The peers have an ancient privilege permitting them to be tried by the House of Lords and not by a common jury. That privilege the titled scamp states that he will claim unless he is rescued from his "disgraceful position." It was long ago decided that a peer's privileges could be ignored in cases of indictable offences. But several cases have occurred more recently which render this precedent of doubtful force. If he makes the claim and it is conceded, it would certainly result in a popular outcry which might prove irresistible for the abolition of all such remaining antiquated privileges of the Lords.

The Next Conference of the Evangelical Alliance will be held at Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, on August 25th–30th. It was originally intended to hold the meetings in Stockholm, but difficulties connected with the state of the Lutheran Church in Sweden arose, and it was decided to make the Danish capital the place of assembly. Judging by the fact that about seven thousand persons were at the Basle Conference, it is anticipated that the gathering will be a very large one. Forty delegates are expected from the United States branch.

In a Former Issue, Mr. J. A. Whipple, 9 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass., offered to lend to any of our subscribers who would send him the postage (6 cents) his precious book, "How to see Jesus with Fulness of Joy and Peace." He tells us that he has received so many letters thanking him for lending so blessed a work that he wishes us to insert the offer once more. He is very anxious that all who have not been able to read it will send at once and get a copy. We trust that many will take advantage of his kind offer. Those who wish to buy the book may do so for seventy-five cents.

Vol. VI. of The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1883, with complete index. Price $3, including postage: ten per cent less to ministers and the trade.

"Thy Healer," A New Magazine Devoted to the subject of faith-healing, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price five cents, including postage. It is issued in London on the first and fifteenth of each month, and will be sent to subscribers promptly on its receipt in New York. The annual subscription is one dollar. It is *edited by Mrs. M. Baxter* whose expositions of the International Sunday-school lessons are published every week in this journal. It contains incidents of faith-healing reported from Bethshan, the London faith-healing institution, and from other similar institutions in Europe, and articles by eminent writers on the subject.

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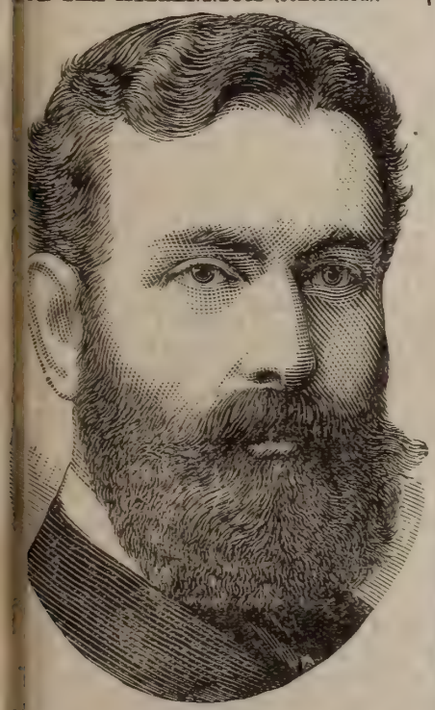

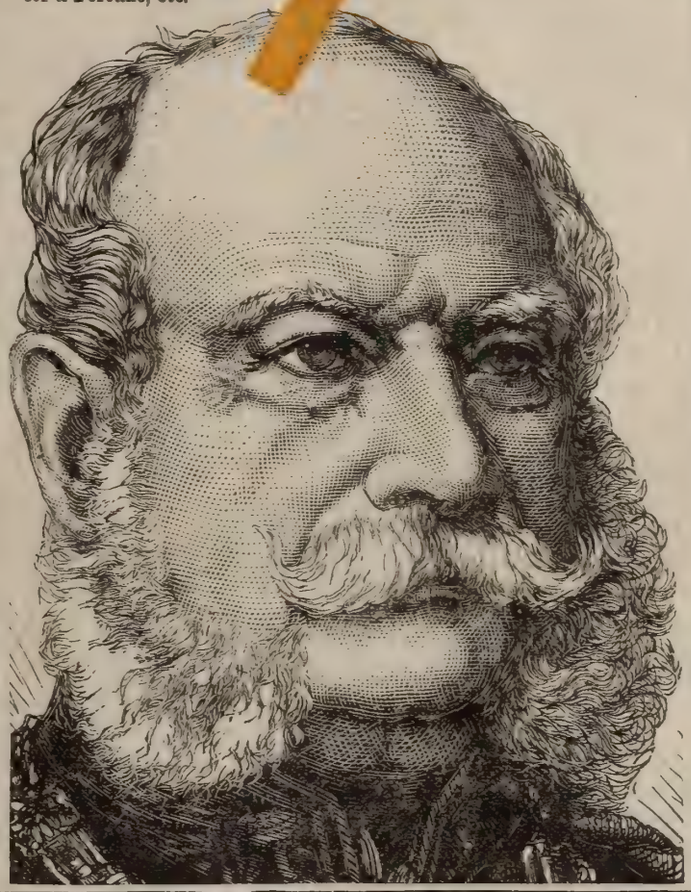

The Emperor of Germany, Prince Louis, Princess Victoria.—The Royal Wedding at Darmstadt.

MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS VICTORIA OF HESSE AND PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.

The Day and the Appearance of the Streets—The Ceremony of the Civil Wedding—An Imposing Procession—The Scene Inside the Chapel—The Wedding Dinner—The City of Darmstadt—Personal History of the Bride and Bridegroom—The Emperor of Germany.

OUR readers of German nationality will be interested in the illustrations which appear this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The wedding of the young Prince and Princess, *whose portraits we give, together with that of the Emperor William, of Germany*, was celebrated on Wednesday, April 30th, at Darmstadt, with all the pomp and luxury which the capitals of the smaller German States are wont to display on such occasions, and which are surpassed in costly splendor only by the semi-barbaric displays of the Russian Court. The number of military and civil officials present at the ceremony, in their rich uniforms, glittering with gold and silver, rendered the assembly one of the most brilliant of recent times.

The marriage did not derive its importance from the position of the bride and bridegroom, but from the near relationship in which they stand to the Imperial family of Germany and the Royal family of England, both of which families were represented at the ceremony—the German Emperor by his eldest son and heir and the English house by the Queen herself, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and their children.

The day was bright and warm, and the streets, which were crowded by the inhabitants and visitors, were gayly decked with flags of all sorts, those of Hesse, Prussia, and England predominating. Punctually at the time fixed for the civil ceremony—four o'clock—Queen Victoria drove to the Residence from the New Palace in a carriage drawn by four horses with two outriders, and surrounded by Hessian Horse Guards. The bridal couple followed in a carriage drawn by two horses.

THE CEREMONY OF THE CIVIL WEDDING.

By German law the civil wedding must precede the ecclesiastical—in fact, only the civil contract is valid in the eye of the law. This holds good all over Germany, and for all persons, from the Emperor himself to the lowest subject. In princely, especially in reigning families, this ceremony is performed, not as in ordinary cases by the Registrar of Marriages, but by the so-called "House Minister" of the family in question—in the present instance Baron Starck, who combines this office with those of Foreign Secretary of Hesse and Minister of State.

The ceremony was performed at a quarter to five in the Assembly Rooms, whither, when it was announced that the Imperial, Royal, and other illustrious guests were assembled, her Royal Highness the Princess Charles, preceded by the Master of the Ceremonies and the Chamberlains on duty, led the bride, her granddaughter, who, with her chief Lady-in-Waiting and the ladies of her suite, had already reached the rooms of his Royal Highness the Grand Duke. The civil ceremony was strictly private, only the highest personages receiving invitations. The scene is described as solemn and impressive, Baron Starck addressing to the bridal pair a few simple words, which are said to have deeply affected all present. His Royal Highness the Grand Duke then gave the order for the Church ceremony.

AN IMPOSING PROCESSION

of the bride's immediate relations and the chief officials first moved slowly through the White Hall, which was filled to overflowing with persons of high rank, who wished to congratulate the happy pair, and up the stairs into the inner court, where the church is situated. These took their places to the right and to the left of the altar, the ladies and gentlemen of their suite standing behind them. (*As shown in frontispiece picture.*) Then followed the bride and bridegroom, and a procession of royal personages, including: Her Majesty Queen Victoria; the Hereditary Grand Duke; the Princess Alice of Hesse; and the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales; the Crown Prince of Germany and the Princess of Wales; the Prince of Wales and the Crown Princess of Germany; Prince William of Prussia and the Princess Beatrice; Prince Albert Victor of Wales and her Royal Highness the Langravine of Hesse; his Highness the Prince of Bulgaria and her Grand Ducal Highness the Princess Elizabeth; his Royal Highness Prince Frederick William of Hesse and Princess Irene; Prince William of Hesse, Prince Henri of Battenberg, and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg. The bride, led by his Royal Highness the Grand Duke and his Grand Ducal Highness Prince Alexander, came nearly last, with his Serene Highness the Bridegroom, led by her Royal Highness the Princess Charles and her Serene Highness the Princess of Battenberg.

THE BRIDE WORE A RICH DRESS

of Irish poplin covered with point lace, a present from Queen Victoria, who also gave her one or two *Indian shawls*, the royal stock of which it appears is not yet exhausted. Her veil, which bore the arms of England and Hesse, was that worn by the Princess Alice, the lamented mother of the bride, at her wedding in 1862. The Queen herself was dressed in black, and wore a diadem and other jewelry. All the other princesses wore diamonds, those of the Princess of Wales and the Crown Princess of Germany attracting much attention by their splendor. All the Princes wore full uniform, the Crown Prince and the Prince of Wales as Field Marshals, and Prince William as a Hussar of the Prussian Guard. The bridegroom wore a British naval uniform.

THE SCENE INSIDE THE CHURCH.

Inside the consecrated building, which, although very small, was richly decorated, and presented a very effective appearance, there assembled about half-past four the members of the high nobility and the Diplomatic Body, together with a large number of distinguished persons who had received special invitations, arranged on the upper platform to the right and left of the pulpit. On the procession entering its members took their places to the right and left of the altar, the bride being led by her father to the left side of the kneeling-board before the altar, and the bridegroom taking his place to the right of it.

They were received by Court chaplains Drs. Bender and Greim. An interesting coincidence in connection with the ceremony was that Dr. Bender, the Court chaplain, who officiated, was the clergyman who baptized the bride in her infancy. Dr. Bender first addressed the bridal pair, reading to them the Gospel "Whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Then followed another hymn, after which he performed the marriage ceremony, and amid the thunder of artillery

THE WEDDING RINGS WERE EXCHANGED.

The choir then sang, "The blessing of the Lord be on you; We bless you in the name of the Lord;" and the whole service, which was very short, lasting only thirty minutes, concluded by the singing of the benediction—"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you all; Amen."

The Queen, who was deeply moved, then embraced the bride, and warmly pressed the hand of the bridegroom, who, in return, reverently raised her hand to his lips. The Grand Duke, Prince Alexander of Hesse, Princess Battenberg, mother of the bridegroom, and Princess Charles also personally congratulated the bride, the other friends and guests as they filed past the newly-married couple bowing. The procession then left the chapel in reverse order to that in which it had entered.

THE WEDDING DINNER

was very quiet, owing to the Court mourning occasioned by the recent death of the Duke of Albany, no speeches being delivered, and only one toast drunk, that to the health of the newly married couple. The Queen was not present but dined alone at the New Palace, and whither at nine o'clock the bride and bridegroom went to take leave of her, and then drove off to Jugenheim, there to spend the honeymoon.

THE CITY OF DARMSTADT,

though very small, is a centre of interest to the Royal family and the people of England, for in it there lived, during the early part of her married life, the tender-hearted daughter of the Queen, H.R.H. Princess Alice, whose memory is cherished as that of a gentlewoman whose sweet example and loving charities and wide-reaching sympathies must have tended to soften the asperities of life to so many in a different social scale, besides offering immeasurable comfort in her own Royal home. It is the capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, and is situated in a sandy plain on the Darmbach, and consists of an old and a new town, the fine public square in the latter, the Louisen Platz, having on one side the Grand Ducal Palace and on another the Palace occupied, for some years, by Prince Louis of Hesse and Princess Alice.

The personal history of

THE NEWLY-WEDDED COUPLE

is brief and uneventful. The bridegroom, Prince Louis, is the eldest son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, uncle of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. He was born at Battenberg on May 24th, 1854, and is now in the thirtieth year of his age. He, like so many of the German petty princelets, emigrated to England, where Prince Albert's influence was at that time potent, and was generally exercised to obtain the fat salaries of the court and places in the army and navy for his German friends, much to the disappointment and vexation of English aristocrats. The young Prince Louis was no exception to the rule. He was soon accommodated with an office and a good salary. He still holds the appointment of lieutenant in the Royal British Navy, and is nominally in command on board the royal yacht, Victoria and Albert, the real duty being performed by an English officer who does the work, while the German draws the pay. He also bears the rank of captain in the Grand Ducal Hessian Artillery. His brother, Prince Alexander, is the present Prince of Bulgaria.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA

is the eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Ludwig IV. of Hesse-Darmstadt, and of the late Princess Alice of Great Britain, and is consequently a granddaughter of Queen Victoria. She was born at Windsor, on April 5th, 1863, and has therefore just completed the twenty-first year of her age. She is said to possess some graces both of mind and manners, and is characterized by the charm of an universal and winning amiability. As her husband is in the British Navy, and as there are better chances for Germans in England under Queen Victoria for getting on in life, the couple will reside in that country, where she is sure, for her mother's sake as well as for her own, to receive a cordial welcome.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY,

whose portrait is given on our frontispiece, with those of Prince Louis and the Princess Victoria, is one of the most familiar and puissant personages of modern European history. Until the unification of all the petty states of Fatherland in 1871, he was known as King William of Prussia. He is the son of Frederick William III. and of Princess Louise, of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and was born on March 22d, 1797, being, therefore, at the present time, eighty-seven years of age

He was brother to the late King of Prussia, and was educated as a soldier, taking part, while quite a youth, in the campaigns of 1813 and 1815 against France. In 1840 he was appointed Governor of Pomerania, which post he held till

THE REVOLUTION OF 1848 BROKE OUT,

when he took refuge in England. When the

mind of his brother gave way, in 1858, the Prince was created Regent of Prussia, and he immediately adopted a liberal and popular policy. His brother, Frederick William IV., dying without children, on January 2d, 1861, he succeeded, under the title of William I., to the crown, which he placed upon his own head at Konigsberg, on October 18th, on which occasion he emphatically asserted the stupid doctrine of the "right divine of kings."

In June, 1866, war was declared against Austria, and after a short campaign, in which William I. and the royal princes took part, Austria was compelled to make a humiliating peace. The powerful effects of the needle gun created quite a panic in the Austrian army, and her generals found it would be useless to prolong the struggle. In 1867 the King of Prussia became the head of the North German Confederation, comprising twenty-two States, representing a population of twenty-nine millions.

THE TERRIBLE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR OF 1870–71

followed, the ultimate result of which was the complete realization of Prince Bismarck's idea of a united Germany, and on January 18th, 1871, King William of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor, within the Hall of Mirrors, in the Palace of the French Kings at Versailles, in the presence of the German princes, under the standards of the army before Paris, and surrounded by representatives of the regiments.

TWO ATTEMPTS AT ASSASSINATION.

On May 11th, 1871, an attempt was made to assassinate the Emperor in Berlin. The crime was committed by a young Socialist tinker, named Emil Hoedel, of Leipsic. He fired two shots from a revolver, but neither of them hit the Emperor, who stood up in his carriage, and asked whether they were aimed at him. A *second* attempt upon his life was made on June 2d, 1878. His Majesty was driving in the magnificent leafy avenue called Unter den Linden to the Zoological Gardens, when two shots were fired at him from the window of a house, and he was wounded in several places, but not seriously. The would-be assassin was a Dr. Nobiling, who afterward died of wounds he had inflicted upon himself.

William I. married on June 11th, 1829, the Princess Augusta, daughter of Charles Frederick, Grand Duke of Weimar. Their eldest child and only son, Frederick William, the Crown Prince of Germany, married the Queen's eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, on January 25th, 1858. The Emperor's golden wedding was celebrated at Berlin on June 11th, 1879.

Imperial and Royal personages, their relations and concerns naturally appear to the citizens of a great republic to occupy an inordinately large place in the thoughts of European society; but it must be remembered that old associations, such as those of courts and rulers, and of the days when kings were really the leaders of the people, are slow to die. There are many indications that they are dying, for in the most enlightened European nation the monarch has been stripped of all but the semblance of power, and in others his power has been curtailed. The social position accorded them is still imposing, but as people grow more intelligent and thoughtful they are less than ever inclined to intrust legislative or executive power to one family, to descend from father to son, taking the risk whether that son may be a wise man or a fool. The real difficulty, and thinking men of all ages have been puzzled by it, is, how to get the wisest and best of the nation to rule it. We know well enough that even our own system of election, probably the best and most successful the world has ever seen, does not always secure that end. History tells us how every other system has failed. The world will yet see in the rule of the Prince of Peace the problem gloriously solved. When He comes, whose "right it is to reign," who is wisdom and righteousness incarnate, He will rule until all enemies are put under His feet, and even those who now contend most earnestly for the rule of the chosen of the people will be satisfied, for "To Him every knee will bow . . . and every tongue confess that Jesus is Lord" (Phil. 2 : 11). So the ascription will be universal "To *the only wise* God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, *dominion and power*, both now and ever. Amen" (Jude 25).

GENERAL "CHINESE" GORDON AND THE BRICKLAYER.

THE brave hero who is now in peril of his life in Khartoum is, as our readers are aware, an earnest Christian worker. In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 31st was published a portrait of the distinguished soldier and a sketch of his life, in the course of which some instances of his Christian love and kindness were given. Since that was published other instances have come to light, from among which we select the following:

General Gordon, when enjoying a brief holiday from military duty, was once watching a young bricklayer at his work, when he perceived there was something on his mind which was making him unhappy. In his own pleasant way he soon entered into conversation with the young man, and almost before the latter knew it he was pouring out his tale of sorrow into the sympathetic heart of Colonel Gordon.

"Mother has left us, and gone away from home; and everything there is so miserable that it is not like home at all."

"What do you do with your evenings?"

"I cannot do anything with them, sir. There is no light, no warm place in which to sit, no quiet in which to read; so I stand about the streets when I have finished work."

"Come and spend your evenings at the Fort House. You will find books and papers there, and pen and ink, and other lads too."

"Thank you, colonel, I shall be very glad to do that."

So the young bricklayer became a nightly visitor, and had many a talk with the colonel. Very happy evenings they were, both to him who did good and to him who received it; for no one could be in the company of Gordon without being morally and spiritually elevated.

One evening the young bricklayer was at Fort House as usual, when he was suddenly taken ill, and hemorrhage of the lungs set in. The colonel at once sent for the doctor. He found the young man very ill, and likely to continue so for some time. What was to be done? He could not be sent in his present state to his own miserable home—that was not to be thought of. But the doctor and the colonel consulting together decided that he might be removed in a cab to the house of Mrs. S—, where he would receive all necessary attention.

The colonel delivered him into Mrs. S—'s charge, giving the Good Samaritan's injunction and assurance, "Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee."

At last the doctor advised that he should be removed to the local infirmary, for he was in a rapid consumption.

"Shall I see you there, colonel?" he asked, with wistful eyes.

"Certainly; I have a good many friends there, and I am often calling to see them."

"I know that I am going to die."

"But you are not afraid, for now you know who says, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' He will be as near to you in the infirmary as here, and as near to you in death as in life."

"Oh, yes, I know Him now!" And so he did; for, as the narrator said, "the colonel had led him to Christ by his life and teaching."

So the young bricklayer, who would do no more work, was taken to the infirmary, and was able to show to the patients there what Christianity could do for a dying man. "Read the Bible to me," he would say to the nurse; "there is nothing like it."

"But you are tired."

"Yes, very tired. I long to go to Jesus."

"Is there any one you would like to see before you die?" asked his good friend, the colonel, when he saw the end was near.

"Yes, I should like to see my mother." So the mother was telegraphed for, and arrived in time to see what the Saviour of the world is able to do for those who trust in Him. And then the young bricklayer went away, as he was longing to do, to be with Jesus, and to thank Him for sending him a friend and teacher in Colonel Gordon.

Another incident in the colonel's life at Gravesend was the following: A boy in the employ of a tradesman robbed him. The culprit was discovered, and the master angrily declared that he would send him to prison. The mother of the boy was almost heartbroken, but she had heard of Colonel Gordon, and knew that, like his Master, he never turned away from the sad and troubled ones who sought his help. So, with all a mother's earnestness, she went at once to the colonel, and, trying to check her tears, she told him the story.

"I cannot understand it, sir; he has always been an honest boy, and I do believe that this is the first and last time. If he could only have another chance! But if he is sent to prison I am afraid it will end in his ruin."

"I am afraid it will. I will do what I can for him. What would you like me to do?"

"Oh, sir, if you would intercede with his master, and persuade him not to send my boy to jail. I will be grateful to you all my life."

So the colonel went and saw the tradesman who had been robbed. He was very angry. He thought the boy deserved to be punished, and that it would do him good, and serve him right, and be a warning to him and to others, if he had a few months in prison. But Gordon pleaded very earnestly for him, and every one respected the colonel, and was glad to do as he wished.

"What will become of the boy? I cannot keep him here now."

"Oh, no, of course you cannot. But if you will promise not to prosecute him I will take charge of him, and perhaps we can make a man out of the rascal yet. At least, I should like to try, if you will let me."

"Very well, colonel. I will not punish him, and I hope he may repay your kindness."

"Thank you very much."

The colonel spoke very gravely to the boy, telling him how he had barely escaped going to prison, and pointing out to him how he had broken the laws of God as well as man. "But you shall have a chance," he said. "Your master has kindly forgiven you, and if you ask God He will forgive you also. And I will help you, if you behave well in the future and try to do your best. Will you?"

"Yes, sir, indeed I will," said the boy, through his tears.

"How would you like to go to sea?" asked the colonel.

"I should like it very much indeed, sir."

"Very well. Now you must go to school for a year. I will pay for you, and you must attend to your lessons and try to learn as much as you possibly can in the time. Will you?"

"Yes, sir, I will try to be a good boy in everything."

"You must come up and see me sometimes at the Fort House, and you must spend your evenings at the Boys' Home, and I shall see you there. By these means I shall know whether you are keeping your promise. If at the end of twelve months I find that you have really been a good boy, then I will get you a berth in a good ship, and you shall go to sea."

The boy thanked the colonel, and so did his mother; and, in fact, they continue to do so, though, perhaps, he does not know it, to this day. My informant says: "The lad is now a man, and goes to sea, while his mother resides in Gravesend still. He has a good character, and both the mother and the sailor bless the name of Gordon, who saved the lad from prison and the mother from disgrace."

WALL STREET DEFALCATION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, May 25, 1884.

"As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."—JEREMIAH 17: 11.

A Sorry Predicament—Too many Fortunes Under One Pair of Wings—A Mighty Street—Its Historical Associations—What Caused Black Wednesday—Extravagance the Primal Cause—God Loves Beauty and Adornment—A Line to be Drawn—Sailing too near Shore—John Randolph's Discovery—Pernicious Extravagance—Two Million Dollars for Theatres—Rum and Cigars—In Dress—A Domestic Tragedy—The Cause of Pauperism—Funeral Extravagance—An Unpaid Undertaker's Bill—A Dying Actress.

ALLUSION is here made to a well-known fact in natural history. If a partridge or a quail or a robin brood the eggs of another species, the young will not stay with the one that happened to brood them, but at the first opportunity will assort with their own species. Those of us who have been brought up in the country have seen the dismay of the farmyard hen, having brooded aquatic fowls, when after a while they tumble into their natural element, the water. So my text suggests that a man may gather under his wings the property of others, but it will, after awhile escape; it will leave the man in

A SORRY PREDICAMENT,

and make him feel very silly.

There are those who spread out their wings until they get four, five, ten, fifteen fortunes under them, and the financial incubation seems to be going on very prosperously, when suddenly they chip the shell, and some take to the water, and some take to the air and leave the nest empty. "As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." Not so with the fortunes of the Van Rensselaers and the Peabodys, gotten in industry and supervised in righteousness, and by the law of the eternal God going down from generation to generation.

Across the island of New York in 1685 a wall of earth and stone was built—a wall cannon-mounted to keep back the savages. Along this wall ran a street, and as the street kept the line of the wall it was appropriately called Wall Street. Short, narrow, unarchitectural, and yet unique in its history, and, excepting Lombard Street, London, the

MIGHTIEST STREET IN THE WORLD.

There the United States government was born. There Washington held his levees. There Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Arnold and Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Knox and other brilliant women of the Revolution displayed their charms. There preached Witherspoon, Jonathan Edwards, and George Whitefield. There Dr. John Mason chided Alexander Hamilton for writing the Constitution without any God in it. There negroes were sold in the slave-mart. There criminals were harnessed to wheelbarrows and compelled to draw burdens. There they were lashed through the street behind carts to which they were fastened.

That street has seen the coronation and the burial of ten thousand fortunes. The abode of just the opposites—unswerving integrity and tip-top scoundrelism, Heaven-descended charity and bloodless Shylockism. The history of Wall Street would be the history of the commerce of America. I would like to put the ploughshare in at the curbstone in front of Trinity Church and drive clear through to Wall Street Ferry, and so it shall go if the horses are strong enough to draw the plough.

We are all stunned with the recent defalcations in Wall Street, and there is no more absorbing question in America to-day, than this:

WHAT CAUSED "BLACK WEDNESDAY?"

What caused "Black Friday?" What has caused all the black days of financial disaster with which Wall Street has been connected for the last forty years? Some say it is the credit system. Something back of that. Some say it is the spirit it of gambling ever and anon becoming epidemic. Something back of that. Some say it is the sudden shrinkage in the value of securities, which even the most honest and intelligent men could not have foreseen. Something back of that. I will give you the primal cause of all these disturbances. It is the

EXTRAVAGANCE

of modern society which impels a man to spend more money than he can honestly make, and he goes into Wall Street in order to get the means for inordinate display; and sometimes the man is to blame, and sometimes his wife, and oftener both. Five thousand dollars income, ten thousand dollars, twenty thousand dollars income are not enough for a man to keep up the style of living he proposes, and therefore he steers his bark toward the maelstrom. Other men have suddenly snatched up fifty or a hundred thousand dollars—why not he? The present income of the man not being large enough, he must move earth and hell to catch up with his neighbors. Others have country seat—so must he. Others have extravagant caterer—so must he. Others have palatial residence—so must he.

Extravagance is the cause of all the defalcations of the last forty years, and if you will go through the history of all the great panics and the great financial disturbances, no sooner have you found the story than right back of it you find the story of how many horses the man had, how many carriages the man had, how many residences in the country the man had, how many banquets the man gave—always, and not one exception for the last forty years, either directly or indirectly extravagance the cause.

Now, for the elegances and the refinements and the decorations of life I cast my vote. While I am considering this subject a basket of flowers is handed in—flowers paradisaical in their beauty. White calla with a green background of begonia. A cluster of heliotropes nestling in some geraniums. Sepal and perianth bearing on them the marks of God's finger. When I see that basket of flowers they persuade me that God loves beauty and adornment and decoration. God might have made the earth so as to supply the gross demands of sense, but left it without adornment or attraction. Instead of the variegated colors of the seasons, the earth might have worn an unchanging dull brown. The tree might have put forth its fruit without the prophecy of leaf or blossom. Niagara might have come down in gradual descent without thunder-winged spray.

Look out of your window any morning after there has been a dew, and see whether God loves jewels. Put a crystal of snow under a microscope, and see what God thinks of architecture. God commanded the priest of olden time to have his robe adorned with a wreath of gold, and the hem of his garment to be embroidered in pomegranates. The earth sleeps, and God blankets it with the brilliants of the night sky. The world wakes, and God washes it from the burnished laver of the sunrise. So I have not much patience with a man who talks as though decoration and adornment and the elegances of life are a sin when they are divinely recommended. But there is

A LINE TO BE DRAWN

between adornment and decorations that we can afford and those we cannot afford, and when a man crosses that line he becomes culpable. I cannot tell you what is extravagant for you. You cannot tell me what is extravagant for me. What is right for a queen may be squandering for a duchess. What may be economical for you, a man with larger income, will be wicked waste for me, with smaller income. There is no iron rule on this subject. Every man before God and on his knees must judge what is extravagance, and when a man goes into expenditures beyond his means he is extravagant. When a man buys anything he cannot pay for, he is extravagant.

There are families in all our cities who can hardly pay their rent, and who owe all the merchants in the neighborhood, and yet have an apparel unfit for their circumstances, and are all the time *sailing so near shore* that business misfortune or an attack of sickness prepares them for pauperism. You know very well there are thousands of families in our great cities who stay in neighborhoods until they have exhausted all their capacity to get trusted. They stay in the neighborhoods until the druggists will let them have no more medicines, and the butchers will give them no more meat, and the bakers will give them no more bread, and the grocerymen will give them no more sugar. Then they find the region unhealthy, and they hire a carman, whom they never pay, to take them to some new quarters, where the merchants, the druggists, the butchers, the bakers, and the grocerymen come and give them the best rounds of beef and the best sugars and the best merchandise of all sorts, until they find out that the only compensation they are going to get is the acquaintance of the patrons. There are at least five thousand such thieves as that in Brooklyn. You see I call them by the right name, for if a man buys anything he does not mean to pay for he is a thief.

Of course, sometimes men are flung of misfortunes and they cannot pay. I know men who are just as honest in having failed as other men are honest in succeeding. I suppose there is hardly a man who has gone through life but there have been some times when he has been so flung of misfortune he could not meet his obligations. But all that I put aside. There are a multitude of people who buy that which they never intend to pay for, for which there is no reasonable expectation they will ever be able to pay. Now, why not save the merchant as much as you can? Why not go some day to his store, and when nobody is looking, just shoulder the ham or the spare-rib, and in modest silence steal away? That would be less criminal, because in the other way you take not only the man's goods, but you take the time of the merchant and the time of his accountant, and you take the time of the messenger who brought you the goods. Now, if you must steal, steal in a way to do as little damage to the trader as possible.

John Randolph arose in the American Senate when a question of national finance was being discussed, and stretching himself to his full height, in a shrill voice he cried out: "Mr. Chairman, I have discovered

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE,

which turns everything into gold: Pay as you go!" Society has got to be reconstructed on this subject, or these times of defalcation will never end. You have no right to ride in a carriage for which you are hopelessly in debt to the wheelwright who furnished the landau, and to the horse-dealer who provided the blooded span, and to the harness-maker who caparisoned the gay steeds, and to the liveryman who has provided the stabling, and to the driver who with rosetted hat sits on the coach-box.

Oh, I am so glad it is not the absolute necessities of life which send people out into dishonesties and fling them into misfortunes. It is almost always the superfluities. God has promised us a house, but not a palace; raiment, but not chinchilla; food, but not canvasback duck. I am yet to see one of these great panics, or one of these Wall Street defalcations, which is not connected in some way with extravagance.

Extravagance accounts for the disturbance of national finances. Aggregations are made up of units, and when one half of the people of this country owe the other half, how can we expect financial prosperity? Every four years we get a great spasm of virtue, and when a President is to be elected we say, "Now, down with the old administration, and let us have another Secretary of the Treasury, and let us have a new deal of things, and then we will get over all our perturbation." I do not care

who is President, or who is Secretary of the Treasury, or how much breadstuffs goes out of the country, or how much gold is imported, until we learn to pay our debts, and it becomes a general theory in this country that men must buy no more than they can pay for—until that time comes there will be no permanent prosperity. Look at the

PERNICIOUS EXTRAVAGANCE:

take the one fact that New York every year pays two million dollars for *theatrical amusements*. While once in a while a Henry Irving or an Edwin Booth or a Joseph Jefferson thrills a great audience with tragedy, you know as well as I do that the vast majority of the theatres of New York are as debased as debased they can be, as unclean as unclean they can be, and as damnable as damnable they can be. Two million dollars—the vast majority of those dollars going up in a wrong direction.

Ninety-five millions paid in this country for *cigars and tobacco* a year. One thousand five hundred million dollars paid for *strong drink* in one year in this country. With such extravagance, pernicious extravagance, can there be any permanent prosperity? Business men, cool-headed business men, is such a thing a possibility? One thousand five hundred million dollars for rum. These extravagances also account, as I have already hinted, for the positive crimes, the forgeries, the

ABSCONDINGS OF THE OFFICERS

of the banks. The store on Broadway and the office on Wall Street swamped by the residence on Madison Square. The father's, the husband's craft capsized by carrying too much domestic sail. That is what springs the leak in the merchant's money till. That is what cracks the pistols of the suicides. That is what tears down Marine Bank. That is what stops insurance companies. That is what halts this nation again and again in its triumphal march of prosperity. In the presence of this audience to-day, and the American people so far as I can get their attention, I want to arraign this monster curse of extravagance, and I want you to pelt it with your scorn and hurl at it your anathema.

Look at the one fact that it is a matter of solid statistics, that in this country, in the cities of New York and Brooklyn—I will narrow it down—in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, it is estimated that there are now over five thousand women whose apparel costs them over two thousand dollars a year each. Things have got to such a pass that when we cry over our sins in church, we wipe the tears away with a hundred-and-fifty-dollar pocket-handkerchief! I show you

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY

in five acts:

Act the first.—A home, plain and beautiful. Enter newly married pair. Enter contentment. Enter as much happiness as ever gets in one home.

Act the second.—Enter discontent. Enter desire for larger expenditure. Enter envy. Enter jealousy.

Act the third.—Enter the queenly dressmakers. Enter the French milliners. Enter all costly plate and all great extravagances.

Act the fourth.—Tip-top of society. Princes and princesses of New York and Brooklyn floating in and out. Everything on a large and magnificent scale. Enter contempt for other people.

Act the fifth and last.—Enter the assignee. Enter the sheriff. Enter the creditors. Enter humiliation. Enter the wrath of God. Enter the contempt of society. Enter death and hell. Now, drop the silk curtain. The farce is ended and the lights are out.

I called it a tragedy. That is a misnomer. It is a farce.

Extravagance accounts for much of the

PAUPERISM.

Who are these people whom you have to help? Many of them are the children of parents who had plenty, lived in luxury, had more than they needed, spent all they had, spent more too, then died and left their families in poverty. Some of those who call on you now for aid had an ancestry that supped on Burgundy and woodcock. I could name a score of men who have every luxury. They smoke the best cigars, and they drink the finest wines, and they have the grandest surroundings, and when they die their families will go on the cold charity of the world. Now, the death of such a man is a grand larceny. He swindles the world as he goes into his coffin, and he deserves to have his bones sold to the medical museum for anatomical specimens, the proceeds to furnish bread for his children.

I know it cuts close. I did not know but some of you in high dudgeon would get up and go out. You stand it well! Some of you make a great swash in life, and after a while you will die, and ministers will be sent for to come and stand by your coffin and lie about your excellences; but they will not come. If you send for me, I will tell you what my text will be: "He that provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his own household, is worse than an infidel." And yet we find Christian men, men of large means, who sometimes talk eloquently about the Christian Church and about civilization, expending everything on themselves and nothing on the cause of God, and they crack the back of their Palais Royal glove in trying to hide the one cent they put in the Lord's treasury. What an apportionment! Twenty thousand dollars for ourselves, and one cent for God. Ah! my friends, this extravagance accounts for a great deal of what the cause of God suffers.

GRAND FUNERALS.

And the desecration goes on, even to the funeral day. You know very well that there are men who die solvent, but the expenses are so great before they get under ground they are insolvent. There are families that go into penury in wicked response to the demands of this day. They put in casket and tombstone that which they ought to put in bread. They wanted bread, you give them a tombstone.

One would think that the last two obligations people would be particular about would be to the physician and the undertaker. Because they are the two last obligations, those two professions are almost always cheated. They send for the doctor in great haste, and he must come day and night. They send for the undertaker amid the great solemnities, and often these two men are the very last to be met with compensation. Merchants sell goods, and the goods are not paid for; they take back the goods, I am told. But there is no relief in this case. The man spent all he had in luxuries and extravagance while he lived, and then he goes out of the world and has left nothing for his family, nothing for the obsequies, and as he goes out of the world he steals the doctor's pills and the undertaker's slippers. I was reading in a New York paper the other day an account of the obsequies in a family of very moderate estate, and the aggregate was three thousand dollars. A man in New York, of moderate estate, dies. He has lived in extreme luxury. He departs this life. The family, desirous of keeping up the magnificence, orders the following things. They were produced, and never paid for to this day:

Casket, covered with Lyons velvet, silver mouldings	$850
Heavy plated handles	60
Solid silver plate, engraved in Roman letters	75
Ten linen scarfs	150
Floral decorations	225
Music and quartette choir at the house	40
Twenty carriages, walking to the cemetery	140
Then fifteen other important expenditures amounting to	336
Making an aggregate of	$1876

And all that to get one poor mortal to his last home! and never paid for. Swindled his family. Swindled the world. He is swindling it now. It is one of the great curses of this day, the extravagance, the wicked extravagance of the country.

And then look how the cause of God is impoverished. Men give so much sometimes for their indulgences they have nothing for the cause of God and religion. Twenty-two million dollars expended in this country a year for religious purposes; but what are the twenty-two millions expended for religion compared with the ninety-five millions expended on cigars and tobacco, and then one thousand five hundred millions of dollars spent for rum, accursed rum? So a man who had a fortune of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or what amounted to that, in London, spent it all in indulgences chiefly in gluttonies, and sent hither and yon for all the delicacies, and often had a meal that would cost one or two hundred dollars for himself. Then he was reduced to one guinea, with which he bought a rare bird, had it cooked in best style, ate it, took two hours for digestion, walked out on Westminster Bridge and jumped into the Thames. On a large scale what men are doing on a small scale.

Oh, my friends, let us take our stand against the extravagances of society. Do not pay for things which are frivolous when you may lack the necessities. Do not put one month's wages or salary into a trinket, just one trinket.

KEEP YOUR CREDIT GOOD

by seldom asking for any. Pay! Do not starve a whole year to afford one Belshazzar's carnival. Do not buy a coat of many colors, and then in six months be out at the elbows. Flourish not, as some people I have known, who took apartments at a fashionable hotel and had elegant drawing-rooms attached, and then vanished in the night, not even leaving their compliments for the landlord. I tell you, my friends, in the day of God's judgment, we will not only have to give an account for the way we made our money, but for the way we spent it. We have got to leave all the things that surround us now.

Alas! if any of you in the dying hour feel like

THE DYING ACTRESS,

who asked that the casket of jewels be brought to her, and then turned them over with her pale hand and said, "Alas! that I have to leave you so soon!" Better in that hour have one treasure of heaven than the bridal trousseau of a Marie Antoinette, or to have been seated with Caligula at a banquet which cost its thousands of dollars, or to have been carried to our last resting place with senators and princes as pall-bearers. They that consecrate their wealth, their time, their all to God shall be held in everlasting remembrance, while I have the authority of this Book for announcing that the name of the wicked shall rot.

The American Bible Society Held its Sixty-eighth annual meeting on May 8th. An arm-chair was standing in front of the platform, to which Mr. Charles Tracey called attention. It is the chair in which the presiding officer sat just sixty-eight years before, May 8th, 1816, when the American Bible Society was organized. It is in excellent preservation. It was for a long time in the possession of John Pintard, Esq., but passed into another family, and was bought by Timothy Hedges, Esq., for $100, and by him presented to the Society. From the report presented, it appears that *the receipts* of the year for general purposes were $640,719.06. Of this amount $353,774.68 were received for books and on purchase account; $156,372.80 from legacies; $57,170.05 in donations from auxiliary societies, churches, and individuals; $31,624.34 from rentals, and the balance from interest and other sources. Besides which, $3750 have been added to the trust fund, the interest of which alone is applicable for general purposes. *The disbursements* for manufacturing and for all other general purposes were $762,106.16.

WOMAN'S WORK IN CHINA.

I SHALL never forget my first sight of T'ai-yuen, after a thirty-three days' journey from the coast. The day after my arrival I was asked to give a lesson to the children in singing. I made up my mind that learn the language I would; so I got from Miss Horne the words for "*stand up*," "*sit down*," "*sing loudly*," "*sing softly*," and with these four sentences I went to work, and the children learned the tune that morning. After four months' residence I felt it was time for me to begin evening prayers with the children. The first night I broke down in the middle, but the next night the Lord helped me, and I did not break down. After the first twelve months I was able to be understood in all the villages.

The Christian life of some of the children very much cheered me. One little girl, called "*Little Loving Heart*," was an affectionate soul. When the people called to see me, she was the first one to ask them, "Are you a Christian?" though she was only eleven at the time. I was very pleased with an incident that occurred last summer. The gatekeeper was sweeping the courtyard, and she was sitting on the stone steps. "Elder brother," she said, "you are very old now; you are over seventy." The old man said, "Yes, I am getting on now." "You will die soon." He did not care to answer that, and he gave two or three silent sweeps with the broom. "You know you will die soon," she repeated, "because a lifetime is seventy years, and you are past that, and where will your soul go?" Then she told him, in a child's own words, about the bright kingdom above; she spoke of the pearly gates and the streets of gold, and then she added, as the crowning joy of all, "The Lord Jesus Himself will be there!" Then she told him of hell, which the Chinese can picture in the darkest colors; and she put it to him, "Which are you going to? You know you *can* go to heaven, because Jesus died on Calvary; but *will you* go?" I felt I could go down on my knees and thank God for that dear little soul. She reads the Bible very clearly, and we look forward to her going among her own people by and by. She was one of the girls picked up in the terrible famine.

One afternoon I was at needlework with the children, and two in particular drew my attention. One was making a bedquilt and another a small sleeve. The little quiltmaker, who was a Christian of eight years old, saw her companion was in trouble; the sleeve had been unpicked several times, and not without tears the last time, for the child was lazy, and did not get on well with her work. The Christian child was a better needlewoman; and she left her work, and putting her arm round the other's neck whispered something to her. Then she asked me, "Might they both leave the room?" I said, "Yes," and they went out to their bedroom in the same courtyard. The bedrooms generally have paper windows, which let in the light and make the rooms private, but do not keep in sound, so I could hear distinctly this girl of eight pleading with the Lord in this way: "Our Father in Heaven, help little Lan-tsz to do her work well; help her not to have to unpick it, for Jesus' sake, Amen;" and then she turned to the other girl, and said, "You must pray, too," and the other one prayed, but so timdily that I could not hear the words. Then they came back into the school and took up their tasks, and soon both were finished. Neither of them told me; neither of them knew I heard, but I was glad that these children did believe in the power of prayer.

You may be interested in the case of an old lady who had been led to love the Lord by Miss Crickmay. We wondered she did not ask to be baptized, but she seemed to have some difficulty about it. We are careful not to press any one to be baptized, but we had no doubt that this woman was converted, and one day I went and sat down by her side and said, "Now, Han Tasao (that is, elder sister), what is the difficulty? You do love the Lord Jesus?" "Yes, I do love Him." "You do not doubt that He has taken away your sins?" "No." I said, "Where is the doubt?" Then the old woman said—tears coming down her cheeks—"You know Jesus said to His disciples: 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel.' I am a poor old woman, nearly seventy, and nearly blind; I cannot go into all the world and preach the Gospel. I am willing to tell my husband and son and his wife when he marries; I am willing to tell my neighbors, and I could, perhaps, go to one or two villages; but I cannot go into all the world. Tell me if the Lord will accept this of a poor old woman of my age?" I felt as if I could take the old woman in my arms, and I said, "That is all the Lord Jesus wants; He wants each of us to do our best." Then she looked at me, with her eyes full of earnestness, and said, "Tell me, can I be a disciple, and be baptized without going into foreign countries?" I told her she could, and she replied, "Then I am ready to be baptized whenever you like."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

"Nobody to Speak To."—Mr. Riddell Said at a recent meeting: "I shall never forget the look of fear which I once saw upon the face of an elder of the church, as he lay on his deathbed. I urged him to pray to God for light, so that he might grasp the promises of God, and thus be able, even at that late hour, to do what he should have done in his early youth, namely, to trust in Christ; but the mournful reply was, 'Oh, sir, when I come to pray, there's nobody there to speak to.'"

A Policeman Becomes a Missionary.—The Rev. Mr. Andrew related: "A young man on his way to the theatre heard our evangelistic choir singing in the open air. Accepting the invitation given by the leader, he entered the church, and was converted to Christ that night. Soon after he became a night policeman, but did not feel that it was his vocation, so he came to my house one day and told me: 'My heart is burning to become a missionary in Africa, to preach the Gospel of Christ to the poor heathen; what shall I do to attain my object?' I took him to Mr. Moir, of the African Lakes Company, who gave him a three years' engagement, and he is at present preaching the Gospel to the heathen. To-day I got a little box from him, containing an artistically made gold ring, a lion's claw, and other curiosities, sent as a memento."

Trying to Get in at the Wrong Door.—The Rev. Mr. Riddell narrated the following: "When I began my ministry in Dundee, I had the privilege of meeting many of those who were blessed under the preaching of the sainted Murray M'Cheyne. I was told of one case of conversion which is rather peculiar. The person was much troubled, his mind was filled with gloomy darkness, and he had no peace nor rest. One day as M'Cheyne was preaching to Christians, not to those outside of Christ's fold, the man got peace. After the service he went round to the vestry to see the minister, who did not need to inquire if the visitor had got peace, it shone in his face; so he simply asked, 'How did you get it?' He answered: 'All the time I've been trying to enter in at the saints' door, but while you were speaking I saw my mistake, and entered in at the sinners' door.' It is the only way; you need not come to God as a saint, or a pretty good sort of a person, but simply as a sinner, wanting and needing salvation. If you do so in Christ's name, you will get it."

A Dead Twig on a Living Tree.—Mr. Ralston related: "A young lad was playing in a garden, and noticed a tree which was bearing fruit and leaves luxuriantly on all the branches except one little twig, which was hanging dry and withered. This twig riveted his attention; all the other branches passed unheeded, so much was he taken up with the useless twig. Searching for and finding the gardener, the lad asked, 'What makes that twig so dry and barren?' The man answered, 'Climb up the tree, and you will soon find out.' The lad did so, and saw that some person had tied a piece of string round the twig close to the trunk of the tree, thus stopping the flow of sap and killing the little branch. The lad is now a minister of the Gospel in Edinburgh, but he has never forgotten the lesson he learned from that dead twig; it was, that when he felt his soul getting hard and dry there was some sin gradually tightening round his heart, stopping the flow of the Holy Spirit into his soul, and thus he was in danger of becoming dead while attached to a living trunk. To avoid this fate, he fled to Christ, the fountain of life, and He it is who looses all the bonds of sin from us, so that His own life may flow into us."

Among Red Rags in a Paper Mill.—At a Mizpah meeting in Glasgow recently, Mr. Rae said: "A young man got an important situation in a paper mill. His master took him over the works, and showed him all the chemical and mechanical processes by which the different colors were extracted from rags. Pointing to some Turkey-red cotton, he said, 'These red rags can only be made into red blotting-paper, because nothing can take out the color.' With the proud boastfulness of an ignorant youth, the young man replied, 'I will soon discover a process to do it.' 'Well, if you do,' said the gentleman, 'I will give you one hundred pounds.' He tried and tried again, but failed as thousands have done before. Every shred of the cloth was destroyed, but the color remained. God in His unspeakable condescension to our need and helplessness as sinners stained and dyed with sin, uses the strongest words to prove that He will make us clean. He says, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool'" (Isa. 1 : 18).

A Thirsty Evangelist's Search.—Mr. Anderson said: "A well-known evangelist was crossing a dry, bare moor, on which he was exposed to the burning rays of the noonday sun. When he started in the morning on his journey he was quite fresh and buoyant, but now he was ready to sink with fatigue and thirst. In his distress he looked for water; there was none to be seen; but at a little distance off he saw a house toward which he made as speedily as possible. When he reached it he saw that the door was open, but there was no person about to whom he could apply for water, so he boldly entered the open door and approached the table to seek means to allay his thirst. He took up vessel after vessel, but they were all unclean. Turning away, much disappointed, he looked about to see if there was a clean vessel in the house, but there was not one. As he finished his fruitless search, the woman of the house entered, and in a trice had a vessel clean and filled to the brim with sparkling water. God seeks clean vessels for His work, and there is only one way by which we can be clean for His purposes, and that way is to empty ourselves of self, and allow Jesus to take full possession of our souls and bodies."

A Minister's Peril among Cowboys.—Major Colquhoun relates: "Among the Western States of America, Texas is the great cattle State. Some years ago the men who owned the cattle, and those in their employment who rode about looking after the beasts, were ignorant, lawless, godless men, and mostly outcasts and fugitives from the law-abiding districts. The owner of one large ranch had grown so rich that he required twenty men to attend his cattle, but he was as ignorant and careless as the meanest man on his farm. He had a little daughter whom he loved tenderly. She was his pride and joy. Rich as he was, he could not save her from illness and the grasp of death. She died. His wife pitifully implored him to get Christian burial for the child. The cattle-owner therefore rode fifty miles to the nearest minister, and brought him to the ranch. At the minister's request he gathered in his twenty men to hold a service, which was opened by

prayer. When the minister knelt in prayer, the man was horror-struck; for, knowing the nature of his men, he feared they could not resist the chance of shooting a man on his knees with eyes closed in the attitude of pleading for mercy. In an instant he pulled out his revolver and levelled it toward the men, who knew his meaning, and kept their hands motionless, knowing that if they moved their master would shoot them dead on the spot. The man of God was not aware of his danger, but being in the paths of duty, the Lord whom he served protected him, as He will protect and guard all who are fulfilling His commands. 'Fear not, for I am with you' (Isa. 41 : 10), is the promise He gives to His servants. 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'"

WHY THE SECOND ADVENT MUST PRECEDE THE MILLENNIUM.

By Rev. John T. Duffield, D.D.,
Professor of Mathematics in Princeton College.

(*Continued from page* 326.)

4. THE doctrine of a millennium before the Advent is inconsistent with the Saviour's solemn

INJUNCTION, FIVE TIMES REPEATED

in the Gospel record, and illustrated and enforced again and again by parable, "*Watch, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh*" (Matt. 24 : 42 ; 25 : 13 ; Mark 13 : 33, 35 ; Luke 21 : 36). "*And what I say unto you I say unto all, watch*" (Mark 13 : 37).

Now, the point to which we would direct attention is, that the duty here enjoined is not simply that of believing that the Lord will certainly come again at some time in the distant future—it is that of watching for His coming as an event ever imminent. Watching for the occurrence of an expected event, and believing that an event will occur after a long interval of time, are two entirely different states of mind. Now, can we believe that when the Lord enjoined the former, He intended to enjoin the latter? Further, the reason annexed to the injunction determines its meaning beyond the possibility of excusable misapprehension. We are to do what is here commanded because we "Know not the hour when the Son of Man cometh." The duty has respect, not to the certainty of the event, but to the uncertainty as to the time of its occurrence.

So also would the accompanying parables be wholly irrelevant, if the Coming of the Lord is not to be regarded as an event ever imminent. "If the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched." We are to be expecting the Lord's Coming as the virgins the coming of the bridegroom, as servants the return of their master, not knowing whether he would come at "even, or at midnight, or at cock-crowing, or in the morning." The offence of "the evil servant" was not that he denied or doubted the certainty of the Master's return—*that* he acknowledges in the very language attributed to him. His offence was "saying in his heart"—what many of the Lord's servants nowadays say with their lips, and even insist on as an article of faith—"My lord delayeth his coming."

5. The doctrine is also inconsistent with the repeated and explicit teaching of the New Testament, that the manifestation of the Messianic Kingdom and the Second Advent are to be

SYNCHRONOUS EVENTS

(Luke 19 : 12-27). "He spake a parable because they were nigh unto Jerusalem, and because they thought that the Kingdom of God should immediately appear. He said, therefore, A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom and to return. And when he was returned, having received the kingdom," etc. We are here taught two things—first, that the disciples were not in error in expecting a kingdom to be manifested here on the earth, under the personal reign of the Messiah. Their error was as to the time of the manifestation. The correction of their error as to *the time*, is an implied acknowledgment that their expectation was correct as to *the fact*. Secondly, we are expressly taught that the Kingdom which Christ has gone into the heavens to receive of the Father, is to be manifested at, and not before, His return again to this earth.

Luke 21 : 24-31—The Saviour here predicts events that are to immediately precede the Advent—"signs in the sun and moon and in the stars, and upon the earth distress of nations with perplexity—and then shall they see *the Son of Man coming in a cloud with power and great glory*. And He spake a parable, Behold the fig tree and all the trees, when they now shoot forth ye see and know that summer is nigh at hand. So likewise when ye see these things come to pass, know ye that *the Kingdom of God* is nigh at hand." The coming of the Son of Man, and the Kingdom of God, are here assumed to be synchronous events—with respect to the time of their occurrence, the one is referred to as identical with the other.

6. That we have not misapprehended the New Testament doctrine respecting the Millennium is confirmed—were confirmation necessary—by the fact that

THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH

understood the Apostles to teach that the Second Coming of the Lord was an event ever imminent.

They accordingly "looked for" the Advent with longing desire and expectation—not (as many misapprehend and misrepresent the doctrine of the Apostolic Church on this subject) with expectation that the Advent *would certainly occur* in their day, but, that for aught that was revealed, *it might occur* in their day. The Corinthian Christians are commended by Paul, in that they "came behind in no gift, *waiting for* the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 1 : 5). The conversion of the Thessalonians from heathenism to Christianity is described as "turning from idols to serve the living and the true God, and to *wait for* His Son from heaven" (1 Thess. 1 : 10). So common was this expectation in the Apostolic Church, that Christians were designated by this characteristic of their piety. "Unto them that *look for* Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation" (Heb. 9 : 28). "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day; and not to me only, but unto all them that *love His appearing*." (II Tim. 4 : 8). See also Rom. 8 : 19-23 ; Phil. 3 : 20 ; 1 Thess. 4 : 15 ; 5 : 10 ; Titus 2 : 13 ; II Peter 3 : 11-13.

Is it credible that a doctrine which uninspired men at the present day have no difficulty in stating in terms that cannot be misunderstood, those holy men, who spake and wrote "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," not only failed to teach intelligibly, but even commended the misapprehension of those who were led into error by their teaching? Or, if we accept the inevitable conclusion that the inspired Apostles did not teach this doctrine, by what authority do any teach it now?

7. The doctrine of the Pre-Millennial Advent continued to be *the unquestioned faith of the Church until near*

THE CLOSE OF THE THIRD CENTURY

—that is, until the time of Origen. He taught that "the Scriptures are of little use if we understand them as they are written;" and, with reference to his allegorizing—now called *spiritualizing*—method of interpretation, Milner says: "No man, not altogether unsound and hypocritical, ever injured the Church more than Origen did."

In proof of our main statement above, the following authorities may suffice:

Mosheim says: "The prevailing opinion that Christ was to come and reign a thousand years among men before the final dissolution of the world, had met with *no opposition previous to the time of Origen*."

Gibbon, who is at least an unprejudiced witness, says: "The ancient and popular doctrine of the Millennium was carefully inculcated by a succession of Fathers from Justin Martyr and Irenæus, who conversed with the immediate disciples of the Apostles, down to Lactantius, who was the preceptor of the son of Constantine. It appears to have been *the reigning sentiment of orthodox believers*." He adds: "As long as this error (as he calls it) was permitted to subsist in the Church, it was productive of the *most salutary effects* on the faith and practice of Christians."

Not to needlessly extend this list of authorities, we would only add the testimony of Whitby, the father of the modern anti-millenarian theory. In his "Treatise on Tradition" he candidly acknowledges, "The doctrine of the millennium passed among the best of Christians, for two hundred and fifty years, as a tradition apostolical, and as such is delivered by many fathers of the second and third centuries, who speak of it as *a tradition of our Lord and His Apostles, and of all the ancients who lived before them*, who tell us the very words in which it was delivered, the Scriptures which were so interpreted, and say that *it was held by all Christians that were exactly orthodox*."

8. The common doctrine respecting the Millennium is

A NOVELTY

in the history of the Church. It is not to be found in the standards of any of the churches of the Reformation—by several it is impliedly repudiated. The same may be said of the writings of the Reformers. The doctrine was first proposed by Whitby, but little more than one hundred years ago, and avowedly as "a New Hypothesis." As to the views of the Reformers:

Luther, in his commentary on John 10 : 16, says: "Some say that before the latter day the whole world shall become Christians. This is a falsehood forged by Satan, that he might darken sound doctrine. Beware of the delusion."

Again he says: "I believe that all the signs which are to precede the last day have already happened." "Let us not think that the Coming of Christ is far off; let us look up with heads lifted up; let us expect our Redeemer's coming with a longing and cheerful mind."

Without further particular quotation, the following testimony of the martyr Latimer, as to the faith of the Reformers, may suffice: "All those excellent and learned men whom, without doubt, God hath sent into the world in these latter days to give the world warning, do gather out of Scripture that the last day cannot be far off." (*Third Sermon on the Lord's Prayer.*) Again, he says: "Peradventure it may come in my days, old as I am, or in my children's days."

After carefully investigating the subject, Dr. Henshaw, the late Bishop of Rhode Island, in his treatise on the Second Advent, says: "We may safely challenge its advocates (the advocates of the common doctrine) to produce one distinguished writer in its favor who lived before the commencement of the eighteenth century."

Now, we respectfully submit: Can that be an article of the Christian faith which not only was not believed, but is inconsistent with what was believed by the Apostolic Church, by the Church for the two succeeding centuries, and by the Church of the Reformation? Ought not such *consent* in favor of the Pre-Millennial Advent to be regarded as decisive?

Brethren, "Ye are not in darkness that that day should overtake you unawares, ye yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord shall come," that it shall come "as a thief in the night," "in an hour when men think not," when the world is saying "peace and safety," when even the vigil virgins are slumbering and sleeping, as the flood in the days of Noah, as the lightning from heaven on Sodom, unexpected, unsuspected, "*So, shall the coming of the Son of Man be.*" "Let us, then, who are of the day watch and be sober." With trimmed lamps and loins girded, let us watch and wait with longing desire and expectation for the coming of the Master, for "*Blessed is that servant whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching.*"

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Recent Financial Disasters, their Developments and effects, continued last week to be the chief topic of public concern. Further disclosures in the Grant & Ward affair astonish the public by the impudence and effrontery of the operators, and by the credulity of their dupes. It appears that some investors were paid enormous sums, which, the firm informed them, were profits on their investments, and were made out of government contracts, though it is now admitted that the firm had no interest in any government contract, and that the so-called profits were in reality the deposits of later investors. It is not surprising to learn that *Ward has been arrested* on the charge of misappropriating money. He went to prison without making any attempt to obtain bail. He was arrested because of the prominent part he took in the business. He is, however, not the only culprit and must not be made the scapegoat for those who assisted, connived at, and profited by the fraud. Other warrants were also granted, on the application of the United States District Attorney, against Wa d's associate, President Fish of the Marine Bank, and ex-President Eno of the Second National Bank. The charge in both cases was misappropriation of the bank's funds. Public confidence has evidently received a severe shock from these disclosures, and the result is apparent in the readiness of depositors to take alarm. An instance of this disposition was afforded on Saturday last, when a run was made on *the West Side Bank* in New York. The paying-teller of the bank had absconded with $85,000 belonging to the bank, and when the news of his flight became known, there was a rush of depositors all eager to withdraw their deposits. The officers of the bank declare that the institution is perfectly solvent, but the suddenness and severity of the strain, combined with a disturbance of their Clearing-House arrangements, caused a crisis, and the bank closed its doors. Other bank failures also were repored in distant cities, which were more or less directly the result of disturbed public confidence. These were at Erie, Pa., Charlottesville, Va., Petersburg, Va., Pittsburg, Pa., and Laporte, Ind. The shrinkage in values during the thirty days of financial flurry is computed by an eminent authority at $300,000,000. The trouble is clearly the result of over-speculation, more correctly described as gambling, in which some banks have taken a hand as principals, and others have been indirectly concerned by supplying the speculators with funds. Unhappily many innocent persons have suffered, and they are entitled to our sympathy. The speculators and defaulters who have fallen under the ruin their own acts have caused deserve no commiseration; their fate is simply a fulfilment of the Divine warning: "He that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool" (Jer. 17 : 11).

The House Defeated the Bankruptcy Bill on May 19th by refusing to fix a day for its discussion. This action causes general disappointment. There is urgent need for reform in this matter, as dishonest debtors are the people who derive most benefit from the existing law. It was not claimed that the bill passed by the Senate was all that could be desired, but it was hoped that improvements would have been effected during its passage through the House. It was an opportunity for Democrats and Republicans to unite in giving the country a really useful and valuable law, which, if it had proved efficient, would have won the gratitude of the business community and have made the Forty-eighth Congress a memorable one in our history. The failure even to consider the subject showed a strange disregard of national interests on the part of the House.

The Need of a Government Telegraph System is shown by the report of the Senate Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, to which the proposal to establish a postal telegraph was referred. It appears from the report that the wires and poles and other plant of the Western Union Company could be duplicated at a cost of $24,500,000, but the public is now compelled to pay a rate for telegrams which produces a sum that defrays all expenses, and in addition six per cent on the company's nominal capital of $96,578,000.

When Drunkenness does not Constitute a valid ground for divorce was explained to an unhappy woman in Iowa recently. The Supreme Court judge dealt with her application for divorce, which was made on the ground that her husband was a confirmed drunkard. The evidence showed that she had knowledge of his intemperate habits before she had married him, and he refused the petition. The judge said: "You voluntarily chose a drunkard for a husband, and you should discharge the duties of a drunkard's wife. His failure to keep a pledge of reformation, made before marriage, does not justify you in deserting him. Having knowingly married a drunkard you must make yourself content with the sacred relationship." Her sad fate should be a warning to other ladies who, if they contemplate marriage with a man of such habits, should insist that a complete reformation precede the ceremony.

A Statue of Martin Luther was Unveiled in Washington, D. C., on May 21st, with impressive ceremonies. Justice Miller of the United States Supreme Court presided, and a large number of Senators and Representatives were present. The statue reaches an elevation of more than twenty feet, the pedestal being eleven feet in height. The latter consists of four blocks of dressed granite, the undermost covering an area of one hundred and twenty square feet. The only inscription, "Martin Luther," is in raised letters upon the principal block of the pedestal. The entire body and limbs of the figure are enveloped in the folds of a priestly robe. The left hand holds a closed book, the clinched fingers of the right resting upon it. The raised face, deeply knitted brow, and firmly closed lips, together with the sturdily placed limbs, portray determination and defiance. It is a duplicate of the principal figure of the Luther group at Worms. The Hon. Omar D. Conger, in the course of his oration at the ceremony, thus pointed out the significant feature of the erection in Washington of a statue to the great Reformer: "Four centuries from the date of his birth, three thousand miles from the scenes of his labor, on the borders of a continent then undiscovered, in the capital of a wonderful nation then unborn, we gather from far and near around the monument of Martin Luther, wrought in enduring bronze from the mines of Germany, moulded by the skilful artisans of his own fatherland, and transported over the intervening land and sea to stand amid the other memorials of patriotism and veneration that adorn our capital city."

The National Temperance Society Held its nineteenth anniversary on May 13th, in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. The report read by Mr. J. N. Stearns, the indefatigable secretary, showed that the society has issued 139 new books, pamphlets, and tracts during the last year, making 1251 different publications now on its catalogue. The receipts for publications have been $52,815.02, making $745,443.58 since the organization of the Society. Receipts from donations, $6,558.05; working capital, $10,269.86; total receipts for the year, $70,982.93; expenses, $70,902.91. Total number of pages printed for the year, 34,274,485; making a total since the organization of the society of 584,811,637. "This," said Mr. Stearns, "has been one of the most prosperous years in the history of the society. More publications issued, more pages circulated, more money received, more people reached and influenced than ever before." The missionary work has been very largely under the management of a special missionary committee. Over $10,000 has been expended upon purely missionary work, which has been mainly among the freedmen in the Southern States.

The Rev. William Taylor, who is Known as the California Evangelist, was elected on May 21st Bishop to Africa, by the Methodist Episcopal Conference. Mr. Taylor's labors in the cause of Christ have been frequently mentioned in these columns. He is now in his sixty-fourth year, and since 1849, when he was sent as a missionary to California, he has preached in every English-speaking country in the world. He stayed in California seven years, after which he commenced his evangelistic tours, which have continued to the present time. In Canada, the West Indies, Great Britain, Australia, South Africa, Palestine, India, Ceylon, and more recently in South America, Mr. Taylor has preached with remarkable tokens of God's blessing. In Australia, which he twice visited, sixteen young men who were converted under his preaching entered the ministry, besides many others who became lay-preachers. During his tours he accepted no remuneration from the American Church, but depended solely on the proceeds of his published works. He succeeded in sending to India over forty missionaries, who are not paid by the Church, but live a life of faith. Mr. Taylor will be followed in his new field by the prayers of Christians of all denominations.

Several Clergymen and Friends of The Christian HERALD who are anxious that the Gospel teaching contained in its pages should be read still more widely, have written us respecting sample copies. For their information, and that of others who may not have noticed previous announcements, we may say that any person who has opportunity for obtaining subscribers and who is willing to assist in introducing the paper to people who have not seen it, may have a package of sample copies sent to his address, postage free, by writing to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y. Instances are continually coming to light of conversions brought about through God's blessing upon its pages. We are therefore glad to facilitate all who will aid in extending its sphere of usefulness.

The New Baptist Church at Pueblo, Col., of which the Rev. E. W. Oakes is pastor, was formally dedicated on May 18th. The dedicatory services were largely attended, and much enthusiasm was manifested. Dr. Jeffery, of Denver, preached in the morning from Isaiah 53 : 11, "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." There was a children's service in the afternoon, and a third service in the evening, at which Dr. Palmer, of Boulder, preached. The new church is *the largest church edifice* in Southern Colorado, and one of the finest Baptist churches in the State. The congregation propose building a parsonage which will cost $1200, of which they have already raised $500. Mr. Oakes asks the prayers of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the blessing already given to his preaching at Pueblo may be continued and increased.

A Remarkable Temperance Contest is Described in a despatch from New Orleans. It took place at Alexandria, in Rapides Parish, on the Red River. May 21st was the day fixed by the police jury for the vote on the question of liquor license or prohibition. The women of the parish, black and white, determined to take a hand in it, and rallied to the polls at seven o'clock in the morning, and remained until the polls closed, cheering and encouraging the willing and laboring with the doubtful voters, and supplying hot coffee and cold lemonade to all who would partake. This was done under the direction of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the members of which did their part in a way to outgeneral the liquor-dealers. Nearly all the women, black and white, wore badges with the words "Education and Prohibition." They would not let a man vote until they showed him what a disgrace it would be to himself and his family for him to vote for license. At the Alexandria poll 330 votes were cast against license and 62 for; Pineville ward gave 89 against, 23 for license; and Cheneyville gave about 200 majority against license. The victory is due entirely to the energy of the ladies of the W. C. T. U.

A Bartender's Changed Life was Described at the Fulton Street prayer-meeting last week. One of the speakers said he had recently witnessed a powerful manifestation of God's power in a city in Kentucky. A man who was once a bartender, and who was converted while in that occupation, gave it up, and he was led into a more fitting position for a Christian man. Some time after he gave that up, feeling that God had called him to labor as an evangelist. Financially he stepped out of a competency into beggary, but *he has never wanted.* Many trials of faith he has experienced, but trials proved triumphs. On a recent Saturday night at the service he held in Kentucky, three hundred persons, many of them farmers from miles off, stayed till midnight. They would not be dismissed. A hundred or more were on their knees, and the whole neighborhood was astir.

A Self-imposed Penance was Performed by a lady in Williamsburgh, N. Y., during Lent. On the first day of Lent she presented herself at the police station in the evening, and asked permission to sleep there. She was well dressed, modest-looking, and sober, and the police officer in charge wondered at her request. "I told her," he said, "that I didn't think she could stand the place. 'Oh, yes, I can, and could if it were twice as disagreeable,' she replied. The next night she came again and stayed all night, and every night afterward until the end of Lent. When I found," said the policeman, "that she did herd with these drunken and dirty unfortunates who sleep here, I thought she would soon become as bad as the rest, and I watched her to note the change which her associates would bring upon her. But no change showed itself. She preserved her tidy appearance, and continued just as modest and well-behaved as when she first came." Some inquiries were made about her, and it was found that she belonged to a respectable family and had a good home, but that she had determined on sleeping among the wretched drunken offscourings of the streets every night as a self-imposed penance. It was a vain effort if undertaken with the idea that it would merit pardon for sin; but if having first obtained pardon through the merits of Jesus she went among the vicious and depraved to tell them of the Friend of sinners, it was an act of devotion which God might honor with His blessing (Eph. 2 : 8, 9).

A Long Walk for a Fortune was Undertaken by an heir recently. A farmer in a northern county of New York State quarrelled four years ago with his only son, and the boy left home and went West. The old gentleman relented of his hardness to the boy after his departure, and when he died a few weeks ago left his estate, valued at $100,000, to the son. The young man, while in Milwaukee, saw an advertisement asking for information about him, and he decided to start for the East. He had money enough to defray his expenses, but he was robbed in a cheap boarding-house and left penniless. There was nothing for him to do but to make his way back afoot. He arrived in Jersey City a day or two ago, footsore and weary, and has claimed his inheritance. He was abundantly recompensed for his long and weary walk, but his father's death precluded him from having with his inheritance the joy of pardon and reconciliation. The offer in the Gospel to sinners who have wandered far away from God is far better: it includes forgiveness as well as inheritance for all who will repent and return (Titus 3 : 3-7).

A Moving Island is the Subject of a Dispute as to ownership. Some months ago a citizen of St. Louis applied to the Secretary of the Interior for a survey of an island in the Mississippi River, opposite St. Louis, claiming it to be public land. The application was resisted by the city upon the ground of its ownership of Arsenal Island, to which the new formation was alleged to have been a mere accretion. The case showed that Arsenal Island has been gradually shifting downward for many years, and that as its head is washed away by the currents of the river, its foot is enlarged. In 1853 it contained 404 acres, and in 1863 only 119 acres. Since the latter year it has moved southward about 4800 feet, its rate of motion being about eight inches per day. It would seem to the disinterested observer that it was scarcely worth while to dispute about the possession of an island which in a few years may be carried away altogether. But the world has a different opinion, or there would not be so fierce a struggle for the acquisition of property of any kind. That considered the most permanent is upon a world which will one day pass away (II Pet. 3 : 10).

A Retired Captain's Record, as it is Stated in a Southern journal, is very honorable. It is stated that Captain Martin Deming has seen more service as vessel commander than any other mariner in this country, and possibly more than any other in Europe. For sixty-four consecutive years he acted as master of sailing vessels and steamers, and in all that time he never lost either a boat or a man. He never crossed the ocean, yet has passed through many a storm which only an experienced sailor could safely weather. About three years ago his health failed, and he was compelled to give up active work. Since then he has been living in quiet retirement with his wife in Baltimore, Md. He is now very feeble, but when fully aroused speaks with distinctness. He was eighty-seven years of age on the 31st of March. Sailors call him a "lucky" captain, but the captain's record speaks of more than luck. Steadiness, skill, watchfulness and devotion to duty are indicated by such a life. Those who sailed in ships he commanded must have felt safe under his care. It is so with the Captain of our salvation, who has lost no soul that ever trusted in Him (John 18 : 9). And He has crossed the ocean of death and still lives, ready to save all who commit themselves to Him (Heb. 7 : 25).

A HEAVENLY PATTERN FOR OUR EARTHLY LIFE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

Preached at Exeter Hall, London, at the Anniversary of the Baptist Missionary Society.

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."—MATT. 6 : 10.

The Prayer a Costly One—The Dead not Lost—Foundation Stones in the Sea—A Great Brave Prayer—I. The Comparison not Far-fetched—Both from One Creator—Thy Will be Done in Earth—It was so Once—Will be so at the Last—The New Heaven and New Earth—An Analogy—Not Far off—II. The Comparison Instructive—How God's Will is to be Done—An Elevated Model—Done, not Discussed—Done in Spirit—Constantly—Universally—Instantly—III. The Comparison Based upon Facts—Heaven and Earth Unlike and Alike—The Same Fare—The Same Company—The Same Court Dress—IV. The Comparison Borne Out in Action.

OUR Father's will shall certainly be done, for the Lord "doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth." Let us adoringly consent that it shall be so, desiring no alteration therein. That "will" may cost us dear; yet let it never cross our wills; let our minds be wholly subjugated to the mind of God. That "will" may bring us bereavement, sickness, and loss; but let us learn to say, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good." We should not only yield to the divine will, but acquiesce in it so as to rejoice in the tribulation which it ordains. This is

A HIGH ATTAINMENT,

but we set ourselves to reach it.

He that taught us this prayer used it Himself in the most unrestricted sense. When the bloody sweat stood on His face, and all the fear and trembling of a man in anguish were upon Him, He did not dispute the decree of the Father, but bowed His head and cried, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." When we are called to suffer bereavements personally, or when, as a holy brotherhood, we see our best men taken away, let us know that it is well, and say most sincerely, "The will of the Lord be done."

God knows what will best minister to His gracious designs. To us it seems a sad waste of human life that man after man should go to a malarious region, and perish in the attempt to save the heathen; but infinite wisdom may view the matter very differently. We ask why the Lord does not work a miracle, and cover the heads of His messengers from the death-shaft? No reason is revealed to us, but there is a reason, for the will of the great Father is the sum of wisdom. Reasons are not made known to us, else were there no scope for our faith; and the Lord loves that this noble grace should have ample room and verge enough. He who demands a reason of God is not in a fit state to receive one.

In the case of the honored men whom the Lord has removed from us this year, there is assuredly no loss to the great cause as it is viewed by the eye of God. See the great stones and costly stones laboriously brought from the quarry to the edge of the sea! Can it be possible that these are deliberately thrown into the deep? It swallows them up! Wherefore is so much labor thrown away? These

LIVING STONES

might surely have been built into a temple for the Lord; why should the waves of death engulf them? Yet more are sought for, and still more; will the hungry abyss never cease to devour? Alas, that so much precious material should be lost! It is not lost. No, not a stone of it. Thus the Lord layeth the foundation of His harbor of refuge among the people. "Mercy shall be built up forever." In due time massive walls shall rise out of the deep, and we shall no longer ask the reason for the losses of early days.

Peace be to the memories of the heroic dead!

Men die that the cause may live. "Father, thy will be done." With this prayer upon our lips let us bend low in childlike submission to the will of the great Jehovah, and then gird up our loins anew to dauntless perseverance in our holy service. Though more should be taken away next year, and the next, yet we must pray on, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

If the prayer of our text had not been dictated by the Lord Jesus Himself, we might think it too bold. Can it ever be that this earth, a mere drop of a bucket, should touch the great sea of life and light above and not be lost in it? Can it remain earth and yet be made like to heaven? Will it not lose its individuality in the process? This earth is subject to vanity, dimmed with ignorance, defiled with sin, furrowed with sorrow; can holiness dwell in it as in heaven? Our Divine Instructor would not teach us to pray for impossibilities; He puts such petitions into our mouths as can be heard and answered. Yet certainly this is a great prayer; it has the hue of the infinite about it. It is a brave prayer, which only a heaven-born faith can utter; yet it is not the offspring of presumption, for presumption never longs for the will of the Lord to be perfectly performed.

I. May the Holy Spirit be with us, while I first lead you to observe that

THE COMPARISON

is not far-fetched. That our present obedience to God should be like to that of holy ones above is not a strained and fanatical notion. It is not far-fetched, for earth and heaven were called into being by the same Creator. If, then, heaven and earth were created by the same God, and are sustained by the same power, and governed from the same throne, we believe that the same end will be subserved by each of them, and that both heaven and earth shall tell out the glory of God. They are two bells of the same chime, and this is the music that peals forth from them: "The Lord shall reign forever and ever. Hallelujah!" He that made can remake. The curse which fell upon the ground was not eternal; thorns and thistles pass away. God will bless the earth for Christ's sake, even as once He cursed it for man's sake.

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." It was so once. Perfect obedience to the heavenly will upon this earth will only be a return to *the good old times* which ended at the gate of Eden. Those who desire to set up the kingdom of God are not instituting a new order of things; they are restoring, not inventing. Earth will drop into the old groove again. As it was in the beginning so shall it be yet again. History shall, in the divinest sense, repeat itself. The temple of the Lord shall be among men, and the Lord God shall dwell among them. "Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven."

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

IT WILL BE SO AT THE LAST.

I shall not venture far into prophecy. Some brethren are quite at home where I should lose myself. I have scarcely yet been able to get out of the gospels and the epistles; and that deep book of Revelation, with its waters to swim in, I must leave to better instructed minds. "Blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of that book;" to that blessing I would aspire, but I cannot yet make claim to interpret it. This much, however, seems plain—there is to be "a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." This creation, which now "groaneth and travaileth in pain," in sympathy with man, is to be brought forth from its bondage into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Blessed be the Lord Christ, when He brought His people out of their bondage, He did not redeem their spirits only, but their bodies also; hence their material part is the Lord's as well as their spiritual nature, and hence again this very earth which we inhabit shall be uplifted in connection with us. The creation itself shall be delivered. Materialism, out of which there has been once made a vesture for the Godhead in the person of Christ, shall become a fit temple for the Lord of hosts. The New Jerusalem shall come down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride is prepared for her husband. We are sure of this. Therefore unto this consummation let us strive mightily, praying evermore, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

Meanwhile, remember also that there is an analogy between earth and heaven, so that the one is the type of the other. You could not describe heaven except by borrowing the things of earth to symbolize it; and this shows that there is

A REAL LIKENESS

between them. What is heaven? It is Paradise, or a garden. Walk amid your fragrant flowers and think of heaven's bed of spices. Heaven is a kingdom; thrones, and crowns, and palms are the earthly emblems of the heavenlies. Heaven is a city; and there, again, you fetch your metaphor from the dwelling-places of men. It is a place of "many mansions"—the homes of the glorified. Houses are of earth, yet is God our dwelling-place. Heaven is a wedding feast; and even such is this present dispensation. The tables are spread here as well as there; and it is our privilege to go forth and bring in the hedge-birds and the highwaymen, that the banqueting-hall may be filled. While the saints above eat bread in the marriage supper of the Lamb, we do the like below in another sense.

Between earth and heaven there is but a thin partition. The home country is much nearer than we think. I question if "the land that is very far off" be a true name for heaven. Was it not an extended kingdom on earth which was intended by the prophet rather than the celestial home? Heaven is by no means the far country, for it is the Father's house. Are we not taught to say, "Our Father which art in heaven?" Where the Father is the true spirit of adoption counts itself near. Our Lord would have us mingle heaven with earth naming it twice in this short prayer.

II. Secondly, this comparison is eminently instructive. Does it not teach us that *what* we do for God is not everything, but *how* we do it is also to be considered? The Lord Jesus Christ would not only have us do the Father's will, but do it after a certain model. And what

AN ELEVATED MODEL

it is! Yet is it none too elevated, for we would not wish to render to our heavenly Father service of an inferior kind. If none of us dare say that we are perfect, we are yet resolved that we will never rest until we are. We do not desire that our pattern should be lowered, but that our imitation should be raised.

"Thy will *be done* in earth, as it is in heaven." Mark the words "*be done*," for they touch a vital point of the text. God's will is *done* in heaven. How very practical! On earth His will is often forgotten, and His rule ignored. My brethren, I am afraid that Christ's will on earth is very much more discussed than done. Too often we are satisfied with having approved of that will, or with having spoken of it in words of commendation. But we must not stay in thought, resolve, or word; the prayer is practical and business-like, "Thy will be *done* in earth, as it is in heaven." An idle man stretched himself on his bed when the sun had risen high in heaven, and as he rolled over, he muttered to himself that he wished this were hard work, for he could do any quantity of it with pleasure. Many might wish that to think and to speak were to *do* the will of God; for then they would have effected it very thoroughly. Up yonder there is no playing with sacred things; they do His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His Word. Would God His will were not alone preached and sung below, but actually *done* as it is in heaven.

In heaven the will of God is done *in spirit*, for they are spirits there. It is done *in truth* with undivided heart, and unquestioned desire. On earth, too often, it is done and yet not done; for a dull formality mocks real obedience. Here obedience often shades off into dreary routine. We sing with the lips, but our hearts are silent. We pray as if the mere utterance of words were prayer. We sometimes preach living truth with dead lips. It must no longer be so. Would God we had the fire and fervor of those burning ones who behold the face of God. We pray in that sense, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

In heaven they do God's will constantly, without failure. Would God it could be so here! They do God's will universally, without making a selection. Here

MEN PICK AND CHOOSE—

take this commandment to be obeyed, and lay that commandment by as non-essential. We are, I fear, all tinctured, more or less, with this odious gall. A certain part of obedience is hard, and therefore we try to forget it. It must no longer be so; but whatsoever Jesus saith unto us we must do. We should often make diligent search, and go through our churches to see wherein we differ from the divine pattern. Some goodly Babylonish garment or wedge of gold may be as an accursed thing in the camp, bringing disaster to the Lord's armies. Let us not neglect anything which our God commands lest He withhold His blessing.

His will is done in heaven instantly, and without hesitation. We, I fear, are given to delays. We plead that we must look the thing round about. "Second thoughts are best," we say, whereas the first thoughts of eager love are the prime production of our being. I would that we were obedient at all hazard, for therein lies the truest safety. Let us pray the Lord that we may do His will on earth as it is done in heaven; that is, joyfully, without the slightest weariness. When our hearts are right, it is a glad thing to serve God, though it be only to unloose the latchets of our Master's shoes. Even as they are glad in heaven, with a felicity born of the presence of the Lord, so should we be glad, and find our strength in the joy of the Lord. In heaven the will of the Lord is done right humbly. There perfect purity is set in a frame of lowliness. Too often we fall into self-gratulation, and it defiles our best deeds. Brother, pray the Lord to keep thee low at His feet, for in no other place canst thou be largely used of Him.

The comparison being thus instructive, I pray that we may be the better for our meditation upon it. I do not find it an easy thing even to describe the model; but if we essay to copy it: "this is the work; this is the difficulty." Unless we are girded with the Divine strength we shall never do the will of God as it is done in heaven. Here is a greater labor than those of Hercules, bringing with it victories nobler than those of Alexander. To this the unaided wisdom of Solomon could not attain; the Holy Ghost must transform us, and lead the earthly in us captive to the heavenly.

III. Thirdly, I beg you to notice, dear friends, that this comparison of holy service on earth to that which is in heaven, is

BASED UPON FACTS.

The facts will both comfort and stimulate us. Two places are mentioned in the text which seem very dissimilar, and yet the likeness exceeds the unlikeness—earth and heaven.

We have the same fare on earth as the saints in heaven, for "the Lamb in the midst of the throne doth feed them;" He is the Shepherd of His flock below, and daily feeds us upon Himself. His flesh is meat indeed, His blood is drink indeed. Whence come the refreshing draughts of the immortals? The Lamb doth lead them to living fountains of waters; and doth He not even here below say to us, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink?" The same river of the water of life which makes glad the city of our God above, also waters the garden of the Lord below.

Brethren, we are in the same company below as they enjoy above. Up there they are with Christ, and here He is with us, for He hath said—"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." There is a difference as to the brightness of His presence; but not as to the reality of it. "But heaven is a place of peace," says one; "there they rest from their labors." Beloved, our estate here is not without its peace and rest. "Alas!" cries one, "I find it far otherwise." I know it. But whence come wars and fightings but of our fretfulness and unbelief? "We which have believed do enter into rest." "But we have not their victory," cries one, "for they are more than conquerors." Yes, and "our warfare is accomplished." We have

PROPHETIC TESTIMONY

to that fact. Moreover, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." In the Lord Jesus Christ the Lord giveth us the victory, and maketh us to triumph in every place.

"Up there," says a brother, "they are all accepted, but here we are in a state of probation." Did you read that in the Bible? for I never did. A believer is in no state of probation; he has passed from death unto life, and shall never come into condemnation. "Ay," saith one, "but heaven is the place of perfect service; for 'His servants shall serve Him.'" But is not this the place, in some respects, of a more extensive service still? Are there not many things which perfect saints above and holy angels cannot do? If we had choice of a sphere in which we could serve God with widest range, we should choose not heaven but earth. There are no slums and overcrowded rooms in heaven to which we can go with help, but there are plenty of them here. There are no jungles and regions of malaria where missionaries may prove their unreserved consecration by preaching the Gospel at the expense of their lives. In some respects this world has a preference beyond the heavenly state as to the extent of doing the will of God. Oh, that we were better men, and then the saints above might almost envy us!

DO NOT BE IMPATIENT

to go to heaven. Nay, do not have a wish about it. Set very loose by the things of earth; yet count it a great privilege to have a long life in which to serve the Lord on earth. Our mortal life is but a brief interval between the two eternities, and if we judged unselfishly, and saw the needs of earth, we might almost say, "Give us back the antediluvian periods of human life, that through a chiliad we might serve the Lord in suffering and in reproach, as we cannot do in glory." This life is the vestibule of glory. Array yourselves in the righteousness of Jesus Christ, for this is *the court dress* of earth and heaven. Manifest at once the spirit of saints, or else you will never abide with them. Now begin the song which your lips shall carol in Paradise, or else you will never be admitted to the heavenly choirs; none can unite in the music but those who have rehearsed it here below.

IV. Lastly, this comparison, which I feel I can so feebly bring out, of doing the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven, ought to be borne out by holy deeds. Here is the urgency of the missionary enterprise. God's will can never be intelligently done where it is not known; therefore, in the first place, it becomes us as followers of Jesus to see to it that the will of the Lord is made known by heralds of peace sent forth from among us. Why has it not been already published in every land? Is it not probably true that the selfishness of Christians is

THE MAIN REASON

for the slow progress of Christianity? If Christianity is never to spread in the world at a more speedy rate than the present, it will not even keep pace with the growth of the population. If we are going to give to Christ's kingdom no larger a percentage than we have usually given, I suppose it will require about *an eternity-and-a-half* to convert the world; or, in other words, it will never be done. The progress made is so slow, that it threatens to be like that of the crab, which is always described in the fable as going backward. What do we give, brethren? What do we do? It is not for us to say, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; but, Lord, Thou hast many ways and means of accomplishing that will; I pray thee do it, but *let me not be asked to help* on the work." No, when I utter this prayer, if I am sincere I shall be searching my stores to see

WHAT I CAN GIVE

to make known the truth. I shall be inquiring whether I cannot personally speak the saving word. You who fail to support missions when it is in your power to do so should never say, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," but leave out that petition for fear of mocking God.

We want to bless the world; we have a thousand schemes by which to bless it, but if ever God's will is done in earth as it is done in heaven it will be an unmixed and comprehensive blessing. Join the Peace Society by all means, and be forgiving and peaceable yourself; but there is no way of establishing peace on the earth except by God's will being done in it, and that can only be done through the renewing of men's hearts by the Gospel of Jesus Christ. By all manner of means let us endeavor so to control politics, as Christian men, that oppression shall not remain in the earth; but, after all, there will be oppression unless the Gospel is spread. This is

THE ONE BALM

for all earth's wounds. They will bleed still until the Christ shall come to bind them up. Oh, let us then, since this is the best thing that can be, show our love to God and man by spreading His saving truth.

The text says, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." Suppose any one of you had come from heaven. It is but a supposition; but let it stand for a minute; suppose that a man here has come fresh from heaven. Some would be curious to see what his bodily form would be like. They would expect to be dazzled by the radiance of his countenance. However, we will let that pass. We want to see how he would live. Coming newly from heaven, how would he act? Oh, sirs, if he came here to do the same as all men do on earth, only after a heavenly sort, what a father he would be, what a husband, what a brother, what a friend! I would sit down and let him preach this morning, most assuredly; and when he had done preaching, I would go home with him, and have a chat.

I should be careful to observe what he would do with his substance. I do not think this man coming fresh from heaven would say, "I must have this luxury; I must have this goodly raiment; I must have this grand house." But he would say, "How much can I save for the God of Heaven? How much can I invest in the country I came from?" I am sure he would be pinching and screwing to save money to serve God with; and he himself, as he went about the streets, and mingled with ungodly men and women, would be sure to find out ways of getting at their consciences and hearts; he would be always trying to bring others to the felicity he had enjoyed. Think that over, and live *so*—so as He did who really did come down from heaven. For after all, the best rule of life is, what would Jesus do if He were here to-day, and the world still lying in the wicked one? If Jesus were in your business, if He had your money, how would He spend it? For that is how *you* ought to spend it.

Now think, my brother, you will be in heaven very soon. Since last year a great number have gone home: before next year many more will have ascended to glory. Sitting up in those celestial seats, how shall we wish that we had lived below? It will not give any man in heaven even a moment's joy to think that he gratified himself while here. It will give him no reflections suitable to the place to remember how much he amassed, how much he left behind to be quarrelled over after he was gone; he will say to himself, "I wish I had saved more of my capital by

SENDING IT ON BEFORE

me, for what I saved on earth was lost, but what I spent for God was really laid up where thieves do not break through and steal."

O brothers, let us live as we shall wish we had lived when life is over; let us fashion a life which will bear the light eternal. Is it life to live otherwise? Unless we are striving to honor Jesus, and bring home His banished, we are dead while we live. Let us aim at a life which will outlast the fires which shall try every man's work.

If I may have moved any person here to resolve, "I will so live," I have not spoken in vain. I have at least stirred myself with the intense desire to cast off the mere outsides and husks of life, and to ripen the real kernel of my being. Thy will by me be done on earth, as yet, my Lord, I hope to do it in the skies. May I begin here a life worthy to be perpetuated in eternity. God bless you, for Christ's sake.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's Pastors' College Held its anniversary recently. It was stated that since 1865 there has been a total increase of the number of the churches under the pastorate of ministers trained in the college of 50,924, while the 382 churches which represent the strength of the association at the present moment show an aggregate membership of 58,724. The receipts during the year have been over $30,000. The expenditure has been more than covered by the receipts. Mr. Spurgeon mentioned that during the existence of the college it had educated and equipped for the work of the ministry 675 students, of whom 500 were still in useful service. The Pastors' College has no endowment, but there is a fund of $25,000 set aside for the purpose of honorably winding it up, after Mr. Spurgeon's death, if such should be deemed necessary.

A Warning in a Dream was Heeded in time to prevent a catastrophe, as related by the *News* of Danbury, Conn. It states that one night a gentleman of that city dreamed of a friend recently dead, whose funeral he was to attend the next day. He dreamed that he and this friend were standing together on a floor which gave way with them. In the struggle to save himself he was awakened. The dream made a strong impression upon him, and after eating an early breakfast he hurried to the house of his dead friend, and without disturbing the family found his way into the cellar. He felt that the dream might possibly be a warning, and he was moved to examine the supports to the floor. He found that a very large beam which supported the floor-timbers of the parlor and a partition wall was cracked. The crack appeared to be a fresh one, and a closer examination with a lamp showed that it was, and that it was so large that one's hand could be placed in it. He immediately got two heavy posts, and in a short time made the timber perfectly safe. A few hours later the building was filled with friends. Had it not been for the dream it is not likely the broken timber would have been discovered in time to prevent a catastrophe. It was well for the family that regard for their safety prompted this gentleman to heed the warning of his dream. The mere possibility that they were living in insecurity sufficed to impel him to investigate. Ought not such concern for the eternal safety of his friends to move every Christian to affectionate and earnest effort to save them from everlasting disaster (Phil. 2 : 4)?

A Distressing Farewell.

Robert Annan's Reminder.

A SHIP ON FIRE.

(*See Illustration.*)

ON May 10th, 1882, the steamer Rio Grande sailed from Galveston, Texas, for New York. The steamer was almost new, and although she had some bad weather the sea was smooth, and everything indicated that she would reach New York by May 18th. The cargo consisted of 1000 bales of cotton and about the same number of bales of wool. There were also on board over ninety saloon and steerage passengers, among whom were some twenty women and about the same number of children. About 5 o'clock on May 16th smoke was discovered issuing from the hold forward of the engine and boiler-room. It was at once concluded that the cotton was on fire.

The hose was immediately stretched and run into the fore-hold, and several streams of water were poured into the compartment to quench the fire. The captain also had every crevice and crack stopped with bedding, so that no draught could get to the fire. The officers and crew worked with a will, and a few of the male passengers assisted, while the others gently broke the news to the ladies on board.

It was a grand sight—that of the coolness and presence of mind with which the men behaved in their dire peril. While some fought the fire, another party worked to get the boats ready for launching in case it should become necessary to abandon the ship. As night closed in, it became evident that the fire had made progress, for the volume of smoke increased, and the heat of the deck became almost unbearable. It was decided to put the women and children in the boats.

Almost at that moment a sail was sighted, and immediately the Stars and Stripes, union downward, were run up to halfmast as a signal of distress. The vessel proved to be an Italian bark, the Peppino, from Philadelphia, for Genoa, and her captain consented to take the passengers and return with them to Delaware Breakwater. The offer was accepted, though the bark was heavily laden and was not in a fit state to take on board so many passengers. If a storm should arise their danger on the bark would be as great or greater than on the Rio Grande.

When the proposal was communicated to the passengers, the ladies begged that they might remain. Ultimately, however, they were prevailed upon to go. Five male passengers volunteered to remain on the Rio Grande and assist the crew; all the others prepared to leave.

It was at the steam-ship's side that the struggle came. The ladies shrank from going down the ladder into the boats that were to carry them to the Italian bark, and there were many trying scenes. One, especially, is never likely to be forgotten by any who witnessed it. It was that of a boy, a mere child, the son of one of the officers. As he came to the side he threw his arms around his father's neck and turned a look of terror on the tossing waves. It was over in a minute, for the father was a resolute man, and though he knew that neither he nor the boy he loved so dearly might live the night through, he was not unmanned by the parting. Those who stood by saw a look of anguish pass across his face as he gently lifted the boy over the side and saw him passed into the boat. Then he turned away, and set resolutely to his duties. That night was a night of horror for those on the Rio Grande. The cotton was burning rapidly, and it seemed that the vessel must soon be consumed; but every man felt relieved that the other passengers were removed, and all prayed that the bark might make the land in safety. As morning broke the Capes of Delaware were in sight, and soon a tug came off to the assistance of the imperilled men. The vessel was tugged within the breakwater and her outboard valves opened. The crew and the five passengers were carried ashore as the vessel slowly sank, until only her upper deck was visible. The bark also arrived safely.

How many a father has undergone a pang, of which that of the officer, whose parting is depicted in the illustration, is a type. Children smitten by disease have put their arms around the neck of the broken-hearted parent, and vainly begged that they might stay with them; and strong men have wept from the consciousness that no earthly power could avert the parting. Since the world began, some of its saddest scenes have been at such death-beds. Children who have been shielded from every trial that love could ward off have been called away across death's dark river, which they must pass alone. It is then that the sweet consolations of the Gospel give the only relief that can cheer the breaking heart. The certainty of a future meeting in the land where partings are unknown is the Christian's support in that bitter moment.

Happy that parent and happy that child who, in such circumstances, can say, "I know in whom I have believed and that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him." It is in such a case no frail bark that the waves may engulf which has the lives of our loved ones in charge, but He will keep them who has never lost any whom the Father has given to Him, and reunion is certain.

ROBERT ANNAN'S STREET SERMON.

(*See Illustration.*)

THIRTY years ago a young man was drinking and rioting in New York and other cities of the Union. He was a young Scottish mason, who having fallen into dissipated habits in his own country, did as so many young men in Europe similarly situated do—he sailed for America. We may observe parenthetically that it is no mean evidence of the stability of our government, the efficacy of free institutions, and the vital power of our religious life that this tide of vice and immorality has not swamped the country and overturned law and order. Europe dare not make the United States a penal settlement, but she does the next thing to it when she sends here men who have graduated in vice and are on the highway to the penitentiary.

Robert Annan was not only on the highway to that institution, but he had been inside it. His own government had given him board and lodging there for three months, and when he was released he thought America was the land to suit him, so he came. He was shipwrecked on the way out, and had a narrow escape of his life; but the experience did not solemnize him, for the first thing he did on his arrival was to get drunk. He drifted from city to city, working a little when he could obtain money in no other way, until he crossed the border into Canada, and his own government had him on its hands again. Annan seemed to like the government, for he entered into closer rela-

tions with it by enlisting in a British regiment stationed in Canada. Shortly afterward the regiment was ordered home, and Robert Annan crossed the Atlantic again.

Arrived at home he deserted, was caught and punished, and eventually prevailed on his parents to purchase his discharge. He went to his father's house in Dundee, and there led an idle, dissolute life. But now comes the strange change which the history of Gospel work has recorded a thousand times. Robert Annan, the drunken loafer, ex-soldier, ex-convict, felt the power of the Holy Spirit, and was a new man. The master masons found him a steady, industrious workman, remarkable for his energy and perseverance. As before he would occasionally leave his employment for a week at a time, and it was always when he had paid by a little sum of money. But *not*, as before, that he might spend it in debauchery, but that he might go on a preaching excursion to some neglected locality, from which he would return cheered and encouraged to renew his labors in the stone-yard. Every evening after he had finished his work he was laboring somewhere for Christ, and his simple story of what the Lord had done for him was blessed wherever he told it.

George Whitefield's Message on the Window-Pane.

Robert Annan had his own methods of work, and though they brought ridicule upon him frequently, the Lord's blessing upon them satisfied him they were right, and that was sufficient for him. One of his methods was a curious one. There were times when he must be at work for bread, when he must be absent from home and from scenes of spiritual labor. But he could leave a silent appeal to his perishing fellow-men, and he took care to do so. With a piece of chalk in his pocket he sallied from his home, and as he had opportunity he wrote his appeal. On the last day of his life, and when his dead body was brought home, those who carried it, saw written on the pavement in front of his house, by the hand now still in death, the word "Eternity," on which the passers-by had looked as they went their way, and had been reminded in the midst of their life of the life beyond.

It was on July 31st, 1867, that Robert Annan died. His death was like the latter years of his life—a sacrifice for others. As he passed the river on his way to labor he saw a boy slip and fall in Robert Annan plunged in after him, and succeeded in holding him up until a boat put off to his rescue and took him on board. But the rescuer sank, exhausted with his effort, and before those in the boat could drag him in, the current had carried him away, and when it threw him on the shore further down he was dead. He knew then in all its fulness the meaning of the word he had written on the pavement that morning.

THE INSCRIPTION ON THE WINDOW-PANE.

(*See Illustration.*)

AN incident in the life of the great revival preacher, George Whitefield, is thus quaintly related by his biographers: Whitefield stopped at one time in a certain town in the house of a general, who treated him very kindly. Mr. Whitefield, as his custom was, intended to speak to the family individually about the Gospel of Christ and their need of a Saviour, but he refrained. Something seemed to say to him:

"Now, George Whitefield, don't say a word to these good people, it will grieve them; they have been so kind to you. Why, you cannot tell the general, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;' they would be too harsh words to address to such a man as that. And you cannot talk to the wife and daughters concerning the things of the kingdom. See how kind they have been to you! The warning will not come well from one who has been so much obliged to them as you."

And so when Whitefield retired to rest that night he had not spoken to any of the persons of the house according to his usual custom. This troubled him. He was uneasy, and conscience whispered, "These people have been kind to you; is it not great unkindness not to warn them of the wrath to come? You dare not leave this place until you have addressed to them a word that might be blessed to their souls." But still George Whitefield did not dare say a word. However, the struggle in his mind continued, and lest he should go away without opportunity or power to speak to them he took off his diamond ring and wrote on the window of the room he occupied, the solemn words applicable to the condition of his host as to the man to whom they were originally addressed—"But one thing thou lackest," and having prayed much about it he went his way.

No sooner had he gone than the master of the house entered the room where the good man had slept. The first thing that struck the general's eye was the writing on the window-pane—"*But one thing thou lackest.*" The thought flashed across his mind, "Then this holy man of God loves my soul; I thought he did not love it, for he said not a word to me about it; it appears that he does." "Wife," said he, "come here and see what is on that window." "Yes," said she, "depend upon it, he has been unhappy in our house. We have done the best we could to make him comfortable, but because we don't love the Lord he has been disturbed and unhappy."

The Spirit of God was at work in their hearts; they were convinced of the truth of that sentence, "*One thing thou lackest.*" "Call up the children," said the father. And the son and three daughters came, and the whole family looked at the silent warning. There and then the general requested them to kneel with him around the bed their guest had occupied and join with him in prayer, that the one thing lacking might be granted to him and his family. The prayer, it is stated, was answered in each case, and the whole family were eventually converted through God's blessing on that solemn warning.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page* 335.)

A New Passion.

GRANT accompanied his patient to the country town, from whence he wrote to Mr. Waldron in London, giving such an account of his son's accident and illness as would avoid exciting any suspicion of the truth. On the evening of the day upon which he had received the letter, Mr. Waldron was with his son, anxious for him, and grateful beyond measure to the young doctor. There was, he said, an opening for a medical man at Little Aston, and he urged him to settle there under his patronage. He was himself about to give up his public life at the close of the present session, as he felt old age creeping upon him, and his health beginning to fail. A medical attendant in whom he could have confidence would soon become essential to him; and he had a pleasant house at the end of the town nearest to Aston Court where Grant could reside. The young man hesitated but little. John Morley had once or twice expressed his opinion that a good country practice might be established there; and Grant had neither funds nor influence to back him if he attempted to launch himself upon a more ambitious career. He accepted Mr. Waldron's grateful offer with alacrity; and a few weeks later John Morley and Hester saw him appear again upon their narrow stage at Little Aston.

It was not a step altogether to Robert Waldron's mind; but he was accustomed to let things take their course, and he did not oppose himself to this. The sole reason he could have urged against it, even to himself, was one which

he could not have presented in plain words to his own conscience: it was a very subtle and vague feeling of jealousy of Grant's acquaintance with the Morleys and of the footing he had already gained in the solitary, and, to him, forbidden household. Hester, he thought—for so far he dare deal frankly with himself—was too rare and dainty a prize for a mere country doctor. He should be sorry if, after her hard and sorrowful girlhood, no brighter and more fortunate lot awaited her in the future.

When Robert returned to Aston Court in the spring, with the traces of his accident almost effaced, he found Grant lodging in a house nearly opposite to John Morley's, while he waited for the present tenant of his promised dwelling to leave. He was living therefore within the prohibited precincts; and friendly as he was with Grant, Robert had a shrewd suspicion that it would not be quite safe to visit him there. There was but little need for him to do so, as Grant could come freely and safely to Aston Court, but his residence so near to Hester quickened and fanned the almost unconscious jealousy in Robert's nature. Grant could and did see her every day; he heard her speak; he would, perhaps, teach her to smile, to laugh even; and then he recalled to mind the clear, sweet, uncertain laughter of the child Hester, in those days long gone by when he had taken her upon his knee and spoken to her the words he had hesitated to address directly to Rose. If he could only hear its music again! If he could only watch the languid lines about her lips melt and tremble into smiles! If he could but see the light come and go in her grave calm eyes, as her young heart stirred with new and happy thoughts!

He was not in love with Hester; it would have shocked him to have dreamed of being so, in his inmost heart. She was still almost a child to him; and a child whose life he had robbed of all natural buoyancy and joy. He wished he could, with his own hand, put her into possession of her proper inheritance of girlish gladness; but he did not like any other hand to do it. It went very far toward making him angry to think that a mere lad, uncultivated and poor, and with no attractions but his youth, should stand so fair a chance of doing what he could never do.

Before long Robert Waldron's vague envy took more definite form. It would be a shame, he argued, to let this pearl fall into hands so rough and coarse as Grant's, who would rob it of half its delicacy and brilliance. Though she and her father might count it no bad settlement for her to become the wife of a doctor under Mr. Waldron's patronage, it would be but a poor lot for her. They would be sure to think well of Grant's prospects and position. For, after all, John Morley was no other than a poor tradesman, struggling with difficulties; and there was a stigma upon the name of Morley in Little Aston. The last thought stung him sharply. But then Rose had not been Hester's mother. The tie between them was very slight and had lasted only for a few months. There was positively no relationship at all.

At any rate, since he could not atone for the past for Rose or John Morley, was it impossible to do something for this little Hester, the child who had once been so fond of him? Could he not place her in some position where her grace and beauty would be better seen than in her present obscurity and poverty? He was rich himself, having already inherited an estate from his mother, and some day his wealth would be doubled. It would be easy for him to remove Hester from her own sphere to one where life would be all gayety and brightness about her. But it would be necessary to see her often, and to make himself well acquainted with her character. How could this be managed?

There remained yet two or three months of the session to run out before his father and sister returned to settle permanently at Aston Court; and Robert was not at all sure that their residence there would be favorable to his views with regard to Hester. Since his return she had never been to the Court. How to meet her again, with no excitement which should alarm her, or make her unwilling to speak to him, became the problem of his many idle hours. He haunted the beautiful fields and lanes of the neighborhood, in the hope of crossing her path; but Hester was accustomed to walking early in the morning, at an hour when he scarcely knew that the sun had risen; and he haunted the fields and lanes in vain. It was only through Grant, who always avoided mentioning John Morley and Hester, that he could gain any information concerning her.

"You see the Morleys often, Grant," he said one day, with an air of nonchalance.

"Most days," was the curt reply.

"Living directly opposite to them, you may see them without going to the house," said Robert.

"No," he answered; "all I can see is the window of a room where the shutters have not been taken down since I lived there. I go in most days for a chat with the old man and Miss Hester."

"The friend of the household," observed Robert, with an ill-tempered sneer.

"And the only friend," responded Grant.

"Does poor little Hetty visit nowhere?" he inquired.

"Nowhere," replied Grant; "well, yes, at one house, and that is an odd one; and her friend is still more odd. I dare say you have no idea that there is such a place in Little Aston. It is a back court, with an alley leading to it, just opposite the chapel at the top of our street. There is a small baker's shop in the court, where family baking is done; and Hester's friend lives in the top story of the baker's house. I went with her one day to visit her friend, who was ailing. The ailment was a mere nothing; but she turned out to be an old Frenchwoman who could not speak a word of English. Hester was obliged to interpret between us, and it was amusing enough, I assure you. I know very little of French, and I cannot understand a word she says."

"Who is she?" asked Robert.

"The mother of Lawson, Mr. Morley's bookbinder," said Grant; "his father was a workman in a Parisian house, and married a Frenchwoman there. She only came over to live with her son a few months ago, and Hester goes to see her occasionally. It is her fête-day to-day, and she has invited me to make one of the party; but I shall not have time."

"Is she poor?" inquired Robert, with an air of sudden interest.

"I take it for granted," he answered, "since her son is only Mr. Morley's bookbinder. He is another curious study, well worth time; eats opium, and is a little shaky in the upper story. Hester tells me he used to see visions, and that he is greatly depressed now they have ceased. I see him often."

"I don't know the man at all," said Robert; "but this old Frenchwoman must be a curiosity in Little Aston. I can talk any patois of French like a native, and I think I will go and see her."

"You had better not," said Grant, significantly; "the court is exactly opposite the chapel in our street—you understand. You must keep away."

"That's a bore," said Robert Waldron, with a slight yawn of indifference.

But as soon as Grant had left him, he turned his steps eagerly toward the house of Lawson's mother. By making a circuit he could reach the upper end of the street without passing near John Morley's house; and at this hour of the afternoon it was certain that he would be confined to it by his business. The alley opposite the chapel was easily discovered, but he was an apparition so remarkable in the court, that all its scanty population turned out to stare at him, and the subdued clamor of their voices attracted the foreigner whom he had come to seek, to her window.

For the first moment Robert could scarcely believe he was in a town in England. The old half-timber house, with its very pointed gable surrounded by rotten woodwork, and the clear, fresh, coquettish, aged face of the Frenchwoman framed in the small lattice casement, was like a vision of the lands where he had spent so many years of his life. He mounted the winding staircase with swift steps. The old woman had opened the door, and the whole scene throughout seemed familiar to him. He presented himself before madame with all the courtesy and politeness which go far to win the people of her country. He could speak to her fluently, and the tears started to her eyes as she listened to her native tongue.

"Madame will pardon me," said Robert, "for intruding upon her. But I know France well; I have lived long in that charming country. Therefore I have ventured to pay a visit here, uninvited."

"Ah, seigneur!" exclaimed madame, with vivacity, "but monsieur is the welcome one. Seat yourself, I pray you. You know France well? You have lived there? Oh! talk to me about my dear country."

Robert accepted the seat she offered him near to herself, and took infinite pains to make an agreeable impression. It was not difficult. The delight of conversing in her own language freely became almost a transport and an ecstasy to her. She laughed, she wept, she nodded and tossed her head, she gesticulated to her heart's content, and, for the time, felt herself at home again. The hours in which Hester sat beside her, talking timidly in the unfamiliar words, were nothing compared to this golden hour when this charming stranger, so distinguished, so amiable, in so beautiful a toilet, listened to her, and did not require her to speak slowly and heavily. She had not been so happy since she left Burgundy.

"You are dull here," he said at the first pause in his flood of words; "have you no one to visit you?"

"No; I am never dull," answered the old woman gayly, "always I can think of making my toilet, and going out into the town; but that time never comes. There is rain, or there is no sun, or I have the headache. But I am never dull—never. I have all the dear little saints to talk to, and I say many more prayers here in England than in France; and the saints are very good company, you may be very sure. Then there is Miss Hester, my cherished one! She is coming to pay me a visit this evening. It is my fête day, and we have a little feast together. We take tea here, because my son cannot buy the wines of France."

"You must permit me to send you some," interrupted Robert; "I, too, like the wines of France."

"But no! but no, monsieur!" cried madame, "a thousand thanks—but no!"

"Who is Miss Hester?" asked Robert.

"It is an angel," responded madame, glowing with hilarity; "a veritable angel! I could do my little acts of devotion before her as before a blessed saint! I adore her, monsieur. She is perfectly charming, but melancholy, too melancholy for one so young. I say to her, 'Go to France, my cherished one. Go, go. There the sun shines, and one laughs without knowing why.' Her religion is melancholy, also too solemn. There are no dear little saints to confess one's little faults to; and it is too solemn to go always before the great God for every trifle. She should visit my dear France, monsieur. Chut! I hear her voice below there."

They listened in silence, and heard Hester's low, pleasant voice speaking to the children, who were playing about the door to make sure of seeing the stranger when he came out again. She came up rather slowly, step by step, as though feeling her way carefully through the gloom. Robert Waldron's heart stirred, and his pulses throbbed as they had never done before; and he rose from his seat, partly from a restlessness of excitement, and partly to hide

that excitement from the keen eyes of madame. He placed himself in a position so as not to be seen at once by Hester as she entered; and at the same moment a light tap upon the door announced her arrival.

She had come in, and the door was closed behind her without her perceiving any other person but the old friend she had come to visit; and Robert Waldron had time to notice, with a poignant sense of admiration, the delicate color upon the cheeks, and the sweet faint smile upon her lips, as she stooped to receive the double kiss with which madame greeted her. When this ceremony of reception was ended, he stepped forward, calm apparently, but with a tremor through all his nerves, which was strange to himself. Hester's eyes opened widely with an expression of alarm; and she made an involuntary movement as if to escape from him and take to flight.

"I was going away instantly," he said, not venturing to approach her more nearly; "you are before your time, Hester. And yet," he added, looking into her candid eyes, and resolved to cast himself frankly upon the truth, "I own I came here solely to see you, and to speak to you. Grant told me you were coming to visit this old woman to-day, and I have introduced myself here for the chance of meeting you. There was no other opportunity, and I felt that I ought to see you once more."

"But why do you want to see me?" asked Hester, not angrily, but in a sorrowful voice, which made his heart beat the faster; "what have you to say to me that can do any of us good?"

"Child," he said, "there is much that I could say to you, and very much that I can do for you. Do you understand that I must do everything in my power, for my own peace of mind, if not for the sake of making your life more happy? Now that I have been in your home, and seen the wreck there with my own eyes, there will be no more rest for me until I have repaired it in some measure, however little. I could not know by any other means all that I had done; and do you suppose I can now forget it? I remember your father a happy man, growing rich, and with a successful future before him. I have seen him now, and his ruin is before me day and night."

(To be continued.)

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

S. S. Lesson for June 8, Rom. 3 : 19-31. Golden Text, Rom. 5 : 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Self-Justification a Natural Impulse—Pleas in Justification of Unnatural Conduct — Christians Seeking to be Justified of Men—The Unattainable Standard—Our Representative's Perfect Obedience—The Power within—Imitations of Godliness — Justification Exclusively God's Work—The Way to Deal with Present Sin—Justified by the Righteousness of God.

"BEING justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Everybody wants to justify himself, until he learns to accept God's justification which is by Jesus Christ our Lord. There is a natural desire in every man's heart to prove he is in the right. A passionate mother beats her child *really* to vent her own anger, but in irate language she justifies herself to her husband or to the neighbors by an eloquent description of the naughtiness of the child. Her tribunal is the opinion of her husband and her neighbors; in their eyes she seeks to be

JUSTIFIED,

and she does not look higher! A thief will rob a man, and justify himself by saying he was only "relieving a man that had too much!" A man will swindle another, and justify himself by saying his victim was a fool to believe him, and it served him right! A worldly mother will marry her young daughter to a heartless, polluted libertine, because he happens to be of good family; and she will justify the sacrifice of her daughter's happiness for life by the thought of how the world would say it was a good match for her. The passion for being justified in the eyes of the world has stamped out all natural affection! A worldly father would rather let his son associate with aristocratic young men who are utterly dissolute than with those who are moral and upright, but whose position is lower in the social scale!

JUSTIFIED OF MEN.

How about the children of God? Worldlings as a rule do not care to *be* right, but only to *appear* right in the eyes of those about whose opinion they care. "God is not in all their thoughts" (Ps. 10 : 4). But children of God know something about the Lord's justification; can they care for that of man? Alas, too often it is so! How frequently you hear a child of God saying, "I am going to such and such a place of amusement; do you think I am wrong?" Man's opinion is still of some value to him, he wants to be justified, counted right by fellow-Christians. Many who are seeking healing, say, "I have left off my medicines and my bandages, and I am praying for healing; do you think that is right?" Another will say, "I have given up my jewels and my gay dresses, and I have given all I have to the China Inland Mission or to the Salvation Army; do you think that is right?" Or again: "My father does not wish me to go to the meetings—God blesses me there very much—I go sometimes; do you think I am wrong?" All these questions show a measure of leaning upon man for justification, the conscience is not standing alone with God.

Now what saith the Scripture? It tells us that "what things soever the law saith, it saith to them that are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God." By the law of God, which "is a discerner of the thought and intents of the heart" (Heb. 4 : 12), it is clearly proved that "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God;" and Paul, speaking of God, declares: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified *in His sight.*" Thus while in seeking to prove ourselves in the right with our fellow-creatures, we have nothing but our own deeds to fall back upon; these deeds are the very things which God's Word declares cannot justify us before Him. How often an unconverted soul says, "I have prayed and done the best I can, and fulfilled all my religious duties to the best of my ability, and I don't know what more can be expected of me." All this is beside the mark. This is just that by which the Word of God says a man cannot be justified in His sight. "Then what can I do?" asks a poor anxious soul. Just nothing. "They that are in the flesh

CANNOT PLEASE GOD"

(Rom. 8 : 8), so you may as well give it up at once and not try, but cast yourself in your helplessness upon the mercy of God.

"But it does not seem to me fair," say some, "that a man should do his very best, and put himself to a good deal of pains and trouble to serve God, and yet that it should not answer; it seems to me that God is hard." Beloved, God sees the end from the beginning, that our hearts are corrupt and sinful by nature, and that we cannot live up to our own standard, much less to His. He asks for the honest acknowledgment of the truth that we do not and cannot come up to the requirements of His holy law; that we do not and cannot really love the Lord our God with *all* our heart, and *all* our soul, and *all* our mind, and *all* our strength. We set up a high standard, and fail to attain it; God sets before us an impossible standard that He may live it in us. God does not require of us an *attempt* to obey His law up to the measure of our ability, He requires perfect, faultless, and unswerving obedience; and in all the history of the world but one man has been found to render such an obedience, the Man Christ Jesus. And this Man, the Son of God, came on earth, a new Head of mankind, *the* Son of man, to include in Himself all mankind, and to submit to the penalty of the law just as though every human being existed in His one Person.

"BEHOLD THE MAN."

So God, the Judge of all men, can now deal with every man in Christ's Person, and not in His own. "Whom *God* hath set forth to be a Propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." God loves wholeness, entirety; He has given His Son not only to die for us, but to enter in, and take possession of our being, that He may live out His own pure, holy life within us, and in our hearts and lives fulfil the law which He has first fulfilled in His own life on earth. How unlike this is to the miserable attempt of some unspiritual man to work up an imitation of godliness in His own life, a manufacture of prayer to resemble that "praying in the Holy Ghost" which avails with God, and a wearying attempt to force and constrain the naturally sinful heart to love holy things. It is like attempting to drive a carriage with a broken wheel or to use machinery without any motive power to drive it; it *cannot* do the work.

Justification, or the really putting us right and setting us free from all blame, is

GOD'S OWN WORK

through Jesus Christ; God sets Him forth, and tells us "He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed. All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." *Our* part is to accept Him and praise God with a full heart that He is all this to us, and then act as though He were. If *He* was wounded for my transgressions, then all my transgressions have already received "a just recompense of reward," and in the justice of the law are put an end to, to be remembered no more against me. Can I fail to praise, and bless, and love Him who has thus set me free? Never throughout eternity. If *God* has laid my iniquity on Him, then it is between God the Father and God the Son, I am no more in the transaction; only my heart melts with deep gratitude that *He*, the holy One, should have so deeply loved me and with such unspeakable self-sacrifice.

But how about the sense of condemnation for present sin, which may from time to time be revealed to me in my heart by the Holy Spirit, who leads me into all truth? Sin is sin; God will never call it by another name. If so much as a thought of envy, pride, harsh judgment, or unkind feeling about others forms for an instant in my mind, it is sin. What then? Am I to fall under its power? If I have been cleansed from indwelling sin by the precious blood of Jesus, and the Holy Spirit has taken possession of me, then I shall be much more sensitive to what God counts sin than ever in my life. But what shall I do? Shall I attempt to discover whether it is sin or whether it is only temptation? *That* would be to fall under its power by my being occupied with it, and by seeking to prove I am not in the wrong, and so justify myself to myself. No; I shall refer it instantly to Jesus for Him to cleanse and deal with. If our justification is in His hands, He must justify us from first to last, and so, with cleansing and sanctification, all our part is to believe in Him and thank Him. It is by

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD,

not by our own righteousness that we are justified. "Now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe." Again, "To declare His *righteousness* for the remission of sins that are past. . . . His *righteousness* that He might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." *He* is righteous to justify, He makes *us* righteous by His justifications, and then fulfils in us the righteousness of the law; precious, blessed, holy Saviour!

FOREIGN TOPICS.

News from the Soudan of Serious Importance has been received during the past week by the British Government, but it has not yet been given to the public. It is known, however, that El Mahdi's emissaries are actively and successfully engaged in breeding discontent among the Egyptian soldiers who, with their British commanders, are garrisoning the Soudan. Military experts there say that sooner or later there is bound to be a wholesale mutiny of the Egyptian troops, accompanied by massacres of the British officers, as in the Sepoy rebellion of 1858, which, like the present rising in the Soudan, had a quasi-religious basis. It is estimated that El Mahdi's force includes 5000 soldiers of the Egyptian regular army. Some of these men were captured after the defeat of Hicks Pacha, and willingly changed their allegiance to El Mahdi, but the greater number have come to his standard in the steady flow of desertions from the Soudan garrisons, which have been in progress for the past seven months.

The Majority of the Czarewitch, the Eldest son of the Emperor of Russia, was celebrated with much pomp on May 18th. The young prince is twenty-six years of age, which in Russia is considered the period of majority. There was a state procession in honor of the occasion to the Palace Church, the Czar and Czarina leading. They were followed by Queen Olga of Greece, the Czarewitch, Prince William of Germany, and the Russian Grand Dukes and Duchesses. After prayers had been offered, the Czarewitch took the oath of allegiance to the Czar and loyalty to the fatherland, and swore to maintain the legal order of succession to the throne. A salute of 301 guns in honor of the day was then fired. Returning to the palace the Czarewitch took the oath of military allegiance on the standard of his body-guard of the Cossack regiment. The Czarewitch in the afternoon received deputations from all classes of the civil, military, and provincial population. The shipping in the Neva was resplendent with a display of the flags of all nations. The streets were all gayly decorated with flags and banners, and at night the entire city was brilliantly illuminated. Special services of thanksgiving were held in all the churches.

A Meeting of the German Liberal Party was held on May 19th, at which expressions of confidence in the government were made and the support of the party pledged. Five hundred delegates were present. Long discussions were had, in which Herren Hobrecht, Benningsen, Miquel, and other prominent speakers took part. The convention unanimously passed resolutions expressing unswerving loyalty to the emperor and the empire, and declaring its conviction of the necessity of the anti-social law, and resolved to maintain unimpaired the constitutional rights of the people's representatives. The convention declared its determination not to coalesce with other groups, and also pledged the party to support the government to the utmost in social and political reforms, and especially to endeavor to pass the Accidents Insurance bill during the present session.

A Split in the Conservative Party of England has been caused by the Government bill extending the suffrage. Lord Randolph Churchill, a brother of the blackguardly Duke of Marlborough, though a Conservative, and one who is bidding against Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Salisbury for the leadership of the party, publicly refused to support an amendment introduced by the Conservatives to exclude Ireland from the operations of the bill. This announcement was greeted with cheers by the Liberals. Lord Randolph said that, although he objected to the bill strongly on account of some of its provisions, he thought the position taken by the Government was statesmanlike. He had no fear of the result of enfranchising the Irish agricultural laborer, and expressed the hope that the Conservatives would not alienate the good opinion of the Irish by supporting the amendment. Lord Randolph was reprimanded in strong terms before the House of Commons by a prominent member of the party, but he voted with the Government, who on this occasion had a majority of 195. All the Parnellites and several Conservatives swelled the majority. Lord Randolph Churchill's revolt has caused much comment in the press, which regards it as an ominous sign of disorganization.

Prince Napoleon and his Eldest Son, Prince Victor, appear to have quarrelled, although both parties strenuously deny that there is any disagreement. The young man, however, has quitted the parental roof, to which he states he will not return. He has gone on a visit to the ex-Empress, and will on his return to France reside in his own private apartments. The young Prince's position is a delicate one. His father is the natural head of the family, but he has always been unpopular in France, and was especially odious to Napoleon III. and his family. The young Prince Louis who was killed in Zululand passed over Prince Napoleon in his will and made Prince Victor his heir. The consequence has been that many Bonapartists have attached themselves to the son rather than to the father.

The Five Hundredth Anniversary of the death of John Wycliffe, the earliest English reformer and translator of the Bible, was celebrated with enthusiasm in London last week. The celebration was inaugurated on May 21st at St. Andrew's Church, Blackfriars. The church is on the site of the monastery where the Pope's bull against Wycliffe was read. Dr. Ryle, Bishop of Liverpool, preached a sermon on the lessons of Wycliffe's life, in the course of which he said: "Wycliffe was the first Englishman to maintain the supremacy of the Scriptures, to denounce the Roman Church, and to translate the Bible. He was the morning star of the English reformation. He appeared in the darkest period of ignorance and superstition and urged Christians to rally around the principles he boldly proclaimed." A meeting was subsequently held in the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London to consider the best means of marking in some conspicuous and permanent way the public regard for the memory of the reformer. On the following day another large meeting under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury was held in Exeter Hall, at which several distinguished men delivered addresses on Wycliffe's teaching and character.

The Duke of Marlborough has Caused much indignation in England by proposing to sell his magnificent collection of pictures. They were presented to his famous ancestor by the nation after the victory of Blenheim as a mark of national gratitude, and they with the splendid palace of Blenheim, also given him by the people, were regarded as heirlooms of the family. The present Duke is one of the most licentious men of the day. His character is so vile that on his accession to the title a few months ago he was informed that the usual custom of appearing at court would in his case be dispensed with—in fact, that he would not be received there. He has now offered eleven of his pictures to the Government for $1,837,500. They are masterpieces of Titian and Rubens. If the English Government declines the offer they will be sold to the German Government.

A Cure for Hydrophobia is Claimed to have been discovered by the distinguished French chemist, M. Louis Pasteur. His principle is that of inoculation. His experiments upon animals have satisfied him that a person inoculated after being bitten by a rabid animal, but before symptoms of hydrophobia have appeared, is not only saved from the results of the bite, but would not be liable to suffer from hydrophobia even if bitten at a future time by a mad dog. The virus used in inoculation is obtained from a monkey inoculated from another monkey who was also inoculated from a third monkey which was inoculated directly from a rabid dog. He also made the discovery that whereas the virus lost its intensity in being transmitted through monkeys, it increased its potency when transmitted through other animals, such as rabbits. The discovery, if true, is of vital importance.

The Incomes of Religious Societies in Great Britain show that during the past year there has been no decrease of liberality among Christian people. The following figures are from reports recently issued: The income of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the year just ended was $1,166,545; the Church Missionary Society, $1,155,000; the Weslevan Missionary Society, $750,000; the Baptist Missionary Society, $324,135; the London City Missionary Society, $314,850; the Church Pastoral Aid Society, $478,475.

Mr. and Mrs. Muller of the Bristol Orphanages who are now visiting India received a warm welcome at Benares recently. They were entertained at the London Mission House, where, on the evening of their arrival, nearly all the missionaries and missionary ladies of the five different societies, and some of the other friends of missions at Benares, assembled to tender them a reception. Mr. Müller delivered a profoundly impressive address. On the following day a large meeting was held in the mission church, at which Mr. Müller again spoke, describing his life work and recounting some remarkable cases of answer to special prayer.

The Spezia Mission in Italy, of which an Account, with a picture of the buildings occupied, has already appeared in these columns, is making encouraging progress. Mr. Edward Clarke, its superintendent, says: "After eighteen years of toil, the mission can now report no less than fourteen full stations, with more than twenty sub-stations, where the Gospel of Jesus Christ is faithfully made known. It has the aid of five British missionaries and twenty-two native helpers. It has six Bible day schools, with between three and four hundred scholars; and eight Sunday-schools, with a most extensive Bible and Tract Mission, and a Sailors' Mission; and, in addition, a Young Men and Young Women's Christian Association, and Mothers' Meetings; and, what is not to be overlooked, a noonday daily prayer-meeting."

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"Thy Healer," A New Magazine Devoted to the subject of faith-healing, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price five cents, including postage. It is issued in London on the first and fifteenth of each month, and will be sent to subscribers promptly on its receipt in New York. The annual subscription is one dollar. It is *edited by Mrs. M. Baxter* whose expositions of the International Sunday-school lessons are published every week in this journal. It contains incidents of faith-healing reported from Bethshan, the London faith-healing institution, and from other similar institutions in Europe, and articles by eminent writers on the subject.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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JOHN WICKLIFFE.

The Morning Star of the Reformation.

His Birthplace—Preparation for the Priesthood—A Terrible Pestilence—Wickliffe's Conversion—Commences his Career of Reformer—Visits Bruges—Appointed Rector of Lutterworth—Summoned to Trial at St. Paul's—Appears before the Papal Archbishop of Lambeth—His Pastoral Labors—Serious Illness—Translates the Scriptures—Institutes an Order of Evangelists—Posts Up Twelve Theses at Oxford—Cited to Trial in London—Grand Defence before Convocation—Paralysis and Death—His Remains Dishonored by his Adversaries.

MENTION was made in these columns last week of the imposing celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the death of John Wickliffe; this week with his portrait we give a brief sketch of the events of his life. At a time when the Bible is being assaulted, rudely by its avowed enemies, and insidiously by its professed friends, such facts as are furnished by a life of this intrepid man may be useful in stirring the enthusiasm of Christians. The Bible in Wickliffe's hands was the sole weapon with which he confronted the most arrogant despotism of the world, and shook from the throat of his native country its cruel deathly grasp. With the Bible alone he was enabled, through the power of God, to win for his country her religious liberty, and it was through the vitality of the principles he inculcated that at a later time the men who colonized New England were prepared to sacrifice home and fatherland rather than their faith. It is well that his countrymen should keep his memory green; it is well that we should understand why they do so.

The exact spot where John Wickliffe was born is unknown. It is generally believed to have been in the hamlet of Spresswell, close to the river Tees, and situated about half a mile from the present village of Wickliffe, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, England. The date of his birth is, according to tradition, the year 1324; but probably it should be fixed a few years earlier. He was named John, and according to the custom of the age, was called after the place of his residence—John de Wickliffe, or John of Wickliffe.

Of Wickliffe's early years and education very little is recorded. While still young he was destined for the Church. When about sixteen he was sent to Oxford. At that time the city contained five colleges, or "halls," and about the date of Wickliffe's arrival, nearly 30,000 students were studying there. He entered at Merton College, and studied under the learned and saintly Bradwardine.

It is as a theologian that Wickliffe merits the gratitude of all succeeding ages. At that time it was not necessary to read the Bible as a preparation for the priesthood. The Bachelors of Theology of the lowest grade held readings in the Word of God; but those of the middle and higher ranks considered it beneath their dignity to expound so elementary a book as the Scriptures. But Wickliffe loved the Bible, and by and by he became known as

"THE GOSPEL DOCTOR."

In 1348 a terrible pestilence ravaged Europe. Appearing first in Tartary, it devastated various kingdoms of Asia, and then passed onward to Europe. Italy's beautiful cities were turned into charnel-houses. Crossing the Alps, it entered Northern Europe and soon appeared in England. In August, 1348, it broke out at Dorchester, and on the 1st of November in the same year it reached London. One hundred thousand of the inhabitants of that city perished. Husbandry was suspended, the courts of justice were closed, Parliament did not meet; everywhere reigned terror, indescribable mourning, and death.

This terrible visitation made a deep impression upon Wickliffe. He frequently referred to it in after life. It sounded like the trumpet of the Judgment Day in his heart, and he felt how awful a thing it was to die. His burdened soul found relief in the study of the Scriptures, and the struggles which he underwent gave him a confidence in God and a conception of the importance of eternal things, which prepared him to face even death and the stake.

In 1372 Wickliffe took his degree of Doctor of Divinity—a distinction more rare in those days than in ours. The circle of his influence was extended, and he began to be regarded as the centre of a new age. A profound teacher, and

AN ELOQUENT PREACHER,

his disputations gave strength to his sermons, and his sermons shed light upon his disputations. He was in the habit of holding meetings of the learned during the week, at which he proved, first, that the Bible was the supreme authority on all questions of doctrine, and secondly, that some particular doctrine was taught in the Bible. On the following Sunday he preached that doctrine to the people in simple, vigorous Saxon.

Before Wickliffe reached his fortieth year the country was stirred to its centre by the iniquities, the extortions, and the vices of a gang of men who called themselves

FRANCISCAN FRIARS.

They professed to be followers of St. Francis of Assisi, but they were not like him espoused to the bride of poverty, nor like him virtuous of life. The friars claimed, in the name of the Pope, to grant men pardon for their sins. The fallacy of this claim he exposed, but at the same time he pointed them to Him who alone could grant pardon for sin. "There cometh," said he, "no pardon but of God." In thus opposing the begging friars, the Reformer ran great hazard. Their power was immense. For nearly two centuries the Inquisition had been performing its work of torture and destruction in Spain and other lands. During that period its odious business had devolved chiefly upon the orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis, and these, while appealing to the rack and to the stake as their ultimate weapons of debate, are described as "the confessors, the preachers, and the rulers commonly of all men." Men turned to the New Testament to see if it were so, and thus became more deeply acquainted with the Word of God. Wickliffe, especially, was led to a yet closer study of the Bible. The truths of Scripture were revealed to him more and more plainly, and he was led to see how widely the Church of Rome had departed from the Gospel of Christ.

A visit to Bruges in 1374, in the capacity of a Royal Commissioner, was an important one for the reformer. The views which there opened to him of papal corruption received new impetus and prompted him to extend his denunciation from the friars to the Pope himself. Soon after his return, Wickliffe was appointed by King Edward III. to

THE RECTORSHIP OF LUTTERWORTH,

a pretty village in Leicestershire. As this preferment came from the King, it may be accepted as a sign of the royal approval of his conduct as a commissioner, and of his growing influence at Court.

The eminent services which Wickliffe rendered to his country, and the bold stand that he maintained against the temporal power of the Pope, caused him to be held in the highest esteem by the nation, but brought upon him the vengeance of the Pontiff and the papal party. On the 3d of February, 1377, at the instance of Courtenay, Bishop of London, he was cited to appear on the 19th of the same month, in Our Lady's Chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral, to answer for his teaching.

As the day drew near, rumors spread abroad of what was about to take place, and when the time arrived a large crowd had assembled at the door of the cathedral. Attended by

TWO POWERFUL FRIENDS

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Lord Percy, Earl Marshal of England—Wickliffe appeared at the outside of the assemblage. The Duke of Lancaster and Wickliffe had met at Bruges, and the Duke held the Reformer in high esteem, on political if not on religious grounds. He therefore accompanied him and resolved to show him countenance before the tribunal of bishops.

The haughty Courtenay watched the movements of Wickliffe and his friends, and beheld with displeasure the humble Rector of Lutterworth accompanied by the two most powerful men in England. Lancaster, having uttered some haughty words, was immediately attacked by the Bishop's partisans, who fell upon him and Percy, and even upon Wickliffe, who alone had remained calm. The two noblemen resisted, their friends and servants defended them, the uproar became extreme, and there was no hope of restoring tranquillity. The two lords escaped with difficulty, and the assembly broke up in great confusion. (*See frontispiece picture, No. 1.*)

As for Wickliffe, he was dismissed with

AN INJUNCTION

against preaching his doctrines. But this decision of the priests was not ratified by the people of England. Public opinion declared in favor of the Reformer. "If he is guilty," said they, "why is he not punished? If he is innocent, why is he ordered to be silent? If he is the weakest in power, he is the strongest in truth!" The cause of Wickliffe began to be more widely discussed and better understood by the nation. The designs of his enemies had been thwarted, but their hostility increased.

Wickliffe next challenged the Pope, as the Vicar of St. Peter, to prove his right to temporal supremacy. "It may indeed be claimed by you," said he, "in virtue of some other plea, but assuredly by no right or title derived from the apostles. For how could an apostle give unto you that which he did not himself possess?" His penetrating genius, his sterling uprightness, his cool, cautious, yet fearless courage, made the humble Rector of Lutterworth a most formidable antagonist, and one whom the Romish hierarchy saw must not be despised.

Sudbury, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, summoned Wickliffe to appear before him in April, 1378, to answer for his teaching. The court was to sit in the Archbishop's chapel at Lambeth. The papal commissioners were the Primate and the Bishop of London. On the day appointed, Wickliffe, unaccompanied by either the Duke of Lancaster or Percy, proceeded to the archiepiscopal palace, situated on the right bank of the Thames, opposite Westminster. "Men expected he should be devoured, being brought into the lion's den," remarks Fuller in his "Church History," but while the Primate and his peers were consulting, a messenger entered. It was Sir Lewis Clifford, who had been sent by the queen-mother to forbid the bishops passing sentence upon the courageous and dreaded Reformer. The threatening aspect of the multitude had produced a feeling of consternation among the bishops; the message brought from the queen-mother rendered their dismay complete. The proceedings were instantly stopped. A second time the Reformer returned unhurt and uncondemned from the tribunal of his powerful enemies. A second time he was victorious. The court issued a prohibition against the future teaching of the tenets charged against him; but, as he had given no promise to obey it, he continued to declare and spread his doctrines as heretofore.

Wickliffe was

A TRUE PASTOR.

He preached the Gospel to the poor, and ministered by the bedside of the sick and dying, whether freeman or slave. (*See frontispiece picture, No. 2.*) Nearly three hundred of his sermons remain, having escaped the efforts which were persistently put forth to destroy all that issued from his pen. These sufficiently prove that his labors as a preacher were abundant. In his pulpit discourses, as well as in his writings, he continued to denounce the lust of dominion, the avarice, and the cruelty of the Pope. The Bible as he studied it became increasingly precious, and the Reformer now is-

ued his work "On the Truth and Meaning of cripture." In this he reaffirmed the supreme uthority of the Word of God, the right of pri- ate judgment, and the sufficiency of Christ's aw to rule Christ's Church.

The labors which devolved upon him, and the arassing attacks of his foes, were more than is frame could bear. In 1379 he fell

DANGEROUSLY ILL

t Oxford. Great was the joy in the monaste- es; but for that joy to be complete the heretic ust recant. Four regents, representing the our orders of friars, accompanied by four alder- en, were deputed to visit their dying enemy. hey hastened to his dwelling, and found him retched upon his bed, calm and serene. "You ave death on your lips," said they; "be ouched by your faults, and retract in our pres- nce all that you have said to our injury." The onsolation he had found in Jesus Christ gave e indomitable man fresh energy. He begged is servant to raise him on his couch. (*See rontispiece picture, No.* 3.) Then, feeble and ale, and scarcely able to support himself, he rned toward the friars, who were waiting for is recantation, and opening his livid lips, and xing on them a piercing look, he said with em- hasis, "I shall not die, but live, and again de- are the evil deeds of the friars." The monks ished in astonishment and confusion from his amber. Wickliffe's prediction was verified, d he lived to complete the most glorious of is works,

THE TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE

to the language of the common people.

This grand work was finished by 1382. As a ersion of the Scriptures it was remarkably uthful and spirited. The following extract ill show the character of his translation. It is at of John 14 : 1–4: "Be not youre herte raied, ne drede it; ye bileuen in God, and leue ye in me. In the hous of my fadir ben any dwellyngis; if ony thing lesse, Y hadde id to you, for Y go to make redi to you a ace. And if Y go, and make redi to you a ace, eftsoones Y come, and Y schal take you my silf, that where Y am, ye be. And hidur Y go, ye witen, and ye witen the weie." icture No. 4 shows Wickliffe at his work.)

In those days there was no printing-press to ultiply copies by the thousand as in our times, d no publishing firms to circulate these thou- nds among the people. But the interest taken the man and in his work enlisted a hundred pert hands, who, though they toiled to multi- y copies, could scarcely supply the many who ere eager to buy. Some ordered complete pies to be made for them; others were con- nt with portions; the same copy served sev- al families in many instances, and in a very ort time Wickliffe's English Bible had ob- ined a wide circulation, and brought a new life to many an English home.

The importance of

PREACHING THE GOSPEL

eply impressed the Reformer. "The highest rvice," he said, "that men may attain to on rth is to preach the Word of God." He saw e begging friars strolling over the country, eaching the legends of saints and the history the Trojan war, captivating the people, and felt the need of doing for the glory of God at they did to fill their wallets. Turning to e most pious of his disciples, he said, "Go d preach, it is the sublimest work. After ur sermon is ended, do you visit the sick, the ed, the poor, the blind, and the lame, and ccor them according to your ability." These angelists travelled throughout the land, find- g favor with the people, but being persecuted the Church. In 1382 "their number very uch increased, and that, starting like saplings m the root of a tree, they were multiplied, d filled every place within the compass of the nd." The doctrines of the Reformer were us disseminated over the country, and they came known to all classes of society. Among e common people his disciples were innumer- le. "You could not meet two men on the highway," said one of his enemies, "but one of them was a Wickliffite."

In the spring of 1381 Wickliffe posted up at Oxford twelve theses, or short propositions, in which he denied the dogma of Transubstantia- tion, and challenged those of a contrary opinion to debate the matter with him. The first of these theses was as follows: "The consecrated host which we see upon the altar is neither Christ nor any part of Christ, but an efficacious sign of Him." Wickliffe argued that the bread and wine were as truly bread and wine after as before their consecration. The publication of these theses, as may be imagined, caused great commotion at Oxford. (*See frontispiece pict- ure, No.* 5.)

THE WAT TYLER RISING.

In the summer of 1381 the people, oppressed by their heavy burdens and the severity of the tax-collectors, rose in rebellion, and, led by Wat Tyler and a dissolute priest named Ball, marched upon London. The enemies of the Reformation endeavored to lay the blame of this insurrection to the teaching of Wickliffe. But the Gospel incites not to deeds of violence, and the sympathy of the insurrectionists with the mendicant friars—the enemies of Wickliffe —proved that he was not the one who led the people on to rebellion.

Immediately after the insurrection of Wat Tyler and his followers, Courtenay, the Bishop of London, was made Primate in the place of Sudbury, and he convoked a synod to try the Rector of Lutterworth. The court met on the 17th of May, 1382, in the hall of the Dominican Monastery, Blackfriars, London. It consisted of eight prelates, fourteen doctors, six bachelors of divinity, fifteen mendicant friars, and four monks. It was, however, adjourned to a later period.

ANOTHER TRIAL.

In November, 1382, both Parliament and Con- vocation were assembled at Oxford. Courtenay appealed to the Parliament against his enemy, but his appeal was contemptuously rejected. Baffled in the Parliament, Courtenay turned to Convocation. In this meeting the Archbishop had concentrated his whole strength. Six bish- ops, many doctors in divinity, and a host of in- ferior clergy were there; the concourse being swelled by the dignitaries and youths of Oxford. Before this assembly Wickliffe was again cited to appear.

A solemn silence reigned as the Reformer stood alone before his judges, calm and firm. The indictment turned especially upon Transub- stantiation. Did he affirm or deny that cardinal doctrine of the Church; Lancaster had advised him to submit in all doctrinal matters to the judgment of his order. But he was bound by his conscience and the Word of God, and he could not deny. Raising his venerable head, and looking with his clear, piercing eye straight at Courtenay (*see frontispiece picture, No.* 6), he reproached the priests for disseminating error in order to sell their masses, and then, stop- ping, uttered the simple but energetic words, "The truth shall prevail." "Having thus spo- ken," says D'Aubigné, "he prepared to leave he court. His enemies dared not say a word; and, like his Divine Master at Nazareth, he passed through the midst of them, and no man ventured to stop him." Leaving Oxford, he retired once more to Lutterworth.

His remaining days were passed in peace, un- disturbed by his enemies. Their enmity was unabated, but God in a marvellous manner pro- tected His servant. The contention between the two rival Popes, the political troubles of England, the favor with which the Duke of Lan- caster still regarded him, all combined to form a rampart around the Reformer. "His very courage, in the hand of God, was his shield; for, while weaker men were apprehended and compelled to recant, Wickliffe, who would burn, but not recant, was left at liberty." He himself expected nothing but imprisonment and death.

During the two years which intervened be- tween his appearance at the Oxford Synod and his death, Wickliffe continued zealously at work. But the end drew near. Toward the close of 1382 the Reformer had been

STRICKEN WITH PARALYSIS,

but from this he partially recovered. He was in his church at Lutterworth, in the midst of his beloved flock, on the last Sunday in 1384, en- gaged in the administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. As he was in the act of consecrating the bread and wine, he was again stricken with paralysis, and fell to the ground. His friends affectionately carried him from the church to the rectory, and laid him upon his bed. He continued speechless until the 31st of December, 1384, when he died.

Thirty years after the Reformer's death, the Council of Constance condemned a number of propositions which were said to have been ex- tracted from his writings; and as it appeared that he died still holding those doctrines, he was pronounced an obstinate heretic, his mem- ory was declared infamous, and it was decreed "that his body and bones should be taken from the ground and thrown away from the burial of any church." In pursuance of this decree, his grave at Lutterworth was opened and his re- mains removed. These were then burned, and the ashes cast into the adjoining brook named the "Swift," and Fuller, describing the scene, quaintly but truly says: "This brook conveyed them into Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean, and thus the ashes of Wickliffe were the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."

As thou these ashes, little brook, will bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main ocean they, this deed accursed,
An emblem yields to friends and enemies,
How the bold Teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed.

How a Sailor Found Christ.—He Thus Tells the story: "It is four years and six months since I gave myself to Jesus. Before that I was one of the worst characters about the quays of Glasgow. Strong drink was my god, and the rum-shop my place of worship. Four years and nine months ago I joined a small coasting steamer, and found that one of my shipmates was an old companion of mine, whom I had not seen for six years. One day I was standing on the gangway swearing badly, and this man came forward and said, 'You know very well that you should not say these words.' Then he turned away and left me. The rebuke went home and would not leave me, more especially when I thought what kind of man he had been. On the next Sabbath I went to the Seaman's Bethel, determined to reform and to get to heaven by living a good life. The man who spoke that day pointed with his finger over to me and said, 'There is a man who is coming to God through his own good works.' Ah, thought I, my com- panion has been telling of me; I'll never try to be a Christian again. When I got to the steamer on Monday my companion asked, 'How did you pass the Sabbath?' 'Very well.' 'Where were you?' 'In the Seamen's Bethel; do you know any one there?' 'Yes; an old man.' 'Do you know a young man about thirty-five years of age?' 'No.' 'Were you telling any of them about me?' 'No.' The preacher pointed to me and said, "Here is a man trying to save him- self." 'Well, is it true?' 'Yes.' 'Then it is clear that God sent the word to you.' Well, after this talk I tried to stop drinking and swearing, but it was no use till I actually became a man of prayer, though not a Christian. God heard and answered my prayers, and kept me from these sins. Then I became more anxious about my soul. In a railway carriage on the Greenock Railway God sent peace to my soul through the words in John 8 : 46, 'If I say the truth why do ye not believe me?' I took it as though Jesus put the question to me personally, and I thank God that I believed Him at once and praise Him day by day."

CAN THE UNPARDONABLE SIN BE COMMITTED IN OUR TIME?

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, June 1, 1884.

"All sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."—MATTHEW 12:31, 32.

"He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."—HEBREWS 12:17.

The Nature of the Sin—Committed in the Age of Miracles—Salvation for All—The Wreck of the Loch Earn—Irrevocable Sins—I. A Misspent Youth—A Clergyman's Blighted Life—Remorseless Natural Laws—What a Minute Contains—Marks of Nails in a Post—The Burning Mine in Belgium—II. Parental Neglect—A Tragedy on the Alps—A Ship-Carpenter's Remorse—III. Unkindness to the Departed—David Hume's Dying Mother—IV. Lost Opportunities of Getting Good—V. Opportunities of Usefulness—A Glorious Birthright—Stuart Holland at the Signal Gun—The Life-boat of the Gospel.

LET it be understood at the outset that the Protestant pulpit has not any revelation not made to the Protestant pew. Ministers of religion have no right to lord it over God's heritage. When we preach we do not utter edicts, but only offer opinions. In this day, when the Bible is in almost every house and in almost every hand, let every man understand that he has an equal right with others to interpret the Word of God, asking only divine illumination. As you sometimes gather the family at the evening stand to hear some interesting book read, so this great Christian home circle gather around this text, and may the light of the same lamp fall on all our faces.

You see from the reading of the first passage that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost which never will be pardoned. A man having committed it is bound hand and foot for the dungeons of despair. Sermons may be preached to him, songs may be sung to him, prayers may be offered in his behalf, but all to no purpose. He is a captive for this life and a captive for the world to come. Has any one in this audience committed that sin? Mark you, all sins are against the Holy Ghost, but the one spoken of in the text is a very particular sin, and differs from all other sins that a man ever committed or ever can commit.

WHAT THE SIN IS.

In my opinion, the sin against the Holy Ghost was ascribing the works of the Spirit to Satanic agency. Indeed, the Bible distinctly so declares. Here is a man who is restored to sight after having been blind, and in Christ's time a man says to him, "That's the work of Beelzebub;" or a man dead is brought to life by the Lord Jesus, and some one says, "That man was brought to life by Satanic power, and not by Divine power." As soon as a man thought that or said that he dropped under the curse of the text.

I do not believe it is possible to commit that sin in our time. I think it only could be committed in apostolic times. The day of miracles has ceased, and Christ is not present in body, and I have the opinion that that sin cannot be committed in our own day. However, it is a very dangerous thing to say anything against the Holy Ghost, and the human race has been most mercifully kept from that. You have heard men swear by the name of Almighty God, and swear by the name of Jesus Christ; but you have never heard any one swear by the Holy Ghost; so that, looking over this audience this morning, I can feel there is

SALVATION FOR ALL.

It is not as when they put out in the lifeboats from the Loch Earn to the Ville du Havre, and the sailors knew there was room for only a part of the passengers. How badly those sailors must have felt when they got some of the passengers into the lifeboats and then pulled away, leaving others to perish! I am glad that the Gospel lifeboat is large enough to take in all the people, and I can confidently this morning invite you to come aboard this old Gospel craft.

But there are persons here who are afraid that they have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost, and that they can never be pardoned. A sailing vessel is becalmed mid-Atlantic—becalmed for one day, two days, three days, four days, five days, six days. The captain walks the deck and says, "It seems to me that the gales of Heaven have forsaken this ship, and that we will never get into harbor." But after a while the sails begin to flutter, and the water begins to ripple, and after a while the sails are full, and the ripple of the sea becomes a great billow. Is it very hard work to persuade that captain that the gales of Heaven have not forsaken the ship? Now, you are here this morning, and you have an anxiety of soul lest you have committed the unpardonable sin. That very anxiety was produced by the Holy Ghost, and shows you are not forsaken. For this is a divine simile, the Holy Spirit compared to the winds of heaven. And this anxiety which you feel in regard to this subject, and this earnest question that you are asking, are proof positive that your soul is being moved upon by the Holy Ghost, and you are not becalmed forever. There is an opportunity of getting into the harbor.

But while it seems to me impossible that a man commit the sin spoken of in the first text, the second text that I read to you implies that a man may commit

AN IRREVOCABLE SIN.

That is, he may do a wrong that can never be corrected, he may do something for which afterward he shall seek a place of repentance and not find it, though he seek it with tears. Esau had a birthright. It meant temporal and spiritual blessing. In a fit of hunger one day he traded it off for something to eat. As though you should take bonds and mortgages and government securities, and in some fit of recklessness or hunger you should go into a restaurant and put down these valuables and legally transfer them in order that you might get some style of food. Esau for a mess of pottage sold his birthright. He was very sorry about it afterward, but he could not get it back. He sought a place of repentance, and sought it carefully and with tears, but could not find it.

I. Now, while I do not think it is possible for you to commit the unpardonable sin spoken of in the text, it is possible for you and for me to make irrevocable mistakes, and in this class of irrevocable mistakes, in the first place, I put the follies of

A MISSPENT YOUTH.

At forty, or fifty, or sixty years of age we may wake up and say, "Oh, the neglects of my early studies when I was at school or college; how I neglected geology, and mathematics, and chemistry; I wish I had not neglected them; how very helpful they would have been to me in the duties of life; I am sorry." Are you sorry? You will never get back those advantages, it does not make any difference how sorry you are. God will forgive you, but you will never forgive yourself. You may say, "Oh, if I had only disciplined my mind when I had the opportunity!" I do not wonder at your regret. You can seek a place of repentance; you will seek it in vain, you cannot find it. A man at fifty years of age says, "Oh, I wish I had not on me these habits of indolence! When will I ever get rid of them?" Never. Every stroke of work you do will be against the protest of your entire physical nature. You get that habit on you when you are twenty or twenty-five years of age, and you never will get over it.

A man always—every man has an idea in his mind that somewhere in the future there will be a time when he can correct his mistakes. If we only repent in time God will forgive us, and then it will be just as though we had never sinned. My subject runs in collision with that theory. There are those who go in the days of their youth and commit transgressions. They call it

"SOWING WILD OATS."

They say, "Oh, we'll get over these things after a while, and then we'll devote ourselves to high and noble enterprises." "They that sow to the winds will reap the whirlwind." A man at forty or fifty years of age says, "Oh, if it wasn't for the sins of my youth what a strong constitution I would have had, and how useful I might have been to the world and the Church." You are sorry. Are you? Yes, but that does not bring back the energy that you lost.

At the foot of this pulpit I met a clergyman at the close of the service. I said, "Where are you preaching now?" "Oh," he replied, "I haven't preached any for years; I am suffering now for the sins of my youth; I shall never preach again." I knew that man to be a consecrated man, honored to the very last extent in the neighborhood where he had preached the Gospel, wholly consecrated to the Lord; but he had on him the effects of the sins of his youth. Oh, there is a wonderful pathos in that passage of the Psalmist where he says, "Remember not the sins of my youth." God forgave him, but the laws of nature never forgive, never forgive. They pursue a man for the sins of his youth; they pursue him to the gate of the grave, and they shake their fist at him after he has gone in, crying, "Pay me what thou owest!"

God forgives, but the laws of nature never forgive. Why do I say this? To give annoyance to those who have only baleful retrospection? No, for the benefit of these young people. I want them to understand that people never get over the sins of their youth, though God may forgive those sins. I want them to understand that eternity is wrapped up in this hour. I want them to understand that a minute is not made up of sixty seconds, but of everlasting ages. Oh, what a dignity this gives to the lives of these young people! In the light of this subject life is not something to be smirked about, not something to be danced at, but something to be weighed in everlasting balances, the balances of eternity. Young man, the sin you committed yesterday, the sin you commit to-day, the sin you shall commit to-morrow, will be

AN EVERLASTING SIN

in some respects. God may forgive you, the laws of nature never will. The scars of that sin will be everlasting.

A father was trying to illustrate to his son his evil habits, and every time the son committed a sin the father drove a nail into a post until there were many nails in the post. The young man after a while began to repent his sins and give up his evil habits, and every time he repented the father took a nail out of the post until after a while the nails were all gone out of the post. "But," said the son, "father, the scars are all there yet." God forgives, but the scars stay. Do not be under the infatuation, young men, that because God forgives you and because society after a while may forgive you, the laws of nature are ever going to forgive you. The follies of youth are irrevocable mistakes. There are a thousand men in this house who with hand uplifted to heaven would attest it.

In Belgium, sixty years ago, some miners got into a quarrel, and one set of miners, in order to revenge another set of miners, set fire to the mine where they were working. That fire has burned on for half a century; it is blazing to-day. They cannot put it out. It never will be put out until it is wrapped in the greater conflagration of the last day. It is easy to start a fire that never will be quenched. Oh, young men, be not under the infatuation that the sins of your youth can ever be eradicated. God will forgive you, and you may enter heaven, but the scars will be yet.

II. I will put amid these irrevocable mistakes

PARENTAL NEGLECT.

We start our children. When they are ten years of age we wake up and try to correct this or that habit. It is too late. I believe that if parents do not make an impression upon a child for Christ and for heaven before ten years are past, they never will make any impression. Talk about people beginning life at twenty-one; life is decided between ten and twenty in nine cases out of ten. The following fifty years of not so much importance in the formation of character as the first twenty. A man wakes up at fifty years of age. He says, "I must become a Christian; here and now I yield my heart to God." He goes home a Christian. He has spent all his life in worldliness and sin. He says, "Now let us call the family together and have prayers." He opens his Bible. He says, "Call the family together." Where are the family? One in New Orleans, one in Cincinnati, one in Boston, two in eternity. Ah, he cannot call his family together! I say it for the benefit of young parents, parents of twenty-five, or thirty, or thirty-five, now is the time for family prayers, now is the time to call your family together.

ALPINE CLIMBERS.

I do not think I was ever so much impressed by a picture as I was by one, although it was only a rough wood-cut that I saw in a window in Chamouni, Switzerland, a representation of a group of people that had been trying a few months before to climb the Alps. You know that people who climb the Alps have a rope put around the waist, and guides go ahead and guides come after. The rope connects them all together, so that if one slips the others may save him from fatality. Well, this group of eight or ten people were on the side of the mountains, all tied together, passing along on a very slippery place, and one slipped and dropped, and the others slipped and were going down this precipice, when one man, with more muscular power than the others, halted on the ice, struck his feet into the iceberg, and halted; but the rope broke! Fifty years from now, at the foot of that glacier, the rest will be found. Here is a whole family bound together by a cord of affection wandering on the slippery places of worldliness and sin. All given up to the world. No Christ in that family. All bound together and on the slippery places. Passing on down, the father at fifty years of age strikes his foot on the "Rock of Ages," and halts. But the rope broke! the rope broke!

A ship carpenter in New York wakes up and says, "That vessel has been gone three days at sea. Why, there is a timber in that ship that ought not to have been there. It was worm-eaten." Or, "I had a timber put in that ship that was the wrong kind of wood. Oh, I am so sorry about it! I am very sorry. I will correct it. I have another piece of timber to put in the place of it." Correct it! That ship went down last night in a cyclone. Oh, the time to train our children for God and for heaven is at the start; it is at the start. When a man comes at fifty years of age and chooses God, I congratulate him, but oh, I think what a pity you did not come twenty-five years ago.

III. Among the irrevocable mistakes also I place

UNKINDNESS TO THE DEPARTED.

When I was a boy and a little reckless, my mother used to say to me, "De Witt, you will be sorry for this when I am gone." I remember just how she looked, with her cap and spectacles. I remember just how she sat with the Bible on her lap. I laughed the admonition off, but she never said a truer thing in all her life. I have been sorry for it ever since. And yet we do unkindness to people. "Oh," we say, "it don't make much difference; we'll apologize after a while, and if we don't apologize it don't make any difference." Just wait until they are gone, and see how you will feel about it. A parent, without asking the circumstances of the provocation, boxes a child's ears. A little child falling in the street comes in all covered with the dust, and the parent, as though one disaster was not enough, whips it. After a while there will be a little slab on a grave in Greenwood, and on it, "Our Willie" or "Our Charlie." The moral of which is: be kind to your friends while you have them.

BE ECONOMICAL OF YOUR SATIRE.

Spare your scolding. Shut up in a dark cave from which they can never swarm forth all the words that have a sting in them. You will be sorry for them after a while—very soon you will be sorry—perhaps to-morrow.

David Hume had a most excellent Christian mother, and he set himself to work to overthrow her religion. David Hume was applauded in the courts of Europe, and his mother was fascinated with his popularity. David Hume came home, and this old Christian woman said, "Well now, here is my son; he is a great man, and he says religion is a sham, and it must be." So she gave up her religion. David Hume one day riding from Edinburgh to London was met on the way by the postman, who handed him a letter. He opened the letter. It was from his mother, saying, "I am dying, and my philosophy gives me no comfort. I am in great sorrow. Come to me and comfort me, my son David." Do you suppose that David Hume could ever undo the wrong he did that mother, either in this world or the world to come? He robbed her of her holy religion, and gave her a hollow philosophy that afforded her no peace when she died. Oh, these wrongs to the departed, they are irrevocable mistakes.

IV. In this list I also put all

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

of getting good. I never come to a Saturday night but I can see that during the week there were opportunities where I might have bettered my spiritual condition. I never come to a birthday but I think there were times during the past year that might have been made better, and I neglected the opportunity. I never leave this pulpit and go home, morn or night, but I regret that I did not better present the great truths of the Gospel. How is it with you? Have you lost any opportunities?

If a farmer take a certain number of bushels of wheat, and he throw this wheat on a certain number of acres of ground properly prepared, he expects a proportionate number of sheaves. Have the sheaves of your moral and spiritual harvest corresponded with the truth and the advantages planted? I cannot tell you, my brother, my sister. You know. You know. What does that mean? Why, it means, if we are going to get any good out of this Sabbath we are going to get it before the hand of the clock turns around to twelve to-night. It means that opportunities gone are gone forever. It means while at our feasts the chalice may be passed to me and I may decline it, yet that very chalice may come back to me after a while; in this matter of the Gospel feast a chalice comes and I reject it—it never comes back—never. That one opportunity gone forever.

V. In this class I put all lost

OPPORTUNITIES OF USEFULNESS.

There is a chance of benefiting that man once—never again. You have a business partner who is a proud, arrogant man. If ordinarily you should say to him, "Attend to the things of the soul, become a Christian," he would say to you, "Mind your own business, and I'll mind mine." But there has been an affliction in his household, and his heart is tender. He is looking for sympathy and solace. Now is your time, oh man! Speak, or forever hold your peace. You are in a religious meeting. A great impression is being produced. Something says to you, "Now is the time for you to speak a word for God." Your cheek flushes, you half arise from your seat, you sink back cowering before men whose breath is in their nostrils. Your neglect will tell on eternal ages.

A lost opportunity of getting good or of doing good never comes back. You may fish for it; it will never take the hook. You may dig for it; it will never be found.

Here I stand on the first Sabbath in June, 1884. There are people in this house I have never met before, and I will never meet them again until the judgment. If I miss this opportunity I miss my only opportunity. I want them to understand that every minute has two wings, and that it does not fly in a circle, like a hawk, but in a straight line from eternity to eternity, and that if a minute, if an opportunity, if a privilege get an inch against us, a hundredth part of an inch apast us, a thousandth part of an inch apast us, a millionth part of an inch apast us, no man can ever come up with it. So I stand before men who have this day

A GLORIOUS BIRTHRIGHT.

What was Esau's birthright compared with this? Birthright of a Christian ancestry. Birthright of Gospel privileges. Birthright of glorious Sabbaths. Birthright of national liberty. Birthright glorious beyond all description. Are you going to sell it? Satan wants to buy it. The world wants to buy it. Will you sell it? God forbid that you should make such a bargain as they offer to your soul! And so this morning I stand here and offer you all the pardon and peace of the Gospel "without money and without price."

I could play a sweeter harp, I could tell of gates of pearl and crowns of light, but of what advantage would that be to a man who has no preparation for that land, who is on the wrong road? And so I stand here inviting you to come; and while there are sins which we have committed which are irrevocable—I confess it for myself, and you must confess it for yourselves—there are sins which we have committed which are irrevocable, still, come now, let all come to the foot of God's throne of mercy and have our sins pardoned. Let us all be made right with God. Come, let us enter into the wide door of His mercy, that door so wide that you may all enter. I stand here, though a stranger to many of you, as it is every Sabbath morning and every Sabbath night, with just as much confidence as though I knew all your history, and I offer you pardon, and peace, and life, and heaven, now and without one single exception.

STUART HOLLAND,

the lad, stood on the Arctic. You know the Arctic was run down in a fog. Stuart Holland stood at the signal-gun. He was a mere lad, but he felt the responsibility. He thought if he could sound that gun so ships passing by could hear, perhaps all the passengers might be rescued. So Stuart Holland, the lad, stood at the signal-gun and fired it. It went over the sea, boom! boom! boom! The engineer left his place. The helmsman left his place. Some of the passengers fainted, some prayed, some blasphemed, some got off in the lifeboats, some went off on rafts, but three hundred were drowned. But Stuart Holland stood at the gun, and kept sounding it and sounding it until after a while the powder was gone. Then he took an axe and went down to the magazine, and brought out more powder, and stood at the signal-gun, and it sounded over the sea, boom! boom! boom! When the ship sank he sank.

Oh, there are some of you in peril, immortal peril. Sickness will come on you. Death will come on you. Judgment will come on you. Eternity will come on you. In the most unexpected moment it will crash into you. Some get off in

THE LIFEBOATS.

All is well. You are just as safe for heaven as if you were there. You may have your struggles and trials, but you are going into glory that is provided for you. You get into the lifeboat. Others are making no attempt to escape. So I stand here and I sound this signal-gun of the Gospel. "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thought, and let him return unto the Lord who will have mercy and unto our God who will abundantly pardon." Now! Now! "Whosoever will, let him come." Now! Now!

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Firing a Broadside at Friends.—The Rev. Mr. Salmond said at a recent meeting: "During the war between England and France two vessels came into collision in the darkness of night. They immediately poured a fierce and deadly broadside into each other, thinking they were enemies. You can imagine their sorrow and vain regrets when the morning light showed that they were friends, both sailing under the English flag. Naturally, you say, 'It was a foolish action to fire upon each other without knowing upon whom they were firing.' Well, do you never say hard things of your fellow-worker for Christ, thinking him an enemy to the cause? 'Speak not evil one of another, brethren'" (James 4 : 11).

Satan Nibbling at a Man's Heels.—Mr. Jack related the following: "I heard of a good man who when dying said in answer to the question, 'Have you perfect peace?'—'I have great peace in Christ, but Satan is nibbling at my heels.' This expresses very pithily our conflict with sin in this life. So long as we are in the flesh, Satan *will not* let us alone; he will be always 'nibbling at our heels;' therefore we ought always to be looking to Christ, and not allow ourselves to be distracted by the annoyances which beset us day by day, and then we will have peace flowing like a river.' Christ's heel has been bruised by Satan, but, thank God, Christ has bruised his head, and will shortly beat him down under our feet."

A Highlander's Testimony, as Recently given, was as follows: "I praise the Lord that through the blood of Jesus I can say I am saved from my old sins and desires. I was a black sinner indeed when the Saviour took me and washed me in the cleansing fountain opened for sinners like me. My former life was a feverish existence of false excitement and deep depression. When I was not under the influence of drink I was dull and morose, but now I am calm and deeply tranquil, knowing that my Heavenly Father loves me and always watches over me. I rest in peace and find that His promises are true. I wish to testify that when Jesus saved *me* He gave a proof that He can and will save any one who really desires salvation."

A Boast at a Dinner-Table.—The Rev. Dr. Joseph Brown said: "A medical doctor once said to me at a dinner-table, 'I can take care of myself, Dr. Brown, without signing the pledge.' I did not flare up at the implied reproach that *I* could not take care of *myself* without the pledge, and reply angrily, 'Do you think I can't do the same?' 'No,' I answered softly, as enjoined by the Scriptures, 'I have no doubt you can do so, but as a professed Christian you are bound to think of others besides number one.' The question put by the murderer Cain to God, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' is still, we might say, daily put by the advocates of our drinking habits to those Christians who are toiling in the name of our divine Master to overcome and abolish these customs, which are dragging the *élite* of our youth to a shameful grave."

A Wrecked Sailor's Song.—Mr. Pittendreigh related: "One Sunday morning in December, two years ago, the worshippers in a Methodist chapel in the south of England heard the cry which usually drives the blood from the cheeks of the stoutest-hearted man—'A ship on the rocks!' The minister stopped the service, as most of the men belonging to the village were in the chapel, and said, 'We will go and try to save life, friends!' He left the pulpit, and himself led his congregation to the coast, where they saw a ship being dashed to pieces on the rocks, and saw that there was no chance whatever of saving life, owing to her position. There was no life-saving apparatus, and the life-boat was at least ten miles off. Three men clung to the wreck in full view of the crowd, which was helpless to save them. The man of God, when he realized this, asked, 'Can I speak to these men?' 'Yes, sir. Here is a speaking-trumpet.' As he raised it to his mouth a large wave came rolling shoreward and washed off two of the distressed men, and they were seen no more. The minister thought, 'Shall I preach a sermon to that man? No; it will not do. Lord, give me wisdom to speak.' Again he put the trumpet to his mouth, and shouted through it, 'Hold on! Look to Jesus!' He listened, but there was no reply. Again he cried, 'Hold on! Look to Jesus!' This time a voice came faintly over the intervening water, 'Ay, ay, sir! I have.' The sorrowing watchers soon heard a voice singing, and this is what they heard that doomed man sing:

'Jesus, lover of my soul:
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!'

As he began the second verse another wave came rolling on, and swept him into eternity."

An Officer's Kindness to a Rat-Catcher.—"An officer in the army was dining with a gentleman, and remarked to a nephew of his host, 'What do you think! your uncle tells me that he gave up his wine for the sake of an old, drinking negro rat-catcher in the West Indies!' The officer was much amused at the idea of a gentleman giving up anything for a nigger; he had not realized that the negro was his brother, and that he was his keeper. The facts of the case were as follows: The host at one time held an estate in the West Indies. One day he was urging the rat-catcher to give up drinking rum, pointing out that it was ruining him here and hereafter. The old negro replied, 'It is all very well for you, massa, to tell me to give up my drop of rum, but you take wine every day yourself.' 'Sambo, if you will give up rum I will give up wine.' His kindness so moved the heart of the old rat-catcher that he gave up the rum, and more than that, he inquired into the cause of his master's self-denial, and for the first time really understood that the ethics of Christianity were comprised in the new commandment given by Jesus, 'That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another' (John 13 : 34)."

Cast into Prison for Christ's Sake.—The Rev. Dr. Bonar said: "Ten years ago a Jewish boy lived next door to a Christian family, with the members of which he got to be very intimate. Out of curiosity he asked them to take him to church, which they gladly did. His visit was repeated again and again, till his father heard of it, and sternly prohibited him going to a place of Christian worship in future. The son obeyed his father's injunctions till he could no longer refrain. Going to his father, he told him that he felt it impossible to stay away from church. The father said, 'Will you persist in going to the Christian church? Then leave my house, now!' This he did, and went to his Christian friends next door, who sent him to another town to the care of some friends. The father heard that the boy was living among Christians, and after a little time, traced him out and laid a charge of robbery against him. The boy was arrested by the police on the charge of robbing his father and brother, and they both swore against him at the court, with the result that he was sent to prison for three months. While in prison he read a German New Testament, and then, for the first time, did he become a 'true' Christian. When his sentence expired his father offered him a large bribe to give up Christianity, but though he was homeless and friendless, he steadfastly refused to do so. On the evening of his liberation he was sitting very much cast down on the stone steps of a church. The pastor, seeing him, asked him a few questions, when the lad told his simple story. The pastor telegraphed to his friends, 'Is ——'s story true?' 'Yes; it is,' was the answer; 'we thought our young friend was lost; protect him at our expense.' It is needless to go into further details; but that boy is now a very successful missionary in Hamburg."

THE TWO RESURRECTIONS.

By Rev. G. W. Pendleton, A.M.

A Paper read before the Ministers' Conference of Eastern Connecticut on March 24th, 1884.

The Key-stone of Christianity—The Resurrection of all Men Assured — Difference in the Terms Employed — The Two Resurrections — The Millennial Interval—The Figurative and the Literal—The Bodies Quickened with the Souls — Not a Transmigration of Souls — An Implied Interval—The Millennium not a mere Revival—Reigning with Christ—The Signal of the Seventh Trumpet—Not a New Doctrine.

THE resurrection of the human body is linked with the resurrection of Christ, and is therefore *the key-stone of Christianity*. "If Christ be not risen, then is our faith vain, and we are yet in our sins." "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept." The resurrection of all men is assured by the resurrection of Christ. Hence Paul had "hope toward God, that there would be a resurrection of the just and of the unjust."

DISTINCTIVE TERMS.

The Greek term (*anastasis*) translated resurrection means literally a standing up again of what had before existed. Resurrection is not merely a rising up, but a rising again (Latin, re, *again*, and surgo, *to rise*), a re-rising, or a rising of what has been laid away. There are two phrases used in the Scriptures in reference to the resurrection—"the resurrection *of the dead*" and "the resurrection from the dead," or "*from among the dead.*" The Greek of this last phrase is *anastasis ek ton nekron*, a rising out *of the dead*, or dead ones. *Nekros* with *ek* is used thirty-six times in the New Testament. In Matt. 17 : 9 and Mark 9 : 9–10 we have *ek nekron anastee*, "*Be risen again from the dead*," and is applied to the resurrection of Christ in about thirty instances, and is translated "*from the dead.*"

Now it is an established fact that the resurrection of Christ was out from the dead ones. It was not a resurrection *of the dead*—it is never called so in the New Testament; but "*from the dead.*" Lazarus was also raised (*ek nekron*) *from the dead.* All the dead did not rise with Christ and Lazarus. Both rose from among the dead. This form of the Greek is used in reference to the people of God. Luke 20 : 35, "They, who shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection 'from the dead' (not of the dead), neither marry, nor are given in marriage; neither can they die any more; for they are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, *being*

THE CHILDREN OF THE RESURRECTION."

This is a resurrection out of the dead; to attain it they must be accounted worthy; they are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection. They are immortal. "*Neither can they die any more.*" The wicked have no part in this resurrection.

Paul sought a part in this resurrection. He labored and suffered the loss of all things. "If by any means I may attain unto the (*exanastasin ton nekron*) out-rising from the dead." Some versions have out-rising out from the dead, but our version is rendered "of the *dead*." But why did Paul labor and suffer to secure a part in the resurrection from the dead, when he could without any effort have a part in the resurrection *of* the dead, or in the *general* resurrection? Paul knew that only the saints could attain unto the resurrection *from* the dead—that for which he was striving.

We now come to the subject of

THE TWO RESURRECTIONS

taught in the 20th chapter of Revelation—the resurrection of "the just and of the unjust." In the resurrection of the just, none but "the blessed and holy would have a part." "Blessed and holy is he that hath *part in the first* resurrection." "They shall be priests of God and

of Christ, and shall reign with Him a (the) thousand years." "But the rest of the dead lived not again, until the thousand years were finished." We have, then, two resurrections distinctly taught—the first in which only the blessed and holy have a part; and the second, of "the rest of the dead," which takes place a thousand years later.

We know that some take the ground that this chapter must be interpreted all *literally* or all *figuratively*. But nothing is more absurd than such a view. If we interpret it all literally, then we have Satan, a spirit, bound with a material chain, and converted into a literal dragon and serpent; the souls of men literally dying and living, and literally sitting on material thrones. If we interpret it all figuratively, then the first resurrection is a mere figure; the second resurrection, when "*the rest of the dead*" shall be raised, and "both great and small shall stand before God;" the realities of death, judgment and eternity, and even Satan himself, are all reduced to mere figures of speech. Absurd! *The true principle* of interpretation is to give to words their literal, primary meaning, unless there is a good reason for a different interpretation.

Following this mode of interpretation, we find in this chapter two classes of persons raised in the first resurrection—those who were "beheaded for the witness of Jesus and for the word of God," and those who would not "worship the beast, nor his image, neither received his mark upon their foreheads or in their hands." All who rejected the abominations of Rome, all true Christians in every age till Christ comes, and "the man of sin who is destroyed by the *brightness* of His coming." The rest of the dead—the wicked—are raised in the second resurrection a thousand years later.

Thus the dead of all ages are divided into

TWO COMPANIES

during the millennial period—one company living in their raised bodies and reigning with Christ the thousand years, and the rest of the dead, who lived not again until the thousand years were finished. Some lay great stress on the term souls—"I saw the souls of them," etc. The Greek is *psukas* and not *pnumas*, and *psukee* often includes the entire man. Paul says, "We were two hundred, threescore and sixteen souls (persons) in the ship." We affirm that the first resurrection here cannot be a moral or spiritual one, for there is no first moral or spiritual resurrection in distinction from a second. If there is a *first* spiritual resurrection, what is the *second?* If we should spiritualize these plain words of Scripture touching the resurrection, where shall we find Scripture to prove

THE LITERAL RESURRECTION

of the body? for it will be more consistent to interpret all Scripture on this subject in the same manner, and thus make the Word of God consistent with itself; and like the Swedenborgians and the Universalists spiritualize all Scriptures touching the resurrection of the human body.

Again: If only the souls of the saints are quickened in this first resurrection, what is done for them more than is done in their regeneration? They are already "blessed and holy." If they go forth in the spirit of the martyrs, such as Stephen, Paul, and Peter, there is no intimation that they have any greater spiritual power than the martyrs had. The theory that the souls of the martyrs will live in the souls of the saints through the Millennium, savors too much of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls to be readily believed.

Henry says of the two resurrections: "Those in the first resurrection who had suffered for Christ not receiving the mark of the beast, nor worshipping his image, are raised *from the dead* and restored to life." "This may be taken literally or figuratively." "This is called the first resurrection, which none but those who have served Christ and suffered for Him shall be favored with." "As for the wicked, they shall not be raised up till Satan be let loose." "The rest of the dead lived not till the thousand years were finished." But some object to this view of the resurrection, because the righteous and wicked are spoken of in the Bible as being raised at the same time. But in every Scripture on this subject the saints are mentioned first. Events are often grouped together without designating the time that will elapse between their occurrence. To give one example, see 1 Cor. 15:23: "But every man in his own order, Christ, the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at His coming." Here the resurrection of Christ and the resurrection of His people are mentioned without any notice of

THE INTERVENING TIME,

and yet we know that these events are more than eighteen hundred years apart. As the traveller looks at the outskirts of the distant horizon and sees only parts of the intervening landscape, so the eyes of the prophets, as they saw the grand outline of coming events, did not observe the distance between the exact time of their accomplishment. Hence we regard the 20th chapter of Revelation as the key to all the other Scriptures as to the time of the two resurrections. "*The rest of the dead lived not till the thousand years were finished.*"

Now, where comes in the resurrection of the dead if the first and the second resurrections are symbolical or spiritual? for immediately after the second resurrection occurs the general judgment, when the raised dead, small and great, stand before God to be judged. Every man will come forth in his own rank, order, or company. Hence Christ says to His disciples, "Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." Dr. Cotton Mather says, "In the resurrection Christ was the first band; those who are His, a band by themselves; those who are not His must form the third band, the last band or division in the great army of the dead."

Between the two resurrections is

THE MILLENNIUM,

or the thousand years. "They lived (those raised in the first resurrection) and reigned with Christ the thousand years." If the resurrections are spiritual and the Millennium is spiritual, then this reign of Christ with the saints for a thousand years must be a great revival of religion, differing in no respect from the spiritual condition of the Church for the past eighteen hundred years, except that this reign is confined to a part only of the true people of God, and (according to this theory) Christ will remain on His mediatorial throne as He has since He ascended on high. I think there is something more glorious than this in the words, "And they lived and reigned *with Christ* the thousand years."

In the beginning of the Millennium Satan is bound and cast into the bottomless pit; then all the righteous dead are raised. "*They lived and reigned,*" and

CHRIST REIGNED WITH THEM

—reigned personally over His redeemed Church after their resurrection. I cannot regard it as a spiritual reign, for Christ has been reigning over His Church, spiritually, for near two thousand years instead of one. "I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them." "The saints of all ages in harmony meet." "Then shall the moon be confounded, and the sun ashamed, when the Lord of hosts shall reign in Mount Zion, and in Jerusalem, and before His ancients gloriously." "His ancients"—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, and the ancient prophets—"all reign with Him in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem."

The Millennial reign begins with the sound of the seventh trumpet, and not at the close; "and when the seventh angel shall begin to sound, there shall be time no longer; the mystery of God is finished," and the elders say, "Thy wrath is come." "The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and His Christ." Christ says to His disciples, "Ye who have followed me in the regeneration" (in the new order of things, "when I make all things new") "when the Son of man shall sit on the throne of His glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." All true believers share in this reign with Christ. And

THIS IS THE SONG

which they will sing: "And they sang a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth." Those who were raised in the first resurrection were to be made "priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years." But they did not sing we shall reign spiritually with Christ on His mediatorial throne as now, but "we shall reign with Him as kings and priests on the earth."

This view of the Millennium and of the resurrection is

NOT A NEW DOCTRINE,

as some think. Kitto says, "The Millennial doctrine may be regarded as generally prevalent in the second century." Newton says, "The doctrine of the Millennium was generally believed in the first and purest ages." Meade says, "This was the opinion of the whole orthodox Christian Church in the age immediately following St. John." Daniel Whitby, who lived about a hundred and seventy-five years ago, the originator of the spiritual theory of Christ's reign of a thousand years, or the Millennium and the spiritual resurrection, admitted that the literal view of these doctrines was held in the Eastern Church by Papias, Justin, Irenæus, Nepos, Apollinarius, and Methodius; and in the West and South by Tertullian, Cyprian, Victorinus, Lactantius, and Severus, and by the first Nicene Council. "These men," he says, "were witnesses of the tradition, which they had received from Christ and His Apostles, and which was taught them by the elders, the disciples of Christ." Whitby furthermore says that "they held that the first resurrection was not confined to the martyrs only, but that all the just were then to rise and reign with Christ." Thus the literal view of the two resurrections and the Millennium is as old as Christianity.

Two hundred and twenty-four years ago,

THE BAPTIST CONFESSION OF FAITH

in England (1660) contained it; it was approved and signed by forty-one elders and deacons, and twenty thousand members; and these were the words of their declaration: "The kingdom is His (Christ's), and He is the Governor among the nations, and King over all the earth; and we shall reign with Him on the earth." Dr. Gill, born in 1687, a Baptist, said: "This kingdom of Christ will be bounded by two resurrections; by the first, the resurrection of the just, and by the second, the resurrection of the wicked." "This glorious, visible kingdom of Christ will be on earth and not in heaven, and thus distinct from the kingdom of heaven." I could refer to hundreds holding similar views in the past on this theory, but I must close.

It is evident that all mankind will be raised from the dead. "They that have done good shall come forth to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation." "But every man in his own order or company." "The dead in Christ shall rise first." It is no more certain that the body is laid in the grave than that it will be raised from the grave. No matter if its atoms slumber in coral beds, or enter into a thousand material substances, the power of God will speak life into them in the morning of the resurrection, and change them into immortal forms. And no less certain is it that Christ will make His tabernacle with men and reign over them on the earth. "He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." "And in mercy shall the throne be established, and He shall sit upon it in truth in the tabernacle of David, judging and hasting righteousness." The saints "lived and reigned with Christ the thousand years."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Chicago is Crowded with the Delegates of the National Republican Convention as we go to press, and probably before these lines are read, the name of its candidate for the Presidency will have been telegraphed to every city in the Union. At the time of writing there are no certain indications of the man on whom the choice of the convention will fall. That he will be a man of sterling character, an honest, upright, God-fearing man, worthy of the high office for which his party makes him its candidate, we earnestly hope. Both the Republican and Democratic parties number many such in their ranks, as they also contain some who, in spite of their popularity, are, by reason of moral turpitude, notoriously unfit to be intrusted with executive power. The delegates have a momentous duty to perform in making their selection. We pray God, in whose hands are the destinies of this great nation, that they may receive divine guidance. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has no interest in the success of the candidate of either the Republican or Democratic party *as such*, but before either is nominated, and when the advice can be given *without an invidious meaning being attached to it*, it earnestly advises its readers, who will be asked to ratify the choice of the conventions by their votes, to act conscientiously in this important matter. If either party, influenced by unworthy motives, nominate a candidate whose past record shows him to be destitute of moral principle, it will be the duty of Christian men of that party to abjure party allegiance and vote against the candidate of their party. To make an unfit man President—to fill the highest office on earth unworthily—would be a national disgrace, and every man whose vote was cast for that candidate would share the responsibility. We sincerely hope that the candidate chosen by the Republican Convention, and he who will be chosen soon by the Democratic Convention, will both be men, either of whom Christians can conscientiously support. If, unhappily, Christian principle should, in the hearts of Christian men, be placed in conflict with party allegiance, Christian principle must rule, however painful it may be to separate from party affiliations.

The New Scheme for the Suppression of polygamy in Utah was before the Senate last week. Senator Hoar, in presenting the Judiciary Committee's favorable report, said: "The American people did not propose to have grow up in the heart of the country a nation founded upon the denial of the purity of the family. In the framing of the bill, severe and stringent as some of its provisions seemed to be, it had not been the purpose of the committee to infringe in the least upon the fundamental American doctrine of liberty of conscience. The American State rested on the doctrine that the family, based on the union of one man with one woman, was the unit. To protect the purity of the family was the chief object of legislation. Without such purity no State could long exist." Mr. Hoar spoke earnestly of the methods of Mormonism to extend itself, and declared that it was quite time Congress directed its attention to the subject. He contended that Congress has a right to interfere with such an institution as the Mormon Church. Senator Brown, of Georgia, opposed the bill, dwelling on the immorality which prevailed in other parts of the country, using the statistics of New England as the basis of his indictment. He contended that the immorality of New England was a greater evil than the polygamy of Utah. Congress, however, takes the open and shameless defiance of the law into account, as well as the systematized effort to propagate the pernicious doctrines, in the case of Utah, not the question of the sin involved, which, of course, is the same in one case as in the other.

Several of the Prominent Figures in the recent financial disturbance will probably appear in the criminal dock. The arrest of James D. Fish, President of the Marine Bank, and John C. Eno, ex-President of the Second National Bank, was effected last week. Eno had made good his escape to Quebec, and was on board a steamer bound for England. An effort is being made to prevent his extradition, and eminent Canadian lawyers are engaged to argue the question. The warrant charges him with forgery. That offence, if it can be proved to the satisfaction of the Canadian authorities, will be valid ground for granting extradition. Hinckley, the defaulting paying-teller of the West Side Bank, is believed to be in Mexico. Some of his disastrous stock speculations have been traced. The West Side Bank was able to resume business on Saturday. Another startling defalcation was discovered last week. This time it is in a Government department. Colonel J. O. P. Burnside, disbursing clerk of the Post Office Department, was arrested on Thursday, charged with embezzlement amounting, it is believed, to $45,000. He too speculated in stocks, and is charged with using public funds to cover his losses. It is evident that the mania for speculation has affected a large number of persons occupying places of trust, whose principles were not strong enough to resist temptation.

The Death of the Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, took place at his residence in New York on Saturday morning last. The Right Rev. Benjamin B. Smith was within a few days of *his ninetieth birthday*, having been born in Bristol, R. I., on June 13th, 1794. He retained in vigorous use all his faculties up to a short time before his death, an immunity from ordinary ills, which he attributed to the fact that *he never used spirits or tobacco*. His health has throughout his long life been singularly good, and he often remarked that he had never had occasion to swallow an ounce of medicine. He was ordained deacon in 1817, and priest in St. Michael's, Marblehead, Mass., on June 24th, 1818. After being rector of Marblehead for two years he became rector of St. George's Church, Accomack, Va. Two years later he was rector of Zion's Church, Charlestown, Va. In 1823 he removed to Vermont, and became rector of St. Stephen's Church, Middlebury. He remained in Vermont until 1828, when he became rector of Grace Church Mission in Philadelphia. In 1832 he was rector of Christ Church, Lexington, Ky. On October 30th, 1832, he was consecrated first Bishop of the Diocese of Kentucky, from which position he retired about four years ago and came to spend his remaining days with his married daughter in New York.

Decoration Day was Observed on Friday with marked enthusiasm. It was expected, when the day was appointed, that as years rolled by the day would lose its connection with the idea that gave it significance, but last Friday's enthusiasm showed no signs of decadence in any of the Northern cities. The statues and graves were decorated, and the old battle-stained flags were affectionately borne on parade. It was a gratifying characteristic of the orations delivered that, in spite of the efforts of professional politicians to keep the bloody shirt prominent, the references made to the South were uniformly kind and respectful.

Decided Action on the Temperance Question has been taken by another of the great religious conventions. The General Synod of Reformed Presbyterians in session at Pittsburg, Pa., on May 26th, took into consideration the report of the Committee on Discipline, which gave rise to an animated discussion. The report condemned the pernicious liquor traffic licensed by the Government, and provided for the *excommunication of such church members as deal in spirituous liquors* and rent property to tavern-keepers. The last clause encountered strong opposition, but after a heated debate the report was unanimously adopted.

The Garfield Memorial Hospital in Washington, D. C., was appropriately dedicated on Decoration Day. Rev. Mr. Butler, of the Lutheran Memorial Church, officiated, and Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court, President of the Board of Directors of the hospital, delivered an address. A garden party and music and other entertainments followed the dedication services. The hospital will be opened for patients in about two weeks. A resident physician and five nurses will comprise the hospital staff, and there will be accommodation for forty patients.

The Sale of Liquor in Drug Stores has been condemned by an authority which is generally respected by the trade. The Alumni of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, after considering the practice, decided that it is harmful. They passed a resolution declaring that "the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage in drug stores is a growing evil, tending to degrade the profession of pharmacy and damage the morals of the community."

The Non-observance of the Sabbath in Chicago is arousing the serious attention of its Christian citizens. The Chicago correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, in the course of his weekly letter, sketches the progress of the movement which has turned the Sunday into a Paris Sunday there. He says: "There has been very rapid progress toward eliminating the day as a holy and church-going one from the calendar within the past five years, and replacing it with a theatre, baseball, and racing one. The theatre innovation was gradual and confined to the variety houses for a time, but has gradually included nearly every house in the city. The Sunday performance has grown to be the most profitable financially of the week, and latterly one half of the theatres have extended their observance of the Sabbath by giving *matinée performances*. The baseball innovation came with the present season, and now the Chicago Driving Park has formally decided to inaugurate *Sunday racing*. The argument put forward by the directors is a citation of the innovations already made and countenanced. The last move, however, has awakened the old fires of antagonism. A formal appeal has been made to the mayor to prevent the proposed racing, but that official has given no sign that he will interfere in any way in the matter."

The New York Medical Mission, which Held its third annual meeting recently, is doing a valuable work in the city. Dr. Dowknott, the medical superintendent, stated in his report that during the past year 2791 cases of disease and injury had been treated there; the total attendances numbered 7613, and the number of prescriptions dispensed free of charge was nearly 10,000. Besides all this, those who go to the dispensary have the Gospel preached to them, and while they are waiting for the physician have opportunity for religious conversation. During the past year the mission has often been in severe financial straits, but on every occasion God has sent the needed funds.

A Home for Incurables is to be Erected by the Jews of New York as a memorial of the one hundredth birthday of the eminent Jewish philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore, which will occur on November 5th, this year. It is intended to spend $100,000 upon it. A letter from the venerable philanthropist approving the project has been received, in which he says: "I thank the Lord that He has spared me to this advanced age and has inspired and enabled me to be a co-worker in every good cause for suffering humanity. May Almighty God bless every one who remembers the oppressed, and seeks to deliver them from the oppressor, and all who send help to the poor and needy. You say you want to erect a building—a home which shall be my memorial. May the future generation have only such examples before them as shall inspire them to do good to all men in the name of Jehovah."

The Appearance of a False Messiah is Reported by Southern journals. They say that the colored people of Madison, Jackson, and the neighboring counties of Georgia are excited by the preaching of a man of their own race, who claims that he is the Messiah, and declares that he will soon appear on a white horse as the hope of Israel, and lead his followers into "the promised land." His deluded followers have eagerly assented to this claim, and speak of him as the veritable Christ. A gentleman who has been visiting one of the haunts of the impostor, declares that his dupes worship him, and that he has forgiven the sins of a large number, being quite lavish in his clemency. He exhibits scars, which he pretends are the marks of the *wounds in his hands and feet* and the spear wound in his side. He has evidently used an instrument upon himself so as to secure the marks of nails. The man is probably a demented fanatic, and is not likely to do much harm outside of his immediate locality. His appearance, however, just at this time when the Mahdi is making similar claims among the Arabs, is significant. Such appearances, Christ said, would be one of the signs by which the watchful might know that the time of His coming was approaching (Matt. 24 : 24).

A Fifty-Mile Walk for a Husband was taken recently in Virginia. Two young people living in Patterson left home for Luray to be married. They started on May 23d, taking a train on the Shenandoah Valley Railroad. Soon afterward the young man became restless, and told another passenger that he was not as anxious to get married as he thought he was when he started. When Marksville was reached, he gave his sweetheart the slip, and boarding another train returned to Patterson. Before reaching Luray the girl discovered her desertion, and determined to follow her recreant lover. She had no money, he having her purse, but she refused all assistance from the sympathizing passengers, and bravely started for Patterson, fifty miles away, on foot, following the railroad track. She reached Patterson thirty-six hours later, and without stopping to make any preparation she marched to her lover's place of business, and found him at work. He was dumbfounded at seeing her, and when he heard of her exploits he surrendered unconditionally. He took his hat, and they went at once to a clergyman and were married. It may be hoped the lady will find her husband worth the trouble she took to secure him. Unbiassed strangers, who know only the facts reported, will be inclined to doubt whether a union into which one party was so unwilling to enter promises much happiness. The marriage relation is frequently used in the Bible to describe the union between God and His people; but in that union it is the bride alone who is guilty of desertion (Hosea 2 : 19, 20).

A Dangerous Ledge has been Discovered near Boston Harbor. The *Post* of that city announced last week that, acting on hints thrown out by sailors at the time of the City of Columbus disaster, it instituted soundings along the south shore of Boston Bay, and found a mass of rock, with a rugged surface, in the main ship channel off Minot's Ledge Light, lying only four and a half fathoms below the surface, where all Government charts give twelve and three quarters. In good weather this would prove no obstruction, but in rough weather deep draft vessels are in danger of striking it. The *Post* says it is a marvel that no shipping has been wrecked there. It seems strange that the Government charts should be misleading in so important a matter. The moral and spiritual wrecks of life, which most frequently occur when youth is leaving the harbor of home for the voyage of the world, might all be avoided by carefully following the chart God has provided in the Bible. Every such wreck is due to neglect of some explicit warning contained in its pages (Prov. 6 : 20–23).

A Mother's Dream Resulted in Saving the life of her child at Norwich, Conn., on May 1st. The mother says that her child had had a tooth extracted that day, and appeared to be well over it. But at night the mother dreamed that she was holding her daughter in her lap and that the child was dying. She awoke, went to the child's bed, and found her daughter in a critical condition. Excessive hemorrhage had set in, and the child lay insensible and pallid as a corpse, and her garments and coverings were soaked with blood. The doctor was summoned, and when he arrived he found it necessary to inject milk into her veins to stimulate the circulation. The doctor is of the opinion that if the child's condition had been discovered but a little later she would have been beyond help. The warning was conveyed in a way that, as yet, science cannot explain; but the important fact was that however it came, it was heeded. It is in neglecting warnings that men err both as to their own condition and that of others. How many spiritual disasters might be averted were people more prompt to heed the warnings God sends to them in the shape of sickness, financial loss, and in other forms! (Prov. 29 : 1.)

The Edge of a Niagara Precipice is a Perilous place to sleep, yet a man did sleep there last week, and lost his life in consequence. Two men who were travelling by rail to New York were on May 27th, owing to the unpunctuality of the train, unable to make the West Shore connection, and finding that no train would leave until the following morning, they started on foot to see the falls. They became tired, and when about two hundred yards from the Cantilever Bridge they climbed the iron fence and lay down to rest. They both fell asleep, and when one of them awoke his companion was no longer there. Looking over the precipice he saw, to his horror, a mangled body on the rocks below. He gave an alarm, and the police drew the corpse up with ropes, and it was at once recognized by the traveller as that of his companion, who a short time before had fallen asleep by his side. It was a horrible sight, which the survivor will never forget. It is safe to predict that he will never again go to sleep on the edge of a precipice. Of the multitudes who die every day, how many die while spiritually asleep! We know not by actual sight where they fall, but God's Word reveals sufficient of the misery of the lost to appall us by its horror. Yet their impenitent companions sleep on, and they too are dying around us every day (Eph. 5 : 14).

THE SPRINKLING OF THE BLOOD OF THE SACRIFICE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And the priest shall dip his finger in the blood, and sprinkle of the blood seven times before the Lord, before the veil of the sanctuary, etc.—LEVITICUS 4 : 6, 7.

The Central Mystery—A Variety of Sacrifices—Each a Type—Every Man's Christ—I. Christ's Sacrifice in Relation to the Father—The Blood of Atonement the Prominent Thing—The Sevenfold Perfection—The Way of Access to God—A Type of Guilt—Of Difficulty—A Woman Enlightened—II. The Influence of the Blood upon Prayer—Its Use by the Intercessor—The Believer's Plea—How to Spend the Last Half Hour—III. Its Influence on Service—Out-and-Out Converts—Load the Altar.

I HAVE aforetime preached to you upon the types of our Lord's sacrifice; the subject is as large as it is important. We began with the laying of the hands upon the offering, and we went on to the all-important matter of the slaying of the victim.* Now we come to the use which was made of the blood of the sacrifice after it had been slain. In thinking upon this subject, I seem to hear a voice saying to me, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." This is

THE CENTRAL MYSTERY

of our religion, it becomes us to be reverent in heart as we approach it. The doctrine of substitution is the heart of the whole matter, our whole heart needs to be aroused while we speak upon it. The Son of God Himself, assuming human nature, and in that nature bleeding and dying in our place and stead, is the revelation of revelation, the wonder of wonders, the glory of the glorious God. Solemnity and awe may well fill us while we meditate on such a theme.

The sacrifices under the law were varied according to the uppermost thoughts in the offerers' minds and their peculiar conditions before God. A burnt-offering, a peace-offering, or a sin-offering might be brought, according as men wished to give unto the Lord, to have fellowship with Him, or to confess their sin to Him. There was a sacrifice specially arranged for the anointed priest, another for all the congregation, another for a ruler, and yet another for one of the common people; in truth, the typical sacrifices all pointed to the one great sacrifice, but they indicated various marks and characteristics of the undivided Lamb of God. The victims varied from a bullock or a lamb down to a pair of turtle doves or two young pigeons.

We take different views of the sacrifice of Christ according to our capacity to see it; and yet all these views may be quite in accordance with truth, for the atonement is many-sided, and operates in many directions. The Levitical types represent the different views which believing minds take of our Lord Jesus Christ; they set forth but one Christ, but that one Christ from various standpoints. The mercy is that the sacrifice of our Lord Jesus is suitable to you, and equally suitable to me, and to all that come to Him by faith. The rich, the poor, the brave, the timid, the amiable, and the immoral, all find in Jesus that which fits the individual case. You may be a person of great mind and profound thought, but you shall find in Jesus all that your high intelligence can desire. I may be a person of slender education and of narrow powers of thought, but I shall find the Lord Jesus humbling Himself to my limited capacity. The manna is said by the rabbis to have pleased every man's taste, and even so the Christ of God is

EVERY MAN'S CHRIST,

so that no man who comes to Him shall be disappointed, but each shall find his need supplied. Each man shall find his case perfectly met by the Saviour's atonement, as much so as if Jesus were prepared for that man only, as if that man were the only sinner under heaven, or

* See CHRISTIAN HERALD, April 10th and 17th.

Jesus a Redeemer sent to him alone of all the family of man. Oh, the depth of the wisdom and of the grace of God in the person and work of our Lord Jesus Christ!

Note particularly, with great interest, that there were sacrifices provided for sins of ignorance under the law; therefore we safely conclude that a sin of ignorance is a sin. There is not that intensity of evil in a sin of ignorance which is to be seen in wilful, deliberate transgression; but still there is sin in it; for no law can allow ignorance to be an excuse for trespass, since it is the duty of the subject to know the law. Even if I do that which is wrong with a sincere wish to do right, still my wrong act has a measure of sin in it. No amount of sincerity can turn injustice into righteousness, or transform falsehood into truth.

You can illustrate this by the stern facts of nature. Certain inventors have thought that they could fly, and they have in perfectly honest faith leaped from a lofty crag; but their honest belief has not saved them from the result of violating the law of gravitation; they have fallen to the ground, and have been dashed in pieces just as surely and terribly as if they had felt no real belief in their powers of flight. If a man partakes of a deadly poison believing it to be a health-giving medicine, his sincerity will not hinder the natural course of nature; he will die in his error. It is precisely so in the moral and spiritual world. Sins committed in ignorance must be still sins in the sight of the Lord, or else no expiation would have been provided for them. Without shedding of blood there is no remission even for

SINS OF IGNORANCE.

I am greatly rejoiced to think there should be such a sacrifice provided, since it may yet turn out that the larger number of our sins are sins of which we have not been aware, because the hardness of our heart has prevented our discovering our error. You may have sinned and have no conscience of that sin at this present, ay, and you never may have a conscience of that particular offence, in this world, yet will it be sin all the same. Many good men have lived in an evil habit, and remained in it unto death, and yet have not known it to be evil. Now, if the precious blood of Jesus only put away the sin which we perceived in detail, its efficacy would be limited by the enlightenment of our conscience, and therefore some grievous sin might be overlooked and prove our ruin; but inasmuch as this blood puts away all sins, it removes those which we do not discover as well as those over which we mourn.

After the blood had been spilt by the killing of the sacrifice, and thus atonement had been made, three several acts were to be performed by the priest: first, "the priest shall dip his finger in the blood, and sprinkle of the blood seven times before the Lord, before the veil of the sanctuary;" this represents *the atoning sacrifice in its reference to God.* Next, "The priest shall put some of the blood upon the horns of the altar of sweet incense before the Lord;" this sets forth *the influence of the blood upon the offering of intercessory prayer.* Thirdly, we read, "he shall pour all (the rest) of the blood of the bullock at the bottom of the altar of the burnt offering;" this displays *the influence of the blood of Christ on all our service for the Lord.* Oh, for the Spirit's power to us to show the things of Christ!

I. We begin with the sacrifice of Christ in its relation to the Lord God of Israel. In the type before us *the prominent thing before God is*

THE BLOOD OF ATONEMENT.

No mention is made of a meat-offering, or a drink-offering, or even of sweet spices upon the golden altar; the one conspicuous object is blood. This was sprinkled before the Lord before the veil of the Most Holy place. I am well aware that some persons cry out, "The preacher continually talks about blood, and this morning from the first hymn to the last he has brought before us constant allusions to blood. We are horrified by it!" *I wish you to be horrified;* for, indeed, sin is a thing to shudder at, and the death of Jesus is not a matter to be treated lightly. It was God's intent to awaken in man a great disgust of sin, by making him see that it could only be put away by suffering and death. Oh, that any words of mine could cause triflers with sin to be shocked at the abominable thing! I would have them filled with horror of that detestable thing which cannot be put away except by that which is infinitely more calculated to shock the instructed mind than rivers of the blood of bulls and of goats—I mean the sacrifice of God's own Son, whose soul was made an offering for sin.

The blood of the sacrifice was sprinkled before the veil seven times, signifying this—first, that *the atonement made by the blood of Jesus is perfect in its reference to God.* All through the Scriptures, as you well know, seven is the number of perfection, and in this place it is doubtless used with that intent. The seven times is the same as once for all; it conveys the same meaning as when we read, "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins," and again, "We are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once." It is a complete act. In this text we understand that the Lord Jesus offered unto the justice of God an absolutely complete and satisfactory atonement by His vicarious suffering and death for guilty men. There is no need of further offering for sin. "It is finished." He hath by Himself purged our sins.

Albeit that modern thought will contradict me, I shall not cease to assert perpetually that the greatest result of the death of the Lord Jesus was Godward. Not only does He reconcile us unto God by His death, and turn our enmity into love, but He has borne the chastisement of our peace, and thus magnified the law and made it honorable. God, the Judge of all, is enabled without the violation of His justice to pass by transgression, iniquity, and sin. This is

THE SOUL-SAVING VIEW;

the idea which pacifies conscience and wins the heart; we believe in Jesus as the propitiation for sin. The lights which stream from the cross are very varied; but as all the colored rays are found in the white light of day, so all the varied teachings of Calvary meet in the fact that Jesus suffered for sin, the just for the unjust.

Note next, that not only is the atonement itself perfect, but that *the presentation of that atonement is perfect too.* The sevenfold sprinkling was typical of Christ as a Priest presenting unto the Father Himself as a sacrifice for sin. This has been fully done. Jesus has in due order carried the propitiation into the sanctuary, and appeared in the presence of God on our behalf. Here are the Apostle's own words, "by His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." It is not our presenting of the blood, but Christ's presenting of the blood, which has made the atonement; even as it is not *our* sight of the blood, but Jehovah's sight of it which causes us to escape; as it was written concerning the Passover, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you."

We now pass on to a few thoughts about ourselves in relation to this type. This sevenfold sprinkling of the blood upon the veil meant that

THE WAY OF OUR ACCESS

to God is only by virtue of the precious blood of Christ. Do you ever feel a veil hanging between you and God? In very truth, there is none; for Jesus has taken it away through His flesh. In the day when His blessed body was offered up, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, showing that there is nothing now to divide the believer from his God; but still, if you think there is such a separating veil, if you feel as if the Lord had hidden Himself, if you are so despondent that you are afraid you never can draw near to the mercy-seat, then sprinkle the blood *toward* the throne of grace, cast it on the very veil which appears to conceal your God from you. If there should be a mist and a cloud between me and the brazen serpent, yet if I look that way I shall be healed. If I cannot clearly discern all the glories of my Lord and Saviour, yet if I look with the glance of trust He saveth me. Turn, then, your half-opened eyes, which only at one corner admit light; turn them, I say, Godward and Christward, and know that by reason of the atoning blood you are saved.

I further think that the blood was sprinkled on the veil seven times to show that a deliberate contemplation of the death of Christ is greatly for our benefit. Whatever else you treat slightly, let the sacrifice of Calvary be seriously considered again and again; even unto seven times let it be meditated on! Read the story of our Lord's death in the four Evangelists and ponder every detail till you are familiar with His griefs. I would have you know the story by heart, for nothing will do your heart so much good.

Remember, too, that this sets out how great our guilt has been, since the blood must be sprinkled seven times ere the work of atonement is fully seen by you. Our guilt has a sevenfold blackness about it, and there must be a sevenfold cleansing. If you plead the blood of Jesus once and you do not obtain peace thereby, plead it again; and if still the burden lies upon your heart, still go on pleading with the Lord the one prevailing argument that Jesus bled. Christ is a great Saviour for great sinners, and His precious blood can

REMOVE THE BLACKEST SPOTS

of iniquity. See it sprinkled seven times for a seven times polluted sinner, and rest your soul on Him though seven devils should have entered into you. God, who bids us forgive unto seventy times seven, sets no bound to His own forgiveness.

Do reflect that if your case seems to yourself to be very difficult, it is provided for by this sevenfold sprinkling of the blood. If you say, "My heart is so hard! I cannot make it feel;" or if you say, "I am so frivolous and foolish I seem to forget what once I knew;" then continue still to look to the blood of Jesus, and draw hope from it even to seven times. Do not go away from *that,* I charge you—where else can you go? The devil's desire will be to keep you from thinking upon Christ; but do remember that thoughts about anything else will do you very little good. Your hope lies in thinking upon Jesus, not upon yourself.

That dear man of God, Mr. Moody Stuart, somewhere tells us that he once talked with a woman who was in great trouble about her sins. She was a well-instructed person, and knew the Bible thoroughly, so that he was in a little difficulty what to say to her, as she was so accustomed to all-saving truth. At last he urged upon her very strongly that passage, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," and he noticed that she seemed to find a quiet relief in a gentle flow of tears. He prayed with her, and when she rose from her knees she seemed much comforted. Meeting her the next day, and seeing her smiling face, and finding her full of rest in the Lord, he asked, "What was it wrought your deliverance?" "Oh," she said, "it was that text, 'Jesus Christ came to save sinners.'" "Did you not know that before?" said Mr. Stuart. Yes, she knew the words before, but she found that in her heart of hearts she had believed that Jesus came to save *saints,* and not sinners. Do not many awakened persons abide in the same error?

II. Our second head is this—the blood in

ITS INFLUENCE UPON PRAYER.

"The priest shall put some of the blood upon the horns of the altar of sweet incense before the Lord." The priest in this case goes from the inside of the holy place toward the outer court; having dealt with the veil of the Holy of Holies, he turns round and finds close at his side the altar of incense made of gold, and surmounted with a golden crown; to this he goes delib-

erately, and places a portion of the blood upon each of its horns. Horns signify power, and the explanation of the symbol is that there is no power in intercessory prayer apart from the blood of expiation.

Remember, first, that the intercession of Christ Himself is based upon His atonement. He is daily pleading before the throne of God, and His great argument is that He offered Himself without spot unto God. It seems to me most clear and blessed that our Lord Jesus makes this the main plea with the Father on our behalf—"I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." He has suffered in our stead, and every day He pleads these sufferings for us; His blood speaketh better things than that of Abel. He seeks

NO NEW PLEA,

but always urges this old one—His blood shed for many for the remission of sins."

And now take the type to yourselves. You and I are to offer incense upon this golden altar by our daily intercession for others, but our plea must always be the atoning blood of Jesus. I pray you, dear friends, to urge this much more than you have been accustomed to do in your prayers. We are to cry to God for sinners, and we are to cry to God for saints, but the sacrifice of Jesus must be our strength in petitioning.

And, dearly beloved, as this must be the plea of our intercession, so it must be *our impulse in making intercession.* When we pray we come, as it were, to this golden altar, and we look thereon; what is that we see? Stains of blood! We look again, and again see crimson spots, while all the four horns are red with blood. Did my Lord pour out His soul unto death for men, and shall not I pour out my soul in living earnest when I pray? May the Lord arouse us! May He never permit us to neglect the precious use of the mercy-seat!

When the late Dr. Bacchus was ill, and near to die, a surgeon visited him, and as he went out of the door, he was observed to speak to the servant. The good old divine begged the attendant to tell him what the surgeon said. After some pause he said, "Dear sir, he told me not to leave you, for you could not live more than another half hour." "Then," said the saint, "help me out of bed, let me get upon my knees and spend my last half hour on earth in praying for the Church of God, and for the salvation of men." What a blessed way of spending one's last half hour; let me rather say—of spending half an hour at any time!

I think, too, I must say that this smearing of the horns of the altar with blood is meant to give us very great encouragement and assurance whenever we come to God in prayer. Never give anybody up, however bad he may be. If you know a man that is as much like the devil as two peas are like each other, still have hope for him, because when you come to the golden altar to offer your prayers on his behalf what do you see? Why, there is the blood of Christ. What sin is there which it cannot remove? "Oh," you say, "did Jesus die for sinners like this man, and shall I despair of him, and therefore refuse to pray for him?" This is logical argument. We are slow to labor for men because we are slow of heart in expecting their salvation, and this arises out of our narrow views of our Lord Jesus. I pray you enlarge your ideas of God's mercy and of Christ's power to cleanse.

III. Time flies too quickly this morning, and therefore I must pass over many things I had thought to dwell upon. The last point is, the blood in its

INFLUENCE UPON ALL OUR SERVICE.

You see we have been coming outward from the veil to the golden altar, and now we pass outside the holy place into the outer court, and there in the open air stands the great brazen altar—the first object that the Israelite saw when he entered the sacred precincts. As soon as ever he entered into the first inclosure his eye lighted upon the great altar of brass upon which burnt-offerings were burned and oblations were presented unto the Lord. It was at the foot of this brazen altar that the bowls of blood were poured out continually, so that the altar was encrimsoned with it, and the soil around was soaked with the sanguine flood.

That altar represents a great many things, and among the rest our Lord Jesus presenting Himself to God as an acceptable sacrifice. Whenever you think of our Lord as being an offering of a sweet smell unto God, never dissociate that fact in your mind from His being slain for sin, for all our Lord's service is tinged by His atoning death. Always think of Jesus in all your meditations upon Him as presenting Himself to God and pouring out His soul unto death by way of atonement. When I see that great brazen altar I do not forget how our Lord was accepted of God, but when I see the floods of blood at the foot of the altar I am reminded of the fact that "He His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree."

Viewing the type in reference to ourselves, let us learn that whenever we come to offer any sacrifice unto the Lord we must take care that we present it by virtue of the precious blood of Christ. The worship of this morning—God knows our hearts, He knows how many have really adored Him, and He knows out of those who do worship how many of us have presented our sacrifice, thinking only of the merit of Jesus as the reason why it should be received. We also bring to God

OUR GIFTS

as He prospers us; I trust we are all ready to give Him a portion of our substance; but do we present it upon the altar which sanctifieth the giver and the gift? Do we see the blood of Christ upon it, and present our gold and silver through that which is more precious far? If not, we might as well retain our money in our purse. When you go this afternoon to your Sunday-school classes, or go out into the streets to preach, or go round with your tracts, will you present your holy labor to God through the precious blood? There is but one altar on which He will accept your services, that altar is the person of His dear Son, and in this matter Jesus must be viewed as pouring out His blood for us. We must view the atonement as connected with every holy thing.

I believe that our testimonies for God will be blessed of God in proportion as we keep the sacrifice of Christ to the forefront. Somebody asked our brother, Mr. Moody, how it was that he was so successful, and he is said to have replied, "Well, if I must tell you, it is, I believe, because we come out fair and square upon the doctrine of substitution." In that remark he hit the nail on the head. That is the saving doctrine; keep that before your own mind, keep it before the minds of those whom you would benefit. Let the Lord see that you are always thinking of His dear Son.

And, beloved, do you not think that this pouring of the blood at the foot of this brazen altar indicates how much we ought to bring there? If Jesus has brought His life there, and laid Himself thereon, ought we not to bring all that we are and all that we have, and consecrate all to God? Let us not offer a lean, scraggy sacrifice, or one that is half dead, or broken, or diseased; but let us bring our best at its best, and cheerfully present it unto the Most High through the precious blood. One said of a young man who had lately joined the church, "*Is he O and O?*" and another answered, "What do you mean by that?" "Why," said the first, "I mean, Is he out and out for Christ? Does he give himself spirit, soul, and body to Jesus?" Surely, when we see the altar with Christ Himself upon it, and His blood poured out there, we must acknowledge that if we could spend our whole life in zealous labor, and then die a martyr's death, we should not have rendered even half what such amazing love deserves. Let us be stimulated and quickened by the sight of the blood upon the brazen altar!

Lastly, you notice the blood was poured out at the bottom of the altar. What could that mean but this—that the altar of thank-offering stood upon and grew out of a basis of blood. So all our deeds for God, our sacrifices for His cause, must spring out of the love which He has manifested in the death of His dear Son. We love Him because—you know the "because"—because He first loved us. And how do we know that He loves us? Behold the death of Jesus as the surest proof. I long to put my whole being upon that altar, and I should feel as I did so that I was not giving my God anything, but only rendering to Him what His dear Son has bought a million times over by once shedding His life-blood. When we have done all, we shall be unprofitable servants, and we shall say so. All that we have given to God has been presented out of gratitude for the fact that God so loved us that He gave His only begotten Son to die for us that we might live through Him.

LOAD THE ALTAR!

Heap it high! Let hecatombs smoke thereon, for it is built upon God's unspeakable gift. When sin is removed, service is accepted; "then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar." Attempt no offering of your own works till then, for unpardoned sinners bring unaccepted offerings. First, let the blood be recognized, and let the full atonement be rejoiced in. Service rendered to God with a desire for personal merit is abominable in His sight; but when our merit is all found in the divine person of His Son, then will He accept us and our offering too in Christ Jesus. God grant unto you, dear hearers, to be accepted in the Beloved. Amen.

THE REV. DR. MACLAREN,

Ex-President of the English Baptist Union.

(*See portrait on page 364*).

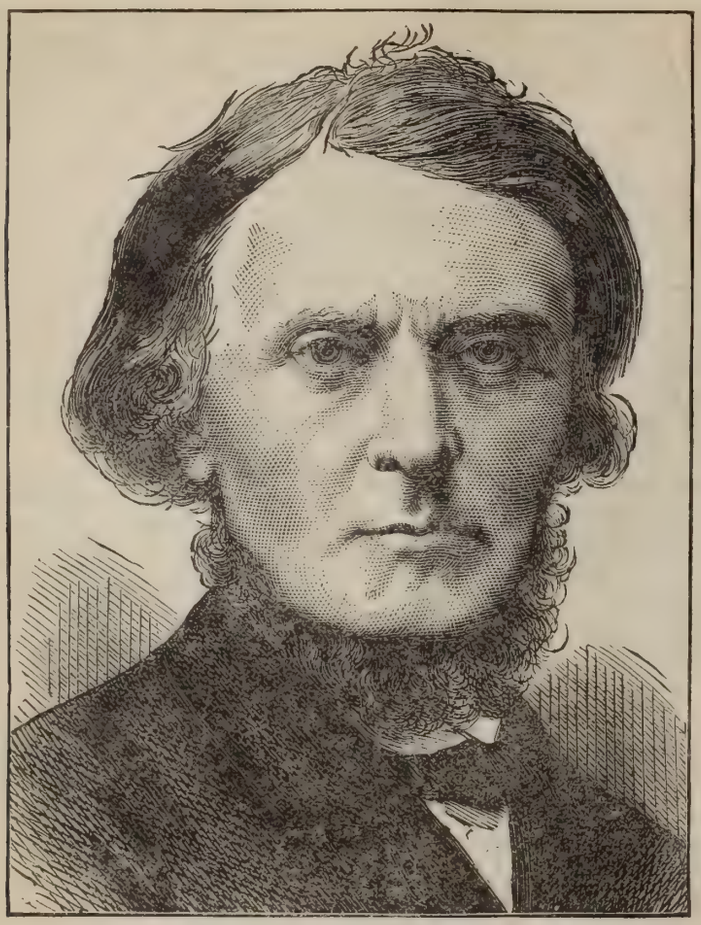
ALEXANDER MACLAREN, *whose portrait appears on the next page*, was born in Glasgow in 1826, and is now fifty-eight years of age. His father was a merchant of the city. He received his early education at the High School of Glasgow, passing thence in 1842 to Stepney, now Regent's Park College, London, and took his B.A. degree at the London University.

At the age of fourteen he was converted to Christ, and publicly baptized. Two years later he had entered as a theological student at Stepney College, London, with a view to entering the ministry of the Gospel. His work there was characterized by thoroughness, and after the usual four years' course of study under the presidency of Dr. Angus, he began, in 1846, his ministerial career at Portland Chapel, Southampton. Here he labored for about ten years, attracting to the chapel a thoughtful class of hearers, the majority of whom were young men, and many of them are now filling spheres of Christian usefulness in various parts of the world.

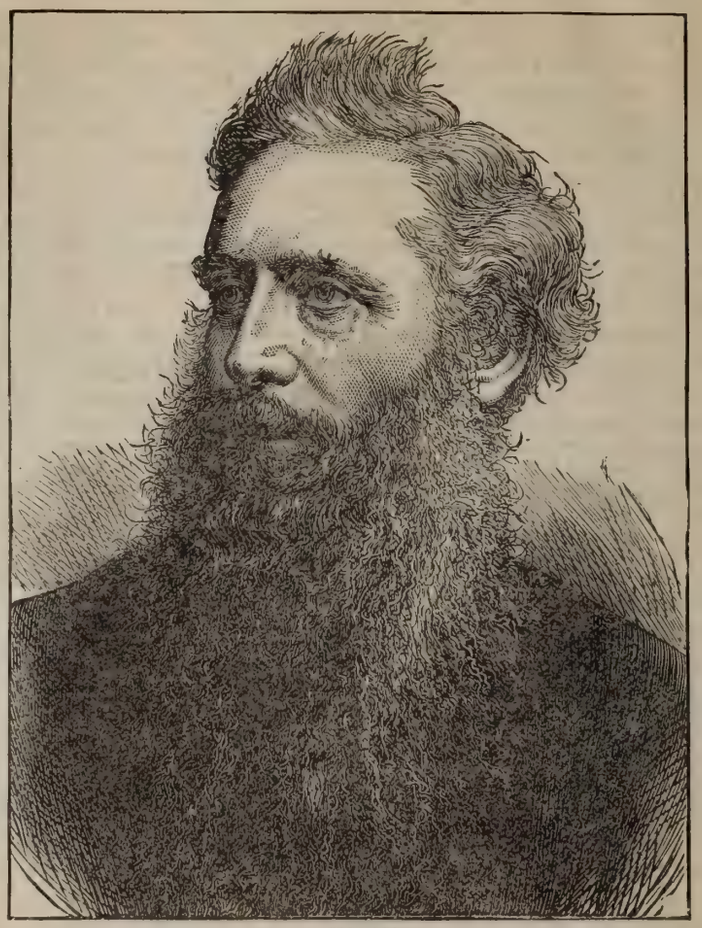
In the year 1858 Dr. Maclaren removed to Manchester, to become the minister of Union Chapel, Oxford Road, and here he is still engaged in declaring the Gospel, notwithstanding repeated efforts which have been made by Baptist churches in Cambridge and Glasgow to secure his services. In Manchester he has gathered round him an earnest band of workers, who energetically co-operate with him in the various efforts he puts forth for the good of the great city in which it is his lot to labor.

The capacious church is continually crowded, and by eminent and impartial judges in different sections of Christ's universal Church, Dr. Maclaren is said to be one of the foremost modern preachers, and second to no pulpit orator in England. The Sunday-schools in connection with Union Chapel, where upward of *a thousand children* meet week by week, and the well-regulated efforts among the poor and degraded of the city, are monuments of his personal solicitude, influence, and organizing power.

In 1865 Dr. Maclaren visited Italy, and on his return delivered a course of lectures in Manchester, under the title of "A Spring Holiday in Italy," picturesque passages of which have found their way into some of the school collections of readings. Although travelling over



The Rev. Alexander Maclaren, D.D.



Mr. J. W. Kirton.

well-trodden ground, and without pretending to say anything new or startling about scenes which so many have described, it is clear that this holiday deeply moved him, and there are passages of exquisite word-painting in the volume referred to, which, for truth and delicacy of feeling, cannot be surpassed.

In 1875 Dr. Maclaren received the highest mark of distinction which it is in the power of his denomination to bestow, for in that year he was elected President of the Baptist Union, and signalized his tenure of office by an appeal on behalf of ill-paid ministers of the Gospel, which led to resolutions being passed on the spot to have the reproach rolled away.

In 1879 the University of Edinburgh did itself honor by conferring on Alexander Maclaren the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

MR. J. W. KIRTON,

Temperance Orator and Author.

The famous little sketch entitled "Buy your own Cherries" first raised Mr. Kirton's name from a local to a universal reputation. Its pointed, telling, incisive style and its forcible presentation of the strong points of the temperance argument commanded respect for the author and insured a large circulation for his work. More than a million people have read it, and not a few have been induced by its appeal to become total abstainers.

Mr. Kirton, however, has done good service beside the writing of "Buy your own Cherries." His life for many years has been devoted to preaching the Gospel and to speaking and writing on behalf of the temperance cause. He speaks of the evils of the rum-curse with experimental knowledge of its effects on the home and family. When a boy he suffered privation and sorrow through the vice which held his father in its remorseless grasp. A well-educated man of good abilities, he resided in one of the London slums and boozed away his time while his wife worked to support the home and family. With such a sight before him it is not surprising that the boy grew up hating intoxicating liquor. The future temperance author was born January 3d, 1831. At the age of fifteen he was engaged as errand-boy to a bookseller. It was his start in life, and he made good use of it. His employer found the boy honest, industrious, and trustworthy, and he appreciated him. Ten years the connection was maintained, and at the end of that time the errand boy, having risen to the position of foreman, left in order to devote his time unreservedly to Christian and temperance work.

Mr. Kirton was not in doing so entering upon an occupation new to him. He had been for some time engaged in it as business allowed him opportunity. Early in his career he joined the Young Men's Christian Association and threw himself with ardor into the activities connected with it. He was also a member of a temperance society, and entered with zest into that work. He busied himself among his youthful friends and all the young men with whom he came in contact, trying to induce them to become total abstainers and members of the Young Men's Christian Association. It was mainly through his efforts at this time that *his cousin, Henry Varley*, now the eminent evangelist, was led to become a Christian. He took a special interest in reclaimed drunkards, would visit them in their homes and encourage them to persevere in their efforts to overcome their besetting sin.

So much energy and aptitude for work brought several honorary offices into the young man's hands, and one of them led to important results. Sunday services for non-church-goers were organized in the North of London, and Mr. Kirton was secretary of the committee which managed them. On one occasion the preacher engaged was not present at the appointed time, so Mr. Kirton commenced the service, expecting to see the preacher enter at any minute. But he did not come, and Mr. Kirton being there went on with the service, delivering an impromptu address. At its close he was requested to speak every Sunday, which he did for three years. So successful, so largely blessed of God were those services that Mr. Kirton was urged to enter the ministry as pastor of the Baptist Church at Burslem. He consented, and in that populous town commenced a work which has been a public blessing.

His labors in the cause of temperance have continued without abatement. He allied himself with the United Kingdom Alliance, the organization which in Great Britain has charge of the prohibition movement, and for a long time was the agent of the Alliance for the midland counties. He was also Grand Worthy Secretary of the Independent Order of Good Templars. Nor did all these engagements satisfy his appetite for work. His pen has been in constant service. Among his published works are two volumes of "Temperance Anecdotes," a "Temperance Handbook," "The Four Pillars of Temperance," "Happy Homes," besides a large number of short sketches. His latest work is a popular "Life of John Wesley," which has had a large circulation.

MARY CARTER'S SUNDAY VISITORS.

(*See Illustration.*)

Mary Carter was busy. The three rooms in the dingy tenement house she called home, were in a state of that uncomfortable disorder which was the necessary preliminary to the cleanliness and tidiness which would appear later in the day. It was early on Sunday morning, and Mary prided herself on having the rooms as clean as a new pin on Sunday afternoon. Then her husband in his best suit, minus his coat, having "cleaned himself," sat down resplendent in snowy shirt-sleeves to his dinner, after which he would smoke his pipe "like a gentleman," and congratulate his wife on having made the place "like a Fifth Avenue mansion."

Mary was hurrying on when a knock came at her outer door, and a lady entered. Mary knew her at once. She worked for her, doing the roughest and dirtiest work that the servants were too genteel to do. The lady was Mrs. Whar-

ton, an indefatigable district visitor, who used to lecture the women in her district with more energy than tact. Mary never appeared in church on Sunday mornings, and Mrs. Wharton resolved to expostulate with her. To be sure, she might have done so at her own house, Mary having been there the very day before, and every day that week; but that would have caused Mary to waste her time, and Mrs. Wharton, when she paid a woman for a day's work, thought the day ought to be fully occupied.

Mrs. Wharton looked at the tilted chairs, the pail and brush, and the broom in Mary's hand with disapproval, but a simpering smile, which she supposed to be sweetly angelic, was always at her command, and was duly called up. "This is the day of rest," she said with an air of condescending information. "It comes to bless us, and, like the hand of a kind friend, to point to the world where 'the weary are at rest.' We do a bad thing when we take this day and use it as we do any of the other days of the week."

"Eh, madam," Mary answered, "rest be a good thing; I'm tired enough, but I can t rest with the dirt around. I'll be all tidy soon, then I'll cook a bit o' dinner, and after that I'll have a rest."

Mary Carter's Cleaning Interrupted.

"That is not the right way to spend the Lord's Day, Mary," Mrs. Wharton remarked. "You should do this work before Sunday, and then you could come to church and hear of a precious Saviour, and learn the way to heaven."

"No, madam, I couldn't go to church and know the place wasn't cleaned up; I should be miserable. That's for the likes o' you. It isn't for poor folks like me. Why, you wouldn't like to go to church if you hadn't servants at home to do your place up for you, and cook the dinner, and all that."

Mrs. Wharton's conscience smote her, for half an hour ago, as she left her house, she had seen her servants at work. "I would do my work before Sunday, Mary," she said, a little color coming into her cheek; "I would not leave it to be done on the Lord's Day."

"You couldn't if you went out to work every day o' the week, and come home that tired you was fit to drop." Mary said this a little impatiently, for she had no opinion of ladies who never did a day's housework in their lives trying to teach her how to manage. She moved away a little, and took her brush out of the pail as a gentle hint to the lady that she wanted to recommence her labor. But the hint was not taken. On the contrary, Mrs. Wharton helped herself to a chair, and opening the Bible, ornamented with a massive silver clasp, which she always carried when going on these visits, she said: "Come, sit down for a few minutes; I want to read a chapter to you, and then I have something more I want to talk to you about. You are really living like a heathen."

Mary obeyed unwillingly enough, and sat thinking of her neglected work while Mrs. Wharton read a chapter from the Epistle to the Hebrews. Mary heard that "a rest remaineth to the people of God," but the words carried no meaning to her except that the people of God must be people like Mrs. Wharton, with fashionable clothes, and gold rings, and watches. The reading finished, Mrs. Wharton said: "It is good news I bring you to-day. Do you see the bright sun shining in at your window, and coming in at your door?" "Ay, ma'am."

"Were your house a palace, the sun would not be warmer nor more cheery there than it is as we now see it here. The good news I have to mention is just like that light; it is as much for you as for any one else; for it is about Jesus Christ, who came 'to seek and to save that which was lost.' He is to the man or woman who believes in Him what that sun is to the eye, both light and gladness."

Having told her something more about this precious Saviour, Mary looked at her and began to speak, but her voice faltered; if the good news were for her, it seemed strange that it could do her no good.

Mrs. Wharton, having satisfied her conscience about Mary, went her way to the fashionable church she attended, promising to call another day, which Mary earnestly hoped would be a distant one.

Another interruption came, and Mary bemoaned her "bad luck." This time the visitor was a neighbor, who being on good terms with Mary did not object to the work going on while she talked. Indeed, she put a hand to it herself to help along.

"Mary," she said, "I want you and Tom to come along with me to the mission chapel to-night. The singing's lovely, and there's a preacher there as talks as simple and plain any one can understand him. You'll like it. Jem and me'll call for you."

Mary thought she had had enough of religion for one day, but her friend would take no denial, and after consulting Tom in the next room she agreed to go. It was a strange revelation to her. The Saviour who loved the poor, who sympathized with their troubles, who knew their difficulties and trials, was preached to them, and Mary was drawn to Him. She needed no urging to go the next week. Tom went too, and he signed the pledge.

"Don't you go out to work on Saturday, Mary," he said; "we shall have my beer money extra this week, and we can do without Mrs. Wharton's money. You stay home and get your cleaning done on Saturday, and we'll go to the mission on Sunday morning as well as at night. I like it."

Mrs. Wharton was highly indignant when Mary told her she was not going to work on Saturday, wondered what these poor folks were coming to, and was much annoyed by the inconvenience. But Mary persisted, and on Sunday morning she and Tom put in an appearance at the mission. As time went on both Tom and Mary became changed characters. Sunday was a day of delight to them, and though Mrs. Wharton could never forgive Mary for not working for her on Saturday, and read her a lecture on laziness, and lent her a tract on the subject, Mary always remained home, got her work done, and was ready for Sunday's rest regularly. Mrs. Wharton does not think much of Mary's religion, which causes her to be indifferent to the convenience of her superiors in station, and Mary thinks Mrs. Wharton is "kind o' selfish like," and is glad that her dear Lord chose to be a workingman and not a gentleman when He was here, "so as He could understand poor folks."

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 351.*)

Hester's Request.

ROBERT WALDRON spoke with earnestness, and began to feel as if pity for Mr. Morley was the real and most deeply-rooted motive of his conduct. He had no purpose to deceive Hester. He was in fact deceiving himself; and his handsome face wore an aspect of profound and solemn remorse. "And you," he continued, "the child who loved me, the little girl who used to watch for my coming and brighten into smiles when you saw me; my heart aches to see you thus. Hester, who will give you back the lost laughter of your childhood? Who can recall these gloomy days, which ought to have been steeped in brightness? If I could but call back the past, and once more set us all as we were ten years ago, I would pay down my life gladly as the price." Hester raised her eyes to his, and read in them an expression which fully sustained the words he was speaking. It was not in her nature to doubt, and experience had not taught her to suspect. She let Robert Waldron take her cold hand in his own, and stood beside him, trembling, but calm and grave.

"Is there nothing I can do for you?" he asked, in a pleading tone; "your face always wears a look of care. Is it anything besides the old trouble? Let me speak frankly to you, my child; for you are still no more than a child to me—the little Hetty you used to be. I am rich,

and from many persons I hear that you are poor. If there be any time when money becomes a pressing want with you, will you look to me as an elder brother whose greatest satisfaction would be to do anything for you? Is there nothing I can do for you now? Have you no anxiety which I could take away from you at once?"

"There is nothing you can do," answered Hester, with drooping eyelids, and lashes burdened with tears which did not fall.

"Yet think," urged Robert Waldron; "for my sake give me something to do for you. It is to give me relief from the remorse I feel. Have you no wish which you could intrust to me? Is there nothing you want if you had the means? I am a man, an idle man, with nothing to occupy me. I would do anything for you."

Hester looked up to him again with her truthful and searching gaze, and retreated to the side of the Frenchwoman, who had been standing by with an eager curiosity, unable to comprehend a syllable of the earnest words which were being spoken. The girl's young face was as white as marble, and almost as motionless, except for the flicker of the light in her eyes, which seemed to be kindled from within.

"I have had one wish," she said, with pallid lips that scarcely parted to whisper it, "ever since I knew that *she* was lost. You are a rich man, and an idle one, and you want to make atonement. *Find her whom we have lost; find her who loved you.* I think of her day after day, and I ask God to bring her back to me every morning and night. She was so kind and so pretty; I dare not call her good now. I wonder what has become of her—where she is at this minute—what she is doing or suffering. Oh! if I had been you, I should never have given up seeking for her."

"Good heavens, Hester!" he exclaimed, "do you suppose I did not do all I could to find her? I left her at Falaise, while I came over to England on business; and when I returned there was not a trace of her to be found. I did everything in my power at the time."

"I have read in books," said Hester, with an air of wisdom, "that it is no sorrow to get rid of a woman of whom one is tired. You were already getting tired of her, perhaps. There was no longer any pleasure in being near her. Did you try to find her as you would have done if she had been your sister or your wife who was lost to you?"

At another time Robert Waldron might have smiled at the tone of girlish sagacity with which Hester spoke; but just now he was conscience-stricken. No; he had not sought for Rose with the persevering energy he would have used had she been really dear to him. So far Hester's wisdom, drawn only from books, was right; and yet he had made many efforts and taken a good deal of trouble, both at the time and since. Rose had been tolerably well supplied with money, and she was no child when she quitted him. He had often taken refuge in the reflection that she was a little older than himself. But now that he saw Hester, wise only with the wisdom of books, and knowing nothing of real life, but burdened with an overpowering anxiety as to the fate of the missing woman, he felt as if he had been shamefully negligent in his attempt to discover her.

"I cannot talk more about it," cried Hester, a burning flush mounting to her white cheeks and her calm forehead, "but I have no other great wish. There is nothing else you could do for me." She said the last few words in a low shy tone, which penetrated to Robert's heart. He recollected madame's sentence, "that she could do her little acts of devotion before her as before a saint." He also would willingly have knelt at her feet to make there a vow of penitence and atonement, if she would only look down upon him gently and tenderly with her grand, calm eyes, which still bore the serenity of a child in them. He resolved in himself to insure some means of seeing her again, even if she spoke only of this subject so utterly distasteful to him, and of which she spoke with such simple and innocent candor.

"Hester," he said, "I will take up this search again. But remember, it is now more than nine years ago, and there is barely a chance of success."

"Oh, you will find her!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand to him again; "whatever she is, or wherever she is, you must rescue her. It will bring peace to me, and later, perhaps, to my father. When he comes to die, how horrible it will be not to know where she is, or what has befallen her! But if you find her, then I shall know what answer to give him when he asks himself some day or other, 'What has become of my poor Rose?'"

"I will go, I will spare nothing," said Robert, warmed by one of the generous impulses which from time to time broke through the indolent selfishness of his temperament. He believed that there was no other motive at work within him, save that of an earnest desire to repair the mischief he had done; yet he kept Hester's small hand clasped tightly in his own, and felt it impossible to resolve upon leaving her presence.

"I must leave you, madame," he said, addressing the old Frenchwoman; "I am about to start for your dear France, but I shall return in three or four weeks, and if you will permit me I will pay you an early visit. Hester," he added, in English, "it will be necessary to tell you all I do. Can I write to you safely? Will your father see my letter?"

"You can write to me," she answered; "my father will know nothing about it. Good-by."

"Good-by, little Hetty," he replied; "say, 'God speed you, Robert Waldron.'"

"God speed you," repeated Hester, with a glance into his eyes which made his heart throb again. He laid his mustached lip against each smooth cheek of madame, with an air of gallantry as exquisitely refreshing to her as cold waters to a thirsty soul; and with a last look at Hester he hastened from the poor garret, and down the stairs, as if the next instant should see him on his way to Southampton, the nearest route to France.

He did start, as soon as he could make such arrangements as would not involve confiding the reason of his expedition to his father. He had no wish to make him acquainted either with his recent intercourse with Hester, or the quixotic mission she had sent him abroad for. This mission was so utterly distasteful to him, that but a little more painfulness would have made him abandon it altogether. It was like raking among the ashes of the dead to reconstruct a skeleton. It had not been a pleasant sin to him, even at the time; and now it seemed likely to prove a root of bitterness which had struck very deeply indeed. The one point of attraction in the whole of his present course of action was the tie gradually formed by it between himself and Hester. He wrote to her frequently, and looked forward to another half-stolen interview with her upon his return. Three or four times, also, she wrote to him.

The quest was as Robert Waldron expected, utterly fruitless, so far as its immediate object was concerned. He could discover no satisfactory trace of Rose, though he stayed in Normandy several weeks longer than he had at first intended, urged by Hester to make sure that he left no means untried. At last he returned to England, without announcing his intention of doing so to her, and at once paid a visit to the garret of Madame Lawson. After his purposeless and impulsive nature, he resolved to see and know more of Hester, without looking forward to any result from such an intercourse, except the agreeable distraction from *ennui* which it afforded him.

Madame Lawson understood him better than he understood himself; and all her inherent love of intrigue, which had been starving for lack of food in England, revived in full force. She knew very well that a monsieur, so distinguished and so handsome, did not pay his visits to her garret out of pure kindness to an exile. By dexterous questions she ascertained his position and his wealth. He even confided to her the history of his early fault, which seemed to her, accustomed as she was to the frivolity of aristocratic society as it then existed in France, so venial that she exclaimed at these strange English, who could recollect so small a sin. She could see no reason whatever why this rich and great milord should not eventually love and be loved by Hester. In fact, it was a beautiful little turn of the wheel by which the wrong which had been committed might be redressed. She very willingly let him know when he might find Hester at her place.

Robert took care to be there the very first time Hester paid madame a visit after his return. But she was not a second time to be taken by surprise. She greeted him calmly and collectedly, and listened to his account of his journeyings with a grave and downcast face, while he spoke to her almost in a whisper, lest any word should reach other ears than her own. When his narrative was ended, and she looked more sad than before, Robert Waldron could no longer keep back a question which had been all the time upon his mind.

"What could you do, Hester?" he asked; "you could not see her for yourself."

"Not see her!" echoed Hester, with a sudden flame of passion upon her quiet face; "not see her! *Why should I see you, and refuse to speak to her?* Why should I let you touch my hand, and hold it back from her? I would go to her to-day, if I only knew where she was."

"You do not know what the world would say," said Robert Waldron.

"I believe I know what Christ would think," she murmured. The momentary fire of indignation and protest died out, and she leaned her face upon her hands, and wept long and bitterly, with tears of mingled disappointment and longing. It was the first time that the world's opinion had been, in any shape, thrust upon her. In her own dreams of fresh romance and enthusiastic religion, she had seen no obstacle whatever to her scheme for seeking from *him!* She wept so long and hopelessly that Robert Waldron was almost beside himself.

"Hetty," he said, "I will do whatever you bid me. I will go back again, and come here no more unless I find her, if you desire it. But there is no chance of discovering her. I assure you most solemnly I have done all I can; yet I will go back again."

"No, no," she answered, "you must not leave your father a second time on a useless errand. But I have had nothing else to think of all these years, and now it is all over. I only wish we knew that she was dead!"

Robert Waldron echoed the wish ardently in his heart, but he did not utter it. Perhaps she might be dead; but he had never attempted to establish that point. He resolved now to put this question afloat, and see what response he could get to it.

"I have thought of one other thing I can do," he said, "and it shall be done quickly. When may I see you again?"

"I come here often," she answered, with wistful eagerness; "this is the only place where I dare meet with you. My father must never know it."

Hester had been so long sole mistress and arbitress of her own actions that there was no element either of disobedience or concealment in the arrangement she had just suggested. It was merely to shield her father from the disquietude and pain of hearing Robert Waldron's name spoken in any connection, that she appointed Lawson's garret as the only place where she could meet him. To have asked her father's opinion would have seemed utter folly and cruelty to her. As she spoke, her girlish ignorance of the world smote upon Robert's conscience, but his generosity was not equal to the sacrifice. He must see her again, why, he scarcely knew; but to forego the stolen and prohibited delight was impossible to him.

"I will see you again in a few days," he said, in a measured voice which betrayed no emotion.

He stayed no longer, but went away, leaving madame to praise her new and powerful patron. The old Frenchwoman was wary, and perfectly comprehended the rôle she had to play. She would keep his secret, and aid his meeting with Hester to the utmost of her power. To this end she maintained a careful silence about Robert Waldron to her son, who never returned from the workshop until late in the evening, long after Hester had gone home, and when there was no chance of his visits.

John Morley, in his dark den, where he brooded over his long, sad, selfish dream of sorrow, had no idea that his daughter was in direct and personal communication with Robert Waldron. He was receiving some very material shocks to his profound inattention to business; for his affairs were daily becoming more and more involved, and his creditors more pressing. In these troubles Hester had to bear more than her full share; and whenever his thoughts turned from their old sorrow, they had nothing to occupy them but this new one. It was a relief to go and see the gay old woman, whose cheerful songs and laughter stirred her heart to something of girlish merriment; and Robert Waldron's occasional presence there added another interest, amounting almost to an attraction, to her visits.

(To be continued.)

THE BLESSEDNESS OF BELIEVERS.

S. S. Lesson for June 15, Rom. 8 : 28–39. Golden Text, verse 28. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Love Includes Trust—Confidence in Trial—Care a Hinderance to God's Work—The Divine Purpose—To Produce Conformity to Christ's Image—Justification Complete and Perfect—An After Question—Symptoms of Imperfect Sanctification—Details of Daily Life as Signs—God's Varied Tests and Trials—Satan's Delight in Effecting Bondage — God's Justifying Triumphant — More than Conqueror — Small Annoyances—How to Prevent Separation.

"AND we know that all things work together for good to them which love God." *All* things, pleasant and unpleasant, convenient and inconvenient, expected and unexpected, possible and impossible, arising through persons or through circumstances — *all* things work together for good to them that love God. To whom do they work together for good? To one class only, to them that love God. When we *really* love another, we put a good construction on all which he does and says; we have such confidence in him that we do not suspect in him motives which we look for in others; we give him credit for doing always that which is consistent with the understanding which exists between him and us. We do not judge him by what he *does or says*, but by that which we believe he *is*; and we judge his actions by himself, whereas we judge a stranger by his actions and his words.

If we *really* love God, we can trust Him where we do not understand His dealings with us; we can trust Him out of our sight; and knowing that He has perfect control over all things, we can believe that He in His own secret and wise counsels is making all things to work together for our good. Joseph when in Egypt had this confidence; and unlikely as it seemed that slavery and the prison, the loss of his position and his reputation should work together for bringing about that position of rule which God had foretold him, yet so it was; and that heart of Joseph's which trusted Him then in the dark, knew afterward how to commit to Him the affairs of the mightiest kingdom of the then known world.

While we kick against circumstances and against people; while we are trying to deal with *them*, to prove that we are in the right and they in the wrong, we are hindering our God in bringing about that

GLORIOUS PURPOSE

for which He has created us. What is it? "Whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the first-born among many brethren." He has created us, but the image in which we were first created has been obliterated by sin; He has redeemed us; justified us if we believe, sanctified us if we are yielded to Him, filled some of us with the Holy Ghost if we have let Him do it; but all this is for a purpose, the purpose of our being—viz., that we might be conformed to the image of His Son. Justification, cleansing, the filling with the Spirit, all prepare for this. But this purpose of our loving God to conform us to Christ is carried out by Him day by day through the "all things" which He permits.

We are justified, bless God, once for all, as soon as we believe, and we can never be more justified than then. We are sanctified by the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all. But in every detail of daily life comes the question whether our bodies are really offered to God a living sacrifice, whether really in this or that new circumstance the Holy Ghost is to be Lord in His temple or not. Where the will is completely yielded there is no question; but wherever self is allowed for a moment to have a voice, and there is a kick against persons or circumstances, there is a lack of conformity to the image of Jesus. And our loving

GOD VARIES HIS TESTS

and trials, overruling all the malice of the enemy that He may bring out in every conceivable way the manifestation of Christ in us. So long as we consider or acknowledge self, our likes and dislikes, our choices or conveniences, our reputation, etc., and so long as we attempt to set ourselves right, it is quite clear that the matter is not entirely a settled one with us that God is for us, and that therefore all things work together for good. But if the most annoying things occur, and we only see *God's* hand in them, it is most clear that Christ in us, not self, is regarding them, and He is making them work together for the exercise of His life in us. One whom I highly value misinterprets everything I do; praise the Lord, it is among the "all things." An elder sister attempts to manage me so that I have no personal liberty as to eating, clothing, or the disposition of my time, or the following of God's leadings. It is among the "*all* things." But am I to resist in such circumstances? Refer all to Him who holds the reins, and He will show the way out; praise Him for all. "But," says another, "I have a friend who professes to love me, but it is a friendship which is the veriest slavery; he assumes the control and management of me, he has invested all his money in my business, and so arranges that everything I do which he does not dictate is a loss to him, leaving me no freedom to follow the Spirit of God, and being jealous of every influence which brings me into freedom." Praise God, it is among the "all things," for it is only out of such bondage that we know the joy of the Spirit's liberty; "Ye are bought with a price; be ye not the servants of men" (1 Cor. 7 : 23).

SATAN LOVES BONDAGE;

he brings some into bondage to the world, some to business, some to pleasure, some to reputation, some to learning, some to domestic cares, some to Christian work, some to friendships; the Son of God is He who makes us free. And "if God be for us, who can be against us?" Satan will say if we seem to have no success in our Christian work, "God is against you;" but no, this is among the "all things;" God is showing that the Holy Ghost, not our own energy, is the power for service; and He will make the very failure work together for greater blessing if we learn the lesson. Satan will say that God is against us if a child much prayed for goes wrong. Let us unite with God, and have confidence in Him; then He will cause the very wrongdoing to convict the child that in him is no good thing, and cause his real coming to Jesus. Thus if God be for us we cannot recognize anything or any person against us, our cause is His cause. If we have a doubt as to His love, He says, "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" How can He, who has already given so much for us, fail in one single thing to seek our good?

How much do

WE KNOW ALREADY

of His love? He asks, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Thousands of witnesses might rise; angels, men, devils might accuse any child of God; but He says, "It is God that justifieth." What is this? The wronged party, the one sinned against, takes the part of the sinner; and that, not to prove him innocent, but to clear him from all blame. How? He asks again, "Who is he that condemneth?" and answers, oh, what an answer! "It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us!" He spared not His own Son! He Himself sets forth His own Son, crucified, risen, interceding for us as the justification of those who have sinned against Him. How can we wrong Him by doubting that all things permitted and overruled by Him are working together for our good? How can our hearts do anything but praise and adore Him under all circumstances?

Paul, who knew more than most men about adverse circumstances (II Cor. 11 : 18–33), says, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" The apostle does not write as though these were unusual things; he says, quoting from Ps. 44 : 22, "For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter." But he answers his question without a shadow of a doubt, "*Nay*," these things, these temporal things cannot separate us from the love of God, "*in all these things* we are

MORE THAN CONQUERORS

through Him that loved us." Beloved reader, does an unexpected interruption when you are particularly engaged never for a moment separate you from that love of Christ which causes that *all* things work together for good? Does not the untidiness or forgetfulness of a servant sometimes for a moment so annoy and mortify you that it separates you from that love of God which causes that all things, *these* things, are working together for your good? Does not the long, unspiritual prayer of some very trying brother in the prayer-meeting, or the one who is always out of time or out of tune in the singing, never for the moment separate from that love of Christ which has permitted it? Does not the wrongdoing of a partner in business or perhaps a husband or a wife in business matters never bring about a moment's doubt as to the love of God in allowing it? Paul declares that *none* of these things have the power in themselves to bring about this separation from the love of Christ. It is not the *things themselves* which cause this lack of loving confidence in Him, but it is whether we take them from the hand of God or from that of man. Paul speaks very strongly when he says, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

How, then, are we to prevent this separation? If we are really confident that God is making all things work together for our good, we shall naturally praise Him for all things, we shall have a song to sing about all our troubles, and then we shall "rejoice in the Lord always" (Phil. 4 : 4), not only occasionally. We shall sing David's song, "I will bless the Lord at *all* times: His praise shall continually be in my mouth" (Ps. 34 : 1), and with Paul give thanks always for all things (Eph. 5 : 20). Thus we "shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Another Dynamite Explosion took Place in London on May 31st. It occurred about half-past nine o'clock at night on the corner of the detective headquarters, Scotland Yard. The corner of the building, which was composed of thick brickwork, was blown off to a height of thirty feet, taking with it a portion of the side walls and revealing an aperture fifteen feet wide. Thirteen persons were injured, and five of them, one of whom is a policeman, lie in a precarious condition. Another is the driver of a hack, which was passing at the time. About the same hour a dynamite bomb was thrown into the area of a club-house much frequented by members of Parliament. A miscreant was seen to light the fuse, throw the bomb, and run away. Other public buildings were instantly searched, and *eighteen packages* of dynamite were discovered. Some of them were placed at the base of the famous Nelson column in Trafalgar Square. Had those exploded, the loss of life and destruction of property would have been enormous. London is more deeply moved by this explosion than by any that have preceded it. The lower classes especially are very indignant, and threats of reprisal are made. There are a large number of Irishmen resident in London who would fare badly if the idea of reprisal became popular. Rossa, as usual, claims the credit of having planned the explosion, and states that he knows who executed it; also he needs more money from the servant girls to aid him in freeing Ireland. He asserts that three more explosions are in preparation, the third of which will be at Windsor Castle, one of the residences of the Queen. Such a boast, if made in almost any other country, would secure him a term of imprisonment.

The Provocation of the Dynamite Outrage is on the regular line of Irish policy. On May 27th the government introduced a measure for the benefit of Irish tenants. It is on all hands considered a generous measure, by which the Irish peasantry will be enabled to become the absolute owners of their farms by paying yearly for forty years a sum less than what they now pay for rent, the government undertaking to advance a hundred millions for this purpose. The Irish evinced their gratitude by planning and executing a dynamite explosion, just as the first land bill was also immediately followed by a dynamite outrage, and, still earlier, the appointment of a secretary friendly to the Irish people was followed by his murder. The agitators realize that a government concession deprives them of political capital, and they consequently endeavor to arouse a state of feeling which would make concessions impossible.

A New Mahdi has made his Appearance in the Soudan. He is hostile to the Mahdi who has raised the trouble in the Soudan, and has, it is reported, attacked the troops before Darfour. He claims that he has the power of becoming invisible at will, and has gained believers. A story is told by the natives that the Mahdi sent soldiers to capture the new prophet, but when the soldiers had surrounded the divan in which he was sitting he suddenly vanished in the air.

General Gordon's Situation in Khartoum, perilous as it is, appears to be voluntarily endured by the brave commander, who refuses to desert those who trust him and whom he went to deliver. Sir Henry Gordon, who is the brother of General Gordon, stated on May 26th, in the course of an interview with a reporter, that the latest news received from his brother was to the effect that he had no fear as to his personal safety. He could leave Khartoum by a safe route any day, but would not until a better government in the Eastern Soudan had been established and the safety of the inhabitants from the rebels assured. At the time of General Gordon's news to Sir Henry he was engaged in a project against the slave trade in the Upper Congo. General Gordon considered that a large British expedition was needless. He only wanted a few hundred English troops to co-operate with the gunboats after the rising of the Nile to clear the country of rebels from Berber to Khartoum. The *Pall Mall Gazette* not long ago said: "General Gordon's own policy from the first has been to cling tenaciously to Khartoum and trust to time to dissolve the union among the Mahdi's followers and to wear away their hostility. Even Arabs get tired in time of exposing themselves to Krupp shells, and discover that their interest is to make friends of the men who are in possession of an impregnable fortress. General Gordon has food for five or six months."

A New Nihilistic Warning has been Given to the Emperor of Russia. It was conveyed in a proclamation posted on the walls of the capital and other large cities. It assures him that if he would avoid his father's fate he must grant a constitution to the people. "We address you," says the proclamation, "as a citizen and an honest man, and hope that personal ill-feeling will not smother your sense of duty and your desire to learn the truth. We only ask for justice and for what all civilized nations already possess—personal and political freedom. We ask that representatives of the Russian people should be summoned. We ask for a full amnesty, full freedom of the press, speech and meetings as the only means of saving Russia from revolution." The proclamation ends with a threat of pitiless vengeance if its demands are disregarded. The Emperor appears determined to refuse the demands made in the proclamation.

The French Invasion of Madagascar is being steadily pushed forward. Prime Minister Ferry has informed the Commission of the Chambers on Madagascar Credits that orders have been sent to Admiral Miot, the French commander in Madagascar waters, to extend his operations immediately upon the arrival of a battalion of marines from Tonquin, which it was expected would be on June 30th. M. Ferry also informed the Commission that since the 8th of May Admiral Miot had extended the blockade along the east coast of the island.

Mental and Physical Disease as the Fruit of intemperance appears to be on the increase in Great Britain, if reliance may be placed on a recent appalling statement published by the London *Medical Press*, which says that insanity is nearly thrice as prevalent in the United Kingdom as it was forty years ago. The number of scrofulous and tuberculous patients has also largely increased in our hospitals. In both instances the increase appears to be, to a considerable extent, due to the great and increasing prevalence of alcoholism in all classes, in both sexes, and at all ages. The spread of intemperance among children is one of the saddest and most alarming signs of the times. Very recently we saw three children, the age of the eldest of whom did not exceed ten or eleven years, in different states of intoxication, reeling out of a public-house in one of our principal thoroughfares on *a Sunday afternoon;* one was unable to stand without the assistance of his companions, and all were uttering filthy imprecations, which under sad circumstances and in the voice of childhood, were to us not only the most pitiable of sounds, but also the strongest appeal we had ever heard for some legal interference with that unholy traffic of which such were the results.

A Bill Legalizing the Cremation of the Dead was rejected recently by the British Parliament. The majority against it was overwhelming, and showed a decided public feeling against the practice. The society, however, which promoted the measure is so confident of the ultimate triumph of its idea that it has purchased land and erected a furnace for the burning of dead bodies. No human remains have ever been burned there, but several experiments on animals have been made. A portion of the carcase of a horse weighing one hundred and forty pounds was consumed in two hours, the ashes weighing a little under six pounds. Not the slightest odor could be detected, and there was no escape of smoke from the chimney. The ceremony, as described at the meeting of the congress of supporters of cremation held at Dresden in 1876, would take some such form as this. At the appointed hour the relatives, friends, and visitors would assemble in a mortuary hall, and there whatever preliminary religious ceremonies were desired would be performed. From this hall the procession of friends of the deceased would start for the crematory, whereupon the coffin would be removed by mechanical means. Two attendants would be supplied, whose duty it would be to open the cremation chamber and slide the coffin over the rollers into it. When the cremation has been performed a slide would be withdrawn by the official in the presence of the mourners and others, and the ashes would fall into an urn, which would then be closed down and sealed.

Honors have been Paid to an American Missionary, which are well deserved. The Rev. Cephas Bennett, of the American Baptist Mission, in Burmah, having attained his eightieth year of age, and the fifty-fourth of missionary service in that country, has received the special congratulations of the Chief Commissioner of Rangoon, together with those of the missionaries of the province and ministers of the city. Mr. Bennett and his wife for *more than half a century* have labored indefatigably in the cause of Burmese evangelization. He has had the joy of printing the first edition of the Bible in that language, and numerous portions of the Scriptures in other dialects, as well as millions of tracts and other Christian literature. He was the friend and colleague of the great Dr. Judson, and after all these years of usefulness he and his devoted wife are still in good health, and actively engaged in valuable work.

The Work of Bible Translation is making progress as missionaries penetrate into newly explored lands. The London *Christian* says: "One of the most glorious facts of modern times is the rapidity with which the Word of God is being translated into every known language of men. The whole Bible is now published in the Zulu tongue, and the work of revising the Kafir translation is advancing toward completion. The Board of Revisers is composed of seven members, representing seven branches of the Church of Christ laboring in Kafirland. Thus South Africa bids fair to be speedily in full possession of that seed of the Kingdom from which rich harvests of blessing must spring."

"Thy Healer," A New Magazine Devoted to the subject of faith-healing, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price five cents, including postage. It is issued in London on the first and fifteenth of each month, and will be sent to subscribers promptly on its receipt in New York. The annual subscription is one dollar. It is *edited by Mrs. M. Baxter* whose expositions of the International Sunday-school lessons are published every week in this journal. It contains incidents of faith-healing reported from Bethshan, the London faith-healing institution, and from other similar institutions in Europe, and articles by eminent writers on the subject.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a resumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy, from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have in entering on the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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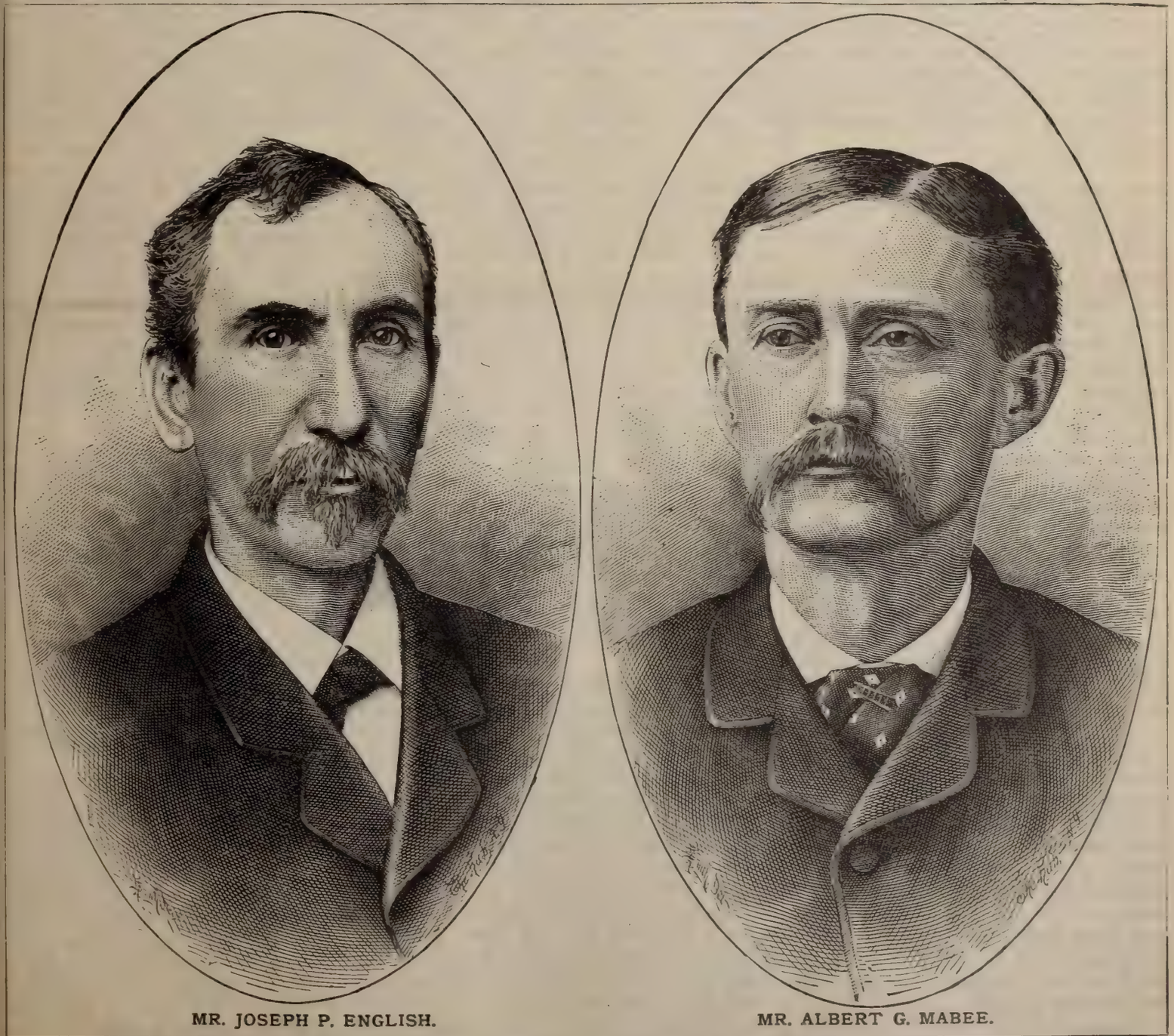

MR. JOSEPH P. ENGLISH. MR. ALBERT G. MABEE.

THE LEADERS OF THE NEW JERSEY CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

ALBERT G. MABEE.

Appearance—Birth in 1843—Enters the Army—Goes to the Oil Regions—Inherits a Property—Marriage—Dissipation—A Famous Trotting Horse—Wreck of a Home—A Christian Woman's Compassion—Taken to Dr. Reynolds—The Reformed Physician's Prescription—The Seven Reclaimed Drunkards—The Red Ribbon Badge—Commencement of Temperance Work—The New Jersey Crusade—A Life of Faith.

The success of the Temperance movement in New Jersey, its remarkable progress in many cities and among all classes, and especially the permanent character of its achievements, have excited a general desire to know something of the two famous workers whose energy and eloquence and organizing abilities have started the movement and carried it forward. The Christian Herald, therefore, gives this week their portraits and a brief sketch of their lives.

Albert G. Mabee is youthful in appearance. Time has dealt kindly with him, and his clear bright eye and his alert, mirthful countenance give people who do not know his age, the idea that he cannot have passed his thirtieth year. As he was born on March 15th, 1843, it is evident that he must be in his forty-second year, though he has all the vivacity and sprightliness of a much younger man. Fort Plain, N. Y., was his birthplace, and there his parents gave him an excellent education, and took care that by precept and example he should learn that the religion of Christ is the best preparation for this life, as well as a safe guide to the life which is to come.

At the outbreak of

THE WAR

young Mabee, though still a student, resolved to join the ranks of the Union army. Like many young men of promise both North and South, the echo of the guns at Fort Sumter thrilled his soul and sounded in his ears like a trumpet-call to duty. He joined the Second N. Y. Harris Light Cavalry, and went to the front. His military record, of which Mr. Mabee speaks with natural modesty, must have been very creditable, for we find that a special recommendation was made of him at the close of the war by his Division Commander, the late General Custer.

The year that followed the declaration of peace was a critical one for many young soldiers. Some of them had left peaceful occupations for the excitements and dangers of the battle-field, and when their services in the army were no longer required they were little disposed to return to employments so dull and insipid as those they had left. Others, and of this class young Mabee was one, had still an occupation to choose, and they too were disinclined, in many instances, to pursue any of the callings from which they might have chosen before their tastes and dispositions were influenced by military life. Something more exciting than the pursuits of humdrum civil life was demanded, and young Mabee, in common with many others similarly situated, looked around for a calling in which there would be some chance of adventure. He was attracted to

THE OIL REGIONS,

which at that time were a scene of excitement and agitation, in which the young soldier expected to find associations and surroundings agreeable to one fresh from the life of a camp. He went there, and found what he sought, with the additional peril of the absence of discipline, which had to a large extent restrained the excesses of the wilder spirits in the army. He associated with some of the most lively of the men there, and soon became a leader in scenes of dissipation. To a man of his mercurial temperament strong drink is the most powerful and seductive temptation the devil has to offer, and young Mabee soon fell into the snare. Before he quitted the oil regions the demon of the sparkling dram held him

A HELPLESS CAPTIVE

in its grasp.

In the year 1867 Mr. Mabee inherited a considerable fortune on the death of his father, and returned to Fort Plain to settle down. A career of honor and respectability lay before him if he had the self-control to avoid intoxicating liquors. That, however, was a difficulty not easily surmounted. He was aided in the attempt by his associations at this time, and the general respect to which his abilities, his position, and his prospects entitled him. He also became attached to a young lady belonging to one of the wealthiest families of Fort Plain, and whom he ultimately married. The influence of an honorable courtship, regard for the lady he loved, and for his character in society sufficed to keep him from the degradation of drunkenness, but he still drank at "high-toned" places, and as he could imbibe more liquor without showing its effects than the majority of men, he kept his character unstained.

After his marriage his increased resources led to greater indulgence, and the purchase of *a famous trotting horse* brought him into contact with men who are the most dangerous companions for a young man with a tendency to dissipated habits. Gradually, almost imperceptibly even to himself, his bondage to the rum-curse grew more complete. He had less shame after intoxication, less disposition to resist the habit, and less regard for his character. A change of residence might, in breaking up dangerous companionships, have saved him even then, if he had resolved, in the strength of God, to begin life anew. But, unhappily, the religious training of his early years was entirely forgotten, and his power of resistance unaided could not rescue him. His wife's family having removed to Lansing, Mich., Mr. Mabee and his wife followed them, and established a new home in that city. There his habits of dissipation increased; he neglected his business, associated with dissolute men, was as often drunk as he could be, and finally lost every cent of his property. He grew reckless then, and became the terror of his family. *Three times he had delirium tremens*, and the third time all hope of his recovery was abandoned. Still he continued his shameful career, regardless of his own interests and those of his family, until in sheer self-defence a legal rupture of his domestic relations was secured, and Mabee was left alone to do as he would.

At this crisis of his life a noble Christian woman saw him, and with the compassion born of love to Christ and the hope which the experience of Christ's power gives, she labored for the

RESCUE

of the depraved, abandoned sinner. God blessed her efforts, and her heart was filled with joy when the miserable drunkard wrote with a trembling hand his signature on the toal abstinence pledge. With true womanly instinct, and with that Christian dependence on divine power which animated her, she carried off her convert to a place where he might learn of Jesus and be led to trust in Him for power to overcome his tempter.

Dr. Reynolds, the noble temperance worker, whose name is blessed by thousands of reformed drunkards now living grand Christians lives in all the States of the Union, was holding meetings in Lansing when Albert Mabee signed the pledge. No man better than he could tell the young man the secret of strength. Dr. Reynolds knew by miserable experience and by a succession of agonizing disappointments the futility of *all means but one* of gaining victory in this war. His medical education had given him exceptional facility for using antidotes with the best chance of success, and they had failed; he had tried the "tapering-off process," and that had failed; and he had tried swearing off before a judge, and that had failed. When every expedient had been tried, and all to no purpose, Dr. Reynolds was led in his despair to Christ, and was delivered. Years afterward, when a large sum of money was offered to him to disclose the secret of his success in temperance work, he said simply, "It is not in me. I stand here believing myself to be a monument of God's grace, saved through the prayers of the noble women of America." Dr. Reynolds kept the vow he made on that terrible night when, in the agony of desperation, he flung himself on his knees, and promised God that if He would save him from the dominion of the curse which had wrecked his life, the remainder of that life should be given to telling his fellow-men the only way to escape. He told that story wherever he had opportunity, and gave to every afflicted drunkard the unfailing prescription which had effected his own salvation. Dr. Reynolds also conceived the idea of a badge, which has since become so popular in the hands of others, and as he thought of his deliverance through he blood of Jesus he made

THE RED RIBBON

the appropriate symbol of the emancipation he taught.

It was to Dr. Reynolds that young Mabee was taken when he had signed the pledge. He had need of such teaching as Dr. Reynolds could give, and of all the encouragement that the reminiscences of Dr. Reynolds were capable of affording. He was received with open arms, and Dr. Reynolds prayed and pleaded with him, and did not rest until the young convert had learned the way of salvation and made a profession of faith in Christ. Then his emancipation was complete, and he could pass his old haunts without the slightest wish to indulge his appetite for liquor. Indeed, the very appetite appeared to have been taken away, and the fire which had burned in his veins was quenched.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

Mr. Mabee's drunken habits were well known in Lansing, where he had lived, drinking and squandering his property, and where his home had been destroyed. Dr. Reynolds rightly thought that such an experience might be utilized for good there. He accordingly persuaded him to attend the meetings and describe the way in which he had been delivered. The effect was tremendous. The miracle, like that wrought on the lame man at the Beautiful gate of the temple (Acts 3 : 10), had been performed on one whose previous sad condition was within the knowledge of all, and they were astonished. Night after night Mabee repeated his story with ever-increasing effect. Then he associated himself with seven other reformed drunkards in

A REFORMED CLUB,

and adopted the Red Ribbon badge.

The effect of Mr. Mabee's speeches was observed with delight by Dr. Reynolds and other temperance workers, and he was urged to extend his efforts. Encouraged himself by seeing the fruit of his labor, and anxious above all things that men enslaved as he had been might learn that emancipation was possible, he spoke as often as his business permitted him. Finally he saw it to be his duty to relinquish business altogether and devote himself unreservedly to a pursuit more noble than that of money-getting. He gradually extended the sphere of his labors from Lansing, along the Mohawk Valley, and then along the banks of the Hudson to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and other points. While in Ulster County, N. Y., he labored with so much success that mainly through his efforts nine towns were carried for "*no license.*"

It was while working in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1880, that Mr. Mabee first met Mr. English, and being impressed with his singularly fine musical powers and his quaint humorous speeches he invited him to join him in the temperance work. Since that time, like another Moody and Sankey, the two men have gone from place to place, preaching and singing deliverance through Jesus to the captives of Satan.

THE NEW JERSEY CRUSADE

commenced November 30th, 1882, at Decker Town. From there the work spread rapidly to other places. In every town the two workers were carefui to leave the work in permanent form by organizing a local reform club, which would hold the converts together, encourage the younger ones, and give to all the aid which

omes from fellowship and union. In this way thorough organization was established through ne counties of Warren, Sussex, Morris, Hunterton, and Somerset. At Trenton, the State apital, the enthusiasm awakened was unbounded, and it was necessary to hire the Opera louse for the meetings, no other building being irge enough to accommodate the crowds of eople who thronged to hear the two workers. t Plainfield, Montclair, Blomfield, New runswick, and Rahway similar scenes were witnessed, and many of the reclaimed men are ow actively engaged in temperance work. Iopes are entertained that through the operaon of the Reform Clubs, established wherever Iabee and English have labored, the minds of ne people will be so influenced, that the passng of a constitutional amendment in New Jersey ill be ultimately effected.

One important feature in the work of these mperance evangelists deserves special notice. t is that of the money question. Their lives re distinctly lives of faith. They have never ade a bargain before accepting any invitation work, and there has never been any scandal fter they have left of *unpaid bills* or of quarels or disputes about insufficient remuneration. hey have accepted such reward as the gratiide of the people has prompted, and have been erewith content. The temperance cause has onsequently been saved in their hands from the pprobrium which some less unselfish advocates ave unhappily brought upon it. They have elieved in God's providence, and casting themelves on the promise they have trusted in the ord, and they have been fed.

JOSEPH P. ENGLISH.

irth in Ireland in 1834—Emigrates to America in 1851—First Act on Landing—Employment and Amusement—Discontent with Work—Joins Christy Minstrels—Growing Appetite for Liquor—An Accidental Marriage—The Lager Beer Saloon at Poughkeepsie—A Pathetic Incident—The Rumseller and his Customers Sign the Pledge—A Terrible Struggle—Temperance Work.

MR. JOSEPH P. ENGLISH, whose portrait accompanies that of his fellow-worker, Mr. Mabee, n the first page, was born in Dublin, May 28th, 334. He came to America in 1851, a youth of eventeen, desirous of seeing the world and aking his fortune. Mr. English has a signifiant reminiscence of his first act on landing on merican soil, which was to go to the first rumiop in sight and have a drink. It was not that e was thirsty, or that he had an inebriate's cravng for liquor, but he was a genuine, mirthful, ovial Irishman, who naturally associated the lea of liquor with any unusual occasion. He elebrated his landing in the New World as he ould have done a birth, or a wedding, or a ineral.

JOLLY LIFE.

He soon obtained employment, working at ood wages in Brooklyn. In the evening, after ork was done, he crossed the river to have "a ood time" in New York. There were plenty f places where the rollicking young Irishman ould have the kind of pleasure he liked best. he elements needed were only jolly congenial mpanions, good liquor, and music. For music e had a passion from his boyhood, and no man the saloons could sing a better song or had a weeter voice than young English. Generous ith his money, genial in manner, and ready to in in any innocent joke, he soon had a host of iends, and led a careless, jolly life. He was a elcome guest in all the saloons, and his high aritone voice was sure to be heard in some aunt of the Irishmen of New York every night.

Young English, however, found, as many a oung man has found before him, that the evenigs spent in that fashion affected him in the ay. He did not settle down to his work in the orning after a particularly uproarious evening ith the energy he used to have. His aching ead needed a reviving draught of liquor, and mehow he grew to dislike the work altogether. It was necessary to work in order to have money to spend, but he wished his work could be less dull, less prosaic, and more like the occupation of the evening. This wish grew upon him, and one day an opportunity of the kind desired came in his way. His genius for music and his singularly attractive voice brought him in contact with the old

CHRISTY MINSTRELS,

and he was invited to join the company. The invitation was joyfully accepted, and young English transferred his scene of operations from the shop in Brooklyn to Barnum's Museum, which was then on the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, New York, where the *Herald* building now stands. That was exactly the kind of life he desired, and the young Irishman entered into it with zest. The show business seemed to be the very thing he was made for. His quick wit, his rollicking humor, and his beautiful voice made him the prime favorite wherever he went, and he went with the show in one capacity or other into every State of the Union.

Meanwhile the life was telling heavily upon him. Constant opportunities for drinking led to the increased growth of the drinking habit. There were always plenty of people ready to treat the popular man of the show, and young English was during the twenty-four hours never quite sober, though seldom absolutely intoxicated. He speaks to this day with horror of that time of spiritual peril. It was a time of utter darkness for the soul. He had been reared a Roman Catholic, and when he left his home in Ireland it was with solemn warnings to be faithful to his religion. But his associations, the jeers of his new friends, and his continual drinking soon made religion in any shape distasteful to him. When a man hates religion he is not far from the stage in which he is ready to declare that it is not true. That step the circus clown soon took. He avowed himself

AN INFIDEL,

declared there was no God, no devil, and no hereafter. He could make new jokes on the sacred subject, and heard them greeted with roars of laughter and cheers by the crowd, who wished too that he might be right in his assertions.

This reckless life continued until the year 1862, when, as Mr. English quaintly remarks, he was

ACCIDENTALLY MARRIED.

It seemed to him at the time a mere accident. It was done without deliberation, without serious thought—the mere passing whim of the moment, a careless act in a careless life. But the influence of the act was more potent than he knew, and his wife soon began to wean him away from his fast life, and lead him to seek something better. Eventually he left the show business, and settled down at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where, as he explained to his wife, he intended opening a respectable hotel-bar. She was not quite satisfied about the bar, but as Mr. English assured her he should sell temperance drinks, she ceased opposing the scheme, though it never had her approval. A genuine lager-beer saloon was opened, and a thriving business established.

The place prospered, as such places do, on the miseries of others. Money that should have bought clothing and food went into the new lager-beer saloon for liquid poison. Mrs. English was unsuspicious, for her husband never came into her presence intoxicated. Indeed, at this time he was so steeped in liquor that it would have been difficult for him to take sufficient to make him intoxicated. A visit from her mother, however, about this time rendered her uneasy. Mr. English says he "saw that the old lady could not be so easily fooled as her daughter was," and he observed that his heavy drinking was noticed. The old lady, however, showed considerable tact. Without upbraiding her son-in-law, she and her daughter consulted together, and called to their councils the leader of a temperance movement then in progress in Poughkeepsie. That was the renowned temperance lawyer, *Edward Crummey*, of whom Mr. Charles W. Sawyer often speaks as the cause under God of his own reformation.

After much pleading, and with much difficulty, Mr. English was induced one Sunday night to go to

THE TEMPERANCE MEETING.

It was a novelty to him, but he listened, and was interested. As the speaker described the effects of liquor on the heavy drinker he mentally indorsed the description, and as he spoke of the ruin of the drunkard's family and the misery of the drunkard's home, the rumseller acquiesced, for he knew how his customers lived and how they might live if they spent less in his saloon. His conscience smote him as Mr. Crummey dwelt on the rumseller's sinful responsibility, for which he would one day have to give account, and he went home feeling miserable. He wished he had not opened the saloon, wished he could get rid of it, was half inclined to close it and become a total abstainer. All that week he was in torment. The charge that he was helping his fellow-men to go to drunkards' graves weighed upon him, and as his customers came to the bar and bought his liquors he knew that the charge was true.

THE CRISIS

came at the end of the week. Among the motley crowd which gathered in the saloon on a Saturday night was one customer who was a particular friend of the rum-seller. He was a fellow-countryman, a stalwart mason from Ireland, who liked Mr. English, and was cordially liked in return.

Tom Murray was in the saloon as usual that night, and drank heavily, also, as usual. He fell asleep in the saloon, and while he lay there, there entered

A CHILD WITH A PITCHER

in her hand. She was singularly beautiful, with bright intelligent eyes and golden hair. The rumseller was struck with her beauty, with which her bare feet and her scanty garments were in startling contrast. He spoke kindly to her as he served her with the quart of lager for which she asked. She turned to the sleeping man, and touching him tenderly on the shoulder she said, "Papa, papa, please come home. Mamma is so lonely. She's sent me for some beer so you can have it at home. Dear papa, do come." The rumseller watched the pretty picture almost with tears in his eyes, and his conscience reminded him that this misery was his work. Tom Murray, awakened by the child's loving touch, roused himself. At length the meaning of the child's sweet appeal reached his muddled brain. It exasperated him, he raised his heavy boot to kick the pretty, delicate creature. Before he could do the cruel thing, the rumseller, who had been watching the scene, was over the bar, and had him by the collar.

It was late at night. Mr. English closed the bar, and then was seen

A RARE SIGHT—

a rumseller expostulating with a customer on the evils of drink, and recommending total abstinence. But it did not end there. Tom Murray sobered up, and the two friends discussed the question amicably. Finally the conference ended in both resolving to sign the pledge the next day. They shook hands upon it, and Tom Murray went home. Mr. English locked the door, and turning around found himself in the arms of his wife. She had come in unobserved just in time to hear the last words of the conference, and her heart was filled with joy. She threw her arms around his neck, saying, "I heard what you and Tom are going to do. It is the happiest moment of my life. Mother and I have been praying for this." The next day the rumseller headed

A LINE OF THIRTY

of his customers, among whom was Tom Murray, and all signed the pledge. The liquor saloon was closed, and an oyster saloon took its place, in which no intoxicants were sold.

Mr. English describes, with feelings of pain, now, the horrors of the first few weeks of total abstinence. The struggle was fierce and bitter,

but he fought it as for his life. It was not until he had abandoned his infidel opinions and accepted Christ as his Saviour and deliverer that the fight with temptation was finally ended. Then he was no longer afraid to pass a liquor saloon or to smell a whiff of the steaming rum as he passed an open doorway. To his amazement, the craving left him, and has never returned.

Since his reformation Mr. English has been in several occupations, but always, wherever he might be, taking an active part in temperance work. Applications for his assistance increased upon him, for few could enliven a meeting with so humorous an address or thrill it with so sweet a song as he, until at last temperance absorbed more of his time than business. Finally making the acquaintance of Mr. Mabee at Poughkeepsie, he accepted that gentleman's invitation to join him in the New Jersey crusade, and the success that God has given to the association indicates that it is likely to be a permanent one.

1864 AND 1884.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached before the G.A.R. on Sunday Evening, May 25, 1884, the Sunday immediately preceding Decoration Day.*

"And the Lord commanded the angel; and he put up his sword again into the sheath thereof."—1 CHRON. 21 : 27.

The Davidic Legend—The Contrasts of the two Dates—I. Contrast of Bitterness and Amity—A Very Real Hatred—Proved by Loaded Guns—By Prayers of Christians on Both Sides—Complete Accord now—II. Contrasts in Domestic Life—The Good-By at the Front Door—Sly Tears on Picket Duty—An English Soldier's Brutal Letter—Present Sweet Domesticity—Who the Letters were for—III. Contrast of Religious Opportunities—IV. National Condition—A Country worth Fighting for—The Dead Troops will Come again—The Final Review—The Historic Dead—Universal Victory.

ONE day in Davidic times the people looked up and saw against the sky something which made the blood curdle and the cheek blanch and the breath stop—an angel of overtowering stature, and armed with a sword long and bright as summer lightning when it cleaves the sky from zenith to horizon. The broad blade with curved edge pointed toward doomed Jerusalem. The sheath hung dangling at the side of the great supernatural, the sheath, of course, of such vast proportion as to have held the sword before it was brandished. As long as that uncovered sword was pointed toward Jerusalem havoc and massacre and bloodshed went on; but after a while, in answer to the prayers of the people and the sacrifices on the threshing-floor of Ornan, the angel drew back the sword with the right hand, and seizing the sheath with the left he inserted the sharp point into the mouth of the scabbard, and flung the sword down deep, until the haft of it struck the rim of the scabbard with resound that made the mountains about Jerusalem tremble. Then the havoc stopped, and the wounds healed, and the former glories of the city were eclipsed by the splendors subsequent. Hear you not the clang of sabre and scabbard as they come together in the words of my text? "And the Lord commanded the angel; and He put up His sword again into the sheath thereof."

SOLDIERS OF THE GRAND ARMY

of the Republic! And soldiers who fought on the other side! All one now in kindly brotherhood, whether you wore the color that suggested the gray of the morning sky or the blue of the full noon! And let no man who, by word or deed, tries to open the old wounds, ever offer, either in this world or the next, to take my hand! Hear me while I draw out the contrast between the time when the angel of war stood in the American sky, pointing his long, keen, cutting, frightful sword toward this, our beloved land, and for four years the Nation was in awful hemorrhage, and now when, in answer to the prayers and sacrifices on ten thousand altars, that angel of war that stood above us hath hurled the bloody scimetar into the scabbard with a clang that made everything from the Canadas to the gulf tremble with gladness.

At this season of decoration of the soldiers' graves, both at the North and South, it is appropriate that I rouse your patriotism, and revive your reminiscence, and stir your gratitude by putting 1864 beside 1884. I shall make two circles around

THESE TWO DATES.

Around 1864 I shall put a garland of red dahlias for the carnage. Around 1884 I shall put a garland of white lilies for the peace. The first date I shall crown with a chaplet of cypress. The second date I shall crown with a sheaf of wheat. The one date a dead march and the other a wedding anthem. Twelve o'clock at night compared with 12 o'clock at noon.

AMITY FOR BITTERNESS.

I. Contrast, first of all, the feelings of sectional bitterness in 1864 with the feeling of sectional amity in 1884. At the first date the South had banished the National air, "The Star Spangled Banner," and the North had banished the popular air of "Way Down South in Dixie." The Northern people were "mudsills," and the Southern people were "white trash." The more Southern people were killed in battle the better the North liked it. The more Northern people were killed in battle the better the South liked it. For four years the head of Abraham Lincoln or Jefferson Davis would have been worth a million dollars if delivered on the other side of the line. No need now, standing in our pulpits and platforms, of saying that the North and South did not hate each other. The hatred was as long and terrible as the sword, the angel of war, standing midheaven, gripped pointing toward this nation, and then swung closer down till *it gashed a grave trench* clear through the quivering heart of the continent. To estimate how very dearly we loved each other, count up the bombshells that were hurled, and the carbines that were loaded, and the cavalry horses that were mounted. North and South facing each other, all armed in the attempt to kill.

The two sections not only marshalled all their earthly hostilities, but tried to reach up and get hold of the sword spoken of in the text—the sword of heaven—and the prayer of Northern and Southern pulpits gave more information to the heavens about the best mode of settling this trouble than was ever used. For four years both sides tried to *get hold of the Lord's thunderbolts*, but could not quite reach them. At the breaking out of the war we had not for months heard of my dear uncle, Samuel K. Talmage, President of Oglethorpe University in Georgia. He was about the mildest man I ever knew, and as good as good could be. The first we heard of him was his opening prayer in Confederate Congress in Richmond, which was reported in the New York *Herald*, which prayer, if answered, would, to say the least, have left all his Northern relatives in very uncomfortable circumstances. The ministry at the North prayed one way, and the ministry at the South prayed another way. No use in hiding the fact that the North and South cursed each other with a withering and all-consuming curse.

Beside that antipathy of 1864, I place the

COMPLETE ACCORD

of 1884. Meeting in New York to raise money to build a Home at Richmond for crippled Confederate soldiers, the meeting presided over by a man who lost an arm and a leg in fighting on the Northern side, and the leg not lost, so hurt that it does not amount to much. Cotton exhibition two years ago at Atlanta attended by tens of thousands of Northern people and by General Sherman, who was greeted with kindness, as though they had never seen him before. United States Government la week voting a million dollars toward a Ne Orleans exhibition, to be held next Decembe in which every Northern State will be repr sented. A thousand-fold kindlier feeling aft the war than before the war.

No more use of gunpowder in this countr except for Fourth of July pyrotechnics or shot at a roebuck in the Adirondacks. Brig dier generals in the Southern Confederacy ma ing their fortunes as lawyers in our Norther cities. Rivers of Georgia, Alabama, and Nort Carolina turning the mills of New England cap italists. The old lions of war—Fort Sumte and Moultrie, and Lafayette, and Pickens, an Hamilton—sound asleep on their iron paws, an instead of our raising money to keep enemie out of our harbor, raising money for the Ba tholdi statue on Bedloe's Island, the figure o Liberty with uplifted torch to light the way o all who want to come in. Instead of 1864 when you could not cross the line between th contestants without fighting your way with kee steel, or going through by passes carefull scrutinized at every step by bayonets, you nee only a railroad ticket from New York to Cha leston or New Orleans to go clear through, an there is no use for any weapon sharper o stronger than a steel pen. Since the years o time began their roll, has there ever been i two decades such an overmastering antithesis a between 1864, of complete bitterness, and 188 of complete sympathy? It is the differenc between the archangel of war mid-sky wit sword brandished, and the archangel of wa mid-sky with sword scabbarded.

II. Contrast also the

DOMESTIC LIFE

of 1864 with the domestic life of 1884. Yo were either leaving home or far away from it communicating by uncertain letter. What morning that was when you left home! Fathe and mother crying, sisters crying, you smilin outside, but crying inside. Everybody nervou and excited. Boys of the blue and gray Whether you started from the banks of th Hudson, or the Androscoggin, or the Savannah don't you remember the scenes at the fron door, at the rail car window, or the steamboa landing? The huzza could not drown out th suppressed sadness. Do you not remembe those charges to write home often, and tak good care of yourself, and be good boys, an the good-by kiss which they thought, and yo thought, might be forever?

Then the homesickness as you paced th river bank on a starlight night on picket duty and the sly tears that you wiped off when yo heard a group by a camp-fire singing the plan tation song about the "Old Folks at Home." The dinner of hard-tack on Thanksgiving day and the Christmas without any presents, an the long nights in the hospital, so different fro the sickness when you were at home, with mothe and sisters at the bedside, and the clock in th hall giving the exact moment for the medicine And that forced march when your legs ached and your head ached, and your wounds ached and more than all,

YOUR HEART ACHED—

homesickness which had in it a suffocation an a pang worse than death. You never got hard ened as did the guardsman in the Crimean war who heartlessly wrote home to his mother: "I don't want to see any more crying letters com to the Crimea from you. Those I have receive I put into my rifle, after loading it, and hav fired them at the Russians, because you appea to have a strong dislike to them. If you ha seen as many killed as I have, you would no have as many weak ideas as you now have. You never felt like that. When a soldier's knapsack was found after his death in ou American war, there was generally a carefu package containing a Bible, a few photographs and letters from home.

On the other hand, tens of thousands o homes waiting for news. Parents saying "Twenty thousand killed! I wonder if our boy

* Dr. Talmage did not preach last Sunday at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. His absence affords an opportunity for publishing this, his memorial sermon, preached on Sunday Evening, May 25, of which incorrect reports have appeared in Western journals. This report is accurate and verbatim.—ED.

as among them?" Fainting dead away in ost-offices and telegraph stations. Both the ars of God filled with the sobs and agonies of indred waiting for news, or dropping under the nnouncement of bad news. Speak, swamps of hickahominy, and midnight lagoons, and fire- afts on the Mississippi, and gunboats before icksburg, and woods of Antietam, and tell to ll the mountains, and valleys, and rivers, and akes of North and South, the Jeremiads of 1864 hat have never been syllabled!

Beside that domestic perturbation and home- ickness of twenty years ago put the

SWEET DOMESTICITY

f 1884. Where do you come from to-night? rom home. The only camp-fire you now sit at s at the one kindled in stove, or furnace, or earth. Instead of a half ration of salt pork, a epast luxuriant, because partaken of by loving amily circle and in sacred confidences. Oh, ow I see *who those letters were for*, the letters ou, the young soldier, took so long in your ent to write, and that you were so particular to ut in the mail without any one seeing—lest ou be teased by your comrades. God spared ou to come back, and though the old people ave gone, you have a home of your own con- truction, and you are here to-night, contrasting hose awful absences and filial, and brotherly, nd loverly heart-breaks with your present resi- lence, which is the dearest place you will find his side of heaven—the place where your hildren were born, and the place where you want to die. To write the figures 1864 I set up *four crystals*—crystals of tears; to write the figures 1884 I stand up four members of your household—figures of rosy cheeks and flaxen hair, if I can get them to stand still long enough.

III. Contrast also

THE RELIGIOUS OPPORTUNITIES

of twenty years ago with now. Often on the march from Sunday morn till night, or com- manded by officers who considered the names of God and Christ of no use except to swear by. Sometimes the drum-head the pulpit; and you standing in heat or cold; all the sur- roundings of military life having a tendency to make you reckless; no privacy for prayer or Bible reading; no sound of church bells; Sab- baths spent far away from the places where you were brought up. To-day the choice of sanc- tuaries; easy pew; all Christian surroundings; the air full of God, and Christ, and heaven, and doxology; three mountains lifting themselves into the holy light—Mount Sinai thundering its law, Mount Calvary pleading the sacrifice, Mount Pisgah displaying the promised land.

IV. CONTRAST OF NATIONAL CONDITION.

1864 — Spending money by the millions in devastation of property and life. 1884—With finances so reconstructed that all the stock gamblers of Wall street, week before last, failed to make a National panic.

1864—The surgeons of the land setting broken bones, and amputating gangrened limbs, and studying gunshot fractures, and inventing easy ambulances for the wounded and dying. 1884— Surgeons giving their attentions to those in casualty of agriculture, or commerce, or mechan- ical life. The rushing of the ambulance through our streets not suggesting battle, but quick re- lief to some one fallen in peaceful industries.

1864—Thirty-five million inhabitants in this land. 1884—Fifty-five million.

1864—Wheat about eighty million bushels. 1884—The wheat will be about five hundred million bushels.

In 1864—Cotton less than three million bales; in 1884 cotton will be more than seven million bales.

In 1864—Pacific coast five weeks from the Atlantic; in 1884, for three reasons, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, and Northern Pacific, only seven days across.

Look at the long line of churches, universities, asylums, and houses with which, during the last two decades, this land has been decorated. Oh, was not this

A COUNTRY WORTH FIGHTING FOR?

Do not the magnificent prosperities of 1884 compensate for the hardships of 1864? Sol- diers! Praise God that He has spared you to see this day, and as you gave your bodies in battle give your souls in peace to God and your country.

Living soldiers of the North and South! Take new and especial ordination at this season of the year to garland the sepulchres of your fallen comrades. Nothing is too good for their memories. Turn all the private tombs and the national cemeteries into gardens. Ye dead of Malvern Hill, and Cold Harbor, and Murfrees- boro, and Manassas Junction, and Cumberland Gap, and field hospital, receive these floral offer- ings of the living soldiery.

But they shall come again, all the dead troops. We sometimes talk about earthly mili- tary reviews, such as took place in Paris in the time of Marshal Ney, and in London in the time of Wellington, and in our own land. But what tame things compared with

THE FINAL REVIEW,

when all the armies of the ages shall pass for divine and angelic inspection! St. John says the armies of heaven ride on white horses, and I do not know why many of the old cavalry horses of earthly battle that were wounded and worn out in the service may not have resurrec- tion. It would be only fair that, raised up and ennobled, they would be resurrected for the grand review of the Judgment Day. It would not take any more power to reconstruct their poor bodies than to reconstruct ours, and I should be very glad to see them among the white horses of apocalyptic vision.

Hark to the trumpet blast, the reveille of the last Judgment! They come up, all the armies of all lands and all centuries, on whichever side they fought, whether for freedom or despotism, for the right or the wrong. They come! they come! Darius, and Cyrus, and Sennacherib, and Joshua, and David leading forth the armies of scriptural times. Hannibal and Hamilcar leading forth the armies of the Carthaginians. Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi leading on the armies of the Italians. Tamerlane and Genghis Khan followed by the armies of Asia. Gusta- vus Adolphus, and Ptolemy Philopater, and Xerxes, and Alexander, and Semiramis, and Washington leading battalion after battalion. The dead American armies of 1776 and 1812 and the one million of Northern and Southern dead in our civil war. They come up. They pass on in review. The 6,000,000 fallen in Napoleon- ic battles. The 12,000,000 Germans fallen in the thirty years' war. The 15,000,000 fallen in the war under Sesostris. The 20,000,000 fallen in wars of Justinian. The 25,000,000 fallen in Jew- ish wars. The 80,000,000 fallen in the crusades. The 180,000,000 fallen in Roman wars with Saracens and Turks. The 35,000,000,000 men estimated to have fallen in battle, enough, ac- cording to one statistician, if they stood four abreast, to reach clear around the earth 442 times.

But we shall have time to see them pass in re- view before

THE THRONE OF JUDGMENT—

the cavalrymen, the spearsmen, the artillerymen, the infantry, the sharp-shooters, the gunners, the sappers, the miners, the archers, the skir- mishers, men of all colors, of all epaulettes, of all standards, of all weaponry, of all countries. Let the earth be especially balanced to bear their tread. Forward! Forward! Let the orchestra of the heavenly galleries play the grand march, joined by all the fifers, drummers, and military bands that ever sounded victory or defeat at Eylau or Borodino, Marathon or Ther- mopylæ, Bunker Hill or Yorktown, Solferino or Balaclava, Sedan or Gettysburg, from the time that Joshua halted astronomy above Gibeon and Ajalon till the last man surrendered to Garnett Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir. Attention! compa- nies, battalions, ages, centuries, and the universe. Forward in the grand review of the judgment! Forward!

Gracious and eternal God! On that day may it be found that we were all marching in the right regiment, and that we carried the right standard, and that we fought under the right commander; all heaven, some on amethystine battlement and others standing in shining gates, some on pearly shore and others in turreted heights, giving us the resounding million-voiced cheer: "To Him that overcometh." And our Commander and King, having reviewed the troops, all nations of heaven and earth will salute Him as the one who, standing so long in the sky with the sword of conquest stretched toward the earth, hath at last put it back with a mighty thrust and echoing clang into the sheath of universal victory.

A SLAVE CARAVAN IN THE SOUDAN.

(*See Illustration on page 384.*)

THE inhuman brutality of the slave-dealers and slave-hunters of Africa has often formed the subject of indignant remark. Scarcely a visitor has stayed long enough in Egypt and the countries on its southern boundaries to see any- thing of their condition without being horrified by the cruelties inflicted on the miserable crea- tures captured, torn from their homes, and car- ried off to the slave markets.

The horrors of the journey to the river are depicted in the illustration. The captured wretches, yoked like oxen, are driven in gangs, without mercy for the old people and children. When Chinese Gordon was appointed Governor of the Soudan by Ismail, the former Khedive of Egypt, he spent much of his time in intercept- ing these convoys and liberating the captives.

"I smell slaves; look under those trees!" he exclaimed one morning to his secretary, as they rode along. "No," said the secretary; but the slaves were there all the same, crouched down in the long grass at the command of the rascally Bashi-Bazouks, who were driving them. The miscreants were stripped, beaten, and dis- missed. "It was only," says Gordon grimly, "the want of power and legality which prevent- ed them being now on their backs looking up at the skies, for I had every wish to shoot them." All the way along his march through the country he was releasing slaves whom he found being driven down; but the commerce continued of such dimensions as to prove it was only checked, not killed. "We must have caught," he said, "*over two thousand* in less than nine months, and I expect we did not catch one fifth of the caravans." At Edowa "a party of seven slave-dealers, with twenty-three slaves, were brought to me. Nothing could ex- ceed the misery of these poor wretches. Some were *children not more than three years of age;* they had come across that torrid zone from Shakka, a journey from which I, on my camel, shrank." In another letter he says: "Another caravan, with two slave-dealers and seventeen slaves, was brought in, and I hear others are on the way. Some of the poor creatures were naked."

General Gordon sometimes changed his posi- tion to one on the borders of the river, where he stopped and overhauled boats in which he found slaves packed as closely as herrings in a barrel, almost dying of thirst and lack of air. He de- vised many schemes to check the traffic, but they only availed while he was present to exe- cute them. The Khedive was not in earnest, and the officers and soldiers supplied to Gordon continually deceived him and connived at the escape of the caravans. It may be that Eng- land's interference in Egyptian affairs, and the difficulty she finds in keeping clear of responsi- bility in the Soudan, may be a part of God's plan to force her to undertake this duty. The Indian troops she has at command place her in a position to put down this unholy traffic as no other nation could do it, and when she forgets English "interests," and ceases to ask "What advantage or profit will English merchants and capitalists gain by the undertaking?" then she may learn that God has brought her to her commanding position in Egypt for such a time and such a work as this.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Praying Welsh Family.—At a Recent meeting Mr. Milles said: "When I was a young lad, newly come to the city, I lived in a boarding-house, to which there came a Welsh lady and gentleman, with their son, for the purpose of putting him to study at the University. I was very much struck when the landlady told me that the family of three persons retired to their own private parlor every morning, and at the noon-tide hour for prayer, besides their usual family worship at night. I looked upon them with awe, as being people who lived near to God."

A Fashionable Lady's Heaven.—"I knew a woman, sixty years of age, who even in her old age was the leader of fashion in her locality. She went to church once a week in compliance with public decorum, and if you asked her, 'Are you a Christian?' she would have replied, 'Yes, certainly, every one nowadays is a Christian.' Notwithstanding, she had no knowledge of God and His ways. When she came to die the minister who called spoke to her of heaven, but she stopped him with the words, 'I don't want to hear of any other heaven than this world; it has been heaven to me; I have enjoyed myself thoroughly in it. It has been a good world to me; I will hear of no other heaven.' And so she passed away, I will not say where to, but I have no hope of any one who is out of Christ."

Worth Picking up from the Gutter.—Mr. Simpson related: "A man was passing along the street and saw another man lying on the pavement helplessly drunk. The sober man went on about twenty yards, when the thought struck him, 'Would my Saviour pass that man, if He was in my place? No! He would not. I must help that poor man.' Going back, he raised the man to his feet, and gave him a rattle on the side of the head, saying, 'Wake up, man, and cry, Lord help me.' Three months after a minister called on the gentleman and inquired, 'Do you remember lifting a drunken man from the pavement some time since?' 'Yes, I do,' was the answer. 'Well, then,' said the minister, 'the other day I baptized him and admitted him to Church fellowship, and he is a useful servant of the Lord.'"

A Man Hammered for Three Months.—A member of the Mizpah band said: "It is about four and a half years since God showed Himself to me as a Saviour of sinners. Like so many young men, I went to places of amusement in the evening, but an inward feeling arose in my soul that I was going on the wrong lines, and I was drawn by more gracious influences to go to church and attend Gospel meetings, till at last I was asked to lead the praise at the mission meeting, even though I was unconverted. Thanks be to God, there was an earnest preacher, and every night he spoke it was as though a heavy hammer was beating on my heart. For three months I endured the pain, but one night I went home and threw myself at the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ, and raised a family altar for the first time in my house. I retired to bed, but not to sleep, for I never spent such a happy night in my life. I could not bear to sleep for very joy."

A Singular Talk with a Student.—Mr. Lee said: "I spoke to a student in the train one day. He told me that he was studying for the ministry. I inquired, 'Is your own soul saved, that you are studying how to engage in rescuing the souls of others?' 'My soul saved!' he answered. 'No, I have no time for that; I am too busy studying.' 'Young man! it seems to me that the first thing you have to do is to get your own soul saved, and then to study for the ministry,' I said. 'There is plenty of time for that, surely,' he replied. 'No, there is not; you do not know when death will come to you.' 'Oh, I am a young man, and will take my chance for that.' 'You are too busy to get your soul saved, but death comes to busy men, to young men, and to old men, and takes them whether they are busy or idle, young or old. If he comes to you, busy or not, you must go with him, and if you are unsaved you will be forever lost.' He gave me no answer, but when we came to the next station he left the carriage with a very red face, without saying 'good-by,' but I hope that now he has found the Saviour."

The Slave of a Drug.—Mr. Jack Said: "I Got a message from a Christian man who lived in the country. He is confined to his bed with a severe and, I fear, incurable disease. When he was first seized with the illness, the doctors prescribed one of the many extracts of laudanum, to be taken internally, to allay the sense of acute pain from which he suffered. This drug has gained such power over him that whenever the pain returns, he rushes to it for relief; and the worst of it is that the doctor now says, 'Unless you can stop taking that drug, you will be a self-murderer.' What is to be done? Prayer seems to have no power, for he has prayed, and I have prayed, but still he flies to it whenever the pain comes on. I promised to lay his case before Christian friends to ask their help on his behalf." Thousands are in bondage by this fatal drug, and are unable to deliver themselves. Many have, however, been emancipated through faith and prayer.

The Shadow in a Church.—At a Workers' meeting recently, the Rev. Mr. Mackay reported: "One Sunday night I saw a dark figure creeping into the shadow of the church. I did not at first know whether it was a human being or only a shadow, but on going up to the place I found a poor ill-dressed woman. I asked her, 'Will you not come in?' 'No,' she said, 'you are all well dressed in there.' 'You are mistaken,' I replied, 'this meeting is for those who are *not* well dressed, though if well-dressed folk come we can't refuse to let them in.' 'Well, I must do something, or go in somewhere to-night,' answered the woman. 'I got a tract to-day which so brought my sins before me, that I can't rest.' She was certainly in a fearful state of despair, and my feelings were much moved at seeing her distress. The address that evening just suited her, and she found peace that night through faith in Christ. I have visited her since, and her husband, who is a Roman Catholic, testifies that she is a changed and better woman."

A Soldier Arrested for Praying.—"On the evening prior to an engagement, some years ago, a soldier went away from the camp to find a quiet place for his usual prayer. As he was returning he was arrested for going outside the lines, and charged with being concerned in sending information to the enemy. In vain he explained the true purpose of his retirement. He was brought before the commanding officer, who asked the prisoner, 'What purpose took you outside the lines?' 'I went in order to have my stated season for prayer in quietness,' he answered; 'I pray for you, the other officers, my comrades in arms, and myself.' 'You had better pray now for yourself, for your time is short, and you will have no need of prayer soon.' The soldier knelt down, and in the prospect of immediate death prayed for his comrades, officers, friends, and for himself. When he rose, the colonel said, 'This man did not go out for an evil purpose. If he had not attended regularly at drill, he could not have made such an appearance on parade. Let him attend to his duty.'"

A Bather Saved from Drowning.—The Rev. Mr. Sloan said: "A poor man went to bathe in the sea at Musselburgh. Having gone beyond his depth, he was swept out to sea, and was in danger of being drowned. A gentleman, seeing the man's danger, took a boat and rescued him at the last moment. The man was almost insensible; the rescuer had nothing to revive him, and there was danger in allowing the man to lie unattended till the shore was reached. An idea struck him. Giving the man a good shake, he said, 'It is absolutely necessary that something be done to restore your circulation; I can do nothing. You must take the oar and pull the boat to shore.' The man feebly put forth what power he had to obey the command, and soon the blood began to flow faster and faster, till by the time they got to the beach he was thoroughly restored to his normal temperature. This is just what I commend to feeble and ailing Christians; begin to obey, engage in active service, and soon your heart will beat with a joy yet untasted, and you will become strong and vigorous in rescuing the perishing."

THE PERSONAL ANTICHRIST.

By Rev. A. R. Fausset.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED ON MAY 15, AT THE SOUTH LONDON CONFERENCE ON THE RETURN OF OUR LORD.

I. Not Latent Antichristianity—The Many Antichrists—The Last Antichrist Distinct—Comes in his Own Name—II. Not Lawlessness in Mystery—The Coming Widespread Conspiracy—The Dispensation to Close in Unbelief—III. Not the Romish Church—Will be Unseated by the Beast—IV. Antichrist's Prime Minister—The Three Unclean Spirits—Origin of Each—V. Antichrist a Person—VI. The Signs of his Coming—VII. His Relation to the Jews—VIII. His Relation to the Church—IX. His Destruction.

HAS Antichrist *yet* come? Or have we still to *expect* his manifestation? If still *future*, is he to be a *state* or a *person?* Are there *signs* of his coming *already* visible in the world? And what shall be his relation to the *Church*, to the *world*, to the *Jews*, and to the *second coming* of our Lord? *These* are questions which can only be answered by appeal to the infallible Guide—the *Holy Spirit* in the *written* Word. May that blessed Spirit of truth lead us to a right judgment, while we examine the sure word of prophecy!

NOT ANTICHRISTIANITY.

I. Many believe that Antichrist has already come, and that the Romish apostasy realizes all the foretold features. But we must distinguish between the Antichristianity that is latent in the long ages of apostatizing Christendom and the patent antagonism to God of the last Antichrist. That latent Antichristianity answers to "the harlot;" this patent antagonism to Christ answers to the second "beast," ministering to the first beast of Rev. 13. Jesus foretells the former (Matt. 24: 5), "Many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ." But he emphatically distinguishes these many coming in Christ's name from the last Antichrist, who shall come in his own name. John 5: 23: "If another shall come in His own name, Him ye will receive."

It is the same apostle, John, who alone uses the name "Antichrist." His definition decides the question. 1 John 2: 22: "He that denieth that Jesus is the Christ; he is Antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son." Like his Master, John distinguishes the many Antichrists of the Church from the one Antichrist of the last age. "For many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh. This is a deceiver and *an* Antichrist." An Antichrist has come in many past ages; as Cerinthus and the Gnostics in John's time, and Mahomet subsequently denying Jesus' Messiahship and Divinity. But these are not the Antichrist to come.

LAWLESSNESS REVEALED.

II. The adversary, *antikeimenos*, in Paul's II Thess. 2: 1–12 answers in sound and sense to John's *Antichristos*. He too "opposeth all that is called God or that is worshipped. So that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." The Pope as God does sit in God's temple, claiming God's exclusive prerogative of infallibility; but it is in God's name he does it, and not as "opposing all that is called God. "The mystery of lawlessness" was working in Paul's days (II Thess. 2: 7, 8), and has been for 1800 years; but the "revelation" of "the lawless one," "the man of sin," "the son of perdition" (the designation given only to the two persons, Judas and Antichrist),

is reserved for the last short days which precede the Lord's "destroying him with the brightness of His coming."

The "falling away first" (II Thess. 2 : 3, 9) precedes the revelation of the man of sin, "whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power, signs, and lying wonders." The mediæval apostasy of Rome and the Greek churches answers to the "lawlessness in mystery." But Holy Writ plainly indicates that just before the Son of man shall come to take His great power, and bring under law the disordered world, there shall be

A WIDESPREAD CONSPIRACY

of the people and their rulers "against the Lord and against His anointed." Our Lord Himself foretells the same lawlessness; and that its result will be that waning of love which is to be characteristic of the Laodicean or last age of the Church. "Because lawlessness shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold" (Matt. 24 : 12). The culmination of this rebellion against law and God, the Lawgiver, shall be under Antichrist fully revealed, after the elect Church has been translated. Luke 18 : 8: "When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" This plainly implies that the close of this dispensation, like that of the Jewish dispensation, shall be in unbelief.

Similarly in 1 Tim. 4: the earlier stage of lawlessness, namely, while it is in mystery, is depicted: "The Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing demons, forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving." Here the mediæval apostasy is plainly indicted. But in the later Epistle, II Tim. 3: mark the change from "latter" to "*last*," and from "times" to "days." "In the last days perilous times shall come.

The features here are no longer those of lawlessness in mystery, but of lawlessness on the verge of being openly revealed. Especially will this appear from comparing this list with the sins of Pagans detailed in Rom. 1, which, in a singular degree, correspond. In a word, the last days will be a relapse from God to *Paganism*, from Christianity to Antichristianity. The unclean spirit of Pagan idolatry and sorcery, cast out once by early Christianity, and again at the Reformation, shall return with sevenfold more wicked spirits, and the last state shall be worse than the first (Luke 11 : 24–26).

III. Herein lies the difference between the *harlot* and the *beast;* and on *this* difference hinges the whole question

IS THE POPE ANTICHRIST,

or is Antichrist *yet* to be revealed? *Woman*, or *wife*, is the Scripture image of the relation of the *Church* to Christ. Woman, like man, bears the *image of God* in which she was made. But when *seduced* by the *world's* pleasures, riches, and ambitions, she proves false to her heavenly Husband, she is called "the great *whore*" (Rev. 17). The key to the meaning is Isa. 1 : 21, "How is the faithful city become an harlot;" *i. e.*, Jerusalem the holy is become "Babylon the great." She "sits upon the *scarlet colored* beast," herself assimilated to it in being "arrayed in *scarlet* color." In short, the Church, instead of witnessing *for God against* the *world* which ignores Him, *rests on* the world.

Yet she is not the beast. She was made in God's own image; the beast never was so. She raises her head toward heaven; the beast, however strong physically, grovels with face earthward. In a word, the Church, however apostate, still owns God and His Christ in nominal profession; the godless world-power's allegiance, on the contrary, is to Satan, the prince of this world, himself of bestial nature, being the old "serpent, the most subtle of the beasts of the field" (Gen. 3 : 1). Mark now the consequence: if the Romish Church be in part or wholly the harlot, then she is not the beast; and *vice versâ*. That she is the prominent representative of the harlot is certain, when we consider her idolatries and gross worldliness, and persecutions of the saints. Then she cannot be also the beast. Nay, she is

UNSEATED BY THE BEAST

in the end.

And not the Romish Church only, but all apostate Christendom; for, as the whole Church is the woman in her *first* love uncorrupted (Rev. 12), so Babylon the harlot must be the whole faithless Church of both Old and New Testament. Hence too the same is alleged of her in Rev. 18 : 24, as our Lord alleges of the whole apostate Jewish Church—that "in her was found the blood of all that were slain upon the earth."

God's principle of righteous *retribution* on her, accordingly, is, as the *world* was the instrument of her *sin*, so shall it be the instrument of her *punishment*. Rev. 17 : 16: "The ten horns upon the beast shall hate the whore, and make her desolate, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire."

ANTICHRIST'S PRIME MINISTER.

IV. Then, and not till then, the second beast coming up out of the earth (Rev. 13 : 11) (*i. e.*, out of society consolidated with earthly culture), the last Antichrist, brings back the paganism of the first beast on which the whore had sat, and recommends it by a spiritual form. The second beast is identified in Rev. 19 : 20 with "the false prophet" who did miracles before the first beast to deceive men into worshipping the image of the first beast (13 : 13, 14). Our Lord foretells (Matt. 24 : 24), "False Christs and false prophets shall show great signs, insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the elect." St. Paul said (II Thess. 2 : 9), that "the lawless one's coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders." And St. John (Rev. 16 : 13, 14) said that "three unclean spirits came out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet; for they are the spirits of demons, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth, and of the whole world, to gather them to the war of that great day of God Almighty."

Infidelity is the unclean spirit from the dragon Satan, lawlessness from the beast, and false spiritualism from the false prophet. Rev. 19 : 20; 22 : 15). When the apostate church is cast off by the beast or world, as men cannot do without some spiritual worship, however untrue, the false prophet, the last Antichrist, meets their want, and takes the place of the discarded apostate church (Rev. 13). As "patience" was the believer's need to overcome the long-continuing first beast, so "wisdom" is our need against the *second* beast.

ANTICHRIST A PERSON.

V. World-principles generally culminate in a person; so the world-conforming principles of apostate Judaism issued in the Old Testament Antichrist, Antiochus Epiphanes, who set up the idol Jupiter in the temple of Jehovah at Jerusalem and persecuted all who would not conform to the state idolatry.

SIGNS OF ANTICHRIST'S COMING.

VI. The signs of our times warn us that the last Antichrist's manifestation cannot be far off. Never was infidelity, the dragon's lie, so rampant. Evolution without the Divine Evolver; matter alleged to be the potential mother of life and mind; God denied alike in nature and in revelation; the higher criticism undermining the authority of Holy Scripture within the Church, and the world-philosophers from without utterly repudiating it; the Lord's coming in the past, and in the future ignored by multitudes. Then Nihilism, Communism, Positivism, Dynamitism, and mobocracy indicate the growing antipathy to all law. While Spiritualism already alleges its necromantic miracles, which seem ominous of some coming false prophet's lying signs.

HIS RELATION TO THE JEWS.

VII. But what is the relation of Antichrist to the Jews? Besides the little horn of the fourth kingdom, which answers to the first beast ridden upon by the harlot, and which is mentioned in Dan. 7, there is the little horn of the third kingdom (Dan. 8), which is associated especially with the Jews; indeed, it is significant that Dan. 2 and 7 are in Chaldee, the language of the Gentiles, but 8, 11, and 12 in Hebrew, the language of the Jews. Antiochus Epiphanes, the Old Testament Antichrist, is portrayed in Dan. 11 in minute detail. But language is there used which shows that the final and exhaustive fulfilment is yet future, for the coming king is to corrupt by flatteries such as do wickedly against the covenant, and to do according to his will, and like the lawless one of II Thess. 2, to "exalt himself above every god, and speak marvellous things against the God of gods." In Dan. 9 : 27 also a "prince" is mentioned who "shall confirm the covenant with many for one week, and in the midst of the week cause the sacrifice to cease."

Blessed be God, the oppression of Israel by Antichrist, though terrible, shall be brief; the ten kings whom Antichrist seduces receive power only for one mystical hour with the beast (Rev. 17 : 12). From the first he is doomed to perdition, and therefore called "the son of perdition" (Rev. 17). "He shall plant the tabernacles of his palace between the seas in the glorious holy mountain; yet he shall come to his end, and none shall help him" (Dan. 11 : 45). "Alas! for that day is great, so that none is like it: it is even the time of Jacob's trouble; but he shall be saved out of it" (Jer. 30 : 7).

HIS RELATION TO THE CHURCH.

VIII. What is Antichrist's relation to the *Church*, and to the world, and to the Lord's second coming? Already the beast or world-power is more and more throwing off the apostate church which has ridden upon it, in those once priest-ridden countries, Austria, France, Spain, and even Rome itself. In Protestant countries also governments and peoples are less and less under the authority of the external Church. When the world has completely got rid of its sham profession of Christianity, then will Antichrist be revealed. The pure Church, the Lamb's Bride, known to *God* amid hollow professors, will then be ready for her translation. She may suffer, or not, in the early part of Antichrist's persecutions of the elect Jews. But she shall be caught up to her Lord directly after Antichrist's "gathering his hosts to the war of that great day of the Lord," and before his gathering them together to Armageddon to the actual field. For between the two points the gathering of the ten kings of the whole world to the war in verse 14 of Rev. 16, and the gathering them to Armageddon in verse 16, stands verse 15: "Behold I come as a thief; blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments."

HIS DESTRUCTION.

IX. Yes, believing brethren, ye who "watch and pray always" shall be "counted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man." When Antichrist gathers the kings of the earth and their armies, the Lord Christ gathers His saints, "they that are with Him are called, and chosen, and faithful" (Rev. 17 : 14); with them He inflicts the blow which decides that the beast, the false prophet, and then Satan himself, are to cease oppressing this earth. "The Lord shall destroy Antichrist with the brightness of His coming" (II Thess. 2 : 8). "I will encamp about mine house (the restored temple) because of the army"—that of Antichrist usurping God's place in God's temple (Zech. 9 : 8), and slaying Christ's two witnesses then at Jerusalem (Rev. 11). He whose right it is shall take the kingdom as His own. With Him shall reign His saints over the world, just because they gained "the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith" (1 John 5 : 4). Believers would not accept the world kingdom at Satan's hands; therefore they shall have it at Jesus' hands. Having such glorious hopes, and seeing that the predicted signs are "beginning to come to pass, lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh" (Luke 21 : 28).

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Nominations for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency made last Friday by the National Republican Convention are probably now known to all our readers. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week defined its attitude on this subject, and now that the candidates have been nominated, it sees no reason to qualify or withdraw any remark then made. The convention having nominated the candidates, it will be for the people to decide whether they are men fit for the highest places in their gift. There is less difficulty than usual in doing this, because of the abundance of material accessible for forming a judgment on their record. Both statesmen have been prominent in public life for more than twenty years, and their characters and achievements are well known. Nevertheless, men will come to different conclusions on the subject, and in doing so may, on both sides, be acting conscientiously. This is a matter for the individual conscience to decide, and it will be well for every citizen to refrain from pledging himself until he has given the subject a careful and prayerful consideration.

The Republican National Convention Assembled in Chicago on Tuesday, June 3d. The first struggle was on the election of temporary chairman. The National Committee nominated for the office General Powell Clayton, of Arkansas. The nomination was supported by the Blaine section, but opposed by a combination of Arthur and Edmunds men, who succeeded in electing instead ex-Congressman John R. Lynch, of Mississippi, a colored man. The vote was 430 to 388. The convention on Wednesday elected, without opposition, as permanent chairman, General John B. Henderson, of Missouri. On Thursday the platform was adopted. Its utterances are, as usual, somewhat vague, and show how little difference exists today between the Republican and Democratic parties. As to *the tariff*, it demands that duties shall be levied, not for revenue only, but so as to afford security for our diversified industries and protection for wages and capital. It demands a heavier duty on foreign wool. As to *the currency*, it commends "the best money," but does not state its idea of what the best money is. It favors the establishment of a national *bureau of labor*, the enforcement of *the eight-hour law*, denounces the importation of *contract labor* from Europe or Asia, is opposed to land grants to corporations and non-resident aliens, and advocates liberal pensions. Neither female suffrage nor Prohibition finds a place among the planks. On Friday balloting was commenced. The first ballot gave Blaine 334½; Arthur, 278; Edmunds, 93; Logan, 63½; John Sherman, 30; Hawley, 13; Lincoln, 4; General Sherman, 2. Two more ballots were taken, and Blaine's strength increased to 375. On the fourth ballot Illinois cast 34 Logan votes for Blaine, and there was a general break for the Maine candidate, who received 541 votes, 130 more than were necessary for a choice. In the evening Senator John A. Logan, of Illinois, was nominated Vice-President by acclamation.

Only a Brief Summary of the Events in the lives of the two candidates is necessary in the case of men so well known. *James Gillespie Blaine* was born January 31st, 1830, at Union Township, Washington County, Pennsylvania. At the age of twelve he was sent to Washington College, where he graduated with honor in 1847. He taught school at Frankfort, Ky., after leaving college. There he first met the lady whom he afterward married. She was a Maine lady, and by her advice the young professor went to Maine, settling at Augusta, where he was married. He became assistant editor of the Kennebec *Journal*, and took an active part in politics, and was elected to the State Legislature in 1858, and was chosen Speaker in 1860 and 1861. In 1862 he was elected to the Thirty-eighth Congress from the Kennebec District. The same constituency successively re-elected him, and in 1869 he was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives, and was re-elected two succeeding terms. In 1876 Mr. Blaine was elected to the Senate, resigning in 1881 to enter President Garfield's Cabinet as Secretary of State. *John A. Logan*, the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, was born in Jackson County, Illinois, on February 9th, 1826. He served in the Mexican War with distinction, and at its conclusion commenced the study of law, gaining admission to the bar in 1851. He was elected to the State Legislature as a Democrat in 1852, and in 1856 was a Presidential elector on the Buchanan ticket. In 1858 Mr. Logan entered Congress. He was re-elected in 1860, but resigned to take part in the war. He joined as a volunteer, but rose to the rank of brigadier-general, with command of the Army of the Tennessee, and took an important part in the chief engagements. At the close of the war he returned to the House, and served there until his election to the Senate in 1871. He was re-elected in 1879.

The Political Firmament is Lurid with the portents of a coming storm. The nomination of Mr. Blaine has divided the Republican party especially in New York into two angry sections. The animosity awakened in 1872 was trifling compared with the passion that now agitates the party. On the one side is the majority, enthusiastic for a leader of conspicuous ability, splendid talents, and genial manners. On the other is the minority, loathing the candidate under whose banner they are invited to march. The majority finds in Mr. Blaine its ideal chieftain, in whom it has unbounded confidence. He is precisely the man to awaken such enthusiasm. There is nothing cold or colorless about him. He is a leader about whom men cannot be indifferent. Those who come in contact with him are moved to ardent admiration or goaded into fierce antagonism, and both effects the nomination has intensified. Whether it was wise to nominate a man who would thus cleave the party in twain in the face of its foe, rather than one who would unite it, the Republican majority appears likely to have an opportunity of finding out. History shows us that when the day of battle comes, Republicans are apt to forget personal dislikes, smother their resentment, and fall into line. The Convention, when it nominated Mr. Blaine, probably expected that this would happen again; but appearances this time are against that expectation. Republicans who love their party may object to the policy and political creed of a candidate chosen by a convention, but he may give such explanations and pledges as will induce them to support him, for the sake of the party. But the difficulty with Mr. Blaine's antagonists is of a different kind. It is one that explanations and pledges are not likely to remove. Those who are opposed to Mr. Blaine as a candidate for the Presidency, say that they are so on ethical grounds. They allege that he is morally corrupt; that when he was Speaker of the House he used his position and influence in the interest of corporations, and accepted from them rewards for his services; that since that time he has consorted with men of character so vile as to tarnish that of any man who associated with them; that his whole public career proves him to be a man destitute of honor and conscience, whose nomination is a disgrace to the party, and whose election would be a disgrace to the nation. Having stated in language so emphatic objections so weighty, they are little likely to fall into line and vote for the candidate. Some of them declare they will vote for the Democratic candidate, others that they will not vote at all, while others again urge the nomination of a second Republican candidate of unblemished reputation, who, though he could not be elected, would, by his candidacy, afford an opportunity for Anti-Blaine Republicans to vote in a way that would clearly express their principles, which would not be done if they refrained from voting, or voted for a Democrat. The situation is a remarkable one, and dispassionate observers will watch its development with no ordinary interest.

The Attempt to Repeal the Civil Service Reform law has received a check from the House Committee on that Department. The committee last week presented a unanimous report against the proposed repeal. The report, after describing the evils of patronage and the spoils system, for which it holds both parties responsible, states that the law has done much toward uprooting them. It closes with the following emphatic remark: "Your committee, entirely satisfied with the thorough, conscientious, and non-partisan work of the Civil Service Commission, are justified in the belief that its continuance will aid in a large degree in eradicating the prevalent evils of the civil service of the Government." The committee is composed of eight Democrats and five Republicans.

The New York State Prohibition Convention will be held in Albany on July 8th. The convention will nominate candidates for the two vacant seats of Associate Judges in the Court of Appeals, and choose seven delegates-at-large to the National Convention, to be held at Pittsburg, Pa., on July 23d. It may be hoped that the latter convention will be rightly guided in its nominations. The present disorganized condition of the Republican party renders it possible that a wise nomination would bring a large accession of strength to the Prohibition ticket. The deplorable blunder of 1880 should not be repeated while so many unobjectionable candidates may be found among Prohibitionists.

The Temperance Victory at Orangetown, N. Y., is already bearing fruit. The commissioners have refused to grant any licenses except to four hotels—two in Nyack, one in Piermont, and one in Sparkhill. Not a single ale or beer or grocers' license has been granted, and the lager-beer dealers are greatly excited. Those whose applications were rejected threatened to sell any way, and a large sum of money has been subscribed by them for the contest. The Law and Order Association is firm in its determination to see that the law is complied with, and has also a large sum of money subscribed.

A Valuable Law, which Should Clear the streets of New York of some of their obscene exhibitions, is now in force. It makes it a misdemeanor to sell, give away, exhibit, or offer for sale to any minor, any book, newspaper, pamphlet, or other publication principally made up of criminal news, police reports, or who shall exhibit such publications within the view of any such minor.

A Conscientious Printing Company in New Jersey has taken a decided stand on the liquor question. The Crump Label Company, of Montclair, N. J., has issued a notice that it will print no more labels for liquor dealers. One of the directors thus explains its attitude: "We employ between 300 and 400 hands, and there are not more than half a dozen of the men who have not signed the temperance pledge. Some of them were hard drinkers. When the present temperance-awakening struck Montclair, and our men began to feel its influence, we felt as though the company ought to do something too. A company can't take the pledge, but this company could show its desire to be with the men by refusing to work for the liquor trades. So its president, Samuel Crump, promised for the company that no more work of that kind should be taken. We have been making for one liquor firm about 10,000,000 labels a year. About $20,000 worth of business a year is what this decision will cost the company."

Delegates from Young Men's Christian Associations in the United States or Dominion of Canada to the World's Conference of Y. M. C. A.'s at Berlin, in August next, may obtain credentials from the International Committee in New York by getting their State or Provincial Committee to nominate them as a representative from such State or Province, and having the secretary of the committee notify the International Committee when such nomination is made.

A New Building in the Bowery, New York city, is to be erected by the Young Men's Christian Association between Spring and Houston streets. It is to be four stories in height, and will be of brick, with stone trimmings. It will have a frontage of fifty feet. It will contain a reading-room, library, gymnasium, bowling-alley, class-rooms for instruction during the fall and winter evenings, and a hall for lectures and entertainments. Provisions will also be made for other purposes of a practical nature. The cost is estimated to be about $50,000, a large portion of which has already been raised.

Mr. E. W. Bliss Recently Closed a Successful series of services at Atlanta, Ga. During the two months the mission covered, the interest continued to increase, and the services were honored of God by the conversion of large numbers of sinners, some of whom were once leaders in opposition to the truth. Letters received from Atlanta, and incidents published in the local journals, prove that the visit of Mr. Bliss has been the means of reviving the Lord's work in all the churches of the city.

The Effort to Transfer the Maine Law from the statute book to the Constitution, which is to be made in September, is already agitating the whole State. Repeated statements have been made that the law has been a failure, but Rev. S. W. Adriance, who has lived there some time, avers that it has proved a success. He writes: "As for myself, having lived many years in States having the best form of license laws, the change to absolute prohibition in Maine is striking and agreeable. The villages and townships throughout the whole State are wonderfuly free from the traffic. In the old days, before the Maine Law came into effect, all these had their hotels and corner stores. Take the State through, it is a vast success. On none of the respectable streets, even of Portland (which presents the greatest facility for smuggling) is there a single rum-shop, open or secret. Liquor dealers in other States regularly send quantities of liquor by express, in all kinds of shape, to assumed names at stations all along the lines, and then write letters to known sympathizers telling them to call for it. Sometimes it is sent in trunks, then in dry-goods boxes; but the constables, sheriffs, police, etc., again and again have seized these and turned their contents into the gutter."

Temperance Work in Colorado is Rapidly tending in the direction of absolute prohibition. A correspondent of the *Observer* writing from Pueblo last week says: "A law and order society, composed of members of both political parties, recently organized work on a direct prohibition basis. As a result, the saloon-keepers and their friends organized 'The Citizens' Protective Union,' and made up a ticket by indorsing the pronounced whiskey men on each political ticket. Only one man named by the saloon-keepers was elected. Eight men, or one half the council, were chosen as pledged prohibitionists or pronounced for high license. This movement was led by Dr. Hays, of the Central Presbyterian Church, supported by the ministers and Christian people of the city. At Colorado Springs, which is a temperance town of six thousand people, the whiskey men made a strong effort to gain control of the city government. Prohibition was the only issue. The result of the election is the total defeat of every one nominated by the whiskey men. This is the beginning of the end, which will be constitutional prohibition in Colorado."

Artificial Beauty was Exposed by a Visit to a mineral spring as related by one of the party. A lady with a number of friends visited Avon Springs, N. Y. As they sat around the spring drinking the waters, her face was observed to undergo a remarkable change. She was noted for the beauty of her complexion, but now it assumed a mottled appearance; large patches of a dark shade resembling the discoloration produced by a blow appeared on her cheeks and neck, and the skin surrounding the marks turned to a ghastly gray hue. Her friends became alarmed, and summoned a physician, though she insisted that she was perfectly well. On the physician's arrival the phenomenon was explained. The young lady had applied a preparation to her face to give brilliance to her complexion, and the air, impregnated with the sulphur of the springs, had changed the effect of its ingredients, thus producing the disfigurement. There are many people whose real character will one day be similarly revealed. Now "they deceive every one his neighbor," pretending to be sincere Christians; but God says, "behold I will melt them and try them" (Jer. 9: 5-7).

Smoking a Pipe on a Keg of Powder Resulted in the death of the smoker and the destruction of his home a few days ago. The Cleveland *Leader* thus describes the occurrence: "About a month ago a miner left a keg in the house of Thomas Murrins, near Coalburg, promising to call for it soon. The keg had been so long about the house that the dangerous nature of its contents was forgotten. Murrins came home this evening, and, lighting his pipe, sat down on the keg. His wife and child were in the next room, and the woman saw a blinding blaze of light, and felt herself hurled violently away. The powder had exploded in some way, tearing Murrins to pieces, utterly demolishing the house, and blowing the woman and child a distance of fifteen feet, badly burning both. Neighboring houses had their windows broken by the shock, and the community was much agitated by the accident. It is thought the child cannot live." Murrins must have been either a very forgetful or a very reckless man. The consequences of his act would have been the same in either case. The degrees of criminality vary, but men have to bear the natural results of their misdeeds, whether they are committed intentionally or thoughtlessly. Many men who would be too prudent to imperil their lives so recklessly, are with more culpable temerity risking their souls. Thoughtlessness and carelessness are carrying thousands to their doom (Ps. 50: 22).

TWO PAULS AND A BLINDED SORCERER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Then the deputy, when he saw what was done, believed, being astonished at the doctrine of the Lord."—ACTS 13: 12.

A Profligate Island—Its Debauching Worship God Always Prepares the Way—Sergius Paul I. Opposition to the Faith—To be Deplored Often Overruled for Good—The Devil growing Wiser—Blindness of Unbelieving Philosophers —Paul's Change of Name—Symbolic and Instructive—A Suggestive Tableau—II. Aids to Faith—What Sergius Paul Saw—Paul's Courage—The Miracle—Conversions as Attesting Seals—A Phenomenal Change—An American Lawyer in a Methodist Class-Meeting—III. The Source of Faith—What is to be Believed.

CYPRUS was by no means a reputable island; it was devoted to the goddess Venus, and you can imagine what her worship was, and what would be the fruitful licentiousness which sprang of it. It was the native country of Barnabas, and as he was at first the leader of the missionary party sent out by the church of Antioch, it was fit that Barnabas and Saul should begin preaching there. Landing at one end of the island the two apostolic men traversed it till they came to Paphos, where the Roman governor resided. Now, this Paphos was the central city of

THE WORSHIP OF VENUS,

and was the scene of frequent profligate processions and abominable rites. We might call it "the place where Satan's seat is." Athanasius styled its religion "the deification of lust." Neither men nor women could resort to the shrine of Venus without being defiled in mind and depraved in character. Yet it was no business of the apostles to stop away either from Cyprus or Paphos because they were the resorts of the gay and vicious; but the rather there was a special need for them to go thither with the purifying waters of the Gospel. The more wicked the locality the more need for Christian effort in that very spot.

Moreover, the Holy Ghost had sent the missionaries to Cyprus, and therefore they might safely enter the caverns of dark obscenity, and proclaim the word of salvation among the openly abandoned. Nor need they fear of success, for publicans and harlots have frequently been known to enter the kingdom before self-righteous Pharisees. Even the vilest of open sin is not so hard to deal with as a proud heart, which abhors the doctrine of the cross because of its humbling character. Let us not refuse to plough up any kind of soil; great harvests come from broken rocks.

Happily for the two servants of the Lord, God had prepared their way as He prepares the way of all His servants; for whenever He sends a sower forth to sow, albeit that a part of the land which he sows may be rock, or trodden path, yet there is always a portion which is

PLOUGHED BEFORE THE SOWER COMES.

God has a prepared people wherever He sends a minister to gather them in. He doth not mock us by sending us upon fruitless errands. If He bids Philip go down to the way which leads from Jerusalem to Gaza, which is desert, Philip does not find it a desert spiritually, for there he gathers one of the sweetest flowers that ever bloomed in the garden of the Lord. So now, when Barnabas and Saul come to Paphos it shall not be to break their hearts over the filthiness and obscenity of its idol worship, but to find for the Lord a jewel amid the mire.

The chief magistrate of the island was a candid, studious, prudent man; he possessed an intelligent and inquisitive spirit, and was desirous to know all that could be known. Pliny mentioned him among the authors from whom he quoted. This man was anxious to discover the truth if it could be discovered; he had said *with* Pilate, but not *as* Pilate, "What is truth?"

A certain Jew who was expert in the dark learning of the East, and practised sorcery, had obtained considerable influence over this ruler,

whose name was Sergius Paul ; but instead of teaching him the truth this false-hearted Jew imparted to him the mysteries of the Magi and the superstitions of sorcery. Bar-jesus was this mountebank's Jewish name, but he was false to it, for he was no son of Jesus, but one of a generation of vipers. Sergius Paul hearing that there were other Eastern teachers in the island, and being dissatisfied with the teaching of Elymas, sent for Barnabas and Saul to teach him the Word of God. What a door of hope for this prudent man ! What a splendid opening for the two preachers of Christ !

I. Notice first

OPPOSITION TO THE FAITH.

The missionaries were not to have it all their own way ; Bar-jesus, who was also called Elymas, "withstood them, seeking to turn away the deputy from the faith." As Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses when he commenced his mission, so this Jew Bar-jesus opposed himself to the ministers of Christ. In some respects opposition to the Gospel is to be much deplored. To oppose truth when it is seen to be truth, and to shut the eyes to light when it is admitted to be light, is a heinous offence against the God of truth, and He will certainly avenge it. Let us pity with all our hearts the men who oppose the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the more so because we believe that in some instances they know better, and are violating conscience by their opposition.

If half the noise that has been made in this country against certain infidels for wishing to exercise *the rights of English citizens* had been spent in prayer for their conversion, it would have been a more profitable use of zeal, and would have been far more likely to bring down a blessing upon the nation. We are too apt to ban and curse antagonists, instead of pitying and praying for them. It is not yours and mine to shut the door in any man's face, however depraved he may be ; but still to stand and entreat him to come to the Saviour, regarding even the judgments of God which fall upon him as meant to last only for a season, and intended to lead him to repentance ; for this is the usual design of the chastenings of this life.

But I further notice that opposition is eminently overruled for good, and therefore it would be unbecoming in us to lament it or dread it. We may not think so much of opposition as to yield to it so far as to cease our testimony, or tone it down, or omit a portion of it. The Apostle Paul, when speaking of a place where he hoped for great success, said a great and effectual door was opened to him, and there were many adversaries (1 Cor. 16 : 9). It would seem that the second sentence was as good

A SIGN OF SUCCESS

as the first. Wherever there is likely to be great success, the open door and the opposing adversaries will both be found. If there are no adversaries, you may fear that there will be no success. A boy cannot get his kite up without wind, nor without a wind which drives *against* his kite. A contrary wind does much more for us than we suppose. Adversaries advertise the Gospel, and so spread it. Opposing work, although in itself evil, is wondrously overruled by God for the best purposes ; since persecution often arouses natural sympathy, and this becomes a ladder by which love climbs up into the heart.

The devil is growing a little wiser than he used to be ; but he still remains a fool ; for if he looked back over his own history, he would see that he has been the means of spreading the Gospel by the attacks which he has made upon it. "Divide and conquer," said Satan ; he divided, but he did not conquer. His raging winds carry far afield the precious seed of divine truth ; every tempest that he raises speeds onward the barque of the Church. Now, see ! Saul of Tarsus desires to preach and tell Sergius Paul about the eternal truth, and Elymas must needs interpose. "What good could that be?" cries one. "How can that be overruled?" It was overruled ; the Lord made the wrath of man to praise Him, and brought to nothing the subtlety of Elymas.

In all probability the opposition of Bar-jesus may have called the attention of Sergius Paul more intently to the doctrine of the Word of God. When a certain doctrine is neglected and half forgotten by the Church of God there rises up a bold heretic who rails at the truth most bitterly, and then Christian people remember it, defend it, and propagate it. But this man's opposition was overruled further, for when Saul looked at him and pronounced upon him the solemn judgment of God, namely that he should be blind and should not see the sun for a season, then the proconsul saw what power attended the word of the Lord, and how truly it came forth from the Almighty. God by that solemn judgment set His seal to the truth and let all men know that it could not be reviled without the most solemn hazard to the opposer. Blinded Elymas seeking some to lead him by the hand was a visile witness for the truth against which he had fought. His sightless eyeballs were a just judgment from God. He had shut the eyes of his mind to the truth, and the Lord justly closed the eyes of his body ; as he groped for the wall he was against his will a most convincing witness to the truth of the Gospel, and of the divine commission of Barnabas and Saul.

Depend upon it the Lord will yet baffle all opposers and He will establish His truth above all the traditions of men, His adversaries themselves being judges. Out of their own mouths will He condemn His enemies. He will so confound and confuse

UNBELIEVING PHILOSOPHERS

that their blindness shall bear evidence to the light of His Word, which blinds the proud and self-sufficient. Men will again see how 'professing themselves to be wise, they became fools." Manifestly even before the eyes of the unlearned it has happened, and will happen again that learned sceptics will give vent to sheer folly, and become the victims of childish credulity till men shake them off and say—"They are not the wise men we thought they were, and the old-fashioned Gospel which they set themselves to overthrow is better than their vaunted discoveries." So may it be right speedily.

Moreover, this Elymas by his overthrow made the victory of Christ to be the more conspicuous. Sergius Paul was one of the great ones of the earth, for those days comparable to a king, and when he believed, it was a noble gain to the cause. A chamberlain of the queen of Ethiopia had believed before him, but as not many great men, not many mighty are chosen, the conversion of the Proconsul of Cyprus was a great triumph for the Gospel. It is noteworthy that from this point Saul of Tarsus is called Paul, and we read no more of Barnabas and Saul, but of Paul and Barnabas. If Saul had assumed the name of Paul from this memorable conversion it would not have been an unworthy act, for his joy at the winning of Sergius Paul might fitly have expressed itself in a fashion suggested by a common custom among Romans. It is very singular, but from this moment we do not find him called Saul except when he is telling the story of his conversion and necessarily uses his old name. Luke in the Acts of the Apostles henceforth calls him Paul ; and that name must often have cheered the suffering apostle ; when he was persecuted he would remember his own namesake, the Roman proconsul whom he had brought to the feet of Jesus. Courage then, brothers and sisters, whenever you are trying to serve your Lord ; if you are assailed, take heart and hope that a great victory is near. The devil would let you alone if you were doing nothing of any consequence against his kingdom. If he could forsee your defeat, he has plenty to do, and therefore he would spend his strength elsewhere ; but as he fears you he assails you. If you were a mere official he would let you go on with your rigmarole ; but since he sees you to be a living servant of the Lord he raises up an Elymas, with smooth and slippery tongue, to speak against you.

A SUGGESTIVE TABLEAU.

This opposition must have been to Paul very instructive, for it was symbolic of the future. It seemed hard to teach this man, this Hebrew of the Hebrews, of the tribe of Benjamin, as touching the law a Pharisee, that he was sent to preach to the Gentiles, for even when he went to Cyprus he and Barnabas kept pretty much to Israel, preaching the Word of God in the synagogues of the Jews ; but now he is to have an object lesson, which will show him his full career as in a living parable. Jew and Gentile are both before him. The Jew Elymas is opposing with the bitterest venom—true picture of his race. Sergius Paulus, the Gentile, listens with most prudent attention, candidly weighing everything, and at last he believes : thus has it been with many of the Gentiles. The chosen of God among the Gentiles accept that which the Jews refuse.

When Elymas was struck with blindness what a sorrowful picture he was of that blindness which has fallen upon Israel ! "Blindness in part," saith Paul, "is happened to Israel," and so it happened unto Elymas ; "Thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season." That word, "for a season," is a door of hope, for as the day came when Elymas could again behold the sun, so the day cometh when the blindness shall be taken from the heart of Israel, and the seed of Jacob shall look on him whom they have pierced. The scene before us is a tableau of the whole history of the Christian church in its relation to Jew and Gentile.

II. We have done with the opposition ; now let us consider certain *aids to faith*. Sergius Paul, "when he saw what was done, believed, being astonished at the doctrine of the Lord." Kindly notice the words I have selected for a heading to this second part of my discourse—"aids to faith." I have not called miracles causes of faith, for they do not cause it, although they may lead up to it.

WHAT SERGIUS PAULUS SAW

did not make him believe, but it helped him to believe. What did he see then ? He saw what was done.

First, he saw the great courage of Paul. In another case boldness struck a blow at unbelief, for when the rulers saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled. In this case the effect would be the same. That despised and persecuted Jew, Saul of Tarsus, fixed his eyes on Elymas as though he were perfectly master of the situation—as indeed he was—and without hesitation or apology addressed him, "O full of all subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?" What made Paul bear himself so bravely ? What had given courage to this otherwise retiring individual to come into the front and speak like a hero, as he was ? Intense conviction on the mind of Paul led him to speak thus plainly, sternly, and even indignantly ; and we are sure that he did not err in so doing, since his warmth was not the heat of his own spirit, but the fire of the Spirit of God, for we read that he was filled with the Holy Ghost. Let every teacher of Christ be thus filled, and then let him speak boldly as he ought to speak.

THE MIRACLE.

It must have been an aid to Sergius Paul's faith to have seen the dauntless outspokenness of the greater Paul ; but when he saw Elymas blinded, that gave a further impulse to him. When God works in judgments among the sons of men many are astonished, and inclined to hear what this Word may be which bears so solemn a seal from the God of judgment. O sirs, I would to God that some of you who have seen men die in their sins would be warned by what you have seen. He that will go to the hospi-

tal with his eyes open, or perhaps even call upon his next-door neighbor when his sins have come home to him, may see what sin can do even upon the outward fabric of our manhood. What it can do upon the soul can be guessed from the ruin which it brings upon the body. He that has once seen the bane will long to know the antidote. He that has smarted under the curse of sin will be anxious to learn the way by which the plague can be stayed, and men can be made anew in the image of God.

But if God's judgments and wonders are aids to faith, *what shall I say of His wonders of mercy?* Blessed be His name, these are much more common, and can be much more easily seen. I cannot show you to-day a man blinded because he refused the Gospel; but I can show you a great many whose eyes have been opened by receiving the Gospel. I for one can say, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see;" what I could not understand is now clear to me; what I could not receive has now stamped itself upon my very being, to my heart's intense joy. I know, brothers and sisters, that thousands of you could rise if I were to ask you to testify that the Lord has renewed you in the spirit of your minds, and has brought you into spiritual life, light, and liberty. Glory be to God for it!

It ought to be a great help to inquiring minds when they see numerous conversions all around them, for conversions are the standing miracles of the Gospel, and if any man will only look into them, and consider them awhile, he will perceive that they are

THE BEST ATTESTING SEALS

the truth can have. Evidently there is a singular power in the Gospel which is not to be found anywhere else. What is this power? Whence comes it? Could it go with a falsehood? We have seen the Gospel produce a singular revolution in a man—not a reformation merely, but a far deeper change, a new birth, a complete reconstruction of his nature; how was this done? I knew a man who was of a fierce temper, a troubler to his own household when he happened to fall into his fits; he was so passionate at times that I should not like to tell all the wild things which he would do. I have seen that man since conversion, and he has had things to test him which might, as we say, have provoked a saint, but he bore them patiently, and in a manner which I desire to imitate. The lion has become a lamb; he is gentle and tender; no one could think that he was the same man; indeed, he is not, for grace has made him a new man in Christ Jesus.

We have seen persons revelling in licentiousness, who sinned greedily, who could not be satisfied with any common sin; but they have heard the Gospel, and become chaste and even delicate in purity, so that the very mention of their former crimes has shocked them and made them weep. Such persons have manifested a watchful care against the fault in which they once delighted. They have been afraid to go near their old haunts, or to mix with their old companions. What has wrought this? What teaching must that be which accomplishes such marvels?

These changes have sometimes taken place in a brief space of time. Look at Colonel Gardiner, going to keep an assignation of the worst sort, and as he waited for half an hour because he found himself too soon, he saw or thought he saw a vision of our Lord upon the cross, and being reproved and melted by the sight, he fled from the spot, repented, believed, and lived a godly life. Until his death at the battle of Prestonpans, he was one of the leading Christians of his day. "That is an extraordinary instance," says one. I tell you I have met with scores equally remarkable.

WHAT IS THIS CHANGE?

Is it fact or fancy? Do I see the sceptics smiling in a pretended pity for our folly? We are quite able to bear their contempt; will they be willing to hear a little reason? I claim that we have a right to be heard even by those gentlemen who believe only in actual phenomena. This is not to be put aside by a wave of the hand and a sneer; all attempts in that direction are as unphilosophical as they are insulting. We depone to certain operations which we have seen in others and felt in ourselves, by which the current of our thought is changed, our loves and hates have been made entirely different, and our whole manhood has been made anew. These operations we believe to be wrought by the finger of God, and to be proofs that the Gospel is supernatural and true.

A sceptical lawyer in America took it into his head to attend a Wesleyan class-meeting; and he sat down apart from the rest merely to take notes of what was said, as he might have done in a court of law. He knew the persons who spoke one after the other, and bore testimony to the effect of the Gospel upon them. They were his neighbors; and he thought to himself, "If I were arguing a case, and could put these people into the witness-box, and they were on my side, I should feel quite sure of carrying my case; for they are well known for honesty and truthfulness." Several persons, without any collusion, rose one after another, and though their stories greatly varied, yet they all came to one point—that they had believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the power of the Holy Ghost had been made totally new. As the lawyer went out he said to himself, "Their case is proved; I cannot question the truthfulness of any of these witnesses. There must be much more in religion than I thought." This led him to seek the Saviour for himself, and he became a Christian.

III. But I must proceed. Lastly, let us observe the source of faith. "Then the deputy, when he saw what was done, believed, being

ASTONISHED AT THE DOCTRINE

of the Lord." It is doctrine, then, or faithful teaching, which brings men to Christ. Let those who despise doctrine mind what they are doing, for the doctrine of the cross is only foolishness to them who perish. Under the influence of the Holy Ghost, the plain teaching of the word of the Lord leads men to believe in Jesus. I do not think it is any great good for a preacher to stand up and cry, "Believe, believe, believe," if he never tells you what is to be believed. There is *plenty of this kind of preaching about*, and the result is sadly transient and superficial. Poor souls say, "We are ready to believe, but tell us what to believe; we are ready to trust, but tell us what to trust in." If we do not preach the great doctrine of the atoning sacrifice, if we do not lift up Christ as suffering chastisement in man's place and stead, we have not put before them the basis on which their faith is to be built. Justification by faith and regeneration by the Spirit must be taught continually.

The proconsul was no doubt astonished to see Elymas blinded, but he was a great deal more astonished at the doctrine which Paul preached when he began to tell him that salvation was not by the works of the law, but by faith in Jesus Christ; that the way to be accepted of God was not by presenting to the Lord anything performed by us or felt within us, but by laying hold upon the righteousness which Jesus Christ has wrought out and brought in. When he heard this good news, he might well be astonished, and yield his heart to Jesus. Dear friends, the most astonishing thing in the world is the Gospel. I say to you who do not understand the Gospel, if you want a refreshing sensation, if you go in for novelty, and desire something off the common, begin to study the Word of God, and to hear it without prejudice. Here is a doctrine which is always news, always glad tidings. Hear and your soul shall live. Turn from it and you will perish.

Come then, my hearers, come and candidly study

WHAT IS TO BE BELIEVED.

Come and be astonished at the doctrine of Christ crucified! Incline your ears, arouse your minds, and yield your hearts; be eager to be instructed of the Holy Ghost, who waits to teach you. If you are willing and obedient you shall eat the good of the land. If you desire to know God you shall know Him. The great Father is not far from any one of you. There is the light! It is not dim, nor far away. The fault is in your eyes if you do not see. Oh, that you would cry out with Bartimeus, "Son of David, have mercy on me." Oh, that your prayer would be, "Lord, that I might receive my sight." Then you would see, and believe, and live forever. God grant it this very morning, to the praise of the glory of His grace. Amen.

GOSPEL WORK AMONG THE HEATHEN.

Incidents Related by Missionaries at Recent Meetings.

Converts who Stand Fire.—The Rev. Hendrick Frend, of China, speaking at a Methodist Missionary meeting, said: "Some of you have seen a picture of a soldier who was being pointed at with the finger of scorn, and some one remarking, 'He stands fire.' Exactly the same thing may be said of the Chinese—they stand fire. A young man came into my congregation one Sunday morning, while I was baptizing two or three native residents. At the close of the service he said he would be very pleased if I would accept him also, and baptize him that day. 'I want,' he said, 'to join the great Church.' 'But,' we said, 'we do not know about you; we must make inquiries as to your character, and ascertain whether you are a fit person to be received into the great Church. Come into the vestry, and if you should be a fit person, then, after proper training and instruction, we shall be only too pleased to receive you among us.' He went into the vestry, and we learned that for some time he had been coming, like Nicodemus, secretly to hear the Word of God explained. He had received the truth into his heart, and was prepared to give himself fully to Christ's service. When his friends heard what he was doing they sent him a letter with the words, 'This letter comes from the God of Thunder himself.' This was done to intimidate the young man, and to lead him to believe that he was incurring the wrath of his friends, and that if he continued in his evil course he must expect the God of Thunder to strike him dead. However, he was not daunted. He came again and again for instruction, and the news that I received from him shortly after I landed in England was that he continued to seek our society, and was now being prepared for admission into Christian fellowship."

A Chinese Pharisee's Conversion.—"In the year 1881 we learned that a young man who had been for a long time seeking to establish his own righteousness by means of works of merit had been led into one of our preaching places, where, having heard the word of life, he was led by the Holy Spirit to embrace the truth as it is in Jesus. What was the result? Why, he began to pray, and next year it was reported to us that in answer to his prayers his father had been brought to a knowledge of the truth, and he is now a member of our society. This religion which we preach to the people lays such a hold upon them that it cuts down to the roots of their superstitions, and they are prevailed upon to give them up."

Living in a "Haunted House."—I was once visiting the city of Fuchan, and heard one of our native preachers, who had just been sent there from Canton. He was addressing a large congregation of heathen Chinese, and he said: "It is not many years ago since I was like yourselves. I was fond of all the festivals; I used to delight in rioting, and all the rest of those things, but a change has come over me. A short time ago I was appointed to the city of Fuchan; when I was appointed it was necessary for me to find a house to live in. I went through the city in search of a suitable house, but could not find one for some time, but at last I heard of a house which was to be let, and ultimately I took it. I was passing through the

A Jaguar's Attack on an Ant-Eater.

A Soudanese Slave Caravan. (*See page* 373.)

streets shortly afterward, and informed some of my friends that I had found a house, and they asked me where; I told them it was under the shadow of an enormous pawnshop. 'Why,' they said, 'the place is haunted. If you go there you will see all sorts of spirits.' The missionary, however, laughed and went about his business. He went to the house and stayed there week after week, and subsequently he was asked by his friends, 'Well, have you seen any of those spirits yet?' 'No,' he said, 'I have seen no spirits at all. I have never been able to find out that the house is haunted, and I am able to live there in peace and quietness at a very small expense.' His friends asked him what made the difference between him and other residents. 'It is just this,' he said, 'I have learned to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and to believe that His Gospel is the true Gospel, and this Gospel teaches us that we need not be afraid of things like this, such as our old superstition teaches us.'"

The Joy of Leading Men to Christ.—The Rev. John Hutcheon, of India, said: "I am sure Father Calvert on my left hand, and the few senior missionary secretaries, can never forget the purity and the depth of the joy which attaches to the baptism of their first heathen converts. I shall never myself forget the extreme pleasure and delight that I had in the baptism of the first three young men converts in Mysore. I shall never forget the feeling that thrilled through my heart when one of the most bedevilled specimens of humanity that I ever saw, who blasphemed my Saviour for six years as I passed to my schoolroom, became a convert to our religion. When the long arm of Christ went down into the very *débris* of Hindooism and seized this bedevilled old priest, and washed him and saved him, I could not doubt the conversion of India."

"**The Age of Revivals in India has Begun,** and the work of our early pioneers has secured magnificent results. In Tinnevelly alone, with 2,000,000 of people, you have no less than 100,000 Christians, or 20 per cent. The very conditions of Indian society are being reversed. The old devil dancers of southern India are now becoming the graduates of the Madras University, the native clergymen of the native church, the public teachers and the leaders of public thought, as well as the most responsible men of southern India; while, as for the old Brahmins, they will by and by be seated by the gate of some Jericho, like Bartimeus the blind beggar. God grant that even in their blindness and their beggary they may take up his cry and say, 'Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me.'"

The Curse of Hindoo Widowhood.—"There are in India no less than 21,000,000 of Hindoo widows. You may find 55,000 of them in Calcutta. You will find nearly 100,000 little widows of ten years of age or below it, who have never left their father's houses, with all that is beautiful and sweet and bright eaten out of their child-life by this terrible curse of Hindoo widowhood. You find them by the thousand sitting on the ground, fasting twenty-four hours twice a week, and weeping for hunger and thirst, with their little mouths parched and dry, and their bodies burned with fever.

A New Tree Inside an Old One.—"On the walls of the city of Canton you will find a very curious growth. There is a tree, the heart of which is almost completely gone, while the outside has still a certain amount of vitality and life. Another tree has grown up within the old tree, and as I have watched it it has been spreading its branches, and growing, and growing, and now it is growing so rapidly that the younger tree is outgrowing the tree that is round it, and getting too big for it, and very soon the old tree will have to succumb entirely to the new. So the Gospel of Jesus Christ has been planted, not within the other trees, not outside the other religions in order to encircle them, but within the very heart of the people. The religion of Jesus Christ goes down to the vital part. It is growing up within the other trees, but is bound to outgrow them, and the time is not far distant when these old trees shall die and fall to the ground entirely, and the new tree shall take its full place."

A CONFLICT IN A SOUTH AMERICAN FOREST.

(*See Illustration.*)

A MISSIONARY in South America describes, in the course of a narrative of a journey of exploration, the incident depicted in the illustration on this page. It was a conflict between two formidable beasts, in which the ferocity of their natures was exhibited in its intensest form.

The jaguar is one of the most powerful and dangerous of the denizens of the forests of that region. Almost as large as a Bengal tiger, its head massive, its jaws huge, and its feet and claws of immense strength. One of these animals has been known to seize a horse and drag it a considerable distance to its lair. They seldom attack a man, but when pressed by hunger may occasionally be seen prowling around the outskirts of the villages on the lookout for any domestic animals astray, and in such cases the people know that it is wise to keep children in places of safety.

The ant-eater is not a match for such an assailant. Its strength is in its fore feet, which it uses like the bear, its hug being as fatal as that of the bear. From the tip of the snout to the end of the tail the larger specimens measure six and a half feet. They have no teeth, but when attacked and unable to escape they fight with desperation, using their claws with terrible effect.

In the struggle witnessed by the missionary, the jaguar's efforts were directed to getting on the back of its enemy, which the ant-eater for a long time foiled by its quick movement, occasionally getting in work with its fore feet, which rendered the jaguar mad with pain and frenzy. But the conflict was too unequal to admit of any doubt as to its termination, and, as might be expected, the ant-eater at the close lay dead under its powerful enemy.

Such conflicts show how the curse brought upon the world by man's sin is still in force, working its fruit of pain and misery and death even in the animal world. That curse will still operate until He comes, whose right it is to reign. Then and not till then will there be a restitution of all things, and the whole creation now groaning and travailing and waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God will be delivered. Then will come the predicted time when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together. (Isa. 11; 6.)

AN ORPHAN'S FRIEND.

(*See Illustration on page* 381.)

GAZING from the window of our pretty cottage in the country on the evening of my arrival there with a friend of my girlhood, we saw a happy picture. It was not anything picturesque, but it was pleasant to my eyes. It was simply my two girls out in the garden catching the apples a sturdy little boy was throwing down to them from the limb of the tree. Being asked about this boy by my friend, who knew that the two girls made up my family, I told her his story, which I repeat here for the encouragement of those who

may have opportunity of helping the poor.

It was a bleak cold day a year and a half ago, snow overhead, slush underfoot, a piercing wind howling around with a weary, monotonous sound. In the midst of it a little barefooted, thinly-clad boy, whose pale face, wan and pinched, told its own tale, a tale of sorrow, a tale that needed no utterance, for on every feature want was plainly written.

I had been busily employed in visiting various stores in the city, making purchases for my two girls, then about to return to school after the Christmas vacation, when I saw the little lad whom I have described. I had found some difficulty in obtaining what I needed, and was returning home weary and sadly out of humor, when I was accosted by the boy.

The Orphan Boy's Refuge.

"A penny, lady, a penny, kind lady," extending his little hand, numb and blue with cold.

"No, boy, I have no pennies."

Not usually hard-hearted or deaf to such appeals I hurried on, thinking of my dear little ones at home, when suddenly there seemed to flash before my view the words, "Be ye mindful one of another."

A more gentle feeling awoke within me, and I returned in search of the lad. "Here, my boy, take this," I said, offering him a quarter.

For a moment the lad hesitated, but at length took it, saying, "Oh, thank you, thank you, kind lady," and he drew his tattered sleeve across his eyes.

"Do not cry," I said; "are you so hungry? Come, tell we where you live."

He named a street close at hand, which I knew to be the abode of the poorest of the city's inhabitants. It was the spot favored by those in that stage of poverty when the struggle to live without crime is becoming desperate. It was still broad daylight, and I knew there was no personal danger to be apprehended in visiting the place; so when the boy told me his father was dead and his mother was ill and suffering hunger I determined to go home with him.

At last we reached the house, and I followed my guide up dilapidated stairs, which creaked at every footfall. The room we entered had no light, except that admitted by a small window, which through its broken panes also admitted an icy draught, which must have caused agony to a delicate invalid. In the corner of the room, on an old bedstead, lay a woman, pale, motionless, and apparently young.

"Look, mother, dear! such a kind lady has come to see you. She gave me a quarter," cried the boy. Receiving no response, he said, "Look, lady, look, mother is worse! her hands are cold as ice! Why don't she speak? Why don't she answer? Oh, tell me, lady, tell me?" he asked piteously. The truth must be told, and so I answered with gentleness, "My dear, she is dead, and will never speak again; and you are an orphan boy."

The boy was not too young to understand the dreadful words. He threw himself on the body of his mother, crying bitterly, and passionately kissing the poor cold lips. I could not leave him alone in his desolation, and so after speaking to the woman who kept the house, and telling her where to send for the proper authorities, I left, taking the boy with me. Poor as the room was there were evidences in it that the dead woman and her child had not always been so poor. One or two articles, utterly worthless now, indicated that there had been a happier time for them.

I took the boy home, and told my husband the story. We agreed to save him from the streets, and at least give him an opportunity of becoming a better man than would be likely if he were left to the mercy of charity. We sent him down here into pure country air, and put him under the care of the gardener. He goes to school, and in the evening and on holidays helps the gardener about the grounds. Our children have taken quite a liking to him, and he is never so happy as when allowed to do something for them. That is why he is here, and why we take so much interest in him. He has given us no trouble, and what we have done for him is but a small part of our duty as Christians. I think we too often forget that Christ made the poor His representatives and whenever we will we may do them good.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 367.*)

Summary of the Story.

[JOHN MORLEY, a studious bookseller of Little Aston, a widower, marries Rose, a beautiful young lady, who accepts a man older than herself because she is weary of earning her own living. John Morley introduces her to his daughter Hester, who, at his request, promises to love and honor her as long as she lives. Mr. Morley is deacon of a church, and his brother-deacon is Mr. Waldron, a member of Parliament, and an aristocrat. Mr. Waldron's daughter tries, in an injudicious way, to lead the young Mrs. Morley and Hester to the Saviour. She fails, and Mrs. Morley wearies of the dull life she lives. Mr. Waldron's son arrives, and proves to have been, under an assumed name, an acquaintance of Mrs. Morley's before her marriage. He induces her to elope with him, and thus brings heart-breaking misery on Mr. Morley and his daughter. Nine years afterward, having parted from Mrs. Morley, Robert Waldron returns. He is attacked in the street, and wounded. A medical student, Grant, finds him unconscious, and carries him into the nearest house, which happens to be Mr. Morley's. His identity is kept a secret from the man he had injured, but is discovered by Hester. Robert Waldron recovers, and having become attached to Hester contrives to meet her in her visits to the mother of her father's workman, and at Hester's request goes to seek Mrs. Morley, but is unsuccessful. From this point the story proceeds.]

The New Preacher.

At the close of the session Mr. Waldron bade farewell to his constituents, and resigned his seat in the House of Commons. It had been his wish that his son should take his place as the champion of religious interests; but it was very well known that, as yet, Robert Waldron showed no proclivities toward religion; and there was little chance of his being elected by the borough which had known and trusted his father so long. Mr. Waldron still retained his mental vigor, and was disinclined to fall into the inactivity of old age; but his health was breaking, and he was too careful of his life to risk it any further by his conscientious attendance to his parliamentary duties. At home he had yet a post to fill as a landowner, a magistrate, and a member of the church at Little Aston, where he reigned with the absolute sway of a despot.

He settled down as a country gentleman upon his estate at Aston Court, and found it, upon the whole, not unsuited to his taste. He had with him his two children. His son was the most affectionate, his daughter the most pious; he hardly knew which occupied the first place in his heart. For Robert, it was now his great desire to find a wife who would make a home for him, and secure himself from the dread of his son taking flight once more. The yearning of an old man to see his children's children playing about his knees took hold of him. But it was a question whether a husband of sufficiently eminent piety could be discovered for Miss Waldron, who was already approaching a doubtful age, and had not yet seen any one who was, in all respects, worthy of a Miss Waldron.

In furtherance of his own growing desire, Mr. Waldron urged Robert to think seriously of marriage; but when he replied by a request that his father would name the lady whom he would most willingly receive as his daughter-in-law, with a promise that he would then consider the matter, Mr. Waldron was at a loss. He ran over in his mind all the marriageable ladies in the neighborhood, and found none that quite accorded with his own views.

"You ought to choose for yourself, Robert," he said, with a little ill-humor.

"I have no choice," answered his son, meekly.

"Robert," he exclaimed the next Sunday night, after his return from the chapel, where he had glanced during the singing of the hymns once or twice at Hester's sweet, devout face; "Robert, if the thing were not utterly impossible, I would rather have Hester Morley for my daughter-in-law than any other woman in the world."

Mr. Waldron deceived himself. It was this very impossibility which made it possible for him to think of the bookseller's daughter as his son's wife. A good deal of the natural pride of rank was subdued in him, but it was not altogether cast out. Robert Waldron's ears tingled at the sound of this name uttered in such a connection; but he made no reply. It was, of course, a secret to his father that he had ever seen Hester for himself.

"She is exactly the creature that would have suited you," pursued Mr. Waldron, "lovely, refined, and modest; pious, too, for she is soon to become a member of the church. You are satisfied with Hester Morley's state of mind; are you not, my dear?"

"Not altogether!" replied Miss Waldron; "she is not open enough for me. I sometimes fear lest the root of the matter is not in her. But why are you talking about Hester Morley to Robert?" Miss Waldron had but just entered the room, and her father shrank from communicating to her his first frank and inconsiderate utterance.

"I was merely alluding to her," he answered evasively.

But, after this night, Mr. Waldron's mind often reverted to Hester. He looked into his own heart, and found that he had never given to any being, out of his own family, the love he felt for her. As for Robert, he set before himself the impossibility, the insurmountable obstacle, and gazed at it, and pondered over it, till it grew slowly less impossible and less insurmountable. He resolved to conquer it. The impenetrable barrier which lay between them should be removed. The deadly hatred of John Morley—and he had every reason to believe his hatred to be deadly—must be overcome. Hester's own heart, still free, and given neither to Grant nor himself, had to be won. It seemed, on the whole, as if he had very much in his favor—wealth, rank, good looks, refinement, and cultivation. He would set them all against the accusing memory that rose against him. By lifting Hester so far above her station, the wrong would be, in part, balanced which had dragged down Rose into depths far below hers.

The idea of the honor proposed for her never dawned upon Hester. Her interviews with Robert Waldron were not clandestine to her, as they would have been to any other girl. There was no one to inquire where she went or whom she saw; no one to whom she was in any way bound to give an account of her actions. She would almost rather have died than have mentioned Robert Waldron's name to her father. But for herself she did not shrink from seeing him and conversing with him. There was an old childish tenderness lurking still in her heart, which wrapped about him and Rose, as about two beings who had made the brightest interval of her young life. Her knowledge of their sin was vague; and a thickly-woven veil of forgiveness wrought through the long years was thrown over it by her. But the very purity and intensity of her forgiveness protected her. She had never thought of love; and the thought did not awaken at any touch of Robert Waldron's.

It seemed as if Hester was just now brought into more close and frequent contact with the Waldrons. Miss Waldron organized anew her meetings for the female members of the church, and quite naturally Hester became a regular attendant at them. She was then constantly associating with her former teacher and patroness; and though Miss Waldron was not a whit less patronizing than when she was a child, she had grown up to it and thought of it only as "Miss Waldron's way." As to Mr. Waldron, she saw him often at chapel, and he always smiled upon her with a look of admiration, amounting to affection, as she accompanied her gray-bearded father along the chapel isle. "If it had only been possible," he thought each time, "how gladly I would have welcomed her as my son's wife."

Though Mr. Waldron was now a great man, he could look back upon his early days when he had been used to visit his grandfather, the tenant of a small and poor farm, holding a position not much higher than an agricultural laborer. He was not a man to ignore or despise his own lowly origin, though his daughter did both; while Robert was so well content with his present position as to be indifferent to that which had been his grandfather's and great-grandfather's. Certainly, Mr. Waldron had desired him to marry into a good family; but if that could not be, there was nothing in the circumstances of Hester's father, as far as regarded his birth and character, which would render her an unsuitable wife for his son. Two generations back it would have been John Morley who would have been visited with scruples as to the fitness of such a marriage.

Now that Mr. Waldron had no other interests to engage him, he had leisure to give his whole attention to the affairs of the church; and he soon came to the conclusion that the great age and growing infirmities of its old pastor demanded some efficient assistance in the performance of his duties. Since John Morley had withdrawn from all active participation in church matters, the whole power and influence had fallen naturally into the hands of Mr. Waldron, who ruled without a voice being raised against him, or even a whispered murmur among his brethren, who looked up to him from afar off as to one who had an unquestionable authority. When, therefore, he proposed, in a church-meeting assembled especially for the purpose, that a colleague should be elected for Mr. Watson, adding, in a business-like manner, that he would pay him a salary from his own pocket, and not trouble the church with that charge, the proposition was carried unanimously, and with applause; and the choice of the co-pastor was intrusted solely to him.

Not solely to Mr. Waldron, however. It was an all-important charge, and Miss Waldron felt that the chief responsibility rested upon her devoted shoulders, which bore some cross perpetually. In fact the church at Little Aston was governed by her through her father, though perhaps unconsciously so to him. She made the choice of a colleague a subject of prayer in all her meetings, and of very anxious thought in her own closet, which was a handsome and luxuriously furnished dressing-room, where she could meditate for hours without risk of intrusion. It would not do to have a married minister, who might be under the legitimate domination of a wife; yet a young pastor was a somewhat dangerous creature to let loose in her fold of lambs. She balanced the disadvantages of both states with the most profound solicitude, but at length decided in favor of a young minister, who should be entirely free from female influence; the more so as she did not shrink from the necessity of keeping a more vigilant oversight of her own part of the flock. This decision was communicated to her father, but represented under quite a different phase; and Mr. Waldron agreed with her, that they might do some untried but devoted young man an untold good, by introducing him into the ministry under their patronage.

Not many days afterward Mr. and Miss Waldron found themselves at the entrance of a college, where the young ministers of their denomination were in training for the future discharge of the duties belonging to their office. It was a large modern building in the suburbs of a busy manufacturing town, the distant hum of which blended with the quiet of a place of study. Of course it possessed none of the venerable associations of ancient colleges; but there was a sober air of respectability and steady work about it, not altogether unlike the factories of the neighboring town.

Miss Waldron appeared to be in her proper element — to breathe her native air. No romance clustered about the place, but there was the clear fact of seventy or eighty students wrestling from morning till night, and possibly from night till morning again, with those knotty problems of doctrine which exercised her own spirit. An atmosphere of controversy was wafted through the long corridors, into which study-doors opened on each side in regular ranks. A murmur of theological discussion, perceptible only to fine ears, breathed in the quiet air. Again Miss Waldron felt that, by having been born a woman, she had missed her avocation. Here was her true home, and the pulpit was her sphere.

The president of the college, the Rev. James Harvey, D.D., received the ex-member of parliament and his daughter, with a mingled deference and dignity due to their position and his own. They were old acquaintances, and could dispense with some of the formalities of strangers; so that Mr. Waldron quickly opened to him the mission he had come upon, in behalf of the church at Little Aston.

"I do not promise that it shall be a very great thing for a young man," he said. "I shall ask no assistance from the church. I do not think of offering a salary of more than a hundred pounds a year, until I see how he suits me. But it will be an opening, and most probably would be the stepping-stone to another and wealthier church. A young minister, with my influence, might obtain a good charge in a year or two."

"No doubt, no doubt, Mr. Waldron," replied Dr. Harvey.

"We require," said Miss Waldron, thinking it was time for her to speak, "a young man of eminent piety, who will have no thought except for souls. He must be an interesting preacher, with a pleasant voice and choice language, but above all, sound in doctrine. We want no German neology among us. We should like one, too, who could make himself a pleasing companion to my poor brother, who is still in the bondage of sin—one who would exert a wholesome influence over him; and as Robert is exceedingly fastidious, it is essential that he should be a gentleman, Dr. Harvey. It is still more important that he should not be self-willed and opinionative; though he must not be weak-minded, or he will soon fall into the usual follies of a young pastor. He must be one who will look to us for guidance and companionship; and who could visit at Aston Court upon suitable terms."

The last sentence was a little vague, and a young pastor might reasonably have demanded a definition of the words "suitable terms." But Doctor Harvey bowed low to Miss Waldron, and remarked that it would be a singular advantage to any young man. He mused for some minutes, with his pen upon his lips, as if he were passing his seventy students in review before his mind's eye. His aspect remained grave and calculating; but presently it brightened, and he nodded his head assentingly to his own thoughts.

"I have two of our young men in my eye at this moment," he said, "either of whom might do well for you, if you could assure them leisure to complete their course of study at Little Aston."

"Certainly," replied Miss Waldron; "we have a complete library, which shall be at their disposal; and I should myself take great interest in their studies."

"There is David Scott," pursued Dr. Harvey, "a fine logical and analytical mind, with the true ring of Calvin in it; pure gold, sir, but a little unrefined as yet. And there is Carl Bramwell. You recollect Charles Bramwell, our minister at Park Lane Chapel, and his father, old John Bramwell? They are the father and

grandfather of this young man. A good lineage, and a young fellow of great promise, but a little too much inclined to be speculative, if he has a fault. It would be the making of either of them to be under your eye for a year or two. We will go and visit them both in their studies, if you do not mind the trouble."

Neither of them minded the trouble and they rose to accompany the Doctor with alacrity. The profound tranquillity of the place, and the associations connected with it, brought an unusual thrill of excitement to Miss Waldron. She trod with a quicker step, and spoke in a lower key, as they passed by, one after another, the closed doors. At length Doctor Harvey paused at one, and turning to her, said, "David Scott," as he knocked a sounding knock upon the panel, and waited for a moment to hear the words "come in."

"He is a trifle deaf," said the doctor, "but a fine fellow."

Miss Waldron felt a chill, which was not removed by the appearance of the student, a gaunt, awkward, ill-dressed lad from Scotland, who stared at her with embarrassment, and was hardly able to respond coherently to the observations made to him by Doctor Harvey. Their visit lasted but a few minutes; and Miss Waldron left the study with a painful sense of discouragement.

"I am sure he will not do for us at all," she said, plaintively.

"You ought to have seen him first in the pulpit," replied Doctor Harvey; "he is quite another being there, and handles his subject like a master. He will make a mark in the world by-and-by, I can assure you. But this is Carl Bramwell's room."

The doctor knocked lightly, but received no answer. There was an unbroken silence within the study. Miss Waldron's spirits sank yet lower; she felt doomed to disappointment.

"Bramwell must be absent," said the doctor; "but we will just look in and see his books."

(To be continued.)

OBEDIENCE TO LAW.

S. S. Lesson for June 22, Rom. 13: 1-10. Golden Text, verse 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Self-Seeking Christians—Their Religious Life Insurance—Selfish Motives in Coming to Christ—An Unspiritual Bishop's Interference—The Growing Spirit of Lawlessness—Rules for Christian Employés—A Christian Officer's Trial—Christian Workers' Inconsistencies—"Conscience Sake," a Neglected Appeal—The Divine Law as to Debt—Love an Obligation.

"LET every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God." There are certain believers, or would-be believers, who seem to think that if they are pious there is not so much need to trouble about whether they are honest, truthful, and amenable to the laws of the land. Their actions would lead people to think that Christians have a dispensation to lie and steal; and consequently outsiders, judging of the tree by its fruit, often avoid vital religion. Are these Christians at all? No doubt many of them have had something to do with Christ, but their hearts have never been really changed, and self is still their ruling passion. If a man has been a self-seeker all his life and has become converted with the idea that he will do

THE BEST FOR HIMSELF

in the other world, and get forgiveness of his sins just because it will make his mind more easy, and give him a real hope of heaven, he is seeking self as much as he did when he went to the theatre in order to obtain amusement. He is only seeking to do the best for himself, and he does not come to Christ because God has a claim upon him as His creature, and because it is robbing Jesus of His purchased right if he does not come.

When a man really gives himself up to God as His property, then he naturally looks on all which God permits in its relation to God; he does not question whether the government under which he lives accords with his likes or dislikes, he obeys because it is "ordained of God," and he leaves all the consequences of that obedience to Him. A very earnest clergyman some twenty-five years ago held revival meetings in his parish, and many souls were converted. The bishop of the diocese, who was an unspiritual man, forbade him to continue this work. He replied, "Very well, my lord; there are fifty to a hundred former drunkards, now sober men through attending these meetings; but *you* take the responsibility, and I will discontinue them." This the bishop dare not do, and they were continued. The clergyman would not disobey, but trusted God to make his way out of the difficulty, and He delivered him.

In our day there is a

GROWING SPIRIT OF LAWLESSNESS;

we see it in nations, in churches, in families. Boys call both their fathers and their schoolmasters "the governor," and seem to think that nobility consists in a contempt of authority. Servants, following their example, show no respect to those with whom they live. In the early days of Christianity such as despised the law were found elsewhere, but *never among true Christians*, because in those days Christianity meant entire self-renunciation. God's Word is, "Whosoever resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God." This power may be that of magistrates, teachers, employers, or parents, but to those who are subject, it is "the ordinance of God." "Yes," say some, "but my employer is unjust." Can you trust God with this trial, and let Him show you your way? A tradesman's clerk says, "But how in my case; my employer insists on my telling lies, and declaring that such and such things are genuine when they are not." In such cases the power over you is *not* the ordinance of God, resist it at any cost. But we know of some who pretend to be very conscientious

WHERE IT SUITS THEM,

but their general character is such that their employers have no respect for them or their scruples either. Let a young man be always punctual to a moment in coming to business in the morning, scrupulously attentive to all the orders he receives, and then let him tell his employer that he cannot say what is untrue; even if he gets his discharge, his employer respects him.

The apostle is speaking chiefly of government when he says, "Rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. The law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient, for the ungodly and for sinners, for unholy and profane" (1 Tim. 1: 9). Therefore, he continues, "Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same." God would have His children to be so true, so honest, so right in their lives, that magistrates would be forced to say of them, "*These* are our best citizens." Thus saying, the magistrate or ruler becomes "the minister of God" to a Christian, helping by his testimony to establish God's kingdom. A Christian officer in India was much snubbed for his piety. Once the work of three officials was put upon him. Instead of complaining, he just quietly trusted God for strength, although his work was daily till midnight, and not a particle of the business committed to him went wrong. It is an awful thing if a Christian through a legal offence should make a temporal ruler God's minister of wrath to him! "Wherefore ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath but also for conscience sake." Among such believers as have sought the Lord only with selfish motives, there are many who have not the least consideration as to how what they do may affect those around them.

"FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE"

is an appeal which falls powerless on their ears and hearts. With them conscience is at a discount; "What I like," is their rule of life, not "what God will." We have heard of professedly Christian parents passing their children as under twelve at the booking office of a railway station, and so defrauding the company as much as though they took the amount of the half-ticket off the counter, and made away with it. We have met with many cases of professedly Christian workers to whom money has been given for a certain object—for rent, gas, etc.—who have appropriated that money for themselves. What is the difference between this kind of stealing and that of the shoplifter or the pickpocket? Money given to pay a gas company belongs to that company, and not to the person who is trusted to convey it. The excuse which is given is, "I was in need and wanted the money." On such ground any man who could find need for money might go and rob the first person he meets with.

Would to God they were only worldly and unconverted people who do these things! but alas! we know many professedly Christian people who do them. If these are the teachers, what can we expect from the taught! These are they who have never been turned away from themselves. In their hearts they say, "God's cause may suffer, but *I* wont; I'll take care to look after my interests, and I'll look after His when it suits me." Oh, that professing Christians understood how to do things "for *conscience'* sake." "For this cause" (for conscience' sake) "pay ye tribute also; for they are God's ministers attending continually upon this very thing." Our blessed Lord, when required to pay tribute, said to Peter, "Lest we should offend them (in other words for conscience' sake), go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money; that take, and give unto them for me and thee" (Matt. 17: 27). "Why should I pay taxes; *I* don't care for all this pomp of royalty." Such may be the spirit of some ungodly man, but a child of God, who seeks His glory, knows that whatever God has permitted is the very best for us, and he glorifies God in the willingness with which he pays taxes. "Render therefore to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor."

"OWE NO MAN ANYTHING

but to love one another." Men without conscience do not look upon debt as wrong. God would have His children free from all obligation to man. Money which we owe is not ours; it belongs to him whose goods we have taken in exchange, and thus, if we do not pay him, we have really robbed him of the goods. God's rule is clear, "Owe no man anything but to love one another." We owe to others the debt of love we have incurred from God. Such as seek religion only for self-satisfaction cannot comprehend how they can owe anything to others. Such as are turned from themselves to God see themselves as His property, and the property of every soul of man. "He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law."

Some have strange ideas about love. A young man fell in love with a young woman, and because he could not get as much of her society as he wished, but saw that she preferred some one else, he killed her. There was no love in his heart, it was only gross, hideous selfishness. A love which demands and exacts, and then wounds the object of its love, if it cannot detain what it wants, is not really love at all, but only intense selfishness. Love gives, but demands nothing; love comes down to the lowest to bring them up. Love does not plan out pleasure for itself, but yields itself to the will of another. Six commandments of the law are included in one command to love. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." It is this divine love which conforms us to the image of Christ; this is the great purpose of God concerning us: being perfected in love, the law of God and the law of man will be, not broken, but fulfilled.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Meeting of the International Conference on the Egyptian Question is anticipated with considerable anxiety. Statements have been made indicating that the Gladstone administration contemplates re-establishing the joint control over Egypt of England and France, an arrangement which never worked well, and was mainly the cause of the rising of the people under Arabi, with its attendant catastrophes. Until the conference assembles, the extent of the English concessions to France will not be disclosed. The English people are indignant with Mr. Gladstone for proposing to surrender to France a share of the results purchased by English blood and money. A prominent journal says: "If the international control and financial management are conceded a disunion of the English Cabinet will result. The minority of the Cabinet is against joint control, and favors no concessions to France. A group of Liberal members of Parliament have notified Mr. Gladstone of their intention to vote against the government, if it surrenders to France or Europe the position England has won on the Nile."

Arabi Pacha's Opinion of the Trouble in the Soudan is entitled to the respect due to a man who probably knows more about the people there than any other Egyptian. He said recently that the complication in the Soudan was the outcome of the unwise policy pursued by the English. Clemency and an impartial inquiry into the people's grievances could alone restore order; otherwise there would be frightful bloodshed before the end was reached. It was certain that the Mahdi would never make overtures for peace, and that he would fight until captured or killed. Arabi declined to say whether he believed the Mahdi to be a true prophet. He said that he felt the highest regard for the British, and hoped to see the day when the Egyptians in Egypt would be on the same footing as the English in England.

The Franco-Chinese Difficulty has Ended in the treaty of peace between France and Annam, which was signed last week. By its terms the provinces of Bin-thuan and Than-goa are restored to Annam. A customs system similar to that in force in Cochin China is established. A French military occupation of all strategic points in Annam and Tonquin may be effected if necessary. A permanent French garrison will hold a portion of the citadel of Hue, capital of Annam. Annam accepted the treaty as proposed by France, without making any modifications. By it Annam is placed under a French protectorate. The French resident in Cochin China will represent Annam in all her foreign relations, and Annam will form a customs union with Cochin China. The departments of public works, of postal and telegraph service, and of finance and customs, will form a single branch of administration under the direction of a French agent.

French Intrigues in Morocco are Reported. The Sherif of Wazan, a powerful subject of the Sultan of Morocco, has declared himself a French citizen, having accepted an invitation from the French Minister there to naturalize himself. The Sherif is resisting his sovereign, and the French are encouraging him to arouse an agitation among the people in favor of annexation to France. The Sherifs compose a large and powerful party in Morocco, numbering several thousand persons, who all claim lineal descent from the Prophet Mohammed. The Sherif of Wazan—Hadj Abd-esselhamel Arby by name—enjoys a hereditary reputation for peculiar sanctity, and is on that account looked up to by the Mohammedan inhabitants of the country, and also of Algeria, as the living head of their religion, and even as being endowed with supernatural power. He is a blood relation of the Sultan, and owns a large tract of country known as the Wazan district, between Tangier and Fez. Owing to these circumstances the Moorish noble enjoys a social position and also an amount of political influence possibly second to none throughout the Empire, except the Sultan. By placing himself and his followers under the protection of the French Government he gives that government a pretext for interference in Moorish affairs, which will probably be used as a similar pretext has been used in Madagascar and elsewhere. The object appears to be to obtain control of the Mediterranean southern coast, and so gain compensation for loss of French influence in Egypt.

The New French Divorce Law is Arousing considerable discussion. It provides that a divorce may be granted on proof of either adultery, cruelty, serious insult, conviction of dishonesty, or offence against public morals, or desertion for a period of ten years. Any couple finding their married life insupportable, but not wishing to accuse each other of any of the offences nullifying marriage, can make a declaration that they are no longer able to live together. This formal declaration must be supported by the acquiescence of three of the nearest relatives of both husband and wife, and repeated four times in the course of a year. The possessions of the household are valued, and one half is settled upon the children of the marriage, to become theirs on attaining their majority. One of the parents must contract to undertake entire responsibility for bringing up the children. After all this is done the court will be empowered to pronounce a decree of divorce. It is significant that this legislative effort to make divorce easy is accompanied by another sign of the times. The fact is announced that in the last census no less than seven and a half millions registered themselves as having no religion.

The Consumption of Intoxicating Liquor in England is the subject of a letter addressed by Mr. W. Hoyle to the London *Times*. He points out that the nation's expenditure upon intoxicating liquors during 1883 amounted to $627,386,375, a decrease of $3,870,420 as compared with 1882. In 1882 there was a decrease from 1881 of $4,115,505. In 1860, with a population of 28,778,000, the expenditure of the United Kingdom upon intoxicating liquors was $426,384,350. Year by year the expenditure rose, until in 1876 it reached the enormous sum of $736,443,795. Thus while the population had only grown fifteen per cent, the drink bill had grown seventy-two per cent. Between 1876 and 1880 the drink bill receded from $736,000,000 to $610,000,000. This was largely owing to the great depression in trade, and to some extent it was also due to the vigorous efforts of temperance reformers. In 1881 the drink bill rose again to $635,000,000, since which year it has fallen to the extent of about $3,800,000.

Discontent is Prevalent among the Loyal citizens of Ireland as well as among the Parnellites. It has been developed to a serious extent by a letter recently written by the Lord Lieutenant on the subject of Orange meetings in Ulster. It appears that when the Land Leaguers arranged to hold a meeting in any town the loyal inhabitants, prompted by the Orange societies and the prospect of the congenial amusement of a free fight, got up a counter-demonstration close at hand, and military had to be sent by the government to keep the peace between the two Irish crowds. Lord Spencer now prohibits the counter-demonstrations, and orders that the Orange meetings shall not be held at the same time and place as nationalist meetings. He will not interfere with such counter-demonstrations, if they are held at such times and places as will not bring hostile bodies into collision. The policy of the government is to maintain the right of public meeting and to preserve the public peace. This decision of the government has exasperated the loyalists in the north of Ireland, and it seems likely that indignation meetings will be held. The Dublin *Express* says: "The government has unconditionally surrendered to the party of sedition. We believe, however, that the loyalists will meet the rebel demonstrations with loyal demonstrations, and that these will only cease when they are met by the bayonets and bullets of the Queen's troops." Cynical Englishmen recommend that the counter-demonstrations be encouraged, and the military withdrawn, and Irishmen abroad be induced to go to Ireland and participate in the favorite national pastime of quarrelling and fighting.

Mr. Moody's Services in the Temple Gardens have been as successful as in other parts of London. The cable reports that fully six thousand persons were present on June 4th. Mr. Moody announced that Mr. Sankey was too unwell to take part in the service. He added that Mr. Sankey's complete restoration to health was deemed improbable, and that his voice, which had so often led thousands of assembled worshippers in the songs of Zion, would probably never be heard again in their services. The preacher said that the great singer's present prostration was so complete that he had been compelled to retire from the work of evangelization, and would sail for his home in the United States on June 12th. Mr. Moody pronounced a touching eulogium upon the services and devotion of Mr. Sankey, and concluded by asking the prayers of the congregation for the preservation of his useful and honored life. The response was very earnest and affecting.

"Thy Healer," A New Magazine Devoted to the subject of faith-healing, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price five cents, including postage. It is issued in London on the first and fifteenth of each month, and will be sent to subscribers promptly on its receipt in New York. The annual subscription is one dollar. It is *edited by Mrs. M. Baxter* whose expositions of the International Sunday-school lessons are published every week in this journal. It contains incidents of faith-healing reported from Bethshan, the London faith-healing institution, and from other similar institutions in Europe, and articles by eminent writers on the subject.

The Ladies' Manual of Fancy Work is the title of a useful book issued at the low price of *fifty cents*. It contains over *four hundred illustrations*, and has ninety-two pages of descriptive matter with directions for the manufacture of the articles mentioned. Those articles, though technically described as "fancy work," are many of them of a useful character. Tasteful patterns for lace-work, embroidery for cushions and slippers, knitting, tatting, crochet work, and net-work are among the illustrations, and directions for making carriage rugs, school-bags, purses, door-mats, and innumerable articles which may be ugly, but which it is much more pleasant to have pretty, are given in plain and simple language. The book in paper covers may be had, postage paid, by sending fifty cents to Mr. J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

Bible and Sunday-School Books: Inquiries about these books are frequently addressed to the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD. We therefore call the attention of our readers to the fact that Mr. Thomas Whittaker, of 2 and 3 Bible House, New York City, makes a specialty of supplying any and all of the numerous editions of the Holy Scriptures, and of furnishing books for Sunday-school libraries, and will receive and answer any inquiry in reference thereto. The "Oxford Teachers' Bible," in various forms of binding, from $1.25 upward; illustrated quarto family Bibles with both versions of the New Testament, $4.50 upward; Bibles with and without references in cloth, leather, and morocco bindings constantly on hand. Selections made and orders by mail promptly forwarded. Books for Sunday-school libraries selected with care from the choicest works in that line of all publishing houses, and special sets of approved books can be forwarded at particularly low rates. Catalogues free on application. The same publisher has recently issued a new and cheap edition of "Thoughts for Weary Hours," 35 cents per copy. "Personal Piety," a help "to Christians to walk worthy of their calling," 60 cents. "Little Things for Every-Day Life," 50 cents, postpaid.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

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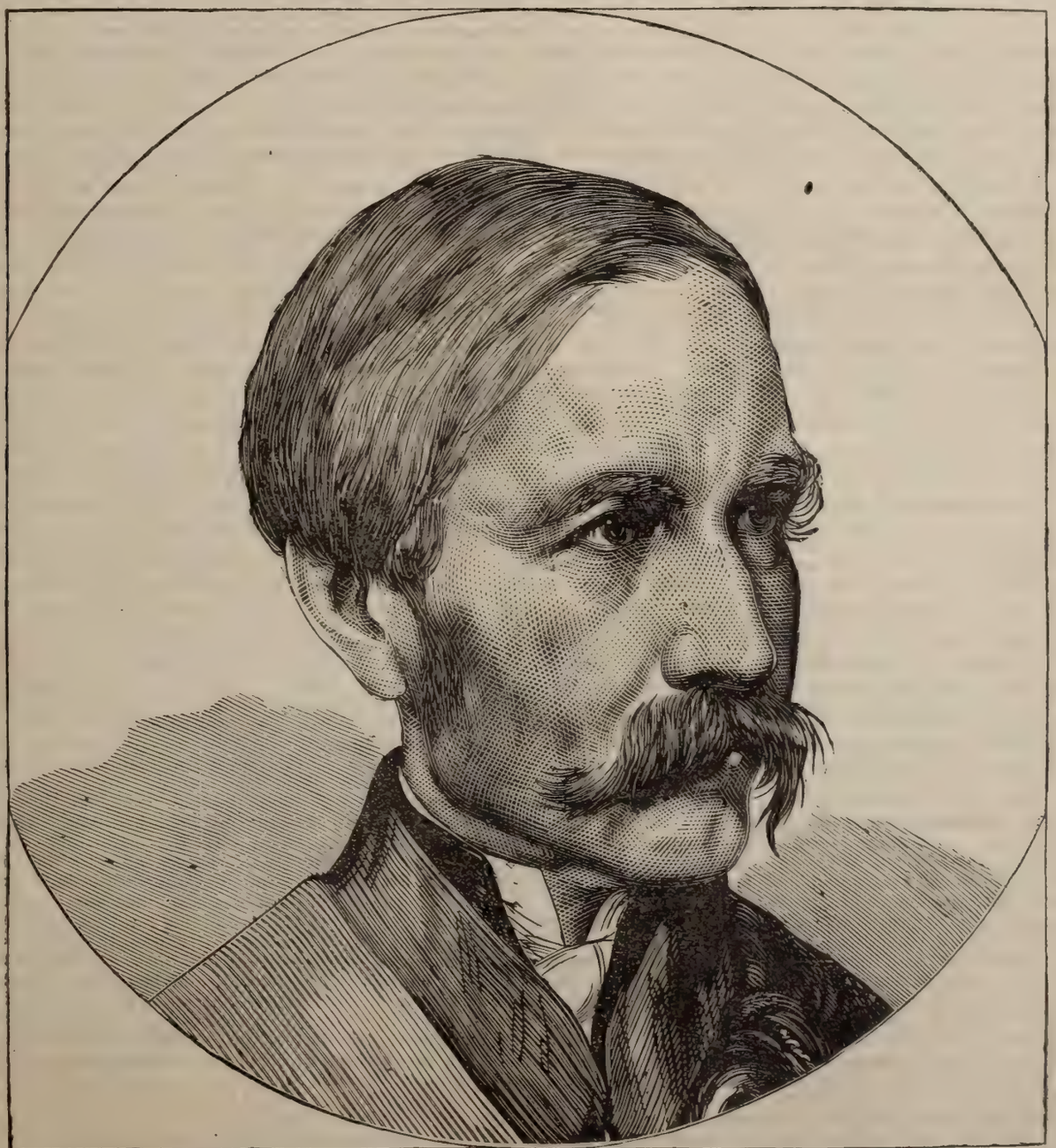

The Late Sir H. BARTLE FRERE, the Christian Statesman and Governor.

THE LATE SIR H. BARTLE E. FRERE.

A Heroic Christian Statesman—His Birth in 1815—His Overland Journey to India in 1834—Acts for the Civil Service in the Deccan—Becomes Commissioner of Sattara in 1846 and of Scinde in 1850—His Great Public Works—Preserves the Punjaub in the Mutiny—Becomes Member of Supreme Council in India in 1859—Is Governor of Bombay from 1862 to 1866—Lady Frere's Efforts for Hindoo Women—Returns to England in 1867—His Mission to Zanzibar in 1872—His deep Interest in Missions—Made Governor of the Cape, etc.

On Thursday, May 29th, the cable brought intelligence of the death of Sir Henry Bartle Frere, one of the most distinguished of the many eminent statesmen whose names are identified with the modern history of India. He was not only a wise and courageous man but an earnest Christian, and was one of the most conspicuous illustrations in our day of the fact that religion in the heart does not unfit a man to fulfil the duties of life. Sir Bartle Frere has been carried to his grave in the great London Cathedral, honored by his fellow-countrymen as a man of whom his country might justly be proud. His life was pure though surrounded by strong temptations; his administration was wise and beneficial to those he ruled; and when confronted with imminent and deadly peril he counted not his own life dear to him, but voluntarily increased his peril that he might deliver others and serve his country in her need. His duty to God and to his country occupied his first thought, and doing that he left his own interests and welfare in God's keeping. Such a life, the life of a Christian hero, deserves to be known and studied, especially by those who regard religion as a bar to public usefulness or to success in an honorable secular career.

Sir Henry Bartle Edward Frere was born in 1815, and was the fifth son of Mr. Edward Frere, one of a family who have been planted in England ever since the Conquest. He had an uncle named James Hatley Frere, who is known by his writings on the *interpretation of prophecy* and as the inventor of one of the most successful systems for teaching the blind to read. Young Frere, having passed his early years in Wales, was sent to King Edward the Sixth's Grammar School at Bath, and thence to Haileybury, where it was the custom then to train young men of promise for the Indian service.

THE JOURNEY TO INDIA.

In 1834, having duly qualified for the Indian Civil Service, he was appointed to the Bombay presidency. At that time the route to India *viâ* Suez had not been established; no steamers from England went beyond Malta, and there was no recognized mode of transit across the desert. The then Governor-General of India, Lord William Bentinck, sent a steamer to Suez to meet persons from England, with the view of testing the feasibility of the much questioned overland route. In expectation of meeting the experimental steamer, Mr. Frere left Falmouth in May, 1834. At Malta he spent some weeks in the learned retreat of his uncle, Hookham Frere, who had taken part in the diplomatic transactions of the opening years of this century, and who was full of anecdotes about Pitt, Canning, and Wyndham. At Malta, too, he met the famous traveller, Dr. Joseph Wolff, who discoursed to him of Central Asia, and aided him in the study of Arabic, at length pronouncing him "fit to scold his way through Egypt."

Mr. Frere left Malta in a Greek vessel for Alexandria, and made his way to Cairo; but no tidings could he learn of the expected steamer. With three other travellers, also bound for India, he took the route of Thebes and Upper Egypt, struck across, on camel-back, from Kenné to Crossier, and thence in an open boat, exposed to the terrible heat of the Red Sea; in August, sailed to Yambo, Jedda, and Mocha, and, after hardships, they were at length landed at Bombay. He was *the first servant* of the East India Company who reached India by the afterward much-used overland route.

Within three months after his arrival he successfully passed an examination in Hindustani; afterward also in the Mahratta and Guzerat languages. Early in 1835 he was called to a special and

IMPORTANT SERVICE,

having been selected to assist in an inquiry into the land assessment of Indapore. This inquiry disclosed much cruelty and oppression in the mode of assessing and collecting the revenue. In its prosecution he became well acquainted with the district in which he was employed, living, during the rains, in temples or houses for wayfarers, or in a tent roughly thatched over. Coming into daily contact with the people in their own homes, he gained an entire understanding of the native habits and character. Subsequently, as assistant to the Revenue Commissioners, he travelled over every part of the Bombay presidency, the southern Mahratta country alone excepted.

For five years Mr. Frere took part in the work of reforming the assessment of other provinces besides the Deccan. The new system which he helped to inaugurate was based upon a low assessment, careful surveys, and fixity of tenure. First applied to Indapore, it was in time extended with happy results throughout the whole Bombay presidency and Scinde, and into the neighboring provinces of Berar and Mysore. Speaking of the native cultivators of a district which had come under the new system, Mr. Frere, in a letter written in 1849, and which was read before a committee of the House of Commons said, "From being the most wretched and depressed set in the Deccan, they have become thriving, independent fellows, thoroughly grateful for what has been done for them."

In 1842 General Sir George Arthur, a distinguished officer, who had seen much service, was appointed Governor of Bombay. The gentleman whom he had selected as his

PRIVATE SECRETARY

died on his passage out, and Mr. Frere was appointed to the post. In the following year Sir Charles Napier invaded Scinde. This war gave rise to a bitter controversy between Outram and Napier. Scinde was conquered and annexed. During the war General Napier was in constant communication with Sir George Arthur and his secretary, Mr. Frere, as it was from Bombay that he drew his supplies.

In 1844 *Mr. Frere married* Catherine, the second daughter of Sir George Arthur, and in the year following took his furlough in England, when again he had the opportunity of paying a passing visit to his uncle at Malta. On his return to India he was selected to fill the important post of resident at Sattara, in succession to Colonel Outram. Shortly afterward Sattara lapsed to the East India Company through the failure of natural heirs, and Mr. Frere was appointed commissioner. Here he introduced the improved revenue system which had worked so beneficially in other provinces. The first tunnel ever made in India was made by Mr. Frere at Sattara. This country has ever remained well affected to British rule.

On the conquest of Scinde the government of the acquired province was intrusted to Sir Charles Napier, who had acquired it. What Napier did for Scinde during the four years of his governorship forms one of the brightest pages of Indian history. When Mr. Frere afterward became

COMMISSIONER OF SCINDE

in 1850, he devoted himself to carry out the ideas of its first British administrator. "It was the policy of Mr. Frere," says Colonel Malleson, in his "Recreations of an Indian Official," "to encourage great works which might be useful to the people and remunerative to the government. The roads of the province, the harbor of Kurrachee, and ultimately railroads, received at his hands the most prompt attention. The harbor of Kurrachee, as it now is, was mainly his own work; for, though Sir Charles Napier had marked the spot as one which was destined to become the outlet of the Punjaub, it was left to Mr. Frere to carry out the design—to make the harbor sufficiently capacious to receive large ships and to place the steam navigation of the Indus on a thoroughly efficient footing."

During Mr. Frere's administration some 6000 miles of roads were opened up, and the great work called the "Supply Channel" was constructed, in order to supply water to a network of canals extending 300 miles from the point where it leaves the Indus, and irrigating many thousands of square miles. He obtained the sanction of the government for the construction of the Scinde Railway, and for a considerable grant of money for the works of the beautiful harbor of Kurrachee.

In the early part of 1856 Mr. Frere again visited England, on account of his health. He had obtained a furlough of three years which after long service he well deserved; but scarcely had he arrived in England than he heard of the outbreak of the Persian war. He foresaw that this would probably involve trouble in India and at once hurried back to his post in India, and the first news he heard on landing was that

THE SEPOY MUTINY

had broken out at Meerut. He saw at once that the fate of India depended on the attitude of the Punjaub. And, although he had only two European regiments to keep in check the mutinous spirit in his own province, on his own responsibility, and without waiting for instructions from Bombay, he despatched his strongest regiment, the Bombay Fusiliers, to Mooltan, the key of the Punjaub, and sent also a steamer to divert to Calcutta some other troops which were returning to Scinde from the Persian Gulf. During the worst days of the mutiny, Mooltan and Ferozepore were held by the troops sent by Mr. Frere. The outbreaks in Scinde itself were promptly suppressed, the mutineers were punished, and additional troops were despatched to the southern Mahratta country and to the Punjaub, until with less than *two hundred European bayonets* he kept in check the Mahommedan population of the province, amounting to *a million and a half*.

For these services Mr. Frere, in 1858, received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament; and again in 1859, when he was nominated a K.C.B. and appointed a member of Lord Canning's Council at Calcutta. In the House of Commons it was said of him that, if Sir John Lawrence, by holding the Punjaub, had saved India, Mr. Frere, by risking Scinde to secure Mooltan, had saved the Punjaub. "When the head and heart are threatened, the extremities must take care of themselves." So wrote Bartle Frere to Lord Elphinstone, and the remark indicates the wise and unselfish policy on which he acted in the terrible crisis of the mutiny.

When Sir Bartle Frere reached Calcutta in 1859, to take his seat as a

MEMBER OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL

of India, he found the finances in disorder, the army dissatisfied, and Lord Canning at the height of his unpopularity. He speedily won the regard and confidence of Lord Canning, and became, indeed, his most trusted counsellor. This he did a second time when Mr. Laing was compelled by ill health to return to England. To the many services rendered by Sir Bartle Frere, and to his influence in the Supreme Council of India in promoting the wise and beneficial measures of the closing years of Lord Canning's rule, we need not here further advert. He was the right-hand man of the Viceroy, and in fact it was owing not a little to the wise and beneficial measures he promoted that the popular feeling in regard to Lord Canning, before he retired, so completely changed. In March, 1862, that nobleman retired, and Sir Bartle Frere acted as president of the Council until the arrival of Lord Elgin. Shortly afterward he was appointed to succeed Sir George Clark as

GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.

Bombay, once a small and unhealthy fishing town, has grown to be the emporium of the

East. During the present century it has rapidly ncreased in importance, till now it numbers nore inhabitants than any city of the British Empire, London alone excepted, and no Eng-ish port out of the British Islands carries on a arger foreign commerce. As governor of the Bombay presidency Sir Bartle Frere found in-:essant occupation for the next five years of his ife.

Sir Bartle Frere has always displayed a keen nterest in all educational questions, and has lone much to promote the education of the natives of India. In his efforts in this work he ad the enthusiastic co-operation of

LADY FRERE

'Following the example of her mother," ays Colonel Malleson, "who had been the first ady occupying the position of wife of the governor who showed a deep interest in the ducation of native ladies, Lady Frere devoted erself to the cause with all the ardor of her nature. To her example and exertions may be ttributed the great advance made, during her usband's five years' rule, in the civilization nd education of the female community of Bom-ay. She it was who first opened the doors of Government House to the female relatives of the Parsees and other native gentlemen of the presi-lency. She it was who visited them in their wn houses, endeavoring to convince them of he advantages which must accrue from a more iberal training. Nor were her labors fruitless. n respect to female education Bombay is greatly n advance of the other presidencies of India."

During the time of Sir Bartle's governorship he ramparts of Bombay were pulled down ; the uilding of the Deccan College, the Poona Engineering College, the Elphinstone College, nd the Sassoon Hospital, and many other im-ortant public works, were begun or completed, nd a municipality was organized for Bombay hich, since its establishment in 1865, has been he means of effecting a large reduction in the ortality of the city.

It was in 1866 that a severe mercantile crisis ccurred in Bombay. The governor foresaw, nd did what he could by timely legislation to void, the evils of reckless trading. He passed he Cotton Frauds Act and the

TIME BARGAINS BILL,

nd also issued a notification warning officers of he Government against share speculations.

Sir Bartle Frere retired finally from Indian ervice and returned to England in 1867. He ook his place as a member of the Indian ouncil, and besides, as one of its vice-presi-ents, took an active part in the affairs of the oyal Geographical Society. He also engaged n

LITERARY WORK

roducing a memoir of his uncle, John Hook-am Frere, the diplomatist, and to a volume of ssays, published under the title "The Church nd the Age," he made a contribution on *Indian Missions*. This paper is valuable as the testi-ony of a man who knew India well—espe-ially Western India—on such a subject. With warm interest in all forms of educational and issionary effort he traced the progress of ie enlightenment of India very much from his wn personal observation during the last thirty-ve years.

"Christianity suited to all Forms of Civiliza-on" is the title of a lecture delivered by Sir artle Frere in connection with the Christian vidence Society, in which he again drew his cts from what he himself saw and knew.

Dr. Livingstone's last expedition was organ-ed at Bombay before Sir Bartle Frere had eased to be governor. He gave to Dr. Living-one the hospitality of Government House and l the aid in his power, sympathizing, as he ost cordially did, with the aims of the great xplorer.

He again left England in 1872, on

A MISSION OF MERCY

) Zanzibar and Muscat, in order to negotiate ith the rulers of those states for the suppres-on of the slave trade within and around their respective territories. To the immense joy of the people of England, his mission was a complete success.

Sir Bartle Frere always gave his cordial support to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, both at public meetings and at deputations to Her Majesty's Government. He pleaded at Exeter Hall at many missionary anniversaries, and he was to be found nobly standing side by side with *all* who would send the light of gospel life and love to the dark places of the earth. He was made vice-president of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

At the banquet given to Sir Bartle Frere by the Royal Geographical Society, on the eve of his departure to Africa, Sir Henry Rawlinson, the president, thus adverted to his public services: "Sir Bartle Frere is not only a geographer, or a patron of geographers: he is a statesman, an earnest, thoughtful, and honest statesman; one of the clear-headed, large-hearted men who will go down to future ages as among the benefactors of mankind. His administration of Scinde during the Sepoy rebellion of 1857 evinced the highest qualities of statesmanship, and brought him prominently forward as one of the ablest men of his day. It has been said that he found the province a desert and left it a garden. He began the administration under all possible disadvantages, but he succeeded in converting the lawless marauders of the province into industrious and peaceful peasants. His subsequent government of Bombay was equally creditable to him, and it is still remembered in India with feelings of the deepest gratitude. The chief characteristic of Sir Bartle Frere, if he will allow me to say so, is an entire abnegation of self, an absolute devotion to the interests of those committed to his care."

In the Prince of Wales's memorable tour to India in 1875-6, Sir Bartle Frere accompanied the Prince, and in 1877 he was appointed

GOVERNOR OF CAPE COLONY

and High Commissioner of South Africa. In this post he gave great satisfaction until he got into trouble with Cetywayo, the King of the Zulus, in 1879, and, in spite of the pacific recommendations of the home government, precipitated a war with the Zulus, which finally resulted in their defeat and the capture of Cetywayo after a long and bitter struggle. The Zulu war resulted in creating a great deal of opposition to Sir Bartle and his policy in England, and in December, 1880, he resigned his position. Since then Sir Bartle Frere lived in comparative retirement.

LOOKING.

By Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D.

WHAT we see in anything or any man is largely due to the eyes with which we look. It is a rule that we ordinarily bring from anything according to that which we carry to it.

A picture, one of Raphael's, may always be the same in itself, but is it not really as many pictures as there are beholders? An untutored child sees in it only a group of persons, perhaps only a woman and a child. An anatomist sees something which never enters the eyes of the child. An artist sees a third picture, a poet a fourth, a saint a fifth. It depends upon the eye and, still more, upon what is behind the eye.

An old blind beggar sits by the wayside. To the political economist who passes by he seems a factor in that great system we call "society." An oculist does not see that picture at all, but he does behold a very interesting patient. The artist sees what he afteward reproduces in a picturesque sketch, the poet what he afterward weaves into the lines of a touching poem. A philanthropist beholds an object of charity, a destitute and afflicted fellow-being. As Jesus looks upon the man He sees a soul for whose salvation He has an unutterable longing. It is what is in the beholder rather than in the spectacle.

In many places in the history of our Lord there is the statement that Jesus "looked." If only those on whom He looked could have known what was behind those eyes, how they would have been thrilled! In the third chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is a story, one phrase in which led to what is written above. Peter and John were going up to the temple to worship. It was the "hour of prayer." A lame man lay at the gate which was called "Beautiful." Many had seen him that day. Perhaps Peter and John had seen him often before. But somehow on this occasion Peter looked with different eyes—that is, with a different state of mind and heart. The phrase, "Fastening his eyes upon him," is very impressive and instructive. Pentecostal power had quickened and strengthened all Peter's faculties. Love for the ascended Lord and apostolic responsibility had so transformed Peter that even on his way to pray he was moved to work. He looked upon the man, and as he looked the man gained a kind of fascination for the apostle, who saw in him not simply an ungainly beggar who had never walked, but a human being in whom might be shown the power of the ascended Jesus.

And so the lesson comes to us all to take heed how we look as well as how we hear. The best preparation for the eyes is in the heart. A selfish man sees in everything only an instrument for his selfishness or an obstruction to his selfish enjoyment. A generous man sees in the same things outlets for the refreshing and fertilizing streams of his soul. A sinister spirit can find faults everywhere and in every being, even in saints, in martyrs, in apostles and in Jesus; and there is no human being living so utterly worthless that a truly Christian man can find nothing in him to love. Let us not judge the world and men by what we see in them, but by that judge ourselves. If all things seem yellow, we have the jaundice. If we see all the faults and none of the beauties of our fellow-man we may be sure that something has gone wrong with us. If we see only what we may pervert and destroy we are like the devil; if our eyes seek and find something in every soul which we may make the field of operations for that soul's uplifting and sanctification, we are like Jesus.

THE GALVANIC BATTERY AMONG IDOLATERS.

A MISSIONARY gives the following amusing account of the introduction of a magnet and galvanic battery in a place called Manana, on the coast of Africa:

"One day, I was showing a number of natives a magnet. I put down a needle, and gave the magnet to one of them. When he put it near the needle and saw the needle attracted to the magnet, they were all greatly astonished, and each wanted to make sure there was no deception. They made the most curious remarks about the magnet, holding it closely to see by what means it could hold. I asked them if their idol could do anything like that. They held a short consultation, and decided that it could not do even what this magnet had done.

"On another occasion I was showing some of them our galvanic battery, and letting them feel its power. One man prepared himself for a shock by *calling loudly on some idol power to help him*. He was one of a large string who had joined hands, and he stood the shock pretty well, even when the others were shouting because of the current.

"So he called loudly on his gods for help, and came forward alone to take hold of the handles; the others looked on very eagerly, anxious to see what effect the prayers would have in keeping off the powers of the white man's machine. As the man took hold he repeated rapidly some sort of prayer which he expected to help him; but as I turned the current on pretty strong, I soon changed the recitation into a roar, and he retreated amid the shouts of the others. He was something of a medicine man among them, so I was glad I had caught him."

ROMANCE OF CRIME.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, June 15, 1884.

"The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar, and he was driven from men and did eat grass as oxen."—Daniel 4 : 33.

A Great Conqueror—Immensely Wealthy—His Sin—God Pulled him Down—Crime in High Places—The Morality of the Gospel—A Pacific Missionary's Moving Sermon—Fascination Around Crime—A Vermont Peddler in Wall Street—How it is Done—Safe for Perdition—A Young Man Discharged—The Pressure of Business Life—The Use of Trust Funds—A Needle Red with Blood—Wellington's Example—Fascination Around Libertinism—Around Assassination—The Immunity of the Polished Murderer—Good Blood—Four Plain Questions—Mercy's Open Door.

Here is the mightiest of the Babylonish kings. Look at him. He did more for the grandeur of the capital than did all his predecessors or successors. Hanging gardens, reservoirs, aqueducts, palaces, all of his own planing. The bricks that are brought up to day from the ruins of Babylon have his name on them, "Nebuchadnezzar, son of Nabopolassor, King of Babylon." He was

A GREAT CONQUEROR.

He stretched forth his spear toward a nation, and it surrendered. But he plundered the temple of the true God. He lifted an idol, Belmerodach, and compelled the people to bow down before it, and if they refused they must go through the red-hot furnace, or be craunched by lion or lioness. So

GOD PULLED HIM DOWN.

He was smitten with what physicians call lycanthropy, and fancied that he was a wild beast, and he went out and pastured amid the cattle. God did not excuse him because he had committed the sin in high places, or because the transgression was wide resounding. He measured Nebuchadnezzar in high place just as he would measure the humblest captive.

But in our time, you know as well as I, that there is a disposition to put a halo around iniquity if it is committed in conspicuous place and if it is wide resounding and of large proportions. During the past two months there has been an epidemic of

CRIME IN HIGH PLACES,

and there is not a State or a city, and hardly a village which has not been called to look upon astounding forgery, or an absconding bank cashier or president, or the wasting of trust-fund or swindling mortgages. I propose this morning, in carrying out the suggestion of my text as far as I can, to scatter the fascinations around iniquity, and show you that sin is sin and wrong is wrong, whether in high place or low place, and that it will be dealt with by that God who dealt with impalaced Nebuchadnezzar.

Those of you who have heard me preach for the last sixteen years know that I preach two kinds of sermons—the one on the faith of the Gospel, the other on the morality of the Gospel—and the one is just as important as the other, for you know that in this land to-day there are hundreds of men hiding behind the communion tables and in churches of Jesus Christ who have no business to be there as professors of religion. They expect to be all right with God, although they are all wrong with man. And while I want you to understand that by the deeds of the law no flesh living can be justified, and a mere honest life cannot enter us into Heaven, I want you as plainly to understand that unless the life is right the heart is not right. Grace in the heart and grace in the life; so we must preach sometimes the faith of the Gospel and sometimes

THE MORALITY OF THE GOSPEL.

It seems to me there has not been a time in the last fifty years when this latter truth needed more thoroughly to be presented in the American churches. It needs to be presented to-day.

A missionary in the islands of the Pacific preached one Sabbath on honesty and dishonesty, and on Monday he found his yard full of all styles of goods which the natives had brought. He could not understand it until a native told him: "Our gods permit us to purloin goods, but the God you told us about yesterday, the God of Heaven and earth, it seems, is against these practices, and so we brought all the goods that do not belong to us, and they are in the yard, and we want you to help us to distribute them among their rightful owners." And if in all the pulpits of the United States to-day rousing sermons could be preached on honesty and the evils of dishonesty, and the sermons were blessed of God, and arrangement should be made by which all the goods which have been improperly taken from one man and appropriated by another man should be put in the City Halls of the country, there is not a City Hall in the United States that would not be crowded from cellar to cupola. Faith of the Gospel, that we must preach and we do preach. Morality of the Gospel we must just as certainly proclaim.

Now look abroad and see the fascinations that are thrown around

DIFFERENT STYLES OF CRIME.

The question that every man and woman has asked during the last two months has been, Should crime be excused because it is on a large scale? Is iniquity guilty and to be pursued of the law in proportion as it is on a small scale? Shall we have New York Tombs for the man who steals an overcoat from a hat-rack, and all Canada for a man to range in if he have robbed the public of three millions?

Look upon all the fascinations thrown around fraud in this country. You know that for years men have been made heroes of and pictorialized and in various styles presented to the public, as though sometimes they were worthy of admiration if they have scattered the funds of banks, or swallowed great estates that did not belong to them. Our young men have been dazed with this quick accumulation. They have said, "That's the way to do it. What's the use of our plodding on with small wages or insignificant salary, when we may go into business life, and with some stratagem achieve such a fortune as that man has achieved?" A different measure has been applied to the crime of Wall Street from that which has been applied to the spoils which the man carries up Rat Alley.

So a peddler came down from Vermont some years ago, took hold of the money-market of New York, flaunted his abominations in the sight of all the people, defied public morals every day of his life. Young men looked up and said, "He was a peddler in one decade, and in the next decade he is one of the monarchs of the stock market. That's the way to do it."

There has been an irresistible impression going abroad among young men that the poorest way to get money is to earn it. The young man of flaunting cravat says to the young man of humble apparel, "What, you only get $1,800 a year? Why, that wouldn't keep me in pin-money. I spend $5000 a year." "Where do you get it?" asks the plain young man. "Oh, stocks, enterprises, all that sort of thing, you know." The plain young man has hardly enough money to pay his board, has to wear clothes after they are out of fashion, and deny himself all luxuries. After a while he gets tired of his plodding, and he goes to the man who has achieved suddenly large estate, and he says, "Just *show me how it is done.*" And he is shown. He soon learns how, and although he is almost all the time idle now, and has resigned his position in the bank, or the factory, or the store, he has more money than he ever had, trades off his old silver watch for a gold one with a flashing chain, sets his hat a little further over on the side of his head than he ever did, smokes better cigars and more of them. He has his hand in! Now, if he can escape the penitentiary for three or four years he will get into political circles, and he will get political jobs, and will have something to do with harbors, and pavements, and docks. Now he has got so far along he is

SAFE FOR PERDITION.

It is quite a long road sometimes for a man to travel before he gets into the romance of crime. Those are caught who are only in the prosaic stage of it. If the sheriffs and constables would only leave them alone a little while, they would steal as well as anybody. They might not be able to steal a whole railroad, but they could master a load of pig iron.

Now I always thank God when I find an estate like that go to smash. It is plague-struck, and it blasts the nation. I thank God when it goes into such a wreck it can never be gathered up again. I want it to become so loathsome and such an insufferable stench that honest young men will take warning. If God should put into money or its representative the capacity to go to its lawful owner, there would not be a bank or a safety deposit in the United States whose walls would not be blown out, and mortgages would rip, and parchments would rend, and gold would shoot, and beggars would get on horseback, and stock gamblers would go to the almshouse.

How many dishonesties in the making out of invoices, and in the plastering of false labels, and in the filching of customers of rival houses, and in the making and breaking of contracts. Young men are indoctrinated in the idea that the sooner they get money the better, and the getting of it on a larger scale only proves to them their greater ingenuity. There is a glitter thrown around about all these things. Young men have got to find out that God looks upon sin in a very different light.

A YOUNG MAN

stood behind the counter in New York selling silks to a lady, and he said before the sale was consummated, "I see there is a flaw in that silk." The lady recognized it, and the sale was not consummated. The head man of the firm saw the interview, and he wrote home to the father of the young man living in the country, saying, "Dear sir, come and take your boy; he will never make a merchant." The father came down from the country home in great consternation, as any father would, wondering what his boy had done. He came into the store, and the merchant said to him, "Why, your son pointed out a flaw in some silk the other day, and spoiled the sale, and we will never have that lady, probably, again for a customer, and your son never will make a merchant." "Is that all?" said the father. "I am proud of him. I wouldn't for the world have him another day under your influence. John, get your hat and come; let us start." There are hundreds of young men under the pressure, under the fascinations thrown around about commercial iniquity. Thousands of young men have gone down under

THE PRESSURE;

other thousands have maintained their integrity. God help you! Let me say to you, my young friend, that you can be a great deal happier in poverty than you ever can be happy in a prosperity which comes from illy gotten gains. "Oh," you say, "I might lose my place. It is easy for you to stand there and talk, but it is no easy thing to get a place when you have lost it. Beside that, I have a widowed mother depending upon my exertions, and you must not be too reckless in giving advice to me." Ah, my young friend, it is always safe to be right, but it is never safe to be wrong. You go home and tell your mother the pressure under which you are in that store, and I know what she will say to you if she is worthy of you. She will say, "My son, come out from there; Christ has taken care of us all these years, and He will take care of us now; come out of that."

And remember that the man who gets his gain by iniquity will soon lose it all. One moment after his departure from life he will not own an opera house, he will not own a certificate of stock, he will not own one dollar of government securities, and the poorest boy that

stands on the street with a penny in his pocket, looking at the funeral procession of the dead cheat as it goes by, will have more money than that man who one week ago boasted that he controlled the money market.

Oh, there is such a fearful fascination in this day about

THE USE OF TRUST-FUNDS.

It has got to be popular to take the funds of others and speculate with them. There may be many in this house who are practising that iniquity. Almost every man in the course of his life has the property of others put in his care. He has administered, perhaps, for a dead friend; he is an attorney, and money passes from debtor to creditor through his hands; or he is in a commercial establishment, and gets a salary for the discharge of his responsibilities; or he is treasurer of a philanthropic institution, and money for the suffering goes through his hands; or he has some office in city, or State, or nation, and taxes, and subsidies, and supplies, and salaries are in his hands. Now, that is a trust. That is as sacred a trust as God can give a man. It is the concentration of confidence. Now, when that man takes that money—the money of others—and goes to speculating with it for his own purposes, he is guilty of theft, falsehood, and perjury, and in the most intense sense of the word is a miscreant.

There are families to-day—widows and orphans—with nothing between them and starvation but a sewing machine, or kept out of the vortex by the thread of *a needle red with the blood* of their hearts, who were by father or husband left a competency. You read the story in the newspaper of those who have lost by a bank defalcation, and it is only one line, the name of a woman you never heard of, and just one or two figures telling the amount of stock she had, the number of shares. It is a very short line in a newspaper, but it is a line of agony long as time; it is a story long as eternity.

Now, do not come under the fascination which induces men to employ trust-funds for purposes of their own speculation. Cultivate old-fashioned honesty. Remember

THE EXAMPLE OF WELLINGTON,

who, when he was leading the British army over the French frontier, and his army was very hungry, and there was plenty of plunder on the French frontier, and some of the men wanted to take it, he said: "Soldiers, do not touch that; God will take care of us; He will take care of the English army; plenty of plunder, I know, all around, but do not take it." He told the story afterward himself, how that the French people brought to him their valuables to keep—he supposed to be their enemy—brought him their valuables to keep. And then, he said, at a time when the creditors of the army were calling for money and for pay all the time, and they had so much all around about he did not feel it right for him to take it, or for the army to take it. An author beautifully wrote in regard to it: "Nothing can be grander or more noble and original than this admission. This old soldier, after thirty years of service, this iron man and victorious general, established in an enemy's country, at the head of an immense army, is afraid of his creditors. This is a kind of fear that has seldom troubled conquerors and victors, and I doubt if the annals of war present anything comparable to this sublime simplicity."

Oh, that God would scatter these fascinations about fraud, and let us all understand that if I steal from you one dollar I am a thief, and if I steal from you $500,000 I am five hundred thousand times more of a thief!

So there has been a great deal of fascination thrown around

LIBERTINISM.

Society is very severe upon the impurity that lurks around the alleys and low haunts of the town. The law pursues it, smites it, incarcerates it, tries to destroy it. You know as well as I that society becomes lenient in proportion as impurity becomes affluent or is in elevated circles, and finally society is silent, or disposed to palliate. Where is the judge, the jury, the police officer that dare arraign the wealthy libertine? He walks the streets, he rides the parks, he flaunts his iniquity in the eyes of the pure. The hag of uncleanness looks out of the tapestried window. Where is the law that dares take the brazen wretches and put their faces in an iron frame of a State prison window?

Sometimes it seems to me as if society were going back to the state of morals of Herculaneum, when it sculptured its vileness on pillars and temple wall, and nothing but the lava of a burning mountain could hide the immensity of crime. At what time God will rise up and extirpate these evils upon society I know not, nor whether He will do it by fire, or hurricane, or earthquake; but a Holy God I do not think will stand it much longer. I believe the thunderbolts are hissing hot, and that when God comes to chastise the community for these sins, against which He has uttered Himself more bitterly than against any other, the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah will be tolerable as compared with the fate of our modern society, which knew better, but did worse.

We want about ten thousand pulpits in America to thunder: "All adulterers and whoremongers shall have their place in the hell that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." It is hell on earth and hell forever. We have got to understand in Brooklyn, and New York, and all parts of this land that iniquity on Madison Square, or Brooklyn Heights, or Beacon Hill is as damnable in the sight of God as it is in the slums. Whether it has canopied couch of eider-down, or dwells amid the putridity of a low tenement house, God is after it in His vengeance. Yet the pulpit of the Christian Church has been so cowed down on this subject that it hardly dares speak, and men are almost apologetic when they read the Ten Commandments.

Then look at the fascinations thrown around

ASSASSINATION.

There are in all communities men who have taken the lives of others unlawfully, not as executioners of the law, and they go scot free. You say they had their provocations. God gave life and He alone has a right to take it, and He may take it by visitation of Providence, or by an executioner of the law, who is His messenger. But when a man assumes that divine prerogative he touches the lowest depth of crime.

Society is alert for certain kinds of murder. If a citizen going along the road at night is waylaid and slain by a robber we all want the villain arrested and executed. For all garroting, for all beating out of life by a club, or an axe, or a slungshot, the law has quick spring and heavy stroke; but you know that when men get affluent and high position, and they avenge their wrongs by taking the lives of others, great sympathy is excited: lawyers plead, ladies weep, judge halts, jury is bribed, and the man goes free. If the verdict happen to be against him a new trial is called on through some technicality, and they adjourn for witnesses that never come, and adjourn and adjourn until the community has forgotten all about it, and then the prison door opens, and the murderer goes free.

Now, if capital punishment be right, I say let the life of

THE POLISHED MURDERER

go with the life of the vulgar assassin. Let us have no partiality of hemp, no aristocracy of gallows. Do not let us float back to barbarism, when every man was his own judge, jury, and executioner, and that man had the supremacy who had the sharpest knife, and the strongest arm, and the quickest step, and the stealthiest revenge. He who wilfully and in hatred takes the life of another is a murderer, I care not what the provocation or the circumstances. He may be cleared by an enthusiastic court-room, he may be sent by the Government of the United States as Minister to Spain, as on one occasion, or modern literature may polish the crime until it looks like heroism; but in the sight of God murder is murder, and the judgment day will so reveal it.

Now, do not be fascinated by the glamour thrown over crime of whatever sort. Because others have habits that seem brilliant, but yet at the same time are wicked, do not choose such faults. Stand independent of all such influences. Put your confidence in the Lord God. He will be your strength. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Cultivate

OLD-FASHIONED HONESTY.

This Book is full of it. Old-fashioned honesty such as was spoken of by Dr. Livingstone, the famous explorer. You may not know he was descended from the Highlanders. Dr. Livingstone says one day *one of the old Highlanders* called his children around him, and said, "Now, my lads, I have looked all through our family line; I have gone back as far as I can, and I find that all our ancestors were honest people; there doesn't seem to be one rogue among them, and you have good blood. Now, my lads, be honest."

There are hundreds of young men in this house to-day who have good blood. Shall I ask three or

FOUR PLAIN QUESTIONS?

Are your habits as good as when you left your father's house? Have you a pool ticket in your pocket? Have you a fraudulent document? Have you been experimenting to see how accurate an imitation you could make of your employer's signature? Oh, you have good blood. Remember your father's prayers. Remember your mother's example. Turn not in an evil way. Have you been going astray? Come back. Have you ventured out too far?

As I stand here sometimes looking over this audience, my heart fails me. There are so many tragedies present, so many who have sacrificed their integrity, so many far away from God. Why, my brother, there have been too many prayers offered for you to have you go overboard. And there are those venturing down into sin, and my heart aches to call them back.

At Brighton Beach or Long Branch you have seen men go down into the surf to bathe, and they waded out further and further, and you got anxious about them. You said, "I wonder if they can swim?" And then you stood and shouted, "Come back! come back! You will be lost! you will be lost!" They waved their hand back, saying, "No danger." They kept on wading deeper down and further out from shore, until after a while a great wave with a strong undertow took them out, their corpses the next day washed on the beach. So I see men wading down into sin further and further—further from God—and I call to them, "Come back! come back! You will be lost! you will be lost!" They wave their hand back, saying, "No danger, no danger." Deeper down and deeper down, until after a while a wave sweeps them out and sweeps them off forever. Oh, come back! The one furthest away may come.

"Oh," you say, "you don't know where I came from; you don't know what my history has been; you don't know what iniquity I have plotted; I have gone through the whole catalogue of sin." My brother, I do not know the story, but I tell you this: the door of mercy is wide open. "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Though you had been polluted with the worst of crimes, though you have been smitten with the worst of leprosies, though you have been fired with all evil passions, this moment on your brow, hot with iniquitous indulgences, may be set the flashing coronet of a Saviour's forgiveness.

"Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the sky the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

"Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire;
The sinner lost is found, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre."

THE SIGNS OF THE LAST DAYS.

Rev. F. Whitfield.

THE subject is an intensely solemn one, and I believe we are now in the midst of these scenes we have been warned should come to pass. I wish to call your attention to some of the signs of the end. Now, wherever we find a picture of the last days, whether in the Old Testament or in the New, it is a terribly dark picture, the only relieving feature being the coming of the Lord Himself; so far from there being an improvement it is evident everything is going from bad to worse, culminating in apostasy just before the Lord comes.

One cannot imagine how any one with the Bible in his hand can dream of a converted world before the Lord comes; there is not a single passage between the covers of the Book that gives the slightest countenance to such an idea. Now, when we speak of the characteristics of the age as described by Paul and Peter, men say, "Oh, but we have always had such men and such things. But our answer is, the Lord does not tell us there will be anything striking ere He comes; it will just be what has always been, but culminating to a point.

I believe the signs will be fulfilled in the most natural way—so natural that the world will not take notice of them, and none but the true children of God will be able to see these events as they come one after another. And I believe they will happen in a comparatively brief period, even as things now go on at high-pressure rate. We shall then, I believe, know simply by the culmination of these apparently natural events that the Lord is at hand.

Now the signs assume five aspects: 1st, the Jews; 2d, the religious; 3d, the social; 4th, the national; 5th, the physical aspects.

The Jews.—What is the meaning of the persecutions, the anxiety, the unrest with regard to the Jew? And the Jew is coming to the front everywhere, in preparation for that day when "God doth build up Zion." We have it clearly in Ps. 102 there is a set time, and that Psalm is being fulfilled before our very eyes.

The religious aspect.—What is one of the characteristics of Christianity both of Churchmen and Nonconformists? An impatience of doctrine; a deification of man; a rejection of Divine authority; an effort to pervert every Scripture that crosses cherished views.

Then the *social aspect.*—we have heard "there are raging waves of the sea foaming out destruction." And our Lord in Luke 21 speaks of seas roaring, and that, I believe, is the great sea of human life. Look around, Nihilism in Russia, Fenianism in England, Communism in France, the Black Band in Spain, Socialism in Germany, and there is everywhere Agnosticism and Scepticism; these all meeting together and culminating to the end. And partly social and partly religious there is Spiritualism—"the doctrine of demons"—and the waves of Rationalism and Ritualism, Universalism, and Annihilationism. The spirit of society is "do away with God," and see the disregard of the Lord's Day, and the spirit of politics before religion—all these are marks of the time before the Lord come.

The national aspect.—One spirit is manifested everywhere—in the nation, the family, in society—it is lawlessness. The tide of democracy is rolling in like a flood, and that is lawlessness. And God orders that the spirit precedes the person, so that the world, the Church, and Christians are preparing for the lawless one. This impatience of restraint and authority is everywhere.

And, lastly, the *physical* aspect.—Take the earthquakes; a scientific man said lately there had been more earthquakes in the last centuries than in all preceding centuries. There shall be signs in the sun, and we have had these.

It is not any one of these, but all of them converging to a point, to that time when the Lord shall come to take His people to be with Him in the air, and soon to come to Mount Zion, and all His saints with Him, to take to Him His great power and reign. Take with all these one practical word, "When ye see these things *beginning* to come to pass, look up."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Forty Years' Bedridden.—At a Recent Meeting Mr. Lee said: "I knew a woman in my native town who lay in bed with a diseased spine for forty years. Her summer and winter quarters were in one room. In winter she lay in a bed close to the fire; in summer she was carried to a bed a few yards away further from the fire. She was helpless, poor, and sick, but she was never in want. The fame of her piety and happy resignation was spread far and near, and many Christians visited her, and never left without leaving some tangible token of their sympathy."

Saved from Delirium Tremens.—At a Mizpah meeting, recently, Mr. Simpson related that "At Mr. Moody's first Mizpah meeting at Stratford, one man testified that previous to his conversion to Christ, he used to spend ten pounds per week on drink. He had the great blessing of a Christian, praying wife, who for seven weary years pleaded with God on his behalf. Her patient, persevering faith prevailed just as it seemed to be hopeless for her to go on trusting for his conversion. One day, after recovering from a fit of *delirium tremens*, he was convicted of sin, and saw that he was rushing down to eternal woe. The Spirit of the Lord brought light and salvation to him through showing him the suitability and sufficiency of Christ's salvation, and now he is rejoicing in complete deliverance from his old master—strong drink."

A Sunday-School Teacher's Surprise.—Mr. Peden related: "An experienced Sabbath-school teacher was recently requested to address a missionary meeting in the East End of Glasgow. On his arrival at the hall on the appointed evening, you may judge how great his surprise and gratification were when he learned that the missionary who was present was an old Sabbath-school scholar of his own, over whom he had prayed for long, but had never learned the result of his faithful work and prayers till that night, many years after the youth had left his class. It was the more gratifying that the boy had been one of the most troublesome that he had ever had under his care. He had, however, been constrained to accept Jesus as his Saviour, and in every way sought to honor and serve Him. He had devoted himself to His service in the foreign mission-field, and many have been won to Christ through his instrumentality."

His Child Drowned to Save his Soul.—"A gentleman, who held a good position in society, attended the house of God with undeviating punctuality, had a fine respectable family, read prayers every night, and, in fact, as people say, he was an exemplary man in all respects. Notwithstanding all this, he did not heed the realities of God. One Sunday, however, something or other caught his attention for the first time in the sermon, and after that he began to think that the minister was preaching at him. Very much annoyed, he threatened never to go back to the church; but as Sunday came round he was forced again to go to church, still he firmly resisted the pleadings of the Holy Spirit. The Lord then took another way of making him yield. One of his children was drowned in a mill-dam. This event broke his proud spirit, and with a sore heart he gave himself to the Lord. God is calling you by gentle means; do not harden your heart and deny Him admittance, but turn to Him lest He take stern and terrible means to break your rebellious spirit."

New Patients for a Doctor.—Dr. Cameron Related: "The incident which made me engage in evangelistic work was meeting with a returned prodigal, who had been blessed under Mr. Moody. I thought, 'This is a case Mr. Moody would like to hear about, I will tell him.' As we were crossing from St. Andrew's Hall to Berkeley Street Church, I said to Mr. Moody, 'So-and-so was blessed at such a time.' 'I am glad to hear it; but are you a Christian yourself?' 'Yes, I am.' By this time we were in the church. 'Well, you might speak to some of those people over there,' said Mr. Moody, 'I have no time to-night.' I answered, I really had no time, but my inward feeling was that such work was not for me; it was for Mr. Moody, Mr. Scroggie, and the like to do such a thing, but it was not in my line. I was a church member, an elder, and altogether very respectable. The next night, under the pressure of my conscience, though against my wishes, I went to the inquirers' meeting, and seeing two students dealing with anxious inquirers, I thought, 'If you can do it, I can.' That night I dealt with a minister's son, not a prodigal, but he felt that all was not right with him. When he decided for Christ, I felt a blessing come upon my own soul, and ever since it has continued with me."

"Old Charlie" on the Winning Side.—Mr. Pittendreigh tells the following incident: "In Peterhead, where I was laboring during the summer-time, I heard that a noted character had been converted. Being desirous to learn the details of his conversion, I visited 'Old Charlie,' as he was called, to get them from his own lips. On entering his house, I saw that his countenance still bore the impress of his former evil life, and noted that some of the marks of sin would never be effaced in this world. After the usual greetings, I put the question, 'Sir, are you on the Lord's side?' He answered, 'Ay, there's three o' us kens that!' I did not know what he meant, and repeated my question, 'Brother, are you on the Lord's side?' 'Ay,' he again replied in his blunt way, 'there's three o' us kens that.' 'Pray tell me who are the three?' I asked. Whereupon with a beam of light in his eyes, and with much reverence, he said, 'The Lord Jesus, the devil, an ma'sel. Blessed be His name, I'm on the winning side!'"

The Ladies' Song to a Sailor.—The Rev. Mr Andrews remarked: "We do not always see the result of our own labors, but frequently others do. I was up visiting one of my people in the Royal Infirmary one day, and saw in the next bed to his an old man lying. From the marks tatooed on his arm I judged him to be a sailor, which proved to be correct, as our conversation showed. I said to him, 'You are a sailor?' 'Yes, sir,' he answered. 'I am sorry to see you lying there.' 'You have no need to be sorry, sir,' was his answer; 'I am so happy I would not give it for all Glasgow.' Then I noticed that there was a peculiar bright gleam in his eyes, so I asked, 'How is that? you are ill with heart disease!' His reply was—'When I was in the infirmary before, not this one, but the "Western," some very kind and beautiful ladies from the West End came and sang "Take me as I am." It was just the thing for me; I was an awful sinner. No one spoke to me directly about my soul or Christ as my Saviour, but I just made that hymn my prayer, and Jesus took me as I was. It is a fine thing to see these ladies coming from their grand houses to sing to the like of us.'"

Panic-Stricken Soldiers in a Thunder-Storm—A soldier said: "While serving with the army in India, at the Himalayan Mountains, I saw a sight which I never saw before nor since—British soldiers scattering panic-stricken at the sound of heaven's artillery. We were paraded for church, but heavy rain came on, and in obedience to the rules of the army, when the rain is too heavy for the soldiers to march to church, one of the officers prepared to read prayers inside the barracks. Just as we were ready to enter, a ball of fire flashed past, followed by a peal of thunder, which made us all quake. As the sound reverberated through the vast mountain ranges, the soldiers broke from the ranks, and fled for shelter. The sergeants and officers, being more under the control of discipline, stood their ground, though trembling with fear. I felt then as I never did before the aw-

ful majesty and irresistible power of God; but this feeling soon wore off. It was not conversion; it was simply fear. There are many whom the terrors of God-law make to tremble, but not all such find the 'peace unspeakable' through faith in Christ as their Saviour."

"THE TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES" AND THE SECOND ADVENT.

A Letter to "The Episcopal Recorder."
By the Rev. J. T. Cooper, D.D., of Allegheny.

The Document Admitted to be Genuine—Its Pre-Millenarian Teaching—The Editors' Note—1. Why the Note was Required—2. Post-Millenarianism Excluded—3. Increasing Lawlessness Expected—4. Distinction between the Church and the Kingdom Recognized—5. Not a mere Emphasis of the Resurrection of the Righteous.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Your readers have doubtless heard of the Writing which, as it would seem, was discovered in the year 1875 by Bishop Bryennios of Serres in the ancient Mesopotamia. This Writing has only made its appearance lately in this country. It is entitled "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles."

The copy of this work which I have lately purchased contains an introduction by Professors Hitchcock and Brown of the Union Theological Seminary. These gentlemen say that "The genuineness of the document can hardly be doubted." They also say that "It belongs undoubtedly to the second century, possibly as far back as 120 A.D., hardly later than 160 A.D."

The object of this article is to call attention to the statement which this document makes in relation to the Second Advent of our Lord. It is as follows:

"Chap. 16.—Watch for your life'sake; let your lamps not go out, and your loins not be relaxed, but be ready; for ye know not the hour in which our Lord cometh. But ye shall come together often, and seek the things which befit your souls; for the whole time of your faith *thus far* will not profit you, if ye do not become perfect in the last time. For in the last days the false prophets and the corruptors shall be multiplied, and the sheep shall be turned into wolves, and love shall be turned into hate; for

WHEN LAWLESSNESS INCREASETH

they shall hate one another, and shall persecute and shall deliver up, and then shall appear the world-deceiver as the Son of God, and shall do signs and wonders, and the earth shall be given into his hands, and he shall commit iniquities which have never yet been done since the beginning.

"Then all created men shall come into the fire of trial, and many shall be made to stumble and shall perish. But they that endure in their faith shall be saved from this curse. And then shall appear the signs of the truth; first the sign of an opening in heaven, then the sign of the trumpet's sound, and thirdly, the resurrection of the dead; yet not of all, but as it hath been said: The Lord will come and all the saints with Him. Then shall the world see the Lord coming upon the clouds of heaven."

I think it is not too much to say that any one who has any acquaintance with the controversy that has been going on in the Church in relation to the Second Advent would unhesitatingly draw the conclusion, if he were to read the foregoing without knowing anything in relation to its authorship, that it was written by a Seiss, or a Bonar, or some other anti-post-millenarian. I was, therefore, not a little surprised to find the learned professors of the Union Theological Seminary, who have edited this document, expressing themselves as follows:

"The document concludes with a vision of the Lord coming upon the clouds of heaven, and all the saints with Him. The Resurrection is of the dead, though 'not of all the dead.' Not a word is said of any second resurrection. If there is to be a second resurrection it is only implied. Of course no interval is indicated. Pre-millenarianism, accordingly, is not directly, perhaps not even indirectly, taught. Following the lead of the New Testament, as in Matt. 24: 31, and in 1 Thess. 4: 13-18, our document may, after all, only be emphasizing the resurrection of the righteous."

After reading the foregoing note something like the following thoughts suggested themselves to my mind, which I would beg leave to present to the candid reader:

1. If some at least of the radical and distinguishing views of those who are called pre-millenarians are not taught in this paragraph where was the call for this note? What suggested it to the minds of these brethren to guard the reader against the conclusion that

THIS DOCTRINE IS THERE?

Have we not in this fact pretty conclusive evidence that in the judgment of these gentlemen the intelligent reader would be very likely to say, Why, these old Christians must have been pre-millenarians!

2. The only ground on which these learned professors can claim, with any show of reason, that pre-millenarianism is not taught in this paragraph is that they had not the least idea of a millennium, or, in other words, a period of a thousand years in which there would be on the earth a reign of righteousness and peace. Now it is quite possible that this was the case, for it is only in the Apocalypse that such a period is *expressly* indicated, and this document makes no quotation from that book. No one knows certainly that its authors had ever seen it or even heard of it. But while this is admitted is it not clear as the sun at noon day that these Christians were actually looking for their Lord at that time?

3. The document not only excludes the idea of any specific period as certainly intervening, much less a thousand years, but it represents that intervening time as characterized by increasing lawlessness and wickedness. Notice the words: "Seek the things which befit your souls; for the whole time of your faith *thus far* will not profit you, if ye do not become perfect in the last time." And then we have a description of these "last days." Reader, are we not forced to the alternative of admitting either that these early Christians knew nothing of a millennium or if they did they could not have placed it *before* the Advent? Which of these will *you* take?

4. We have indicated the possibility that these Christians did not hold to the idea of a millennium; yet, if we look at other parts of this document we shall find it distinguishing between

THE CHURCH AND THE KINGDOM.

Thus in chap. 9 we have these words in relation to the Eucharist: "Just as this broken *bread* was scattered over the hills, and having been gathered together became one, so let Thy Church be gathered together from the ends of the earth into Thy kingdom; for Thine is the glory and the power through Jesus Christ forever." So also in chap. 10 we have the prayer that the Lord would gather His Church from the four winds into His kingdom. Now in view of the fact that the document so plainly distinguishes between His Church and His kingdom and that it does not mention heaven as that kingdom, it is submitted that a state of things similar to that which is presented in the Apocalypse may possibly be intended.

5. It seems to me that the way in which this document spaks of

THE RESURRECTION

ought to satisfy every fair-minded person that these early Christians did not believe that there would be *at the coming of the Lord* any Resurrection but that of saints. I was not a little surprised, and I may say saddened in heart, to find these worthy brethren saying "our document may, after all, only be emphasizing the Resurrection of the righteous." Will the reader be so good as to look back to the language employed. The result will be, I am sure, that he will at once see in it far more than these editors profess to have discovered. Why would the authors of this document, after saying that as a third sign of the Lord's coming there should be "the resurrection of the dead; yet not of all," and in proof of this quote the Scripture—"The Lord will come and all the saints with Him"—why this language if they meant simply to emphasize the resurrection of the righteous? Such an inference never can fairly be drawn from these words. I do not know whether the authors of this document believed in the resurrection of the wicked or not, but I do know that they here assert that none but the righteous will rise at the coming of the Lord.

I do not attach any very special importance to this document even on the presumption of its genuineness. There is in it very little evangelical truth, and it contains nothing that is not with equal clearness and distinctness set forth in the New Testament. The object of this paper has been simply to express my decided disapproval of the treatment, in the way of exegesis, which it has received from the hands of these editors.

REMARKABLE FAITH CURES.

THE following narrative of a remarkable faith cure is furnished by a subscriber personally acquainted with the lady so singularly restored:

A daughter of Hiram Hutchins, D.D., pastor of the Bedford Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, had been a sufferer from spinal disease for twenty-two years. Twelve years ago she was pronounced incurable by her physicians, and was obliged to retire from the ordinary activities of life. After that she became increasingly an invalid, other diseases of a serious nature supervening. At the time of her healing she had long been confined mostly to her room and very often to her bed. She was unable to shake hands or to wait upon herself. Very slight exertion resulted in violent illness. In January last, in the presence of her family, prayer was offered for her healing. An hour afterward she walked to church, where she gave her testimony, and shook hands with over fifty persons, after which she walked home, feeling perfectly well. She entered immediately upon a very active life, attending, during the next four weeks, twelve or fourteen services a week, making many calls upon the sick, etc. She goes alone long distances out of town on the Master's errands, and has never lost a day from illness. The curvature in her spine has also disappeared.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

The New York *Tribune* publishes a despatch from Cleveland, Ohio, dated April 18th, describing the cure of Mrs. W. H. Painter, the wife of a minister of that city. She was suffering from disease of the lungs and frequent recurrences of a most distressing sick-headache, which caused her prostration for days at a time. For many years the doctors have asserted that one of her lungs was entirely gone, and one year ago, while living in Brooklyn Village, her remaining lung became so much affected that for many weeks her life was despaired of. Since then she has been living at Fredericktown, where she was again prostrated with a severe illness, five or six weeks ago. As soon as Mrs. Painter rallied slightly she was taken to the home of her daughter, at Clyde, seemingly more dead than alive.

The change did not seem to bring much benefit, and for several weeks she had remained much prostrated, being able to sit up only a few minutes each day. She was visited by Christian friends, who encouraged her with the hope that there was yet power in faith in the Lord to raise one as weak as she. Grasping this hope, it was made the subject of special prayer for several days, until on Tuesday, April 15th, when reading in her Testament, she found a passage which confirmed her faith in the fullest degree. A few minutes later she was impressed with the thought that the work was done. She rose and went rejoicing through the house, shouting "Glory to God for His wonderful manifestations of goodness!" Since then, she declares she has had no return of her pain, and her sick-headaches have entirely left her.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Republican Nomination Continues to evoke numerous protests. It appears to be more widely disliked than was at first supposed. Though exceedingly popular in Western states, and though the experienced and energetic workers of the party everywhere loyally support it, some of the most prominent Republican journals and some of the most influential members of the party condemn it in unmeasured terms. In New York and Massachusetts especially, there is marked disaffection. Unless a decided change occurs between this date and November, New York will certainly not give its thirty-six votes for the Republican candidate. Whether the Republicans can afford to dispense with the vote of the Empire State cannot as yet be determined. At the last Presidential election the loss of the State would have been fatal to the success of the party's candidate. Some of the opposition to Mr. Blaine is based on the reports industriously circulated reflecting on his integrity in the past; but some of it is also due to apprehensions as to the future. Mr. Blaine's organs have been making a strong appeal to the Irish citizens to support him, on the ground that he will inaugurate *a spirited foreign policy* if he should be elected. One of them predicts his success distinctly on this ground. It says: "A distinctively American policy, a policy of determined industrial antagonism to British influence, will arouse intense enthusiasm among Irish-Americans. Nor will there be wanting other citizens who will remember how Great Britain behaved during the rebellion and how American commerce was chased from the seas by British cruisers." Though Irish-Americans may be longing for a conflict with Great Britain, a large number of citizens of native birth and of other nationalities are not so anxious for war, and are alarmed by these suggestions. They are probably only baits thrown out to catch Irish votes; but as business men desire a peaceable, dignified, conservative administration Mr. Blaine has, during the past week, lost favor among them to some extent by this kind of recommendation. Intense anxiety is manifested as to the result of the Democratic Convention. If its candidate should be one for whom disaffected Republicans could vote without loss of self-respect, he would evidently secure many Republican votes.

A Conference of Republican and Independent voters was held at Boston, Mass., on Friday, June 13th, to take into consideration the Republican nominations and to decide on a course of action. The call was signed by fifteen hundred citizens, some of whom have been among the most prominent members of the party in Massachusetts, and some assisted at the organization of the party. The general feeling at the Conference appeared to be that no steps should be taken for the presentation of an independent ticket until the Democratic nominations have been made, and an intimation was given that if those nominations were acceptable a third ticket would not be placed in the field. The chairman, Colonel Charles R. Codman, said: "We have no favors to ask and no bargains to make, but there are statesmen in the Democratic party for whom independent Republicans may vote without a blush. If the Democratic party wants our votes it knows how they are to be obtained. If it does not, we know how to withhold them." Others favored the formation of a new party. Prominent among those was President Eliot, of Harvard, who said: "I hope that out of this meeting will grow a new party as one was grown years ago. We want to found a new party in our country—a party of national principles and one which looks forward to a national triumph." A committee of twenty-five was appointed to proceed to New York to confer with the independent Republicans of this state.

Mr. S. J. Tilden Gave to the Press Last Week a formal and emphatic refusal to become a candidate for the Presidency. He was impelled to decline in advance by the knowledge that so many State Democratic conventions had either instructed delegates to vote for his nomination or had explicitly favored it by resolution. The unanimity of this sentiment in his favor led to the belief that Mr. Tilden would be nominated by acclamation. To prevent inconvenience and embarrassment he therefore published his letter stating the reasons why he could not accept the nomination. They were mainly, that the duties that would devolve on a Democratic President would be of a very onerous character, requiring energy and strength for their efficient performance, and that his advanced age and physical infirmities unfit him to undertake them. His refusal is a source of disappointment to his friends, who, nevertheless, respect his motives. The candidates whose names are now most favored are Senator Bayard, of Delaware, Governor Hoadly and Senator Payne, of Ohio, and Governor Cleveland, of New York. Many Republicans in New York would vote for the last named if he were nominated. His supporters at the election for Governor included many Republicans, who, since the election, have approved his conduct in the chair.

The Charges of Fraud against Brigadier-General Swaim are to be investigated by a court-martial. The announcement causes widespread regret on account of the high position held by General Swaim as Judge Advocate General and because of his intimate relations with the late President Garfield. The regret is not that the General should be tried, but that the Court of Inquiry should have found the charges to be of a nature so serious as to warrant a trial. The President appears to have had no option in ordering a trial, as the Court of Inquiry was unanimous in its report. It said: "While the court is not prepared to say that any specific act developed by the evidence is actually fraudulent, yet the evidence does show a series of transactions discreditable to any officer of the army, and which especially demands the severest condemnation when engaged in by an officer holding the high position and peculiar relations to the administration of justice in the army held by Brigadier-General Swaim." General Swaim's acquittal after a full and fair trial would be a welcome issue of the unpleasant affair.

Lawlessness, the Prevailing Characteristic of the times, was the subject of Judge Gildersleeve's charge to the Grand Jury at the recent session of his court in New York. He said: "It is clearly manifest that offences against property of a most aggravated and appalling character are on the increase; that a spirit of lawlessness, bred of extravagance or greed of great riches, and taking root in the numerous channels of speculation to be found in our city, has been spreading through the community. This spirit has developed a class of criminals from walks in life where we might expect to find those who respect our laws and have some regard for legal obligations and the rights of others. Gentlemen, the growth of this evil is alarming. While in obedience to the law we are punishing the low thieves from the sloughs and slums of the city for stealing small sums, let us not neglect the guilty in high places who steal large sums, and are amenable to the same law."

The Mayors of Cities in which Gambling flourishes may wisely profit by the example of the Mayor of Boston, Mass., who has found a means of enforcing the law there. He ascertained that numerous gambling-houses were being run at full blast, not only in by-places, but in the most prominent thoroughfares of the city. The policemen whose beats covered these establishments neither disturbed them nor reported them. The Mayor suspected that these officers were in receipt of hush money from the gamblers, and he at once removed them and put on a set of men whom he could trust. This started the rumor that the Mayor had determined to remove the whole Board, for cause. In a short time all the gambling houses and haunts that could be found were cleared and closed, and the gamblers—said to be two hundred or more—turned out.

The Subject of Temperance was Considered by the general assembly of the United Presbyterian Church recently in session in St. Louis, and unequivocal resolutions were adopted indorsing personal abstinence and prohibition. The resolutions state that the assembly recognizes the question of temperance reform as one of the greatest moral issues of the time, and gives hearty and emphatic indorsement to the proposition that total abstinence is the only safe rule for the individual, and that the prohibition by the State of the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic liquors as a beverage is the true method of dealing with this monstrous evil. A resolution was also carried earnestly recommending church sessions to provide unfermented wine for communion purposes.

A Children's Sanitarium at Coney Island was opened on Thursday last. It is the gift of Mr. D. Willis James, who expended $10,000, upon it. Other philanthropists have contributed to the cost of furnishing it. The building is to be managed by the Children's Aid Society, which intends, during the latter part of this month, to send deformed, sickly, and convalescent children from asylums and institutions, and in July and August poor mothers with infants suffering from cholera infantum or intestinal disorders. Each party of seventy mothers and children will probably spend a week at the Home. In certain cases mothers and infants will be sent down for the day for the change of air. The design of the institution and the liberality of its promoters cannot be too highly commended. The poor little creatures for whose benefit it is established have claims on our kindness which have been too much overlooked. The Children's Aid Society has also received from Mrs. R. L. Stuart, who is now in Europe, a gift of $50,000 to be used in building, on the east side of the city, a lodging-house for homeless boys. This will be the fifth house of this kind endowed by friends of the Children's Aid Society.

A Cheque for Fifty Dollars, Received at the office of the CHRISTIAN HERALD from *a missionary in China* last week, is a gratifying evidence of the usefulness of the paper. In the letter accompanying the cheque the missionary states that the copies now being sent there are not sufficient to supply the demand; "They are read so much that they are worn out before they can be bound." The proprietors of the paper and those engaged in work upon it count such testimonies of appreciation as this among the most encouraging results of the enterprise.

Mrs. M. L. Shipman, the English Lady evangelist, has just concluded a series of special services at Girardville, Pa. The meetings were largely attended, and at every meeting some souls were brought into the light. Mrs. Shipman desires to express her thanks for much sympathy and the prayers of God's people during her illness. Her throat, though much better than it was a month ago, is still seriously affected.

Miss Clara Barton's Labor among the Sufferers by the floods in the South-west is still going forward. She reports to the Red Cross Association, of which she is President, that having completed the work along the Lower Mississippi, she is now moving slowly up the Ohio River, with the Red Cross steamer, on her return home. She stops at out-of-the-way places, where much distress still exists, and has supplied hundreds of destitute families with household supplies that could not otherwise have been acquired in months. Miss Barton reports vast tracts of country in the Lower Mississippi Valley as still under water and the suffering as extreme. Much stock must perish, notwithstanding the timely Government aid and the generous responses to the Red Cross appeal. She is still shipping supplies to the local societies South, and will keep one general agent in the field until the calls for help cease.

The Breaking of a Cable Led to a Serious Loss of property and the sacrifice of three lives in Montana, on June 9th. Near the town of Thompson in that territory there are some dangerous falls. The Bitter Root River, which contracts just below Thompson to a quarter of a mile in width, is very rapid, and from ten to thirty feet deep. The miners on the way to the Cœur-de-Lion region to find the trail to the gold fields are carried over at that point in a ferry-boat drawn by a cable. Experience showed that by no other means could safety be insured, as the river there is a perfect torrent. On the day of the accident the boat was loaded with pack-horses and supplies for Eagle City, and there were eight passengers beside the ferry-man. When near the centre of the river the cable parted, and the boat was carried with lightning rapidity over the falls. Five of the passengers and the ferryman jumped out on the rocks, and were afterward rescued, but three passengers were drowned. It seems inexplicable that a cable, on the strength of which so much depended, should have been allowed to become defective. In approaching the river of death the Christian has no fear that such a catastrophe will befall him. Having trusted his soul to Christ, he is sure that He *is* able to bring it safely into the haven of rest and happiness (Isa. 43 : 2).

A Serious Cave-in of the Earth near Wilkesbarre, Penn., occurred on June 9th. Just before midnight the people of Poke's Hollow were startled from their slumbers by a loud report and a rocking sensation, like that produced by an earthquake. They dressed hurriedly, and proceeded to examine their houses and the neighborhood with lanterns. They soon discovered that the earth had caved in over a mine. Large fissures in the earth, running a distance of one hundred yards, were discovered. The surface for about four acres had sunk fully seven inches, and in many places ten inches. The foundations of eighteen houses were completely knocked from under them, so that they toppled on one side. One of the men living there was awakened by his three children rolling out of bed. The family were removed as soon as possible to a place of safety. That house became a complete wreck, and the others are in a bad condition. All the families have moved out, and at present find quarters in their neighbors' houses. The bottoms of all the wells have fallen out, and the waters rushed into the mine below. It was considered by experts that a further drop of the earth might be expected at any moment, and the inmates of the wrecked houses were warned not to return to their places of abode under any circumstances. One would have thought that the warning would not have been required after such an experience. In the affairs of life men are usually too cautious to dwell in such insecurity, though in spiritual matters they live without concern in a position far more perilous (1 Thess. 5 : 3).

The Richest Little Girl in the World is Said by a Washington journal to be the daughter of a captain in the Navy, well known in that city. She is one of the heiresses of her maternal grandfather, a millionaire, who died not long ago in Boston, Mass. Under his will she inherits seven million dollars and twenty thousand dollars a year left for her education and support until she attains her majority. The child is only seven years old. She is doubtless the object of envy to many who know of her expectations, who wish that they had happened to have been descendants of the old millionaire. Yet when such people are told of a greater inheritance which they may enjoy, becoming heirs of God and of eternal riches, they pay no heed, and despise those who do enjoy that privilege (James 2 : 5).

A Disappointed Lover Committed Suicide at Minneapolis, Minn., on June 13th. Most of his life had been spent in the mountains, where he had succeeded in amassing a large fortune. Having become rich, he about a month ago went East to marry a lady to whom he had been attached from boyhood. On his arrival he found that the lady was already married, and his disappointment was intense. The prospect of marrying her had been his incentive to labor and his consolation in solitude during many years. To have his cup of happiness dashed from his lips just at the time when all obstacles seemed to be removed, was a blow under which his mind reeled. He went back West, and blew out his brains. He is not the first man by thousands who has toiled many years for love of a woman, and lost her after all. Like those who make ambition, or money, or pleasure their supreme end in life, they have cried in the end, "All is vanity." Only they who give themselves and their lives to God and His service are certain of their reward (Col. 3 : 23, 24).

Red Tape in Hospital Management Sometimes leads to inhumanity. On June 11th a young man hurriedly summoned a physician to attend a patient lying ill on a barge in the North River opposite Fourteenth Street, New York. When the physician arrived he found a man in need of prompt hospital treatment, and advised that an ambulance be called. The son of the sick man went to a police station for the purpose, but the police said their precinct did not extend to the river, and they therefore had no authority to act in the matter. The sergeant at the desk referred him to Bellevue Hospital. Thither he went, and was told that his request could not be granted, as the barge was not in the hospital district. He was referred this time to St. Vincent's Hospital as being the proper place to apply. On making application there he was met with the reply that the hospital authorities could not take the patient, as their district only extended to the south side of Fourteenth Street. These inquiries had consumed the whole day, and the man might have died if the physician first summoned had not, on being informed of the facts, insisted on the officials doing their duty without further dispute. There is reason to fear that many godless people needing spiritual assistance are similarly left to perish because they lie outside the beaten paths of Christian effort (Luke 10 : 29).

THE FIRST FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love."—GALATIANS 5 : 22.

Man's Worst Enemy—Two Displays of Love—I. A Winnowing Fan—What it Blows Away—Counterfeit Love to Man—Lust a Devil—Its Kindred—Its Victims—Counterfeit Love to God—All Forms of Hate—Self-Indulgence—II. A Jewel—First on the List—Not Amiability—Naturally Sour People—III. A Picture—A Fruit Picture—Sticky Talk—IV. A Crown—The Love in the Heart—Special Adoration for the Holy Ghost.

THE worst enemy we have is the flesh. Augustine used frequently to pray, "Lord, deliver me from that evil man, myself." All the fire which the devil can bring from hell could do us little harm if we had not so much fuel in our nature. It is the powder in the magazine of the old man which is our perpetual danger. When we are guarding against foes without, we must not forget to be continually on our watch-tower against the foe of foes within. "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit." On the other hand, our best friend, who loves us better than we love ourselves, is the Holy Spirit.

It would not be proper to compare the love of the Spirit with the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, so as even by implication to set up a scale of degrees in love; for the love of the regenerating Spirit is infinite, even as is the love of the redeeming Son. But yet for a moment we will set these

TWO DISPLAYS OF LOVE

side by side. Is not the indwelling of the Spirit of God equal in loving-kindness to the incarnation of the Son of God? Jesus dwelt in a pure manhood of His own; the Holy Spirit dwells in our manhood, which is fallen, and as yet imperfectly sanctified. Jesus dwelt in His human body, having it perfectly under His own control; but alas! the Holy Spirit must contend for the mastery within us; and though He is Lord over our hearts, yet there is an evil power within our members, strongly intrenched and obstinately bent on mischief. "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh."

The Holy Ghost when He comes into us is the author of all our desires after true holiness. He strives in us against the flesh. That holy conflict which we wage against our corruption cometh entirely of Him. We should sit down in willing bondage to the flesh, if He did not bid us strike for liberty. The good Spirit also leads us in the way of life. If we be led of the Spirit, says the apostle, we are not under the law. He leadeth us by gentle means, drawing us with cords of love, and bands of a man. "He leadeth me."

The Holy Ghost not only creates the inward contest against sin, and the agonizing desire for holiness, and leads us onward in the way of life, but He remains within us, taking up His residence, and somewhat more; for the text suggests a still more immovable steadfastness of residence in our hearts, since, according to the figure, the Spirit strikes root within us. The text speaks of "fruit," and fruit cometh only of a rooted abidance; it could not be conceived of in connection with a transient sojourning, like that of a wayfaring man. The stakes and tent pins that are driven into the ground for an Arab's tent bear no fruit, for they do not remain in one stay; and inasmuch as I read of the "fruit of the Spirit," I take comfort from the hint, and conclude that He intends to abide in our souls as a tree abides in the soil when fruit is borne by it.

I. Now, coming to our text, I shall notice the matters contained in it, and the first thing which my mind perceives is

A WINNOWING FAN.

I would like to be able to use it, but it is better far that it should remain where it is, for "the fan is in *His* hand, and *He* will thoroughly purge His floor." The handle of this winnowing

fan is made of the first word of the text, that disjunctive conjunction, that dividing monosyllable, "*But.*" "*But* the fruit of the Spirit is love!"

That "but" is placed there because the apostle had been mentioning certain works of the flesh, all of which he winnows away like chaff, and then sets forth in opposition to them "the fruit of the Spirit." If you will read the chapter, you will notice that the apostle has used no less than seventeen words, I might almost say eighteen, to describe the works of the flesh. Human language is always rich in bad words, because the human heart is full of the manifold evils which these words denote. Nine words are here used to express the fruit of the Spirit; but to express the works of the flesh —see how many are gathered together!

The first set of these works of the flesh which have to be winnowed away are the counterfeits of love to man.

COUNTERFEITED LOVE

is one of the vilest things under heaven. That heavenly word, *love*, has been trailed in the mire of unclean passion and filthy desire. The licentiousness, which comes of the worship of Venus, has dared to take to itself a name which belongs only to the pure worship of Jehovah. Now, the works which counterfeit love are these: "*adultery*, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness." To talk of "love" when a man covets his neighbor's wife, or when a woman violates the command, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," is little less than sheer blasphemy against the holiness of love. It is not love, but lust; love is an angel, and lust a devil. The purities of domestic life are defiled, and its honors are disgraced when once the marriage bond is disregarded. When men or women talk of religion, and are unfaithful to their marriage covenant, they are base hypocrites. Even the heathen condemned this infamy; let not Christians tolerate it.

The next fleshly work is "fornication," which was scarcely censured among the heathen, but is most sternly condemned by Christianity. It is a wretched sign of the times that in these corrupt days some have arisen who treat this crime as a slight offence, and even attempt to provide for its safer indulgence by legislative enactments. Has it come to this? Has the civil ruler become a panderer to the lusts of corrupt minds? Let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints. "Uncleanness" is a third work of the flesh, and it includes those many forms of foul offence which defile the body and deprive it of its true honor; while to bring up the rear we have "lasciviousness," which is the cord which draws on uncleanness, and includes all conversation which excites the passions, all songs which suggest lewdness, all gestures and thoughts which lead up to

UNLAWFUL GRATIFICATION.

We have sadly much of these two evils in these days, not only openly in our streets, but in more secret ways. I loathe the subject. All works of art which are contrary to modesty are here condemned, and the most pleasing poetry, if it creates impure imaginations. These unclean things are the works of the flesh *in the stage of putridity*—the very maggots which swarm within a corrupt soul. Bury these rotten things out of our sight! I do but uncover them for an instant that a holy disgust may be caused in every Christian soul; and that we may flee therefrom as from the breath of pestilence.

Yet remember, oh you that think yourselves pure, and imagine you would never transgress so badly, that even into these loathsome and abominable criminalities high professors have fallen; ay, and sincere believers trusting in themselves have slipped into this ditch, from whence they have escaped with infinite sorrow, to go with broken bones the rest of their pilgrimage. Alas, how many who seemed to be clean escaped from pollution have so fallen that they have had to be saved so as by fire! Oh, may we keep our garments unspotted by the flesh; and this we cannot do unless it be in the power and energy of the Spirit of holiness. He must purge these evils from us, and cause His fruit so to abound in us that the deeds of the flesh shall be excluded forever.

The winnowing fan is used next against the *counterfeits of love to God;* I refer to the falsities of superstition—

"IDOLATRY AND WITCHCRAFT"—

"but the fruit of the Spirit is love." Alas! there are some that fall into *idolatry;* for they trust in an arm of flesh, and exalt the creature into the place of the Creator; "their God is their belly, and they glory in their shame." The golden calf of wealth, the silver shrines of craft, the goddess of philosophy, the Diana of fashion, the Moloch of power, these are all worshipped instead of the living God. Those who profess to reverence the true God, yet too generally worship Him in ways which He has not ordained. What sensuous worship is now approved? Men cannot worship God nowadays unless their eyes, and ears, and noses are gratified; when these senses of the flesh are pleased, they are satisfied with themselves; "but the fruit of the Spirit is love." It ill-becomes us to make that gaudy which should be simple and spiritual. The fruit of the Spirit is not idolatry—the worship of another god, or of the true God after the manner of will worship. No, that fruit is obedient love to the only living God.

"*Witchcraft*," too, is a work of the flesh. Under this head we may rightly group all that prying into the unseen, that rending of the veil which God has hung up, that interfering with departed spirits, that necromancy which calls itself spiritualism, and pays court to familiar spirits and demons—this is no fruit of the Spirit, but the fruit of a bitter root. Brother Christians, modern witchcrafts and wizardry are to be abhorred and condemned, and you will be wise to keep clear of them, trembling to be found acting in concert with those who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.

But next, this great winnowing-fan drives away with its "*but*" all *the*

FORMS OF HATE.

The apostle mentions "*hatred*," or an habitual enmity to men, usually combined with a selfish esteem of one's own person. Certain men cherish a dislike to everybody who is not of their clique, while they detest those who oppose them. They are contemptuous to the weak, ready to take offence, and little careful whether they give it or no. They delight to be in minorities of one, and the more wrongheaded and pugnacious they can be, the more are they in their element. "*Variance*," too, with its perpetual dislikes, bickerings, and quarrellings, is a work of the flesh. Those who indulge in it are contrary to all men, pushing their angles into everybody's eyes, and looking out for occasions of fault-finding and strife. "*Emulations*" —that is, jealousy. Jealousy in all its forms is one of the works of the flesh; is it not cruel as the grave? There is a jealousy which sickens if another be praised, and pines away if another prospers. It is a venomous thing, and stingeth like an adder: it is a serpent by the way, biting the horse's heels, so that his rider shall fall backward.

"*Wrath*" is another deed of the flesh; I mean the fury of angry passion, and all the madness which comes of it. "But I am a man of very quick temper," says one. Are you a Christian? If so, you are bound to master this evil force, or it will ruin you. If you were a saint of God to the very highest degree in all but in this one point, it would pull you down; ay, at any moment an angry spirit might make you say and do that which would cause you life-long sorrow. God save you, men and brethren, every one of you, from the domination of these dark principles of hate, which are the works of the flesh in its corruption. "But the fruit of the Spirit is love."

Next time you begin to boil over with wrath, think you feel a hand touching you and causing you to hear a gentle voice whispering, "But the fruit of the Spirit is love." Next time you say, "I will never speak to that man again, I cannot endure him," think you feel a fresh wind fanning your fevered brow, and hear the angel of mercy say, "But the fruit of the Spirit is love." Next time you are inclined to find fault with everybody, and set your brethren by the ears, and create a general scuffle, I pray you let the chimes ring out, "But the fruit of the Spirit is love."

If you wish to find fault, it is easy to do so; you may begin with me and go down to the last young member that was admitted into the church, and you will not have to look long before you can spy out something which needs improvement; but to what end will you pick holes in our coats? Whenever you are bent on the growling business, pause awhile and hear the Scripture admonish you, "The fruit of the Spirit is love." When you wax indignant because you have been badly treated, and you think of returning evil for evil, remember this text, "The fruit of the Spirit is love." "Ah," you say, "it was shameful!" Of course it was; and therefore do not imitate it; do not render railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, for "the fruit of the Spirit is love."

The winnowing-fan is at work: God blow your chaff away, brethren, and mine too!

The next thing which the winnowing-fan blows away is *the excess of*

SELF-INDULGENCE—

"drunkenness, revellings, and such like." Alas! that Christian people should ever need to be warned against these animal offences, and yet they do need it. The wine-cup still has its charms for professors. Nor is this all; it is not merely that you may drink to excess, but you may eat to excess, or clothe your body too sumptuously, or there may be some other spending of money upon your own gratification which is not according to sober living.

II. The second thing which I see in the text is

A JEWEL

—that jewel is *love*. "The fruit of the Spirit is love." What a priceless Kohinoor this is! We love the Father as He is. We love His dear Son as He is. We love the ever-blessed Spirit as He is. Following upon this, for God's sake we love the creatures He has made. It is true in a measure that

> "He prayeth best that loveth best
> Both man and bird and beast."

Every tiny fly that God has made is sacred to our souls as God's creature. Our love climbs to heaven, sits among the angels, and anon bows among them in lowliest attitude; but in due time our love stoops down to earth, visits the haunts of depravity, cheers the garrets of poverty, and sanctifies the dens of blasphemy, for it loves the lost. Love knows no outcast London, *it has cast out none.* It talks not of the "lapsed masses," for none have lapsed from its regard. Love hopes good for all, and plans good for all; while it can soar to glory it can descend to sorrow.

Love is a grace which has to do with eternity; for we shall never cease to love Him who first loved us. But love has also to do with this present world, for it is at home in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, nursing the sick, and liberating the slave. Love is a very practical home-spun virtue, and yet it is so rich and rare that God alone is its author. None but a heavenly power can produce this fine linen; the love of the world is sorry stuff.

Love has to do with friends. How fondly it nestles in the parental bosom! How sweetly it smiles from a mother's eye! How closely it binds two souls together in marriage bonds! How pleasantly it walks along the ways of life, leaning on the arm of friendship! But love is not content with this, she embraces her enemy, she heaps coals of fire upon her adversary's head; she prays for them that despitefully use her and persecute her. Is not this a precious jewel indeed? What earthly thing can be compared to it?

You must have noticed that in the list of the fruits of the Spirit it is the first—"The fruit of the Spirit is love." It is first because in some respects it is best. First, because it leads the way. First, because it becomes the motive principle and stimulant of every other grace and virtue. You cannot conceive of anything more forceful and more beneficial, and therefore it is the first. But see what followeth at its heel. Two shining ones attend it like maids of honor, waiting upon a queen. "The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace;" he that hath love hath joy and peace. What choice companions!

Love has this for its excellence, that it fulfils the whole law; you cannot say that of any other virtue. Yet, while it fulfils the whole law, it is not legal. Nobody ever loved because it was demanded of him; a good man loves because it is his nature to do so. Love is free—it bloweth where it listeth, like the Spirit from which it comes. Love, indeed, is the very essence of heart liberty. Love, moreover, is Godlike, for God is love. Love it is which prepares us for heaven,

WHERE EVERYTHING IS LOVE.

Mark, beloved, that the love we are speaking of is not a love which cometh out of men on account of their natural constitution. I have known persons who are tenderly affectionate by nature; and this is good; but it is not spiritual love; it is the fruit of nature and not of grace. An affectionate disposition is admirable, and yet it may become a danger, by leading to inordinate affection, a timid fear of offending, or an idolatry of the creature. I do not condemn natural amiability; on the contrary, I wish that all men were naturally amiable: but I would not have any person think that this will save him, or that it is a proof that he is renewed. Only the love which is the fruit of the Spirit may be regarded as a mark of grace. Some people, I am sorry to say, are naturally sour; they seem to have been born at the season of crab-apples, and to have been fed on vinegar. They always take a fault-finding view of things. They never see the sun's splendor, and yet they are so clear-sighted as to have discovered his spots. Such people as these have need to cry for the indwelling of the Spirit of God, for if He will enter into them His power will soon overcome the tendency to sourness, for "the fruit of the Spirit is love." Spiritual love is nowhere found without the Spirit, and the Spirit is nowhere dwelling in the heart unless love is produced. So much for this jewel!

III. I see in the text a third thing, and that is

A PICTURE;

a rich and rare picture painted by a Master, the great designer of all things beautiful, the divine Spirit of God. What doth He say? He saith, "The fruit of the Spirit is love." We have seen many fine fruit pictures; and here is one. The great artist has sketched fruit which never grows in the gardens of earth till they are planted by the Lord from heaven. Oh, that every one of us might have a vineyard in his bosom, and yield abundance of that love which is "the fruit of the Spirit."

What does this mean? "Fruit," how is love a fruit? The metaphor shows that love is a thing which comes out of life. You cannot fetch fruit out of a dead post. A dead tree bringeth forth no fruit. God implants a spiritual life in men, and then out of that life comes love, as the fruit of the Spirit.

Love appears as a growth. Fruit does not start from the tree perfectly ripe at once; first comes a flower; then a tiny formation which shows that the flower has set; then a berry appears, but it is very sour. You may not gather it. Let it alone a little while, and allow the sun to ripen it. By and by it fills out, and there you have the apple in the full proportions of beauty, and with a mellow flavor which delights the taste. Love springs up in the heart, and increases by a sure growth. Love is not produced by casting the mind in the mould of imitation, or by fastening the grace to a man's manner as a thing outside of himself. We have known people who have borrowed an affectionate mannerism and a sweet style; but they are not natural to them; they are not true love. What sweet words! What

DAINTY PHRASES!

You go among them and at first you are surprised with their affection, you are a "*dear* sister" or a "*dear* brother," and you hear a "*dear* minister," and you come to the "*dear* Tabernacle," and sing *dear* hymns to those *dear* old tunes. Their talk is so sweet that it is *just a little sticky*, and you feel like a fly which is being caught in molasses. This is disgusting; it sickens one. Love is a fruit of the Spirit, it is not something assumed by a man, but something growing out of his heart. Some men sugar their conversation very largely with pretentious words because they are aware that the fruit it is made of is unripe and sour. In such a case their sweetness is not affection but affectation. But true love, real love for God and man, comes out of a man because it is in him, wrought within by the operation of the Holy Ghost, whose fruit it is.

How sweet is the fruit of the Spirit! I say "fruit" and not fruits, for the text says so. The work of the Spirit is one, whether it be known by the name of love, or joy, or peace, or meekness, or gentleness, or temperance. Moreover, it is constant; the fruit of the Spirit is borne continually in its season. It is reproductive, for the tree multiplies itself by its fruit; and Christianity must be spread by the love and joy and peace of Christians.

IV. Lastly, you see in my text

A CROWN.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love." Let us make a diadem out of the text, and lovingly set it upon the head of the Holy Spirit, because He has produced in the people of God this precious thing which is called "Love."

How comes heavenly love into such hearts as yours and mine? It comes, first, because the Holy Ghost has given us a new nature. There is a new life in us that was not there when we first came into the world, and that new life lives and loves. It must love God who has created it, and man who is made in His image. It cries "My Father," and the essence of that word, "My Father," is love.

The Spirit of God has so entered into us that He has caused love to be our delight. What a pleasure it is when you can preach a sermon full of love to those to whom you preach it, or when you can visit the poor, full of love to those you relieve! To stand on the street corner and tell out of Jesus' dying love—why, it is no irksome task to the man who does it lovingly; it is his joy and his recreation.

Now, my dear hearer, have you this love in your heart? Judge by your relation to God. Do you live without prayer? Do you very seldom read God's Word? Are you getting indifferent as to whether you go and worship with His people? Ah, then, be afraid that the love of God is not in you! But if you feel that everything that has to do with God you love—His work, His service, His people, His day, His book—and that you do all that in you lies to spread His kingdom, both by prayer, by word of mouth, by your liberality, and by your example; if you do love you can easily see it, I think, and there are many ways by which

YOU CAN TEST YOURSELF.

Well, suppose that to be satisfactorily answered, then I have this further question: Do you and I—who can say, "Lord, thou knowest that I love Thee"—do we sufficiently bless the Holy Spirit for giving us this jewel of love? If you love Christ, then say, "This love is given to me; it is a rare plant, an exotic, it never sprang out of my natural heart. Weeds will grow apace there, but not this fair flower." Bless the Holy Spirit for it. "Oh, but I do not love God as I ought!" No, brother, I know you do not, but bless Him that you love Him at all.

Do be grateful to the Holy Ghost. Worship and adore Him specially and peculiarly. You say, "Why specially and peculiarly?" I answer—Because He is so much forgotten. Some people hardly know whether there be any Holy Ghost. Let the Father and the Son be equally adored, but be careful in reference to the Holy Spirit, for the failure of the church toward the Holy Trinity lies mainly in a forgetfulness of the gracious work of the Holy Spirit. Therefore I press this upon you, and I beg you to laud and magnify the Holy Ghost, and sedulously walk in all affectionate gratitude toward Him all your days. As your love increases, let your worship of the Holy Spirit become daily more and more conspicuous, because love is *His* fruit although it be *your* vital principle. To the God of love I commend you all. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

A GERMAN WIDOW ENLIGHTENING HER PASTOR.

(*See Illustration on page* 396.)

THE Rev. Dr Lyth, in his reminiscences of the life and work of the good German pastor Flattich, tells us that his first parish was Hohenasberg, and that its population consisted almost entirely of idlers and beggars. The clear-sighted eye of the new incumbent soon discovered the black spot in the social picture, and in his preaching, and especially in his pastoral visitations, he uttered his earnest protest against it. The effect of this kind of doctrine was soon evident. They were no longer to be seen wandering about in search of relief; nevertheless, that their old supplies might not be entirely cut off, they hit upon the expedient of sending their children into the neighboring villages and hamlets to collect the alms which they were now ashamed to ask for themselves. This made the matter so much the worse, and was no sooner brought under Flattich's observation than he lifted up his voice in louder and sterner rebuke.

Flattich ultimately had the happiness of seeing a parish which had before been composed almost entirely of beggars and ragged loungers transformed into a community of honest and industrious peasants, who could eat their daily bread with a hearty "Our Father which art in heaven."

Flattich relates a story of a poor widow in Hohenasberg, which is very instructive. "When I was in my first parish, which abounded with needy people, there lived in a cottage, not far from the parsonage, a poor old widow, whose movements I could easily overlook. Beyond the pittance she earned by flax-spinning she had no means of subsistence except the produce of a little garden which surrounded her humble dwelling, and supplied her with a moderate quantity of fruit, which she dried for the winter.

"As autumn drew on, and the fruit began to ripen, a number of destitute children from the neighboring cottages climbed over the wall, and committed sad depredations on the apples and pears without any sign of molestation on the part of their rightful proprietress. As if it only afforded her pleasure to allow the young urchins to steal her fruit, so soon as she perceived that they wished to slip into the garden she left the window at which she was sitting busy with her distaff, and turned her attention to her other domestic arrangements, and only returned to the window when they had eaten as much as they wished and taken their departure.

"At last I could endure it no longer; I hurried across the road, drove the young thieves out of the garden, and went into the cottage. 'Dame,' said I, 'you carry this thing too far. You allow yourself to be robbed of your fruit by these graceless rogues without ever interfering or

A German Pastor Enlightened.

A Tasmanian Evangelist's Flight from Bushrangers.

administering a word of reproof. And what is most provoking of all, as soon as you see them coming, you go away from the window, that they may commit what havoc they please without interruption. Have you forgotten that winter is coming, and if you would have the means of subsistence you must gather in what little you have?'

"To this she quietly replied: 'My dear sir, don't be angry with me. Only come with me into the garden, and you shall see all the fruit with which God has blessed me.' Thereupon she took me by the hand and led me out into the garden, and with a stick she had in her hand she pointed me to the uppermost branches thickly covered with fine fruit, and far more abundant than in any of the gardens round about. 'See,' she said, 'the little fellows cannot climb up there; they only gather what is hanging below, and that I can cheerfully spare, for the poor children are hungry, and what I sacrifice *below* God lays up for me *above*.'"

ESCAPE OF A TASMANIAN EVANGELIST FROM BUSHRANGERS.

(*See Illustration.*)

The Rev. Henry H. Gaud, whose arduous ministerial career has now extended over a period of forty-five years, was a missionary in Tasmania thirty years ago. The scene depicted in *the picture on this page* relates to his remarkable deliverance from death by violence. The details of such deliverances are animating to the soul, and are in fulfilment of that blessed promise made by our Divine Redeemer to His servants, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Not, of course, that we may suppose, when the hand of violence is permitted to fall on the ministers of Christ, or when they are whirled to their eternal reward amid the wild roaring of waves, that the promise is less fulfilled. In these cases, such ends formed a part of their mission. Great results were to be achieved. Hence the proverb that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

The ministerial rides in Tasmania, though not so lengthy as in other settlements, are still long enough to tax the strength of an ordinary rider. Mr. Gaud found himself generally somewhat tired on Sunday nights, having preached three times and ridden from fifteen to twenty miles between each service. On the occasion referred to, two of the services were over, and the preacher was on his way to the third. As he rode, his thoughts were occupied with his sermon rather than with his surroundings; and the horse he was riding, one of the fleetest in the settlement, and of which Mr. Gaud, as a good equestrian, had reason to be proud, taking advantage of his rider's inattention, had gradually reduced its pace to a gentle trot. Suddenly, without an instant's warning, the bushes by the side of the path parted, and two men jumped out calling on the preacher to "bail up."

Mr. Gaud, like most preachers in the settlement, was a poor man, carrying little of value to the bushrangers, but he had no desire for an encounter with them. They might vent their disappointment at the smallness of their booty in ill-usage, and were pretty certain to rob him of his horse, which would be a terrible loss to so poor a man. Their appearance, therefore, was as unwelcome to him as to richer travellers. Time to consider what should be done there was none, but a silent looking up to God for aid is the impulse of every godly man when confronted with danger, and so the preacher offered an ejaculatory prayer.

The deliverance was sudden and complete. As the men sprang out, the minister's horse shied with a movement that would have unseated a less experienced rider. The rays of the setting sun shining on the gun-barrels of the bushrangers shot a gleam into the horse's eyes, which increased its alarm. It reared, plunged, and then dashed along the path with lightning speed. It was as much as Mr. Gaud could do to keep his seat. With an imprecation one of the bushrangers raised his gun and fired. The preacher heard the bullet whiz past his head, and knew that he was near death. The horse's alarm was increased by the report of the gun, and he put out all his strength in his headlong flight, putting his rider in fresh peril as he bore him away from the other danger. But the preacher was mercifully preserved. It was nearly half an hour before he gained control of the animal, and then the bushrangers were left far behind, and he was in sight of the settlement, and could see the walls of the building where he was to preach. As he reined up his panting steed a few minutes later at the door, he uttered a cry of thanksgiving from the depths of his heart. The sermon that evening was not the one he intended to preach, but a new one, the product of his recent experience. The little congregation listened intently as he dwelt with deep feeling on his text, "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer. . . . The sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid. . . . In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God" (Ps. 18 : 2-6).

MARGARET SCOTT'S SUITOR.

(*See Illustration on page* 397.)

"Good-by, Margaret, God bless you and keep you unspotted from the world." The words were spoken in a voice thick with tears by a man about fifty years of age, whose hair was thickly sprinkled with the snow of years, and whose brow was furrowed with the lines of care. He stooped, and tenderly kissed, as he spoke, a girl of about nineteen, who looked up at him cheerfully, but whose eyes were red with weeping. "Dear father," she said, "I know He will. The God of the country is the God of the city too. You have trusted Him all your life, trust Him now with your daughter. He is faithful."

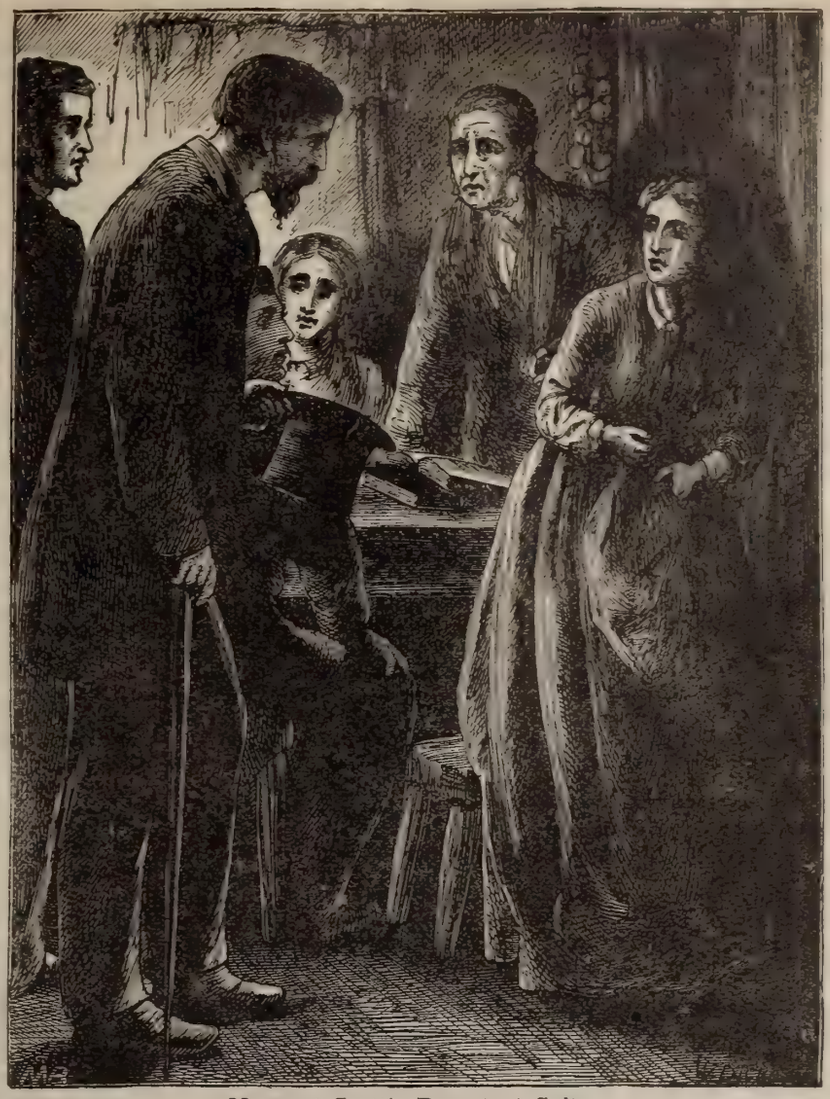
"I know, my dear, I know. He never failed me; I commit you into His hands, but it is hard to part. I never thought it would come to this. I bore the loss of property and the loss of friendship, and could see God's hand in it; but now I am losing my daughter, I am in the dark."

"Not quite, father. Your sight is dim, that is all. God's hand is in this as in all the rest. It was necessary for one of us to go. There is not enough for us all, and when this employment was offered me we all thought it providential. Robert will be through college in another year, and Mary will be getting married; then I shall come back to you. In the mean time I shall earn a little money, and you will have more to spare for yourselves. It is the best thing that could have happened. You must think that, father."

"I try, my dear, but it is very hard. If I had only taken my money out of the bank before it failed, you would never have had to go away. Oh, what a fool I was!"

"Too late to think of that, father. You acted for the best, and the loss was no fault of yours. Perhaps some day the bank will pay you some of it back again."

"Little hope of that, I fear, my dear; but I pray God may send me my daughter back." Another fond farewell embrace, and the train carried the girl off to her employment in the city, while her father stood by the track at the little depot wistfully looking after it until it was out of sight. Then he turned and walked sadly homeward.



Margaret Scott's Repentant Suitor.

It was a sad home to which the man returned. The rascality of others lay upon it as a heavy load. Only one more week would the unhappy man and his beloved wife and daughter be able to call it home. Henry Scott must leave the house in which he was born, and must see the familiar furniture and the dearly-prized associations of his youth scattered among strangers, sold to the highest bidder. He must go into an humble frame cottage, with the roughest and rudest surroundings, and live, as best he could, on the wreck of his fortune. Worse than all, there would be a gap in the family circle; the place of his dearly loved Margaret would be empty, while she toiled amid the dirt, and discomfort, and temptations of the city for her bread. As she testified, he was a faithful Christian, but in this matter he was trusting feebly, dimly.

"Here is a letter from Margaret, mother," Mr. Scott said, as he entered his wife's bedroom one morning some six months after these changes had occurred. "It will do you as much good as a whole bottle of medicine. The dear girl no sooner heard you were sick than she wanted to come right away to help to nurse you. I expected she would, but I told her she must not think of it. So she sends loving messages, like the good girl she is."

The suffering mother took the letter and read it, weeping tears of joyful affection all the time. The daughter's anxious affection cheered her, as her husband expected, but neither that nor medicine could bring her back health and strength. A few more weeks passed, and then Margaret was summoned, and arrived only just in time to clasp her dying mother in a last embrace before they parted, never more to meet in this world.

During the next year she wrote more frequently than ever to her father, knowing well that now the companion of his life had been removed he would, more than before, need her cheering, consolatory words. In one of her letters she alluded to a trial through which she herself was passing, and begging her father's prayers for her that strength might be given her to do right in painful circumstances. He was troubled about this, and looked forward with yearning to the time, now fast approaching, when Mary's marriage would necessitate Margaret's coming home to live with him.

It was a glad day for the fond father when a letter came announcing Margaret's return. It was the eve of the marriage. Everything was ready. The last stitch had been set, and all the arrangements were completed. The little family gathered around the table in the lowly home, and the father had opened the old family Bible to read a psalm and offer prayer. Robert was there, and Mary, and the young farmer to whom she was to be married to-morrow. The familiar words, "My heart is inditing a good matter," fell from the old man's lips, when a knock was heard at the open door, and a man entered the room. He was young, and tall, and dark, and on his sallow face were the marks of recent illness. Mr. Scott rose to receive him.

"Does Miss Scott live here—Miss Margaret Scott?" he said, not seeing Margaret, whose back was turned toward him.

Margaret rose when her name was mentioned, and confronted the stranger. That she knew him was evident, but her face was cold and stern. "Why have you come here, Mr. Vane?" she said. "You have no right to inflict this intrusion on my family."

"Miss Scott," said the man addressed, "I do not claim any right. I offer most humble apology to you and to your family for coming, but I have been very ill, and I have no hope in life but what you can give me. It is a matter of life or death to me, and so I thought you would pardon my intrusion."

All eyes were turned on Margaret's face as the stranger spoke, and her father, observing her reluctance, interposed. "You are a stranger to me, sir," he said, "but this is my daughter, and all that concerns her concerns me. While I trust I would never be rude or inhospitable, I cannot permit any one to inflict needless pain upon her. I must therefore ask you to state here what you have to say, and to do so briefly."

"I acknowledge the justice of what you say," the young man replied. "The fact is that I love your daughter, and a year ago I had reason to believe that she returned my regard. Unhappily I gave her cause to lose confidence in me, and, in justice, she rejected my suit. Since then I have had a serious illness, and have been near the grave. I have risen from my bed a changed man. God has pardoned my sins for Jesus' sake, and I longed to tell Margaret of my changed character, and ask her it she too could forgive me."

As Mr. Vane spoke the sternness melted from Margaret's eyes, and she sat down and covered her face with her hands.

"Sit down, sir," said Mr. Scott, "my daughter is agitated; she must answer for herself."

"Not now, father; let Mr. Vane go away to-night. He may come again to-morrow after the wedding, and then he can tell us all."

"You will hear my story, Margaret! God bless you for your sweet compassion," said the young man, and bowing a farewell to the little family he took his departure.

It was the old story of wrong-doing, of suffering, of repentance, and conversion that Mr. Vane told the following day. Father and daughter listened as the young man extolled the mercy of God in saving one so sinful as himself, and he spoke so earnestly and so humbly that Mr. Scott's heart was drawn toward him. He was satisfied that there was no hypocrisy in the statement, and when Margaret extended her hand to the repentant prodigal Mr. Scott also offered his hand and gave him welcome as a brother Christian.

A year later there was another wedding in the lowly home. Margaret had insisted on that interval, and Mr. Vane acknowledged that his past life justified that time of probation being demanded. As it was with Jacob, the year seemed to him but a few days because of his love. He begged that the saintly father of his bride would make his home with them, rightly thinking that the presence of the experienced Christian would bring a blessing to his home. Mr. Scott could not resist the pleadings of both the young people, and consented. In the comfort of the quiet happy family, ministered to by his beloved daughter, reverenced by her Christian husband, and loved by their children, he passed the declining years of his life, shedding upon them all the blessings that come from one who, during half a century, had walked humbly with his God.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page* 383.)

A Fair Adviser.

CARL BRAMWELL was absent, but only in the sense of being absent in mind. He was seated on the low, broad window-sill, so absorbed in the study of a book which rested upon his knees, that he had not heard the tutor's knock nor the opening of the door. Miss Waldron had time to give him a lightning glance of criticism, and her heart leaped with joy, which sent the warm blood to her face. His features were of those which come from a long line of thoughtful and educated men; the fine thin spiritual face of a born scholar, scarcely concealing the ardor with which his mind was now busily at work over some favorite study. He was young, certainly not more than four-and-twenty, and his figure was slight and delicate. Just now the sun shone aslant upon his head, and displayed a profile of perfect regularity, with the lips upon the point of parting with a smile of keen intellectual delight. Miss Waldron had found the goodly pearl she had been seeking.

"Mr. Bramwell," said the doctor, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the student, who started from his abstraction with a fine glow upon his face, "I knocked, and as you gave no answer I thought your room was vacant, and I took the liberty of introducing some friends to it, as the best in the college. Miss Waldron and Mr. Waldron."

The well-known name carried no awe with it to the spirit of the young man, but he saluted the patron of the college and his daughter with an air of well-bred respect and welcome. He stepped aside for them to admire the view from his window; and when either of them addressed him, he answered freely but modestly.

"My time here is nearly finished," he said, in answer to a question of Miss Waldron's. "I shall have been in college three years, and shall have completed my course of study, so far. It has besn a happy time to me."

"Have you any church in prospect?" she inquired, with a palpitating heart.

"Not yet," he answered, smiling, "But I am not anxious about it. The doctor has promised to interest himself for me when my time is up."

"Would you be willing to give up the four or five months still belonging to you, and take a charge at once?" inquired Doctor Harvey; and Miss Waldron felt strangely disquieted as the student hesitated before replying.

"I would rather not," he said, "but I would be governed by your advice. My examination in the London University will come off in six months or so, but I am pretty well prepared for it already. If you bade me go, Doctor, I would go."

"Would you object to a small country church?" asked Miss Waldron, more anxious than ever to secure him.

"Not at all," he said, "especially for my first charge."

"Nor to a co-pastorate?" inquired Mr. Waldron.

"My colleague and I would both have to prove whether we suited one another," he answered.

"Have you any mother or sister who would wish to live with you?" asked Miss Waldron, afraid that she should not secure him free from female influence.

"I have one only sister," answered Carl, smiling again, "and she is about to be married soon to a young surgeon of the name of Grant, who is settled at Little Aston, near your residence."

"We know him well," she replied, graciously. "So your sister is going to be married to Mr. Grant. Father, I am sure we may open our proposal to Mr. Bramwell. His sister's residence at Little Aston would be an inducement to him to come to us."

Carl's face kindled and flushed as he instinctively caught at the meaning of Miss Waldron's words. To live for some years near to his sister and his friend appeared the height of human happiness to him, who had so often vainly longed for a home and domestic pleasures. With a small and pure church, into which no maxims or principles of the world could find an entry; with a pleasant home in his sister's house, and the companionship of the two relatives dearest to him upon earth—he could have no desire of his heart ungratified. He heard Mr. Waldron and Doctor Harvey discoursing, but he hardly understood them. All he was sure of at the close of the interview was that a co-pastorate at Little Aston had been offered to him, and that his almost monastic study had been visited by a being who had looked at him with a gracious and pleasant smile, and spoken to him in a voice set to a softer key than the rough, masculine tones of his fellow-students.

Carl Bramwell would have given his answer at once, but his cautious seniors insisted upon his taking a week to consider it. He received two letters of ecstasy from Grant and his sister. Their marriage was to take place in a few weeks, after which he was to have his home with them. Until that event he was invited to stay at Aston Court itself, to be introduced under Mr. Waldron's auspices to the church, and to be initiated by him and Miss Waldron in the onerous duties of a pastor.

It had occurred to Mr. Waldron, in connection with their choice of this young student, that nowhere could be found a more suitable match for his little favorite, Hester. The red-haired Scotchman he had rejected in his own mind the moment he saw him; but Carl Bramwell was certainly born for Hester, and she for him. He pleased himself with building a few castles in the air, for even elderly men will be guilty of this folly at times, and when Carl came he received him with an effusion of welcome.

Carl Bramwell quitted his calm student-life with a natural feeling of regret, but also with a glow of enthusiasm at the first view of the wide stream of human interests, with its restless tides, which was about to bear him he knew not whither. He went through all the usual emotions and sensations of one who is bidding adieu finally to the tranquillity of boyhood and study; but on the other hand he felt very intensely the fact that life was beginning for him in earnest, and he held his head erect with a new sense of dignity and responsibility. He was about to take upon his own soul the care of other souls. An unutterable and solemn tenderness filled his heart as he thought of these human spirits, frail, wavering between evil and good, tempted, sad, palpitating with the first germs of immortality planted in the midst of many thorns.

He prepared his heart beforehand for the love, half that of a mother, which a true pastor should feel for his church. How he would study his people! how he would watch over them! how quietly he would root up the choking thorns, and let the free air and sunshine play about the young buds of divine grace! This life, with its long hot days and weary weeks of labor, would be a hundredfold more worthy of a man than the serene egotism of a study.

There were other considerations which Carl's chivalrous ardor disdained to take account of. In the college he had been only one of seventy, each of whom had an equal claim to the attention bestowed upon them. He had had but the seventieth share of a pulpit. He had lived in a mass; been spoken to, looked at, fed, and generally cared for, as only an item in a large sum total. Now he was about to become the chief person in a circle, which, however small and contracted, would invest every word and action of his with importance and meaning. In a small church the pastor is even more an individual set apart than in the churches of great towns. Every one of his scanty congregation would have a lively and minute interest in him personally.

Of this future church of his, Carl knew two persons exceedingly well by report, and had for some months taken an almost extravagant concern in them. Grant had written often about John Morley and Hester, and Carl's interest had been keenly excited. Now that he was on the point of being brought into so intimate a relationship with them, he read over again the letters which had put him into possession of so much of their history; he found himself about to enter upon the stage of one of those romantic incidents which now and then are acted before us on our journey through life.

He met with a very cordial welcome at Aston Court, and was more impressed and affected than he was himself aware of by the suddenness of the change from the bareness and inelegance of his college to the wealthy luxury of Mr. Waldron's mansion. All about him suited his somewhat delicate temperament, and chimed in with a somewhat hereditary refinement of taste. Robert Waldron seemed to him a finished gentleman; and even Miss Waldron, to a young man who had known nothing of female society during many years, appeared pleasing and graceful. She had considerably modified her early rigor on the subject of dress, and assumed her dingy brown costume and unbecoming bonnet only when engaged in religious services. At home, and especially during the present epoch, she chose pretty colors and soft materials; and even condescended to employ a number of worldly artifices for disguising the ravages of time.

Yet toward Carl she adopted the tone of an elder sister, assuming a few years of seniority; in some degree the most flattering and most beguiling manner of administering to a young man's self-love. He was very soon persuaded that Miss Waldron was one of the most charming, as well as the most saintly, women of her times, only a grade or two below the perfection she sought to attain to. For she had confided to him, also, that the sole object of her life was her own sanctification and the welfare of her perishing fellow-creatures.

Robert Waldron was uneasy about this new *protégé* of his sister's, with a sharp jealousy of his ten years' juniority, and the freshness of his manhood, which still wore the glory and brightness of a morning without clouds. The first moment in which his eye fell upon the clear-cut features, and the scholarly refinement of the young pastor's face, and his ears heard the pleasant and pure utterance of his voice, he had instinctively, and with a tremor of dismay, pictured to himself Hester sitting in her seat at chapel, with her sweet pale face and her gray eyes, with the soul shining through them, lifted up in wrapt attention to the preacher's words. He hoped ardently that he was a fool, and he tested him. But Carl was no fool; his mind was vigorous and cultivated, and his tact wonderful for a mere student. It was true that upon many points he was ignorant of the world's customs and usages; but his very ignorance was a charm; it was the pure innocence of a soul which had never looked into the muddy depths of worldly ways. Robert could not help but like him; yet he would gladly have sacrificed half his fortune to prevent Carl Bramwell becoming the co-pastor of the insignificant church at Little Aston. But fate and Miss Waldron were too strong for him.

It was well for Robert's peace of mind that he did not happen to be present at a short conversation which had taken place a morning or two after Carl's arrival. The appointed time for introducing him to his future charge at a church-meeting was drawing near; but until then Miss Waldron had guarded her new acquisition from the intrusion of any unseasonable visitor. This evening he was to be received as co-partner with Mr. Watson in the presence of the assembled church; but early in the day a messenger arrived to say that the old minister was seized with an alarming access of his illness, and could not by any possibility leave his own chamber.

"The meeting must proceed as arranged," said Miss Waldron, decisively. "There will be the more necessity for it, as Mr. Bramwell must at once take upon himself the duties of the pastorate."

"And Hester Morley was to have been received into the church," observed Mr. Waldron.

"So she was!" exclaimed Miss Waldron, with a pause of deliberation; "what is to be done now, father?"

Carl had heard this name spoken for the first time with a quickened pulse and more attentive ear; but he waited a moment or two for Mr. Waldron's answer, which did not come.

"Who is Hester Morley?" he asked, with a slight hesitation in his manner, which escaped Miss Waldron's not very keen observation. It needed a very obvious emotion to be manifest to her rather dull sensibility.

"She is a young girl in my Bible-class," she replied, with an air of humility, "over whom I have watched most anxiously. She is little more than a child, and worse than motherless. But that is a painful topic to us all. Mr. Waldron was to have given her the right hand of fellowship to night, as next Sabbath is the ordinance."

"But cannot Mr. Bramwell receive her into the church?" suggested Mr. Waldron.

"I think not," she said, hastily. "Hester is very much attached to Mr. Watson, and he to her. It would be unkind to him. No, no. That will not do."

"I will see Mr. Watson and Hester in the course of the day," said Mr. Waldron.

"No, no," she urged, in a peremptory tone;

"it would divide the interest, and confuse Mr. Bramwell's thoughts, which should be centred on his own solemn obligations. Hester must wait."

"I have heard something of her and of her father from Grant," said Carl, still speaking shyly, and glancing about him to see if Robert was anywhere within hearing. "They must be among the most interesting people in our church."

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Waldron, rather sharply. "I think John Morley no more a Christian than any benighted heathen in foreign lands; indeed, in my opinion, he is worse. Hester is a white-faced, thin, overgrown girl, with very little to say for herself. We do not see very much of either of them; for, of course, they are in quite a different position from ours, and now that Hester is no longer a child I do not know that it would be well for her to visit here. I dare say you will see John Morley to-night, and if you can bring him to any better state of mind I shall rejoice greatly. You shall have my prayers in this, as in all your other important duties."

She looked up into his face with a smile of sympathy and sisterly interest; and the young man felt penetrated with a sense of gratitude to her. But it could not altogether blot out the thought of John Morley and his daughter, and the wonder whether Hester would not be admitted into the church that evening. As Miss Waldron had predicted, the mention of it only confused Mr. Bramwell's mind, which would otherwise have been centred upon his own solemn obligations. He remembered how Grant had once said of John Morley, "He would perhaps show his heart to you, Carl; but you will never come across him." Yet he was now about to enter upon a definite relationship with this very man, which would give him almost a right to seek his confidence. As for Hester, he felt a little disappointed at the portrait Miss Waldron had sketched of her, and he could not help smiling at the different colors in which Grant had painted it. No doubt Miss Waldron was more correct than Grant. She had seen Hester grow up under her eyes, and had known her face well. It provoked him greatly that amid all the solemn thoughts of this epoch in his life, a shade of vexation should come across him as often as the idea of Hester intruded itself upon his busy brain.

(To be continued.)

TAKE.

S. S. Lesson for June 29, Ps. 106 : 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Psalmist's Resolve—Misconceptions of God—Waiting for Feeling—God Holding out a Gift—The Question to the Blind Men—Confidence Demanded—Why Consecration is not Enjoyed—What God Offers—Promises are Possessed Inheritances—The Duty Receiving not Pleading—Joshua's Confidence.

"WHAT shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits unto me? *I will take the cup of salvation*, and call upon the name of the Lord." "I will *take*," I will show that I believe He means what He says, and that His promises are indeed "Yea and Amen;" indeed to be trusted (II Cor. 1 : 20). Such was the Psalmist's resolve. In every human heart by nature there is the desire to bring God to terms, and in some way to drive bargains with Him. Deep in our fallen nature Satan has sown seeds of distrust of God, which have only too surely sprung up and borne fruit. "Hath God said," first spoken in Eden, has been repeated by its first author again and again and again; and the most

GRIEVOUS MISCONCEPTIONS

of God have been the result. A sinner becomes awakened to a sense of his danger; the Word of God is set before him, he sees there how Jesus has borne his sins in His own body on the tree (I Pet. 2 : 24), and reads the blessed words, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thine house" (Acts 16 : 31). But Satan comes and says, "But you don't feel you believe, you have got to get a strong feeling of your sins, and a strong feeling that you believe, and a feeling that you are quite changed, and a feeling of how happy you are; you haven't got any of these feelings." The sinner listens to his voice, begins to search his heart for something to bring to God, which will insure for him the sense of pardon which he craves, and meanwhile God is holding out His gift, and saying, "*Take:* 'whosoever will, let him *take* the water of life freely'" (Rev. 22 : 17). To believe and to receive is one and the same thing; "As many as *received* Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that *believe* on His name" (John 1 : 12). "God so loved the world that He *gave* His only begotten Son, that whosoever *believeth* on Him [or receiveth Him] should not perish, but have everlasting life." When any one makes us a present, we must either *take* it or refuse it. The sign that we receive it is our giving thanks for it. Whenever a seeking soul is brought to see that God is offering salvation to him as a free gift, and that he has but to take the gift with joyful gratitude, he can say, "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord."

In all His dealings with us God brings us to a point in which He calls us to

EXERCISE CONFIDENCE

in Him. When the two blind men came to Him, He said, "Believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto Him, Yea, Lord. Then touched He their eyes, saying, According to your faith (or according as you receive) be it unto you. And their eyes were opened" (Matt. 9 : 28–30). Confidence is that which God desires at our hands. If we are in the habit of looking upon Him, when we are seeking blessing, as unwilling to bless us, as hard to persuade, we greatly wrong Him. And yet how often we hear it said, "I have consecrated myself again and again to the Lord; I have prayed Him to accept me and make me holy; I have tried my utmost to believe, but God does nothing for me." Were you counting on your consecration? was your mind dwelling on the value of what *you* were offering God? were you thinking of what all this cost *you?* Or were you occupied with Jesus, the sacred Altar of God, on which you laid your gift? "Whatsoever toucheth the *altar* shall be most holy" (Ex. 29 : 37); "the *altar* sanctifieth the gift" (Matt. 23 : 19). There is but one way in which sinner or saint is accepted of God, "He hath made us accepted *in the Beloved* (Eph. 1 : 6). If this is so, *receive* the fact that your consecration is accepted, begin to give thanks that it is so on the testimony of God's Word, *take* the cup of salvation in this respect, and call, not on your efforts at consecration, prayer, or aught else, but on the name of the Lord in whom you are accepted. You want to be sanctified, you offer yourself to God a living sacrifice. Well, you *are* accepted in the Beloved. Now,

WHAT DOES GOD OFFER

you? This is the will of God, even your sanctification (I Thess. 4 : 3). Will you take that will of God for you, and praise Him that it was His will before it was yours, and that it can never cease to be His will? Christ "of God *is* made unto us Sanctification" (I Cor. 1 : 30). Will you *take* this blessed truth to yourself and praise God? It is a grievous wrong to our God, if we are continuously pleading with Him to do that which He declares He does do, instead of praising Him with joyous hearts that He keeps His word. The lack of

COUNTING UPON GOD

against feeling, against experience, against theology, against all else, has brought the Church of Christ to the low level at which she is.

For this cause the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil (I John 3 : 8). The world and the Church are suffering physically and spiritually from the works of the devil. Why are they not destroyed in our experience? Only because we do not *take* what God has given us. God tells us that Satan's power is destroyed. As far as we take it by faith, we find it *is* so in our experience. God said to Joshua when He sent him to lead His people into the possession of the land of Canaan, "Every place where the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that *have* I given you" (Josh. 1 : 3). The one condition was that they should themselves tread upon the soil, and thus take possession. Wherever we lean the weight of our soul's salvation on a promise of God, that promise is our possessed inheritance. God's divine power *hath* given to us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him that hath called us to glory and virtue" (II Pet. 1 : 3). How much of this glorious inheritance are we now standing upon, and claiming with joyous gratitude as ours?

Oh, how many we hear praying, and sometimes for years together, "O God, give me the Holy Ghost," or "Baptize me with the Holy Ghost," and very often in such a tone of voice as says, "I fear it is of no use." Has Jesus never said,

"RECEIVE YE

the Holy Ghost?" Does the Word of God never command, "Be filled with the Spirit?" Why are not these petitioners over on the praising side saying, "I take the Holy Spirit of whom God has already given me the earnest in my heart (II Cor. 1 : 20; 5 : 5), and I praise the Lord that He *does* fill me, lead me, govern me." When God declared to Joshua, "I have given into thine hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valor," and then directed him to set forward the priests to blow with rams' horns for seven days, and then on the seventh day to march seven times round the city, and then blow with the trumpets and shout—all in token of certain victory—Joshua saw nothing strange in the command. He took God at His Word, and saw Jericho as good as conquered already, and by their very shouts of thanksgiving, he and the people took the victory from the hand of the Lord. When Jesus said to the man with the withered hand, "Stretch forth thine hand," the man took the cup of salvation for his hand. He stretched it forth, not because he felt the power, but because he took the word of Jesus for true.

There are many sick ones who believe that Jesus has the power to heal them. They ask Him to do so, and then expect healing to drop from the skies. The same Jesus who bore our sins bore our sicknesses also. He has said, "I am the good Shepherd: the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep" (John 10 : 11). And from their hearts they have said, "Lord, I take Thee as *my* good Shepherd, Thou gavest Thy life for *me*," and they have really given over the shepherding of their souls into His hands. But the same Lord said, "I am the Lord that healeth thee" (Ex. 15 : 26); yet instead of beginning to praise Him that He does *now* undertake to heal, does now become responsible for *their* health and *their* healing, they wait for some sign, some feeling of healing. In their hearts they cannot really trust God. Had they been in the place of Joshua they would never have shouted until the walls had first fallen; they want to walk by sight and not by faith. Can God be untrue? If He says

"THE PRAYER OF FAITH

(*i.e.*, the prayer which counts God faithful) *shall* save the sick, and the Lord *shall* raise him up, and if he have committed sins they *shall* be forgiven him"—what are we to do if we put our case into His hands? Just what Joshua did when God said to him, "I have given Jericho into thine hand." *Take* the blessing, and praise God for it. But what if I don't get any better? In other words, what if God should break His word? The *question* shows you are not counting upon Him, not really letting the matter drop into His hands. *Take* the cup of salvation, and you will soon find to your great joy it *is* yours. "What things soever ye desire, *when ye pray believe* that ye receive, and ye shall have" (Mark 11 : 24).

FOREIGN TOPICS.

Public Anxiety in England Respecting the conference on Egyptian affairs has been somewhat allayed, Mr. Gladstone having given an explicit pledge that no agreement binding the nation will be made until the House of Commons has had an opportunity for pronouncing judgment upon it. A statement has been published in a prominent English journal purporting to be the leading provisions of an arrangement with France on the subject. They are that England shall lend Egypt forty million dollars at four per cent interest; that the multiple control shall be re-established; that all the powers shall be represented in the new control, and that the president of the bank shall be an Englishman; the British garrison to remain in Egypt at least three and one-half years; the Sultan, at England's request, to send 15,000 troops to pacify the rebels in the Soudan and Upper Egypt. If those are really the terms of the treaty, the House of Commons is little likely to approve them. The joint control was productive of evil for Egypt and powerless for good.

The Fall of Berber in the Soudan is Reported. The British administration refuses to believe the report, but the press accepts it as genuine. It states that on May 23d the rebels made an attack at daybreak. There was a brave defence, lasting two hours, at the close of which the garrison's ammunition was exhausted. The rebels then made a rush, and captured the city and the garrison of fifteen hundred men, and the population, numbering two thousand, were slaughtered, the women alone being spared. If this report is true, the indignation against Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues will be general throughout Europe. Hussein Pacha Khalifa, the commander of Berber, was reputed to be the bravest and ablest pacha in the Soudan. He had 2000 women and children under his protection, whom General Gordon had sent down from Khartoum, believing that General Graham would open the road from Suakim. Hussein Pacha's last appeal has a pathetic significance. He recently telegraphed to Nubar Pacha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, as follows: "Are troops coming to my assistance? I can hold out a little longer." The serious nature of the news is increased by the fact that in attempting to rescue Gordon from Khartoum Berber would have to be made the base of operations.

Serious Riots Occurred in Belgium on June 10th. They were caused by the result of the elections, at which one half of the Chamber of Deputies were chosen. The Roman Catholic, or clerical party, was successful in electing its candidates. That party is unpopular with the workingmen, who, exasperated by its success, armed themselves, and did much damage in Brussels, Antwerp, and other cities. They attacked the Roman Catholic Library, destroyed the windows and shutters, and tore down the papal arms. The success of the clericals was achieved through the divisions in the ranks of the liberal party. The liberal Cabinet was anxious last session to pass its financial measures through the House, but the division of parties there is a close one. Twelve radical members held the balance of power, and would not support the Cabinet unless a concession was made to their demands in the shape of an extension of the suffrage. The Cabinet reluctantly promised the concession, but in fulfilling its pledge offended the more conservative of its own supporters, and a bolt resulted, which impaired the strength of the party at the polls.

Woman Suffrage in England has been Defeated by a decisive majority in Parliament. The bill extending the suffrage in rural districts being under consideration in the House of Commons, the advocates of woman suffrage proposed an amendment giving women the right to vote at elections of members of Parliament. Mr. Gladstone objected to the bill being burdened by a proposal certain to increase the opposition to it already existing in the House of Lords, and so rendering the rejection of the measure in that House inevitable. He announc that he would offer the strongest opposition to the proposal in his power, and would abandon the Franchise bill if the amendment were adopted. The women, however, insisted that their friends should go to a division. This was taken on Thursday, and resulted in a vote of 271 against the amendment and 135 for it, 31 Liberals only suporting the Tories, who expected to use the proposal as a means of embarrassing the government. Mr. Gladstone's speech indicated that he is opposed to woman suffrage on principle, though he argued against its insertion in the bill solely on the ground of expediency.

Organized Opposition to the Intolerable Conscription laws of France has been developed by the three years' Military Service bill, which is now before the Chamber of Deputies. Fifty-one chambers of commerce have addressed a memorial to Prime Minister Ferry against the bill. The petition urges that the productive forces of France in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce will be seriously checked by the time lost through the withdrawal of young men from trade. The petition also points out that this measure will increase the influx of foreigners, who come to France and gain employment to the detriment of Frenchmen. The expectation is general in Parliamentary circles that the bill will be withdrawn.

M. Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, which is to be erected in the harbor of New York, and is a gift from the French Republic to the United States, is now completed. The event was celebrated on June 11th by a banquet given by Mr. Morton, our minister in France, at which the French Prime Minister and other distinguished persons were present. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps made an eloquent speech, in which he said he hoped the statue would be a symbol of attachment between the two countries. M. Ferry said that the construction of the statue was due entirely to the initiative taken by Frenchmen who were friends of America. Vice-Admiral Peyron said that the Government would send a vessel to convey the statue to America. M. Bartholdi thanked the Frenchmen and the Americans who had assisted him in effecting his design.

The Discovery of Oil-Bearing Strata in India may have important results for that country if, as is supposed, the strata are extensive. The Government has decided to procure boring machinery to develop the resources of the region in which the oil has been found. The discovery took place at Sibi, near Quetta, in the extreme north-west of India. It will have an important bearing, it is thought, on the industrial development of India and in the solution of the Central Asian question. The discovery of a store of mineral wealth along the line of the railways which the Indian Government has decided to construct toward Candahar is also a significant fact. The plea raised for the continuation of the odious opium traffic has been that India had no other source of wealth. This discovery if it prove as valuable as is expected, will remove that plea.

An Account of a Diabolical Dynamite Plot is cabled by the German correspondent of the New York *Sun*. It was nothing less than a plot to assassinate the German Emperor, his eldest son, the Crown Prince, the Imperial Chancellor, and other royal and notable personages at the ceremony of inaugurating the colossal statue of Germania last September. Since the inauguration, information has been furnished to the German Government which indicated the existence of the plot. The commissioners caused excavations to be made in various places near the monument, and they have discovered a perfect mine of explosives under the very pathway over which the imperial procession passed on the occasion of the unveiling. The mine had been arranged with a degree of skill which indicated that its constructors had been well educated in military engineering, and only one accidental circumstance prevented the complete success of their diabolical plot. For some days previous to the unveiling ceremonies, heavy rains had prevailed over the Niederwald region, and the ground had become soaked to a degree which is very unusual, and was evidently far beyond the calculations of the conspirators. The water which had percolated through the soil had injured the dynamite with which the mine was charged, but it had operated more effectively still in thwarting the plot by utterly ruining the powder string or train by which it had been intended to explode the mine. Samples of the dynamite have been exploded since the discovery, and it was found that it had lost little, if any, of its power. The commissioners declare, therefore, that if the conspirators had been cunning enough to use a well-insulated wire and an electric battery to fire their mine, nothing could have prevented a most horrible slaughter, in which some of the mightiest of the earth would have been involved.

"Thy Healer," A New Magazine Devoted to the subject of faith-healing, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price five cents, including postage. It is issued in London on the first and fifteenth of each month, and will be sent to subscribers promptly on its receipt in New York. The annual subscription is one dollar. It is *edited by Mrs. M. Baxter* whose expositions of the International Sunday-school lessons are published every week in this journal. It contains incidents of faith-healing reported from Bethshan, the London faith-healing institution, and from other similar institutions in Europe, and articles by eminent writers on the subject.

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent [illegible], a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDA[illegible] JUNE 26, 1884. No. 26.—New Series.

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THE LATE ALFRED SAKER,

The Pioneer Missionary of the Cameroons.

Born in 1814—His Old Nurse's Opinion of him—Thirst for Knowledge—Becomes a Millwright—His Conversion at the Age of Sixteen—Early Work for Christ—Appointments by the Admiralty—Desire to Preach in Africa—Sets Sail in 1843—Missionary Trials—Cameroons Mission Begun in 1845—Instances of Native Barbarity—Mission Premises Invaded—First Native Church Formed in 1849—His Report of the Work in 1850—A Scene of Savage Life—Narrow Escape from Drowning—The Bible Translated into Dualla—Last Visit to England—Closing Years—Death.

ALFRED SAKER, *whose portrait appears this week on the first page, with scenes in his heroic career*, was *born* in the hamlet of Borough Green, Kent, England, on July 21st, 1814, and *died* on March 12th, 1880, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, after thirty-seven years of exhausting effort in the western regions of the Dark Continent, where he labored for Christ, and laid foundations for the uprearing of native Christian churches, comprised of those who, through his loving instrumentality, had been led to the Saviour.

Alfred's father was a millwright and engineer, and the parent of a large family of children, many of whom died in infancy. The subject of our memoir was a weakly babe, and, in the opinion of the old nurse, "was not worth rearing." He grew

AN EXCEEDINGLY SENSITIVE CHILD,

feeble in frame, and caring little for the boisterous games of the village children. He early showed a great love for books, and preferred their society to that of his playmates on the Green. At the age of ten he had mastered all the lessons of the National School, and soon afterward entered his father's workshop, carrying with him an eager thirst for knowledge, filling every leisure hour with study, and spending every spare penny he could get in acquiring books and mathematical instruments.

About the year 1830, the boy being then sixteen years of age, he was "lent" by his father to assist in a millwright's business at Sevenoaks. One Sunday evening he was strolling alone through the street, when the singing in a chapel that he passed drew his attention. He entered. The words to which he listened were blessed by the Holy Spirit, and the quiet hours of the night that followed witnessed

HIS CONVERSION

and the consecration of his life to the service of his Saviour. The name of the preacher of that memorable sermon Alfred Saker never knew.

When he returned home to Borough Green he engaged in Christian work as he had opportunity, assisting in the Sunday-school, at the prayer-meetings, and in the choir. He also conducted services in cottages, and as his preaching gifts drew attention, he was invited to exercise them in the hamlets around. On January 4th, 1834, when nearly twenty years of age, he was baptized, on a profession of faith, by Mr. Fremling, of Foot's Cray, and became a member of the little Baptist Church in the village of his birth.

The death of his father, in 1838, led Mr. Saker to decide on seeking employment elsewhere. He accordingly applied at various dockyards, and, after passing his examination at Woolwich, he was appointed to

A SITUATION AT DEVONPORT.

His work here chiefly consisted in the preparations of drawings for the Admiralty. In October, 1839, he was sent for nine months to the dockyard at Deptford, to superintend the erection of machinery, and at the end of this period he returned to Devonport, accompanied by his wife, Helen Jessup, whom he married in February, 1840.

In the earliest days of his Christian life he had formed the desire to consecrate his powers to the service of Christ in Africa, but he was more especially stirred at this period to offer himself for this work by the striking narratives of the Rev. John Clarke and Dr. Prince, on their return from a visit of exploration to the West Coast in 1842. In this wish he was encouraged by his devoted wife, and eventually he was accepted by the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society.

On August 16th, 1843, Mr. and Mrs. Saker, with their little daughter Eliza, embarked on board the Chilmark, bound in the first instance to the West Indies. They arrived on the 14th of October, after a long and hazardous voyage, in the harbor of Port Royal, Jamaica. Mr. Saker spent

SIX WEEKS IN JAMAICA,

seeking some negro converts to assist in founding a mission on the African coast. No fewer than forty-two persons entered on the generous enterprise of civilizing the savage tribes of that long-neglected land, and of taking to its benighted myriads the Light of life. On December 1st the ship sailed from the West Indies, and dropped anchor at Fernando Po, on February 15th, after a passage of eleven weeks.

Mr. Saker soon began to experience some of the trials of

MISSIONARY LIFE IN AFRICA.

The wood-ants invaded and destroyed the contents of his clothes chest. A tornado tore off the thatch of his house, and deluged it and all its contents with rain. Four times he was prostrated by fever. But these and many other trials were cheerfully encountered. "Individually and in my family," he says, "numerous mercies are daily accorded to us by our heavenly Father—so numerous that I cannot attempt an enumeration."

In 1845 Mr. Saker was enabled to commence the achievement of a desire he had from the first entertained—that of opening a new mission station

ON THE CAMEROONS RIVER.

Assured of a welcome by the chiefs, preparations were at once made by him to occupy one of the native settlements as his permanent residence. On June 16th he took up his abode in a wooden house, containing only one room, twenty-one feet by fifteen, which he had hired of King A'kwa, and began his ministry as a messenger of Christ to the Duallas.

Mr. Saker was now fairly launched on his life's work. He was surrounded by a multitude of heathens, for the most part kindly disposed, but shockingly depraved, to whom he showed forth the love of God in sending Jesus to die for them. He named his station at King A'kwa's town, Bethel—the house of God. The people were in actual warfare with the neighboring tribes, utterly barbarous, practising the wildest and most debasing superstitions, and given up to the practice of every vice that degrades humanity. The work to be accomplished and the condition of these tribes, can only be understood by an illustration or two.

One day, on visiting a place called Beb Town, the missionary passed by the side of the river a corpse lying unburied, and mangled by dogs. It was the body of a man from Wuri, drowned by the upset of a canoe. No persuasion could induce the king and his chiefs to order its interment. "The man," they said, "is not a Dualla man." Another day the missionary was shocked to learn that their chief Dido had cruelly killed one of his wives and a slave. Another slave was thrown into the river, bound; but, getting loose, he swam ashore, and fled into the bush. Another

INSTANCE OF BARBARITY

is mentioned by Mr. Saker: "One of our converts, a woman named Anna, was on the way to chapel one Sunday morning. On passing the Egbo house (where the men practise their superstitious rites) she heard the cries of women. On pushing the door open, she saw two women hanging by their wrists from the roof of the house, and being rubbed all over with a kind of herb that produces an excruciating irritation. The cries of the poor creatures were most distressing. Anna begged they would untie them. They instantly seized her, and tied her in the same way, rubbing the same herb on her. Some of our young men immediately went to the rescue. They had to fight their way in, but at length succeeded in bringing Anna away. She had been one of our brightest women, but from that day *she was an idiot.*"

Soon after Mr. Saker's arrival King A'kwa died. Mr. Saker was at the time busily employed in making the doors and shutters of his new apartments. With a few boards and joists, and a great deal of hard work, by the end of August the walls of the new structure were finished, and the two rooms floored. But on the death of A'kwa indescribable scenes of disorder, confusion, and conflict ensued. The two sons of the King quarrelled and intrigued for the succession. The houses of the dead chief were ransacked. Even the box containing his remains was broken open and rifled of everything of value. The town was given up to plunder. In October

THE MISSION PREMISES WERE INVADED;

the knives, books, spoons, and, worst of all, the flour, on which life itself depended, together with the goats and fowls, were carried off. These disorders and plunderings continued till December, when the eldest son was declared king through the intervention of the British naval officers on the coast. A better state of things then began to prevail.

During the next two years Mr. Saker diligently and laboriously pursued his arduous labors among the ungoverned and ungovernable race around him. Sometimes not one individual would come to the worship, which was regularly maintained with the two or three assistants Mr. Saker had secured. Occasionally the king with a few of his chiefs and attendants, would be present, and give him a listless attention. Or he would meet them at their frequent palavers, and endeavor to awaken their minds to some desire at least for the comforts of civilized life.

His presence was unwelcome, especially to those who were interested in the maintenance of the horrid rites of heathenism. Superstitious practices were employed to procure his departure. Even poison was attempted. From robbery the mission goods were never safe. But, fired by zeal, and strengthened in his weakness by divine grace, Mr. Saker held his ground, cheered by the hope that erelong the light would dawn on the blinded eyes of the people around him. "Dualla is dark," he said, "grossly dark, dark as death; but, blessed be God, the Gospel which we bear is able to dispel it, dense as it may be."

Among other troubles that the missionary and his companions encountered, was the exhaustion of the stock of clothing brought from home, and the lack of the food necessary for Europeans. But while Mr. Saker was praying for these things, help was on the way. On December 8th, 1848, the Dove left Gravesend, having on board a number of fellow-helpers, which increased the missionary band to eleven European agents, and eight native preachers and teachers. The vessel arrived at Fernando Po on February 18th, 1849, where Mr. Saker was on a visit recruiting his health. As the ship neared the shore (*see frontispiece picture, No. 2*), canoes and boats filled with people crowded about the new-comers; the whole town was moved, and every one, young and old, came out to give them welcome. After a slight repast the bell sounded for worship, and Mr. Saker and his new colleagues united in fervent thanksgiving to God, while the natives listened.

THE FIRST NATIVE MARRIAGE.

Upon Mr. Saker's return from Fernando Po to the Cameroons, signs of blessing became apparent. The schools and meetings were well attended. The missionary had the pleasure of marrying the first of the Duallas who submitted to that sacred and social rite. Three months later, the marriage was followed by the husband's baptism. This was in November, 1849, and constituted the first-fruits of Christian labor at King A'kwa's town. Then a little Christian church was formed, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Saker, Horton Johnson, a West India evange-

ist, and his wife, and the convert just baptized. The services were closed by the celebration of he Lord's Supper.

"Thus," says Mr. Saker, "I have lived to witness what I have long desired intensely, the beginning of a good work at Cameroons, and he formation of a Christian church. Oh, that may see it increased to a thousand souls! And I *do* hope, for the Spirit of God is doing a arge work there. More than twenty inquirers ire hanging on my heart and lips, with marks of deepest solicitude. The ferocious demoniacal eatures are assuming the softness of children, nd those who a little time since sought my life ire saying to me, 'What shall I do to be aved?'"

A BRIEF REST.

The work went on, the Holy Spirit blessing it n the devoted missionary's hands. At length, nowever, the tropical heats and fevers were naking their mark on the iron frame of Mr. Saker, and he felt it his duty to avail himself of :he offer of a free passage, to make a brief visit :o England. After seven years of unceasing nd exhausting toil, and many attacks of illness, :his change of climate was as necessary as it was welcome. On March 12th, 1850, therefore, Mr. and Mrs. Saker embarked for Liverpool, which they reached on May 28th. They carried the glad and cheering tidings that one hundred souls had been hopefully converted to God, besides forty who had "fallen asleep in Jesus," as part of the result of less than ten years of prayer and toil.

A TUMULT.

After six months in England Mr. Saker returned to his much-loved, though perilous, work in Africa. What that work was may be inferred from an incident of savage life which confronted him, and the part which he played in it. One Saturday night, late, the principal chief of A'kwa town came home, and listened to an exparte statement of a dispute between some of the tribes. He became excited to madness. At four in the morning he beat his drum, calling out all to war. At five the yard and outbuildings of the missionary premises were filled with women and children of the weaker party, who fled there for refuge. An hour later and the small town was invaded by a hostile multitude. (*See frontispiece picture, No.* 3.) "We counselled quietness," says Mr. Saker, "and took the work of pacification into our own hands. By this means we prevented much bloodshed, and saved most of the property. By nine we had so far succeeded in quieting the rabble that we saw the last of them out of the town. Our Sabbath was broken up, but we had a good and quiet meeting in the afternoon and evening."

From the first Mr. Saker rejected the use of any weapon for self-defence. Amid all the perils he encountered in the wilderness from the rage of men, he never resorted to violence or retaliation for his protection. He was so strong in meekness, in patience, and in imperturbable quietness of spirit, and in his calm trust in God.

ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

Mr. Saker made frequent journeys to Victoria, higher up the Cameroons River, where he had, after much risk and toil, planted a missionary station. During these trips he was exposed to great danger. On one occasion he had a narrow escape from being drowned. A sudden rush of wind swayed the boom of his little schooner, and he was swept into the sea. (*See frontispiece picture, No.* 4.) By the help of the boatmen he was quickly rescued, but had to sit for eight hours in his wet clothes.

Early in 1869 Mr. Saker again resolved to visit England. For *twenty-five years* he had now labored in the tropics, and although his indomitable spirit forbade him to relinquish the task, it was now doubtful whether his strength would permit or justify a prolongation of that intense devotion which had so wonderfully and so long characterized him. Leaving, therefore, colleagues, converts, and multiplying churches, he tore himself away, and in the month of May once more reached his native land, emaciated, pale, feeble, and deeply suffering, yet with a spirit still ready to risk all for Christ and for the souls of men.

He arrived in his native land for the last time in December, 1876, having previously, on February 23d, 1872, been able to announce the completion of the task he had set himself in the earliest days of his career—the translation and printing the whole of

THE BIBLE IN THE DUALLA TONGUE.

"The Shadow," as the natives of Cameroons had of late years been wont to designate him, as in weakness he moved about among them, appeared among his friends, who recognized in his emaciated figure the appropriateness of the epithet. It was evident to all that his work in Africa was done, and that his return thither, about which he constantly talked as of a near event, would never occur.

He lived on, his heart full of love for Africa, and occasionally engaging in deputation work to the churches of his denomination; but at the beginning of 1880 it was evident that his earthly warfare was nearly done. Day by day he gradually sank, until on March 12th he gently closed his eyes and crossed the river of death into the life beyond. A sweet smile passed over the pallid, worn face, as he breathed his last. Mrs. Saker tells us his last words were:

"THOU ART WITH ME;"

and surely these words tell out the whole story and explain the entire life. A "good soldier" of Jesus Christ, "faithful unto death." May those who remain to carry on the fight be enabled to follow him, who now, through faith and patience, inherits the promises! "Take it all in all," is the testimony of that great man, Dr. Livingstone—"take it all in all, the work of Alfred Saker at Cameroons and Victoria is, in my judgment, the most remarkable on the African Coast."

INCIDENTS OF GOSPEL WORK IN HEATHEN LANDS.

Related by Missionaries on Furlough.

A Chinese Magistrate Converted.—The Rev. R. J. Landale, M.A., of the China Inland Mission, relates the following: "A godly man in China gave us $500, that we might offer it as prizes for essays to be written by Chinese graduates. We did so, taking care to prescribe subjects bearing upon the Christian religion. Many essays were sent in to us, and we gave three prizes, one of $250, a second of $150, and a third of $100, and God blessed our efforts to the salvation of the soul of one of these men. At the triennial examination, held about five years ago, when we first began this scheme, there came up for his degree a Chinese gentleman of independent means, and a magistrate in his own village. This man wrote an essay, and, in order to do so, he had to read some Christian books we supplied him with. He ultimately gained a prize, but he refused the money, and seemed to think we insulted him by offering it, he being a man of property. He told me himself that, when he wrote the essay, he did not care much about the subject, that he would just as soon write upon the subject we had selected as on any other; but, after a little while, God's truth began to work in his heart, and he was convinced of sin. A few months afterward he was converted to Christ, and now is doing as much as any European missionary, and entirely without pay from us. He has usually his house full of inquirers, who stay with him, and study the Christian religion."

Sounding the Gospel Gong.—"Sitting in my study one day I noticed the beating of a Chinese gong, and when I went to the window I saw two boys with a gong between them, and at the time the gong was being beaten one of the lads was crying out, 'Ahoi, Ahoi!' I asked my teacher what was the meaning of this, and he said the probability is that the first boy has lost his brother, and he has got this other boy to go with him, according to the usual custom, through the streets, sounding the gong in the hope that they may find the little one and bring him back again. I listened as the sound retreated as the boys went down the street, until the sound was lost, and I went back to my work again. But soon after I heard them returning, and now the little boy, who had been calling out 'Ahoi!' seemed to be trembling and quivering, and he seemed to think it was doubtful whether he would find his little brother or not. Still the gong was beating, and still he was calling out most pathetically, 'Ahoi, Ahoi!' Now, I think that here we have an exact illustration of what Jesus is doing. He is going in search of the lost. He goes through the streets, looking after them, and calling out their names, and He wants you and me to labor with Him in seeking that which is lost; and still we are going about beating the gong, and calling out the names of the perishing ones, and asking them now, ere they be lost, to return to Jesus again."

Death of Cannibalism in Fiji.—The Rev. J. Calvert, formerly a missionary at Fiji, says: "Shortly after my arrival I was horrified to see on several occasions no less than one hundred human bodies being cooked at the same time. One of these man-eaters gloried in his shame, for every time he ate of a human being he would set up a large stone, and when he died it was found that he had partaken of eight hundred and seventy-two such meals. But since our mission has been there, we have never had any doubt as regards the good that is being done among the people by the Gospel, for many of them have been led to the Saviour, and cannibalism is extinct. When first we began, there was no written language; but we took out a printing-press, and for a time used the English characters, and God was with us and confirmed His word with 'signs following.' As soon as any of the people were converted, we set them to work, and the truth has spread so remarkably that there are now among the Fijians on these eighty inhabited islands twelve hundred and forty churches and other preaching places."

"The Late King of the Fijians Led his People into a great deal of mischief and cruelty, and we were called to pray and labor with all earnestness for his salvation. For fifteen years we sought to bring him to a knowledge of the truth, and we thought we had made a great stride toward the desired end when we found a conscience in him—when we found that he did not like to kill people and eat them, or strangle those who were of no use, as was the custom. At last he submitted, and thankfully embraced the offer of God's mercy, and we were thankful to know that he had obtained forgiveness of all his sins through the precious blood of Christ, and had, in truth, a new heart and a right spirit. For twenty-nine years that wonderful man was a great credit to the Christian religion and a benefit to his country, and on February 1st, 1883, he passed away, trusting in Christ. If the glorious Gospel of the blessed God can save a man like that, it can save anybody in any part of the world."

Trusting in a Snake's Backbone.—The Rev. S. Griffiths, in the course of a recent address, said: "Along the western coast of Africa, and indeed in the interior as well, the people believe in what we call charms. I have one in my pocket. Here is a *rome*, or Fernandian charm. It has received the blessing of a heathen priest, and is therefore supposed to be effective in protecting the wearer from accident, from sudden death, from the devil, and I cannot tell what else. This is really the backbone of a snake, but it has been blessed by a priest and is therefore a *rome*, or charm. Now I want to remind you that while we are preceded by others—the Baptists, for example, at Santa Isabel—yet on the western part of that land there were people who, prior to our advent, were trusting in disgusting rubbish of this kind for temporal protection and for spiritual welfare. Now, discarding all *rome*, they trust in the Saviour that you love."

BOSSISM.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, June 22, 1884.

"Then the chief captain came, and said unto him, Tell me, art thou a Roman? He said, Yea. And the chief captain answered, With a great sum obtained I this freedom. And Paul said, But I was free born."—ACTS 22 : 27, 28.

Paul's Declaration of Independence—True of our Citizens—The Attempt to Enslave Us—How to Break the Shackles—The Slavery of the Machine—Its Guillotine—Beware of Panic—The Government not in Peril—Reminiscence of the Henry Clay Campaign—The Present Issue one of Offices—Time to Stop the Crisis-Business — Neither Party Immaculate — Yet there are Preferences—Vicious Genius Worse than Stupidity—Need of Christian Charity in Politics—The President should be a Respecter of Religion—A Large Hearted Man—A Prescription for National Evils — The United States for God—Three Reasons for Christian Patriotism.

So, seventeen hundred years before Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of American Independence, Paul wrote his declaration of independence. An official egotist had been boasting that through large compensation, or eminent services, he had obtained this liberty, and Paul, bethinking himself of the fact that Tarsus, the city of his nativity, had been long ago manumitted by Antonius, replies to the braggadocio by practically saying, "My freedom dates further back than yours ; I am not a liberated slave ; my cradle had no shackle on the rocker ; my mother was not a serf ; I was free born."

That description is true of all those born in this country within the last twenty-one years, and is true of all the white population ever born here. And yet there are influences abroad that propose to manacle the people. There are those who would forge for us the chains of a slavery. I propose this morning to speak of the

SLAVERY OF AMERICAN POLITICS,

and how that slavery is to be broken ; and as we are coming near the time when this nation will celebrate its birthday, and I shall not be present at that time to speak to you, I shall take this occasion in various ways to rally your Christian patriotism, and call your attention to some things which ought to attract your consideration, especially at this time.

We are midway between two great national nominating conventions. The hotels of Chicago are hardly yet ventilated from the recent convention, and there will be some time necessary for fumigation after the next convention shall assemble. The air is hot with political imprecation. We are gradually being whipped into line, so far as that is possible. We shall have to look through one of three or four pairs of spectacles, or suffer for it. The political guillotine is being rolled out, and the recalcitrants are shown the sharp knife for their necks, and the basket into which their heads will probably roll.

THE POLITICAL MACHINES

are having their screws tightened and the cranks made more firm, and the rope of "instructions" is put around the neck of the delegate, and he has to vote as his party declares he must vote, or have intimated to him that the rope will tighten and that the facilities for respiration will be seriously interfered with. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego are to bow down before the idol set up, or be roasted in the furnace seven times heated. Each village and town has what is called in old-fashioned parlance its "boss," and every city has its "boss," and every State its "boss," and all these "bosses" will come together and elect a great national "boss." Against this slavery of American politics I protest, and demand that in convention and in ballot-box every man, without hindrance or malediction, vote as he thinks best, God his only judge.

DO NOT BE NERVOUS.

In the first place, if we would break this slavery of American politics, we must decline every four years to believe that everything is in peril. If our American institutions every four years are in danger of smash-up, the sooner they go to pieces the better, and we have substituted a government which shall have in it some style, some element of durability. I remember eleven Presidential elections, and in each one we were told that everything was in peril. As near as I could tell, we were within a quarter of an inch of the eternal precipice. Voters went to the ballot-box tremulous with omens. Wagons and carriages were sent for the aged and the invalid. At party expense these persons were brought forth, and patriots who by strange coincidence at the same time were candidates for office—these patriots lifted the invalids from the bed and the wagon, where there were pillows and mattresses, and the unfortunates were carefully supported on both sides to the polls, where they deposited for the very life of the country their precious votes.

Now, while there have been pivotal elections, in the majority of cases there is nothing at stake but official patronage. This magnifying of national peril and this working before the public mind, on wires, the

SKELETON OF NATIONAL DANGER

every four years, halts business and demoralizes everything. What do Western merchants want to come here and buy goods for if next autumn everything is to be a howling wilderness? What do Eastern men want to buy Western lands for when everything is to be paralyzed? All business men will tell you that every four years is an idle year. Why? Because everything is stagnated by this cry of peril when there is no peril, there is no crisis.

The political orators are this moment getting out their orations which were delivered in the Fremont times and in the Lincoln campaign and in all the campaigns since, for the speeches are just as appropriate for one campaign as another ; for we are always on the edge of ruin and we are always going to pieces. I remember that at eight years of age I stood in the blistering sun and barefoot, at Somerville, New Jersey, hearing a Western orator, who persuaded me in that Presidential election that if William Henry Harrison was elected instead of Martin Van Buren, there would be no use of my growing up, because there would be no country to grow in ! Not long ago, in Music Hall, Boston, I was lecturing, and just before the lecture there I was told a Western orator would that night speak at Faneuil Hall ; so I hastened through my work and got down to the Cradle of Liberty, and found it that night rocked by the same Western orator and the same Western speech, and the only difference between the speech I heard forty years ago and that speech was, in one case it was William Henry Harrison, and in the other it was Benjamin F. Butler.

Many of us remember the Presidential election when Henry Clay and James K. Polk were the candidates for the Presidency. My father sat down pale and exhausted and sick at the defeat of Henry Clay, and said that all was lost. He had felt the magnetism of that splendid Kentuckian, whose name I cannot pronounce without feeling an enthusiasm tingling from scalp to heel. But was everything lost? Through that election we got the Texan domain, and door after door of annexation has been opened until when the wind blows from the west the national flag dips into the Atlantic, and when it blows from the east the national flag dips into the Pacific. We were positively told that the existence of this nation depended upon Mr. Lincoln's second election to the Presidency ; but immediately after his inauguration he died, and Andrew Johnson put the government in just the opposite direction, and

WE STILL LIVE.

During the sixteen years in which I have lived in the State of New York, at every gubernatorial election we have been told that everything was at stake. Officers have changed, but there has been no change in our prosperity except from good to better, and I have noticed that the sun rises at about the same time in the same month of the year, and the tides come in with about the same strength, and it is high time in this country we *stop this crisis business* and understand that the Lord God has capacity to keep this nation on in its high march of prosperity without the help of Chicago conventions.

At the present time it is

ONLY A QUESTION OF OFFICES.

The Republican party, in power, with the offices, naturally wants to keep them. The Democratic party, out of power, naturally wants to get power and get the offices. The so-called Independents of the Republican party, dissatisfied because they have not received enough from the Republican crib, are hoping that the Democratic bowl will be so full that from the overflow they may catch something in their cup ; while I have to tell all such persons they had better not be disappointed, for they will never get so much as *a spoonful of pap* from the Democratic bowl. That party, after a privation of twenty-four years, cannot be blamed if they keep all they get. Absolutely nothing but a question of offices.

The old lion of national strength is covered all over with greenbottle flies sucking the life-blood from neck and flanks, and the first Tuesday in November the old lion of our national strength may shake itself terrifically, and another set of greenbottle flies, but more hungry, will take their place. Do not stand agape as to what will happen next. Go about your honest every-day business. Do not believe the political bureaus that declare that everything is in peril. There is no more danger that this government is going to pieces than that the moon is going to pieces.

Again, if we want to break this tyranny of American politics, we must understand that

NEITHER PARTY IS IMMACULATE.

Do not vote for a man merely because your party nominates him. If you want to know how much better the one party is than the other, I put the Louisiana Returning Board of one party beside the gubernatorial conflict of 1879, in Maine, and I put the Belknap frauds of one party against the Tweed larcenies of the other. There is a difference in men, but the only difference between the parties as to moral character to-day, in my estimation, is the difference between fifty and half a hundred. Both parties are in need of radical reformation, and by the time they are reformed they may be reformed out of existence.

But is there no difference? are there no preferences? Ah ! so far from saying that, a man who does not intelligently and in the fear and love of God exercise the right of suffrage is not worthy of American citzenship. *There are preferences*, and while every intelligent man and woman in America is to-day asking the question, "Who shall be the next President of the United States?" I want to say two or three things. In the first place, the next President of the United States, and every President, ought to have an established moral character. There have been times when we have had candidates for governors and candidates for the Presidential chair who were libertines and gamblers and drunkards. In the House of Representatives and in the United States Senate we have had men who could not walk straight because of intoxication, representing Illinois and Pennsylvania and New York. I am glad to know that the question of good morals is coming into every political canvass. I do not care how talented a man is, if he is bad.

GENIUS IS WORSE THAN STUPIDITY

if it move in the wrong direction. In a nation where there are so many homes, we must have at the head of it a man who honors the sanctity of the domestic circle. In a nation where there are so many young men looking for an example of good character, we must have at the head only one characterized by integrity. A man who cannot govern himself cannot govern fifty millions of people. Our schools, our colleges,

our universities, our churches, and our homesteads must fight for good morals.

But do not listen to the hue and cry of partisanship. You can get no idea from what newspapers have to say of men, what their real character is. The best man that God ever made, nominated on either side, must wade through obloquy chin-deep.

The first target to be shot at was set up about two weeks ago; the next target to be shot at will be set up at Chicago in about two weeks from now, and the target that has the most holes put through it

WILL BE THE PRESIDENT.

Defamation elected James A. Garfield. Defamation elected Abraham Lincoln. Defamation, I am told by one who remembers the time, elected Andrew Jackson, and that is the testimony of one who is far from liking Andrew Jackson. You have only to wait until the next candidate is nominated at Chicago, and he is fully launched upon the attention of the people, and I can tell you in August as certainly as in November who will be the President. You have to take the scales and put on one side all the scurrility about the Republican candidate, and put on the other side the scale all the scurrility about the Democratic candidate, weighing scurrility against scurrility, and the man who is most abused and has the most scurrility hurled upon him will be the President. There is a philosophy in it, my brethren. There are many bad things about human nature, but there are many good things about human nature, and one of the best things about human nature is that it sympathizes with one who is traduced.

Have nothing to do, by pen or type or voice, in the malediction of public men. In the characterization of men in private life we exercise Christian principle, and we are, if we are good men, disposed to put the best phase and the best interpretation on conduct, and it is only a bad man who chooses always to think bad of his fellows. Charity thinketh well, if it is possible to think well.

Now, my brethren, let us in public life do as well as we do in private life, and the same charity we extend toward those in private life extend toward those who are in public life. Remember, my friends, when you come to judge in regard to the character of the two men who shall be before this nation, you are Christian patriots and not scavengers. I abhor this defamation of public men. Just as soon as a man comes to the front and achieves anything by his eloquence, or by his brilliancy, or by his public services, all the hounds of earth and hell get after him. Calmly and deliberately judge of men in the fear and love of God, and as you yourself would like to be judged. You yourself perhaps may not come to highest political position, but your sons may be on the way to the honors of this government. Treat men now in public life with the same fairness and generosity that you would have your sons treated when they come to high position in life.

Then, in order to be qualified for the chief office of this nation, a man must also be

A RESPECTER OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

I apply no religious test. But this country, discovered by Christian men and settled by Hollanders and Huguenots and the descendants of men from other lands who were persecuted for their religious faith, and who took possession of this land in the name of God and heaven—such a country as this must have over it one who respects the Christian religion. Never, my Christian friends, under any circumstances vote for any man who does not believe in the existence of God and the divinity of the Bible. A man who does not believe in the existence of God and the divinity of the Bible I would not trust him with a ten-cent piece, much less elevate him to the Presidency. This is the only foundation of common honesty, the Bible. I often hear it said that the Constitution of the United States is the foundation of our institutions. It is not. The Bible is the foundation. Republican institutions are an everlasting impossibility without it. Our first President was a Christian. Let our next President be at any rate a respecter of the Christian religion.

A LARGE-HEARTED MAN.

Then he must have heart large enough to take in all the States and Territories. If a Western man, he must not despise the sea-coast or want an immediate change of the centre of commercial life. If an Eastern man, he must not despise the West. If a Southern man, he must not think all men of the North of ignoble generation. If a Northern man, he must not want to keep up the old grudge which we settled twenty-one years ago. He must have a heart large enough to take in all the nation. There can never be any more conflict in this country. The sword has given place to the wheat cradle. The time of darkness and contention has all gone by, and there is to be no more use in this country for the musket except for holiday turnout. Our navy-yards are going to become museums containing ships used in barbaric ages for settling by slaughter national differences. The eagle has got to get off our coin and the dove take its place, the bird of blood giving way for the bird of the olive branch. I prescribe for

THE CURE OF ALL NATIONAL EVILS,

and I prescribe for a defence against all national peril the Christianization of the people. Let Christianity take possession of the ballot-box, there will be no illegal voting. Let Christianity take charge of the primaries and the caucuses, and we will have righteous nominees. Do not expect that the politicians of this country will ever save the land What have they ever done for this country but get office and make trouble? They got us into the four years' war. Did they get us out of it? No. The great masses of the people rose up, fought out the fight and then commanded peace. Politicians again and again have ruined American commerce. Did they restore it? No. The great masses of the people, with hard-fisted and besweated industry, conquered those financial calamities. So much depending upon the great masses of the people, let us have them evangelized.

We want the Gospel of Jesus Christ dominant—that Gospel which William E. Gladstone demonstrated when he sent an apology a few years ago to the Austrian Government. He found he was wrong, and apologized for it. Some said: "Oh, what imbecility!" I say it was the grandest specimen of Christian character possible. We settle individual differences by explanation and apology. Why not national differences? Why by the sword? "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Oh, this is the brightest day in all our history. Our land is coming to greater and

GREATER PROSPERITY.

I stand here at that season of the year when you are accustomed to celebrate the national birth, to ask you to thank God for what He has done for this country. What is the heat of this morning? It means the ripening of the grandest harvest this country has ever seen. We can afford to sit with the thermometer amid the nineties, every minute of this heat adding millions to the national estate. Last week they said to me in Tennessee, "Never such harvests;" they said to me in Kentucky, "Never such harvests;" and they said to me in Alabama, and Mississippi, and Arkansas, and Ohio, "Never such harvests." A gentleman stood in his doorway and said, "Look at that harvest; we never had anything like it in this country." And this heat, uncomfortable for us, glorious for the national domain. It means blessing for all the people. Plenty to eat, plenty to eat! And agriculture is going to bring all its harvests, and manufacturing is going to bring all its adroit fabrics, and literature is going to bring all its printing-presses, and art is going to bring all its pencils and chisels, and commerce is going to bring all its masts, and religion is going to bring all its altars and towers, and put them down at the feet of Him on whose vesture and on whose thigh are written, "King of kings, Lord of lords." Italy for pictures, France for manners, Germany for scholarship,

THE UNITED STATES FOR GOD.

Oh, my friends, in the few remaining years of our life, let us be Christian patriots.

There are *three great reasons* why you and I should do our best for this country—three great reasons: our fathers' graves, our cradle, our children's birthright. When I say your fathers' graves, your pulses run quickly. Whether they sleep in city cemetery or country graveyard, their dust is very precious to you. They lived well, and they died right. Never submit to have any government over their tombs other than that government under which they lived and died. And then this country is our cradle. It may have rocked us very roughly, but it was a good cradle to be rocked in. Oh how much we owe to it Our boyhood and girlhood days spent in this blessed country. I never have any patience with a man who talks against this country. Glorious place to be born in, and a glorious place to live in. It has been our cradle. Ay, it is to be

OUR CHILDREN'S BIRTHRIGHT.

You and I soon will be through with it. We will see a few more of the spring blossoms, and we will see a few more of the summer harvests, and we will gather a few more of the autumnal fruits; but we are to hand this government to our children as it was handed to us—a free land, a happy land, a Christian land. They are not to be trampled by despotisms, they are not to be lacerated by cruelties, they are not to be affrighted by anarchies. We must hand this country to them over the ballot-box, over the school desk, over the church altar, as we have received it, and charge them solemnly to put their life between it and any keen stroke that would destroy it.

And Thou, Lord God Almighty, we put with a thousand armed prayers, we put into Thy protection this nation. Remember our fathers' bleeding feet at Valley Forge. Remember Marion and Kosciusco. Remember the cold and the hunger and the long march and the fever hospital. Remember the fearful charge at Bunker Hill. Remember Lexington and Yorktown and King's Mountain and Gettysburg. Remember Perry's battle on the lake, and Hampton Roads where the Cumberland went down. Remember Washington's prayer by the campfire. Remember Plymouth Rock and the landing amid the savages.

REMEMBER INDEPENDENCE HALL,

and how much it cost our fathers to sign their names. Remember all the blood and tears of three wars—1776, 1812, 1864. And more than all, remember the groan that was mightier than all other groans, and the thirst that stung worse than all other thirst, and the death that was ghastlier than all other deaths—the mount on which Jesus died to make all men happy and free. For the sake of all this human and divine sacrifice, O God, protect this nation. And whosoever would blot it out, and whosoever would strike it down, and whosoever would turn it back, let him be accursed.

Go home to-day, in high hopes of the future. The eternal God is on the side of this nation. Our brightest days are yet to come.

"He hath sounded forth the trumpet that will never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before the judgment seat;
Be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on."

The Woman's Christian Temperance Home, about which inquiries are often made, is at 440 East Fifty-seventh Street. It is under the administration of Miss Tolman, who will cheerfully give information and receive applications for admission. Medical aid will be called in when needed. The President is Mrs. William E. Dodge, 225 Madison Avenue; Mrs. T. B. Meigs, 16 East Sixty-fifth Street, is Treasurer.

THE ANTICHRIST.

Notes of an Address by Dr. Harold Browne, Bishop of Winchester.

The Early Christian Belief in Antichrist's Coming—Conjectures on the Subject—No Doubt as to the Nature of the Antichrist—Ultra-Infidelity—Common Belief that the Pope is Antichrist—Coincident with a Great Apostasy—Its Full Manifestation Still Future—What the Hindrance is—Hidden Volcanic Fires—A Fierce Trial for the Church—The Boundary Line Obliterated—Patriots as well as Christians—The Prelude of Final Victory.

THE Bishop of Winchester based his remarks on II Thess 2 : 6 : "And now ye know what withholdeth that he might be revealed in his time." A belief in the coming of Antichrist, the Bishop remarked, had been entertained from the earliest times of Christianity. It might, perhaps, be hard to say, he observed, whether the Antichrist was to be a single person, as the Fathers mostly believed, or a succession of persons, like a regal, imperial, or Papal dynasty, as many later writers had thought, or a prevailing principle of sin and error, as had been the belief of not a few in our own days.

In any case it was not difficult to conclude what should be the nature of the error. St. John said that Antichrist should "deny both the Father and the Son," and specially should deny that "Jesus Christ had come in the flesh;" and also that whereas it was known that Antichrist should come, even then there were "many Antichrists." St. Paul added further that it should not be some external power breaking in upon the Church and desolating it, like a heathen or an imperial tyranny; but it should either follow or coincide with

A GREAT "APOSTASY."

Passing in review the claims of Nero, the Gnostics, and Mohammed to be regarded as Antichrist, the preacher continued: There remains that great principle, called Romanism, that great succession of men known to us as the Papacy, which has not unnaturally been thought to have upon it many of the marks by which St. Paul has described the coming Antichrist. The power exerted by it over the consciences of men, the claims to infallibility and to universal dominion, attributes of none but God, the stifling of all attempts at reformation, the persecution and cruelty exercised on all that opposed themselves, the addition of unsound articles to the creeds of Christendom, and of superstitious practices to the worship of Christendom: these and the like naturally led men, in the life struggle of the sixteenth century, to identify the Pope with Antichrist, who, as Luther has said, was not to sit in low and vile places, "on dunghills or in pigstyes," but to be enthroned in "the Temple of God."

But will the teaching of the apostles, the word of Holy Scripture, lend itself to this belief? Can Romanism be properly called an apostasy from the Church? Was it not more truly a gradual corruption from within of the Church itself, of its doctrine, and its practices, rather than a falling away of any single portion of it? So far as we can read, the full manifestation of that fearful power is yet to be seen. Come when Antichrist may, if he fulfils the predictions of the apostles, his belief will be atheism,

HIS RULE ANARCHY,

and his law license.

His Lordship then went on to remark that in the text St. Paul spoke of a letting or hindrance which restrained the coming of Antichrist. The question was, what was this hindrance? St. Chrysostom and others of the early Fathers thought that it was the Roman Empire. Its rule of iron law was a restraining influence over the "lawless one," which was what Antichrist was in one place said to be. This rule of iron law tempered by a religion had survived even to our own day, but it seemed now to be gradually passing away. The fabric is rapidly loosening. Constitutional is fast supplanting imperial government, for which we may be thankful; but, beneath all government, and waiting to subvert and submerge all, lie hidden or scarcely

HIDDEN VOLCANIC FIRES

of communistic anarchy, joined in close affinity with agnosticism and atheism. Nearly every nation in Europe, even the least influenced by communistic principles, is threatening to throw off its national faith. It would be no great prodigy if those who witnessed the birth of the twentieth century saw it break with that social order and iron law tempered by the Christian faith which had come down to them through nineteen centuries from Augustus, and Constantine, and Justinian, and Charles the Great. This inheritance, this "letting," was apparently being taken away, and a spirit was growing up and gaining strength, which had all the characteristics of St. Paul's "Man of Sin" and St. John's "Antichrist." There had been many crises in history when men had looked for the development of Antichrist, and this might be but one more of them; but we certainly see the conflict between law and unlaw, between Christianity and irreligion, between theism and atheism, more manifest and undisguised on the Continent of Europe than it had been for centuries, perhaps than it has ever been before. While it would be unwise to exaggerate the danger, it would be folly to disguise it.

There is much on the other side which is hopeful, but to be forewarned is to be forearmed. There is, however, no reason to conclude from the writings of the Apostle Paul that if Antichrist should come the Church would not prevail before the great apostasy. But it would lose many of its less devoted members; its limits would be narrowed, and would be more sharply defined. The signs and wonders spoken of might be the miracles of science and art and learning carried on in an unbelieving spirit, and the result would be that many brought up in the Church would be led to fall away from it, "not having received the truth in the love of it." They would not be able to say with the early Christians that "the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ," for the kingdom of Christ would probably again be isolated and contracted.

In the presence of such

A CRISIS

the boundary line between the Church and the world would be more sharply cut. Men would have to choose sides and perhaps to suffer for the choosing. Apparently in our own and our children's days a great struggle is at hand; it might be only one of many great struggles; but whether Antichrist is really coming or only one other type of Antichrist, we cannot question that we are in a condition of society in which everything is already on its trial. The Church is on its trial, the faith is on its trial, but we can have no misgiving about that. The day would not be darker than when Judas sold his Master. But if we are looking for Antichrist, there are bright spots before us also, and we may hope that our own country is one of these. Under God's providence our country has been kept from many evils in the past, and may be so in the future. Is it nothing to us that if we are Christians we are also patriots? Is the home of our childhood and of our children no longer the home of our hearts, and should we not watch and pray that it might be kept from the evils which surround it? Politicians we ought not to be. Christian patriots we must be.

Abraham prayed for Sodom and Christ wept over Jerusalem. Perhaps we have sometimes thought that it matters not what comes to our land if the Church is sure, and we have let loose the floodgates of strife and discord, not regarding the offence done to Christ's little ones. We must see that the Church is firmly strengthened before the rain descends and the winds blow and beat upon it. Aliens from the bosom of the Church had confessed that she was fitted to take a foremost place in the battle, but they must strengthen their great root principles and then allow every possible latitude. They wanted breadth as well as unity, so that they might bring many souls to Christ, and receive those who would not be received to doubtful disputations. They must remember, too, that the coming of Antichrist would be *the prelude of the final victory* of the Church of Christ. Antichrist would be consumed by the word of His mouth, and destroyed by the breath of His presence. The question for us to ask is, "Are we to be sharers of the victory?"

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

The Worthlessness of Infidelity in Sorrow.—A gentleman recently related the following incident: "In the district where I used to reside, there was a man who professed to be an infidel. He was awakened to his danger, and for a long time was in great trouble about his soul. At length the Holy Spirit led him to decide for Christ. After he was settled, and full of peace, I asked him, 'When you were in a state of anxiety about your soul, what did you think of your infidel opinions?' A strange look went over his face, and after thinking a moment, he replied, 'I didn't think about them at all.' Why was this? It was clearly because, though pretentious, they were unreal, and were dispelled as soon as his mind and heart were filled by the realities of eternity. 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.'"

A Medical Student's Career and Conversion.—Mr. Jack related: "Some years ago a young friend of mine was dying in Stirling. He often visited our Sabbath-school when he was a boy. After he went to study medicine at a Scotch University, he went far, far astray. Soon the direful results of his life manifested themselves upon his physical frame, and he went home to his mother's house, in Stirling, to die. His sister nursed him with all the loving devotion of her nature, although she, too, was unconverted. One day the dying man said to her, 'Now I am dying, and I am unsaved. I want salvation. Do you think we can find it?' She at once took the Bible, and began to read the 14th chapter of John—'Let not your heart be troubled,' etc.; but he interrupted her, saying, 'Ah! that is not for me; go further over.' The sister turned over to Romans, and there he found the way of peace, and soon showed the most lively hope and joy in the Lord. His disease was most painful, and on the day of his death, knowing that he had only a few hours to live, he asked his sister, 'What hour is it?' and she answered, 'It is so and so.' 'In two hours I shall be gone,' was the calm reply. Being desirous that his mother should be spared the pain of witnessing his last agony, he drew over his head the coverlet, and so passed away in perfect peace. His sister also was led to trust in Jesus through seeing the faith and hope of her dying brother."

Running Away from His Mother's Prayers.—The Rev. Dr. Morgan said: "There are numbers present who, just from want of thought, have been on Satan's side, and on the world's side, who can truly say of many things you have done in the past, that you never meant them. You are just like a young man of whom I once heard, who was often spoken to and often prayed for by his mother, until he said to her, 'Mother, if you don't give up that praying for me I will run away to sea.' He ran away. Before he went his mother packed his box. She put the writing paper at the top, and all she begged of him was, 'My boy, when you are far away from me, write to me. I will write to you; but send me an answer.' He went away; he stayed three years, and never sent a single syllable to that loving mother, who oftentimes was kneeling by her bedside praying for that runaway boy. At last he went back to the old village to see how she was. As he walked down the street his heart misgave him. He walked up the path to the house, he knocked at the door; it was opened by a person whom he did not know. He asked for Mrs. So-and-so. 'How is *she?*' The woman looked blankly at

him. He said, 'Is not *she* here?' 'Oh,' said the woman, 'you mean the old woman who used to live here. She died eight months ago of a broken heart. She had a bad son, who went away to sea and left her, and she wrote to him, and he never wrote back again.' He turned away and went into the village churchyard. He looked at the graves, he found the one he sought, and threw himself down upon it, saying, 'Oh, mother, I never meant it, I never meant it!' But he did it. There is one Father who loves you as none other can love, and He has sent you a message, a letter; have you answered it yet? Sometimes you have forgotten God, and been carried along the stream of worldliness and gayety; you have not meant it. But when Satan and the world would have you do what you should not do, I implore you to think for one moment of Jesus, of heaven, and of home."

A Shilling Short of the Rent.—The Rev. Mr. Coutts said: "There is a little sheiling erected on the open moor, made for the most part of turf, and roofed with heather. In one gable is a small two-paned window, and in the other is a still smaller window of one pane. In this humble yet cosey one-roomed house I saw a daughter of the King go home at the ripe age of ninety years, leaving behind her daughter, a middle-aged woman. At one time they lived rent free, but some repairs were made upon the house, and the laird demanded a rent of one pound a year. This was a sum as great to this old Christian as one thousand pounds to some people. It took hard word at knitting to earn such a sum as ten shillings every half year. The first half-yearly term came round, and the day on which the laird was to call for the rent was come. The money had been gathered copper by copper, and as it came to one shilling it was changed into silver, and put into the toe of an old stocking. On this important morning the stocking was untied and the silver emptied out and counted. Alas! there was a shilling missing! What was to be done? There was no time to earn another; to borrow or beg one she could not condescend to. What did she do? Just what the woman in the parable did. Though it was broad daylight outside, it was dark inside. So she lighted a candle, moved everything in the house, and searched till she found it in a hole in the floor. With joy in her heart she ran out and told her neighbors, who rejoiced with her. You see our Lord used as illustrations events which occur in all countries and at all times to make His meaning clear to the dullest mind. 'The common people heard Him gladly.'"

A Woman's Death in a Chest.—The Rev. Dr. Wallace said: "Dr. Laidlaw, of the Glasgow Medical Mission, was sent for to attend a serious case. On going to the address given, he found that it was a house of one room, in which a whole family lived; the eldest child was nine years and the youngest six weeks old. He looked in the bed-place for the sick person, but there was nothing there, not even any boards. Turning to the group of children, he inquired, 'Who is ill?' The eldest girl replied, 'Ma mither, sir.' 'Where is she?' 'Here, sir,' pointing to a wooden chest, in a corner of which lay what looked like a heap of rags. There was not another article in the house, not even a stool. The girl, bending over the chest, said, 'Mither, wake up, here's the doctor.' Then she gently shook the form which so lately was an active woman, and repeated, 'Mither, mither, wake up, here's the doctor;' but still there was no movement. 'I think, doctor, mither is sleeping very sound,' was the girl's remark. Dr. Laidlaw examined the mother, whose deathly pale face, closed eyes, and hands stiffly crossed on her breast alarmed him. He put out his hand and felt for the pulse, but pulse there was none. Saddened, he paused a minute, but was at length forced to tell the girl her mother was dead. On inquiry, he found it was the old story: the father and husband was a drinking man. The next day the man called for the certificate as to the cause of death, to enable him to get the money from the Burial Society in which the woman was insured; part if not the most of the money would be spent in drink. The doctor most unwillingly gave it, because he could not legally withhold it. Dr. Laidlaw was asked, 'Are these cases common?' 'Yes, very.' Christian friends, let us be up and doing; fight against these drinking customs in the power of Christ, so that these cases instead of being common shall be uncommon."

A HEATHEN FESTIVAL.

IN *The Indian Witness* of April 26th there appears the following sketch from the pen of Rev. S. Knowles, of Gonda, Oudh. As our contemporary remarks, it is well fitted to give encouragement to the friends of the missionary cause.

"The harvest is all gathered and stacked on the threshing-floors under trees outside the villages, and the people have both time and money to enjoy a holiday, and take a trip to the *Devi Pátan mela* on the borders of the Nipal jungles. Hence the roads leading to the *mela* are covered with these holiday-making rustics, tradesmen, and officials. Here we see a crowd of pedestrians, men, women, and children, carrying their sleeping and cooking arrangements, and leading or dragging the doomed he-goats, forcing their onward, eager way. There stout self-satisfied officials on their well-fed, ambling ponies urging their not over-courteous way through the dusty groups of travellers. There, too, in the deep ruts, the rough, slow-going country carts, with their screeching wheels that set your teeth on edge, and each filled with a peasant family, including the devoted he-goat, the women singing a monotonous song in praise of *Sita Ram* that somehow makes the heart feel sad. It is through these motley crowds and clouds of ever-rising dust some eight of us are pressing on our way to the first camping place at Maháráj-Gunge, sixteen miles on the Balrampore Road.

"After a most trying march in the heat and blinding dust, we reached the refreshing banks of the beautiful Rapti River. Oh, how grateful we felt as we bathed our fevered limbs in its cool, clear waters, and drank in new life! After tiffin and a reviving siesta in the acceptable shade of a large *pákar* tree, we started again in the dusty track of the devotees for the *mela*. But just as we crossed the bridge of boats a number of people stopped us and requested us to preach to them. We were not slow in holding forth the Word of Life, and pressing our willing hearers to come to Jesus. One Brahman *bairági's* heart was touched, and he came forward confessing Christ to be the only Saviour of men. Thirsty, tired, and full of dust, we entered under the grand grove of tamarind trees that surround the gloomy temple of the blood-deluged idol goddess, and were soon enjoying an agreeable rest in the cool of the evening.

"The *mela* partook more of a migratory character this year than last; still there were never less than 22,000 people present as long as the *mela* lasted. The first impression you receive as you enter this fair, is that you are entering an immense slaughter house, for the odor and sight of blood are everywhere. We always wisely pitch our tents to the north of these shambles, and are thus saved from the horrible effluvium so fiercely carried to the east. But the temple of

THE FEMALE DEITY

and its vicinity are only equalled in butchery and gore by the tomb of Mirza, a few yards off, daily *washed with pig's blood*. Both form a complete Aceldama. At the former relays of sanguinary priests keep severing with their sharp, heavy-bladed *kukeries* the heads from the quivering bodies of he-goats and male buffaloes from morning till evening.

"This sickening carnage takes place over a sand-pit, which is emptied and filled with fresh sand every morning. The devotee first takes the animal to be offered to an adjacent tank, and dips it three times in the foul water. The devotee pays two pice for dipping the doomed creature, and two pice for offering it. At the latter, or tomb of Mirza, another awful destruction of animals is witnessed. A number of blood-stained priests stand behind a stone in front of the temple, in readiness to relieve the one who takes the sucking-pig from the devotee, dashes its head upon the stone, and hands it back to the offerer, who rushes with the bleeding animal into the building to let the blood drop on the dishonored shrine. In the evening time, heaps of dead sucking-pigs of a thousand each may be seen, said pigs being sold off at a pice each to *koris* and other low caste Hindus. It was calculated that one animal a minute was sacrificed from sunrise to sunset of every day, for a week; thus not less than 5040 animals were cruelly and uselessly immolated during the time we were present at this great pandemonium.

"OUR MANNER OF OPERATION

was the same this year as last. We rose in the gray of the morning to our bugle call, and met for prayer and consultation and council; then, when our hearts were strong and our faith as one man's, we sallied forth with banner flying and music playing, assured of victory. We chose a shady convenient, place where we could operate without fear of being molested, and at the same time readily reach the great mass of the people. There we spread our carpet, conducted our services, and invited the worshippers of a gory deity to the loving arms of the Great Father. Sometimes we would march round and through the fair among the crowds, who had come with a view to the worshipping of mammon as well as to the worshipping of the particular deity at the *mela;* then we would be greeted with cries of 'Here come the *padris* that fascinate and then make the people Christians!'

"Enough if we say that we had never less than 500 people at any one of our services conducted in the open *mela*, and that perfect order reigned, and the greatest attention was given throughout. At one time the people were so moved that they shouted as one man, with all the enthusiasm of devotees, '*Isa panth ki jai!*' (May the religion of Christ prosper!) and kept prolonging the shout for some time. The women, too, this year found their way into the listening crowds; and after the services would bring their children, place them at our feet, and ask for our blessing. At the close of every service one or two would respond to our call, come out, and be received before the whole assembly, either as disciples or inquirers. One noted *faqir*, a *kabir panthi* named *Mangal Das*, pressed out of the crowd, threw himself at our feet, and said that he surrendered body and soul to the Lord Jesus Christ. We baptized him and broke to him the bread of holy fellowship in the midst of the astonished people. Thus we received as disciples of Jesus Christ in this fair seven persons—one *faqir*, two Brahmans, and four *koris*—and took the names of over fifty inquirers.

"But the most encouraging thing we met with at this *mela* was the visit paid us of the two *pandits* whom we baptized last year. They came from their village, fourteen miles from the fair, specially to see us. We found that they had stood firm all through the year, though at times greatly persecuted; that they had intelligently read the books we had given them; and that they were more determined than ever to know the Lord more and more, and serve Him with all their physical and mental powers. They were greatly revived and refreshed by their timely visit, and went back to their village powerfully impressed. Nothing to me showed the power of the Gospel at this *mela* of blood, more than the words of the *kabir panthi faqir* whom we baptized and met at Balrampore on our way home from the fair. 'Sir,' he said, 'I went to the mela a *Hindu*, I have returned a *Christian*.'"

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Conference of the Independent Republicans of New York and Massachusetts was held in this city on June 17th. It was attended by many influential politicians, including the editors of several Republican daily journals. Mr. George William Curtis occupied the chair. The conference was practically unanimous in its opinion of the course to be pursued, which was to await the action of the Democratic Convention, and then, if the candidates of that convention were not satisfactory to the Independent Republicans, to place another ticket in the field. It appeared to be the sense of the entire meeting that the Independent Republicans could be depended on to support the Democratic nominations, provided they were of *such men as Cleveland or Bayard.* A prominent member of the party, referring to the principles of his associates, said: "They do not want much of a platform for their candidate. They say nothing about the tariff, or the currency, or the corporations. But they do insist that their candidate *shall be privately honest and politically decent.*" Mr. William Hayes Ward, editor of *The Independent*, said that "the general impression of the religious press" on the subject of the nominations "was one of disgust." Several resolutions were passed at the conference, the most important of which was, "That a committee of twenty-five members be appointed, whose duty it shall be, in co-operation with similar committees to be appointed elsewhere, to take without delay suitable measures for rallying and organizing the Republicans and Independents dissatisfied with the nominations of Blaine and Logan, with a view to the holding, at as early a day as possible, of a general representative conference for the purpose of concerting such further steps as may be found advisable for the expression and effective enforcement of our views of public interest." A similar meeting was held June 23d at New Haven, Conn. The call for it was signed by 150 citizens who always vote the Republican ticket. Among them are the names of Professor William G. Sumner, Eli Whitney, Jr., Professor Henry W. Farnam, J. B. Sargent, the Rev. Dr. Edwin Harwood, the Rev. T. R. Bacon, the Rev. George P. Disher, the Rev. Stewart Means, and Professor James Dana. The movement is declared to have the countenance of President Noah Porter, of Yale College.

The Formal Notification of the Nomination of the Republican National Convention was conveyed to Mr. Blaine on Saturday, at his home in Augusta, Me. As usual, the duty was performed by a committee of one from each State and Territory of the Union. Chairman Henderson, of Missouri, read the address to the candidate. He gave prominence to the fact that the sure Republican States desired Mr. Blaine's nomination, and referring to the prevalent dissatisfaction in doubtful States, said that similar disappointment had been felt in 1860, 1872, and 1880, but "in each case the shock of disappointment was followed by 'sober second thought.' Individual preferences gradually yielded to conviction of public duty. Promptings of patriotism finally rose superior to the irritations and animosities of the hour." Mr. Blaine, in accepting the nomination, said: "A more formal acceptance will naturally be expected, and will in due season be communicated. It may, however, not be inappropriate at this time to say that I have already made a careful study of the principles announced by the National Convention, and that in whole and in detail they have my heartiest sympathy and meet my unqualified approval." That expression was to be expected on the part of the nominee, but there are some planks in the platform, suggestive of communism, that are offensive to many influental members of the party; these Mr. Blaine may deem it expedient to qualify or more clearly explain in his formal letter of acceptance.

The New York Democratic State Convention was in session last week at Saratoga. Its assembling had been anticipated with unusual interest and some little apprehension by Democrats all through the Union. An impression prevailed that success in the approaching Presidential election depended in no small degree on the conduct of the Democracy in New York. The opportunity afforded by the dissensions in the Republican camp might be thrown away if there should be corresponding dissension between the sections of the Democratic party here. That such an event might reasonably be apprehended was evident to all who are acquainted with recent political history, and with the attitude of Tammany Hall toward the other sections of the party. The convention was, however, practically harmonious, and a conciliatory attitude toward Tammany gave no excuse for a bolt. Seven seats were taken from the County Democracy and given to Tammany, thus placing both sections on an equality. The delegation to the National Convention *was not instructed* for Cleveland, but it was ordered to enter the convention as a unit and to act and vote as a unit according to a majority vote of the members. The adoption of this unit rule is considered a victory for Cleveland, though a canvass of the delegates shows he is not at present absolutely secure of the majority. There is an opposition to the Governor of a strong character among many of the influential members of his party in the State. Like that against President Arthur in his party, it is based on the fact that his administration has not been satisfactory to the bosses, and because "he has ruled without recognition of the party which elected him." The chief point in his favor is that he would probably carry the disaffected Republican vote.

Senator Hoar's Anti-Polygamy Bill was passed by the Senate on June 18th by a vote of 33 to 15. The bill, as finally passed, provides that the lawful husband or wife may be compelled to testify in prosecutions for bigamy or polygamy; that every marriage ceremony shall be registered with full particulars, under penalty of fine, or imprisonment, or both; that women shall not vote at elections; that the territorial laws of incorporation of the Mormon Church be repealed, and the affairs of the corporation be administered by a board of trustees appointed by the President of the United States; and that existing election districts in the Territory be abolished and the Territory redistricted by the Governor, the Territorial Secretary, and the United States judges. The office of Superintendent of District Schools is also declared vacant, and the appointment vested in the Supreme Court. It will be seen that the measure is a very radical one, which, if it becomes law, will curb the power of the Mormon Church and render the detection, conviction, and punishment of polygamists less difficult.

The Contract Labor Bill was Passed by the House on June 19th. It prohibits the importation and migration of foreigners and aliens under contract to perform labor. It makes it unlawful to enter into an agreement with any foreigner to perform labor of any kind in the United States, or to prepay the transportation, or in any way assist or encourage the importation of any foreigner under contract. It declares all such contracts void and of no effect. It makes it a crime, punishable with fine and imprisonment, for any master of a ship to land such aliens in any United States port. Apparently the House has no objection to foreigners coming who will have to take their chance of obtaining employment, nor even to pauper immigrants coming; but it objects to immigration when the immigrant has been sufficiently prudent to secure an arrangement enabling him to live honestly here before leaving his native country.

The Governor of New York has Signed the bill requiring the telegraph companies to put their wires underground in New York City and Brooklyn. The constitutionality of the law will be tested in the courts, but it is expected that the companies will fail in their effort to defeat it. The bill gives them until November, 1885, to perform the work, when, if it is not done, the municipal authorities are authorized to do it at the expense of the companies. If this law should be enforced other cities will follow the example of New York, and the unsightly poles which now disfigure our cities and impede traffic will disappear. Officers of the companies admit that the scheme is feasible and the expense one that they can easily bear.

The Rev. Matthew Simpson, the Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at his residence in Philadelphia on June 18th. He had been ill for several weeks, and since Sunday, June 15th, had lain speechless and unconscious. Bishop Simpson was in his seventy-third year, having been born in Cadiz, Ohio, June 20th, 1811. He adopted the medical profession, and studied at Madison (afterward Alleghany) College. After his conversion he became an active class leader and lay preacher. His talents attracted considerable attention, and he was urged to enter the ministry. He recognized the call, and received his first appointment from the Pittsburg Conference. In 1835 he was ordained by Bishop Roberts. In May, 1852, he was elected and ordained Bishop at Boston. In discharge of his official duties as bishop Dr. Simpson visited and held conferences in all the States and most of the Territories, and he became the best known of the bishops in this country. In 1857 he was sent by the General Conference as a delegate to the Irish and British Conference, and in the same year as a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance in Berlin. He extended his travels through Turkey, the Holy Land, Egypt, and Greece, returning home in 1858. He changed his residence in 1859 from Pittsburg to Evanston, Ill., becoming President of the Garrett Biblical Institute in that city. Bishop Simpson was the author of "A Hundred Years of Methodism," "Yale Lectures on Preaching," and was the editor of the "Cyclopædia of Methodism." He was the most noted orator in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey Arrived in New York by the Britannic on Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Sankey and their two children. In reply to inquiries about his health, he said that he had been much benefited by the voyage, the most enjoyable he had ever experienced. "I'm feeling a little worn out," he said to a reporter, "but pretty well. All I need is a few weeks' rest. We have had on an average three meetings a day for seven months. It was wearing on one. The houses were crowded and overflowing—there were from four thousand to six thousand people at every meeting. We did not go outside of London. Mr. Moody? Oh, he's well, but in need of rest. He will be here week after next, I think. We will begin work together here, but just where I cannot say. That will not be decided on until fall." Mr. Sankey proceeded after a brief rest to Newcastle, Pa., the residence of his late father, who died during the evangelist's absence in London.

The American Institute of Christian Philosophy, of which the Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., is president, will hold its summer school at Key East, one mile below Ocean Grove, N. J., from July 15th to 19th. The Rev. Dr. Jesse B. Thomas, Judge Noah K. Davis, Babu Ram Chandra Bose, of India, and President W. K. Pendleton, of Bethany College, Virginia, will read papers. Dr. Deems will deliver the annual address. The August Summer School of the Institute will be held at Richfield Springs from the 20th to the 28th. Information in regard to these meetings and other courses will be furnished by Mr. Charles M. Davis, 4 Winthrop Place, New York City.

Mrs. Pearson, of Nottingham, England, is holding temperance meetings at Newark, N. J., in connection with the National Women's Christian Temperance Union. She is one of the Vice-Presidents of the British Women's Temperance Association and President of the Nottingham branch, and has come to this country as a deputation from the English societies to learn something of the American methods of work and to assist in the movement here. She was formerly a preacher among the Society of Friends, and is an eloquent speaker. She has frequently addressed audiences of six thousand people in Manchester, Nottingham, Newcastle, York, and other places in England. She will speak during the summer at temperance conventions at Ocean Grove, Round Lake, Martha's Vineyard, and elsewhere, and will return to England in the fall.

The Training Class in Systematic Bible study held in the Bible Work Room, 150 Madison Street, Chicago, has just closed a successful six weeks' session. Miss E. Dryer, in the course of a letter describing the methods of work adopted, states that this training school for Christian workers will be reopened in the autumn. Professor W. G. Moorhead, D.D., of Xenia, Ohio, during the last session conducted the class, assisted by other pastors.

Ah Yung Wing, Chinese Consul in New York, and a disciple of Confucius, addressed the scholars of the Chinese Sunday-school Union last week in the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, in New York. His bright-colored garments contrasted conspicuously with the clothes of the Christian ministers seated near him. His petticoat was of a vivid green, and his upper outer garment of a blue shade. He wore a skull cap, which he kept on during the service. The Rev. Frederick J. Masters, who is on his way to his home in England after a ten years' residence as a missionary in Canton, offered prayer in the Cantonese dialect. "Jesus Our King" was sung simultaneously in Chinese and English. The hymn was inscribed in Chinese in black letters on white canvas, which was hung on the pulpit where the scholars could see it. About three hundred and fifty scholars joined in the service. Dr. F. F. Ellenwood, of the Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board, described the work among the Chinese, and said that however the politicians might feel about them, the Church was resolved to show that it represented something other than the typical hoodlum, and that the American feeling toward them was not portrayed by the brickbats of the Irish Catholics of the Pacific coast. The Consul said that he was gratified at the interest evinced in the welfare of his countrymen in New York, and trusted that they would appreciate what was being done for them. Addressing them in their own language, he advised them to shun opium, and gambling, and bad associations, and to go to Sunday-school. He subscribed $40 to the union. There are now twenty-one Chinese Sunday-schools in the two cities.

Dr. Alexander J. Baird, of Nashville, Tenn., an indefatigable preacher and earnest Christian worker, died in New York on Sunday, June 15th. He was on his way to attend the meetings of the Presbyterian Alliance at Belfast, when he was seized with the illness which terminated fatally. Few men have achieved so much in a lifetime as Dr. Baird. His energy seemed inexhaustible and his zeal untiring. He was born in 1824 in Fayette Co., Pa., near the residence of his uncle, the late Dr. Robert Baird. Early in life he went South, and during the greater part of his life resided at Nashville, Tenn. He entered the ministry of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and from that time forward his life was one of ceaseless activity. The church at Nashville, which at the commencement of his ministry had but twenty-seven members, rapidly rose to seven hundred members, and beside the work of the pastorate he performed the duty of professor of theology at Cumberland University at Lebanon, and was a frequent conributor to the press. His influence in the church was most useful and benignant. After the war he labored unceasingly for the restoration of fraternal relations and the promotion of friendly feeling. He will be sorely missed by the church.

An Appeal on Behalf of the Women of Syria was made recently by a native Syrian lady, Mme. Layyah Barakat, in the Memorial Chapel, New York. She is a tall, well-proportioned woman, about thirty-five years of age, with a clear, light olive complexion, and a decidedly Oriental cast of features. She speaks English remarkably well for an Asiatic, only a slight foreign accent and some idiomatic imperfections betraying the fact that ours was not the language of her infancy. She gave a touching description of the condition of woman in those Eastern countries where Christanity does not yet prevail, and said that while it was a shame for an American man not to be a Christian, it would be a crying shame for an American woman, for whom the Gospel has done so much. She concluded by an eloquent appeal for aid to spread the light of Christianity in her native land.

A Saloon Keeper's Conversion through a transparency is related by the *Evangelistic Record* of Chicago. It appears that soon after the Adelphi Gospel Theatre was opened in that city a large transparency was placed over the door to the stairs leading to the Mission, and upon it was the motto, "The wages of sin is death." This motto faced the saloon door, so that no one could come out without reading the sign. This was the reverse of soothing to the consciences of the patrons of the saloon, and resulted in so much loss of custom that the saloon-keeper begged Mr. Kirkland to take the sign down. Mr. Kirkland, not wishing to stir up any ill-feeling, agreed to do so; but before he was ready the saloon-keeper sold out and gave up the business. Soon after he began attending the meetings, and has since been hopefully converted. In giving his testimony at a recent meeting, he said that whenever he looked up from his bar that sign, with its solemn warning, shone directly in his face. It haunted him; he could not shake off the impression it made. It seemed to be branded on his soul. At last he could stand it no longer, and gave up the business. Even this gave his guilty conscience no peace, and he only found comfort in the joy that comes through believing.

PENTECOST.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"The day of Pentecost."—ACTS 2 : 1.

Jewish Consistency an Example to Christians The Feasts and their Lessons—The Teaching of Pentecost — The First-fruits — The Consecrated Harvests—I. Of the Field—What the Offering Meant—That all Came from God—That it Needs His Blessing—Held as His Stewards—A Gift of Joy—II. Of Jesus Christ—The First Through the Spirit — The Inauguration of the Gospel—First-fruits of Jews and Gentiles—In What it Consisted—III. Of Each Person—The Ceremony—Its Significance.

LOOKING into a silversmith's window on Thursday last I observed a notice card, upon which was printed as follows—"This shop will be closed this evening, and will not be re-opened until Tuesday evening." I looked at the name over the window, and observed that it belonged to one of the house of Israel. I had forgotten till that moment that we have now reached the Levitical feast of Pentecost, which contains among its regulations that no servile work is to be done; and hence all business is laid aside by the faithful Jew. Surely, the Jews in their care to observe their law deserve much praise. At what an expense must large trading firms suspend their business! They read a lesson to many professed Christians who seem to have little regard for the Lord's day, break in upon its rest in a thousand frivolous ways, and half regret that they cannot pursue their earthly callings throughout the whole seven days of the week.

It is true that we consider these days, and weeks, and sacred festivals to have become obsolete by the fulfilment of the great truths which they typified; but as this is not the judgment of the Jew because he has not received Jesus as the Messiah, we may at least learn from his strict observance of the Sabbath, and the Passover, and the feast of Pentecost, that it becomes us to study the spiritual

MEANING OF THESE TYPES,

and to guard with care the one great festival which remains to the Church, namely, the Lord's-day. On our Sabbath let us do no needless work, but seek rest both for body and soul.

We are now at the season called Pentecost. In the reading of the Scriptures I showed you out of Leviticus 23, that the first feast was the Passover, and that there is no feasting, no satisfaction, no peace, no rest, no joy, to any heart till first of all we have seen the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus, who is our passover. When we have understood the great truth declared in Jehovah's Word, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you," then we know what it is to dwell in safety within the blood-besprinkled doors, while the destroying angel passes by. Through the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, "we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." Under the covering of the blood of the Lord's passover, we feast upon the Paschal Lamb, and thus our hunger is removed, our desires are satisfied, our strength is renewed, and our heart is made glad.

As the result and outcoming of that passover, we do in fact what the Jews did in emblem on the morrow after the Passover-Sabbath—we confess that we are not our own, but are bought with a price, and that all that we have belongs to our redeeming Lord. On the morrow after the Sabbath the Israelite brought the wave-sheaf of his barley-harvest, which was waved before the Lord in type that every product of the soil, and all the result of man's labor, was from God, and belonged to God. So soon as we have fed upon Christ, and have come out of the house of bondage, we begin to inquire, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" It becomes an instinct with us to express our gratitude in one way or another. Without any deliberation or delay we conclude that if He has loved us, and

given Himself for us, we ought to show our love to Him in some manifest form.

Seven clear weeks passed away from the waving of the sheaf of the barley harvest, and then came

THE FEAST OF FIRST-FRUITS

for all the crops, and principally for the wheat harvest, which was then in full operation: this was Pentecost. In fifty days Israel was fully clear of Egypt, far away in the desert, and quite delivered from all fear of pursuing armies. Pharaoh's hosts had been destroyed, and the Red Sea rolled between Israel and her former oppressors. Then it was that they held a holy convocation. They did not bring to God in the wilderness the loaves of bread of first-fruits, for they had not yet reached the land which would yield them a harvest, but they held their convocation, and were instructed as to what their duty would be when they came to the promised land. When they actually reached their possessions in Canaan, they kept the fiftieth day, and held a solemn feast in which they presented unto the Lord two loaves of bread, made of fine flour from the new wheat. This offering dedicated the harvest.

The teaching of this ceremony is just this: "When you are saved, when you have entered into rest, when you have considered and deliberated, then renew your vows unto the Lord, make your consecration more large, and full and deliberate, and dedicate yourself and all that you have unto the Lord who has given you all things richly to enjoy. You have already, in the short time since you have known the sprinkled blood, obtained a harvest of joy and peace; therefore delay not to bring a worthy portion unto the Lord, and say unto him, 'Thou hast set me free, and made me to be Thy servant, and now I offer to Thee all that I am and all that I have, for Thou hast bought me with Thy precious blood.'"

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!"

ITS LESSONS.

Thus the three feasts can be understood by us in our own spiritual experience. We can keep them in spirit; let us do so at once. Let us again rehearse the passover by fresh faith in Jesus; let us renew our first dedication, which was like to the wave-sheaf; and then let us come with solemn resolve, and after many days of sweet experience, let us renew our covenant before the Lord, saying—

"High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear:
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

We deliberately wish our loyalty to stand good to the end; we have no desire to draw back, but rather would we wish to be more completely the Lord's than ever we have been. We would bring "a new meat offering before the Lord," and keep the feast with great joy, ceasing from all servile work, but in the spirit of obedient children serving the Lord with gladness. Thus we read Pentecost by the light within.

THE CHRISTIAN PENTECOST.

On the larger platform of the Lord's doings for His Church, the passover stands for the sacrifice of our Lord Jesus upon the cross, when He poured out His soul unto death, that by His blood we might be saved from wrath. The waving of the barley sheaf was carried out by our Lord's rising from the dead on the morrow after the Sabbath, when He rose from the dead and became the first-fruits of them that slept. The feast of first-fruits fifty days after His death is fulfilled by the descent of the Holy Ghost, giving to the Church the first-fruits of the Spirit, and working the conversion of three thousand souls, who were thus the first-fruits from among the Jews.

This beginning of blessing was followed by a revival which continued with the Church at Jerusalem for a long time, and extended throughout all the world, till almost every nation had in a short time learned the doctrine of the cross, and multitudes had submitted unto Christ. Of this greater Pentecost we shall not fail to speak this morning: we shall dwell upon both the type and the antitype, and if I run them a little into one another, you must forgive me. The type is so admirable, and so many-sided, that it has its own actual lesson as well as its figurative lesson. I scarcely know where the type ends and where the antitype begins; but your meditations will easily set it right if I should make a muddle.

First, I shall speak upon the consecrated harvest of the field, which we shall illustrate by the passage out of Leviticus; then, secondly, upon the consecrated harvest of our Lord Jesus Christ; and, as a practical lesson, we shall close by considering the consecrated harvest which should come from each soul unto the redeeming Lord.

I. First, let us speak of the consecrated

HARVEST OF THE FIELD.

It may seem somewhat singular to you tnat we should be talking of harvest on this first day of June; but I beg you to remember that the Bible was written in Palestine; and in that country the harvest is much earlier than in this northerly latitude, where the climate is so much more severe. An early day in June would be the average time for the fruits of the field to be ripe. At the beginning of the barley harvest the first ripe ears were presented to the Lord in due order, but at the fuller festival they brought into God's house, not the ears of wheat, but two large loaves of bread taken from their habitations—the fruit of the earth actually prepared for human food. These loaves were offered unto the Lord with other sacrifices. What did that mean?

It meant, first that

ALL CAME FROM GOD.

"We know that," says one. Yes, we do know it, but we often talk as if it were not true. We regard our bread as the fruit of our own labor; which also is true, but it is only a small part of the truth; for who is He that gives us strength to labor, and gives the earth the power to bring forth her harvest from the seed which is sown in her furrows? It is not every man that accepts the mercies of daily providence as in very truth sent from God. I fear in many houses bread is eaten and the giver is forgotten. Oh, you Christian people, you are clothed by the charity of God, and fed by His bounty, and if you do not continually acknowledge that every good gift is from your heavenly Father, may the Lord have pity upon you, and bring you to your right minds! Poverty has been sometimes sent upon men because they were not grateful when they enjoyed abundance. Persons who can grumble when their board is loaded, must not wonder if one of these days they become so distressed as to pine for the crumbs which once fell from their table.

The waving of those loaves before the Lord signified, next, that all our possessions need God's blessing upon them. It would be a horrible thing to be rich with

UNBLESSED RICHES,

yet some are in that condition; and, consequently, the more they hoard, the more curse they lay up for themselves. Without a blessing from God His gifts become temptations, and bring with them care rather than refreshment. If thou hast an ample estate, yet if thou hast more blessing, thy riches shall not be a snare to thee; but thou shalt be able to endure prosperity, which to many is like the height of the craggy rock from which they are dashed down to destruction.

It meant, next, all that we have we hold under God as His stewards. These two loaves were a kind of "peppercorn rent" acknowledging the superior landlord who was the true owner of the Holy Land. Have we all done this with our substance? Do we continually dedicate all that we have unto our God, and stand to the dedication? Do we make a conscientious use of such temporal benefits as the Lord intrusts to us? Where is that one talent of thine, slothful servant? Where are those five talents, O thou man of influence and of wealth?

Let us learn one more lesson; all this was done as

AN ACT OF JOY.

Beloved, the Lord would not have any of you give of your substance to Him with rueful countenance, squeezing it out as though you were losing a drop of blood. Give nothing if you cannot give heartily, but do everything unto the Lord with all your heart, and soul, and strength. The Lord would not have the ark of the covenant dragged by unwilling beasts, but He ordained that it should be carried upon the willing shoulders of chosen men, to whom the service was an honor and a delight. He would have His servants sing in their joyous hymns, "God is the Lord, which hath showed us light; bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar." He would have each one gladly say, "O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am Thy servant, and the son of Thine handmaid; Thou hast loosed my bonds."

II. Thus far we have been considering part of the lesson of the original Jewish Pentecost. Now we must hasten on to consider, in the second place, the consecrated

HARVEST OF OUR LORD

Jesus Christ, as taught by the events of the great Christian Pentecost described in the Acts of the Apostles. Our Lord is the greatest of all sowers, for He sowed Himself. Did He not say, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit?" Our Lord had been sown in His death and burial; and since such a corn of wheat as this is quick in growing, and soon yields a harvest, in fifty days there comes a time for the ingathering of the first-fruits. Had He not said, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest?" and now, when the day of Pentecost was fully come, the fruit was seen of them, and joyfully gathered. Let us learn some lessons from the Christian Pentecost.

First, learn that the first harvest of our Lord Jesus Christ was through the Holy Ghost. There were no three thousand converts till first of all was heard the rushing of mighty wind. I know that I address a great many workers, and I therefore say to each one of them—pay great attention to your own spiritual state. If you desire to save your class you must yourself be endowed with the power of the Holy Ghost. You cannot burn a way for the truth into the heart of another unless the tongue of fire is given to you from on high. Mind this.

That day when the Spirit of God was given may be considered to be the ordering of the Christian dispensation. You may not have noticed it, but if you will count the days you will find that it was exactly fifty days after the original passover that the law was given on Mount Sinai. Now we assert that as the inauguration of the law was on Pentecost, so also was

THE INAUGURATION OF THE GOSPEL.

At the commencement of the Old Testament dispensation, what manifestation do we get? God gives His people *a law*. At the commencement of the New Testament dispensation, what do we get? A law? No, the Lord gives His people *the Spirit*. That is a very different matter. Under the old covenant the command was given; but under the new covenant the will and the power to obey are bestowed upon us by the Holy Ghost. Moses on the mount can only tell us what to do, but Jesus ascended on high pours out *the power to do it*. Now we are not under the law, but under grace, and the Spirit is our guiding force. In the Church of God our rule is not according to the letter of a law, but according to the Spirit of the Lord. Servants, you know, must be told to do this and that, at such an hour, and in such a way; but loving, obedient children may be left free to

obey the dictates of their loving hearts. The Lord is in the midst of His people in love and fellowship, and by the indwelling Spirit whereby He leads the sacred marchings of His redeemed. Pentecost was thus the inauguration of the Gospel dispensation.

This Pentecost was also the beginning of a great harvest of Jews and Gentiles. Were there not two loaves? Nor only shall Israel be saved, but the multitude of the Gentiles shall be turned unto the Lord Jesus Christ, and He shall see of His soul's travail in those whom His Father gave Him from before the foundation of the world. If the first-fruits were so great, what will the ultimate harvest be? Let us look for whole kingdoms to submit themselves to Jesus.

That day of Pentecost, or feast of first-fruits, what was it? Did it consist in many conversions only? No. I believe that the filling of the apostles with the Holy Ghost was a part of the first-fruits of the day of Pentecost. We ourselves who are born to God, whenever the Holy Spirit visits us in His fulness, and sanctifies and elevates us, are a large part of our Lord's reward. A man full of the Holy Ghost rejoices the heart of Christ. Your

POOR STARVELING CHRISTIANS,

who have a name to live and nothing more, who shiver over Christ's commands, and never plunge into His service to find waters to swim in, bring Him little honor and little pleasure; but when we are filled with the Holy Ghost we make men see the glory of His grace, and His name is magnified in the esteem of all onlookers. Still, the major part of the Pentecostal first-fruits will be found in the great number that were that day converted.

The Christian Pentecost is to us full of instruction. Learn you its lessons. First, the disciples had to wait for it. "The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth." Sow on. If you have to wait a week of weeks or a week of years, wait with confidence, for Pentecost will yet yield its loaves unto the Lord. They obtained nothing until they began preaching the Gospel, and then in one day the Church was multiplied by twenty-five. O! when shall each member bring in five-and-twenty in a day by preaching the Word. Oh, for a great day of preaching, when all shall turn out and preach. If all the Lord's servants and handmaids began to publish His salvation, we should soon wake up these sleepy millions, and London would be all on the move toward better things. A great multitude must preach the Gospel if we are to have a great multitude converted by it.

IMPERFECT FIRST-FRUITS.

Yet if even we should see three thousand converted in a day we must not reckon that such first-fruits would be absolutely perfect. In the first Pentecost, as we have seen, leavened cakes were presented to God, so in all our successes and additions there will sure to be a leaven. Do not wonder if some converts go back; if others turn out to be hypocrites, or merely temporary converts. It will always be so, and we should not think it a new and strange trial; tares grow with the wheat, and bad fish are taken in the same net with the good. Therefore let the Church in her best success keep still to Christ and His precious blood, and daily turn to His finished sacrifice. Pray the Lord to send us day after day such additions to the Church that we shall be scarcely able to hear all the testimonies of what the Lord has done for them. Then let us sing, "'Hallelujah, Hallelujah," every day in the week and every hour of the day. Let us rejoice and be glad, and give a hearty welcome to those who come into the Church, and hearty praise to God who sends them.

III. The last thing was to be the consecrated

HARVEST FROM EACH PERSON.

What I have to say is not mine, but the Lord's. If you open your Bibles at Deuteronomy 26 you will find there a form of service which I pray may serve your turn to-day. After the first offering on behalf of the nation consecrating all the harvest, individuals began to bring their first-fruits personally, even to the very end of the year. Whenever the olives had been pressed, or the figs had been gathered, or the grapes had been trodden, or the wheat-fields had been reaped, the truly believing Israelite took a part of his crop to the house of God, and presented it as a love-token. "And it shall be, when thou art come in unto the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance, and possesseth it, and dwellest therein; that thou shall take of the first of all the fruit of the earth, which thou shalt bring of thy land that the Lord thy God giveth thee, and shalt put it in a basket, and shall go unto the place which the Lord thy God shall choose to place His name there. And thou shalt go unto the priest that shall be in those days, and say unto him, I profess this day unto the Lord thy God, that I am come unto the country which the Lord sware unto our fathers for to give us. And the priest shall take the basket out of thine hand, and set it down before the altar of the Lord thy God."

See how the offerer began—"I profess this day unto the Lord thy God, that I am come unto the country which the Lord sware unto our fathers for to give us." I wish to stand here this morning and to say for myself what I hope you can say each one for himself, "I am come to the land of peace and rest which the Lord promised to believers. I am become a possessor of all things in Christ." That is the reason why I would bring my offering. If the Lord has brought you into the goodly land of salvation you too should

BRING YOUR SACRIFICE

unto Him.

When he had made his offering spontaneously and freely because God had done so much for him, then he went home to enjoy all the good things which God had given him. He did not feel as if he were practising self-indulgence when he ate of his figs or partook of his pomegranates, for his fruits in the lump were sanctified by the first-fruits being made holy unto the Lord. He was not afraid to partake of the bounties of Providence, for he had received of the bounties of grace. He did not eat what had never been blessed of God, but he went his way and heard the priest say, as he left the sanctuary, "Thou shalt rejoice in every good thing which the Lord thy God hath given unto thee, and unto thine house, thou, and the Levite, and the stranger that is among you." Then he understood the language of Solomon, "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepeth thy works." Thus may the true believer receive with gladness the supplies which his heavenly Father gives him, and if he, for Christ's sake, and the love of men, abstains from *partaking of wine*, he abstains with greater delight than he ever had in drinking it. Regarding nothing as common or unclean, let us in everything give thanks, and whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, let us glorify God, and feel that he blesses us. This earth which once was accursed becomes to holy men a place of blessing, the vestibule of glory, none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven. Oh,

YOU THAT HAVE NEVER EATEN

of the Paschal Lamb, that have never been sprinkled with His blood, you cannot know anything about this; you cannot offer anything to God; you cannot receive His blessing upon your daily lives, because you have not first of all accepted salvation by the atoning blood. I wish you would now come to Jesus; I pray God you may. But, oh, if you have known the power of the death of Christ, and so are pardoned, do not miss the further joy of a consecrated life, the joy of spending and being spent for Him who redeemed you. The Lord your God is so blessed in Himself that when you give yourself to Him His blessedness overflows and fills you. Nothing is so much ours as what is wholly God's; and when we are not our own, then by some strange logic we are most our own. When we have most fully practised self-denial, then the best riches and the rarest wealth and the truest blessedness is ours. God help us to test this statement, and so to keep the feast. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

The Fall of a Tenement House in Grand Street, New York, on June 14th, placed several lives in jeopardy. The building was old and dilapidated. Several times since 1880 it has been reported as unsafe, but nevertheless thirty-nine persons continued to make it their home. On Saturday morning cracks were noticed in the walls, and an experienced fireman, who was passing, detected indications of a speedy collapse. He took the trouble to go to the agent of the owners, acquaint him with the condition of the house, and also to warn the tenants of their danger. Some of them heeded the warning, and promptly quitted the dwelling, but others remained; they had been warned before, and no evil had happened. About two o'clock the walls were seen to totter, and a general shout was raised to those inside to come out. There was a scene of excitement as the people rushed out of the doors, but three persons still remained, and were there when the house fell, a few minutes later. Happily they escaped with a broken limb or two, the beams having fallen slantwise, and so protecting them; but it was a narrow escape. The bystanders called them foolish for staying in the building after so many warnings, but their conduct was wisdom compared with that of men who neglect the warning which day by day is being given to unsaved men to fly to Christ while there is time (Ezek. 18 : 31).

The Alarm of a Conscience-Stricken Thief led to a reformation of character in a village in Connecticut. A farmer who suffered from petty pilfering suspected one of his neighbors. He watched his barn, and saw, one night, a man coming out with a large bundle of hay on his back. Instead of meeting the man face to face, and charging him with the crime, the farmer rushed into his house, where a wood-fire was still burning. Seizing a blazing brand, he noiselessly overtook the thief, thrust the brand into the hay and retired. In a minute or two the thief was suddenly startled by the crackling flames bursting over his head. Thinking the fire had been sent from heaven to consume him, he dropped the bundle and ran home almost paralyzed with fright. The next day he sought the farmer. With great distress of mind he confessed all his petty pilferings, and avowed his purpose to live an honest life. The farmer forgave him, and never told the story until after the death of the penitent thief—who faithfully adhered to his resolution. This is not the first time that an accusing conscience has caused a fright (Lev. 26 : 36).

Burglars were Astonished Recently at Finding, in a house they broke open at Corning, N. Y., a strong iron safe containing rare and valuable jewels wth the door unfastened. The burglars knew of the existence of the jewels, knew that they were put in the safe every night, and that the owner was on that particular night absent from home. They broke into the house, but found that there was no need of their safe-breaking implements, for the safe door was not even locked. They therefore secured the diamonds and other valuables, and departed without molesting any one. When the facts were disclosed some unfavorable comments were

Scotland Yard, London, the Scene of recent Dynamite Explosions.

Junior Carlton Club, London, partially destroyed by Dynamite on May 30.

made by the neighbors on the carelessness of the family or servants of the owner, who in his absence neglected to lock the safe. They were promptly stopped, however, by the owner declaring that the safe was left *unlocked by his express orders*. He said that when he was at home he took particular care of his valuables, but when he went away he directed the safe to be left open, so that if burglars came they could obtain their booty without agitating his wife, or inflicting pain upon her to force her to tell them the combination. He thought the safety of his jewels would be dearly purchased at the expense of his wife's suffering. We can commend the affectionate thoughtfulness of the husband, and wish that other people, who appear to be ready to sacrifice home, affection, their children, and even their souls to get wealth, would similarly place a more correct estimate on its value (Mark 8 : 36).

THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSIONS IN LONDON ON MAY 30.

(*See Illustrations.*)

ON Friday night, May 30th, as stated in our issue of June 5th under the head of "Foreign Topics," a series of explosions, the work of Irish Fenian miscreants, took place in Scotland Yard, London, the chief office of the Metropolitan police, and in St. James's Square, Pall Mall, where great damage was wrought in the rear of the Clubs.

At the Junior Carlton Club the tradesmen's steps, which lead from the square to the kitchen, and were built of iron, were smashed for about half way up, and the kitchen is a wreck.

The infernal machine would appear to have been fired from the eastern end of the area, from whence its force travelled west, blowing in windows and tearing up a cellar-light in the pavement, afterward, in turn, striking upward and demolishing windows in all directions, those of the club of plate glass, and of the adjoining Adair House, which is the office of the Intelligence Department of the War Office, appearing to have been the worst sufferers.

THE SECOND EXPLOSION TOOK PLACE

outside Sir Watkin Williams Wynn's house, situate at an acute angle south-west. A portion of the stonework forming a ledge above the kitchen windows was where the explosive was placed, as the stone was torn away, and the house front bore distinct marks of its radiating influence. Nearly every window was wrecked, together with those of the two houses adjoining —Winchester House on the one side, and the Duke of Cleveland's on the other, at the corner of King Street. Sir Watkin Wynn and a large party of friends were seated in the room after dinner. The baronet, not having recovered from recent indisposition, suffered a severe shock to the nerves from the effects of the explosion, but his medical attendant happening to be among the company, Sir Watkin was promptly attended to, and removed to another part of the house.

A THIRD EXPLOSION FOLLOWED.

This was in the rear of the Detective Department in Scotland Yard, which the officer on duty there says occurred at twenty-two minutes past nine. Here the dynamite had been placed in a building used by the police, facing the Rising Sun Tavern, and when it exploded the iron framework of the erection was blown across the narrow roadway. The solid brickwork of the building, to the height of some eighteen or twenty feet, was also blown to pieces, wrecking the room behind, in which a number of books were stored. Windows and window-frames all round the yard were smashed, and a brougham and cab standing near the tavern were overthrown. A policeman was very seriously injured, and one of the horses was cruelly wounded.

The explosions were heard over a large area, and the police, of course, were soon called out from all the neighboring stations. Some who were early on the scene picked up as many as seventeen packets of dynamite which had not been exploded. They were thin slabs about six inches in length by three in width. It is stated that twelve of the slabs were found under

THE NELSON COLUMN,

in Trafalgar Square, about an hour after the explosion in Scotland Yard. A constable saw something burning, which, on examining closer he found to be a fuse. A very few more minutes and it is possible that the crowds of people who were flocking toward Whitehall would have been startled, and many of them killed, by the fall of the column, there being little doubt that the quantity of explosive material was sufficient to destroy the base of the monument.

PURSUIT OF A SUPPOSED DYNAMITARD

There is some reason to believe that the perpetrator of the explosions in St. James's Square narrowly escaped being caught in the act as he was observed to throw something down near the club, and in front of Sir Watkin Wynn's house, and make off in the direction of Regent Street. Thither he was pursued by a small crowd, when he hailed a cab, and, strange to say, was enabled to get away. The Hon. Rupert Carington, M. P., saw this part of the escape of the supposed criminal, and he noted down on his shirt-sleeve what he believed to be the number of the cab, and directed the attention of the policeman on the spot to the direction the vehicle was taking. Unfortunately, before further pursuit was possible, the cab was lost in the distance. The supposition is that it had been engaged, as in the case of the Phœnix Park tragedy in Dublin, to wait till the conspirators had done their work.

A large reward is to be offered for information which will convict the offenders. As in the previous dynamite explosions a reward of $10,000 had no satisfactory results, the Government are now being pressed to offer a reward of $25,000. But the wisdom of doing so is doubtful, as so large a sum may tempt some unprincipled fellows to swear falsely against some enemy, in order to get the money.

PROPHETIC STUDENTS BELIEVE

that in the recurrence of these startling events, there is not only an unmistakable manifestation of the Frog Spirit (Rev. 16) of revolutionary socialism, but also what seems likely to be a potent factor in promoting the predestined legislative separation of Ireland from Britain. The same spirit has been energetically at work, in fact, ever since 1848, and produced the long-continued rebellion in China, the Sepoy Mutiny in India in 1857, the Druse massacres in Syria, the uprisings in Italy in 1858, the sanguinary Civil War in the United States, and other political convulsions in different parts of the world. All these things are only preparatory to the formation of the countries of Cæsar's Roman Empire into the predicted Ten-kingdomed Confederacy, which will precede the Coming of Christ, and the dawn of the Sun of Millennial Righteousness.

MY LANDLADY'S STORY.

(*See Illustration on page 413.*)

A LONG period of severe application to the duties of my profession, during which I had undergone much worry and anxiety, left me in a state of mental and physical depression indescribably painful. The physician I consulted

prescribed tonics and other remedies, but with no good effect, and finally he gave me the prescription so often given and so difficult to use, "Take perfect rest and quiet, and plenty of fresh air." That seemed to me, situated as I was, an impossibility, but at length, when utter collapse seemed imminent, I determined that the impossible must be achieved. I must go away and hide myself beyond reach of letters and telegrams, and amid scenes where there could be nothing to remind me of my ordinary occupations. Meditating on these necessary conditions, the thought of a certain fishing village which I had seen years ago occurred to me. No railroad went near it, no tourists ever visited it; the inhabitants did not care a straw about candidates, conventions, party platforms, or the tariff. That was the place for me, and there I went, after directing all communications to be left at my office in the city until my return. I arrived at my destination one lovely evening in the early summer, just in time to see the sun set beyond the watery horizon.

Early the next morning I was out on the sands drinking in the fresh sea breeze and watching the tide come in. As I sat there I noticed a woman approach the water. She gave an intense look out to sea, and then turned away and began to pace the level stretch of sand, at the farther extremity of which I had taken up my position. Somehow the figure and gait of the woman attracted my interest and I watched her closely. She was barefooted and bareheaded, but that was not unusual among the women of the village, yet there was a grace and dignity in her movements which was uncommon. She wore a loose cloak which the wind whirled about her shoulders, and in her hand was a long light stick. As she came nearer I noticed that she was beautiful, apparently about twenty-three years old, and in her eyes was a far-away, abstracted, vacant look save when she turned them seaward, when the keen, earnest, wistful look could be seen in them. She remained there until the tide turned, walking to and fro, and then as the waves receded she sighed wearily and walked back to the village.

The Forlorn Watcher by the Sea.

The next morning and the next she was there and still acted in the same way. In spite of myself I became interested in her and was curious to learn her story. I described her to the old lady with whom I boarded, and asked her if she knew her.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "that is crazy Madge. She always goes to that part of the beach every morning. She is quite harmless, but her senses are gone. 'How did it happen?' Well it was three or four years ago. She and her father came to live here and they seemed real fond of each other. They did not seem to be rich but had about enough to keep them comfortably. They came here they said for quiet as the old gentleman was an invalid, and quiet it is here, as you may see, sir. They had been here about six months when they had a visitor, a young man about a year older than Madge. The old gentleman seemed very proud of him, taking him around among the cottages and telling us that he was his only son. He was going to be a lawyer and he looked a real handsome noble fellow. He joked and laughed with any one and seemed full of life and spirits. Madge and he were always together, and the old gentleman was with them whenever he could get out.

"One day the two gentlemen went out in a boat they had borrowed, and the owner of the boat went with them. They wanted to have a day's deep-sea fishing. They do say that Madge was to have gone with them but the night before there had been a quarrel. No one seemed to know what it was about, but it was serious. It was a very strange thing for they were the most loving family I ever saw. The hired girl who waited on them said she heard the father reproving Madge about something and she—she was very high-spirited then—spoke loud and angry-like, and seemed most angry at her brother. She said she would not go with them the next day, but the brother only laughed and said Madge would think better of it in the morning. But she did not go. The hired girl heard the brother go to her door and call her in the morning, and heard Madge say she should not go. He said, 'Don't bear malice, Madge. Come and kiss me and be a good girl." But Madge would not see him, and when he said 'Good-by' she did not answer.

"Well sir, they went out, and that day there was a sudden storm and it is supposed that the boat capsized and they were all drowned, for nothing was ever heard of them again. We saw Madge on the beach in the evening looking out for them and seemingly very anxious. When the night passed and the next day and they did not come, she grew ill and had a dreadful fever. We thought she would die, but she got over it. The first thing she did when she could walk was to go to the beach and walk up and down on the look-out as you saw her, and she has done it every day since.

"A lawyer came to see her after a time and brought a physician with him. He said he was her father's executor. They said it would make her worse to take her away so they arranged for her to stay here and hired a kind, motherly woman to take care of her.

She does not talk much, but is always expecting her father and brother to come back, and appears to have lost sight of the time since they left. If you speak to her she answers quite softly, and so pitifully, 'I am waiting for my father and brother. I am a good girl now. It was only a little silly quarrel we had. I want to tell them I am sorry. I am sure they'll forgive me. I wanted to be forgiven this morning, only I did not like to humble myself. But when they come I shall tell them. They are very late; I do so wish they would come.' It is very sad, sir. We are all sorry for her."

The old lady was right. It was a sad story. I saw Madge every morning during my stay, and she spoke to me on several occasions, asking me if I had seen a boat. By and by as she became accustomed to me she told me why she was there in almost the same words the old lady had given me. It was most painful to listen to her wistful words and to see the humility and pretty anxiety to be forgiven. As I listened and tried to comfort her, her thoughts were still dwelling on the forgiveness she craved, and I thought of the words so strangely pathetic, spoken of another: "He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears" (Heb. 12 : 17).

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 399.*)

At a Death-bed.

THE church at Little Aston was by no means Carl Bramwell's ideal church. With the exception of the Waldrons and Morleys, it consisted almost exclusively of very ordinary and vulgar persons, of little education and not enlightened religion. Carl's blue eyes grew dim as he sat at Mr. Waldron's right hand in a square pew under the pulpit, and he felt what an awful thing it is to take the care of souls.

He was so wrapt in this enthusiasm, that he neither heard Mr. Waldron speak, nor the congregation rise to their feet, until a voice close beside him, a voice soft, and sweet, and clear, suddenly rang through his trance, and startled him as with an electric shock. It was nothing more than a voice starting the tune for the hymn about to be sung, but Carl turned his head quickly to the spot whence it sounded. He could not be mistaken as to who were the white-haired and sorrow-stricken man and the young girl standing closely at his side; and his own face flushed and burned with an uncontrollable emotion as he caught the glance of their eyes.

His eyes were still dazzled, and his heart beating painfully, when, after Mr. Waldron had said what he had to say in introducing him to his church, he was obliged to stand up alone and face his people, to give utterance to some of the feelings of his heart toward them. He was speaking with a simple eloquence and earnestness, when the vestry-door near to him was opened softly, and his friend Grant stepped to Mr. Waldron's side, and whispered something in his ear. Carl paused, and Mr. Waldron addressed the meeting in a hurried and trembling voice.

"Brethren," he said, "our dear old pastor, who has been very ill, as you all know, is now on the point of death, and he desires to see his young colleague immediately, with Brother

Morley and myself. The necessity is urgent, and we must leave you at once. Let some among you engage in prayer.

A dead silence prevailed while Carl, with Mr. Waldron and John Morley, quitted the lighted chapel and plunged into the darkness of the streets. To Carl it seemed more like one of the many dreams of his student-life than the sober reality that it was. His ecstasy of emotion was not yet over; the voices which had welcomed him were still ringing in his ears. Yet he was here in the unlit street, following in silence as Mr. Waldron walked before him, and with a second companion known only to him by his melancholy history. He was going, too, to witness the death of an old man, his co-pastor, whom he had never seen. It could be only a dream. If there were anything real in this night's experience, it was that his ears had heard a voice which would make his heart restless till he could hear it again.

They soon reached the minister's little house, and saw one window brightly illuminated by the light which the dulled eyes of the dying often need as they go down into the valley of darkness. Carl shook off the enthralment and bewilderment of his fancies, and roused himself to realize the scene he was about to witness. Mr. Waldron knocked gently at the door, and it was opened in an instant by a woman who awaited their arrival. A line of light fell down the little garden they crossed; and for the first time Carl became aware that Grant was following them, and with him a slight girlish figure whose face was veiled.

He had not time to see more, for Mr. Waldron and John Morley had gone on, and were already ascending the staircase. The chamber into which they entered was barely and scantily furnished, except with books, for it had evidently been the study of the dying man, as well as his bedroom. Their footsteps sounded loudly as they strode across the bare and creaking boards. The curtains of faded chintz were drawn back from the bed, and the old minister's palsied head, propped up with pillows, was turned anxiously toward them.

He fastened his glazing eyes upon Carl; and the two other men also turned their gaze instinctively upon him. Mr. Waldron, in his hale and hearty old age, which as yet was only gray with the coming shadow; and John Morley with his air of a century of suffering, which caused him to equal the dying man in his burden of years. These three old men faced him, and looked upon his youth with profound interest. Again he felt himself in a dream, and the silence grew intolerable to him. It was broken by the old pastor stretching out his withered and shaking hand to him, and breathing the word, "Brother."

The single word spoken in the thin and labored voice of death, possessed a peculiar pathos, linking as it did the old man who was putting off his mortality, with his young successor rich in vigorous life. An eternal brotherhood linked all men together in an unbroken chain with *the Divine Elder Brother*, of whom they were both ambassadors. Carl's eyes grew clear, and shone with the kindling of a chivalrous enthusiasm upon the three aged men who confronted him.

"Yes," he said, grasping the chilly and wrinkled hand of the dying man in his own, "I am your brother; and I am ready to take up your work when you lay it down. What is it you will have me do? I have many years to live and work in yet."

"There is Hester standing behind you," answered Mr. Watson.

She had glided in with her noiseless step, and stood near to him, waiting to approach more closely the old minister. Mr. Waldron's features brightened for an instant, and Mr. Watson raised his head eagerly.

"Come near to me, Hester," he said. "There is nothing that you may not hear. Wait a moment, all of you; I have something to say to you."

He lay still for a few minutes, collecting his thoughts; and Carl looked round the bare room, whose emptiness and bareness made more chilly the atmosphere of death. Was this to be the end of the career upon which he had entered this evening? He did not dare to turn his eyes to the place where Hester sat, beside the pillow of her old friend; but he saw her, vaguely and indistinctly, bending over him and wiping the damp cold forehead with her handkerchief. There had been a thought of his own death all day in Carl's mind, as there is in every time of unusual agitation to a sensitive and visionary spirit; but it had not been a solitary and almost friendless death like this.

"I must speak," said the minister in a sad, and well-nigh querulous voice; "I have had very much to bear upon my soul because of my church. It has been a heavy charge; and there is a great deal to be done yet before it will be without spot or blemish. The task has been too hard for me. I pray God you may be stronger for His service than I have been."

"God looks upon your work with other eyes than yours," said Carl. "You will hear Him say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

The dim eyes brightened a little as Carl's voice repeated the familiar words; but he shook his already trembling head despondingly.

"Nay, but I have not been faithful," he answered; "I have been afraid to speak, and kept silence often and often against my conscience. Brethren, bear with me this once. I am more afraid of God than of you at this moment. Your divisions and your want of brotherly love have been a heavy burden upon me. Brother Waldron, there has been a canker-worm of worldly pride and self-will in your heart, which must needs be cast away. You have made us all feel it—the church and me. You were too great a man for us; there was no one to stand against you; and I never dared to say it till now."

His voice fell into almost inarticulate whispers, and he paused for more strength. Perhaps never did a deacon feel more completely confounded and thunderstruck beside his pastor's death-bed than did Mr. Waldron; but it was not a time for him to protest against his judgment.

"As for you, dear brother Morley," continued the painful voice, "you have been a continual sorrow and heaviness of heart to me. Look at what you are doing. You are throwing away your life, which ought to have been a blessing to all about you. You have made Hester's life a grief to her."

"It is not I who have done it," replied John Morley, with a quivering face.

"Nay, but it is you," he urged; "surely the past should be forgotten. I am very sorrowful for Hester; she has had a sore burden to carry also. Will you not take it from her? Now you are all here, I commend her to you; for in me she will lose a friend, and she cannot afford to lose any. She has been a very dear daughter unto me. You will all take care of Hester."

He did not seem to expect any answer, but turned to Hester and smiled feebly upon her. A moment or two afterward he resumed his speech.

"My child," he said, "I was to have received you into my church to-day. Surely I may do it now in the presence of these witnesses. Hester, I give you the right hand of fellowship, in token that you are received into the Church of Christ."

He laid his right hand in hers, and closed his weary eyelids, sinking back, as if exhausted, upon his pillow. Grant, who had stolen unperceived to the other side of the bed, placed his fingers upon his pulse, and made a sign to them to take Hester away. Carl bent down and put his mouth near to the ear of his dying colleague.

"I will stay with you till the end," he said.

"Ay, stay," he whispered; "I have need of you. I am afraid, still."

It was a long night, and Carl passed it in scarcely interrupted reverie as he watched the last ebb of life receding slowly from the heart of this stranger to whom he found himself united by so strong a tie. It was a night full of checks and chills upon his young enthusiasm. The charge, even of this humble church, had been too burdensome for its pastor. Toward the end he spoke often and incoherently of Hester, and was troubled for her, repeatedly recommending her to Grant and Carl. Then his voice sank into whispered murmurings, and breathed its last word in a tone which no ear could catch. Carl had become the sole pastor of the church at Little Aston, for Mr. Waldron as the largest subscriber and the most influential officer of the church could practically control the choice of the church. Whom he approved would be accepted.

Breakfast was just finished, but the family had not yet dispersed, when Carl reached Aston Court next morning. There was a shade of embarrassment in Mr. Waldron's greeting, for he could not forget that this young man, who was under his patronage, had heard administered to him the sharpest rebuke it had ever been his lot to receive. Yet at bottom he was too true a man and too sincere a Christian to resent his dying pastor's reproach. He shook Carl's hand, therefore, with more warmth than usual, and looked cordially into his worn face, which was weary with the watching and the meditations of the night. Robert, who had been about to quit the table, lingered to listen to his report; with a secret impatience to hear what had occurred at the meeting the night before, and to ascertain whether Carl and Hester had yet seen one another. Miss Waldron was the first to inquire after the minister.

"He is dead," answered Carl, with the brevity of emotion.

"And what was the last utterance of our beloved pastor?" she asked. She had rather looked down upon the meek and timid old man during his lifetime; but she possessed the common and morbid curiosity for knowing the last words of the dying.

"It was inarticulate," replied Carl evasively; "his voice failed him an hour or two before he died."

"But," persisted Miss Waldron, "there must have been some last sayings which were articulate before he lost his voice. The last words of dying saints are very precious, and they should be made the property of the Church."

"He was speaking chiefly of two of the members of his church," said Carl, with reluctance; "it was his dying charge to me as his successor. He committed to my care those for whom he felt the greatest anxiety."

"And who might these be?" asked Miss Waldron; "*two* members of the Church! We can be of use to you here. You know nothing of your flock as yet; but we know them. Whom did our dear pastor so specially commend to your charge?"

Carl looked round at each face with doubt and irresolution. If Miss Waldron had been alone he would not have hesitated to tell her all; but how could he mention John Morley and Hester before Robert? Mr. Waldron guessed the reason of his reluctance, and would not yield to avoiding the utterance of John Morley's name.

"I can tell you, I believe," he said, addressing his daughter, "it would be Hester and her father."

A rapid tremor of agitation ran through Robert Waldron's frame, and he rose hurriedly from his chair as if to leave them altogether; but he only walked to the window and stood looking out upon the terrace before it.

"But Hester is no member of the Church," said Miss Waldron, almost peevishly; "and I want to know how ever she came to be present at the church-meeting last night."

"I gave her permission to be present," replied Mr. Waldron, in a mild, deprecating tone; "and, my dear, Mr. Watson received her

into the Church last night before he died. It was no doubt informal; but I was present, and so were Mr. Bramwell, and her father. There was something very affecting in it, I assure you."

The tears stood in Mr. Waldron's eyes at the recollection. Everything which concerned Hester touched the softest part of his nature; and Miss Waldron would have been struck with utter amazement at her father's folly, if she could for a moment have seen into the close recesses of his heart.

"I never in all my life heard of such a thing!" she exclaimed, pronouncing the words slowly, and with marked emphasis; "what could you all have been thinking of? Hester Morley at the death-bed of Mr. Watson! That girl is the most singular person I ever met with. I do not consider her fit for church-membership as yet. She has the most independent notions, and no clear faith in one doctrine. Poor girl! She has grown up under great disadvantages."

She stopped abruptly, for it was impossible to enumerate Hester's disadvantages before her brother, who was chafing and fuming inwardly, but who did not care to leave the room as long as Hester was the topic of the conversation.

"What disadvantages?" asked Carl absently; speaking only because Miss Waldron paused.

She darted an apologetic and beseeching glance at Robert, who now turned round with a face dark with anger.

"Mr. Bramwell," he said, in a tone which startled Carl from his absence of mind, "I suppose it is your right to learn the domestic history of your people; and I will leave you to hear that of the Morleys from my sister."

(To be continued.)

DAVID KING OVER ALL ISRAEL.

S. S. Lesson for July 6, II Sam. 5 : 1–12. Golden Text, Ps. 78 : 70. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

David's Way to the Throne—God Guided it—Abner the Instrument—Casting the Burden on the Lord—Jesus the Leader out of Trouble—No Self-Extrication—His Kingship Unclaimed—The Christian's Hebron—The King's Own Terms—Supreme Rule—The Seat of Government Removed—Jebusites Remaining in the City—How Jesus Rules.

AFTER the death of Saul, "there was long war between the house of Saul and the house of David; but David waxed stronger and stronger, and the house of Saul waxed weaker and weaker" (II Sam. 3 : 1). It was God's purpose to make David king. Man might oppose the execution of His purpose, but this opposition must ultimately give way. When man fights against God, he fights "as one that beateth the air." God's ways are not as man's ways. Many might have thought that a decisive battle fought between David and Ishbosheth, Saul's son, would put David in possession of the throne of Israel. God, however, worked in quite, another way. A quarrel arose between Ishbosheth and Abner, his father's successful general; and Abner in his anger declared to Ishbosheth, "So do God to Abner, and more also, except, as the Lord hath sworn to David, even so I do to him; to translate the kingdom from the house of Saul, and to set up the throne of David over Israel and over Judah, from Dan even to Beersheba" (II Sam. 3 : 9, 10). This is just like

GOD'S WAY OF WORKING.

Had David won the kingdom by his military prowess, he might have been tempted to think that he owed everything to his own tact and energy. As matters stood, he could see only the Lord in it, overruling men and circumstances to bring about the fulfilment of His own promises. Thus David's trust in the Lord was strengthened, and he could say, "His right hand, and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory" (Ps. 98 : 1). David would learn also how completely the wrath of the wicked is permitted to work out the purposes of God, how entirely subject to His sway are the thoughts of all men, and how precious it is to have to do only with God.

Abner sent to David to make a league with him, to bring about the land to him, but David consented only on condition that his wife, Saul's daughter Michal, should be restored to him. Ishbosheth, who was but a tool in Abner's hands, could do nothing to prevent Abner carrying out his purpose. Then Abner called the elders of Israel and said, "Ye sought for David in times past to be king over you:

NOW THEN DO IT:

for the Lord hath spoken of David, saying, By the hand of My servant David, I will save My people Israel out of the hand of the Philistines, and out of the hand of all their enemies" (II Sam. 3 : 17, 18). What a marvellous change! *Abner*, David's greatest enemy, influencing Israel in his favor; Abner, the worldly soldier, preaching the Word of God! Yet so it was. God's messages reach us sometimes in strange ways; but let us heed them howsoever they may come.

Jesus is our David, God's chosen king over us. How often have we spoken in time past of making Him King! How often have we prayed that every thought may be brought into the obedience of Christ! Here comes a piece of blunt advice, "Now then *do* it;" Let the transaction take place, let the government be upon His shoulder, let it be off from yours. Pass over to Him the entire management, so that the imitation of everything may be from Him, the conduct of everything by Him; in your heart, in your family, in your business, in all things. A woman, speaking in a meeting recently, said, "When I was converted, I longed that the members of my family should be brought to Jesus. I was very anxious. I did all I could, and I kept continually praying for them, and bearing the burden on my heart. But Mr. Boardman showed me that I was taking the government and the responsibility upon *me:* and that I was to pass it over to the Lord and to trust Him, and praise Him that He undertook it: because He said so. Since then

TWELVE MEMBERS OF MY FAMILY

have been converted." She had placed the government on His shoulder, and had made Jesus King.

David had yet some years to wait before the kingdom was fully his. "Then came all the tribes of Israel to David unto Hebron, and spake, saying, Behold we are thy bone and thy flesh. Also in time past, when Saul was king over us, thou wast he that leddest out and broughtest in Israel; and the Lord said to thee, Thou shalt feed my people Israel, and thou shalt be a captain over Israel." Oh, how true this is; under the dominion of Saul (ourself) though he may be, it is only Jesus who leads out of trouble and brings into blessing. Is there a difficulty from which we have ever extricated *ourselves?* Must we not indeed confess "The Lord hath done it?" Did *we* ever conquer a temptation? No, it was the Lord who did it. Did we ever cleanse ourselves from a sin? Never; the Lord hath done it. Every leading *out* of bondage, sin, evil, suffering, has been the work of Jesus, our David. And who has brought us *in?* Who brought us into the fold? None but the good Shepherd. Who has brought us into joy, peace, love, power, victory? Only, and always Jesus. Now, *are* we at this moment claiming Him King? Are we saying to Him, "Lord, on the testimony of Thy Word, I am Thy bone and Thy flesh (Eph. 5 : 30). Thou art appointed of God to rule me and be my Captain; I own Thee now my King. Rule Thou, rule absolutely over me, over all I am and have, all I ever shall be or shall have." But will He care for such a little kingdom? Yes, He has given His life blood to possess it. He who is not ashamed to call us brethren, loves us with more than a brother's love; for He calls us to be His bride, and has predestinated us to be conformed to His image.

It was in Hebron, where the tribes of Israel came to make David King. Hebron means fellowship. "God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of His Son Jesus Christ" (I Cor. 1 : 9).

GOD IS FAITHFUL,

if we let Him have the control, to bring about real fellowship with Him. But we may deceive ourselves: "If we *say* we have fellowship with Him and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth. But if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another (God with us, and we with Him), and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." In Hebron, *i. e.* in fellowship with God, Jesus *must* be King, He *must* reign. There is no fellowship with God but upon His own terms—Jesus Lord, Jesus reigning supreme and reigning always.

Many a soul says, "Oh, how I long to serve God faithfully! I do want Him to have full control of me, I dedicate myself to Him, I pray, and praise Him, and yet I am always doing things which grieve Him; how is this?" In all this you are holding the reins of your spiritual life in your own hands; you dedicate yourself, but you say nothing as to whether *He* has accepted you; you offer Him the control, but you do not say whether He has taken it. You pray, but you do not say whether the prayer is answered; you praise, but the very fact that there is anarchy in your soul *proves* that the kingdom of Jesus is not yet set up in your heart. You are holding on to yourself, managing yourself still, instead of letting Him have the full control, the full responsibility; *you* being only a willing instrument in His hands, to co-operate with Him in full subjection. You are offering to Him a service which you give to Him as being outside of you, up in heaven, instead of letting Him come into

HIS KINGDOM

to live and reign in your spirit, soul and body "*with* you alway even unto the end of the world."

When David's reign commenced in Jerusalem, and the seat of government was moved from Hebron to Jerusalem (city of peace) there were inhabitants of the land which yet remained, and disturbed the peace by disputing David's possession. These Jebusites said unto David, "Except thou take the blind and the lame, thou shalt not come in hither." According to man's reason, according to natural feelings of compassion, it would seem a brutal thing to destroy those who could not help themselves. But David saw things in the light of God. *God* had called him to reign in Jerusalem. The Jebusites, in common with the other Canaanites, practised the grossest idolatry, and also witchcraft; immorality, and all manner of evil, and in order to hold their own, and continue their wickedness, they had made the stronghold of Zion the refuge of the blind and the lame, "thinking David cannot come in hither." And David saw that in such a case it was to the honor of God, and for the good of the whole country, that these sinful people should be conquered and destroyed, and he commanded their destruction. When the blind and the lame came unto *Jesus* in the temple, He healed them (Matt. 21 : 14), but the blind and lame Jebusites made use of their infirmity to rebel against God. In our hearts and lives there are Jebusites to be destroyed. All which cannot accord with the reign of Jesus must go, whatever it may cost. As soon as this conviction is a settled one, and our *will* is given up, it costs nothing at all. When Jesus really reigns, all struggle ceases, all disappointment ceases, all suffering, which is not fellowship with His sufferings, ceases. Anxiety is impossible, burden, care, fear, remorse cease to be, because Jesus has His own way. He takes the burdens and the cares, He provides, He plans, He has the responsibility, and He is the Prince of peace; in His presence is fulness of joy, not only in heaven but also here on earth. Dear reader, make Him King, let Him have His way, let Him rule alone.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Approaching Conference on the Egyptian question continues to be the chief topic of public concern in Europe. The date fixed for its assembling is June 28th, but it is doubtful if that date can be adhered to, for diplomats are of the opinion that the notices of acceptance of the Anglo-French agreement regarding Egyptian affairs on the part of the various Powers will not arrive in time. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "If the conference shall refuse the English proposal to lower the rate of interest on the debt the advance of £8,000,00 and the Anglo-French agreement will lapse, and matters will revert to the present situation. The British Government, however, has given the liberal members of Parliament a private assurance that the Anglo-French agreement with reference to Egyptian affairs leaves the question of the ultimate position of England in Egypt still open. A vote of censure will be moved June 26th. The liberals calculate that they still retain a majority of thirty, and confidently expect to defeat the motion of censure.

General Gordon is Still Cut Off at Khartoum from communication with his government, and the hostile troops surrounding him appear to be growing bolder and more vindictive. The British Cabinet is frequently interrogated as to his condition, and the replies given prove that the officials are in ignorance respecting him. On June 20th the Secretary of State, replying to questions, said that the last news received from General Gordon was of the date of April 12th. He said that twenty messengers had been sent to General Gordon by different routes. One messenger, who went up the Nile by boat, succeeded in entering Khartoum. On his return, bearing General Gordon's answer to the government messages, he was pursued by the rebels and killed. Twenty-one pilgrims have arrived at Suakim from Khartoum. They left that city on May 25th, and they say that Khartoum at that time was safe and had a full supply of provisions.

The Disaffection of the Irish People has been manifested during the past week in their reception of the Lord-Lieutenant, who went to Belfast to lay the foundation-stone of a public library and unveil a portrait of Queen Victoria. The absence of decorations was a matter of general remark. On one building *the union jack hung at half mast.* Another union jack was suspended across one of the streets through which Earl Spencer passed. The following words, in black letters, were placed upon it: "Remember Newry and Rossmore." Four hundred extra police and a troop of lancers were present to maintain order. Silence was preserved along the whole route of the procession. On reaching the Town Hall the Lord Lieutenant was greeted with mingled cheers and groans. In his speech Earl Spencer referred to the troubles of Ireland, and dwelt upon the reviving prospects of the country. He congratulated the citizens of Belfast upon their peaceful character and their adherence to law and order. But while the Lord Lieutenant was thus flattering Belfast an artillery regiment going to Tarbert for training mutinied at Glin, a market town a few miles from Limerick. The soldiers attacked the townspeople and injured several of them. Great excitement resulted, and several arrests were made.

Uneasiness in European Cabinets is Manifested on the subject of the French intrigues in Morocco. In Italy, especially, they cause distrust. The papers declare that, notwithstanding Premier Ferry's protestations, the object of France in encouraging the pretensions of the Sherif of Wazan, and in making a naval demonstration off the coast of Morocco, is obviously to overthrow the Sultan and dynasty of that country in favor of the Sherif of Wazan, who is now their accomplice, and would then be their tool in effecting a French protectorate over Morocco. The ultimate design of France, these papers say, is to secure control of the entrance to the Mediterranean, of which Tangier is as much the key as the rock of Gibraltar itself. Italy, as well as every power bordering on the Mediterranean, is vitally interested in preventing this control, and the papers demand a reprisal in the shape of an Italian occupation of Tripoli. That country, they say, belongs to Italy by geographical position quite as much as Algiers belongs to France, and they believe that Italy should have a firm foothold on the south Mediterranean coast to watch and foil the colonizing, or, rather, buccaneering, schemes of France.

A Raid on Socialists in Austria has Resulted in numerous arrests. The European correspondent of the New York *Sun* cables that, after the murders of Herr Eisert, Inspector Klubeck, and Detective Block last year, hundreds of suspected conspirators were arrested, and many of them were released only after they had been escorted to the frontier and left there, with an injunction never to return to Austrian soil. Most of these exiles have gradually returned, however, and have become more and more bold in showing themselves, although aware that they were known to the authorities. A few days ago the chief of the imperial secret police issued an order that every one of these returned suspects should be arrested. A wholesale raid resulted, and scores of men and women were captured in Vienna and elsewhere. The prisoners were not taken before the magistrates in the localities where they were arrested, but were conveyed under guard to various remote portions of the empire, and the fate of some of them is a matter of mysterious conjecture. These proceedings have caused much excitement at Vienna, and the Socialists there are openly menacing the Government with sanguinary reprisals.

Volunteer Subjects for Medical Experiment are offering themselves to M. Pasteur, who, as recently announced, believes he has discovered a method of preventing hydrophobia by inoculation. The European correspondent of the New York *Times* cables that M. Pasteur is overwhelmed with letters from persons offering their services as subjects for his experiments in inoculating human beings against rabies. The experiments are to be made before a Government Commission, and among those who offer to submit their persons to the tests in the interests of science are no less than fourteen medical students, who beg to be given the preference, as they are willing, if need be, to die in what they all pronounce the cause of humanity.

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's Fiftieth Birthday has evoked an expression of popular esteem, to which there is no parallel in modern religious history. He attained the age of fifty years last Thursday. A great meeting was held in the Tabernacle, when that vast edifice was filled to overflowing. Mr. Spurgeon was tendered an ovation. Dr. Parker and Mr. Newman Hall were among the distinguished persons present. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided. Mr. Gladstone sent a letter of congratulation. Lord Shaftesbury made a speech, in which he spoke of Mr. Spurgeon in a eulogistic manner. He referred to his powerful administrative mind. The various societies and associations under Mr. Spurgeon's charge required sufficient care to occupy the minds of fifty men. The Earl dwelt on the fact that his preaching specially reached the hearts as well as the intellects of those who listened to him. He said that one of Mr. Spurgeon's chief merits was that he was *not afraid to mention hell* to ears polite. Mr. Spurgeon was one of the most admirable, amiable, loving fellows he had ever met. As a preacher he was exactly the reverse of the preacher of whom it was once said, "He preached so finely and lived so badly that it was a pity when he entered the pulpit that he ever came out. When out, it was a pity that he ever entered it again." Canon Wilberforce, of Southampton, said the meeting had assembled to glorify not Spurgeon, but the living God. The best testimonial of Mr. Spurgeon was the fact that his weekly sermon was *translated into seven modern languages*, traversing the world, and solacing the hearts of men. An address of fraternal greeting was next read from 153 Baptist churches, representing 420,000 souls. The Rev. S. P. Gifford, of America, narrated the story of an American school-boy who, when asked who the Prime Minister of England was, replied "Charles Spurgeon." [Laughter.] That was an expression of the influence of Mr. Spurgeon on the minds of the religious public of America. The people of America thanked God for raising such a man, and trusted that his years would be doubled. Mr. Spurgeon jocularly replied, referring to the many laudatory letters he was continually receiving from America. He said his library contained two companion volumes—namely, "Jonathan on Brag" and "John Bull on Boasting." He was afraid the new world had learned a bad habit from the old. A cheque for $22,500 was then handed Mr. Spurgeon. The latter, rising, received an ovation. He said the kindness he had received during the last two days would melt the hardest heart. He did not expect a cheque, but did wish something raised with which to extend and improve the Tabernacle and for other religious and charitable purposes. On the previous evening meetings were held in anticipation of the event, when Mr. Moody spoke. He said he would never have come to England if it had not been for Mr. Spurgeon. Twenty-five years ago, when he was converted, he read everything obtainable that Mr. Spurgeon said or wrote. He came across the Atlantic in 1867, and took a seat in the gallery of the Tabernacle. He would like to take that seat back to America. When he returned to America he tried to preach himself, but in 1872 returned to England to try to learn a little more from Mr. Spurgeon, and he never entered the Tabernacle without obtaining a blessing.

A Formal Invitation has been Sent Both by the Missionary Conference and the Evangelical Ministers of Calcutta to Messrs. Moody and Sankey, asking them to visit India at the earliest practicable date. The *Indian Witness* says: "We are not aware that any information has been received which makes it probable that the invitation will be accepted, but we notice that very many earnest Christians seem strong in the faith and hope that the great evangelists can be persuaded to devote at least one season to India, and we are assured that no effort will be spared to induce them to do so. That they would stir our great cities as they have never been stirred before is more than probable, and even if they should not succeed in breaking the ranks of the non-Christian population, they would make a deep impression upon a very important class of young men, while the awakening and conversion of worldly and irreligious Europeans would make a profound impression upon all classes."

"Thy Healer." A New Magazine Devoted to the subject of faith-healing, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price five cents, including postage. It is issued in London on the first and fifteenth of each month, and will be sent to subscribers promptly on its receipt in New York. The annual subscription is one dollar. It is *edited by Mrs. M. Baxter* whose expositions of the International Sunday-school lessons are published every week in this journal. It contains incidents of faith-healing reported from Bethshan, the London faith-healing institution, and from other similar institutions in Europe, and articles by eminent writers on the subject.

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1884. **No. 27.—New Series.**

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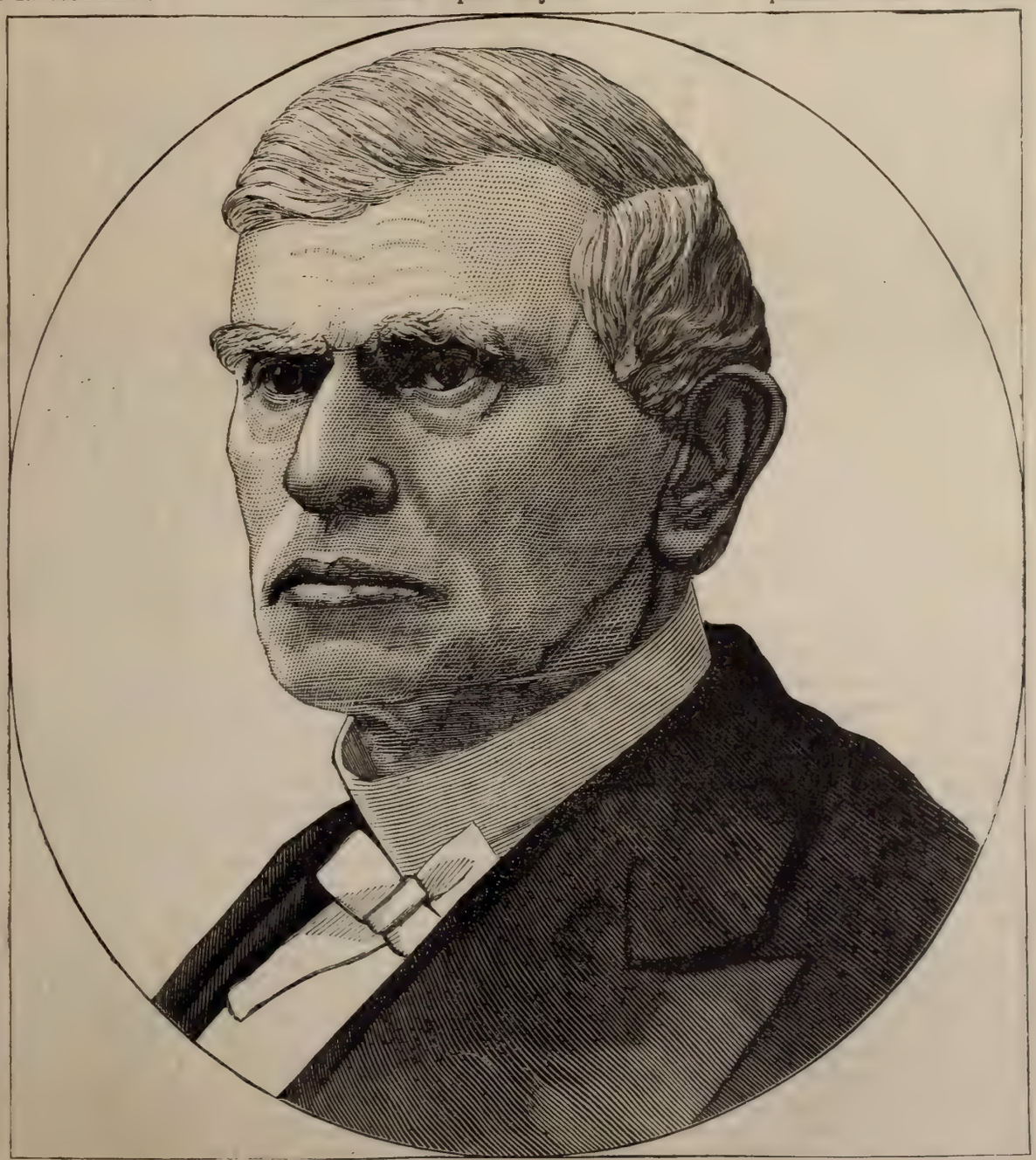

The Late Bishop MATTHEW SIMPSON, D.D., LL.D. Born June 20, 1811. Died June 18, 1884.

THE LATE REV. MATTHEW SIMPSON, D.D., LL.D.,

Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Birth and Parentage—Death of his Father—The Hon. Matthew Simpson—His Early Training—Reads Through the German Bible — Enters School—Joins the Church—Practises Medicine—Received into Conference—President of Indiana Asbury University—Editor of the "Western Christian Advocate"—Elected Delegate to General Conference of 1844—His Character as Writer and Preacher—Mistaken for a Farmer—Astonishes a Pastor—Elected Bishop in 1852—Visits Europe and the Holy Land—Twice Again Visits Europe—His Literary Works—Mrs. Simpson—Her Death on June 18.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church was wisely directed when it chose Dr. Simpson as one of its bishops. He was a man of wonderful physical power—capable of performing unlimited labors—full of energy and resource, original in mind, and always pressing forward to new ground. Withal his gifts as a preacher were remarkable. Eloquent and logical, he was able to place before the congregations he addressed the truth which God had put in his heart, and which he uttered earnestly and fearlessly whether men would hear or whether they would forbear. When, two weeks ago, he breathed his last, it was amid the testimonies of the servants of God in his own and other churches that his life and labor had been a benediction to the Word.

Matthew Simpson, D.D., LL.D., was born in Cadiz, Ohio, on the 20th June, 1811, of Methodist parents. His father was one of the class who remember the injunction to "use hospitality one to another without grudging" (1 Pet. 4 : 9), and throw their houses open to ministers and other disciples of Christ. Many a travelling preacher, therefore, Elisha like, came and went in that house, always sure of "a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick" (II Kings 4 : 10). But the old gentleman died the year after Matthew's birth, and the chief responsibility for the child's care and education devolved upon the widowed mother, who, in the kind providence of God, was rewarded for her labor and anxiety with the joy of living to see her son raised to the episcopacy of her Church.

The fatherless boy had also an uncle, the

HON. MATTHEW SIMPSON,

a scholarly man, who was for years in public life, either on the judicial bench or in the State Senate of Ohio, and who was also an active member and a devoted friend of the Methodist Church. That good man closely superintended his nephew's education, and was spared to watch his career till only a few years ago, when he died at an advanced age.

Unlike some distinguished men, Matthew Simpson was precocious as a boy, and it is said that he began to study German when only *eight years old*, and that he read the German Bible through in the following year. We strongly recommend this example with regard to the *English* Bible to our juvenile readers, and, unhappily, older readers need the same advice.

But the studious youth was not allowed to let his health suffer by neglecting out-of-door exercise while he applied himself to his books. Plenty of fresh air and much active exercise gave him a constitution which stood more than seventy years' tough work, and a frame which a rough life and hard knocks made neither tender nor fragile.

At the age of twelve or thirteen years the future bishop entered an academy in his native town, and was instructed in Latin, Greek, French, and mathematics, besides the ordinary branches of a school education. After some years he attended Madison College, Pa., which was subsequently merged into Alleghany College, and there he was elected to the office of *tutor* in his eighteenth year. In that institution he pursued the study of Hebrew, and he graduated with credit under the superintendency of Dr. Charles Elliott.

He did not become a member of the Church till 1829, but having done that, he engaged actively as a Sunday-school teacher and, some time afterward, as a class-leader. He fixed his choice upon medicine for a profession, and having studied it and received a license, he began to practise in 1833. About the same time, being impelled in his spirit to preach the Gospel, he was licensed a local preacher and received on trial in the Pittsburg Conference, with about thirty others, including the Rev. Wesley Smith, author of several well-known works, and the Rev. Dr. William Hunter, twice editor of the Pittsburg *Christian Advocate* and writer of several popular hymns.

Bishop Simpson's first circuit was West Wheeling. The second year he was stationed in the city of Pittsburg, under the charge of the Rev. T. N. Hudson. The third year, that station being divided, he was placed in charge of Liberty Street church in the same city. The fourth year he was appointed to Monongahela City. It is said that he began to attract attention as a preacher during his second charge in Pittsburg. He was ordained deacon there by Bishop Roberts in 1835, and elder in Steubenville, Ohio, by the same bishop in 1837.

In that year he was elected Vice-President and Professor of Natural Science in Alleghany College, and in 1839 was elected President of Indiana Asbury University, where he remained nearly ten years, making the University one of the strongest literary institutions of American Methodism. Says a writer in the *Daily Christian Advocate* of 1876: "This young institution soon felt the pulsations of his vigorous mind, indefatigable labors, and superior executive abilities. The University rose rapidly to eminence, and the work so well begun by him has since been carried forward by his successors." Bishop Simpson remained at the head of the University till 1848, when he was elected editor of the *Western Christian Advocate* at Cincinnati. Before that happened he had received the degrees of A.M. and D.D., the one from Dr. Ruter at the Alleghany College in 1835, and the other from the Weslyan University (Middletown, Conn.), in 1843. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him in a later year. He had been a delegate to the

GENERAL CONFERENCE

in 1844, and he was again elected in 1848. During the four years of his editorship, from 1848 to 1852, he was tendered the Presidentship first of the Dickinson College and afterward of the Wesleyan University.

We will, at this point, make an extract from an appreciative article on the subject of this sketch published in the *National Magazine* in 1855, when the bishop was forty-four years old: "The *Western Christian Advocate* quickly showed his vigorous hand. It took a decided stand on some of the most important public questions of the day. It incurred the animadversion of the secular press for its attention to the moral bearings of political movements and measures. . . . The action of Congress on slavery received special attention from Dr. Simpson, and his articles on that vexed subject did much to produce the state of opinion respecting it which now prevails throughout the West. . . . There was as much courage as ability displayed in his discussions of the subject.

". . . He was very popular, it is said, among the farmers in the Far West, during his presidential days, nearly as much for his coarse or uncouth clothes, as for his powerful talents. In his peregrinations through the country they flocked to hear him with enthusiasm, and delighted to recognize him as one of themselves. He is generally very effective in the pulpit, sometimes transcendently so; and he is so in spite of some very obvious defects. His voice is not good, and it usually assumes a shrill monotone (the result, apparently, of too high a pitch), which would be pronounced by any critic in oratory utterly incompatible with true eloquence; yet is he eloquent in defiance of the critics. . . . In spite, we repeat, of his peculiar defect of voice, Bishop Simpson is one of the most powerful preachers now extant among us. He follows the old plan of homiletically dividing and subdividing his subjects; his skeletons, or plans, are usually very thoroughly defined, and the parts taken up *seriatim* with nice precision. His verbal style is clear, direct, and rather plain; he throws abundance of apt and brilliant illustrations over his subject; this is, in fact, one of his most striking excellencies."

The same journal relates

AN AMUSING INCIDENT

which occurred soon after he was elected bishop, when he was travelling in an Eastern State where he was little known. He arrived at a small town one Saturday evening, and, being determined *not to travel on the Sabbath*, he remained there till Monday. On the Sunday morning he set out from his hotel in search of the Methodist church, and having found it, and let out that he was a preacher, he was introduced to the pastor, Mr. B., who took him, from his rough dress, to be a country farmer holding a local preacher's license. Hesitating whether to ask him to preach, lest he should be ashamed of it afterward, Mr. B. at length gave the invitation, and the bishop entered the pulpit. Of course he conducted the service and preached like a master, and Mr. B. was perfectly astonished.

"Are you a travelling preacher, brother?" the latter asked curiously. "Yes," answered the stranger, "I have been an itinerant for several years, and now travel *a very large circuit*." "What did you say your name was?" the pastor asked next. "Simpson," replied the other. "Simpson!" exclaimed Mr. B. in alarm, "not Bishop Simpson?" "Yes, they call me Bishop sometimes," was the reply. What followed cannot be described in words as well as our readers will imagine it for themselves.

The promotion to the episcopacy, which is anticipated in the foregoing story, took place in 1852, and was a fitting recognition of the wisdom and conscientiousness which Dr. Simpson had exhibited for four years in the editorial chair. After that time his career was marked by arduous travels in all the States and in most of the Territories, and by a strange variety of experience, and he used his influential position and solid abilities especially to promote the cause of missions and the cause of education.

Soon after his election he was laid low by a severe and *protracted illness*, after his recovery from which he was sent by the General Conference of 1856 as delegate to the Irish and

BRITISH CONFERENCE

in 1857; and he was also a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance in Berlin in the same year. He extended his travels at that time to Turkey, the Holy Land, Egypt, and Greece, returning home in 1858.

In 1859 Bishop Simpson changed his residence from Pittsburg to Evanston, where he accepted the position of President of the Garrett Biblical Institute. During the Civil War he labored with extraordinary energy and delivered a number of addresses in behalf of the Union. He was urged by the Secretary of War to undertake the organization of the freedmen at the establishment of the bureau, but he deemed it wise to decline this flattering invitation, and he also declined when he was afterward invited by President Grant to go as a commissioner to San Domingo.

In 1870, at the death of Bishop Kingsley, he visited Europe to complete the work which had been assigned to the deceased bishop at the Methodist Mission stations on the Continent, and also as a delegate to the English Conference. In 1874 he visited Mexico, and in 1875 made his *third visit* to Europe, to attend the Conference of Germany and Switzerland, and also to meet the missionaries in different parts of the Continent. On that occasion his progress was almost triumphal, so great was the enthusiasm of the churches to welcome him and do him honor.

He gained considerable distinction by his *literary* efforts, especially as editor of the "Cyclopædia of Methodism," a book which is a model of perspicuous condensation, and which is noteworthy for the absence of fulsome flattery of living characters. It is already in its second and revised edition. The bishop was also the author of "A Hundred Years of Methodism," and in 1878 he delivered before the Theological Department of Yale College his now celebrated "Lectures on Preaching," which have since been published and form a very important addition to the literature of a subject on which many men have written and written well.

Bishop Simpson, although great as a scholar and an administrator, was principally distinguished for his pulpit *eloquence*, and principally esteemed for his *lovableness* of disposition. An announcement that he was to preach in any church invariably drew a crowd from among all denominations, and those who flocked to hear him were certain to have the Gospel purely and simply declared to them. He preached Jesus. Then by his spirit of peace and love he achieved the great lack of the day in Christian America, viz., the confidence and affection of all the Southern churches.

MRS. SIMPSON

was Miss Ellen H. Verner. She is a native of Pittsburg, Pa. The following brief account of her appears in the "Cyclopædia of Methodism:" "She was educated by parents deeply devoted to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and at an early age united with it. After her marriage she shared without complaint the privations of an itinerant life, aiding her husband in his work. In later years she accompanied him on many of his journeys, and visited Mexico and the chief points in Europe.

"She has been active in benevolent work, in visiting the sick and poor, and in securing help for their relief. In the erection of the Home for the Aged of Philadelphia she was specially interested, and was from its commencement President of the Ladies' United Aid Society, which secured a property now valued at $200,000, and in behalf of which she superintended the management of several large fairs, which yielded an average of $20,000 each. She also helped to organize and was first President of the Philadelphia Bible-Readers' Society.

"In the *Centennial Exhibition*, she was a member of the Ladies' Executive Committee, and devised the plan for obtaining sketches and engravings of all the public charities originated and supported by women."

Bishop Simpson, in spite of his seventy-three years of life, fifty-one years of ministerial labor, thirty-two of which were in the episcopate, maintained his manly vigor until a few months ago. He attended the General Conference, but returned weak and weary. Soon afterward he was confined to his bed, and though at intervals he rallied, and hopes were entertained that he would be spared for further labors, he gradually sank. On June 15th he became unconscious, and continued so until June 18th, when, surrounded by his sorrowing family and friends, he peacefully breathed his last.

IN THE WRONG BOX.

By the Rev. Charles Courtenay.

A MISTAKE.

JACOB SPRUCE'S plan was this—first, he would visit the Barleycorn and drink his pint, paying down his money like a man. Then he would strike off to the Half Moon and taste that famous brew. Then, turning off at right angles, for he could find his way to saloons blindfold, he would drop in at the Old House at Home, a very favorite resort of Jacob's fellow-workmen, and stow away some more beer.

Now surely he will go home. He has taken much more than is good for him already.

Not a bit of it Jacob Spruce doesn't give in so early as this. He is *a thorough man*, who never does things by halves. No, now he turns in at the Odd Fellows' Arms, and with his hat slightly tilted, and a wink in his eye, orders his fourth pint. The more he drinks, the more he wants, for this pint disappears even more quickly, if possible, than the others. By this time he is in such a state that the fresh air is too much for him, for no sooner does he emerge from the Odd Fellows' Arms than he is done for. The fresh air has made him drunk. See him standing, or rather leaning, against the wall, with all the strength gone out of his legs, and as weak as a feather. He seems as if he were not quite clear as to his geography. He wants to find another favorite rumshop, if he can only hit upon its whereabouts. But for the life of him he doesn't know what direction to take. He would give anything to be able to find that house. The next best thing to being sure is to have an idea. This idea Jacob has got, and for want of a better, acts upon it. So he rambles on in corkscrew fashion, talking to himself all the while.

Ha! There it is at last, bright light and all. Hurrah! How full it was packed! Jacob had never seen that particular bar so full before.

Now if Jacob had had ever so small a portion of his wits about him he must have soon discovered that he was in the wrong box altogether; in fact, that he was not in a rumshop at all. But he was all in a mist, and was too far gone in drink to put the necessary two and two together. Still, for all that, he was a little surprised, and once at least a little flash of wonder crossed his poor muddled brain, for he was heard to say—

"Say, ole feller, wha's up?"

"Hush-h-h."

A few hours ago Jacob would have insisted on being answered, for he was an obstinate sort of fellow, and his temper was easily roused by opposition. The effect upon him now was rather a soothing one, for it actually helped to send him to sleep. I say "helped" because he was in such a condition that very little would have induced sleep.

Perhaps it is as well to say here that the particular place in which Jacob Spruce found himself was a Temperance Hall; and that he had actually made his way into a temperance meeting.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

They took twenty pledges at that meeting, twenty real, good, sterling ones of the right sort. There had been a consultation over Jacob's intoxicated body. They were determined to do their best with him then. They would try, at any rate, to work a cure. They were ready to do what they could to win him back to the paths of sobriety. One result of their whispered debate was a little prayer-meeting in an adjoining room. These men had faith in God. They were sure that effectual fervent prayer would avail much. And so they prayed.

The first thing Jacob did when he came to himself was to feel in his pockets for some pence. The next thing he did, having satisfied himself that some pence were there, was to demand a schooner of beer.

'Why, Jacob, old fellow, how are you getting on?" said one of the teetotalers, accompanying the words with a hearty, brotherly shake of the hand.

Jacob heartily responded, saying, "You shall have a drink directly, when I get it."

"They're a long time getting it," he said presently.

Then for the first time he looked around him, and took in something of his surroundings.

"Where on earth have I got to?"

"Why, you're in the Temperance Hall!"

This was enough. Jacob started as if he had been shot, gave a frightened look at the circle of teetotalers, and prepared to fly without a moment's notice.

But this wouldn't do. They mustn't let their man slip through their fingers like that. And so they used a little gentle, quiet pressure, and detained him.

Then they opened their broadsides on him. One pointed out how foolish he was to spend his money in beer, and to ruin his health as he was doing. Another showed how cruel he was to treat his wife and children so shamefully. A third pressed him with the sufferings he was inflicting on himself, and showed him how his health was being undermined. A fourth spoke of the spiritual ruin he was bringing on himself, and how no drunkard could inherit the kingdom of heaven,

How much of all this Jacob took in it would be hard to say, but he understood some of it, at any rate, for after a time he said—

"You're right, lads; I'll sign the pledge. Hand us the pen and ink."

"Now, Jacob," said one of them, "how much money have you got in your pockets?"

Jacob turned out his pockets, and displayed his money.

"You must let one of us keep that," was said decidedly. "It'll never do for you to have to pass so many saloons with money in your pockets."

To this Jacob strongly demurred. But after a time he yielded this point too, and gave it all up, receiving in return a memorandum of the amount, the said memorandum being written on the back of the pledge paper.

After Jacob left the hall that night, that enthusiastic band of teetotalers knelt down and commended him to the care of the Lord, who alone could keep him from falling.

THE MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

A mystery it undoubtedly was, for that he hadn't spent all his money the evening before he was perfectly convinced. But not a penny had he now to his name. Two or three times had he searched his pockets. Yes, and turned them inside out. But all to no purpose.

It was a fact that he had utterly forgotten the adventure in the Temperance Hall. It had gone clean from his memory. He had forgotten his mistake. He had forgotten the pledge he had signed, and he had forgotten too the money he had given into safer keeping than his own.

This was how the mystery was cleared up.

He was walking along the street with his hands in his pockets, whistling away his melancholy, or trying to, when he found himself hailed by a friend—

"Well, and how d'ye feel after last night's bit of business?"

"Just as a chap feels after eating werry salt red herrings three meals running," was his somewhat grumpy reply.

"Ah! but ye've done with the drink now, and ye've put your hand to it, ye know."

Jacob's eyes opened wide at this statement.

"Why, ye 'ain't forgotten last night's affair at the Temperance Hall, have ye? Don't 'ee know ye signed the pledge?"

The faintest glimmer of light began now to dawn upon Jacob's mind. He was beginning to recall the scene, though it was very cloudy as yet. But now it suddenly flashed across him that there was a chance of the mystery being cleared up.

"You ain't heerd tell of a chap as has got some money as don't belong to him, have ye?" he asked.

"Why, yes, ye handed it over to us, ye know. Ye've got the account of it in your pocket. Ye put it in the left-hand trousers' pocket."

There it was, sure enough, and his signature was on it too, while on the back was the memorandum of the money appropriated for his benefit.

Jacob's face was a study. Surprise and pleasure were mixed up in an odd sort of way. When he recovered himself he said slowly—

"If I'd gone to sleep in a saloon, I should never have seen my money again, that's plain."

Then after a little pondering, he said—

"I signed the pledge, did I?"

"Yes, there's yer name plain enough."

"Well, then, I'm blest if I don't keep it, and there's my hand on it."

(To be concluded next week.)

THE MODEL.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, June 29, 1884.

"Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."—Rom. 8 : 9.

A Common Frailty of Disposition—The Irascible Temperament—Can a Man's Disposition be Changed?—Not by Resolution—God Can Reconstruct—By Implanting Christ's Spirit.—I. That was a Spirit of Gentleness—Not of Weakness—Attracted Children and Invalids—An Arm Out of Joint—The Rule of Retort—A Church Split.—II. A Spirit of Self-Sacrifice—What It Is—A Marseilles Surgeon's Self-Sacrifice.—III. A Spirit of Humility.—IV. A Spirit of Prayer—Luther and the Council of Nuremberg—The Direct Line of Communication—V. A Spirit of Hard Work—Busy for Others—The Character Essential—The Seeds of it Given.

THERE is nothing more desirable than a pleasant disposition. Without it we cannot be happy ourselves, or make others happy. When we have lost our temper or become impatient under some light cross, we suddenly awaken to new appreciation of proper

EQUIPOISE OF NATURE.

We wish we had been born with self-balance. We envy those people who bear themselves through life without any perturbation, and we flatter ourselves that however little self-control we may now have, the time will come, under the process of years, when we will be mellowed and softened, and the things which are in us wrong now will then be all right, forgetful of the fact that an evil habit in our nature will grow into larger proportions, and that an iniquity not corrected will become the grandfather of a whole generation of iniquities. So that people without the grace of God in the struggle and amid the annoyances and exasperations of life are apt to become worse instead of better.

Now, the trouble is that we have a theory abroad in the world that a man's disposition cannot be changed. A man says, "I am irascible in temper, and I can't help it." Another man says, "I am revengeful naturally, and I can't help it." A man says, "I am impulsive, and I can't help it." And he tells the truth. No man can correct his disposition. I never knew a man by force of resolution to change his temperament, but by His grace

GOD CAN RECONSTRUCT US.

He can take away that which is wrong and put in that which is right; and I know and you know people who, since their conversion are just the opposite of what they used to be. In other words, we may, by the Spirit of God, have the disposition of Jesus Christ implanted in our disposition, and we must have it done or we will never see heaven. "If any man have not the disposition of Jesus Christ he is none of His."

I. In the first place, the Spirit of Christ was

A SPIRIT OF GENTLENESS.

Sometimes He made wrathful utterance against Pharisees and hypocrites, but the most of His words were kind, and gentle, and loving, and inoffensive, and attractive. When we consider the fact that He was omnipotent, and could have torn to pieces His assailants, the wonder is greater. We often bear the persecution and abuse of the world because we cannot help it. Christ endured it when He could have helped it.

Little children who always shy off at a rough man rushed into His presence and clambered on Him, until the people begged the mothers to take them away. Invalids so sore with wounds that they could not bear to have any one come near them, begged Christ just to put His hand upon the wound and soothe it. The mother with the sickest child was willing to put the little one in Christ's arms. Self-righteous people rushed into His presence with a woman of debased character, and said, "Now annihilate her, blast her, kill her." Jesus looked at her, and saw she was sorry and repentant; and He looked at them, and He saw they were proud and arrogant and infernal, and He said, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." A blind man sat by the wayside making a great ado about his lack of vision. They told him to hush up and not bother the Master. Christ stooped to him and said, "What wilt thou that I do unto thee?" Gentleness of voice, gentleness of manner, gentleness of life.

We all admire it, whether we have any of it or not. Just as the rough mountain bluff and the scarred crag love to look down into the calm lake at their feet, and as the stormiest winter loves to merge into the sunshiny spring, so the most precipitate, and impulsive, and irascible nature loves to think of the gentleness of Christ. How little we have of it! How little of patience in treating with enemies! We have so little of the gentleness of Christ we are not fit for Christian work half the time. We do not know how to comfort the bereft, or to encourage the disheartened, or to take care of the poor. Even our voice of sympathy is on the wrong pitch.

My sister had her arm put out of joint, and we were in the country, and the neighbors came in, and they were all sympathetic, and they laid hold the arm, and pulled and pulled mightly until the anguish was intolerable; but the arm did not go to its place. Then the old country doctor was sent for, and he came in, and with one touch it was all right. He knew just where to put his finger, and just how to touch the bone. We go out to our Christian work with too rough a hand and too unsympathetic a manner, and we fail in our work, while some Christian, in the gentleness of Christ, comes along, puts his hand of sympathy on the sore spot—the torn ligaments are healed and the disturbed bones are rejoined. Oh, for this gentleness of Christ!

The dew of one summer night will accomplish more good than fifty Caribbean whirlwinds. Oh, how important it is that in going forth to serve Christ we have something of His gentleness! Is that the way we bear ourselves when we are assaulted? The rule is an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,

RETORT FOR RETORT,

sarcasm for sarcasm. Give him as much as he sends! After a while you look up into the face of Christ and you see His gentleness, and you say, "Well now, I must do differently." Then your proud heart says, "Now you have him in a corner, you will never get him in a corner again; chastise him, and then let him go." So we postpone the gentleness of Christ.

Did you ever know any difficulty to be healed by acerbity or hypercriticism? About forty-five years ago the Presbyterian Church was split into the new school and the old school. The chasm got wider and wider. The most outrageous personalities were indulged in. Good men on one side anathematized good men on the other side. Wider and wider the chasm got, until after a while some good people tried another tack, and they began to explain away the difficulties, and soon all the differences were healed, and at Pittsburgh they shook hands, and are one now to be one forever.

You say to a man with whom you have had a falling out. "I despise you." He says, "I can't bear the sight of you." You say to him, "I never want you to come to my house again." He says, "If you come to my house again I'll kick you out." You say, "I'll put you down." "Oh no," he says, "I'll put *you* down." But some day the spirit of Christ comes into you, and you go over and say, "My brother, give me your hand; time is short and eternity is near, and we can't afford to quarrel. Now let bygones be bygones, and let us act like Christians." It is all settled. How? By the gentleness of Christ.

Did you ever know

A DRUNKARD RECLAIMED

by mimicry of his staggering step, his thick tongue, or his hiccough? No. You only madden his brain. But you go to him and you let him know you appreciate what an awful grapple he has with the evil habit, and you let him know that you have been acquainted with people who were down in the same depths and who, by the grace of God, have been rescued. He hears your voice, he responds to that sympathy, and he is saved.

You cannot scold the world into anything better. You may attract it into something better. The stormiest wind comes out from its hiding-place and says, "I'll arouse this sea," and it blows upon the sea. Half of the sea is aroused, or a fourth of the sea is aroused, but not the entire Atlantic. But after a while the moon comes out, calm and placid is it. It shines upon the sea, and the ocean begins to lift. It embraces all the highlands, the beach is all covered. The heart-throb of one world beating against the heat-throb of another world. The storm could not rouse the whole Atlantic; the moon lifted it. "And I," said Christ, "if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."

II. Christ's disposition was also one of

SELF-SACRIFICE.

No young man ever started out with so bright a prospect as Christ started out with if He had been willing to follow a worldly ambition. In the time that He gave to the sick He might have gathered the vastest fortune of His time. With His power to popularize Himself and magnetize the people He could have gained any official position. No orator ever won such applaudits as He might have won from sanhedrim and synagogue and vast audiences by the seaside. No physician ever got such a reputation for healing power as He might have obtained if He had performed his wonderful cures before the Roman aristocracy. I say these things to let you know what Paul meant when he said, "He pleased not Himself," and to show something of the wonders of His self-sacrifice.

All human power together could not have thrown Christ into the manger if He had not chosen to go there. All Satanic strength could not have lifted Christ upon the cross if He had not elected Himself to the torture. To save our race from sin and death and hell He faced all the sorrows of this world and the sorrows of eternity. How much of that self-sacrifice have we?

WHAT IS SELF-SACRIFICE?

It is my walking a long journey to save you from fatigue. It is my lifting a great number of pounds to save you from the awful strain. It is a subtraction from my comfort and prosperity so that there may be an addition to your comfort and prosperity. How much of that have we? Might not I rather say, "How little have we?" Two children were passing down the road. They were both very destitute. They were brother and sister. The lad had hardly any garments at all. His sister had a coat that she had outgrown. It was a very cold day. She said, "Johnnie, come under this coat." "Oh," he said, "no, the coat isn't large enough." "Oh," she said, "it will stretch." He coming under the coat, but the coat would not stretch. So she took off the coat and put it on him. Self-sacrifice pure and simple. Christ taking off His robe to clothe our nakedness. Self-sacrifice. I have not any of it, nor have you, compared with that. The sacrifice of the Son of God. There was

A PLAGUE IN MARSEILLES.

The college of surgeons met and said, "We must have a dissection, we must have a *post-mortem* examination, or we will never know how to arrest this disease." But it was certain death to attempt it. There was a pause for a few moments, when Dr. Guion said, "Gentlemen, we must have a *post-mortem* examination; some one must undertake it; of course it is certain death to any one who attempts it, but in the name of God and humanity I will do it." He went home, made his will, bade his family good-by, went to the dissecting-room, succeeded in his undertaking, wrote out his observations, and in twelve hours was dead. Self-sacrifice pure and simple and Christ-like.

And there are just as good specimens of it in Greenwood and in the cemeteries at Savannah

and Charleston and Memphis. Doctors dying that others may live. How much have I of it? How much have you of it? Not much. Christ walked to Emmaus, Christ walked from Capernaum to Bethany, Christ walked from Jerusalem to Golgotha. How far have you and I walked for Christ? His head ached, His heart ached, His back ached. How much have we ached for Christ?

III. The disposition of Jesus was also a disposition of

HUMILITY.

The Lord of earth and heaven in the garb of a rustic. He who poured all the waters of the earth out of His right hand—the Amazon, and the Euphrates, and the Oregon, and the Ohio, and the Mississippi—bending over a well to ask a Samaritan woman for a drink. He who spread the canopy of the heavens and set the earth for a footstool, lodging with one Simon, a tanner. He whose chariots the clouds are, walking with sore feet. Hushing the tempest on Genessaret and wiping the spray of the storm from His beard, then sitting down in the cabin beside His disciples, as though he had done no more than wipe the sweat from His brow in His father's carpenter shop. Taking the foot of death off the heart of Lazarus and breaking the chain of the grave against the marble of the tomb, and then walking out with Mary and Martha without any more pretension than a plain citizen going out in the suburban village to spend the evening. Jostled as though He were a nobody. Pursued as though He were an outlaw. Nicknamed, spit on. Seated with publicans and with sinners. King of heaven and earth trailing His robes in the dust.

How much of that humility have we? If we get a few more dollars than other people, or gain a little higher position, oh, how we strut! We go around wanting everybody to know their place, and say, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the honor of my kingdom and for the might of my strength?" Who has anything of the humility of Christ?

IV. The disposition of Christ was also

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

Prayer on the mountains, prayer on the sea, prayer among the sick, prayer everywhere. Prayer for little children: 'Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and the prudent and revealed them unto babes." Prayer for His friends: "Father, I will that they be with me where I am." Prayer for His enemies: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Prayer for all nations: "Thy kingdom come." How little of that spirit you and I have. How soon our knees get tired. Where is the vial full of odors which are the prayers of all the saints? Which of us can keep our mind ten minutes on a prayer without wandering. Not you, not I. Oh, that we might have the spirit of prayer which was the Spirit of Christ. We want more prayer in the family, more prayer in the Church, more prayer in the legislative hall, more prayer among the sick, more prayer among the aged, more prayer among the young. The great advancement of the Church is to be in that direction yet.

While the Council of Nuremburg was signing the edict that gave the Protestants their freedom, Martin Luther was away off in a room by himself praying for that accomplishment. Though there was no

LINE OF COMMUNICATION

between the place where the Council was assembled and the room where Martin Luther was praying, Martin Luther suddenly rose from his knees and said, "It is accomplished, the Protestants are free. Victory, victory!" Oh, for this direct line of communication with the throne of God, so that it may be said of us as it was said of Luther, "He got what he asked for!" We want, like Daniel, to pray with our face toward the holy city. We want, like Stephen, to pray gazing into heaven. We want, like the publican, to pray smiting on the heart of conviction. We want, like Christ, to pray, the Christ who emptied His heart of all its life blood and then filled it with the sorrows, the woes, the agonies of all nations.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of His prayer.

V. The Spirit of Christ, I remark lastly, was a

SPIRIT OF HARD WORK.

Not one lazy moment in all His life. Whether He was talking to the fishermen on the beach, or preaching to the sailors on the dock, or administering to the rustics amid the mountains, or spending an evening in Bethany, always busy for others. With hands, heart, head busy for others. Hewing in his father's carpenter shop, teaching the lame how to walk without crutches, curing the child's fits, providing rations for the hungry host. Busy, busy, busy! The hardy men who pulled the net out of the sea filled with floundering treasures, the shepherds who hunted up grassy plots for their flocks to nibble at, the shipwrights pounding away in the dockyards, the wine-makers of Engedi dipping the juices from the vat and pouring them into the goatskins were not more busy than Christ. Busy,

BUSY FOR OTHERS.

From the moment He went out of the caravansery of Bethlehem to the moment when the cross plunged into the socket on the bloody mount, busy for others. Does that remind you of yourself? It does not remind me of myself. Oh, if we lift a burden it must be light. If we do work it must be popular. If we sit in the pew it must be soft. If we move in a sphere of usefulness it must be brilliant. If we have to take hold of a load, give us the light end of the log. In this way to heaven fan us, rock us, sing us to sleep. Lift us up toward heaven on the tips of your fingers under a silken sunshade. Stand out of the way all you martyrs who breasted the fire; stand out of the way and let this colony of *tender-footed modern Christians* come up and get their crowns.

What has your Lord done to you, O Christian, that you should betray Him? Who gave you so much riches that you can afford to despise the awards of the faithful? At this moment, when all the armies of heaven and earth and hell are plunging into the conflict, how can you desert the standard? Oh backslidden Christian, is it not time for you to start anew for God and anew for heaven?

Now, I have shown you that the disposition of Christ was a spirit of gentleness, a spirit of self-sacrifice, a spirit of humility, a spirit of prayer, a spirit of hard work—five points. Will you remember them? Are you ready now for the tremendous announcement of the text? "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His." Are you ready for that statement? Can we stand up and say, "Yes, we have the spirit of Christ?" Not one of us can make that answer to the full question, yet I am to declare to you there is no discouragement in this subject for Christian people. You have

THE SEEDS OF THIS CHARACTER

planted in your soul. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." You might as well blame an acorn for not being an oak of a thousand years as to blame yourself if you are not equal to Christ. You have the implantation within you which will enlarge and develop into the grandest Christian character, and there is no discouragement in this text for you to try and love and serve the Lord. Aim high. Sheathe not your sword until you have gained the last victory. Climb higher and higher until you reach the celestial hills. Crowns bright and radiant for all the victors, but death to every deserter. Let us pray.

After the Evening Service at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Dr. Talmage bade good-by to his congregation, who filed past the platform to shake him by the hand. The Tabernacle will be closed for renovation and repair during the months of July and August. Dr. Talmage hopes to resume his labors the first Sunday in September. In the interval THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contain *each week, as usual*, a sermon by Dr. Talmage, never before published in these columns. During his vacation Dr. Talmage will preach occasionally, in fulfilment of engagements of long standing. The following are the places and dates fixed: Framlingham, Mass., July 21st; Island Park, Ind., July 25th; Lakeside, Ohio, July 26th; Chatauqua, July 29th; Great Grimsby Camp Meeting, August 24th; Ripley, Ohio, August 27th.

A Young Lady's Refusal to Dance is Said to have led to a large gift to a Christian mission. *The Christian Weekly* thus relates the incident: "At a large evening party in Coahuila, Mexico, the Governor of the State invited an American young lady to dance. She declined, as her religious convictions did not permit her, as she was connected with the mission there of the Southern Baptist Board. It led to the Governor's acquaintance with the mission, and since to a gift to it from him of property valued at $140,000."

The Increase of Baseball Playing on Sundays is becoming a matter of general concern. In many States there may now be seen on the outskirts of the chief cities groups of young men on all the vacant lots playing baseball, from morning until sunset, not only breaking the Sabbath themselves, but disturbing others by their shouts and noisy mirth. A manufacturer in Columbus, Ohio, has adopted a practical method for discouraging it among his own employés. Noticing that his men and boys, of whom he employs a large number, were becoming more and more engaged in Sunday baseball playing, he called them together, and announced to them that the factory would shut down at three o'clock on Saturday afternoons, without reduction of wages, if they would agree not to attend baseball games on Sunday. The proposition was heartily accepted by the workmen.

The Gospel Tent "Glad Tidings," of which a picture appeared in a former number of this journal, has been pitched for the season of 1884 at the north-west corner of Broadway and Fifty-fifth Street, New York City. It was formally opened on Sunday, June 22d. About one thousand people, filling the seating capacity of the ring, passed in to the evening Gospel meeting, when the Rev. Dr. MacArthur, of Calvary Baptist Church, preached the opening sermon. The meetings are under the direction of the Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt. During the past three seasons the tent has been at Twentieth Street and Second Avenue. Meetings will be held every evening during the summer except Saturday. Monday nights will be devoted to a service of song, Tuesdays there will be preaching, Bible readings on Wednesdays, and preaching on Thursdays. Questions pertaining to Christian life and experience will be answered on Friday nights. The meetings are free to all.

Pastor Chiniquy has again been Mobbed by Roman Catholics. The Montreal *Witness* publishes the following narrative from its Quebec correspondent: "Pastor Chiniquy arrived in Quebec on June 17th, and in the evening preached in the French Protestant chapel on St. John Street, when he was insulted and assailed with stones by a crowd of people who had congregated in the street, and even penetrated into the sacred edifice. The preacher had no sooner announced his text than a shower of stones was hurled through the windows, breaking a few lamps in the chapel, but doing no further damage. Meanwhile the crowd hung around the doors and constantly increased, until the service was concluded, and Mr. Chiniquy, with another French gentleman, was about to take his departure, a carter's hack awaiting him a short distance from the door. At sight of him the crowd pressed forward, yelling and imprecating. Mr. Chiniquy and his companion at length succeeded in reaching the hack, which was driven off as rapidly as possible in the direction of the city, the yelling crowd following it for some distance. Mr. Chiniquy, however, made good his escape, but the carriage-windows were broken, and his companion, it is said, was badly cut about the face.

ACCORDING TO YOUR FAITH.

THE following narrative is published with other interesting cases in *Thy Healer*, a magazine edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, and issued on the first and fifteenth of each month. This case is described by the sufferer's pastor, the Rev. R. H. Bleby, of Bridgend, Glamorganshire, Wales.

"Thomas Wilson is an employé of the Great Western Railway Company, living at the Fountain Village, near Bridgend. While at work upon the line, on Saturday, February 2d, of this present year, he was thrown down and run over by two laden trolly trucks, weighing about a ton each. The four wheels passed down his body just inside of the right shoulder, crushing and mangling him terribly. He was a member of my charge, and hearing of the accident on the Sabbath, I went to see him on Monday morning.

"As I entered his room, the unmistakable odor intimated to me that mortification had set in. In answer to my inquiry, he told me that he had been in fearful suffering, but that it had all gone, and he felt quite easy. This seemed to me an assurance that death was near at hand. When I questioned him as to his state of mind in view of his condition, he said that he was not afraid to die, for he had a consciousness of acceptance through Christ, but he was exceedingly anxious to live, both for the sake of his wife, and also because he wished to be better fitted to enter into the presence of his God.

"I told him that the Lord Jesus was infinitely powerful and gracious; and that if he set before Him his desire, I believed He would listen to him, and raise him up. I offered prayer on his behalf, and then told him to put his own desire before the Lord. This he did in simple, earnest words; and while he was doing so, I could feel that his prayer prevailed with God. I went away conscious that only the sacred power that raised Lazarus could raise this doomed man, but with the conviction that the Lord the Healer had taken the case in hand.

"As I left the house, three doctors were approaching it. One of them, Dr. Thomas, of Maesteg, Glamorganshire, I saw and conversed with on April 2d, and I cannot better state the issue of the case than by giving the substance of this conversation:

"I told the doctor that I had heard of a remark that had fallen from his lips in regard to the case of Thomas Wilson, and had come to ask what he, as a doctor, thought of the recovery of that man. His answer was that he had never heard of a case like it. When he and the other doctors examined the man, they at once pronounced his condition hopeless, and thought that even the removal of the mortified arm would only hasten the end. They gave him and his wife to understand that he had but a few hours to live; and with only such instructions as would tend to lessen suffering, they left him.

"Said Dr. Thomas to me, 'Had the mortification even set in below the shoulder joint, it would have been a more hopeful case, but commencing as it did from above the shoulder, and the wound in the side having also mortified, there seemed no possibility of the man's recovery.' About a week after his first visit the doctor happened to ask after Wilson; and hearing to his surprise that he was still alive, went to see him a second time. He had not, as I understood, had any medical attention in the interim. Dr. Thomas found the mortified arm and the wound in the side 'sloughing away,' to use his own expression. He took out his penknife and easily removed the arm with it, and found that 'the artery had already plugged itself up.'

"I told him that the reason I had come to question him about it was that I had been present when the man's believing prayer took hold upon God, and that I could understand his recovery in the light of that. The doctor seemed slightly confused at this view of the subject; but answered, 'Well, the only thing I can say is that the man has a remarkably fine constitution; but it was no medical law that saved his life; *it was a higher law.*' Indeed it was; a law far higher than the physical laws, by the application to which, with so much difficulty, and suffering, and expense, so little is accomplished; and yet a law that a child may learn and apply. Shall I add, *only* a child can learn and apply it? It is this: 'All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth.' 'And whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.' 'If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it.'

"I have seen Wilson several times since. Within six or seven weeks of his accident he was about, and is at his work, though crippled by the loss of his arm. Why is this? Could not He who raised the dying body have just as easily restored the dead arm? I have thought much of this while writing this record. It may be that the missing arm is a standing memorial of the Lord's goodness to the man. This has been suggested to me; but I rather see in it a standing memorial of my weak faith, which could not accept, or lead this member of my charge to accept in Jesus, the healing of the arm, as well as the salvation of the life.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

By James Stephens, M.A.

Boastings of Progress—The Scriptural Warning—The Future Gloomy not Bright—The Days of Scoffers — Licentious Men — False Security—Apostasy Inevitable—Awful Ending of the Age—Antediluvian Scepticism—Present Indifference—The Practical Issue.

OUR subject is the character and end of the age—this age in which we live. We are, I dare say, familiar with the statements made by those who write the history or chronicle the events of modern times, to the effect that we live in the age of progress. Comparisons are often made between the present time and times that are passed, greatly to the advantage of the former. It is pointed out how, by means of education and the development of commerce and art and science, we are in far better circumstances than our forefathers were. And this is made a ground of expectation for the future.

Many of these statements, having regard as they have to secular things, we in no way wish to deny or call in question. But secular progress is in nowise identical with spiritual progress; and when Christian men speak as if the progress of this age were an *upward* progress, culminating in a world-wide triumph of Christianity and the establishment of universal peace and brotherhood, we are obliged to demur and to point out how contrary is the teaching of God's Word.

First in II Tim. 3 we read words pointing out what shall be in the last days, clearly setting before us what our age is developing into. Its development is not in an upward direction, or toward universal conversion, but on the contrary toward the practice of daring sins. These daring sins will be associated with a form of godliness. There will be profession of God, but practical denial. And the consequent character of the last days will be that they will be perilous. God, whose eye surveys all the future, sees and tells us what our age is advancing to.

But further we find Peter in his Second Epistle writing that there shall come in the last days scoffers; unto this, then, our age is going on. We are not advancing to days of universal conversion, but to

DAYS OF CONTEMPT

for the Word of God. The scoffing will be on the part of those who have heard and who know that Word, and who are acquainted with its teaching on the subject of the second coming of Christ. Such scoffing is quite compatible with great advances in science. Indeed, in these days, science is not infrequently marked by disregard, even daring disregard, for what God has said. Theories are started and maintained as if they were proved facts—theories which treat with disdain the historic authority of God's Word. Whatever attempts are made to show the reconciliation between revealed religion and science (and let us not undervalue these), yet, none the less really, will the last days be days of scoffing.

Men will walk *after their own lusts*, saying, Where is the promise of His coming? They will walk in wilfulness. They will be a law to themselves, and will put aside the will of God. Liberty will become lawlessness; and scepticism as to the most definitely foretold fact of the coming of Christ flaunt itself.

Nor will the scornful scepticism of the Coming be without *some little* show of reasonableness. Century after century passes, and all things continue as they were. There is no appearance or likelihood, they say, of anything supernatural. But they "*wilfully forget*" (II Pet. 3 : 5, R. V.) that by the Word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth. They ignore the creative fiat of the Almighty, and they deny the very possibility of *creation*.

Our day, with its teaching of *evolution*, has connected itself with "the last days,"

THE DAYS OF SCOFFING.

That God made everything, "*after its kind*," as His Word affirms, has been denied, and even professing Christian teachers have been carried away in numbers by the evil current. It would almost seem as if in certain cases one would be esteemed to have forfeited his scientific, if not even his intellectual, reputation if he upheld the scriptural doctrine.

But we take a further step. Paul, when writing to the Thessalonians in his Second Epistle, tells us that before the day of the Lord comes the great apostasy will take place. Our age, then, is going on to apostasy, excelling all apostasy that has been known. There have been departures from Christ in different ages, but here we have the grand departure, a departure culminating in the manifestation of him who is called *the* man of sin.

Notwithstanding all progress in secular things, in science, and in art, there remains and grows rebellion against God. The days before the Flood were days of progress in arts (Gen. 4 : 21, 22), and days of renown (Gen. 6 : 4), but with this secular progress the imagination of men's hearts was evil continually, and the race became spiritually and morally utterly corrupt. And the present days have a likeness to the days before the Flood. With all the glorious increase to the number of Christ's disciples through times of refreshing, yet so far from the world getting converted the world is in many cases converting and corrupting the Church. And we are going on to days when multitudes will depart from the profession of Christ to the denial of Him. *The* apostasy will take place.

What a fearful issue this is! What a solemn and

AWFUL ENDING OF OUR AGE,

with all its boasted civilization, and refinement, and culture, and science, and liberty! As we have seen, the age is advancing to the denial of godliness (though the form of godliness be held), to the scoffing at or denial of the Word, and finally to the denial of God Himself and His only begotten Son. Then shall come to pass what Isaiah foretold would come to pass previous to the glory of the Lord rising on Jerusalem—"Darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people" (Isa. 60 : 1, 2). When God and His Son are denied, it is as if the sun of the firmament were blotted out and the *true* light gone. How very different this from the thoughts of many that commerce, education, and art, united with the preaching of the Gospel, will usher in the Millennium!

When our age reaches the fearful crisis that is foretold, then the Lord Jesus Christ must interpose in administrative and punitive power. When man became wholly corrupt before the Flood the Lord interposed in righteous judgment, and when the world becomes again mature in corruption, again there will be interposition in righteous judgment. The reve-

lation of the Lord Jesus, to which His own people expectantly look, will be to others

A COMING OF JUDGMENT,

as was the Flood, or as the fire and brimstone which came on Sodom.

In the days of Noah men were living in scepticism of the fact of coming judgment. This is what is suggested by "eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage." Notwithstanding the warnings given by Noah during one hundred and twenty years there was utter unconcern and universal unbelief. Many may have said then, "Where is the threatened flood? all things continue as they were." In any case their manner of life expressed profound indifference to what was foretold. The Flood was at hand, and the world was "wilfully ignorant;" they knew not till it came.

As it was then, so shall it be in the last days. The Lord Jesus has indeed given the plainest warnings, and "He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." With all the warnings, however, men will go on in their wilful course, and in lawlessness, and in mockery. And "when they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction." When the Lord Jesus comes down upon this earth in judgment, His own will be like Noah in the ark. They will be gathered to Himself, before the breaking forth of wrath, and after He shall thus have come forth in righteous and administrative power, executing judgment, and have bound Satan and set up His rule, millennial blessings shall crown this earth. What is

THE PRACTICAL ISSUE

of all this? The prospect of this age is indeed a dark one; and those who set forth God's Word as to the end of the age may be regarded as gloomy foreboders, men incapable of rightly appreciating the so-called good features of the times, and on these grounds have scant welcome, or even quarter. Such teaching is exceedingly opposed to the views of even Christian men. Still, if God condescends to make known the evil to come, we shall do well to lay it to heart.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Saved by her Husband's Blood.—Mr. Campbell related at a recent meeting: "In one of our infirmaries a poor woman lay very ill. The doctors said she was dying from want of blood, and that if she had more healthy blood she would live. Her husband, a big brawny man, was standing by when this was said. Baring his arm, he said, 'Take mine!' With the proper instruments the doctors transfused the husband's blood into the veins of the wife, and she got better. Thus it is with unforgiven sinners; they are dying daily—they are nearing death, but Christ offers to transfuse His life into them and to renew their hearts. He has given His blood for them, and is now living to intercede for those who repent and turn from sin."

Saved Out of Smoking-Money.—Mr. Wilson said: "I was speaking to one of our recent converts lately, when he handed me five shillings, and requested me to use the amount to further our evangelistic work. I said, 'I cannot take all that money from a poor man like you; half of that sum is quite sufficient for you to give.' 'You must take it,' he replied, with a smile; 'I can easily afford it now, for I have saved it for the purpose by stopping smoking.' There is more spent on strong drink and tobacco than would suffice for all the demands of the most enterprising Christianity; but many people give only a miserable penny per week to the Lord's cause who never scruple about drinking or smoking away four or five shillings a week!"

The Account Chalked on the Door.—"An Old woman kept a shop in a small village. She was not a good scholar, and therefore kept her accounts against her customers chalked up on the back of her door. One of her customers was deeply convicted of sin, and sought light, but could not find it. In her trouble she spoke to a Christian friend, who found great difficulty in making the way of salvation plain to her; but at last he succeeded in the following way: 'Mrs.—— has an account against you chalked up on the back of her door?' 'Yes, sir,' she answered. 'If I go up and pay it, what does she do?' 'Wipes it all out.' 'What have you to do then?' 'Nothing, if you pay it.' 'I will go and pay it now.' The friend went and paid the amount, which was accordingly rubbed off the door. He then returned to the anxious woman, and said, 'I have paid your account, and it is wiped off the door; have you anything more to do?' 'No, sir,' she said. Her friend continued: 'Jesus has paid the debt you owed to God's justice, and all you have to do is to trust His word as you did mine just now, and you are saved.' 'I will!' she exclaimed. She did so, and has trusted Christ ever since."

A Dispute About a Corpse.—Mr. McMicking remarked: "In Spain the laws protecting the rights of Protestants are over-ridden by those who should administer them. The child of a Protestant died in the month of January last. The father desired to bury it in the civil cemetery, but under the influence of the parish priest the Mayor went to the man's house and ordered the body to be buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery with Popish rites. The father protested against this order, claimed his rights, and appealed to the Governor, who sent an order to the Mayor to leave the man in peace. The Mayor coolly ignored this, and going to the Bishop, got authority to take possession of the body. Taking a surgeon and a helper, he went to the Protestant's house, on the 27th of January last, and took the body and buried it in the Roman Catholic cemetery. We ought to give our prayers and money to help on the evangelization of benighted and bigoted Spain."

God's Word among French Mountaineers.—Pasteur Vernier related: "A man returning from Africa, where he had failed as a colonist, passed through Marseilles, where he met an old woman who offered to sell him a New Testament for a penny, but he refused it, saying, 'A New Testament is of no use to me; I don't want it.' 'Take it for nothing, and read it, for you *do* want it, if you only knew it,' said the woman. He took the book, and went to his own home in the mountains, where a proprietor heard that the man had a Testament. The proprietor borrowed the book, and read it, but no immediate spiritual result followed, unless a strange yearning after a better life might be called the beginning of a new life. One day he went to the Roman Catholic church and as he left he cried to God, 'Surely, O God, there is a better religion than this for the people?' Immediately he felt in his spirit that there was a better faith, and then he began to understand the teaching of the New Testament, and commenced to speak to other people about Jesus. When I visited the place four years after the man passed through Marseilles, I found a company of over twenty persons waiting for me at the station. They had never seen a missionary, or a Bible-reader, nor a colporteur, yet they had studied the whole Bible, and knew it better than I did. God works in strange ways, and they are not as our ways."

Two Typical Ocean-Going Ships.—"A Vessel left a British port, and sailed across the Atlantic, down the Pacific, called at many ports, and finished her voyage for the time being in an East India bay. Great things had happened during that long voyage to the ship—she had passed through many a storm, her decks had been swept by great billows of salt water, her mast had been lost, and two men were carried overboard and drowned. I was on board, and passed an awful time till she reached her destination, no longer looking the fine ship she really was to those who saw the outside so rough and uncomfortable; but those who sailed her knew her qualities, and loved that discolored, storm-tossed hulk. A year afterward a splendidly fitted-up steamer sailed from the same quay, and in eight weeks reached the same spot, in the same bay, without losing a spar, and hardly wet her decks with salt water. These two ships are true types of the lives of Christians. Some have to fight through storm, and lose many a precious thing, and after a long voyage reach the longed-for harbor, to all appearance a wreck, but their Captain, the Lord of Glory, knows their qualities, and has a use for their tried fidelity. Other Christians, again, sail on smooth water all through life. The Lord also knows them, and has a use for their calm, unruffled natures. Do not look with envy on others, but let each put their bodies and spirits into the hands of the divine Disposer of all events, and He will use us for His glory."

A LIFE WASTED.

(*From the Youth's Companion.*)

ABOUT thirty years ago, a gentleman from New York, who was travelling in the South, met a young girl of great beauty and wealth, and married her. They returned to New York and plunged into a mad whirl of gayety. The young wife had been a gentle, thoughtful girl, anxious to help all suffering and want, and to serve her God faithfully. But as Mrs. L—— she had troops of flatterers; her beauty and dresses were described in the society journals; her bon-mots flew from mouth to mouth; her equipage was one of the most attractive in the Park. In a few months she was intoxicated with admiration.

She and her husband flitted from New York to Newport, from London to Paris, with no object but enjoyment. There were other men and women of their class who had some worthier pursuit—literature, or art, or the elevation of the poorer classes—but L—— and his wife lived solely for amusement. They dressed, danced, flirted, hurried from ball to reception, and from opera to dinner. Young girls looked at Mrs. L—— with fervent admiration, perhaps with envy, as the foremost leader of society.

About ten years ago, she was returning alone from California, when an accident occurred to the railroad train in which she was a passenger, and she received a fatal internal injury. She was carried into a wayside station, and there, attended only by a physician from the neighboring village, she died.

Dr. Blank has said that it was one of the most painful experiences of his life. "I had to tell her that she had but an hour to live. She was not suffering any pain. Her only consciousness of hurt was that she was unable to move, so that it was no wonder she could not believe me.

"'I must go home,' she said, imperatively, 'to New York.'

"'Madame, it is impossible. If you are moved, it will shorten the time you have to live.

"She was lying on the floor. The brakemen had rolled their coats to make her a pillow. She looked about her at the little dingy station, with the stove stained with tobacco in the midst.

"'I have but an hour, you tell me?'

"'Not more.'

"'And this is all that is left me of the world. It is not much, doctor,' with a half smile.

"The men left the room and I locked the door, that she might not be disturbed. She threw her arm over her face and lay quiet a long time; then she turned on me in a frenzy. 'To think of all that I might have done, with my money and my time! God wanted me to help the poor and the sick! It's too late now! I've only an hour!' She struggled up wildly. 'Why, doctor, I did nothing, nothing, but lead the fashion! Great God! The fashion! Now I've only an hour! An hour!'

"But she had not even that, for the exertion proved fatal, and in a moment she lay dead at my feet.

"No sermon that I ever heard was like that woman's despairing cry, 'It's too late!'"

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Reduction in the Public Debt During last month was, according to a statement issued, $4,763,241. That brings the total reduction for the eleven months of the current fiscal year to $91,823,714. This amount is smaller than in recent years, and was less than that of the corresponding period of 1883 by nearly forty millions. It is, however, nearly double the reduction required by law, which was estimated for this year at $45,816,741.

An Offset to the Resolutions of the Independent Republicans is sent us by a friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD residing at Augusta, Me. He writes: "I have no doubt but that some conscientiously believe Mr. Blaine to be morally bad. Even at home he has a few enemies; but the very large majority of those who know him, irrespective of party, know him only to admire, honor, and respect him. . . . If he is elected to the high office of President, he will prove to be a worthy successor to any who have preceded him in the office." We cheerfully print this communication, having already published the resolutions to which it refers. The object of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in both cases, is to supply such information as will assist its readers to act intelligently in the election. It is necessary to do this, because many of them who take an interest in politics—as every good citizen should do—have not access to a secular, metropolitan journal, and are disinclined to rely exclusively on the guidance of local organs. But the work of supplying information is the sole capacity in which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can consistently act in this matter. Those friends who have written urging it to enter the political arena as a partisan, overlook the fact that its mission is not that of a political or party organ. Its sphere is a higher and more important one, in which its power of usefulness would be impaired if it devoted its space to advocating or antagonizing the interests of any candidate. News of the progress of the campaign its readers will find here, but not advice as to how they should vote. We hope that they will seek divine guidance in this critical juncture, and He who has the destinies of this great nation in His hand will take care of the issue.

A Declaration has been Issued by the Independent Republicans, and is being circulated for signatures. It states that those signing it desire to join their fellow-Republicans and the Independent voters in sending representatives to "a general conference to be held immediately after the Democratic National Convention, which shall consider, in case the Democratic nominations do not justify the support of the protesting Republicans, what further action may be necessary to secure candidates who will appeal, in the interest of clean and honest politics, to the sober, moral sense of the American people. Persons wishing to sign are requested to send their names to Mr. George W. Green, No. 11 Pine Street, New York. The large number of names already sent indicates that the disaffected members of the party are more numerous and more influential than was at first believed. Many business men have joined their ranks who were at first friendly to the nomination. They have been driven into opposition by the promises made to the Irish voters by the *Tribune* and other Blaine organs that Mr. Blaine will, if elected, antagonize English interests. Merchants and importers dread any international complication that will disturb commerce.

The Prohibition Convention to be Held at Pittsburg, Pa., on July 23d, is anticipated with unusual interest. During the past four years the prohibition sentiment has made more progress than during any preceding period. It is expected that the convention will be the largest temperance assembly ever held in this country. There will be nearly one thousand delegates alone. The convention will be held in Lafayette Hall, where the first National Republican Convention was held. Arrangements are being made by a committee of two hundred local Prohibitionists. The expenses will be met by private subscriptions. The question of the nominations is being carefully considered in advance. As General Neal Dow is said to have declared his intention of taking the stump for Mr. Blaine, there is less fear of his name being forced on the convention this time for the first place on the ticket. Among those mentioned as probable candidates for the Presidential nomination are Clinton B. Fisk, of New Jersey, Gideon T. Stewart, of Ohio, and R. H. McDonald, of California. The name of ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, however, appears at present to find most favor in the Eastern States, and his strength in the West is declared to be increasing. He will have the support of the entire Kansas delegation.

The Railroad Companies of Iowa have Given notice of their intention to respect the Prohibition law which goes into operation on July 5th. All their agents are prohibited from receiving any intoxicating liquors for transportation from any point, either within or without the State, to any point within its limits, unless there is delivered to such agent a certificate, signed by the auditor of the county in which the point of destination is situated, showing that the consignee has authority by order of the Board of Supervisors to sell liquors in such county.

The Design for the Garfield Monument at Cleveland, Ohio, has been selected by the Board of Trustees. Its prominent feature is a tower, which rises from broad terraces which are reached by spreading stairs. The vestibule leads into a round, vaulted chamber, the stone domelike roof of which is carried on eight granite columns, arranged in a circle around the sculptured tomb, which occupies the centre of the chamber. The capitals of columns and moulded arches between are richly carved, the pavement is tiled in harmonious colors and designs, and the whole is lighted by richly mullioned windows, which throw a softened light on the tomb. A spiral staircase of stone leads to the top of the tower, and opens on a gallery from which the surrounding country can be viewed. On the outside of the monument, above the portal, is a frieze of sculpture six feet in height, extending entirely around the base of the tower and within easy view from the ground. It is divided into panels containing bas-reliefs which represent in a graphic manner the career of Garfield as an educator, a soldier, and statesman; the watching of the world at his death-bed, and the remarkable funeral procession from Elberon to Cleveland. The remains of the President are inclosed in a crypt below the level of the chamber and immediately under the carved tomb. As a suggestion, the sculptor advised Ohio stone for the structural part of the design in connection with buff-colored terra-cotta for the frieze of sculpture which runs around the base of the tower. The chamber containing the tomb will be executed of the richest materials for artistic architectural effect, and the statue of Garfield will be either of bronze or marble.

A Cargo of Mormon Immigrants Numbering five hundred and thirty-one arrived in New York on June 23d by the Arizona. Of these, twenty-six were returning elders, who have been abroad as missionaries, some of them having been absent from home two years, while others have not been in Europe more than six months. Of the converts who came in the steerage four hundred and six are Scandinavians, and the remainder are from Great Britain, and principally English. The immigrants were nearly all in families, but there were a few single persons of both sexes, and a large number of children. The majority of the immigrants are farm laborers, but there is a sprinkling of mechanics among them. It is sad to think of the fate of these deluded Europeans. The power of the Mormon Church for mischief in this direction will be curtailed if the bill recently passed by the Senate becomes law. The fund now used for missionary and emigration purposes will, under the provisions of the new law, be applied to the support of the common schools.

Divorce Reform was Earnestly Recommended by the general assembly of the United Presbyterian Church at its recent session. It adopted resolutions to the effect that, in the judgment of this Assembly, no minister should join in marriage any person who is known to have been divorced on other than scriptural grounds, and that this assembly earnestly invokes State governments to take measures to secure such legislation.

The Commencement Exercises at Mr. Moody's seminary, Northfield, Mass., were held on June 19th, when twelve young ladies received their graduation diplomas. On the platform were 169 other lady-students clad in simple dresses and looking happy and intelligent. *Mr. Moody's mother* was present at all the exercises and at the collation and reception. No one there enjoyed the celebration more than the hale old lady, whose quaint remarks and genial welcomes were the delight of all the guests. Mr. Moore, one of the trustees, in his address to the first graduating class, said: "Some six years ago Mr. Moody said to me, with tearful earnestness, 'All over these hills of New England and down these valleys are a host of girls longing for education that they may be fitted for usefulness, but unable by poverty to carry out their desires.' For him to feel the need was to execute; and to-day, you, a band of twelve, go out into the world as the first class to graduate from a seminary built up by our beloved friend, the President of our Board. When the seminary building became too strait, there was added Bonar Hall. Then Mr. Moody's own home was thrown open; and now Marquand Hall, costing $66,000, will be opened in November. The new Recitation Hall is started, and still the cry is for more buildings. A library, a chapel, cabinets, philosophical appliances, scholarships, are greatly wanted, and the trustees are anxiously asking, Who will aid us in our need? The Boys' School at Gill is also crippled by poverty.

The Curtis Home for Orphans and Aged Ladies at Meriden, Conn., was dedicated on June 28th. The Home is a three-story brick structure situated in the southern part of the city, and cost $40,000. It was built by Lemuel J. Curtis, a prominent citizen and one of the leading members of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church. Mr. Curtis has also set aside a fund of $250,000, the income from which will be used for the support of the home. The dedication exercises were very simple in character, in accordance with the donor's wishes. Bishop Williams, of the Diocese of Connecticut, officiated, and a large number of Episcopal and other clergymen of Meriden and neighboring cities were present. The home will not be confined to members of any religious denomination, but any Protestant poor will be admitted. It will accommodate from forty to fifty children, and from twelve to twenty old ladies.

A Remarkable Religious Revival in Kansas is reported. It has been gradually extending since the opening of the year. Early in January *Rev. T. L. Leonard*, of Marshfield, Mass., commenced services at Leavenworth, in which five churches united. The result of those services was the conversion of over three hundred persons. Mr. Leonard was invited to Emporia and subsequently to Ottawa, where he remained seven weeks with increasing success. He has recently gone to Beloit, and there the blessing of God is being poured out with extraordinary results. The interest has extended to the country around, and crowds come into the city nightly to listen to Mr. Leonard's appeals. There are already two hundred converts and inquirers, including some who were notorious through the State as infidels and gamblers. Our friends in Kansas ask the prayers of God's people in other States for a continuance of the blessing.

The Morning Star has been Wrecked at Kusaie in Micronesia. She was the children's missionary ship. She was becoming dilapidated, and, as already mentioned, the building of a new vessel had been commenced before the wreck was reported. The telegram announcing the wreck was dated Hong Kong, June 21st. It gives few particulars, but states that all on board were saved. This ship was the third of her name, and it is a singular coincidence that the second one was wrecked on the same island as the third. The new ship now being built at Bath, Me., will be a steamer, and therefore less liable to such accidents as have befallen her predecessors. It is expected that by the end of this month her hull will be ready for launching.

Successful Gospel Work is being Done in Cincinnati by Mr. Ferdinand Schiverea, of Brooklyn, N. Y. He commenced a mission in a tent on the Circus Grounds, Lincoln Park, and has now large congregations whenever it is opened. They are composed chiefly of loafers and people who attend no place of worship. A jubilee meeting was recently held in the Baptist Church near the tent to welcome one hundred converts who made a profession of faith through God's blessing on the tent services. Mr. Schiverea was converted under the preaching of Mr. Moody, whom he much resembles in manner and method of work.

A Pathetic Reason for Total Abstinence was given by a commercial traveller in Chicago recently. Being invited to drink, he declared, to the surprise of his friends, that he had "sworn off." This was the reason he gave: "I called yesterday on a customer who keeps a pawn shop in connection with his other business. While I was there a young man, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. He unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.' And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby shoes, little things, with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice. 'Where did you get these?' asked the pawnbroker. 'Got 'em at home,' replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. 'My wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink.' 'You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker. 'No; s-she won't, because she's dead. She's lying at home now—died last night.' As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the show-case, and cried like a child. Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop."

The Bethany Institute for Woman's Christian Work, at 69 Second Avenue, New York, has issued its twelfth annual statement. Its record is an interesting one, not only in the number of tested and trained workers sent forth, but in the actual work accomplished by those under training, in the needy districts of the city and its surroundings. Of the two hundred and twenty-five who have received training during these years, twenty-five have gone to *the foreign field*, from whom encouraging accounts have been received. The sessions of the institute begin in September, and any who desire to enter the work should apply to Rev. and Mrs. A. G. Ruliffson as above for the annual statement giving full particulars.

A New Fashion in Photography has Come into vogue. A photographer last week described it to a visitor. In his show-case were three white watch faces, on each of which was a tiny but very distinct photograph of a beautiful lady. Being asked about the novelty, he said: "It is becoming quite the thing for the society young man to carry the photograph of his lady-love on his watch dial. She seems to smile on him whenever he looks at the time." "Did you ever photograph a man's wife on his watch?" the photographer was asked. "More times than you would think. There are plenty of men who think more of their wives than they did of their sweethearts. The finest watch face you ever saw had a handsome matron under the noon hour, and two pretty babies—one on each side." Men who have the pictures of their loved ones in their watches are probably those who have least need to be reminded of them. There are others, however, so lazy and so fond of pleasure that even that device would not prove a sufficient incentive to industry and frugality. The best incentive is love in the heart. Christian workers in whose hearts the Holy Spirit reigns supreme learn that there is no need of outward and visible symbols to remind them of their Saviour and their duty; God is "in all their thoughts" (1 Cor. 10 : 31).

Forbidden Kisses Formed the Principal Part of a physician's injunctions to his wife on his leaving home recently. "Remember," he said, "and do not let the children kiss any one." "Is it possible," asked a surprised third party who was present, "that you consider it necessary to give such instructions as that? Where is the danger?" "The danger is complicated and certain," said the doctor. "In my case, all kinds of people come to my house to consult me, and they often wait hours. If one of my children happens to come in they are almost certain to talk to it, and you know almost the first impulse with people who notice children is to kiss them. Bah! it makes me shudder—tainted and diseased breaths, lips blue with cancer, foul and decayed teeth. You would kill a stranger who would waylay your young lady daughter and kiss her by force, but the helpless innocent, six-year-old child, susceptible as a flower to every breath that blows, can be saluted by every one who chances to think of it. Hundreds of lovely children are kissed into their graves every year." The physician did not dread his children coming to harm through violence or hatred, but through a token of affection thoughtlessly given. Moral and spiritual evil is often similarly communicated. Young people are allured from the paths of religion and virtue, not by the hatred, but by the pretended love of the world (II Peter 2 : 18).

UNBELIEF CONDEMNED AND FAITH COMMENDED.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"They are a very froward generation, children in whom is no faith."—Deuteronomy xxxii. 20.

"Blessed is that man that maketh the LORD his trust."—Psalm xl. 4.

A Great Evil and a Great Grace—Disguised Unbelievers—Confidence in a Bridge—I. Unbelief is Frowardness—False Humility—Pride not Timidity—Gives God the Lie—Rejects His Way of Salvation—Makes Unreasonable Demands—Disparages Jesus—Impugns the Power of the Spirit—II. Faith has the Divine Approval—In the Forefront of the Plan—Confidence in a Bank Bill—A Child's Confidence—III. Faith is Blessedness—A Heavenly Surgery—A Quietus to Care.

THESE two texts will serve to show the different estimate which God has of unbelief and of faith. He says of unbelievers, in my text taken from Deuteronomy, "They are a very froward generation, children in whom is no faith;" as much as to say, that the absence of faith proves them to be froward, presumptuous, wilful, disobedient; a people at cross purposes with God. He says not only that they are perverse and froward, but He adds an emphatic word—"they are a *very* froward generation, children in whom is no faith." The second text most clearly shows us that God has a high approbation for faith; for He Himself by the Holy Ghost says, "Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust." Here, then, we have set before us

A GREAT EVIL

to which we are sadly inclined, and a great grace which we greatly need.

I will tell you what I shall be driving at this morning; I have a special character in view, and I long to be made useful to persons of that sort. There are those here who do not doubt for a moment the existence or goodness of God, neither have they any question about the inspiration and infallible truth of Holy Scripture; and yet they are entertaining within their hearts an unbelief which doth eat as doth a canker. A deadening unbelief is upon them, so that they abide in darkness, and take no pains to come into the light. Yet they do not condemn themselves, but rather look for pity as though it were their infirmity and not their fault.

Dear friend, you tell me that you are by no means an infidel or a sceptic, and yet

YOU DO NOT BELIEVE

so as to find peace with God. You tell me that you cannot believe, which is a confession that you are so false at heart that you cannot believe the truth. It is well that you should own to this gross depravity; but I have reason to fear that you are hardly conscious of the horrible nature of the crime which you acknowledge. I beg you to lay to heart this fact, that unless you have faith in Jesus you will perish just as surely as if you were an open denier of the Word of God and a reviler of His Son

We read of Israel in the wilderness that "they could not enter in because of unbelief;" yet they were not atheists. A passive unbelief will ruin a man as surely as an active infidelity. Suppose that an enemy is on this side of a river destroying everybody. To find safety the river has to be crossed, and there is but one bridge. Yonder man declares that he will never go over such a bridge; he does not believe in it; he asserts that it is a rotten old thing, which would break down under his weight. He hates the structure; he will not call it a bridge at all; he ridicules all who venture upon it. It is clear that he will stay on this side the river, and die by the pursuer's sword. He is the type of the avowed sceptic. *But where are you?* You say with unfeigned distress, "I am horrified to hear that man talk so of

THAT EXCELLENT BRIDGE;

I believe that it is well constructed, and that it has carried hundreds of thousands over. I cannot bear to heard a word said against it, for my dear father and mother found refuge by crossing

it, and they are now in the land of peace." Yet you do not escape by that bridge yourself, though well aware of your danger! Do you answer, "Well, I do not feel worthy to go over it." Why, that is nonsense; it is as if you should say, I cannot swim, and therefore will not cross over the river by means of the bridge. Your unworthiness cannot be a reason for refusing to accept a free salvation; on the contrary, it is a reason why you should accept it at once. However, it matters little what your excuse may be; you will perish forever if you do not believe in Jesus.

I want to talk with those unbelieving people who are not avowedly sceptical. Some of these I have seen, and I know that they are a numerous class. They are very sincere, and are really seeking after salvation; but the one thing which they refuse to do is to believe in the Lord Jesus.

THEY WILL NOT TRUST

their God, they will not believe in the promise which He has made to us in Christ Jesus. They would suffer any penance, they would give anything they possess, they would cut off their right arm, they would consent to lose their eyes, if they might but be saved; but this one matter of trust in God and accepting His way of salvation is the point in which they quarrel with the Most High. Upon this matter, in which the Lord will assuredly never yield to them, they stand out very obstinately, and so prove that they are "a very froward generation, children in whom is no faith." If they would obtain the Lord's blessing, the only way to it is faith. Oh, that they would hold out no longer, for "Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust."

I. To begin, then: our first statement is, unbelief is frowardness—"They are a very froward generation, children in whom is no faith." One very frequent disguise of unbelief is that of humility. "I feel myself such a great sinner; I feel so much evil to be in my heart; I dare not believe in Jesus!" If you judged by appearances you might think this unbelief very modest; but, indeed, it is not so. It imitates the tone of humility, but it cannot catch the accent. This deceptive vice dares to hint that the sinner's unworthiness is a reason why Jesus should not be trusted. What, would any man tell me that his own wickedness is a reason why he should distrust *me?* That would be too absurd. Because you are such a sinner, is God therefore a deceiver, and not to be trusted? This is not humility, but audacity. Our fearing to trust the promise of God because we are evil is a most perverse piece of wickedness.

Unbelief claims to be so timid. It cries, "I am afraid to come to Christ,

AFRAID TO TRUST HIM

with my soul." This is not true fear, but an evil pride. The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau. The sound is that of an amiable timorousness, but the spirit is that of frowardness. Friends, if you truly feared God you would tremble at the idea of distrusting Him. Dread doubting; but fear not to trust your God.

Unbelief is a very froward thing; we repeat the statement, and go on to prove it, because, in the first place, *it gives God the lie.* Can anything be worse than this? God saith, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," and the unbeliever replies, "I cannot believe that Jesus will save me." Oh, you poor, timorous soul, as some would call you, I may not flatter you, or excuse you, for I am afraid you must be very proud or you would not look the great Father in the face, and say, "Thou wilt not receive me if I come back to Thee like the prodigal child;" when again and again He invites you to return, and promises to receive you. Oh that this miserable slander of God and of His Christ might be stopped!

Again, unbelief is great frowardness because *it refuses God's way of salvation.* No man can read the Scriptures without seeing that God's way of salvation is not by works nor by feelings but by trusting in the Son of God, who has offered a full atonement for sin. If thou wilt make the Lord thy trust thou shalt be blessed; but if thou wilt not thou art assuredly accursed, seeing thou hast rejected the blood of the Eternal Sacrifice, refused the way of mercy which infinite love has appointed, and done despite to the Spirit of God. To what a pitch of madness has thou reached! Thou wilt sooner destroy thine own soul than treat thy God as thou wouldst treat an honest man!

Unbelief is a very froward thing, again, because *it very often makes unreasonable demands of God.* When Thomas said, "Except I put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe," he was speaking very frowardly. I have heard the sinner say, "Oh, sir,

IF I COULD HAVE A DREAM,

if I could be broken down with anguish, or if I could enjoy some remarkable revelation, then I would believe God;" this also is frowardness. And so thou darest look the Eternal in the face and say, "Thou shalt be a liar to me unless Thou wilt gratify my whims and wishes, and do this or that to prove what I admit to be true." Will you say to your fellow-man, "Sir, you have offered to help me in this time of need; I am quite willing to depend upon you for that help, provided you will do it in my way; but the way which you propose for my assistance I utterly reject?" You will probably turn your friend against you if you talk so. Beggars must not be choosers—certainly not with God. Shame on unbelief, that it should be so insulting to the God of heaven, before whom angels bow with veiled countenances! Surely, the devil himself cannot go further than unbelief; nor so far; for he believes, and trembles.

Unbelief is very froward, next, because *it indulges hard thoughts of God.* Why do you not trust your God to save you by the blood of Jesus? Do you say that "Salvation by faith is too good to be true?" Is anything too good to come from God, who is infinitely good? Is He not love? Do you say, "If I were to come to Him He would not receive me?" How darest thou say *that* when it is written, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out?" Oh, I have so offended that if I were to cry, "Father, I have sinned," I could not expect Him to forgive my offence. This is a base slandering of the heavenly Father! What penitent has He ever repelled? Thou knowest not how good He is—He is inconceivably gracious, He delighteth in mercy. Why will you so cruelly defame the ever-merciful one? Turn from this wickedness, or you will destroy your own soul.

And yet again, unbelief is a very froward thing because *it disparages the Lord Jesus.* It tramples upon the blood of the Son of God. The unbelieving sinner virtually asserts that he has found out the limit of the Saviour's power to save, and that He stands just over the margin to which His grace extends; for he thinks that Jesus may save any one except himself. Oh soul, dost thou doubt the infinite virtue of the divine sacrifice? Is it not true, as He hath said it, that He is "able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them?" Oh, if thou didst but know my Lord and Master thou wouldst not talk so; for He with a word can cast out devils, heal the sick, and raise the dead. He hath but to say "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee," and they are forgiven. He has but to look on thee, poor sinner, and thou shalt live. Yea, be assured that if thou wilt look on Him thou shalt live.

And do you not think it is another instance of great frowardness that unbelief *casts reflections upon the Holy Spirit?* It seems to say, "I feel sorely afraid, and therefore there is no peace for me.

I AM TOO HARDENED

and foolish for the Holy Spirit to lead me to faith in Jesus; and therefore I will not trust." "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Change thee, man? Why, He hath turned millions from darkness to light. Who art thou that thou shouldst set thyself up as a kind of vanquisher of grace, conquering grace by thy sin, and saying to the ocean of God's love, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further?"

II. And now, secondly, we turn to the better side of our subject, and remark that faith has the divine approval. "Blessed," says God, "is that man that maketh the Lord his trust." *We are sure that it is so.* Wherever there is faith, God is pleased with it; for faith is the sure mark of God's elect. We can only know them by their believing in the Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. God would never have set that of which He disapproved to be the mark of His eternal choice; but as He makes faith in Jesus to be the token of His covenanted ones, He must approve of it.

Remember, that God has been pleased in His great love to make this

THE MAIN REQUIREMENT

of the Gospel. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The Lord puts faith into the very forefront because He delights in it. I find not that the Lord has promised salvation to love, or to patience, or to courage, admirable as these graces are; but He has put this crown upon the head of faith—"Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." The Lord must certainly approve of that which He makes to be the grand necessity of salvation.

Dost thou not know that God has made faith to be the one thing needful in the matter of prayer? If thou comest before Him in prayer He will not ask thee to bring thy hands laden with gifts, nor to drop from thy tongue choice words of eloquence; but thou "must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him," or else thou canst have nothing at His hands. If, then, God has made the efficacy of prayer to turn upon faith, He must have a high estimate of it. He has made faith to be the master-key by which all the chambers of His treasury may be unlocked, and therefore depend upon it He will never cast it out as unwarranted and presumptuous. "Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust," whoever that man may be.

Beside that, He has been pleased to make faith to be the mode and manner of the spiritual life. "The just shall live"—how? by works? No—"the just shall live by faith." There is no living except by faith. Let any child of God try to live by sense or reason, even for a day, and see how miserable he will be. Oh souls, ye cannot have too much faith in God! You need never say, "May I believe?" It is altogether another question—How dare you doubt your God?

"But is it true," says one, "that faith means trusting in God?" That is it. God bids you trust Jesus, and you shall be saved. Will you accept His testimony and trust Jesus? That is the whole of it. In common life we exhibit faith in man, and no one blames us for a legitimate trust. A man says that he has received a thousand pounds. How is that? He has nothing in his hand but

A BANK-NOTE,

and that is *merely a bit of paper.* Yet he is quite confident that he has the thousand pounds, because he has faith in the Bank of England and in its promises. That is my own mind as to God's promise: it is to me the thing which it promises, even as the note for £1000 is a thousand pounds. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." If thou believest God as thou believest thy friend, thou art saved; for faith has brought thee into the state of salvation. But this is what men will not come to. They will stop and mutter and sputter, and spin all kinds of cobwebs, and invent all sorts of theories in order to evade the sweet necessity of trusting in the Lord.

Furthermore, it is not unreasonable, but it

is highly reasonable, that God should take pleasure in faith. Beloved, look at yourselves. Judge of the Lord from yourselves in this matter; for the Lord Jesus permits you so to judge of the Father's mind. You who are fathers, what would you say of your child if he did not believe your promise? If he said that he could not trust you, what would you think of him? If your boy had offended, and refused to ask pardon because he would not believe that you would forgive him, what would be your judgment of his character? Would you be pleased with him if he would not confess that he was wrong, but took to sulking because he thinks you are unwilling to forgive? Would you take pleasure in such a child as that? No, but one of the beautiful things about your little children is just this, that they have not a thought or a care, but

JUST TRUST YOU IMPLICITLY.

When children have lost confidence in their parents, farewell to domestic peace. If you, being evil, love to be trusted, must it not be so with God? If you, a poor sinner, come and say, "Lord, I have greatly sinned, but I believe thou art such a greatly loving Father that thou canst blot it all out for Jesus' sake," do you not think that He will be pleased to hear your confidence? But He cannot be pleased with you when you say, "Lord, I know all about Thy Gospel and its blessings, but I really cannot trust Thee!"

God will accept our faith, for it is in conformity with our position toward Him. What position ought the creature to occupy to its Creator? Should it not constantly depend upon Him? What position should a sinner occupy toward his Saviour? Should he not rely upon Him most heartily? What position should a child of God occupy toward the divine Father but one of loving confidence?

Brethren, God loves faith because faith supplies the missing link between us and Himself. A servant who thinks evil of his master cannot be an acceptable servant to any man; he will be looking out for his own interests, and whenever they come across those of his master we know what will happen. But if, after having acted very crookedly, the man should have proof of his master's affection for him, and should come to the belief that his master is a model of goodness, then you have laid the foundation of another kind of service, such as no wages can purchase. From a loving trust there will proceed patience, diligence, zeal, fidelity, and obedience, and everything which is suitable in a servant toward a good master. So when a soul comes to make the Lord its trust it has set out upon the right track; and though it be but at the head of the way, yet it will make advances and arrive at no mean degree of rightness with God.

III. My time has failed me, and therefore I must close by noticing, in the last place, this fact—that faith is blessedness. "Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust." To believe in God is to be blessed by God. "Oh, but," saith one, "I believe in God, and I am in great trouble." Just so, and within that trouble there dwells a measureless blessing. Your trial is the veil which covers the face of a loving God. Faith will make you to sing with the author of this psalm, "I waited patiently for the Lord." Faith says, "I am in deep trial, but all things work together for my good. It is therefore a great gain to me to be as I am. All these griefs and woes are but

A HEAVENLY SURGERY

to cure me of the malady of inbred sin." This enables the believer to receive correction with patience. He knows that all is right, and therefore the child of God frets not, and does not kick against the pricks. As in the old days of surgery a brave man laid himself down and gave himself up to the knife, so does the believer resign himself to sharp affliction because he knows that it is necessary for his spiritual life, and will tend to his perfection in grace. Thus faith distils a potent medicine from poisonous plants, and extracts light out of darkness. Is not this enough to make a man blessed?

Faith, again, releases the afflicted out of trouble. Turn to the psalm again and read: "I waited patiently for the Lord; and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." Thousands of saints who have tried and proved the faithfulness of the Lord unite in chorus to declare that He hath delivered His people and will deliver them.

The man that maketh the Lord his trust is blessed because his faith creates in him a deep peace. It is responsibility which causes the wear and tear of life; at least, it is so in my case; now, he who trusts a matter with the Lord sees that the fulfilment of the promise lies with God and not with him. When we trust in the Lord we cease to worry, because it is the Lord's business to answer to our faith—

"'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide."

He who takes the Lord for his Guide no longer worries about the way; he who takes Him for his Watchman rests in perfect peace; he who accepts Him as a Saviour looks for sure salvation at His hands. There is a wonderful calm in the heart when we can commit our way unto the Lord; then we delight ourselves in the Lord, and He gives us the desires of our heart. That blessed act of casting every burden upon the Lord is faith's masterpiece, and it gives a sweet

QUIETUS TO ALL CARE.

When a man trusts his money with a firmly established bank, he does not sit up all night to protect his cash-box and iron safe. No, his money is out of his own keeping, and he feels at ease about it. Thus we commit our body, soul, and spirit into the pierced hand of Jesus, who hath redeemed us, and we know and are confident that He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him until that day. None can know perfect rest of heart but those whose minds are stayed on God by a sincere trust in Him.

Faith, in addition to bringing peace, creates a holy elevation of character, and that is blessedness. The man who lives by sight and walks according to the judgment of the flesh, is cabined and confined within a range too narrow for blessedness. He is not much above the brute that perisheth; his provender and stall are the main dependence of his joy; but the man that lives by faith ranges among eternal things, and drinks from celestial founts. His is a high, sublime, mysterious life.

"Ah," cries one, "I could not live with nothing to depend upon!" Oh, my brother, is God nothing? Elijah had nothing to depend upon, for Cherith dried up, and the ravens came no more with bread and meat, and the widow woman had only flour enough for one more meal; yet the little meal in the barrel wasted not, and the cruse of oil never failed. He had nothing to depend upon but God, you know; that is to say, he had only everything. The believer has nothing to depend upon except his God, and what more does he want?

WHAT MORE COULD HE HAVE?

Mark how yon heavens stand without a pillar! See how the round world floats in space without a stay! What more does the universe require than the power of the Eternal? Oh believer, get thee out into these deep waters, where there is sea-room for faith, and no weak creatures to interfere with unmingled reliance upon God; for blessed is that man whose life is rendered sublime by an undivided confidence in the living God.

Lastly, blessed is the believing man when he thinks of dying, for he is sure and certain that he cannot truly die. Faith has so linked him with the one living God that he feels immortality pulsing through his entire nature. When he comes to lie on the bed of sickness, and gradually decays, he has no fear of his departure; on the contrary, he looks forward with expectation to be delivered from the bondage and sinfulness of this mortal life, and to be admitted into the liberty and perfection of the life eternal. See him as he quits the shores of earth; he is not torn away by violence, forced unwillingly into an unknown hereafter. No, he undresses for his last rest, solemnly but expectantly. A song is on his lip, and glory is in his heart. He has finished his work, he has been washed from his sin, he has embraced the promise, and now he falls asleep upon the breast of his Redeemer, assured that he shall wake up in the likeness of his Lord. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

Oh, souls, if ye will believe, ye shall have both heaven on earth and heaven in heaven; but if ye will not believe your God, your Saviour, many sorrows shall be to you, and in the end you will destroy yourselves forever. It matters not what excuses you make about this, or that, or the other; if you will not trust your God He will have nothing to do with you. If you believe in the Lord Jesus you shall be numbered with His chosen, and all His promises shall be fulfilled to you; for with you has He made an everlasting covenant which shall stand fast forever and ever, when all visible things have melted away. May God uplift you from the miry clay of unbelief to the rock of confidence in Him, for Christ's sake. Amen.

OPENING OF THE FIRST CABLE TRAMWAY IN EUROPE, AT HIGHGATE HILL, LONDON, ON MAY 29.

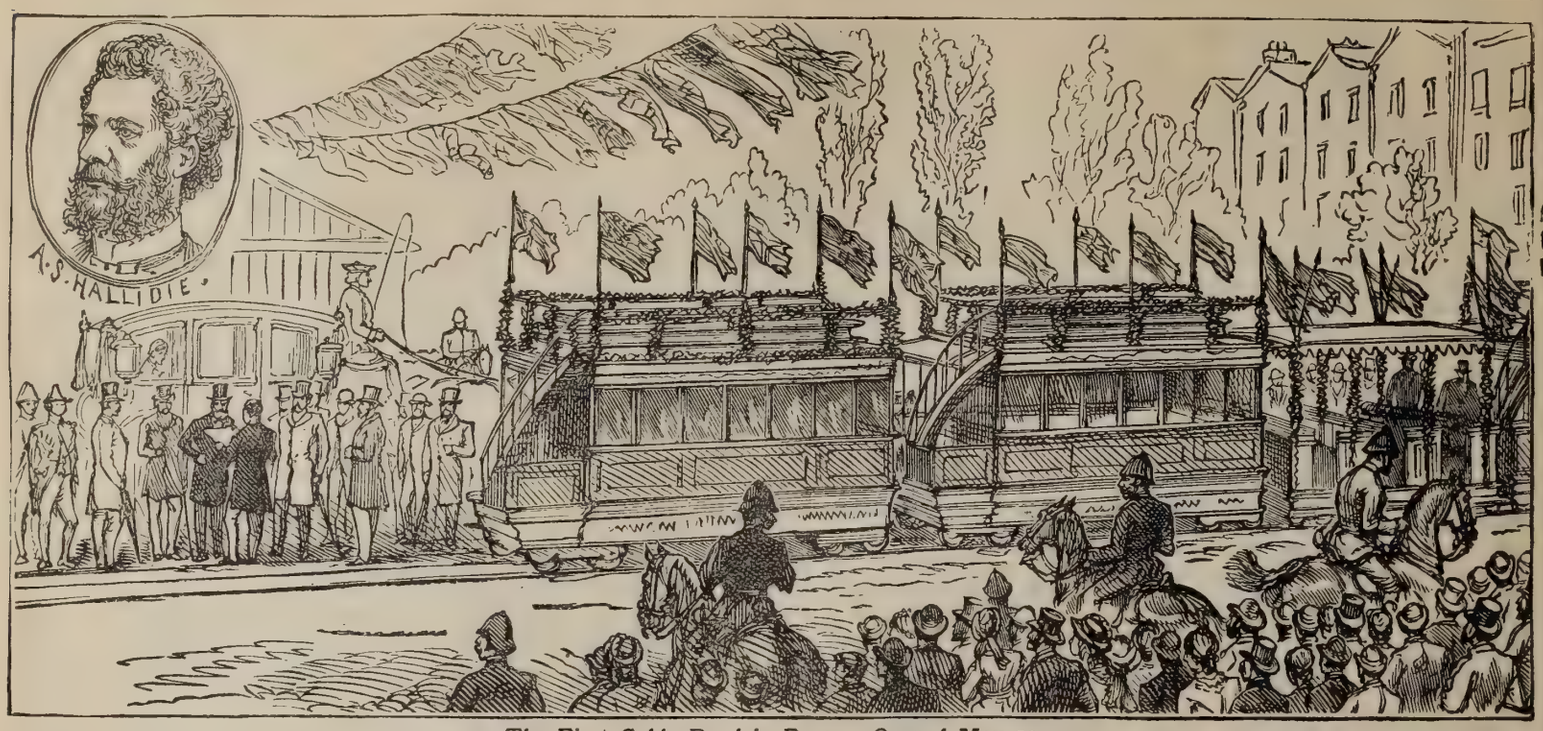
(*See Illustration on page 428.*)

ENGLISHMEN who visit this country have dwelt with so much emphasis and persistence on the superiority of their native land to the United States, that it is pleasant to notice a practical admission of inferiority lately made. This is the adoption of the cable system of running street-cars which idea John Bull not only borrowed from America, but sent for an American engineer to show him how to operate it.

The opening of the Highgate Hill Cable Tramway is undoubtedly an event of much social importance. It introduces to the notice of the British nation a method of working tramways which has already, in some of the principal cities of the United States, solved trying problems of conveyance, especially in districts whose natural features precluded the use of any other method of propulsion. The importance of the results will be second to none in the future development of the surface-car system in large cities and populous districts. The average cost of horsing the cars on ordinary roads exceeds forty-four per cent of the gross receipts, and, in addition, the cruel fact remains that the life of the car-horse does not exceed four years of hard work at sixteen miles a day. Five thousand horses are thus worked to death every year.

The considerations which resulted in the adoption of the cable system for the New York and Brooklyn Bridge have a universal bearing on the respective practical values of the various means of locomotion at present available for street cars. The endless steel wire rope is seven eighths of an inch in diameter. This cable passes from the depot in High Street, underground, up the hill, there over a large terminal grooved wheel sunk in a deep pit, thence down the whole length of the hill in a covered way to the Highgate tavern at the bottom. There it turns round another terminal wheel sunk in a pit, similar to the one at the top of the hill. The steel rope being kept continuously in motion by the steam-engines at the depot, the cars are provided with a means of gripping the cable in its underground path, and of being released from connection at the will of the conductors in charge.

The car track itself is of the usual construction, but centrally between the two rails of the permanent way there is provided a continuous elliptical tube or trench one foot deep by eight



The First Cable Road in Europe, Opened May 29.

inches wide, below the surface of the road, in which the endless cable moves along at the rate of six miles an hour.

This new steep-gradient road was opened by a procession of decorated cars and an inaugural ceremony by the Lord Mayor of London and the Directors of the Company (*as seen in our picture*). The streets were thronged with thousands of people, and the houses along the line of route were gay with flags and garlands.

The Cable Tramway is the invention of Mr. A. S. Hallidie, an American engineer of great practical skill, of whom a vignette portrait is given in the corner of the picture of the opening ceremony. From a youth he evinced a genius for mechanics and engineering, and has won a deservedly high reputation for the various useful works which he initiated and carried through to a successful termination. At the present time he is President of the Railroad Company, and also of the Cable Railway Company of California. He fills at the same time the high position of Regent of the University of California, and was for ten years President of the Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco.

AN INDIAN PRIEST.

The Rev. E. Lewis, of Bellary, Southern India, narrates the following incident: "In one of my out-stations, there is a very popular ministry, presided over by a very powerful priest. After several days' preaching in the town some men belonging to his ministry came to us and said, 'Will you come with us to the priest? We should like to see what you will say to him, and what he will say to you.' We accepted the offer, went to the ministry, were introduced to the priest, and sat down—the priest upon his throne, we below. We commenced talking on ordinary subjects until we felt at ease with him, and he with us; and then, addressing the old man, I said, 'You and I ought to have very much in common. You are a teacher of the people, so am I. Suppose we compare notes. Will you tell me how you deal with men? How you seek to lead them to repentance and to a pure and holy life? If you tell me all these things, I will tell you how I work, what I hope for, my prospects for the present, and hopes for the future.' He was somewhat taken aback, but in a very short time he commenced laying down some of the doctrines of their philosophy, and enlarging upon these various doctrines. 'Then,' I said, 'I want to come to your practical life. What do you do to reach men?' He answered, 'I have as much as I can do nowadays to see that they keep to their caste, and to collect the dues they ought to give me.' All was over; and, brethren, you can understand at that time, with such a congregation, with those men by our side, we had as splendid an opportunity as it was possible for any missionaries to have to witness to the Lord Jesus Christ. We spoke to him and to them of Jesus, who gave up His life for men. The souls of the congregation were stirred. Ever after that the old man has considered himself our friend."

A RESCUE FROM THE PIRATE'S CAVE.

(*See Illustration.*)

LOUD shouts of mirth were ringing around the high peaks which sheltered a little bay. They proceeded from a group of boys who were playing among the boulders, which at low tide were a perfect treasury of shells, and seaweed, and strange things that the sea swept up and left in the interstices. The boys were almost wild with delight. They were city boys, who could appreciate a playground such as that, and as they leaped from rock to rock and picked up the tiny little turtles and crabs, and gathered the long strips of seaweed, they made the little bay resound with their strong young voices. There were five of them belonging to two families, who were neighbors and friends in the city and were taking their trip in company.

"Wonder what that hole is," said Fred Halcome, pointing to a hole in one of the highest of the rocks, which rose almost perpendicularly from the sea.

"Maybe it's a pirate's cave," said Frank Lewis, another of the boys, who had surreptitiously enjoyed more than one dime novel. "Say, boys, we'll find out what it is. Come along."

They were soon at the crag, and Fred Halcome, the biggest and strongest of the boys, stood up to his ankles in water, his shoulders bent, on which his little brother George mounted, and peeped into the hole.

"Oh here's a discovery!" George cried, "it's as big as a room. Hold still Fred, I'm going in." And so saying George crawled through the aperture and was lost to sight.

It was not in boyish nature to remain outside in such romantic circumstances, and Fred Halcome consented to continue his services as an animated ladder on condition that he should be helped up afterward. The three boys were quickly up, and two of them lying flat on their stomachs extended their hands downward to Fred to help him up. Then they explored the cave, a natural chamber in the rock, high enough for them to stand upright.

This place was a grand find to have made on the first day of their arrival. "We'll call it the Pirate's Cave," Frank Lewis said, "and I'll tell you all about three-fingered Roland the pirate, and we'll form a regular pirate gang, and I'll be Roland, and we'll make this place our treasury. Look here; why, this is another cave inside. This is bully. It's a regular castle," and Frank crept through a narrow opening into a smaller cave which was lighted by a narrow crevice, looking out on the opposite side of the rock. "This will be my cabin," Frank said, "the captain's room." There were many details to be settled and, of course, questions of precedence to be arranged, during the discussion of which time passed quickly.

"Now boys," Frank said, "we must have seats and a bed. They must be made of stones, and seaweed spread on the top. Attend to your captain's orders. Fred and George, you go down and gather small stones and hand 'em up. Harry and Will, you stand at the mouth of the cave and receive them. Then you shall all work to make the bed and the seats. We'll make this a genuine castle."

Fred and George said, "Ay, ay, sir," and touched their foreheads in approved pirate style and started on their errand. They quickly returned with scared faces. *The waves were nearly up to the mouth of the cave.* The boys could not know exactly how deep the water was, but as it had taken two of them, the one standing on the shoulders of the other to get in, they knew that any one jumping out would be drowned. That was a serious situation. They looked out. The place where they had been playing was covered with boiling waves. The great boulders on which they had jumped were not to be seen, though the foam on the water showed where they were. The great billows rushed against the rock and drenched them with spray. And the tide still rose. Soon it would be in the cave, and every boy there felt that there was danger of his being drowned. There was no time to be lost. Frank, who in spite of the general alarm still clung to his command, ordered two boys to go back to the crevice in the inner cave and shout regularly and together,

while the two others did the same at the hole by which they had entered.

Meanwhile there was trouble at home. Where could those boys be? The men folks were not much troubled. The boys would come back safely they said; but the mothers and the girls grew more anxious every minute. At length Mr. Lewis and Mr. Halcome were induced to go down to the beach and see if they could see the boys—they were sure to have gone there. They strolled off leisurely to oblige the ladies, but having the general belief that the boys would be all right. They walked for some distance along the beach, and then climbed a cliff to watch the grand sight of the tide coming in on that rocky coast. They came upon a group of men standing there, apparently in consultation. Evidently something had happened. The two gentlemen went to the group and made inquiries.

"Some boys down in a hollow in the rocks sir. You can hear 'em shouting if you listen," said one of the men addressed. They did listen, and there was no mistake. The fathers recognized their sons' voices.

"Is there a boat near that we can send? Those are our boys," Mr. Halcome said.

"Bless you, sir, there's no boat could go there. Why, there's rocks down there as would stave in any boat in this tide."

"Will the water reach them where they are?"

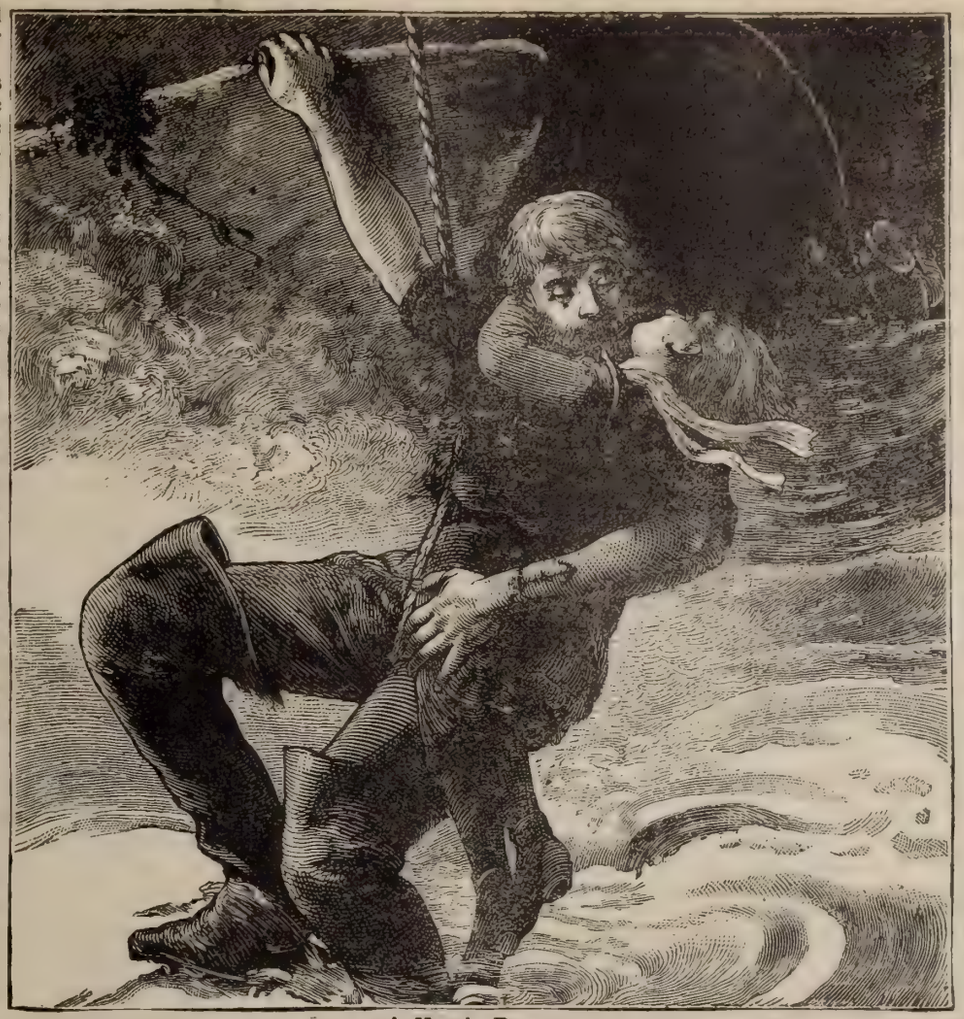
"Oh yes, they are in Wild Man's Cave; the tide fills that always."

"What can we do then? We will pay you well if you can save them."

"We weren't waiting for pay, sir," said one of the men. "We've sent one of the men for ropes, and two of us are going down to see what we can do. But it's a risky job. Here Bob comes with the ropes. Now we'll try."

Those two gentlemen thought that they lived hours during the next thirty minutes. The two daring men who were lowered by the ropes from the summit of the cliff were watched with anxious eyes, while prayers for their success went up from two hearts almost broken by suspense. At last the ropes hung loose, and in a minute there was a shout, and those at the top began to haul in. In a few minutes two boys were safely landed and the men again descended. Two more boys were brought up and only Frank remained. He was up to his waist in water the brave rescuers said, but he was holding firm. Down the heroic men went again and in a few moments the last of the boys was rescued.

Who can describe the joy of the two fathers as they clasped their sons in their arms! Or the gratitude of the mothers when they heard of it, to the noble men who had risked their lives for the boys. There was joy and gladness in the little boarding-house that night and heartfelt thanks to God for the preservation of the lives of the loved ones. There were prayers too that the lives saved might be consecrated to God, and that as they had been saved from death by the heroic rescuers.so they might be saved from eternal destruction through Him who gave His life for them.



A Heroic Rescue.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page* 415.)

An Involuntary Revelation.

ROBERT WALDRON shrank from hearing his father and sister inform the young minister what the disadvantages were, under which Hester had labored. Miss Waldron had alluded to them vaguely as having led in some measure to a state of mind which she regarded as peculiar. Miss Waldron would have been perfectly content with Hester's spiritual condition if the girl had been, like herself, self-satisfied and self-righteous. But Hester did not think that the little sect, of which she had just become a member, had a monopoly of the truth, or that its doctrines covered and explained all the mysteries of life. Miss Waldron knew exactly why some disaster had occurred. God had sent it in order that she and a few others might learn some particular lesson, but Hester thought of the poor sufferers and sympathized with those whom their death had bereaved, and was doubtful whether Miss Waldron and her friends were so capable as they supposed themselves of understanding and declaring the mind of the Infinite Ruler of the universe. Hester had not concealed her doubts, and Miss Waldron consequently entertained gloomy views about the girl's spiritual condition. But she wished to be charitable, and therefore made allowance for her on the ground of her disadvantages. But neither she nor Robert were prepared for Mr. Bramwell's inquiry as to the nature of those disadvantages. Robert would have had the crime and its consequences buried out of sight forever, but sin cannot be so buried, and Robert Waldron was finding out that those who sin must reap the harvest they sow. It was the chagrin with which the consciousness of the fact filled him, that prompted his brusque words to the young minister, who looked up at his livid angry face with astonishment.

Robert Waldron walked away without giving Carl time to answer; and Miss Waldron threw herself back in the chair, with her handkerchief to her eyes. Mr. Waldron, with an expression of shame and pain upon his face, was about to speak, when Carl interrupted him gently.

"I know it all," he said; "I knew it long before I had any thought of coming here. Grant wrote to me, and told me all he then knew, at the time he was attending Mr. Robert Waldron in Mr. Morley's house, about nine months ago."

Mr. Waldron regarded Carl with an air of profound astonishment, mingled with incredulity as to whether he had heard him aright; and Miss Waldron dropped her handkerchief and turned a bewildered gaze upon him.

"Attending my son in John Morley's house!" ejaculated Mr. Waldron; "what did you say, Mr. Bramwell?"

"It cannot be a secret to you," answered Carl, taken by surprise himself; "surely you knew it, Miss Waldron? Your brother was almost murdered at the door of Mr. Morley's house about nine months ago."

"Robert had an accident nine months ago," she said, "through which Mr. Grant nursed him; but it was at Beckbury, twenty miles from here."

"I have done wrong," cried Carl, with a look and tone of concern; "but it did not occur to me for an instant that you did not both know the facts. I knew that he wished the secret kept from the townspeople, which I very well understood. I beg of you not to betray my indiscretion to him. If you wish me to gain his esteem and friendship, it would only prejudice him against me."

He spoke with extreme earnestness, and addressed himself rather to Mr. Waldron than to his daughter. With her he felt sure that he was safe.

"But what is it?" asked Mr. Waldron, with impetuosity; "I must know the whole of it now. What did you say? Robert almost murdered at John Morley's door?"

Grant can tell you all about it," said Carl; "but if he will not, I will read his letter again, or put it into your hands, on condition that you do not betray either of us to your son. If I could see any good to result from letting him know of it, I would make no condition at all; but I do not."

"I will go and question Grant this moment!" exclaimed Mr. Waldron, hurrying away with more than ordinary energy, and leaving his daughter alone with Carl. There had been very much to excite and trouble her in the foregoing conversation; for Robert had already insinuated to her his own apprehensions relating to Carl and Hester. It had been done with caution and finesse, but there was a dread in the depths of her own heart with which it exactly coincided. It would be hard indeed if Carl were so soon to cease to belong exclusively to herself. He drew nearer to her, and appealed to her in a tone of earnest but deferential importunity.

"Mr. Watson committed Hester Morley to

the care of Grant and myself," he said, "but what can we do for her? It is you, who are so good, and to whom the Master has intrusted so many talents, who should be the friend of this lonely girl. I do not know what calamity Mr. Watson feared for her, but there seemed some special dread about her future. What could I do to protect her from sorrow and danger? I will be indeed her friend, but you are wiser and better than I; a woman like herself, your heart has a purity and tenderness unknown to man. You will be her friend, even as you are already so generously and so nobly mine?"

He spoke with eloquent warmth, and approached her so closely that his hand nearly touched hers. There was a peculiar fascination about the mere presence of a young and pleasing woman, such as she appeared to him; and this morning he felt more than usual the need of a woman's gentle ministry to chase away the gloomy impressions of the night.

"Ah!" sobbed Miss Waldron, with very real and very bitter tears, "I am so much your friend that I tremble for you; so impulsive and so inexperienced as you are. I am older than you, and have seen much, both in the Church and the world. I foresee that you may attain to great eminence and usefulness; but a single false step at the outset of your career may become your ruin. Be warned in time. I am frank with you because I feel a great regard for you. Leave the charge of poor Hester Morley to me, and do not take too great an interest yourself in her welfare. She is young and foolish, and might draw you into a difficulty it would be hard to escape from."

Miss Waldron succeeded in pronouncing these sentences in a tone penetrated with candor and a deep concern in him. The hot quick blood of his sensitive nature had mounted to his face, and a spark of almost angry resentment had kindled in his eyes; but he could not steel himself against her agitation and tears. There was subtle, delicious flattery in this warm interest of a woman, his elder and superior, which compensated for the gall of the admonition. When she raised her eyes to him, sparkling through her tears, they met a glance in his which made her heart glow with a sensation altogether new to her. Her eyelids dropped, and her lips trembled; but she mastered her emotion sufficiently to resume the conversation in a somewhat lighter tone.

"I speak for your sake," she said. "Hester has a certain amount of beauty which would make it excusable for a man young as you are to be attracted by it. But I know of no one so unsuitable to become a prominent member of any Church, such as a minister's wife should be. Of course, some day you will fall in love and marry, but I trust not with Hester Morley. She is visionary and unsound in the faith; she is not to be trusted. There is not the spirit of the daily cross in her. Though she is in the Church, she belongs to the world. Her only friend is a frivolous Frenchwoman of the lower orders, a Papist, and Hester herself owns that she makes no effort to convert her. She says that she is too old for change, and too dark to understand our pure and lofty creed. I shall insist, some day, upon bearing the bread of life to this famishing soul; for Hester, who sees her frequently, does not feed her with a single crumb. You can judge how unfit she is for a post of honor in the vineyard. Therefore I warn you beforehand. 'As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion.'"

With this harsh quotation hurled at Hester, Miss Waldron concluded her admonition, and Carl remained silent. Seeing the impression she had produced, she recommended him, with an air of sisterly sweetness, to seek some repose before entering on the necessary preparations for the services of his first Sunday as pastor of the church. Carl obeyed with alacrity, and shut himself up in his own room for the rest of the morning.

In the mean time Mr. Waldron was hastening with all speed to find Grant, before he left his lodgings to make his morning call upon his patients, whose number was increasing with fair rapidity under the prestige of Mr. Waldron's patronage. He burst upon him just as he was preparing to go out, and lost no time in beating about the bush. As a statesman Mr. Waldron had known no tactics, except that of asking straightforward and pungent questions; and he tried no other means now. Grant was as frank as himself; and having a greater respect for him than for his son, and being rather glad at Carl's inadvertence, he soon put Mr. Waldron into possession of all the facts he knew.

"But what rancor there must be in John Morley's soul!" cried Mr. Waldron, sinking into a chair and resting both his hands upon the arms of it. "I can barely credit it, Grant. Were you convinced then, both of you, that he, and nobody else, could have struck the blow!"

"Is there any other man who owes him such a grudge?" asked Grant, bluntly.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered, in accents almost peevish, and with a gesture as if he would have nothing to do with it. "My son has wounded me to the very quick; and I have ceased to seek out his faults. He will have to bear the consequences himself, here and hereafter."

His upright head sank a little on his breast; and his eyes, bright and undimmed still, met Grant's regard ruthfully.

"You are too hard upon him," said Grant with an honest plainness which was as honey to Mr. Waldron. "I would stake my head that this is the only folly of which he has been guilty; and he was little more than a boy when he fell into it. He was four years younger than I am; and, dear me! what I might have done if I'd been rich and idle, and an only son, like him!"

Mr. Waldron breathed more calmly, and the rigid muscles about his mouth relaxed into the expression which generally served him as a smile. But his mind recurred to John Morley.

"Yet how could you account for him taking you into his own house?" he asked.

"He could do nothing else," answered Grant. "I walked into the nearest house with your son in my arms, and Hester had let me in before he knew anything of it. To screen himself he was obliged to let us remain. Neither of us believe that he had any previous design to attack him; but seeing him sauntering about the street which he was forbidden to enter, John Morley was overcome by a sudden access of revenge and passion. A blow struck more warily must have killed him; half an inch, ay, the tenth of an inch would have done it."

"But what weapon did he use?" asked Mr. Waldron, shuddering.

"Some days afterward," he replied, "I saw in his workshop several iron bars, from a foot and a half to four feet in length. They are used for screwing up the binding-presses. If one of these happened to be at hand it would form a very likely weapon."

"I am afraid it must be true," said Mr. Waldron.

"I am sure of it," replied Grant.

"But, how then?" he exclaimed, "you choose this man for your friend, you visit him daily, believing him all the while to be a murderer!"

"No more a murderer than you or I," said Grant, calmly. "I have studied John Morley; he is as soft-hearted as a woman, always apt to be overwhelmed by the sin and misery of the world. To him there must be a constant pressure of despair from the thought of the sin and misery of the wife he has loved and lost. If he knew for certain that she was dead, half his burden would fall off. When he saw your son, a frenzy seized him, and I do not wonder at the blow he struck. In many countries it would pass for a virtue rather than a crime."

"But he is a member of the church," said Mr. Waldron, "and attends the means of grace."

"Just now," answered Grant, "a long walk every day would be the best means of grace for him, and it would do him more good to be a member of the Alpine Club. The truth is, he is crusted over with morbid melancholy amounting to monomania. Why, I should commit a score of murders if I lived, as he does, in the eternal gloom of that house! So would you, Mr. Waldron."

"Hush! there he is," cried Mr. Waldron.

In a window nearly opposite them could be seen the head of John Morley set in the blackened and decayed frame of the casement. He stood motionless, looking upward with blank eyes which evidently saw nothing. The deep lines in his face seemed more furrowed than ever, and his whole aspect was one of grim and perpetual hopelessness. He glanced round once, and his eyes appeared to sweep the full range of their sight as if searching for some object which he had lost, but which he had long since despaired of finding. Mr. Waldron watched him with painful and contending emotions.

"Grant," he said, "I'd give him half my possessions if they would do him any good. Yet he almost killed my son, my only boy! I feel nearer hating him than I ever felt toward any man. You do not know how a father feels! Why, it was only last night I shook the hand that had been raised against my boy's life! I hope I am a Christian. God deliver me in His abundant grace from the devil! But to think what it would have been if Robert had been murdered, and I had never heard him speak again. He was such a good boy once, Grant; a good, affectionate, conscientious boy was my Robert. Bob I called him then. And that man yonder had nearly killed him! I wish he would take half my fortune, and go away out of the country. But to-morrow I shall see him at chapel, and next week he will stand beside me at the grave of our old pastor. I had better go home and think it all over quietly by myself; and may God give me grace to prove myself a true Christian."

He wrung Grant's hand convulsively, and took a last furtive glance at the gray, despairing face in the window opposite. Then he retraced his steps homeward, and, like Carl Bramwell, shut himself up in his room alone to think over the discovery of John Morley's crime and Robert's danger.

Miss Waldron took care that Carl should have no opportunity of seeing Hester again until some of the excitement of his new position had worn off, and until she had established a stronger influence over him. It was astonishing how great an effect her clever platitudes had upon him. She possessed the art of investing commonplace observations with a seeming profundity which might easily have imposed upon an older man than Carl; while at the same time she surrounded him with those thousand minute delicate attentions which lie only in the power of a woman. Once or twice she drove with him to John Morley's house, and waited in the carriage at the door while he made a pastoral call; by which means she insured an extreme brevity of visit, and had the satisfaction of learning that Hester had not made her appearance.

How long she could have maintained this careful line of conduct is uncertain, if Grant had not been impatient to introduce Carl more familiarly to John Morley; and he took the first chance that presented itself. Carl naturally chose to see a good deal of his future brother-in-law; and though Grant was made welcome at Aston Court by all, even by Miss Waldron, who was fully awake to this weak point in her position, yet she could not forbid the young minister visiting him in his own rooms. A favorable opportunity occurred before long, when Grant invited him, without formality, to call upon John Morley.

"I want you, if possible, to infuse a little hope into his nature," said Grant; "and then, if I could induce him to shut up shop an hour earlier and take some healthy exercise, we

should make him a tenfold better Christian than he is. Don't you agree with me?"

"To be sure I do," answered Carl.

"Miss Waldron wouldn't," said Grant, laughing; "but it stands to sense that when a poor fellow's liver is as bad as a liver can be, he cannot be as good a Christian as he ought to be. I'll make you see that as plain as print, Carl, if you will only attend."

"Hadn't we better see Mr. Morley first?" suggested Carl.

"Well, I'm ready," he answered. "I don't need a hat just to cross the street. There, a customer has gone in—a rare bird opposite—but if you like we will go and see Hester first. I am quite at home over yonder." And he proved the truth of his words by entering the house without knocking at the door.

(To be continued.)

THE ARK IN THE HOUSE.

S. S. Lesson for July 13, II Sam. 6 : 1–12. Golden Text, Prov. 3 : 33. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

David's Good Intention—The Counsel of God not Asked—A Mistake in Methods—The Cart Instead of the Shoulder—A Heathen Example—Worldly Methods in Christian Work—Uzzah's Officious Interference—Terribly Rebuked—Unnecessary Concern for God's Glory—God will Undertake—The Ark in the House—Formal Prayers—The Blessing on the House—Joy in Restored Communion.

WHEN David was established upon the throne, one of his first thoughts was to bring back the ark of God. But in this he did not seek to know God's mind. It is frequently the case that a child of God who seeks counsel from Him for all other things, yet fails to do so concerning anything which is in itself a positive duty, and undoubtedly right to do. What could be more laudable than to bring back the ark of God, the glory of the people of the Lord, and the visible token of His presence? Yet David, though he gathered together all the chosen men of Israel, did not, as was his wont, inquire of the Lord.

Everything looked propitious. "David arose, and went with all the people that were with him from Baale of Judah, to bring up from thence the ark of God, whose name is called by the name of the Lord of hosts that dwelleth between the cherubims." No doubt David and the people thought they were doing the best thing possible, but they did it in their *own* way instead of in the Lord's way. "They set the ark of God upon a new cart." This was just what the Philistines had done when they sent away the ark of God (I Sam. 6 : 7). The Lord's will was quite another; He had "separated the tribe of Levi to bear the ark of the covenant of the Lord" (Deut 10 : 8), and they were to bear it "upon their shoulders" (Num. 7 : 9). David was *doing a right thing in a wrong way*. Very often the Lord has to teach His children not only to do what is right, but to do it in the way He has directed.

THE "NEW CART"

was an imitation of the heathen. There are many new carts in our outward worship as well as in our family prayer. Everything which gathers together all human resources resembles this "new cart;" it is a going down to Egypt for help. Various attractions or eloquent appeals to get money, for however laudable an object, savor more of the "new cart" than of the priestly heart and shoulder which carries the witness of a present God. These long prayers and got-up sermons, this gorgeous ritual, all speak more of the "new cart" than of the Christ-life. Even among earnest working Christians there is a great deal of going down to Egypt for help. How often we hear it said, "We have got into a dead state in this town; we must send for such and such a popular preacher to give us a lift," instead of going directly to the Lord in priestly intercession to learn the secret of *never* getting into a dead state. God wants nothing to come between His Levites and the ark. He wants us to be in very deed temples of the Holy Ghost and Christ bearers.

Uzzah and Ahio, sons of the high priest Abinadab, "drave the new cart." It might seem as though David, in his zeal, had gone beyond the commandment of the Lord in bringing priests, and not merely Levites, into the service; but all was done according to man's idea, and not God's. There was great rejoicing: "Ahio went before the ark, and David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir wood, even on harps and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals." All the appearance was that of the greatest devotion; they could not well have done more; but nevertheless it was not according to the mind of God, and He could not let it prosper. When they came to Nachon's threshing-floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God and took hold of it, for the oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah; and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God." At first sight this would appear a very great judgment for a very little sin, and one altogether unintentional. But it was the duty of the priests

TO ASCERTAIN THE MIND OF GOD.

They had the book of the law within the ark, which had been twenty years in Abinadab's house, and consequently there was no excuse for their ignorance of God's will. Uzzah too, in seeking to steady the ark, was acting as though God could not take care of His own ark, the token of His covenant with Israel. Uzzah was superintending God, and stepping altogether out of his place. Is not this the sin which we commit when we are filled with anxiety for the honor of God, as though we cared more for it than He? There are some Christians who, when they or their efforts are attacked, misconstrued, and misrepresented, undertake to justify themselves and explain matters, saying they do it for the glory of God, to vindicate His honor. God is infinitely more capable of caring for His own honor than *we* are. We are very poor apologists for God; and very often Christians who thus attempt to steady the ark and support the cause of God by their arguments, lose their own spirituality in so doing. It becomes us to be ready, willing, intelligent *instruments* in the hands of God, but never masters of the situation. God is King, God is responsible; give Him His place.

David was displeased because the Lord had made a breach upon Uzzah; he lost patience with God, and got fairly out of temper. He had gone forth with the best intentions, put himself to a great deal of trouble and expense; his whole soul was in the cause, and it did seem too bad that God should appreciate so poorly the sacrifice he had made. David had yet to learn that "to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of lambs" (I Sam. 15 : 22). Zeal may exist with a very large amount of self; there may be devotion even to the giving our body to be burned, and yet we may be in God's sight nothing at all, because we are carrying out

OUR OWN PLANS,

which do not accomplish His purposes. We exist for God, not God for us. When an earnest, zealous child of God *sets himself* to fasting and prayer for some spiritual blessing—the baptism of the Holy Ghost, for instance—and wears himself out in his zeal; is he in this way advancing the cause of God? Any one who knows him intimately may admire, and seek to imitate, *his* zeal, but does not feel drawn by it to trust in God, who seems to be so chary of His gifts as to keep such an earnest child of His so long waiting. Let another child of God be awakened to his need of the Holy Ghost as an indwelling Person. He reads: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" (Luke 11 : 13). "*Be* filled with the Spirit" (Eph. 5 : 18). "Receive ye the Holy Ghost" (John 20 : 22); and the glad consciousness dawns upon him, "It is the Lord's will more than mine." He *takes* the gift with joy and gladness, and tells others of the unspeakable goodness of his God. In the one case the devotion of the *man* is noticeable, in the other it is the goodness of the Lord.

David was so displeased with God that he would not carry the ark of God into the city of David, but placed it in the house of Obededom the Gittite. "And the ark of God continued in the house of Obededom the Gittite three months: and the Lord blessed Obededom and all his house." It is a blessed thing to have the ark of God in our house; a blessed thing to have Jesus dwelling there, the evidence that God is keeping covenant with us. Many speak of family prayer as having the ark in the house; it is truly one little evidence of it. It is a blessed thing when the father of a family takes the Word of God and brings out of it by the Spirit the message of God for his family on that day. Or when the father is absent, it is blessed that the mother should do the same thing, and then that prayer should follow—father, mother, children, servants, all speaking out of their hearts to the Lord. It is blessed when they all praise Him for blessings received, and each one brings personals needs to Him for the business, the housekeeping, the children, the lessons, the housework. In such a family there is evidence indeed that the ark is with them. But formality in family prayer is a great

CAUSE FOR DISTASTE

of the things of God among children and servants. In household worship as in public worship there is far too much of putting our hands to the ark of the Lord. A lady who only recently came into deep spiritual blessing writes that at family prayer she first, then all the children and governess and servants follow, and already the dear children are registering the answer to their prayers. Children are far more real in prayer than many grown-up people, they believe so fully that God *does* hear.

A LITTLE GIRL,

speaking of Rev. 8 : 1–3, said, "God said to the angels in heaven, Hush, and they heard a little sound; it was *me*, praying."

David was not above

LEARNING THE LESSON

God would teach him. When he heard how God had blessed the house of Obededom and all that pertained to him because of the ark of God, he "went and brought up the ark of God from the house of Obededom into the city of David with gladness." This time he carried out the thoughts of God. He said, "None ought to carry the ark of God but the Levites: for them hath the Lord chosen to carry the ark of God, and to minister unto Him for ever" (I Ch. 15 : 2). Then he called upon the priests to sanctify themselves, and said, "For because ye did it not at the first, the Lord our God made a breach upon us, for that we sought Him not in due order." And God helped the Levites that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord (I Ch. 15 : 13, 26), and when they had gone six paces, David sacrificed oxen and fatlings." Thus we hear no more of the new cart; the ark was borne by God's chosen bearers, the Levites, and David was occupied in offering sacrifices of thanksgiving.

And David danced before the Lord with all his might; his communion was restored, his vexation ended. When the ark was brought into the city of David and placed in the tent that David had pitched for it, then David sacrificed burnt offerings and peace offerings, and then he blessed the people in the name of the Lord. He was not in a position to bless them while he was making devotion a substitute for obedience. But now that he himself was blessed, he could bless others also. Indeed his wife despised him in her heart; but David was not occupied with his own glory, but with the Lord's, and he could not be hindered by this; now he saw things in the light of God, and his heart was full of joy and gladness.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The International Conference on Egyptian affairs assembled in London on Saturday last. The envoys present represented France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Turkey, and England. They handed in their credentials, and then adjourned for a week or ten days, during which time informal conversations will take place and they will consult their respective governments on the suggestions made. The understanding between England and France, as far as its terms have been disclosed, is that England shall withdraw her troops from Egypt at the beginning of the year 1888 in case the Powers shall consider such withdrawal possible without endangering the public order. The French financial bureau after 1885 will have a consultative voice in regard to the Egyptian budget, and will have the right to veto any increase of expenses on the part of the government. It shall continue to exercise the right of financial inspection after the evacuation of the country by the English in order to insure the complete and regular collection of the revenue. England also undertakes during her occupation to propound schemes to the Porte and the Powers for the neutralization of Egypt, like Belgium, and for the neutralization of the Suez Canal. This practically concedes all the French demands. Mr. Gladstone's opponents contend that he has sacrificed English blood and treasure in Egypt, and is now surrendering the fruit of all the effort to France.

The Death of the Prince of Orange, who was heir to the throne of Holland, adds another to the list of burning questions now agitating Europe. The present king, who is over seventy years of age, has no other son to inherit the crown, and as he is in infirm health his death may be looked for in the near future. The Dutch burghers are, it appears, opposed to living under the rule of a queen, and Prince Bismarck is suspected of having fomented their objections with the view of making German interests paramount in the little kingdom. Should the young Princess Wilhelmina be proclaimed queen on the death of the king, a regency would be required, as she is only four years old. Efforts are being made to have a German relative made a member of the Council of Regency, but the Dutch are alarmed at the interest displayed by their powerful neighbor, and will resist the appointment. The question is a delicate one, and France and other powers are showing a lively interest in it, moved by apprehension lest Germany, who has long coveted Holland, should secure it by intrigue or by force. A king, however, is by no means indispensable to a nation. The Dutch could live under a Republic.

A New Franco-Chinese Complication has arisen out of an attack on the French troops in Tonquin. Four thousand Chinese regulars, who were provided with artillery, had intrenched themselves at Langson, in violation of the treaty, and attacked the French forces on June 23d as they were on the march, killing seven and wounding forty-two. The violation of the treaty has caused a heated agitation among the war party in France, and although China disavows responsibility for the attack, the most violent schemes of reprisal are urged upon the French Government. One proposal is that the French fleet should bombard Canton. A more thrifty proposition is that France should seize a portion of the territory of China proper and hold it as a hostage until an indemnity of, say, 400,000,000 francs be paid. The French Government will, it is expected, accept the explanation of China and soothe the angry feelings of their own people.

The Extension of the Franchise to Agricultural laborers in England and Ireland has been granted by the House of Commons, and the bill has been sent to the House of Lords, where it passed its first reading. Rumors that it would be rejected at its second reading were current before it left the House of Commons. They prompted Mr. Gladstone to make a speech, which is regarded as a menace to the peers. The government, he said, had tried its best to avoid a conflict with the House of Lords, but should a conflict arise, while he would greatly regret it, he had no doubt of the issue. The Conservative leader said Mr. Gladstone's speech was not a speech on the Franchise Bill, but on the question whether the House of Lords should any longer form a part of the legislature of the country. He protested with unwonted vigor against the pretension of requiring the Lords to forego their constitutional right of independent judgment on a measure sent up to them in obedience to the dictation of an imperious Prime Minister. He closed by affirming in solemn tones that Mr. Gladstone's was the most serious declaration that a Minister of the Crown had ever made, or the House of Commons had ever heard. If the Lords reject the bill, as it now seems probable they will, a constitutional crisis will be precipitated which will cause a serious agitation in the country.

An Outbreak of Asiatic Cholera is Reported from Toulon, one of the chief naval stations of France. It is near Marseilles, and is the site of the largest dockyards in the country. The disease has been unusually fatal, some of the victims dying in an hour after their seizure. A panic prevailed in the town when the facts were made known, and all who could leave it did so. The government ordered the evacuation of the barracks. The dead were not allowed to be carried to the cemeteries, but were buried in trenches dug for the purpose and covered with quick-lime. A cable message dated Toulon, June 27th, says: "The city presents a strange sight. Fires are burning in the streets for purifying purposes. A post-mortem examination of two bodies has been made. In each case there were signs of Asiatic cholera." Precautions of a stringent character are being taken to prevent the disease spreading to other cities.

The Boers of the Transvaal are again the object of European concern, caused by the visit to the various capitals of M. Kruger, the President of the Transvaal Republic. Mr. Kruger, who arrived at the head of a delegation from the Boer Congress, has been making official calls upon European statesmen. He informed the *Sun's* correspondent that his European tour had been successful. He had arranged satisfactory treaties with England, France, Germany, and other powers, and had secured terms which, he believed, guaranteed the material prosperity of the Transvaal in the future. He was especially touched by the cordiality of his reception in Berlin. Even the missionaries and the mission societies there were effusive in their welcome and friendship for the Boer delegates. President Kruger believed that the disorders in Zululand, which had all been caused by the officious intermeddling of England, would soon be at an end, and announced that the Boers were determined to maintain the new King, Dinizulu, on the throne of his father, Cetewayo.

Renewed Anti-Jewish Disturbances are Reported from Russia. A cable message from St. Petersburg states that on June 19th a rumor was started in Nizhne Novgorod to the effect that a Jew had kidnapped a Christian child and taken it to a synagogue. A mob quickly collected and attacked the synagogue where the child was supposed to be. Many of the Jews were harshly handled, and nine were killed. Six houses belonging to Jews were wrecked, and many were plundered. A large force of police and a detachment of Cossack infantry succeeded at last in restoring order. One hundred and fifty arrests were made.

Mr. Moody Closed his London Mission on Monday, June 23d, with a large reunion at Temple Hall. The young converts and workers and many leading clergymen were present at the meeting. It was resolved to send a cable message to Mr. Sankey, tendering him a greeting. Mr. Moody made a long farewell address, in which he urged his hearers to become systematic and thorough students of the Bible. He closed with words of blessing, and expressed the deepest emotion. The majority of the audience were moved to tears. The hall was beautifully decorated with choice flowers. Work has been done in eleven districts, and over four hundred meetings have been held. Mr. Moody was absent only one day during the whole season, and that was owing to illness. He estimates that more than 1,500,000 persons were present at the services. All classes of society have been reached and influenced. Peers and paupers have sat side by side drinking in the same message of salvation. The number of persons converted will reach into the thousands. Among them were several pronounced skeptics. Six male choirs and six Mizpah bands of reformed drunkards have been organized. Two large halls are now in process of building at Stratford and Wandsworth to continue the good work begun there, and one of the iron halls has been bought for the use of the Salvation Army.

The Third Pan Presbyterian Council or Presbyterian Alliance assembled in Belfast, Ireland, on June 24th. It comprises delegates from the Presbyterian churches all over the world. At the opening of the council St. Enoch's Church, in which it met, was thronged with a vast assembly of people. The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Watts, chairman of the General Committee. On the following day a committee from the Methodist Conference was admitted into the Alliance amid great enthusiasm. Dr. Croke read a congratulatory address to the Presbyterian Council, in which he said the conference recognized the firm stand the Presbyterian Church has ever taken against Popery and other errors. On Friday Dr. McVicar, of Montreal, read a report in relation to his church, and made application for admission into the Council. It was decided by a vote of one hundred and twelve to seventy-four to admit the Cumberland Church into the Council.

A New Mission Station in Paris has been opened by Mr. McAll. It is called "the Baltimore Station," as its entire cost has been provided by the Baltimore Association in America, which has also guaranteed its support. The room is situated in the very centre of Parisian gayety, near the Park of St. Denis. Behind the principal hall are several rooms, which can be used for prayer-meetings, etc. The hall is approached from the great Boulevard by a very wide and lofty corridor; over the front entrance the word "Conference" appears in gas, and on the inner doors is written "Salle Baltimore." The Rev. A. F. Beard, D.D., of the American Union Chapel in Paris, assisted at the opening ceremonies.

"Thy Healer," A New Magazine Devoted to the subject of faith-healing, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price five cents, including postage. It is issued in London on the first and fifteenth of each month, and will be sent to subscribers promptly on its receipt in New York. The annual subscription is one dollar. It is *edited by Mrs. M. Baxter* whose expositions of the International Sunday-school lessons are published every week in this journal. It contains incidents of faith-healing reported from Bethshan, the London faith-healing institution, and from other similar institutions in Europe, and articles by eminent writers on the subject.

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This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1884. No. 28.—New Series.

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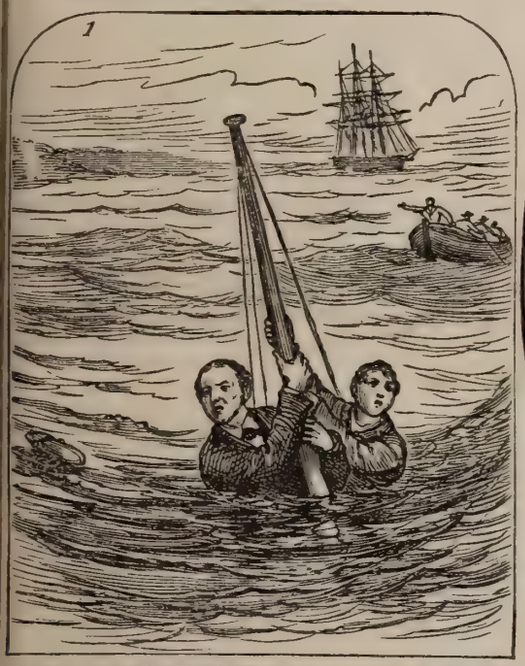

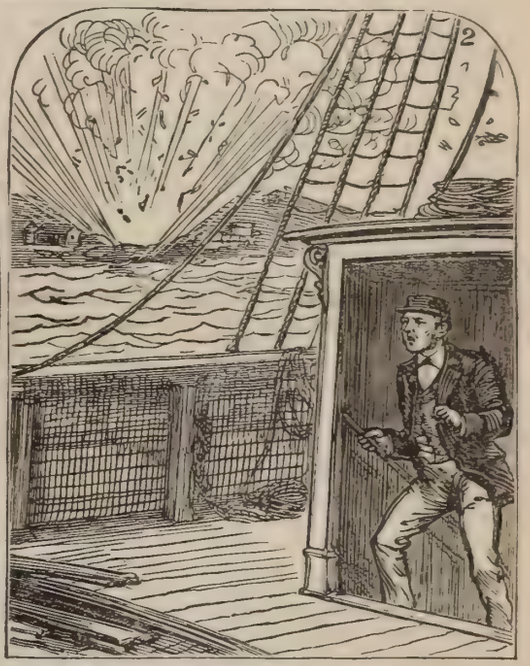

The Late Captain W. ROBINSON, a Pioneer of Christianity in Fernando Po—Scenes in his Life.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM ROBINSON,

The Christian Mariner.

Birth in 1817—His Early Passion for the Sea—Sent as Cabin-Boy to Quebec—Life on Board Ship—Apprenticed—His First Voyage to Africa—A Remarkable Dream of the Last Day—Conversion—Wonderful Escape from Drowning—Raised to the Position of Captain—Wrecked—Gunpowder Ignited by Lightning—His Son Murdered by a Negro—Christian Work with his Carpenter—At Fernando Po—Death and Burial of the Captain at Sea.

A STRIKING illustration of the fact that God is ready to honor the efforts of Christians of any calling who sincerely seek to serve Him, is furnished by the story of the life of a pious sailor, recently published. It contains a rebuke to unfaithful Christians who are content to leave the Lord's work to His ministers and let opportunities of serving Him pass them unused. The life of Captain Robinson is one so full of incident and adventure that it cannot fail to interest all who read it.

William Robinson, *whose portrait appears on our front page*, was *born* in Aldgate, London, on April 17th, 1817, and *died* on August 10th, 1872, at the age of fifty-five, after having borne an important part in establishing the valuable mission at Fernando Po, on the West Coast of Africa, and not far from the Cameroons, the scene of the labors of the heroic Baptist missionary, Alfred Saker, whose portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 26th.

William's father, when a youth, settled in Philadelphia, Pa., with the view of becoming a surgeon ; but, having no taste for the profession, he became a carpenter, and acquired moderate wealth. His abolitionist principles, however, made him unpopular, and he ultimately decided on quitting the country.

Having disposed of his property somewhat hurriedly, he eventually landed in London, having in his possession about $5000. He unwisely deposited this money, without security, in the hands of a friend, while he paid a visit to his native city of Glasgow. On returning to London he applied to his friend for his money, but could not get it. He was put off with one excuse or other until he gave up the attempt to recover it. A series of misfortunes followed ; and while his faithless friend began to exhibit signs of increasing wealth, Mr. Robinson became poor.

William, his son, in a few years from his birth became a dark-complexioned, robust youth, with a lively, jovial disposition. His school days were few, and his youthful education scant in quality and quantity. Being much in company with his father at the London Docks, he early conceived a passion for the sea. He determined upon becoming a sailor, but his parents, knowing more of sailor life than he, tried to dissuade him from his purpose. At length, finding his desire continued, they yielded to his wishes, and sent him to sea, hoping the first long voyage would bring him to a different mood of mind. They placed him in the hands of a captain who proved to be a morose man and sent him

AS CABIN-BOY TO QUEBEC.

Young Robinson, though enamored with a "life on the ocean wave," had little sympathy with many of the sailors' habits. From his earliest days he had apparently been the subject of religious influences. His parents showed him an example worthy his imitation. He seems, moreover, to have had early inclinations for the house of God and religious society. In short, he gave signs of being a Christian from his youth. But as he emerged from boyhood the early impressions faded, and the youth showed less inclination for spiritual things.

Before reaching the end of his first voyage he became home-sick, and longed for the time when he should again reach his native land. The charming ideas he had conjured up of the delights of a sailor's life had to give place to new ones not so charming, the result of actual

EXPERIENCE ON BOARD SHIP

of scoldings and floggings, administered without justice or mercy. On his return from Quebec he would have abandoned the sea, but the thought of being called a coward braced his nerves and fired his heart with renewed courage. To make the impression that he was not so chicken-hearted as some anticipated, he frequently laughed over his troubles, and told romantic tales of what he had seen and done.

In 1829 he was apprenticed to Captain Walker, of Sunderland, on board the ship, Valiant. This vessel was engaged in a rough-coasting trade, and the youth's first journey as an apprentice was to Ostend, in Flanders. His second was from London to Cronstadt, in Russia. Soon after returning from this voyage his father died suddenly on the docks, of apoplexy.

Robinson was released from his apprenticeship at the age of eighteen, and joining another ship, he set sail on his

FIRST VOYAGE TO AFRICA.

Returning from this trip, in 1835, he shipped for Van Diemen's Land. All went pleasantly until they reached Cape de Verde Island. But there a dispute arose between the captain and one of the sailors. A struggle ensued, in which another sailor, who went to the assistance of the first, was wounded, and there were symptoms of a general mutiny, which, however, was averted.

From the age of twenty to twenty-six, Mr. Robinson made several journeys to Sierra Leone, Quebec, and Jamaica. In after years he was fond of relating

A REMARKABLE DREAM

of the Last Day he once had on the way from Sierra Leone. He says : "It is always uppermost in my mind. I thought it was night ; and I awoke and saw a white place in the clouds, and it descended toward the earth. A voice which made my ears tingle shouted aloud 'The Last Day! The Last Day!' I then saw the cloud form itself into a large tent upon the earth. I walked toward it with a very sorrowful heart, the sound still ringing in my ear, 'The Last Day!' I saw numbers of people running to and fro ; but I did not heed them. In the tent I saw three remarkable persons—the One in the centre was like the Saviour, as represented in Gethsemane, with a nimbus of glory round His head. Those on the right and left I knew not.

"I then thought that Christ and the two with Him began to call the inhabitants of the world by their names alphabetically. I began to think, ere *my* turn came, I should have time to repent and prepare myself. I thought I looked into the place where the wicked entered, and I saw a deep pit ; the smell which came from it was very disagreeable. I therefore came away from it. I then thought I saw a number of people from all parts of the earth. All was in darkness outside the tent—no one spoke ; every one seemed to commune with his own thoughts. Then I awoke with serious impressions upon my memory."

The next voyage after this dream, Robinson was the subject of deep religious convictions and pious resolves, and it is believed he then gave himself to Christ as his Saviour. In company with the mate and a Christian youth fresh from the home of his godly parents, he frequently spent his spare time in singing hymns ; and as often as possible he retired to pray in private. On the homeward journey a terrible storm arose ; the ship sprung a leak, and all hope of saving her was abandoned. Mr. Robinson wrote that he then felt "if they had gone down into the deep, his spirit would have gone up on high." They were, however, preserved, and made the remainder of the voyage in safety. A singular

ESCAPE FROM DEATH

about that time powerfully affected him. While on the coast of Jamaica, in 1839, he and a lad were sent ashore in a small boat for a hogshead of sugar. On returning, they encountered a heavy sea, and their boat filled with water, and sank. Fortunately, the sea was comparatively shallow at that particular spot, and their boat stood upright, with the mast-head projecting out of the water. Both William and the lad held on to the mast as best they could, and prayed and hoped for help. After waiting in dreadful suspense for a considerable time, they were cheered by the appearance of a boat, apparently approaching them. Their hopes of relief from this quarter were doomed to bitter disappointment, as the expected deliverer passed them unheeded, though they shouted lustily for help. Their hearts sank within them, and they gave themselves up to die. A boat from their own ship at last came to their rescue. (*See frontispiece picture.*) The mast to which they clung was broken shortly after, and *a shark was seen close at hand.* While hanging shivering by that feeble mast, and battling with the waves for his life, William repented most bitterly of his sins, and promised if delivered that he would give himself to Christ as his Saviour, and live for Him, which he subsequently did.

In the twenty-ninth year of his age he was

RAISED TO THE RANK OF CAPTAIN,

and its responsible duties were undertaken by him with fear and trembling. His first journey as captain was made in the Clyde, to the West Coast of Africa, in 1846. In November, 1850, he started the third time for Africa in the Clyde. Being heavily laden, he feared disaster, but put to sea, hoping for the best. When out at sea a hurricane arose, and for three days and nights the crew bravely struggled with it, expecting all the time to go down. A schooner passing just in time Captain Robinson and his men were taken on board, and almost immediately

THEIR SHIP FOUNDERED.

In 1857 the captain began dealing somewhat extensively in gunpowder, in the Brass River. One day he obtained permission to land about 150 barrels of this explosive material on the beach ; at the same time retaining in his vessel about 200 barrels. While he was engaged in the transfer a terrific tropical thunder-storm commenced. The lightning flashed vividly, and the deafening thunder roared its awful peals continuously. About one o'clock a loud peal of thunder was followed by another noise like an explosion, and immediately the ship Severn, which Mr. Robinson now commanded, was so shaken that the hatches flew up. The captain, who was just recovering from fever, was standing at his cabin door (*see frontispiece*), and seeing everything displaced and shaken, and the hatches off, he thought the lightning had surely got to the powder on board. He stood for a moment almost paralyzed, waiting with bated breath to be blown to atoms. Finding his fears groundless, with a long-drawn sigh of relief, he exclaimed, "Thank God ! it has missed the powder." The beach presented a scene of ruin and desolation, for the electric spark had fallen into the stores, ignited the powder, and blown a number of buildings into shapeless ruins; and others, not blown away, were wrapped in flames. Again he had narrowly escaped death, and again he offered to God sincere thanks for his deliverance.

In November, 1861, Captain Robinson took charge of the schooner Margaret to proceed to the coast of South Africa. He signed articles, and was ready to sail, having his son with him, when a mail steamship arrived from that coast, bringing, among its passengers, a distressed captain, who had lost his ship in the river Congo. The captain was anxious to obtain employment, and the owners of the Margaret hearing of his arrival, and knowing his intimate knowledge of the coast, induced Captain Robinson to surrender the command to him, which he did, and he was transferred to the Empress. Thinking the voyage to the South would be an advantage to his son, he allowed him to remain in the Margaret.

MURDER ON SHIPBOARD.

Under his new captain the son William left the Liverpool Docks in excellent spirits, and

started joyously upon his voyage. He was a promising youth, and the pride of his fond parents. Like his father he was industrious, kind, and obliging, and soon stood high in the estimation of his captain and shipmates. On board the Margaret, sailing out from Liverpool, there was a native of Rabenda, a colored man. It was November 29th, 1861. The day was exceedingly fine, and young Robinson was standing at the wheel, the captain and his men being in the hold, attending to some duty there. Suddenly, as though a demon had taken possession of him, the negro of Rabenda rushed like a maniac upon the lad, and with a long knife which he had concealed, cut and slashed at him. Young Robinson struggled with his dusky assailant, but being no match for him in strength, was soon stabbed and hacked to death. (*See frontispiece.*) After the fatal deed the frantic man jumped overboard, and was seen no more. He is supposed to have cherished revenge through being previously reprimanded.

All possible means were tried to save the life of young Robinson, but without avail. As the shadows of death gathered around the murdered lad, the captain said to him, "Have you anything to say to your father or mother, William?" "Oh yes, captain," was the faint reply, "but I have not time. Kiss me, captain, and read the Bible, and pray for me." This done, while the rough crew stood around, many of them weeping, the promising Christian youth breathed his life away, faintly but earnestly praying,

"OH, DEAR JESUS, RECEIVE MY SOUL."

From this time forth Captain Robinson's Christian life became more earnest and his desire to work for God more intense. It seemed that his bereavement had drawn him closer to God and convinced him that true joy and blessedness were to be obtained only in Christian service. Whenever he had opportunity he sought to win souls for his Master, and he was encouraged by seeing fruit of his labors. Of the sailors who shipped under him several were saved through the blessing of God on his appeals, and he never ceased to urge any unconverted man on his vessel to seek salvation through Jesus.

WORK ON THE AFRICAN COAST

was, however, his favorite sphere. His voyages continued to that part of the world, and the whole of the time his ship was there discharging her cargo and receiving a new one, Captain Robinson spent, when not in engaged in the ship's duties, in Christian work among the natives. In June, 1869, he was at Fernando Po, in charge of the sailing vessel Elgiva. The ship would have to remain there some time, and at the first opportunity the captain went ashore to hold a Christian service. He took with him the carpenter of the ship, a man of sterling piety, with rude eloquence, and possessed of a sweet and powerful voice. The natives with whom the captain traded were persuaded to come together, and a service was held. The next day they brought others, and the captain and the carpenter had the privilege of addressing a congregation of over a hundred persons. (*See frontispiece.*)

The services were continued at Fernando Po, and were much blessed. Among the converts were several members of the crews of other ships in the harbor, who were attracted by the preaching and singing. The island was in absolute spiritual darkness, for although the Baptist Missionary Society had once placed a missionary there, he had been forced to leave. All the time the Elgiva remained there the services were kept up, and the interest and numbers increased. On his return home Captain Robinson proceeded at once to narrate the blessed results of his effort to the missionary societies, and at length the Primitive Methodist Society offered to take charge of the work. There is now no more promising and prosperous station on the Western Coast of Africa than the one which has grown from the seed sown by the merchant captain and Hands, the carpenter.

It was only three years longer that the Christian captain was permitted to work for Christ on earth. In August, 1872, he was making the homeward voyage from Sierra Leone, and was about half way home when he was seized with sudden and alarming illness. For a few days he suffered excruciating pain, which no physician was at hand to relieve. At length death came to his relief. He died August 10th. His body was committed to the deep by his officers and crew to await the day when the sea shall give up her dead.

IN THE WRONG BOX.

By the Rev. Charles Courtenay.

(*Continued from page 419.*)

UP-HILL WORK.

AFTER Jacob had signed the pledge and confirmed it, he felt the strongest desire for beer. He hadn't been so violently thirsty for months.

How to keep his pledge in the face of these tremendous yearnings was the difficulty. He felt as if he were being dragged in two different directions.

At first he tried to whistle them away. Then he tried what the force of argument would do.

He raked up every strong term he could lay his hand on to hurl at the drink. But his thirst defied reason and argument, and triumphed still. And now despair rose in his mind. He began to wonder whether it were possible to keep his pledge. He had never anticipated such a struggle as this. It was at this juncture that suddenly a way of escape opened out before him. It came from a simple question he had asked himself—

"Why am I more thirsty after I have left work than before?"

And the answer he gave himself seemed to him to solve the difficulty. "Because my mind is less occupied. Yes, if I can only get my thoughts in order, and give 'em somethink to do, it will be all right."

Jacob was certainly getting nearer to the solution of his problem, for so long as his thoughts were travelling in the direction of rumshops and the drink, the fight must be well-nigh a hopeless one. That very day Jacob paid a visit to the fishmonger's, and brought home some mussel-shells. He would have paid for them if the fishmonger had not handsomely made him a present of them.

What in the world was he going to do with mussel-shells?

You will not have to wait long for the answer, for that very evening Jacob began to polish them. How he worked away, to be sure! He threw his whole soul into it; for if he didn't work energetically, and bestow all his thoughts upon it, he would be exposed to other and worse thoughts, and his labor would be thrown away. And there was plenty to occupy his thoughts, though there might seem to be little.

He could think of the surprise some persons would feel when they saw what a beatiful shell a mussel really had under its black exterior. He could think of what he should do with them when he had polished them. He could think of the necessity there was for work; for if a man would see the beauty of such a simple thing as a mussel-shell, he must set to work and polish it. With such thoughts as these, and there were many more of them, he was well able to keep out thoughts of the drink, especially with the help of a big jug of toast and water which his wife was careful to mix for him.

I said one of Jacob's thoughts was what he should do with his shells after he had polished them. He determined to make boxes of them; and very pretty, useful boxes they were—much appreciated, too, to judge by the sale, for many were the purchasers among his teetotal friends, while not a few even found their way into non-teetotal homes; one, for instance, being presented by a purchaser to one of the many saloon parlors where Jacob used to spend his money and his time.

THE TOP OF THE LADDER.

Many an eye had been kept on Jacob, and many a prayer had been offered up for him. His temperance friends were too true to be content with merely giving him a start. One evening one of them dropped in at Jacob's house, and after watching his polishing operations for some time, said, "What a selfish beggar you are, Jacob!"

Jacob wanted to know what he meant.

"Why, you're keeping this good thing all to yourself. Here you've been a teetotaler for more than three months, and you haven't made a single speech for the cause."

"I ain't got the gift of tne gab, mate," answered Jacob.

"You'd got it fast enough when you used to get the drink aboard," was the reply.

"Ay, but I was a fool then. Fools can talk plenty."

After the polishing had gone on for a few minutes in silence, Jacob's friend began again:

"Don't 'ee feel as if you'd like to let out a bit against the drink?"

To which Jacob replied:

"Mate, I've got such a boiling feeling in my innards sometimes when I'm settin' a polishin', that if the drink was a beast I'd kill him right off."

"You're the chap for us, Jacob," said his friend, slapping him on the back. "'Taint no good yer saying you won't, you *shall*."

And before many days were over Jacob did, and pounded away against the drink as if he had been a spouter of some years' standing. But that wasn't the only way in which Jacob developed, no, nor the best way either.

One evening another temperance friend dropped in; the polishing was as vigorous as ever, and Jacob was just beginning to bring to light the beautiful mother-of-pearl. This afforded just the text he wanted.

"I say, Jacob, like that shell, you're a bit different from what you used to be."

"Ay, mate, that I am."

"Don't you think you might be a bit different still?"

Jacob asked him what he was driving at.

"Well, man, just this, that though you're a teetotaler and all that, you ain't a religious man."

"No," said Jacob, "I ain't!"

"Don't you feel as if you wanted a trifle more'n you've got?"

"Well, to tell 'ee the truth, them's just my feelin's. I aint't got all I want."

Now was his friend's chance. He gave the name to Jacob's want, and told him that he would never be satisfied until he accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and gave up his heart into the Lord's hands. "You know, Jacob, the Lord Jesus knows more about our hearts than we do, and it's just because they're so sinful that He wants 'em. He wants to get rid of their sins, don't you know? Ah! mate, you'll never know what it is to be happy till you come to Jesus, and go in as hot and strong for religion as you have for teetotalism."

"Well, mate, I know you mean it well, and I thank'ee. 'Taint every man as 'ud speak out so plain as you've done. And I'll promise I won't forget what you've said—there now."

Neither did he, as there was plenty of evidence to show. For instance, Jacob took to going to church, a most unusual thing for him. Then he took to speaking well of religious men. This was a new departure also, for his comments before had been anything but flattering.

Then he began to read his Bible, and, as time wore on, less and less secretly. Then he took to companying with Christian men. Before long he began to introduce Gospel truths into his speeches, and more and more fully, until, instead of being temperance Gospel addresses, they became Gospel-temperance ones.

Perhaps one sentence from a speech of his will confirm all our suspicions—

"Mates, temperance in yer minds is well, but the Lord Jesus Christ in yer hearts is loads better."

REMINISCENCES.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"While I was musing, the fire burned."—Psalm 39: 3.

A Solitary Sunday—Groves Ahum with Voices—Common Tendency to Look Forward—Benefit of an Occasional Look Backward — Two Sheaves — I. Past Advantages — The Early Home — City Scenes — The Family Circle — Country Scenes—Setting up a New Household —A Stupendous Mission—Was the Vow Kept? —A Discovery — A Resurrected Communion Sunday—II. Adversities—Your First Sorrow —An Empty Cradle—Later Sorrows—Sickness — Financial Embarrassment — Father and Mother Gone—Interval Land—Reminiscence in the Last Hour—Contrasts.

Here is David, the psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple, the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often, closing the door against the world, while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate.

In a small island off the coast of Nova Scotia I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work; but instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate; I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was ten years of age, and I was eight, and I was five. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak, when the bird-chant woke me, until the evening melted into the Bay of Fundy, from shore to shore there were

TEN THOUSAND MEMORIES,

and the groves were ahum with voices that had long ago ceased.

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in mid life and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of this audience live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this, if it does not make you discontented with the present, or disqualify you for existing duties.

It is a useful thing sometimes to look back, and to see the dangers we have escaped, and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean this morning, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged, and humbled, and urged to pray.

There is a chapel in Florence with

A FRESCO BY GUIDO.

It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with ten thousand obliterations, and I propose this morning, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again.

I want to bind in one sheaf all your past *advantages*, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past *adversities*. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe.

I. Among the greatest *advantages* of your past life was an

EARLY HOME

and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin, when we hear his mother was abandoned, and that she made sport of his infirmity, and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity, and at last reach the home of the good in heaven.

Perhaps your early home was

IN THE CITY.

It may have been in the days when Canal Street, New York, was far up-town, and the site of this present church was an excursion into the country. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you—for there was more meaning in that plain house, in that small house, than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back this morning, you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting-room, where the loved one sat by the plain lamplight, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table; your father with firm voice commanding silence, that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by troubles, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

Perhaps you were brought up

IN THE COUNTRY.

You stand now to-day in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe, because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt-sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn, and take just one egg, and silence your conscience by saying they won't miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night, and find them wagging their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass, or in the wheat-carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there was the breath of new-mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much

CHARM AND MEMORY

as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden-walk, and the forget-me-nots playing hide-and-seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sunburnt from the fields, and sit down on the door-sill and wipe the sweat from his brow, may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother, who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will.

Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father; thank God for a Christian mother; thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel; thank God for an early Christian home.

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up

YOUR OWN HOUSEHOLD.

The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night, and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker; but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them, a gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it; eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created creature.

You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered, and prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered; you were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter, you were struck through with the fact that you had

A STUPENDOUS MISSION.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you to-day in your solemn reminiscence, and let His mercy fall upon your soul if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent, on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pang of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart. Are there any here who remember that in that home they were unfaithful? Are there those who wandered off from that early home, and left the mother to die with a broken heart? Oh, I stir that reminiscence to-day. Can it be that you so turned in that way?

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were

IN THE WRONG ROAD;

you couldn't sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking-house, or through your office, or your shop, or your bedroom, and that word was "Eternity." You said, "I'm not ready for it. O God, have mercy." The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the rill and the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness; you came into the house of God.

You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the Communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal;" and though those hands be all withered away, that Communion Sabbath is resurrected to-day; it is resurrected with all its prayers, and songs, and tears, and sermons, and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you. This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven. Start to-day as you started then. I rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them all in one great sheaf, and I top them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood-bought immortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven!

II. But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now

IN THE SHADOW.

Others had their troubles years ago, you are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the *sorrows* of your past life; but how shall I do it? You say that is impossible,

as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two, *the first trouble and the last trouble.* As when you are walking along the street, and there has been music in the distance, you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so when you started life your very life was *a musical time-beat.* The air was full of joy and hilarity; with the bright clear oar you made the boat skip; you went on, and life grew brighter, until, after a while, suddenly a voice from heaven said, "Halt!" and quick as the sunshine you halted; you grew pale, you confronted

YOUR FIRST SORROW.

You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it can't be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread; but after a while the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer. You went to your room, and you said, "God, save my child! God, save my child." The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I can't bear it, I can't bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. Oh, if you could have taken that little one in your arms, and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! Oh, if you could let your property go, your houses go, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

But one day there arose from the heavens a chill blast that swept over the bedroom, and instantly all the light went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God didn't leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the cup, the adder tongue, horroring, flashing, rushed over the brim, and you were about to put that cup to your lips. God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels,

ANOTHER CUP

was put into your hands: it was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier, and poured wine into his lips, so God puts His left arm under your head, and with His right hand He pours into your lips the wine of His comfort and His consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

Ah, it is your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulchre you heard the clanging of the opening gate of heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have been purer and stouter of mind ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said, "Good-night, papa; good-night, mamma. Meet me in heaven."

But I must come on down to

YOUR LATER SORROW.

What was it? Perhaps it was *sickness.* The child's tread on the stair or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbed you. Through the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers in the wall-paper. Oh, the weariness of exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, were your frequent cry. But you are better, or perhaps even well. Have you thanked God that to-day you can come up in the fresh air; that you are in this place to hear God's name, and to sing God's praise, and to implore God's help, and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases, and redeemeth our lives from destruction.

Perhaps your last sorrow was a

FINANCIAL EMBARRASSMENT.

I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hands to seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities, now you have hard work to make the two ends meet.

Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded, and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning, and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs, and blood for your heart, and light for your eye, and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul?

Perhaps your last trouble was

A BEREAVEMENT.

That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say, "I will go and tell *mother*," the thought flashes on you, "I have no mother." Or the *father*, with voice less tender, but as stanch and earnest and loving as ever—watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves, his jerky hand on that staff which you now keep as a family relic, his memory embalmed in grateful hearts—is taken away forever.

Or there was your *companion in life*, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpela. Going along your path in life, suddenly, as you stepped on, right before you was

AN OPEN GRAVE.

People look down, and they see it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern down which went all your hopes and all your expectations.

But cheer up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, He is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe, and palm branch, and rays of light, and have it all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals. Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates. Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear.

Some months ago I was sailing down the St. John River, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said, "All this is *interval land*, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia."

"What," said I, "do you mean by *interval land?*" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year; spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is the grandest harvest that was ever reaped." And I instantly thought, "It is not the heights of the Church and it is not the heights of this world that is the scene of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone, the soul over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness, and the largest harvest for time, and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God that your soul is *interval land.*

But these reminiscences reach only to this morning. There is one more point of

TREMENDOUS REMINISCENCE,

and that is the *last hour of life*, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place *Napoleon's* dying reminiscence on St. Helena beside *Mrs. Judson's* dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, twenty years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium —*Tête d'armée*—"Head of the Army." Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self-sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena, was, "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an hour, and woke amid the songs of angels.

I place the dying reminiscence of *Augustus Cæsar* against the dying reminiscence of the *Apostle Paul.* The dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered in the affirmative, and he said, "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the Apostle was, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing." Augustus Cæsar died amid pomp and great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the wall of a dungeon. God grant that our dying pillow may be the closing of a useful life, and the opening of a glorious eternity.

An Effort to Produce a Temperance Beverage as a substitute for intoxicants is being made. Mr. Robert Graham, the organizing secretary of the Church Temperance Society in Lafayette Place, New York, has received a letter from the secretary of the Lichfield Diocesan branch of the English Society, saying that he is on a committee of eight, calling themselves the "Temperance Drink Prize Committee," who are offering £700 and £300 as prizes for some drink that shall take the place of beer. This offer will be open to competition in England and America, and the writer hopes the matter will be taken up here.

Madness was Produced by a Jest in Philadelphia on June 26th. An Italian sailor, who speaks but little English, was arrested in that city for some trifling act of insubordination committed on board his ship, the Martini. An Italian official visited him in prison, and as a joke said to him, "You are to be hanged," significantly closing his hands about his throat and protruding his tongue. The Italian was overwhelmed with terror. "You canna meana that," he gasped. Then he fell in a fit, and has been delirious ever since. He crouches in the corner of his cell, and presents a pitiable object of terror. He sits and mutters by the hour, "Whata for they taka me life?" Several specialists in mental diseases visited the poor fellow last week, and all pronounced him hopelessly deranged. All efforts to disabuse his mind have failed. Several Italians spoke to him in his native tongue, but he heard them not, and only wailed piteously, "Whata for they taka me life?" It was a cruel joke, and the joker doubtless feels deep remorse for having attempted the wretched witticism. The victim evidently held his life very dear, or the announcement that he was to lose it would not have deprived him of reason. Had he been a consistent Christian the trick would not have had such a result. Even an ignominious death has no such terrors for one who desires to be with Jesus (II Tim. 4 : 6).

THE MAHDI IN PROPHECY.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

The Predicted Separation of India from England—The Mahdi's Proclamation in India—The Two-headed Beast of the Apocalypse—The Third Frog-like Spirit—The Mahdi Tradition—Its Similarity to Popish Ideas—Its Identity with Anti-Christian Predictions—The Mahdi's Power—The Attitude for the Christian.

WE have always held as an axiom, that as India was not included within the area of the prophetic earth, or Cæsar's Roman Empire at the period of her most extended sway, that therefore in the construction of the ten-kingdomed confederacy of the closing days of the present age, in accordance with the teaching of the Image of Daniel 2, that portion of England's dominions will ultimately be wrested from her imperial and legislative control. The events now transpiring in the East furnish many indications of the approaching fulfilment of this prediction.

Already the Mahdi, who is causing so much excitement in the Soudan, has appealed to the Mohammedans of India, claiming their allegiance and support. A large number of proclamations from him were, last month, found in circulation in India.

THE PROCLAMATION

purports to emanate from "The Slave of God, Mohammed-el-Mahdi, son of Syed Abdullah," and is addressed "To his friends who follow him and concur in supporting the true religion."

The document, which, according to Mohammedan fashion, is plentifully interspersed with texts from the Koran, begins by dwelling on the merit of engaging in a Holy War, and warns the people that God has forbidden them to accept His enemies as their superiors.

"Learn ye," it proceeds, "that God hath chosen me for the Khilafat-el-Kuhara" (that is, principal Vicegerency), and "Mohammed hath given me the joyful news that my companions are equal to his."

The writer then goes on to say that he sends Sheik Othman-el-Bakree, whom he has appointed Holy Ameer of the Bedouin tribes and of the other peoples who follow the path of safety. He directs them to obey the Sheik and to give him every assistance, adding, "Whoever shall accompany him shall be considered to have accompanied me, and shall be included in the honors mentioned above for my companions."

The faithful are then promised victory and the spoil of their enemies, and are exhorted not to fear the strength and numbers of their opponents, because all these are strangers to God, and small parties of men have often overcome large bodies through God's grace.

It would appear from the context that this proclamation was intended rather for the Arab tribes than for Indian Mussulmans. It is, however, significant that it should have penetrated to India; and it is clear that the circulation of such appeals to religious fanaticism is dangerous to the peace of the Indian Empire.

As we have repeatedly pointed out,

THE TWO-HEADED WILD BEAST

of prophecy (Rev. 13 . 11) represents the Papal Mohammedan combination in its later stages, when the Roman Catholic Church will have entered into alliance with the Mohammedan superstition. From this beast issued, in conjunction with the Dragon or Satan (Rev. 12 : 9), and the second beast with the seven heads and ten horns, representing Cæsar's political Roman Empire revived, the three frog-like spirits. The first spirit, which comes from Satan, is Anti-christian infidelity; the second spirit, which comes from the Roman Empire, is revolutionary communistic socialism; and the third spirit, which comes from the Papal Mohammedan combination, is a crusading, fanatical propagandism, which appeared in the Jesuistical movement on the one hand, and on the other in India in 1857, and which is now arousing Mohammedanism all over the world.

It is a remarkable fact that this spirit finds in the Mahdi, and other Mahdis who have gone before him, its legitimate manifestation. Mohammedanism has been looking for centuries for its leader, and again and again men have arisen claiming to be the long-expected Messiah or sent one. The others have put forward claims precisely similar to this one, but none have done so with such prospects of success. He is undoubtedly one of the false Christs, whose appearance the Saviour taught us to recognize as a sign of the nearness of His own advent (Matt. 24 : 24).

Like Roman Catholicism, Mohammedanism holds, in close connection, dogma and politics. The spiritual head must be, according to their fundamental doctrines, a temporal ruler. This connection the Mahdi realizes. He claims, as his predecessors have done, to be a political deliverer and a religious reformer. His mission is to free Islam from external enemies and to re-establish pure faith.

THE ORIGINAL TRADITION

represents the Mahdi, who was to come, as an incarnation of the divine essence. That he would be a reappearance of Ali, the cousin and son-in-law of Mohammed, who was assassinated during the struggle he made for recognition as supreme Caliph, and who was declared to have left the world only for a season, to return as Mahdi or leader, and establish a kingdom of righteousness. Another legend represents him as not dead, but sitting in the heart of a mountain slumbering between two guardians,

A LION AND A PANTHER,

and near him two fountains—one of water and the other of honey. For a brief season, during which injustice and wickedness must be triumphant, he would remain in this place of concealment, but sooner or later he would come forth as Mahdi, and fill the world with justice and truth. Abdallah, who preached the doctrine a few years after Mohammed's death, declared that from the beginning of the world until his time there had been six Messiahs sent to the world, and that the seventh and last would appear shortly. Each had brought to earth a new revelation and had proclaimed it to man by a special representative. The series was as follows: (1) Adam and Seth; (2) Noah and Shem; (3) Abraham and Ishmael; (4) Moses and Aaron; (5) Christ and Simon Peter; (6) Mohammed and Ali. The one destined to make up the mystical number of seven would be called the Mahdi.

It will be seen how closely this tradition identifies the Mahdi with the Mohammedan Antichrist. The Jewish Messiah was to be simply a descendant of David, whereas the Mahdi was to be

A RESUSCITATED PERSONAGE,

who had been in his previous terrestrial existence an emanation of the deity. In this way the Mahdi doctrine, in its older form, has a certain analogy with the Christian belief in the second advent of Christ, and it is worthy of remark that Hakim, one of the pretended Mahdis, put forward his inordinate pretensions at the commencement of the eleventh century of the Christian era—a time when there was a very general belief throughout Christendom that the end of all things was at hand and the Millennium about to begin.

The extent to which the Mahdi superstition is influencing the Mohammedan world may be realized by

A DESPATCH FROM THE SOUDAN,

sent to the London *Daily News*, in which the writer says that "the Mahdi can bring together an enormous power against any opponent, but especially against a Christian foe. In dealing with this Mahdi question, it should never be forgotten that in the eyes of millions of Mussulmans Mohammed Ahmed is the true Mahdi, and his wonderful career for the last three years is well calculated to impress the Oriental imagination with a belief in the divine nature of his mission. This belief may continue latent as long as there is a struggle between the Moslem Khedive and the new Prophet, both claiming to act in defence of the religion of Allah. But once let a Christian power attack 'the Holy Mahdi, the man sent by God to restore Islam to its pristine force and glory' and all doubts and hesitation will disappear, and every Moslem tribe in the Soudan and in Central Africa will gird on their swords and rush to the defence of God's prophet. The Arabs are certain to fight English troops with greater courage and greater fanaticism than they would Egyptians or Turks, because they believe that when a true believer dies fighting the infidels, his place in Paradise is assured. To cynics this may appear an insufficient incentive to desperate valor, but the statesman who fails to take into account the intense and all-absorbing belief in Allah, the God of Mohammed, entertained by the African Mohammedans, will never be able to gauge the importance or danger of the present movement."

It is impossible at the present stage of the conflict to say whether this latest Mahdi will be recognized by the Mohammedan world, and become the predicted Mohammedan Antichrist who will ally himself with the Papal Antichrist. The struggle is being fought, and the student of prophecy, who knows what will be the final issue of the supreme struggle, will watch it with absorbing interest, waiting to learn whether this is the conflict he knows will surely come at no distant day.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Joiner Defying the Wind.—At a Recent meeting Dr. Ferguson said: "A joiner in a Scotch town was conveying a plank on his shoulder on a strong windy day. When he came to the corner of a street up which the wind rushed with extra force, it caught the plank, making the man stagger. The joiner, addressing the wind, said: 'Wud ye? Wud ye? I'll cairry it frae Dan tae Beersheba in spite o' ye.' This is a grand motto for blue ribbon folk when the gust of temptation or mockery assails them. Just look it straight in the face and say, 'Wud ye? Wud ye? I'll carry my blue-ribbon from Dan to Beersheba, God helping me.'"

The Peril of Worldly Amusements.—Mr. Oatts, speaking on the duty of Christian workers keeping themselves free from the slightest suspicion of conformity to the world, more especially in regard to entering into its so-called amusements and time-killing entertainments, stated that quite recently he was speaking to a young woman who was in great mental and spiritual distress. Her difficulty was that a prominent leader of a religious meeting, by his inconsistent conduct in this matter, had led her to doubt the truths of Christianity. Is it right that Christians who have been bought with a great price, even the precious blood of Christ, should indulge themselves in this way, when the eyes of the world are scanning their every movement? Can they not deny themselves these "harmless" amusements for the sake of others? "Our citizenship is in heaven, whence also we look for the appearance of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Bowling-Green and Billiards.—Mr. Crow related: "I was much struck with the case of a young man who for almost a year engaged in the work of the Lord, and did much good. For the purpose of endeavoring to counteract the malign influence of the grogshops, the leaders of the congregation to which he was attached thought right to start a bowling-green, and to open a hall where billiards and many such like games were the principal attractions. My friend was invited to the opening ball, and accepted the invitation. As he entered the hall, I said to him, 'Do not think that I wish to dictate to you, or to interfere unduly with what you think it right to do, but I feel that it is my duty to warn you against this step.' For a month or six weeks he attended his evangelistic work, but during that time he became colder and colder,

till at last he acknowledged that his spiritual state was such that he could take no real interest in matters pertaining to the cause of Christ. We have reason to give thanks that, through the mercy of God, he was restored to his right mind, in response to the intercession of his true friends at the throne of grace. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'"

A Lady Missionary's Testimony.—Mr. Sloan related: "I was talking recently with a lady who is a missionary to the heathen. She told me that she knew that her spiritual life was growing deeper, and that she was living closer to Christ than ever before. I asked her, 'Has your spiritual life always been progressive?' 'No,' she replied. 'It was many years after I knew Jesus as my Saviour from death that I took Him into my life, and allowed Him to control me in everything.' 'It is only since you did so that you became conscious that you are growing more like Him?' I inquired. 'Yes,' was her quiet response. It is a great pity that so many Christian people *will* put more faith in their own power to stand fast against temptation and worldly-mindedness than take Jesus into their daily life, and allowing Him to keep them."

A Blue Ribbon Temperance Umbrella.—"In another meeting, a woman, whose face I did not recognize, took my hand, and shook it vigorously, at the same time expressing her great joy at seeing me. 'Do you not know me?' she inquired. 'No; I do not remember to have seen you before,' was my reply. 'Don't you recollect giving my husband and me the blue ribbon over in the Masonic Hall?' For fear of hurting her feelings, I did not reply directly to her question, but inquired, 'Are you still keeping the temperance pledge?' 'Of course we are. My very umbrella is keeping it.' So saying, she shook a small umbrella in my face, and I saw that it was adorned with a blue ribbon. In this, as in many other instances, temperance has been the first step in the way which leads to the acceptance of Christ and the joy of His salvation."

A Brave Italian Workman.—The Rev. Mr. Gault said: "Bergano is a city in Italy, with a population of forty thousand people. It has fifty Roman Catholic churches and fifteen Roman Catholic schools. An attempt was made to begin Protestant services in the stronghold of Popery, but the priests lashed up the population to such a furious state that the missionary was assaulted, and almost killed; but the Lord works in many ways. A workingman began to read the Bible to all who would listen to him. The missionary heard of this, and visited the man in his own house. The priests were watching, and immediately the man was dismissed from his daily employment and turned out of his home. Three times did he secure lodgings, and as often was he turned out of them; he could not get a place to shelter his head. The missionary also tried to hire a house for him, but failed. Finally a house was bought for mission purposes, and to shelter this man, and now a grand work is going on there, the result of this poor workingman standing firm for Christ and His Gospel under severe persecution."

Saved from Utter Wreck.—Mr. Rodgers Related: "In an inquiry meeting, lately, a man came to me and said, 'May I speak with you for a few minutes?' 'Certainly,' I answered, 'what is it?' He replied, 'At one time I was the superintendent of a Sabbath-school; now, just look at what the drink has brought me to! I am poor and wretched in mind and body. I have only threepence left of my wages, and I was on my way to the rumshop to spend it in drink, when my attention was attracted to the crowd at your open-air meeting. I came over to see what it was, and heard you speaking of the love of God, and parden for the worst of sinners. I tried to persuade myself that it was all nonsense, but my conscience told me that you spoke the truth, and constrained me to enter the hall. Now what am I to do?' I responded, 'You must give up indulging in strong drink, and return to the Lord Jesus, who alone can keep you from becoming an utter and eternal wreck. Will you do this?' 'I will, sir, from this moment,' he answered. His wife was in the habit of buying whiskey and beer every Saturday for use at home on Sunday. He went straight to his wife and asked, 'Where are the whiskey and beer you bought for Sunday?' She said, 'It is all right in the press safe.' Opening the press door, he took the bottles out and emptied the contents into the sink. Since that night he has never tasted strong drink, but he has 'tasted that the Lord is gracious.'"

HOW WE CONQUERED THE MASON.

By Lady Hope.

I WANT to mention one incident from our little cottage hospital in the country. I remember being there one day chatting with the nurse, who was telling me she had two beds empty. One of the committee-men was in the room, and he was just laughing at us working, as he said, so tremendously hard, though the nurse did all the real work. All I did was to go to the patients and talk with them. Just as he was speaking, a violent ring was heard at the door, and the servant ran into the room to tell us a man had fallen from a church tower—two miles off—and was badly hurt, and they had sent to see if they could bring him to the hospital.

"Oh, certainly," we said. But the committee-man ran to the door to ask the messenger who it was that was injured.

"Why, it's the mason!" he came back saying. "You can't have him here. He is a fearful character; he'll turn your tidy little place upside down. His voice is like a bull's; it would be heard all over the house."

"But we must have him. Let's get hold of him," said the nurse, "and then—"

So we went to the committee-man, and put the case to him that it was just the kind of man we wanted to reach, and that illness and injury quieted a man wonderfully, and that we wanted to have him.

"You are most extraordinary women," he said. "I cannot understand you."

However, he gave in, and we told them to bring the man to the cottage. By and by they came with him, and I won't soon forget their carrying him up the stairs in a sort of chair. He made the place ring with a roar like a bull's. He raved and swore at being taken to such a place; he hated going there.

"Don't you come up," the nurse said, "till I've got him safe in bed."

By and by I went up and found him beginning to soften already. Everything seemed to him so clean and tidy and comfortable. He was grumbling a little, but next morning he was turned, he was as quiet as a lamb. He lay there for three weeks before he got better. We used to have short prayers in the room, and the most of the men would kneel down, but he would not—he was not going to kneel. One day I talked about Christ's love, and how He knelt to bathe the feet of His disciples, and how He died to save lost rebellious sinners. Then we had prayer, and the others knelt, and this great big man at last knelt down with us. When we had finished prayer, he said, "You've done for me now; between nurse and you you've quite broken my heart."

He became quite a changed character from that day, and the whole town soon knew it. Some time after his little boy died, and I remember the poor mother telling me afterward:

"It was a sad day when our boy died, and I thought my heart would break standing by the open grave. It was a cloudy day, and as I stood there a gleam of sunshine broke through the cloud and fell across my husband's face; and when I looked and saw the changed face, and how full of love and kindness, so different from what it used to be, I couldn't help thanking God that, though He had taken away my boy, He had given me my husband; and I thanked God for that little hospital."

I believe that in the time of sickness men are ready to hear if only we go to them, and I am sure that at such a time there has often broken from the cloud a stream of light that has brightened their whole life. Let us then do all we can to help a mission which not only helps to heal the sick bodies, but brings to the weary and troubled souls peace, joy, and rest in God. Let us use both hands, and He will bless our work among the poor around us.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A Case of Self-Amputation by a Brave Lad is reported from Auburn, N. Y. A boy named Terence Finley, in attempting to jump on a moving train close to that city, fell, and had his right foot cut nearly in two just above the ankle. Recognizing that the foot must be amputated any way, the little fellow, with rare courage, himself severed the few remaining tendons before the surgeon arrived. The nerve he displayed is really extraordinary, and shows how, in a severe crisis, when a great effort is demanded, strength is found where it would be least expected. Even that boy's resolution, wonderful as it was, is less than that sometimes required to cut off some darling sin or break some evil habit. Yet our Saviour said it was better to enter into life halt or maimed rather than having two hands or two feet and be cast into hell (Matt. 18 : 8).

A Man Charmed by a Snake had a Narrow escape from death recently. The *Montgomery Standard* states that four men started to the woods in search of plants. They saw a snake's den, but it was apparently empty, and they did not examine it closely, but continued their botanizing expedition, in which they became separated. Soon afterward one of the number was seen standing spellbound in front of the den, and an immense black snake was found coiled in front of him. The man was rigid, and his eyes were starting from their sockets. The snake was moving with a wavy motion, and slowly drawing closer. The reptile was immediately killed before it had time to strike, but a delay of a few moments would have been fatal to the fascinated man. The snake was nine feet long. The man had to be carried to a wagon. He says he felt unable to move or to resist. The same powerlessness is often described by the victims of liquor and morphia, who admit that they are being ruined, body and soul, but are unable to resist the tempter. To such men an Almighty Saviour offers strength sufficient for their need (Isa. 40 : 29).

A Man Died of Leprosy in New Orleans on June 16th. About a year ago the unmistakable symptoms of the terrible disease first appeared in the man, who had been engaged in hauling dead cattle to bone yards, or fertilizer factories, and the disease was attributed to handling the carrion. When he first became aware that he had been seized with the loathsome disease he came to New York, where he consulted the most eminent physicians and placed himself under their treatment. They afforded him no relief, and he gradually became worse. Aware of the inability of the physicians to cope with the incurable disease, he returned to his home in New Orleans. In February last he became desperate, and determined to put an end to his life, but was prevented from so doing by his relatives. He repeated this attempt several times, but was so closely watched that his efforts were futile. Once he boarded a ferry-boat, and when the vessel was in mid-stream he leaped overboard, but boats were lowered and he was rescued and taken to the Charity Hospital, where he remained until death relieved him. The loathsome disease is frequently used as a type of sin; and if the sinner could see his own condition as God sees it he would know how true a type of it leprosy is. But the sinner need not despair or seek death as a way of escape; Christ, who healed the lepers, can also still eradicate the leprosy of sin (Matt. 9 : 5, 6).

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Treasury Statement for the Entire Fiscal year was issued July 1st. From this it appears that the debt was decreased during the year ending June 30th by $101,040,971, as against $134,000,000 in the preceding year. The surplus revenue for 1883–84 was therefore $100,000,000. The one hundred and twenty-eighth call for bonds matured on July 1st, which, being for $10,000,000, raises the reduction to nearly $112,000,000, and represents an annual decrease in interest of $3,350,000. The total receipts for the year were $348,000,000, against $398,000,000 for the preceding year, a difference of $50,000,000 in round numbers. During the discussion of the Tariff bill in the last Congress it was estimated that the passage of the Revenue bill then pending, and which is now a law, would work a reduction of about $70,000,000 per annum. The actual reduction in these sources, as shown by figures reported to the Treasury Department, is a few thousands short of $42,000,000, the reduction in customs having been $19,000,000, and in internal revenue $23,000,000.

The President's Veto of the Bill Restoring Fitz-John Porter to his rank in the army occasioned some surprise last week. In giving his reasons for the veto the President said he was "unwilling to sanction any legislation which shall practically annul and set at naught the solemn and deliberate conclusions of the tribunal by which he was convicted, and of the President, by whom its findings were examined and approved." Another reason was that the bill was unconstitutional, as it creates a new office upon condition that the President shall appoint to fill it a designated person, and is therefore a legislative encroachment upon the Executive authority. The House promptly passed the bill over the veto, but the requisite two thirds majority was not obtained in the Senate. There is, therefore, an end of the bill for this Congress. The question has been argued now twenty years, and has become a party matter. The real point at issue appears to be whether Congress ought to have the power of reviewing the judgment of a court, and, if it have that power, whether the circumstances justified General Porter in disobeying the orders of his superior officer.

Several Vacancies in the Diplomatic Service were filled by President Arthur last week by nominations which receive general approval. Congressman John A. Kasson, of Iowa, who has had diplomatic experience as Minister to Austria under President Hayes, was nominated Minister to Germany in succession to Mr. Sargent. The vacancy at the Court of Russia is filled by the nomination of Alphonso Taft, who is now United States Minister to Austria. Mr. John M. Francis, who now represents the United States at Lisbon, is transferred to Austria-Hungary, to take Mr. Taft's place, and Lewis Richmond, of Rhode Island, is named for Minister to Portugal.

This Congress, Like its Predecessor, Disgraced itself by holding sessions on Sunday. After frittering away the early part of the session and neglecting its work, both Houses were in such haste to adjourn, that on Sunday last they devoted the day to business. The day was chiefly occupied by receiving conference reports on the points of disagreement between the Senate and the House. They related chiefly to the appropriation bills which the House showed a determination to cut down. The agreements reached were principally due to concessions of the House; the Senate, however, abandoned Mr. Sherman's pet appropriation of $3950, to reimburse the amount paid for the expenses of the Louisiana Commission in 1877. The River and Harbor bill as it leaves Congress calls for $13,909,200 beside the million dollars previously appropriated for the Mississippi improvements. The President is being urged to veto the bill as he did the eighteen-million-dollar bill of 1882, leaving to Congress the responsibility of passing it over the veto.

The Expediency of Nominating a Prohibition ticket in Indiana is doubted by the temperance leaders in that State. Dr. J. A. Houser, the President of the State Christian Temperance Union, remarked last week that the Prohibition Convention summoned for July 24th had been postponed because a feeling was growing among the temperance people that the result of putting a third ticket in the field would be to give the offices to the Democrats. Dr. Houser said: "The temperance men appreciate the fact that the Democrats in the State are in full accord with the Liquor League, and that such a movement would redound to the benefit of that party. Of two evils their good sense admonishes them to choose the least. They see a ray of hope in the plank of the Republican platform favoring a call of a constitutional convention, while they cannot find even a crumb of comfort in the Democratic principles as enunciated by Mr. English. If a constitutional convention should be held and a prohibition amendment submitted to a vote of the people at a special election, the temperance people will have gained what they have been struggling for these many years. Therefore they are disposed to vote the Republican ticket."

The Failure of the Star Route Cases can now be easily understood. The revelations being made before the Springer Committee show that the conviction of the defendants would have astonished all concerned in the prosecution. The counsel for the Government quarrelled among themselves, and each suspected the others of intriguing to let the defendants go. One of the lawyers has been charged by a witness with having actually received a bribe to secure the safety of one of the culprits. As a specimen of the influences at work, the Attorney-General produced, on Thursday last, a letter he received on December 20th, 1882, from Mr. Bliss, who, as counsel for the Government, held a prominent position in the cases. In the course of the letter Mr. Bliss said: "As to the matter which I spoke of to you this morning—as to the using of Price as a witness—why not consult with *Secretary Chandler on the political view of it?* Of course you would not consult any one in the legal aspect. But the matter may be productive of great difficulties." There is nothing to show whether Mr. Brewster did take Mr. Chandler into consultation in order to get "the political view of it." Mr. Chandler was certainly the most competent man in the Cabinet to enlighten him on the political aspect of it, if the Attorney-General needed enlightenment. It would appear, however, from the revelations made before the Springer Committee, that the deficiencies of Mr. MacVeagh, Mr. Brewster, Mr. Bliss, and all those concerned, were not of that character. "The political view of it" seems to have been the only one taken. If they had taken a just and conscientious view of the case and of their own duty, the defendants would not have escaped.

The Framing of a Tariff Plank in the Platform is the most important duty, next to that of the nominations, which the Democratic National Convention, now in session at Chicago, has to perform. The protectionists in the party are anxious that the declarations of the Convention on the tariff should be vague, so as not to offend voters of protectionist views. They recommend that the issue of the election shall be Mr. Blaine's record, and that it be fought with a candidate of unimpeachable integrity. An appeal has, however, been made to the Convention by the Manufacturers' League, which is likely to command attention. The League urges the abolition of all duties on raw materials, in order to give manufacturers an opportunity of competing with other nations in the markets of the world; also an adjustment of the tariff by which the rate of duty on the manufactured article shall be proportionate to the labor and skill expended upon it, the articles nearest the crude state to pay the lowest rate of duty.

Drunkenness as the Parent of other Vices is readily recognized by all observers of the events of the day. A confirmation of the fact is afforded by the recently issued report of the chaplain of the Magdalen Asylum, of New York, that of eighty-nine fallen women in the Asylum at one time, all but two had fallen through drink. A lady missionary among this class says that, of two thousand known personally to her, there were only ten cases in which intoxicating liquors were not in large part responsible for their fall.

The Prohibitory Law went into Operation in Iowa at midnight of Friday last. A large trade was done in Des Moines during the day in filling flasks and jars, the habitual drinkers evidently expecting the enforcement of the law. A telegram from Des Moines on Saturday says that none of the saloons had opened, and disreputable houses were emptied of their inmates, and in some cases were offered for sale. A wholesale liquor dealer says he believes the law will reduce drunkenness materially, but thinks the wholesale men will have a flood of orders for small lots. These will be for medicinal, mechanical, and culinary purposes, and, where customers are prudent and reputable, they will be supplied, otherwise not. He thinks the wholesale men will be more circumspect than the pharmacists. Temperance people all over the Union will watch the course of events in Iowa with lively interest.

The National Prohibition Camp Meeting commenced a ten days' session at Decatur, Ill., on July 2d. Dr. Davies made an address of welcome, which was responded to by President Haney, who declared that the meeting had *nothing whatever to do with political affairs.* Among those present at the opening exercises were: Mrs. Woodbridge, of Ohio; the Rev. Dr. W. H. Boole, of Brooklyn; the Hon. William W. O'Brien, of Chicago; Governor Glick, of Kansas; Miss Frances E. Willard, of Chicago; George C. Christian, of Chicago; the Rev. Henry Wilson, of New Jersey; and Mrs. Lucie Simpson (colored), of Bloomington.

The Increase in the Consumption of Distilled liquors in the United States during the past five years has been remarkable. At a meeting of Good Templars in Washington, D. C., recently, *Mr. George A. Hilton*, of the Internal Revenue Department, stated, in the course of an address on the urgent necessity for active and persistent temperance work, that since 1879 the increase of consumption of distilled spirits was forty-three and a half per cent, and of fermented liquors nearly sixty per cent. Unhappily there is no reason for hoping that these figures are exaggerated, Mr. Hilton's statement being based on official records.

A New Faith Cure Establishment was opened at Stratford, Conn., recently. It has been organized by Rev. Arthur Sloan, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who recently resigned his charge in that city. The Rev. W. F. Watkins, of Holy Trinity Church, New York, preached the opening sermon, and referred to the work that was being accomplished. It is said that a New York lady has contributed $600 to the mission. A vestry meeting has been held to decide as to the acceptance of the Rev. Mr. Sloan's resignation of the rectorship of Christ Church. The result has not yet been announced. A vestryman said that Mr. Sloan had said that under certain conditions he might resume his pulpit, but that in case he did the seats must be free, and he should accept no salary.

Two Cases of Faith Cure are Reported from Cleveland, Ohio. Both sufferers were afflicted with spinal disease. One of them—Mrs. Oliver Mansfield—has been under medical care seven years, most of the time being confined to her bed. It was a clear case of curvature of the spine, which bent her out of shape. Dr. Hickman, pastor of the Woodland church, offered prayers for her recovery, and explained to the afflicted lady the nature of healing faith. She believed, and determined to avail herself of the promise. She rose and walked without assistance, being made perfectly straight. For the first time in seven years she stood erect. Her husband said to the reporter who sent to the New York *Times* the despatch describing the cure: "If you had seen Mrs. Mansfield a week ago, you would have said she could never sit up, to say nothing about walking. She could not have done it without the help of the Lord. Since her cure she has been up, and is growing stronger, and there she sits now, strong in the Lord." The other case is that of Miss Rebecca Kerby. She has been bedridden for forty years with a spinal complaint and a complication of maladies. For twenty-eight years she has not sat up once. Dr. Hickman and his people visited her and prayed with her. She began to have faith, and, a few days ago, arose from her bed, sat in her chair for an hour, and walked across the room, and has repeated it several times since. She says that she has not a doubt of eventually being made strong and well.

The Great Problem of the Times was the subject of Professor Seelye's Baccalaureate address to the graduates of Amherst College, Mass., on June 29th. He said: "There are probably 100,000 men in the United States to-day whose animosity against all existing social institutions is hardly less than boundless. They are forming themselves into societies—sometimes secret and sometimes open—they openly advocate on the platform or through the press the destruction, by fire, by the bullet, by dynamite, by any of the stupendous agencies the modern investigation of nature has provided, of the property and the life of those whose ways of living they condemn. These utterances, wild as they may seem to others, are made in sober earnest, with a clear knowledge of their meaning and a firm determination to carry out all that they imply, and by earnest and determined men, whose numbers are steadily increasing. They are making converts on our own soil, and are receiving continued increase from immigration. They are the signs, here and elsewhere, of an attempted revolution, which, if it succeeds, will destroy the whole structure of our civilization, and if it does not succeed threatens to shake this structure to the centre." After showing that social science is impotent to deal with this fearful problem, President Seelye said: "There is but one proper antidote. While the teachers of social science teach how every man lives for himself, the Divine Teacher teaches 'a love which seeketh not her own.' To penetrate human hearts by love, to bind them together in self-forgetting endeavor, is the true social perfection. But there is only one way in which this can be done—the preaching of the Gospel. Salvation by sacrifice—the salvation of others by the sacrifice of ourselves; the salvation of the world by a divine sacrifice, this is life for the world and the only life."

The Dangers of Beer Drinking are Elaborately described in a learned article in the current number of the *Medical News* of Philadelphia. The writer says, in the course of the article: "The habitual consumption of beer in excessive quantities tends to hypertrophy by the direct action of alcohol upon the heart, by the enormous amount of fluid introduced into the body, and by the easily assimilated nutritive constituents of the beer itself. The condition of patients suffering from the effects of excessive beer drinking not rarely amounts to a true plethora of the most typical kind, such as is seen among the drivers of beer wagons and workers in breweries in this country. The excesses in beer common in some parts of Germany are rare in the New World, but that such excesses are attended by a direct and grave danger, hitherto little suspected, should be generally understood."

A Curious Condition to a Legacy Occurs in a will presented for probate in New York last week. This is the clause referred to: "I give and bequeath unto my godchild, Frederick Rudolph Peipers, the sum of $2000, lawful money of the United States of America, for his own use, benefit, and behoof forever; provided, however, and this legacy is upon the express condition that my said godchild shall, from and after the time that this bequest shall have been made known to him, continue to so spell and write his name for all time forth, and in default of his so doing this legacy to him shall be wholly void and of no effect, and the sum herein bequeathed shall fall into and become part of my residuary estate, and shall be disposed of according to the provision of the clause in this my will disposing of my residuary estate." The testator was evidently anxious that his name should be remembered after his death. It is a natural desire, and God makes the promise to those who keep His commands, "I will give them an everlasting name that shall not be cut off" (Isa. 56 : 5), while we are assured that in spite of all precautions "the name of the wicked shall rot" (Prov. 10 : 7).

Disappointment with New York Led an immigrant to attempt suicide last week. A few weeks ago Joseph Jungwerth and his wife, Teresa, were residing in Austria, their native country. The man was earning good wages as a machinist, and his wife was employed in a café. Unhappily the woman listened to the stories told of the magnificence of New York and the ease with which fortunes were made there. She was dazzled, and with some difficulty induced her husband to cross the Atlantic with her. They arrived four weeks ago, and during that time have endured serious hardships, being unable to obtain remunerative employment. The disappointment so preyed on the woman's mind that she went to a bath-house in Delancey Street, and there made an attempt to commit suicide. She was discovered before life was quite extinct, and was removed to a hospital, where she lies in a critical condition. She is not the first by thousands who has been deceived and disappointed in a similar effort to gain a fortune. Those who seek eternal riches through Christ need have no fear of such disappointment. Even in this world no one has ever been found to regret at the close of life having trusted the Saviour (1 Tim. 4 : 8).

OUR SANCTUARY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary. O LORD, the hope of Israel, all that forsake Thee shall be ashamed, and they that depart from me shall be written in the earth, because they have forsaken the LORD, the fountain of living waters. Heal me, O LORD, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved: for thou art my praise."—JEREMIAH 17 : 12, 13, 14.

The Despised Preacher—Alone with his God—A Broken Passage—The Purity of Bible Language—The Prophet's Conception of a Sanctuary—I. Its True Place—A Sovereign Reigning—In Power—In Glory—Christ the Place of Worship—II. Those who Depart—Who they Are—People Who have Known Him—What Will Become of Them—The Writing in the Earth—A Sore Thirst—A Boy's Idea of Elijah's Translation—III. The Comers to God—Away from the World—With Faith.

THIS book of Jeremiah is a very thorny one; it might be called, like his smaller work, "The Book of Lamentations." Our text is as a lily among thorns, as a rose in the wilderness; the solitary place shall be glad for it, and the desert shall rejoice. The words sound like sweet music amid the crash of tempest. The bitter tree yields us sweet fruit. The weeping prophet wipes away our tears. I do not know that the whole of Scripture contains more delightful promises than those which fell from the lips of this son of sorrow, who has been to so many a son of consolation. May God grant that this lily to-day may be exceeding lovely in your eyes as you see it in the sunlight of the Holy Spirit.

It seems to me that in this passage the mourning prophet is sitting alone in communion with his God, speaking out his steadfast faith, and washing the feet of his sorrows in the laver of the promises. The singular change of the pronoun from *thee* to *me* shows how near the Lord was to him; so near, indeed, that Jehovah not only speaks by the prophet, but breaks in with personal language, and speaks Himself. All men who have to deal with great multitudes of people for God

MUST BE MUCH ALONE,

or they will lose their power. Jeremiah was sick at heart, for he prophesied, but he was not believed; he entreated and persuaded, but his affectionate appeals were rejected; he saw the nation hastening to destruction, and he could not avert the doom; all this made him cry out in the anguish of his soul, "I am the man that hath seen affliction." Hence he could not have lived if he had not found sanctuary in his God. He often stole away into secret places that he might pour out his breaking heart before the Lord, and commit himself to the tender care of Him whom he so faithfully served. Let us imitate him, and overcome our griefs by secret fellowship with the happy God.

The passage before us is a very broken one. Those who are acquainted with the original tongue will tell you that it is difficult to construe it. It is a fragmentary passage, and several meanings have been given to it. Do you not know the reason of this? Should not a broken heart use broken words? When you have been in great trouble, and have drawn nigh to God, you have often had to pour out your heart in faltering accents. Nor does this destroy our prayer, or even shorten its power. Our God can put our speech together when we cannot put it together ourselves. A sigh here and a cry there, an utterance of faith at one moment and a groan of sorrow at the next; these make up a singular patchwork to ourselves, perhaps; more singular still to any one who should overhear us in our solitary sighs; but such supplications are not at all singular to God. He reads the meaning of His saints, and understands the language of their sighs.

However, it seems to me that the translators of the Authorized Version have given us the true meaning of the original, as I think they generally do. The men are not yet born who will give us a better rendering either of the Old or

the New Testament than is to be found in our old English Bibles, and it is my belief that they never will be born. These men wrote a marvellously pure English, and really translated the Bible into our mother tongue, being helped of God not only to see the meaning, but to write it in words which are understood of the people. Learned men in our day for the most part know every tongue except English; and they fall into the error of mistaking long Latinized words for our native language. Give me plain expressive Saxon. You may place every confidence in

YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S BIBLE;

whatever small improvements the translation may require, it is in the main so good that its rivals have had but short lives, while it retains all its primitive power.

In this text no doubt the prophet had in his eye the temple at Jerusalem. Seated upon the summit of a hill, with deep valleys surrounding it, the temple stood aloft, above all, a noble structure, seen from afar. To the Jew it was "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth." When God dwelt in it the temple might be fitly described in the language of Jeremiah as "A glorious high throne" for God. That glittering temple of snow-white marble, adorned with abundance of gold, seemed as it gleamed in the sun to be the lofty seat of Jehovah, whereon He reigned in the midst of His people. The temple, I say, may have been in the prophet's eye, but I do not think that it was in the heart of his meaning.

The passage which we read just now, in the seventh chapter of Jeremiah, shows you that Jeremiah was by no means a devotee for the material temple, nor did he rest his confidence in its outward ceremonial. He had reached a more spiritual region. That evangelical spirit which spake by Isaiah also rested upon Jeremiah. He had come to understand that God is not to be worshipped as if He dwelt in temples made with hands, nor to be served by merely outward rites; but that God is a spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. It seems to me to be clear that the prophet here speaks of God Himself as being to His people the place of their sanctuary and a glorious high throne. With this I shall begin—*the true place of our sanctuary*. Secondly, I shall have a little to say about *the departers from God*, the true place of our sanctuary—they are to be ashamed, and written in the dust. Then, thirdly, *the comers to God as the true sanctuary*. How do they come? They come with the language of the fourteenth verse: "Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved."

I. First, let us consider

THE TRUE PLACE

of our sanctuary. It is not at Jerusalem, nor yet at Samaria; it is not at Rome, nor yet at Canterbury. The place of our sanctuary is not the meeting-house wherein we gather; the place of our sanctuary is our God Himself. "God is our refuge and strength." "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

He is viewed under the aspect of *a sovereign reigning in majesty*—"A glorious high throne is the place of our sanctuary." Many refuse to worship God as reigning; they have not yet grasped the idea that the Lord is King, so that they cannot understand the song, "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice." For that includes, first, divine sovereignty, and some men grow black in the face with rage against that truth; they cannot endure it. Not even over His own mercy will they allow God to exercise any sovereignty; He is to be bound by their rules and compelled to deal alike with all; so they say. But He will not have it so; for this is His word: "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion." Now this God whose sovereignty is so much disputed is our God; a glorious high throne for absolute dominion and sovereignty is the place of our sanctuary. To Him whose sovereign grace is the hope of the undeserving we fly for succor.

Besides sovereignty, of course, His glorious high throne includes power. A throne without power would be but the pageantry of vanity. Wherefore, rejoice in this, that the Lord reigns as absolute monarch, full of power to execute His own purposes of infinite love. In all times of disturbance and trouble flee ye to the Lord of all as to a sanctuary, and find your comfort in Him. Forget not that the Lord reigns in exceeding glory. The excellence of His dominion surpasses all other, for He is the blessed and only Potentate. We shelter beneath no insignificant princedom—a glorious high throne is the place of our sanctuary. The text teaches more than this, however. It says, "A glorious high throne *from the beginning* is the place of our sanctuary." As His is the most potent of empires, so is it the most ancient. The arrangements of providence which seem so complex to us are not complex to Him; they are simple, direct, and effective. God is working evermore for a glorious purpose, which shall one day make the universe and all eternity to sing with rapturous joy that ever God determined to do what He is now doing. Let us rest in that truth.

When the prophet alludes to *the place* of our sanctuary, our mind is naturally led to feel that there must be some kind of place where God especially reveals Himself. We all know that He manifests Himself in heaven; and we expect erelong to be there to swell the number of His courtiers; but He has also revealed Himself on earth, and very significant are the places where He has done so. The place where He mainly revealed Himself among men was the temple, to which I have said Jeremiah somewhat alludes. Now, where was the temple built? It was built upon that mountain whereon Abraham took his son Isaac to offer him up as a sacrifice.

WONDERFUL SCENE!

There, all in lonely quietude, the servants left at the foot of the hill, the great patriarch, the father of the faithful, laid the wood upon the altar and unsheathed the knife to slay his only son. There the scene ends, and the curtain drops; but what a wonderful picture it was of the greater Father, the everlasting God, who did in very deed and truth offer up His Son, the heir of the promise, that we might live through Him! A ram caught in the thicket was the substitute for Isaac; but there was no substitute for Jesus, the Son of God. He died the just for the unjust to bring us to God. But there, where the most instructive of all types of the heavenly Father's love was exhibited, there must be the temple wherein God would converse with men and make for men a place of sanctuary. The temple itself was built upon that site, and there it was that God dwelt visibly between the wings of the cherubim, above the ark of the covenant, over that golden lid which was called the mercy-seat.

What was that ark of the covenant, but a type of our Lord Jesus Christ in a most instructive way? There stood the cherubim above the golden lid of that coffer; and Jesus also was "seen of angels." The cover made the mercy-seat, or propitiatory, and this the Lord Jesus is to us. He, as the blood-besprinkled mercy-seat, is the place where God meets with us, hears our prayers, and accepts our persons and our praises. Look within the lid with holy reverence, and first you see two tables of stone upon which the law of God was engraven. Did not Jesus say, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God: yea, Thy law is within my heart?" Looking again, you observe a golden pot filled with manna, and you remember Him who is the bread which came down from heaven, whereof if a man eat he shall live forever. Nor may we fail to notice a rod, a rod that has budded and blossomed and brought forth almonds; for by it we are reminded that the sceptre of rule is with the Lord Jesus Christ, and the government shall be upon His shoulder. This is His living and productive sceptre, with which He rules the souls of His people. Do you wonder that the Lord in meeting His people ordained as the trysting place such an eminent type of His dear Son? The ark of the covenant was made according to the pattern which Moses saw in the holy Mount; and above its mercy-seat was the place were God dwelt, and where He communed with His people.

Now then, dear friends,

THE PLACE WHERE WE WORSHIP

is God Himself revealed in the person of His dear Son. I pray you, never try to worship anywhere else. Christ is the one altar, the one temple, the one sanctuary. Set not up your high places of will-worship; erect not images to Baal in the form of self and sin. God in Christ Jesus should absorb all the worship of all the sons of men.

In addition, the Lord God is our refuge; for a sanctuary was a place to which men fled in the hour of peril. Is not Jesus our refuge from present guilt and from the wrath to come? Does He not deliver us from the guilt of sin? Ay, He is our refuge from temptation, our refuge in the hour of trial, our sanctuary in every season of sorrow, distress, and pain. This glorious high throne affords us an abiding shelter under the assaults of the enemy. I do not think I can preach on such a text—so there I must just leave it for you to think it over, or, better still, for you to flee to it, and fleeing to it to abide in it, worshipping in spirit and in truth.

II. Secondly, I am to speak but a few words, but those very solemnly, concerning

THOSE WHO DEPART

from God. Alas, that there should be such!—men who leave the river for the desert, the living for the dead! *Who are they?* The text says, "All that forsake Thee," and "they that depart from me." See, then, that this text has a bearing upon us, because these people of whom we are now going to speak were not an ignorant people who did not know God, or how could they be said to forsake Him? They were not like the heathen who have never heard His name. You cannot forsake a person with whom you have no acquaintance. Alas! there are among His own professed people a company that forsake Him. They mix for a time with the people of God, but they ultimately go out from them because they are not truly of them. In this land we have a people to whom God has been very gracious in sending the Gospel to them; but they are forsaking Christ for Rome, turning aside from faith in the Redeemer's merit that they may trust in priestcraft. It will not do, my brethren,

IT WILL NOT DO.

But there are many such, and many that did run well for a time; what did hinder them that they should not still obey the truth?

They went back to the world for gain or for ease; because of poverty, or because of riches, or because of fear of man, they turned aside and went away from God. At first they ceased to worship Him, they took no delight in His ways; they tried to be neutral, they were lukewarm, careless, indifferent, they forgot God. After thus declining in zeal, and refusing outward worship, they went further; for He says they had departed from Him—they could not endure the Lord, and therefore went into the far country. They said unto God, "Depart from us; we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways." They went into open sin; they disowned their God and broke His commands; some of them even dared to blaspheme Him. The course of sin is downhill. The man who once forgets his God soon forgets himself; and then he throws the reins on the neck of his lusts and goes from sin to sin, forgetting his God more and more.

I may be addressing such this morning; I fear I am. To such I have to tell *what will become of them* one of these days. This will become of you—you "shall be ashamed." I do not know a more painful feeling to a true man than to be ashamed, when he feels—"I was foolish and wrong;" it makes his cheeks crimson, his heart swells, his eyes overflow. The most hardened of sinners will one day be ashamed, saying, "I acted unprofitably to

myself." Such shame will come over you forgetful ones one of these days. You that live without God will erelong be disgusted with yourselves for it. It may not come upon you till you die, but it is very probable that it will assail you then. When in your dying hours, what a dreadful thing it will be to be filled with shame at the remembrance of the past, so as to be afraid to meet your God, ashamed to think that you have lived a whole life without caring for Him! What will it be to wake up in the next world and to see the glory of God around you—the glory of the God whom you despised! Oh, the shame that will come over the ungodly in judgment! It is written, "They shall wake up to shame and everlasting contempt." Every intelligent being that is right toward God will despise the man that forsook God and turned away from Him. "They shall wake up to shame and everlasting contempt." What a waking!

And then it is added that they "shall be

WRITTEN IN THE EARTH"—

that is, if they turn away from God they may win a name for awhile, but it will be merely from the earth, and of the earth. They shall go into oblivion. If you were to go to a school in the East you would find that the children have no slates, and very few of them have wax tablets, for these are rather expensive; and so the schoolmaster spreads the floor with sand or earth, and you see the boys writing their copies on the ground. Then, of course, when they had finished their writing the master would just sweep the floor, and all the writing disappeared. Was this the meaning of our Saviour when He stooped down and wrote on the ground? When they brought to Him the woman taken in adultery, hypocrites that they were, you remember He stooped down and wrote on the ground as though He heard them not; as much as to say, "I shall rub it all out again; all that you have to say will be forgotten." So will it be with men who do not trust in God. Their names will be written in the sand, and in a little time the great foot of Providence will obliterate them all, and they will be quite forgotten.

The text tells us that there shall come something besides this; they that forsake God shall one day be sore athirst even unto death, "because they have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters." There is for the soul but one fountain of water, flowing, cool, clear, ever refreshing. You must have God in Christ Jesus or else you will be as one that is parched with

THIRST IN THE SAHARA.

He looks around him eagerly for a well, but sees nothing save an ocean of sand. He rushes this way till the hot sand beneath his feet burns out of him all power to move; anon he struggles to his feet, and turns in the other direction, but with equal disappointment. He lifts his hands; he cries; he tears his hair in utter despair; he stoops down, he scoops a hole in the ground, he would fain dig to the very centre to find drink, but all in vain, he must pine away and die. His mouth is an oven, his tongue a firebrand, himself the victim of death. So, poor heart, there is nothing for you but God; if you forsake Him you die.

Young man, you are miserable to-day; you used to enjoy the theatre, and even baser amusement; but you cannot rejoice in them now, and I am thankful you cannot. You are becoming dissatisfied and wretched, but you need not remain so. Here is the living water fresh and free, and the Spirit bids me cry, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." The supply for your soul is only to be found in this one well, the well of Bethlehem, the well which springs up from the depths of eternal love in Christ Jesus our Lord. God still sits enthroned in Jesus as upon a glorious high throne; He there receives thirsty sinners to Himself, and gives them to drink till they are filled to the full.

Oh, when I take hold of my God I do not seem as if I wanted anything else. If I have God in Christ then am I all content, filled with all the fulness of God. "But troubles will come." Never mind troubles as long as you have your God. I feel sometimes like Rutherford when he said he could swim through seven hells to get at Christ. So a man might well do. You will not mind the trials of life when once you know that God is yours. A boy once said to his fellow, "John, would you like to have been Elijah? Would you have dared to get into that chariot of fire with horses of fire?" "Yes," said the other, "I would not mind *if God drove.*" That is how believers feel about everything. If God drives let us be fully at ease, for all must be well; if the Lord be King, those who trust in Him are safe. Since Jehovah rules, and overrules, we mount the chariot of fire or walk the waves of the sea and we are secure in either case. If the worst comes to the worst, we shall be wafted to the best place of all, up to the throne of God, to the right hand of the Most High. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words all ye who find sanctuary in your God; but if you trust not in the hope of Israel, you must thirst forever and never attain to satisfaction.

III. Thirdly, and lastly, let us look at

THE COMERS TO GOD.

Those who come to God—how do they come? Very briefly, they come away from all the world. Poor Jeremiah had nobody to help him or comfort him; the best of the men that he met with were sharper than a thorn hedge, they only wounded him; therefore he came right out from them, and confessed that Jehovah, the hope of Israel, was his God and his sanctuary. He set himself quite alone for God and His fear. Come, then, you that wish to come to God, and find Him to be your sanctuary; come right out from the world. If you try to be like worldlings, I hope they will not welcome your imitation. Whenever I am told of a man's holding with the hare and running with the hounds, I am always glad to hear that the dogs bite him. What business has he with the dogs? Come right out! O soul, if thou wouldst have peace, come away to your God. Never take your place with those who shall be written in the earth.

But *come to God with faith.* It was grand faith of Jeremiah which enabled him to say, "Heal me, and I shall be healed." Sick as I am, if Thou wilt act as physician to me I shall be cured; if Thou save me, lost as I am, I shall be saved. Come along, poor sinner. "Where, sir?" say you. To God in Christ Jesus. This is the Gospel: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." Come to your God, come to your God in Christ Jesus with the full conviction that He can and will heal you. "Heal me, and I shall be healed: save me, and I shall be saved."

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE SIR BARTLE FRERE.

(*See Illustration on next page.*)

On June 19th there appeared in this journal a portrait of the eminent Christian statesman who died recently. We now give, on page 444, pictures of three scenes in his remarkable career.

The sketch on the left of the page depicts that memorable scene in which the true greatness of the noble governor was most severely tested. He was at the head of a mere handful of Europeans, surrounded by a native population outnumbering them a hundred to one. But he knew that others in the neighboring province of the Punjaub—his own countrymen—were in greater danger. Some men would in such circumstances have thought first of self-preservation. But Sir Bartle Frere had not thus learned Christ. Summoning the commanding officer of the troops, placed there for the defence of himself and his little band of Europeans, he ordered him to go to Sir John Lawrence and aid in the work of defence. The officer looked at him in amazement, astonished by such a display of courage in circumstances of peril; but he obeyed, and the event proved how wisely the brave governor had acted.

The centre sketch represents his interview with the Sultan of Zanzibar when he was sent by his government to negotiate with that potentate for the suppression of the slave trade in his dominions. Sir Bartle Frere arrived in Zanzibar in October, 1872, and immediately introduced to the Sultan the object of his visit. This was no ordinary diplomatic work. He, as the representative of Great Britain, was there to induce the Sultan to abandon, on principle, a source of revenue. Had the conditions been reversed, and a diplomatic representative been sent to England to induce her to give up the opium trade, or to prohibit the export of rum into any country, success might not have been achieved. As it was, Sir Bartle Frere found his task by no means easy. It was not until May, 1873, more than seven months after his arrival, that he had the gratification of witnessing the signature of the Sultan to a treaty by which he pledged himself to stop the trade in slaves from his dominions.

The sketch on the right represents the meeting in London between Cetawayo, the conquered King of the Zulus, with Sir Bartle Frere, the statesman above all others the cause of his fall. It was in 1877 that Sir Bartle Frere was sent to the Cape of Good Hope as High Commissioner of South Africa and Governor of Cape Colony. There he met with checkered fortunes. Mr. Shepstone and a few policemen had annexed the Transvaal without opposition of any sort, but there were symptoms of Boer disaffection, and Sir Bartle visited that country to soothe their ruffled feelings. At the same time the late Cetewayo, the Zulu King, had formed a large and valiant army, which, in the estimation of Sir Bartle Frere, menaced the settlers in Natal. The consequence was the memorable Zulu war, undertaken without special reference to the home government. We need only name Isandula, Rorke's Drift, and Ulundi to recall the painful characteristics of a contest which reacted so powerfully upon political party fortunes in England, and brought about the displacement of one government for another. But whether Sir Bartle Frere were right or wrong, even his most bitter opponents admitted that he acted from lofty, patriotic motives, that his single aim was to do his duty by the Queen and country he had always so faithfully served, and that he never quailed before investigation or tried to save his reputation by disclaiming responsibility for his actions. The visit of Cetawayo to England gave the King and the author of his overthrow an opportunity of friendly meeting, which on both sides appeared to be appeciated.

GOSPEL WORK AMONG THE HEATHEN.

Fleeing from the Zulus.—The Rev. Owen Watkin, of Africa, speaking of the May meetings of the Methodists in the Transvaal, narrated the particulars of a fugitive missionary and his converts when threatened with death. He said: "They knew that enemies were abroad, and that the Zulu armies were not very far off. They thought the matter over, and said to the missionary, 'What shall we do?' He said, 'I do not know; we will pray to God over it; we will ask the Lord, for we are in a great strait.' And he then went into the middle of the road, and having taken a wand from a neighboring marsh, and having peeled it—with some notion of the Old Testament mode of doing things in his head—and there holding this wand in his hand, he prayed that the Lord God of Israel who had redeemed His people, and who had sent him to that heathen nation, and had enabled him to gather these out of the tribes, that by the falling of the wand He would teach him the way in which they were to go. Then

Scenes in the Life of the Late Sir Bartle Frere. (*See page* 443.)

putting the wand as straight as he could, he allowed it to fall, and the wand fell right down on the middle of the road toward Natal. Without a moment's hesitation, away they went toward Natal. Now, mark the providence of God; for if they had taken the other way toward the Drachensberg Mountains, they would have gone right into the van of the Zulu army, and not an individual would have escaped alive."

Brave Death of a Native Christian.—"Our first native convert to Christ was Samuel Antley Fown. I had the pleasure of hearing his confession of faith in the dear Saviour before he was baptized by my then colleague, the Rev. W. B. Luddington. He has only recently died, and this is his testimony in view of eternity: 'I am dying. All men must die. I am going to my Master. Be not afraid because of my death. The heathen people and the devil-men will perhaps try to persuade you that Fown was killed by the spirit whom you worship because he became a Christian, but do not believe them, attend regularly all the means of grace, and give yourself to God's dear Son, Jesus Christ, who alone can save you.'"

A Youthful Native Missionary.—The Rev. E. Lewis, of Bellary, Southern India, says: "I love to see little ones showing signs of giving their hearts to the Saviour. I have a little Indian boy at my home, at Bellary, whom we are trying to influence for good, and I sometimes wonder whether my own boy's heart will be touched by the Holy Spirit as that boy's heart seems to be. Last year I was out with the boy, who is about sixteen years old, in a country district. We were in the middle of a bazaar, or place of merchandise, and I said to the boy, 'Ratnappa, would you like to say a few words to the children?' 'If you like, sir,' he replied; and the dear little fellow stood up there, and for about twenty minutes gave one of the most touching and earnest missionary Christian addresses I had heard in the Canarese language for a long time. I love the boy, and I wonder whether my own boy will be able one day to accept Christ, and preach Him, and whether there is anybody watching over my child, as I am watching over that little Hindoo boy."

A Captive and the Hymn Book.—The Rev. W. Thompson, says: "I had a touching illustration of the character of the work being done in Africa. We were in the midst of one of the most warlike Matabele tribes, who had taken among their captives two women, one of whom found on the back of our wagon a hymn-book in her own language. The tears came into her eyes as she began to sing some of those hymns which she had learned in her own village, and it was a touching sight to see her and her fellow-captive crooning over this Christian hymn-book and finding comfort therein. One of the women looked up when my companion, the devoted missionary, Mr. Price, approached them, and after gazing at him for some time, she said, 'Are you not Mr. Price?' 'Yes,' he replied, and her whole heart seemed to come into her face as she recognized the friend who had first brought to her the knowledge of Christ as her Saviour, and the glad tidings of the Gospel. Sad as was the incident, it was also refreshing; it showed very clearly that good work had been done."

Hindoo Merchants at a Bible Stall.—The Rev. E. Lewis, of Bellary, Madras, relates: "In one town a number of merchants, always eager for gain, came to my book-stall and asked the price of the books. We at once told them the price, and commended them to their attention. One man said to another close by, 'If that were only a blank book what a treasure it would be for our accounts.' We took up their remark, spoke of the Bible as revealing the will and love of our Father in heaven, read various passages from the Gospels, and then, appealing to our congregation, we said, 'Is it not better that you should have a revelation of these truths made to you than that you should have merely a blank book for your accounts?' We told them what the Bible had done for the British nation, and what it had done for other nations as well. One of our hearers said, 'If this were a blank book, it would be like the heavens without the sun.' 'Yes,' said another, 'or like a big well without water.' A third said, 'It would be like a barren field without grain in harvest time.'"

EDITH'S INTERCESSION.

(*See Illustration on page* 445.)

It was noon in a large city, and the shrill whistles of a score of manufactories announced the fact in discordant tones to the ears of operatives, who welcomed the sound, and made no complaint of its lack of musical sweetness. The streets were soon alive with an eager, hurrying throng, intent on putting the half hour to its proper use. Mingled with men whose hands and faces were grimy, and whose clothes bore marks of their occupation, were a few ladies, neatly but inexpensively dressed. They, too, were released for half an hour only, and were walking rapidly from the telegraph office, where they were employed, to a popular restaurant in the neighborhood. These latter were watched with a close scrutiny by a fashionable young man, whose massive watch chain and jewelled breast-pin and rings marked him out as a member of that class which thinks more of personal adornment than of mental culture, and for which the title of "dude" has been newly coined.

Only a few minutes he waited, looking in each face as it passed him; and then, stepping forward with a look of relief, he said, "Edith, Edith, wait a moment, I want to speak to you."

"Why, Edward, is that you?" said a young lady of some twenty years of age, turning upon him a bright, intelligent face.

"Turn down this street," the young man said, "it is quiet here. I have something serious to tell you."

Edith placed her hand on her brother's arm, and took the direction he indicated. "It is nothing very bad, I hope, Edward," she said. "Now you have given up cards and billiards your greatest dangers are overcome. What is the trouble?"

"I am ashamed to tell you, Edith. But I have no one else to sympathize with me and advise me. You were always my friend. Don't desert me in my extremity. Promise me you will stand by me now."

"You know, Edward, I shall never desert you, but it is very cruel of you to get into scrapes that require my help. Your love for our mother and respect for our father's memory ought to keep you on the right track, even if you have no principles of your own. But you have not told me yet what is the matter."

"The fact is, Edith, there is a shortage in my accounts at the office. I did not tell you of it before, but it has been going on for more than two years. I knew it would distress you if you knew, and I hoped something would turn up to make it right. I think the secretary knew of it, but he could not expose me because he was aware that I knew his own accounts were wrong. So I thought I was safe for a time with him to shield me. But he absconded two days ago, and the directors are making a thorough investigation. They will surely find out my deficiency, and then I shall be arrested."

"This is awful, Edward. How much are you short?"

"Over five thousand dollars—I don't know exactly, but it is under six thousand."

"What do you want me to do, Edward? You know I cannot find you money. You had every cent of my savings six months ago. What did you do with that four hundred dollars?"

"I told you at the time, Edith. You made me promise to quit playing cards and billiards, and I told you then I could not do so until I had paid my debts. It took all that and more to clear me."

"Then what can I do? How did you come to take the company's money?"

"I have been a fool, Edith. I have lived up to my salary. Spent every cent in trying to dress and live as a gentleman, and of course I could not let you keep our mother and the home out of your earnings. I paid my share, which was little enough, toward the family expenses. Every month I was a little short, and each month I hoped the next month would be better, so I just used a little of the money in my hands, thinking I could replace it very soon. I had no idea how much it aggregated till about a month ago, when I added it up."

"I am ashamed of you, Edward. I could pity a man who stole money to buy bread, wrong as that is; but to steal to buy luxuries is the lowest depth of meanness, beside the awful sin of the thing. What will mother say! It will break her heart. She thinks so much of our good name, and of you too. How could you do it?"

"I knew you would be angry, Edith, and you cannot reproach me more bitterly than I reproach myself; but that does no good now. I must try to avoid arrest. I thought once I would do as the secretary has done, but I could not bear to leave you and mother. I thought you would go with me to Uncle William and ask him to help us. He will do anything for you, and he could easily lend us the money."

"I don't like going, Edward. It will be a very painful thing, for you know he has reproved you for extravagance often. He will be very angry."

"Yes, I expect that; but he will end by giving the money, and I will economize and pay him back by instalments. If you ask him, I am sure he will do it."

"I am not sure," Edith said. "He might do it for mother or for me, but he will not like helping you, because you ridicule him for being parsimonious. However, I will go to him tonight by the first train after I leave the office."

"That won't do, Edith. It will be too late then. I want you to come now. There is not a moment to be lost. The examiners began on my books this morning, and I must have the money there soon or all will be discovered. Now be a good sister, and come right away. There is a train at 1:30."

"Well, I will go back to the office, Edward, and explain, and then I will meet you at the depot." So saying, Edith hurried away, while Edward strolled toward the railroad depot. She readily obtained leave of absence, and then went on to the depot. Edward was not in the waiting-room, and she wondered where he could be; but a glance at the clock told her the time of the train starting was so near that she had not a moment to lose. It was possible that Edward, not liking to be in the midst of the crowd in the waiting-room, had gone to the platform. She therefore bought her ticket and passed through the gate toward the train.

"Step lively, lady. You have only just time," said the gateman, as he closed the gate after her. But Edith came to a sudden stop just within the gate. She was struck with horror. She saw Edward move from his position close to the car-door to meet her, when two policemen stepped between them and laid their hands on her brother. The worst had come. It was too late to save him. She forgot in that moment his wrong-doing, his weakness, and his frivolity; she thought only of his misery. She went to him, and with sisterly compassion put her arms around his neck and kissed him, whispering as she did so that she would go alone to her uncle and do her utmost in his behalf.

Edith Witnesses her Brother's Arrest.

Edith never forgot that journey. In the car with her were several acquaintances travelling on a pleasure excursion, chatting merrily and full of life and spirits, while in her heart was this terrible sorrow. Never did advocate plead for the life of a client as she did with her uncle for her brother. As she expected, he was averse to helping a youth who had so forgotten his widowed mother, his sister, his dead father's name, and his father's God. He would help to any extent the widow and the brave girl who toiled day by day for an honest livelihood, but for the graceless young scamp who had disgraced his name he would do nothing.

Edith, however, was not to be denied. The old man loved her dearly, and he saw that his refusal was breaking her heart. Eventually he consented to see if terms could be made, and accompanied her back to the city. He went alone to the directors, several of whom he knew, and succeeded, by replacing his nephew's deficiency, in inducing them to withdraw the prosecution. Edith met him as he came away, and together they went to the prison where Edward was confined. Edith's first words told her brother of her success, and the penitent youth flung himself at his uncle's feet and wept tears of gratitude.

"Get up, young man," said the uncle; "I do not want your thanks. I have done nothing for you. All I have done has been for your sister's sake. You are unworthy of her, and if it had not been for her I would have left you to your fate. If you want to show your gratitude, let me see you lead a different life. Then I will believe in it."

Edward vowed that his uncle should have no reason to regret his kindness, and he kept his vow. In another city he obtained employment, less genteel and less profitable, but he had learned a lesson he never forgot, and he earnestly and honestly sought, not without success, to retrieve the past.

How many sinners have thus found favor in the sight of others through the merits of some one else! Our own feelings and our own experience enable us to understand such things. But when we come to the far higher, clearer and grander conception of man receiving pardon for Christ's sake, the idea is not understood or accepted. Yet God is far more loving and ready to forgive than man, and Jesus Himself said, "I say not unto you, that I will pray the Father for you; for the Father Himself loveth you" (John 16 : 26).

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 431.*)

A Visit to Hester's Workshop.

JOHN MORLEY'S lobby had a damp, earthy smell, at which Grant uttered a significant "Faugh!" He passed on, followed by Carl, up the staircase to Hester's little sitting-room, the door of which was half open. It was the same homely, austere, bare room where Robert had passed his weary hours of convalescence. To Carl's student-eyes it was full of charms: the glitter of gilded bindings upon the bookshelves; the pile of snowy work upon the table where Hester had been sewing, with an open volume before her. A small thimble lay upon the page, so curious and rare a toy to Carl that he could not forbear to take it up and try it upon his own fingers, one after the other, until it fitted the least.

He wished that Miss Waldron would sometimes employ herself with sewing. The open book was one of his special favorites; and several others upon the shelves were well worth his own reading. He put his hat down on the table near to Hester's work, and regarded the whole with a singularly pleased smile upon his lips. There were no more than two chairs in the room, Hester's and another. He took the other, and looked across to her seat beside the white work and the open book and the thimble lying upon the page. Miss Waldron's kind admonitions were all lost upon him.

He had been in the room, Hester's sanctuary, alone, for Grant had left him there while he went to seek her. Grant was not actually away more than a minute, for he had gone only to the end of the long passage, to the door which connected the workroom with the dwelling, and there shouted to Lawson, in his loud, sonorous voice, to ask if she was up in the attic. Hester's own clear tone had answered, inviting him to come up to her. He went back to fetch Carl.

"She says we are to go up to her," he announced.

"Who says?" asked Carl absently.

"Who says?" echoed Grant; "good gracious, Carl, what a dreamy fellow you are! Why, Hester says so, Hester Morley. I wonder at you. Come along with me."

Carl followed him, almost with a guilty conscience, a sense of treachery and disobedience to Miss Waldron. Yet was it not decidedly his duty to become acquainted with Hester? He would set so strict a guard over himself that he would not fall into the danger his kind sisterly friend apprehended. He knew indistinctly that they were passing through some remarkably dingy rooms and up a narrow staircase; and then they came to a flood of sunshine, and a glorified attic, with a young, lovely, graceful

girl standing in the midst of the sunbeams, glowing and blushing with surprise, and looking into his face with shy, almost timid, gray eyes.

It was time for Carl to shake off his absence of mind. It was perfectly necessary that he should conduct himself as a pastor. After uttering a few words, what he knew not, he looked round the curious apartment, and saw an undersized and withered-looking man standing behind Hester. When he met Carl's eyes he bowed profoundly, and with an ease that confounded the young scholar, who had made no study of any mode of salutation. It was a full minute before he could venture to glance at Hester again, but when he did so, she had turned back to the binding-press in the window where Grant was looking carefully at her work. Carl drew a step or two nearer to them.

"Mr. Bramwell," she said, "this is my own work. I have learned to gild the books after Lawson has bound them. This is Lawson, my father's bookbinder, and my oldest friend."

Carl shook hands cordially with Lawson.

"Mr. Grant ought not to have brought you up here the very first time," continued Hester, a little reassured. "I did not know you were with him, or I should have come down-stairs to you."

"I am very glad you did not know," said Carl, with difficulty.

"I am not sure that I am altogether sorry," answered Hester, feeling a girlish sympathy with his evident embarrassment, and talking the more fluently because of it. "You know I have seen you several times already, though I have not spoken to you and I do not feel as if you were quite a stranger. Besides, Mr. Grant has talked to me a great deal about you and your sister. I know all about her; and I do hope she will like me very much when she comes to live at Little Aston.

"I think," said Hester, with a charming little toss of her head, "it is quite as well you should know at once that I belong to the working classes. Yes, I work up here five or six hours a day, for poor Lawson's hand is not always steady enough for it. I am not at all an idle, elegant young lady; Mr. Grant will tell you that. He sits by the press sometimes for a whole hour watching me. We will go down-stairs now," said Hester, after a moment's pause; and she took off her large apron, and smoothed down the sleeves which had been rolled up above her round and dimpled elbows. "My father will be very glad to see you, Mr. Bramwell. For the last three or four years Mr. Watson could not come often to see us, and my father receives no other visitors, except Mr. Grant."

Carl followed her down-stairs, wondering at his own silence and the difficulty he felt in speaking to her. Relief came to him in John Morley's presence, for the melancholy and reserved man brightened at the appearance of him and Grant. The fire and beauty of their early manhood, its freshness and buoyancy, had still a nameless charm for him in the midst of his disease and gloom. He listened to their keen, lively conversation, and allowed himself to be drawn into its current. Carl was conscious of talking well and aptly, and of interesting his host; and he stayed so long that Grant was compelled to leave him. He scarcely knew how he had the courage and resolution to say farewell at last; but he awoke from a confused trance as his foot struck against the massive door-sill of the entrance-hall at Aston Court, and he felt that the next minute he should be in the presence of Miss Waldron.

Should he tell her where he had been, or keep it a secret from her? He felt guilty enough to know that he had gone very near the folly against which she had so emphatically warned him. Yet he was a free man, in bondage to no one. But did not any friendship, and especially a friendship so close and discriminating as Miss Waldron's, in some measure militate against freedom in its completeness? Did he not owe a return of frankness and confidence to one who was so entirely open to him? Yet, on the other hand, what had he to tell? No; there was nothing to say about his visit, and it would only give rise to misapprehension in Miss Waldron's mind if he mentioned it.

With this reflection, amounting almost to a resolution, he went on into the drawing-room, where, the servant told him, volunteering the information with a covert smile, he would find Miss Waldron. She greeted his arrival with the blandest of welcomes, and invited him to a seat upon an ottoman placed near to her own lounging chair in front of a window. She was herself in the shade of the curtains, which shed a becoming hue over her somewhat faded face.

"You have been absent for some time," she said, softly; "it is more than an hour since I went to the library to look for a volume of Kitto, and you were then gone away. Have you been making some visits among our people?"

"I went to see Grant," answered Carl, with an air of hesitation.

"To be sure," she continued; "I suppose he is now very busy with his preparations. Is there nothing I can do to help them on? You know for *your* sister I should be delighted to do anything in my power; only I suppose we shall lose you when she comes to Little Aston."

Miss Waldron heaved a sigh, which spoke inexpressible things, and remained silently musing, with a sad eye fixed upon the future, for some moments. She then resumed her conversation rather abruptly.

"Then you only went to see Mr. Grant," she said.

"No, not exactly," stammered Carl; "at least, I went only with the intention of seeing him, but he asked me to go across with him to Mr. Morley's."

"Indeed!" said Miss Waldron, with a significant coldness in her tone; and then she betook herself to silence, which extracted more information from Carl than the most persevering cross-examination would have done.

"We went across," he said, in hurried accents; "and as Mr. Morley was engaged, Grant took me up-stairs into the workshop, where the binding is done. Hester was there, but we stayed only a few minutes, and then we came down to see Mr. Morley. He is, as Grant says, a singular study; and it is possible that I may do him good."

"And get harm to yourself," she replied, forebodingly.

"No, I think not," he said; "but if it were so, should I do well to set my own welfare before his? Ought I never to run any risk to myself for the sake of the souls of my people? We applaud those who go into a plague-house at the peril of their own lives; and should not I, in my ministry to others, sometimes lose sight of my own special welfare?"

He spoke with ardor and agitation, while Miss Waldron fixed upon him a dull gaze of wonder and disapprobation.

"I do not agree with you," she said; "no charge can be so important as that of your own soul. But I will pray for you that you may not be overtaken in a snare. Would it not be a help to you if we met one another at the throne of grace at some stated time?"

Carl was perplexed, and looked questioningly into Miss Waldron's face.

"I scarcely understand," he said.

"I mean, shall we appoint a season when we may both pray in our own closets, with the knowledge that the other is similarly engaged at the same moment? It is a great help to those who try it."

Carl shaded his eyes with his hand, and steadily studied the pattern of the carpet before he replied. A man of his age and temperament is often more retiring than a woman of Miss Waldron's years and disposition. He did not raise his eyes, and he looked very much put out of countenance.

"I think not," he murmured; "there is such a solemn secrecy in prayer between God and our souls. I feel as if we ought to be alone before Him. Some may find it a help, but I think it would distract me."

A silence of several minutes followed, which was becoming almost terrible to him; when at last Miss Waldron broke it in tones of profound emotion:

"Still I will pray for you," she said, "and watch for your soul. I proposed it for your sake only, that you might feel that you were not contending with the tempter alone. You are not alone—you never will be while I remain your friend."

She rose, sobbing, and retired, leaving Carl in an uncomfortable state of doubt as to whether he had not behaved like a brute.

The marriage of Grant with Carl's sister was celebrated as soon as they could enter into possession of their pleasant house on the road to Aston Court. It was within a few hundred yards of the park gates, and in the direct route between the court and the town. As soon as Grant returned from the necessarily brief tour of a young country surgeon, Carl quitted Aston Court, and took up his permanent abode in their new home.

Miss Waldron had manifested a very charming interest in everything relating to Carl's sister; and had added several ornaments and luxuries to her dwelling even before having seen her. Nothing could surpass the emphasis of her patronage and kindness to the young wife, upon her entrance into her new sphere. Oddly enough, there was a superficial resemblance between Annie Grant and Rose Morley, which struck painfully upon Mr. Waldron, though it escaped the observation of his daughter. She possessed the same slight and girlish figure and the same fair hair and blue eyes; yet the similarity of circumstances and position, in the first pride and happiness of marriage, may have formed the chief resemblance between them. The same impression was produced by her on the mind of Hester. She had not been witness to the gay and innocent importance of a young wife since she had seen it in her stepmother. The old memories rushed back like a flood upon her, and the old sadness, which had been lighter of late, once more returned to her face.

It is probable that John Morley himself was oppressed by this likeness; for even his friendship for Grant and Carl, a passive, undemonstrative sort of friendship, was not strong enough to induce him to traverse the market-square of Little Aston, and approach the gates of Aston Court, in order to pay a wedding visit to the young doctor and his bride. Annie Grant went to see him, but her gay looks, her cheerful voice, and the bright colors of her dress, all jarred upon his morbid nature. After her visit, he had an access of melancholy which reacted upon Hester. They felt that they dwelt apart in a charmed circle, which they could not pass, and which no other could enter. Yet there was one other encircled by the same heavy chain, who could no more escape from it than they could. Robert Waldron stood aloof from all the small festivities of the honeymoon; and his obvious melancholy strengthened the link between him and Hester. These others, so glad and happy, and hopeful, what had they in common with her? Their eyes were too dazzled with light to see clearly into the darkness where she and her father dwelt. She loved them with a love which excluded envy, but fate placed her altogether apart from them all.

She did not go so often as she might have done to Grant's house, or so often as Carl had, unconsciously to himself, hoped she would have done. He did not associate with her in the pleasant familiarity he had looked for. To be sure, his actions were now free from the hourly scrutiny of Miss Waldron; but her kindly surveillance was not at an end. The distance between the two houses was not great, and there was no part of the town to traverse. She could come up in the most negligent and becoming morning costume, or even with a shawl thrown over her evening toilet, to spend only a few

minutes with dear Mrs. Grant, at the most unexpected of hours. Her studies were growing more profound than ever, and Carl's Hebrew and Greek were in perpetual request. She soon knew the place of every book upon his shelves better than he did, and often employed herself with setting them in order for him. He felt that he ought to be grateful, and he strove to be so. It was impossible for him not to be pleased and flattered.

Robert Waldron did not miss seeing his advantage, and making the most of it. Hester went the oftener to visit Madame Lawson, because she could take no pleasure in going to Grant's house; and he did not fail to meet her there as often as he judged it prudent. It had become an unnecessary thing to make any excuse for seeing her thus, as Hester had fallen into a habit of taking it tacitly for granted. In a place so small as Little Aston it required some tact to prevent their meetings becoming known; but he was a master of ingenuity. Besides, the entrance to the court was not commanded by any window, except those of the house where old Mr. Watson had used to live. The few inmates of the court were working folks, who had enough to do to mind their own business; and the woman of the house he gained over by judicious presents. There was positively no danger, either to Hester or him, of their secret being betrayed. He considered himself advancing, with sure and steady progress, toward his end.

(To be continued.)

GOD'S COVENANT WITH DAVID.

S. S. Lesson for July 20, II Sam. 7. Golden Text, ver. 16. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

David's Varied Experience — God with him through it all—At Rest at Last—Seeking an Expression of Gratitude—The Project of the Temple—Going to Egypt for Help—David's Project Vetoed—Half Messages Misleading—Wait for Full Direction—God to Originate, Man to Obey—A Covenant of Family Blessings—David Overwhelmed with Thankfuln ss.

WE have seen David in various positions. First as a shepherd lad, but one who knew the Lord was his Shepherd, one who could trust the Lord to deliver him out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear. Most truly the Lord was with him. Then we have seen him as the anointed of God, and yet disowned of man, serving his God in the court of the rejected Saul; most manifestly there also the Lord was with him. Again, as the champion of Israel, when the giant Goliath challenged single combat, we have seen David manifesting that the Lord was with him. It was the Lord, not David, who delivered from the lion, the bear, the giant, and King Saul.

Now we see the same David sitting in his house, and "the Lord had given him rest round about from all his enemies;" and we see him with the prophet Nathan, his faithful friend and counsellor, holding communion with God. The king says to Nathan, "See now, I dwell in an house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth within curtains." David's heart was full of praise, the Lord had been so faithful to him, had granted him such deliverances from Saul (I Sam. 18 : 11, 25; 19 : 10, 12), from sickness (Ps. 30 : 2; 103 : 3), from the strivings of the people (II Sam. 5 : 1–3); he wanted some substantial vent for the gratitude which welled up within him. What could be more natural than the

DESIRE TO BUILD A TEMPLE

for the Lord! He could not bear the thought, "My own house is better cared for than the Lord's." Some such thoughts as this has prompted the outlay of large sums of money on the building of churches, chapels, and halls where the work of God might be carried on. But there are few who come, as David did, to ascertain the Lord's mind about it. "Wouldn't it be a good thing to have

A NEW GOSPEL HALL

here?" says one: and then he sets about getting some money to start with, opens his project to some rich men, a few of whom enter into the scheme; others, who have their hands more than full, are urged into it by a feeling that it is expected of them. It is begun; the men who have given the largest sums must have a voice in the matter, they *will* have it done in the most expensive way; money is not forthcoming; a heavy debt is contracted; and all kinds of means are resorted to to obtain the money—begging letters, bazaars, noted preachers as a catch for a good collection, and every other kind of going down

TO EGYPT FOR HELP.

How different from the quiet waiting before God to know His mind which we discover in this chapter! Nathan says, "Go, do all that is in Thine heart; for the Lord is with thee." The scheme itself was acceptable to God, and so far David could but be filled with joy. Now should he rush forward and make the plans? No, he would wait for direction from the Lord, "*He* leadeth me" (Ps. 23 : 2).

God does not keep him long waiting; that very night the word of the Lord came unto Nathan, and God clearly showed His thought in the matter. The first words of God's message by Nathan, "Thou shalt not build me an house to dwell in" (I Chron. 17 : 4), must have appeared to contradict what He had already said, "Do all that is in thine heart." But David knew God well enough to *listen to the end* of what He had to say. Would that every Christian, and especially every Christian worker, knew how to listen to the Lord! Any child who half hears a parent's word, is apt sadly to misunderstand; any scholar who half hears a lesson, learns nothing perfectly; any servant who half catches a direction from his employer, is apt to go astray. And how much more with us, when we are contented to get hints of God's will instead of waiting for

FULL DIRECTION!

There can never be disappointment, regret, or perplexity in following out a path which the Lord has clearly marked for us. In the first place, God reminds David that in all the past He has never spoken of the building of a house; His thought was the tabernacle. "Whereso-ever I have walked with all Israel, spake I a word to any of the judges of Israel, whom I commanded to feed my people, saying, Why have ye not built me an house of cedars?" (I Chron. 17 : 6.) These words teach a great truth. All real service of God must originate with Him. We exist, not to originate or to dictate to God, but to receive and to carry out His thoughts. Satan would have us take the lead, and go before God; would have us reason, and take the place of judges and critics over the Word of God instead of receiving it. Jesus calls us to follow, not to lead, to take the place of the learner just as He did on earth (Isa 50 : 4, 5), and so speak the words which we receive from our Father, and do the things which He calls us to do.

But this point once settled,

THE LORD'S MESSAGE

is full of love and confidence. "Now, therefore, thus shalt thou say unto my servant David, Thus saith the Lord of hosts, I took thee from the sheepcote, even from following the sheep, that thou shouldest be ruler over my people Israel; and I have been with thee whithersoever thou hast walked, and have cut off all thine enemies from before thee, and have made thee a name like the name of the great men that are in the earth." All this was true, blessedly true, and the gracious Lord does not stop there, but tells of coming mercy upon David's people, of how He will plant them, He will subdue David's enemies, and "Furthermore I tell thee that the Lord will build *thee* an house." What a glorious exchange! David desired to build the Lord a house of hewed stones, cedar wood, and gold; God promised to build David

A HOUSE OF LIVING REPRESENTATIVES,

in children and children's children, which should walk before Him. And the first representative of this house, his son Solomon, should carry out his heart's desire, and build a temple to the Lord. God said, "I will raise up thy seed after thee, which shall be of thy sons; and I will establish his kingdom. He shall build me an house, and I will establish his throne forever. I will be his Father, and he shall be my son (I Chron. 17 : 11, 12). If he commit iniquity, I will chasten him with the rod of men, and with the stripes of the children of men: but my mercy shall not depart away from him, as I took it away from Saul, whom I put away before thee." "But I will settle him in mine house and in my kingdom forever: and his throne shall be established forevermore" (II Sam. 7 : 12–16; I Chron. 17 : 11–14).

This was God's side of the covenant; how about David's? "Then went King David in, and sat before the Lord, and he said, Who am I, O Lord God? and what is my house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto? And this was yet a small thing in Thy sight, O Lord God; but Thou hast spoken also of Thy servant's house for a great while to come. And is this the manner of man, O Lord God? And what can David say more unto Thee? For Thou, Lord God, knowest Thy servant." Oh, how different this is from man's energy, setting on foot some plan of earnest work showing great devotion, and yet planned by man and carried out by man; God only called in to bless the plans when they are made! Oh, how much of impatience, how much of condemning those who are supposed able to help, how much restlessness, anxiety, disappointment is saved by

LETTING GOD TAKE THE LEAD!

David's thought is to build the temple himself, God overturns it with His thought, and at the same time overwhelms David with unspeakable blessing, and makes covenant with him. Instead of being disappointed that his thought was rejected, he is confounded with the love of God, and says, "For Thy Word's sake, and according to Thine own heart, hast Thou done all these great things, to make Thy servant know them." David is occupied with the Word of God, and with His heart of love; but the child of God who goes before Him is filled with concern for the success of his mission, and is half inclined to quarrel with God that He does not more openly and manifestly acknowledge his devotion. "Wherefore Thou art great, O Lord God," says David, "for there is none like Thee, neither is there any God besides Thee, according to all that we have heard with our ears." Not one word does David speak of *his* faithfulness or devotion. How often we hear earnest workers saying, "Do come and see *our* work; we have *so* many mission halls, *so* many converted drunkards, *so* many mothers' meetings, and so forth. David says,

"LOOK AT GOD;"

these workers say, "Look at *us*." Speaking of God's past mercies to Israel, the king says, "What one nation in the earth is like Thy people, even like Israel, whom God went to redeem for a people to *Himself*, and to make *Him* a name. . . . Thy people, which Thou redeemedst to Thee from Egypt, from the nations and their gods." All throughout he rings the changes on God, what *He* is, what *He* says, what *He* does. Lastly, he loses sight of his own idea of building God an house, in his overwhelming joy at God's communication, "For Thou, O Lord of hosts, God of Israel, hast [opened the ear, see margin] to Thy servant, saying, I will build *thee* an house: therefore hath Thy servant found in his heart to pray this prayer unto Thee." When God speaks first in communion our prayer flows out of it, there is no longer difficulty on our part.

In the last two verses we see David accepting the Lord's covenant promise, "Thou art that God, and *Thy words be true*:" "for Thou blessest, O Lord, and it *shall be blessed* forever" (I Chron. 17 : 27). Thy words be true: David was not uncertain, he could count upon God, and it *shall* be blessed forever, for he knew that God could not deny Himself.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Cholera at Toulon, France, Continued its ravages throughout last week, and it extended to Marseilles, where the deaths from the disease varied from four to fifteen per day. Cablegrams to the New York *Herald* say Toulon presents a most mournful appearance. Almost all the inhabitants whose circumstances enable them to live elsewhere have left the city, and the number of those who have thus fled from the pestilence is estimated at three fourths of the entire population. Of 60,000 taxpayers 40,000 have left the city. The people who remain are of the poorer classes who have no means to go elsewhere, and their condition is pitiable. There is no employment for mechanics and no trade for shopkeepers. With the exception of the dealings in the actual necessities of life trade is at a standstill, and many tradesmen have been ruined. Five of them committed suicide during the present week. Many public officials have deserted their posts, and the people demand their dismissal on the ground that their desertion tends still further to disorganize the community and invite anarchy and pillage. At Marseilles there is the same anxiety to leave the city. The railway stations at both cities are filled with refugees, who are eager to get away. Italy has sent a transport to take the Italians home from the plague-stricken cities. Vessels arriving at Marseilles are prohibited from landing passengers from infected ports. Arrangements have been made to fumigate travellers at the Paris railway stations. A mosquito plague at Marseilles increases the gloomy aspect. A thousand bonfires have been kindled in various parts of the city to disperse the pest.

An Outbreak of Hostilities between France and China is threatened as a consequence of the violation of the treaty mentioned last week. France has made a demand on China of $100,000,000 as indemnity, which China at present refuses to pay. She no longer disavows the responsibility for the conduct of the troops in firing on the French, but declines to admit that there was any violation of the treaty. She refuses to regard the attack as an outrage, and claims that the garrison were merely doing their duty in defending the place. The Chinese Foreign Office now admits that the army had obeyed its orders to retain possession of Langson, though this was contrary to the second article of the recent Franco-Chinese treaty, which provided for the immediate withdrawal of the Chinese garrisons. China, however, contended that the evacuation of the frontier towns was conditional upon the signature of a definitive treaty between France and China. A recent telegram from Paris says: "Mr. Patenotre, the French Minister to China, who has been absent from his post to negotiate a treaty with the King of Annam, has been ordered to go to Pekin immediately and maintain the rights of France. In the event of China's refusing redress for the action of her troops at Lang-son, France will immediately declare war. Active preparations are being made for re-enforcements to leave France for the East."

The Constitutional Reform Question in England engrosses popular attention. The *Daily News*, which is regarded as Mr. Gladstone's organ, explicitly declares that the House of Lords "must be speedily reformed or it must perish." This conflict has been inevitable for many years. The people have been looking since 1830 with increasing jealousy on the power vested in the Lords of blocking the wheels of progress when they are disposed to exercise it. The more radical section of the citizens has frequently protested against the anomaly of a non-elected house, the members of which hold their seats for life by virtue of their birth, having the power to defeat a law passed by the chosen representatives of the people. To say the truth, the Lords have not often used their power in opposition to the popular will, and they have frequently rendered valuable service by checking crude legislation. A conflict, however, now seems inevitable. The present situation is developed by the proposal to extend the franchise which Mr. Gladstone has carried through the lower House. It cannot, however, become a law until it has passed the House of Lords, where Mr. Gladstone's supporters are in the minority. The majority at a private meeting decided to reject the bill, hence the irritation of the Liberals throughout the country, who declare that the Peers have no right to decide by whom the Commons shall be elected. Mr. Gladstone is advised to take the ready method within his power, of raising to the peerage a sufficient number of his supporters to pass the bill. The suggestion may have the effect of inducing the conservative Lords to withdraw their opposition, as they have a natural horror of having their exclusive body swamped by a heavy influx of a class they dislike.

The Improved Financial Condition of the Irish people forms the subject of an elaborate communication cabled by the British correspondent of the New York *Sun*. He says that the total reductions made in the rents of the Irish peasantry by the Land commission will amount this year to nearly £3,000,000. It is, perhaps, nearly impossible for people on the American side of the Atlantic to fully appreciate the magnitude of this gain to the Irish people. It not only leaves for circulation among a people numbering less than five millions an increased sum of about $15,000,000, that otherwise would be drained out of the country and spent elsewhere, but it practically reduces Irish taxation $3 per capita. Americans have probably noticed one result—a lessening of demands for the relief of Irish distress. Throughout Ireland the beneficial result is palpable. Poor people who have for long past seldom had a shilling of money in their possession now occasionally may be seen in the small shops, happy in their ability to expend an occasional half sovereign. The general effect upon the temper of the people is very perceptible. The farmers and the shopkeepers who depend upon them are decidedly better off than they have been for several years past. On the other hand, the upper class storekeepers, whose trade consists chiefly in supplying the nobility and landlords, complain bitterly of the dulness of trade. This accounts for the conflicting reports which now go out from Ireland. If you go into a first-class shop you hear that trade was never worse, and if you go into a second-class shop it is generally admitted that trade was never better.

Mormon Missionaries on the Continent of Europe do not find the same toleration they have enjoyed in Great Britain. Elder Smoot, one of the missionaries, has been expelled from Bavaria by order of the Minister of State. Smoot had succeeded in making numerous converts, whom he was preparing to send to Utah, but this plan has been broken up for the present. The German authorities are much agitated over the energy and success of the Mormon emissaries in procuring proselytes and emigrants to Utah in Thuringen and other portions of Prussian Saxony. These Mormon missionaries, it is said, depict the agricultural and other advantages of Utah in glowing terms, but make no straightforward mention of the polygamous practices of this sect. In this way they allure many young women, whose fate after their arrival in Utah is horrible to contemplate, and many young men who are possessed of some capital, none others being accepted. The priests and the military authorities of Saxony have started a crusade against the Mormons, which will probably result in their expulsion from the province, and possibly from the entire empire.

The Pan-Presbyterian Council at Belfast, Ireland, concluded its labors at a late hour on Thursday night, July 3d. A great variety of business was disposed of during the day. A series of rules were submitted, and after some discussion it was agreed to hand them to the Executive Committee for consideration. The committee will report upon them at the next meeting. At the evening session Principal Cairns, of Edinburgh, delivered the farewell address. The Council adjourned to meet in London in 1888. A Presbyterian reunion was held on July 4th, when a committee was appointed to effect a union between the Irish and Scotch Presbyterian churches. Five American delegates and a number of other Americans attended the reunion. The delegates to the Pan-Presbyterian Council were at the meeting. The text of a telegram from President Arthur in response to a greeting sent to him was read, as follows: "Coming from a kindred ancestry, the kind greetings of Irish and Scotch assembled at Belfast to-day are especially pleasing and are very cordially reciprocated."

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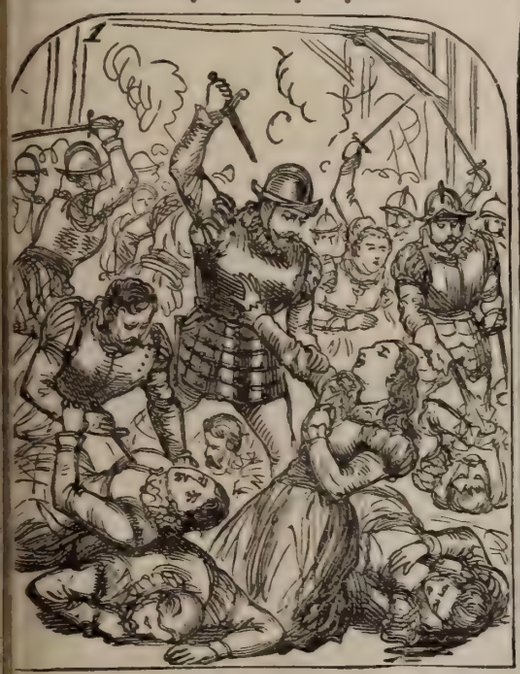

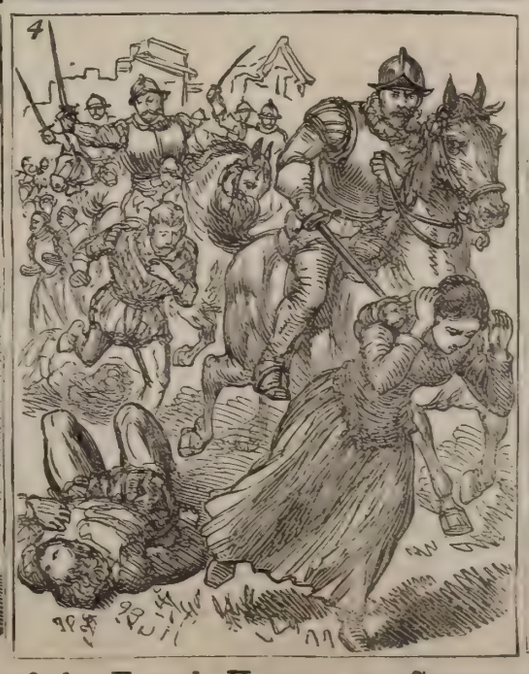

ADMIRAL COLIGNY, the Leader of the French Huguenots—Scenes of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

ADMIRAL COLIGNY,

The Leader of the French Huguenots.

The Proposed Statue of Coligny—Birth and Military Exploits—The State of France—The Massacre of the Vaudois in 1545—Rise of the Huguenots—Results of Persecution, from 1550 to 1575—The Rapid Spread of the Huguenot Doctrines—Influence of Catherine de Medicis—Vengeance of the Duke of Guise—Massacre at Passy, in 1563—Resistance to the Duke of Guise—Queen Catherine's Plot—The Massacre of St. Bartholomew—The Murder of Coligny—Scene at Bordeaux—Hairbreadth Escapes of Refugees.

The movement recently inaugurated to render homage to the memory of Admiral Coligny, by the erection of a statue of him in Paris, has attracted public attention to the life and character of a man of whom the present generation knows little. It is now more than three centuries since that terrible day of St. Bartholomew, when Coligny fell, and with him perished those noble men and women who were the salt of society in France, saving it from utter corruption. The Protestant world to-day, glorying in its freedom from the tyranny of Rome, with an open Bible in its hands and with liberty to preach the gospel everywhere, needs sometimes to be reminded how the blessings it enjoys were obtained, and of the cost at which they were purchased. When the Christian's children, who read that a statue is about to be erected to Coligny, ask their father, "Who was Coligny?" it would be a shame if he were unable to tell them—if a leader in the fight for religious liberty, who gave his life as a sacrifice for the truth, were so completely forgotten three hundred years after his death, that his name was a mere empty sound, even to a Protestant Christian.

Admiral Coligny, Lord of Chatillon, was the leader of the French Protestants of France in the 16th century. He was born in the year 1517, of one of the most noble families of France. He distinguished himself in all the numerous wars of Francis I., especially in a campaign in Italy, where he won his knighthood. After the fashion of those days, he was made an Admiral, though he seems to have known nothing of the sea, and all his great achievements were performed in battles upon the land.

Those were stirring times in France. Vice and corruption flourished in the highest places, and it seemed as if the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah could alone deliver the land from its abominations. But gradually the leaven of the gospel was working among the people, and men were looking earnestly to see whether in the conflict of light and darkness, approaching its crisis, the victory would be won for God. At the opening of the year A.D. 1500, a great barrier stood in the way of all advancement in the direction of human enfranchisement and liberty. The Papal Church upheld despotism, arrested science, suppressed inquiry, and forbade progress. Wherever free thought showed itself, whether in religion or science, the Church endeavored to crush it. For the execution of this purpose

THE INQUISITION WAS ESTABLISHED.

Savonarola was burnt at Florence, and Huss at Constance; while at Rome Bruno was condemned to the stake, and Galileo was imprisoned, if he was not even put to the torture, and compelled to recant his theory of the earth's motion round the sun.

The art of printing had, in the mean time, given wings to Luther's words, and accelerated the coming Reformation in France in a remarkable degree. Though the discovery, like others, struggled slowly and obscurely into life, it is a remarkable circumstance, showing the desire of the people for "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," that, wherever the printers set up their trade, they usually began by issuing an edition of the Bible, which was eagerly bought and read.

The Pope of that time, Innocent VIII., a profligate debauchee, dreading the light, as all men do whose deeds are evil, armed the Inquisition with new powers, and wherever the so-called heresy appeared it was crushed unsparingly, unpityingly. No matter what the rank or learning of the suspected heretic might be, he must satisfy the tribunal before which he was brought, or die at the stake. In 1545 a horrible massacre of the Vaudois of Provence was perpetrated, accompanied by atrocities which it is impossible to describe. This terrible persecution, however, did not produce its intended effect; but, on the contrary, it produced a strong reaction in the public mind against the fury of the persecution. Then came a temporary lull in the violence of the persecutions, during which the new views made rapid progress; and men of rank and learning ranged themselves on the side of "The Religion."

THE HUGUENOTS,

as the French Protestants were called, shortly became so numerous as to constitute a considerable power in the State, and they began to exercise a most important influence on the political history of France.

From A.D. 1550 to 1575, persecution again stalked forth along a pathway of blood, but again it failed to check the new views; on the contrary, it extended them. The spectacle of men and women publicly suffering death for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, arrested the attention even of the most sceptical and incredulous. Their curiosity was aroused; they desired to learn what there was in the forbidden Bible to inspire such heroic constancy and jubilant endurance; and they, too, read the Book, and, in many cases, became attached followers of The Religion.

Thus Protestantism spread rapidly all over France, even among the learned and the wealthy. Among the Huguenots were the heads of the ancient house of Bourbon, Antoine, Duke of Vendome, and Louis, Prince of Condé. The former became the husband of the celebrated D'Albret, Queen of Navarre, daughter of the Protestant Margaret of Valois, and the latter became the recognized leader of the Huguenots. The head of the Coligny family took the same side. Indeed, it seemed at one time as if France was on the brink of becoming Protestant. In 1561 the representative of the Pope in France, Cardinal de Sainte-Croix, became seriously alarmed, and wrote to the Pope: "The kingdom is already half Huguenot." Unhappily for France, the country fell into the hands of the Queen and

THE GUISES.

Henry II. had married an Italian wife, Catherine de Medici, niece of the Pope. The Guises were the true leaders of the Roman Catholic party, and were especially active in the persecution. Their intolerance disgusted the French aristocracy, even those who were not Huguenots, but who were revolted by the cruelties of the Guises, and who feared that they were attaining a power in the State which menaced the existence of civil liberty. So deep was this fear that several French nobles, prompted, not by a love of Protestantism, but by motives of state policy, entered into a conspiracy against them, making the religious question the issue of the conflict. Louis de Condé was the invisible chief of the conspiracy, and he induced many of his Huguenot followers to join it. But Coligny and other Huguenot chiefs knew nothing about it, and many of those of The Religion who were taken into the secret were strongly opposed to it. Before the conspiracy came to a head the Guises discovered it, arrested its chief, and executed, by hanging and beheading, about 1200 persons.

A ROYAL EDICT OF PROTECTION.

A conference between the heads of the religious parties took place at Passy, in August, 1561, and in the following January a royal edict was published guaranteeing to the Protestants liberty of worship; but the Papal party still continued clamorous for their extirpation.

On Christmas Day, 1562, the Protestants of Passy, to the number of 3000, met to listen to the preaching of the Word, and to celebrate the Lord's Supper, but they did so under a threat of vengeance from the Duke of Guise. Other meetings were held in other places, these bold Gospellers believing themselves to be under the protection of the law, according to the terms of the royal edict.

On March 1st, 1563, they held one of their meetings, at which about 1200 persons were present in a large barn, which served for a church. The day before, the Duke of Guise, accompanied by his wife and the Cardinal of Lorraine, with about two hundred men, armed with arquebusses and poniards, set out for Passy. The next morning they marched direct upon the congregation assembled in the barn. The minister, Morel, had only begun his opening prayer, when two shots were fired at the persons on the platform. The congregation tried in vain to shut the doors; the followers of the Duke of Guise burst in and precipitated themselves on the unarmed men, women, and children. For an hour they fired, hacked, and stabbed the helpless, unarmed worshippers, the Duke calmly watching the carnage. Sixty persons of both sexes were left dead on the spot; more than two hundred were severely wounded; the rest contrived to escape. (*See frontispiece picture No* 1.)

The massacre of Passy was the match applied to the charge which was now ready to explode. It was the signal to Catholic France to rise in mass against the Huguenots. The clergy glorified the deed from the pulpit, and compared the Duke's outrage to Moses commanding the extermination of all who had bowed the knee to the golden calf. After this, Protestant churches were set on fire at Paris and Popincourt; and massacres took place at Senlis, Amiens, Meaux, Chalons, Blois, Paris, and many other places. At Tours the number of the slain was so great that for days the banks of the Loire were almost covered with the corpses of men, women, and children.

RESISTANCE TO THE DUKE OF GUISE.

The Prince of Condé raised a standard of resistance to this work of bloodshed, and Coligny, at length aroused by the cruelties on every hand, placed himself by his side. A period of fierce civil war ensued, and the whole of France became a battle-field. On both sides the spirit of revenge glowed at white heat. "It was," says Henri Martin, "as if a blast of the infernal trumpet had everywhere awakened the spirit of destruction, and the delirious fury grew and became drunk with its own excesses."

So things went on until 1572. During the first half of that year there was a temporary truce, owing to the marriage of Henry of Navarre to the King's sister. The bridegroom was the chief of the Huguenots, and on each side it was hoped that an end might now be put to the feuds and civil wars that had so long prevailed between the rival religious communities of France. The marriage was celebrated with great splendor in the cathedral church of Notre Dame, on August 18th; and believing in the pretended and somewhat ostentatious friendship of

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS,

the Queen-mother, and her son, the heads of the Reformed party, including Admiral Coligny, were present to celebrate the event and grace the royal nuptials. The fears of the Huguenots were completely disarmed, and they fell into the snare.

On the day after the marriage a secret council was held in Catherine's private chamber, in the old palace of the Louvre, at which it was determined to order a general massacre of the Huguenots. A strict inquiry had been made through the provinces, that the names of all might be known. The young King took up a pen to sign the order for the slaughter, and casting his eyes on the ground, with struggling feelings, cried, "*Since it is to be done, take care that no one escapes to reproach me.*"

The time fixed was

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY,

August 24th, 1572, the hour, three o'clock in

ne morning, when their victims would be sleeping in their beds; the signal, the tolling of a great bell of one of the churches; the conductor f the massacre, the wicked Duke of Guise. he gates were closed, and the walls secured; ghts were to be hung out from the highest oints in the city, that the marks secretly laced on the houses of the doomed might be een.

The armed bands moved to the places assigned nem, eager for their work of blood. In the alace of the Louvre all were wakeful. The King as restless and troubled in his mind. He eemed to recoil at the thought of the guilt bout to fall on his soul. He would have recalled the order he had given; but his mother, Queen Catherine, entered his chamber shortly fter midnight to confirm him in the horrid eed. She then led him to a window to await he event. And there, until the city clocks truck two, stood a Queen-mother, encouraging er royal son to stain his hands and soul with a housand murders!

It was one of those calm, lovely nights, so frequent in France, in the early autumn. A gentle reeze passed over the gardens of the Louvre; nd the host of stars above seemed, in their soft ustre, to speak only of peace to man. The ilence of the night, however, was broken by

THE REPORT OF A PISTOL.

Charles shook with terror, and cold drops tood upon his brow.* The sound of the pistol-shot was answered by the booming of the reat bell, when, simultaneously, all the rest of he bells of the churches tolled out the signal. The armed men now sprang from their hiding-places, shouting, as they rushed along the treets, "Kill! kill! Death to the Huguenots!" (*See frontispiece picture No.* 2.) The shrill ounds of the bells, the clatter of arms, the ramp of the assassins, and the shrieks of the lying, soon mingled in one long, loud, terrific ound. The Duke of Guise was determined to nticipate all others in

THE MURDER OF COLIGNY.

Hastening to his hotel, the Duke's party burst pen the outer door. The Admiral was roused rom his slumbers by the shots fired at his followers in the courtyard below. He arose from is couch, and committed his soul into the ands of God. He then fled to an upper hamber. Thither he was tracked by his assasins. One of the soldiers, preparing to strike im with his sword, exclaimed, "Art thou not he Admiral?" "I am," he fearlessly replied; 'but, young man, respect these gray hairs, nor tain them with my blood." In another noment, regardless of the appeal, the man lunged his sword into his breast. (*See frontispiece picture No* 3.) After receiving nameless outrages, his body was thrown out of the window, at the feet of one of the French rinces, who, spurning it, cried out, "Courage, ny friends, we have had a lucky beginning; let us finish in the same manner." The headless runk of the good Admiral was then dragged hrough the streets of Paris, and afterward hung up by the feet to the common gallows.

From morning till night, the revolting butchery went on, until darkness put an end to he work of blood. The next day it was carried on again; and for five days the soldiery and the ruffians of the city, excited by the carnage and the acquisition of plunder, slew every Huguenot whom they could discover.

The provincial towns throughout the country were ordered to follow the example of Paris, and the horrible mandate was only too well carried out. At Bordeaux, where a large number of the persecuted were holding a religious meeting, the dragoons suddenly fell upon them, cutting down hundreds, without mercy, and dispersing the rest. (*See frontispiece picture No* 4.) "It was a mere butchery," says Rulhières, 'without the show of a combat."

* It is recorded of him that years afterward, when he lay upon his dying bed, he thought of St. Bartholomew, and suffered agonies of remorse so severe, that his body was covered with a *bloody sweat* forced from the pores of his skin by his spiritual anguish.

Among the most interesting of hundreds of

THRILLING HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES

of Huguenot refugees, we may instance the following. A French lady of Bordeaux sold all the property she could convert into money, with which she purchased jewels, as being the most convenient form in which to carry her property, and contrived to get on board an English ship in the thick darkness of night, bringing with her the little casket of jewels—her sole fortune. She remained in a state of fear and anxiety till the ship was under sail; but no sonner did she find herself fairly out at sea, and the land disappearing in the distance, than she breathed freely, and gave expression to her feelings of joy and gratitude.

This increased in proportion as she neared England, though about to land there an exile, a solitary woman, and a foreigner; and as soon as she did reach the shore, she *threw herself down, and, passionately kissing the ground*, exclaimed, "Have I at last attained my wishes? Yes, gracious God, I thank Thee for deliverance from a tyranny practised over my conscience, and for placing me where Thou alone art to reign over it by thy word, till I shall finally lay down my head upon this beloved earth." (*See frontispiece picture No* 5.)

It is well that the Protestants of the French Republic should keep alive the memory of those days of horror. This project of a statue of Coligny will, one may hope, find noble realization. It should be a grand and beautiful work of art, as *Mr. Lowell*, our Minister in London, impressed upon those who are conducting the movement, and not such a monstrosity as those which, as he reminded them, exist in all countries, and which, as he said, might be "*a terror to the dead.*" We pray, too, that not alone in the erection of a statue will the endeavor to honor Coligny find expression. France is beset with

TWO SEDUCERS,

both of whom she has reason to dread. She coquetted with Roman Catholicism until her history was stained with the massacre of St. Bartholomew; and she coquetted with Infidelity until the horrors of 1789 and the Reign of Terror appalled the whole world. The Prince of Peace, proclaimed in the Protestant churches and in the mission halls which Mr. McAll has established through the country, now invites her love and obedience. May God lead her to look back on her past, and, learning its lessons, give herself to Jesus.

NOTES OF THE RECENT CONFERENCE AT MILDMAY PARK, ENGLAND.

Dr. J. H. Brookes, of St. Louis, Mo., delivered the opening address to workers at this famous conference on the afternoon of Sunday, June 22d. His subject was, "What constitutes

A DIVINE CALL TO SERVICE.

The text was Isaiah 6 : 8, "Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I, send me." "Very often," he said, "*young* converts are urged, most unwisely, to engage at once in public service for the Master, but Isaiah, before he entered upon service, had to go through personal dealings with God to know what he himself was, before he was prepared to say, "Here am I, send me." It is a wise and salutary warning, well suited for days when many think that there is nothing easier in the world than to preach. He gave one instance of a most effective kind of preaching without any words at all. Some years ago a Christian gentleman visited a village in England, notorious for its infidelity. It had been laid on his heart that he ought to go and preach there, but when he arrived, instead of beginning to speak at once, he took his stand on a stone-wall that was running along the single street of the village. For three hours he did not open his lips, but only

HELD UP ALOFT AN OPEN BIBLE.

After standing there for three hours, a recollection of our Lord's three hours upon the cross, a crowd slowly gathered, and gradually a solemn awe fell upon them. I see that man standing silently there, and doing nothing but holding up the open Bible aloft. By and by he got down and walked away by the side of a hedge through the village, sobbing enough to break his heart. Presently two ministers came up, and finding a crowd there, they opened the chapel and went in, followed by the people, and a great revival was the result.

A SAFE RULE.

Dr. Brookes again preached in the evening, his text being John 2 : 5, "His mother saith unto the servants, Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." This, said the preacher, is always the good and safe rule of service, "*Whatsoever* He saith, do." The text was really a sermon in itself, but it was illustrated and enforced very effectively. If, he said, we were to go through all the generations that are part of the millions upon millions of men and women who have lived on this earth and have believed in Jesus, their united testimony would be, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

THE DREAM OF AN AGED JEW

was the subject of an anecdote related by Mr. Blackwood, who spoke at the session of June 25th. He said a learned Jewish rabbi had once told him of having been present at a very solemn scene. It was the death-bed of a very aged Israelite, a man of wealth, who had a large family of sons, all old men themselves, and who were now standing round that death-bed. He told his sons that he could picture to himself the patriarch Jacob with all his sons round him, but that he had had a very strange dream.

He dreamed that he was about to enter the future world, and that a heavenly one came to him holding out a garment with which he must invest himself ere he could enter. He tried in vain to put it on, but could not undo the fastenings. On each fastening there was an inscription. On the first was, "Know God;" on the next, "Who can know God?" and on the third there was the inscription, "None but God can know God." But the aged man could not unfasten the knots, for the poor Hebrew had not the key of David, and his sons were unable to help him, and so he passed away!

AN UNSEEN KING.

Mr. Lockhart, of Liverpool, in the course of a vigorous address, illustrated the contrast between the fulness of revelation of God in Christ, and the habit of concealment of themselves adopted by Eastern monarchs. In Bruce's "Travels in Abyssinia," he said, it was stated that the king himself was never seen. When any decrees had to be promulgated the king was accustomed to sit behind a lattice window, hidden from the view of all. On the steps of the throne there was the voice, or word, whose duty it was to make proclamation of the decrees of the hidden king. It was an illustration that might help to show how Christ is the true exponent of God. The Incarnation is the central point of the revelation of God.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

The Rev. J. H. Shaw, of Cheltenham, said: "So far as the relative knowledge of God is concerned, we may claim the position of children. We have no faculties to comprehend God as He is in Himself; but it is a different thing when we come to think what God is to us in Christ Jesus; then we can cry, 'My God, we know Thee, and freely know the things what are given of God.' Christ said, 'I know my sheep, and am known of mine.' Can we say, 'My Jesus, I know Thee?' I shall never forget an answer to a question that I saw written down by a young lady, six years ago, who was going out in connection with the Female Aid Society. The question was, 'What reason have you to think that you are a child of God?' The answer was, 'I take the lost sinner's place; I claim the lost sinner's Saviour, and so I have the witness of the Spirit in His Word that Christ is mine and I am His.' This is the A B C of the knowledge of God."

THE BALANCE-SHEET.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"All are yours."—I. COR. 3 : 22.

The World's Opinion of the Christian Profession—A Losing Business—Examination of his Assets—A Roll of Government Securities—He Owns this World—A Father's First Care—Provision for His Children—Defects in Title-Deeds—Squatters upon the Property—The Christian's Title to the Refinements of the World—To All Music—All Pictures—To Full Temporal Support—Food and Clothing—Life's Vicissitudes—Many Sharp Curves—Valuable Product of Trials—The Ship Safe after Hurricane—He Owns the Next World—Death a Messenger, not a Robber—Calls to Imperishable Possessions—The City of the Sun—The Land of Eternal Health—A Glorious Consummation.

THE impression is abroad that religion puts a man on short allowance; that when the ship sailing heavenward comes to the shining wharf it will be found out that all the passengers had the hardest kind of sea-fare; that the soldiers in Christ's army march most of the time with an empty haversack; in a word, that only those people have a good time in this world who take upon themselves no religious obligation.

I want this morning to find out whether this is so, and I am going to *take stock;* I am going to show what are the Christian's liabilities, and what is his income, and what are his warranty deeds, and what are his bonds and mortgages, and I shall find out before twelve o'clock just

HOW MUCH HE IS WORTH,

and I shall spread before you the balance-sheet in time to warn you all against the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, if indeed it be a failure, and in time for you all to accept it, if indeed it be a success. I turn first to the assets, and I find there what seems to be *a roll of government securities*—the Empire of Heaven promising all things to the possessor. The three small words of my text are a warranty-deed to the whole universe when it says, "*All are yours.*"

In making an inventory of the Christian's possessions, I remark, in the first place, that

HE OWNS THIS WORLD.

My text implies it, and the preceding verse asserts it—"whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, *or the world.*" Now, it would be an absurd thing to suppose that God would give to strangers privileges and advantages which He would deny His own children. If you have a large park, a grand mansion, beautiful fountains, stalking deer, and statuary, to whom will you give the first right to all these possessions? To outsiders? No, to your own children. You will say: "It will be very well for outsiders to come in and walk these paths and enjoy this landscape; but the first right to my house, and the first right to my statuary, the first right to my gardens, shall be in the possession of my own children."

Now, this world is God's park, and while He allows those who are not His children and who refuse His authority the privilege of walking through the gardens, *the possession of all* this grandeur of park and mansion is in the right of the Christian—the flowers, the diamonds, the silver, the gold, the morning brightness, and the evening shadow. The Christian may not have the title-deed to one acre of land as recorded in the clerk's office, he may never have paid one dollar of taxes; but he can go up on a mountain and look off upon fifty miles of grain field and say, "All this is mine; my Father gave it to me." "All are yours."

A lawyer is sometimes required to search titles, and the client who thinks he has a good right to an estate puts the papers in his hands, and the lawyer goes into the public records, and finds everything right for three or four or five years back; but after a while he comes to a break in the title, to a deficit, to a diversion of the property; so he finds out that the man who supposed he owned it owns not an acre of the ground, while somebody else has the full right to the entire estate. Now, I

EXAMINE THE TITLE

to all earthly possessions. I go back a little way, and I find that men of the world—bad men, selfish men, wicked men—think they have a right to all these possessions; but I go further back, and I trace the title from year to year, and from century to century, until I find the whole right vested in God. Now, to whom did He give it? To His own children! "All are yours."

The simple fact is, that in the last days of the world all the architecture, all the cities, all the mountains, all the villages will be in the possession of the church of Christ. "The meek shall inherit the earth." Ships of Tarshish shall bring presents. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." "All are yours." "But," you say, "what satisfaction is there in that when I haven't possession of them?" These things will come before the Supreme Judge of the Universe, and He will regulate the title, and He will eject these

SQUATTERS UPON THE PROPERTY

that does not belong to them, and it shall be found that "All are yours."

So, again, the refinements of life are the Christian's right. He has a right to as good apparel, to as beautiful adornments, to as commodious a residence as the worldling. Show me any passage in the Bible that tells the people of the world they have privileges, they have glittering spheres, they have befitting apparel that are denied the Christian. There is no one who has so much a right to laugh, none so much a right to everything that is beautiful and grand and sublime in life as the Christian. "All are yours." Can it be possible that one who is reckless and sinful, and has no treasures laid up in heaven, is to be allowed pleasures which the sons and daughters of God, the owners of the whole universe, are denied?

So I remark that all *the sweet sounds of the world* are in the Christian's right. There are people who have an idea that instruments of music are inappropriate for the Christian's parlor, or for the Christian church. When did the house of sin or the bacchanal get

THE RIGHT TO MUSIC?

They have no right to it. God, in my text, makes over to Christian people all the pianos, all the harps, all the drums, all the cornets, all the flutes, all the organs. People of the world may borrow them, but they only borrow them; they have no right or title to them. God gave them to Christian people in my text, when He said, "All are yours."

David no more certainly owned the harp with which he thrummed the praises of God than the Church of Christ owns now all chants, all anthems, all ivory key-boards, all organ diapasons, and God will gather up these sweet sounds after a while, and He will mingle them *in one great harmony*, and the Mendelssohns and the Beethovens and the Mozarts of the earth will join their voices and their musical instruments, and soft south wind and loud-lunged euroclydon will sweep the great organ pipes, and you shall see God's hand striking the keys, and God's foot tramping the pedals in the great oratorio of the ages!

So all *artistic and literary advantages* are in the Christian's right. I do not care on whose wall the picture hangs, or on whose pedestal the sculpture stands, it belongs to Christians. The Bierstadts and the Churches are all working for us. "All are yours." The Luxembourgs, the Louvres, all the galleries of Naples, and Rome, and Venice—they are all to come into the possession of the Church of Jesus Christ. We may not now have them on our walls, but the time will come when the writ of ejectment will be served and the Church will possess everything. All parks, all fish-ponds, all colors, all harvests—all, "all are yours."

Secondly, I remark that the right

TO FULL TEMPORAL SUPPORT

is in the Christian's name. It is a great affair to feed the world. Just think of the fact that, this morning, twelve hundred millions of our race breakfasted at God's table! The commissary department of a hundred thousand men in an army will engage scores of people; but just think of a commissary department of a world! Think of the gathering up from the rice swamps, and the tea fields, and the orchards, and the fisheries! No one but God could tell how many bushels it would take to feed five continents.

Then, to *clothe all these people*—how many furs must be captured, and how much flax broken, and how much cotton picked. Just think of the infinite wardrobe where twelve hundred millions of people get their clothes! God spreads this table first of all for His children. Of course, that would be a very selfish man who would not allow other people to come and sit at his table sometimes; but, first of all, the right is given to Christian people, and therefore it is extreme folly for them ever to fret about food or raiment. Who fed the whales sporting off Cape Hatteras this morning? Out of whose hand did the cormorant pick its food? Whose loom wove the butterfly's wing? Who hears the hawk's cry? If God takes care of a walrus, and a Siberian dog, and a wasp, will He not take care of you? Will a father have more regard for reptiles than for his sons and daughters? If God clothes the grizzly bear, and the panther, and the hyena, will He not clothe His own children? Come, then, this morning, and get the key of the infinite storehouse. Come and get the key to the infinite wardrobe. Here they are—all the keys. "All are yours."

So all

THE VICISSITUDES

of this life, so far as they have any religious profit, are in the right of the Christian. You stand among the Alleghany Mountains, especially near what is called the "Horseshoe," and you will find a train of cars almost doubling on itself, and sitting in the back car you see a locomotive coming as you look out of the window, and you think it is another train when it is only the front of the train in which you are riding; and sometimes you can hardly tell whether the train is going toward Pittsburg or toward Philadelphia, but it is on the track, and it will reach the depot for which it started, and all the passengers will be discharged at the right place. Now, there are a great

MANY SHARP CURVES

in life. Sometimes we seem to be going this way, and sometimes we seem to be going that way; but if we are Christians we are on the right track and we are going to come out at the right place. Do not get worried, then, about the sharp curve.

A sailing vessel starts from New York for Glasgow. Does it go in a straight line? Oh, no. It changes its tack every little while. Now, you say, "This vessel, instead of going to Glasgow, must be going to Havre, or it is going to Hamburg, or it is going to Marseilles." No, no. It is going to Glasgow. And in this voyage of life we often have to change our tacks. One storm blows us this way, and another storm blows us that way; but He who holds the winds in His fist will bring us into a haven of everlasting rest just at the right time. Do not worry, then, if you have to change tacks.

One of the best things that ever happened to Paul was being *thrown off his horse.* One of the best things that ever happened to Joseph was being *thrown into the pit.* The losing of his physical eyesight helped John Milton to see the battle of the angels. One of the best things that ever happened to Ignatius was being thrown to the wild beasts in the Coliseum, and while eighty thousand people were jeering at his religion he walked up to the fiercest of all the lions and looked him in the eye, as much as to say, "Here I am, ready to be devoured for Christ's sake."

All things work together for your good. If you walk the desert, the manna will fall and the sea will part. If the feverish torch of sickness

is kindled over your pillow, by its light you can read the promise. If the waves of trouble dash clear high above your girdle, across the blast and across the surge you can hear the promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." You never owned a glove, or a shoe, or a hat, or a coat more certainly than you own all the frets and

ANNOYANCES AND EXASPERATIONS

of this life, and they are bound to work out your present and your eternal good. They are the saws, the hammers, the files by which you are to be hewn and cut and smoothed for your eternal well-being.

Here is a vessel that goes along the coast; it hugs the coast. The captain of that vessel seems chiefly anxious to keep the paint on his ship from being marred, or the sails from being torn. When that vessel comes to the "Narrows," nobody looks on it with any interest. But here is a vessel that went across the sea with vast product, and comes in with vast importation—sails patched, masts spliced, pumps all working to keep out the water; it has come through the hurricane which has sunk twenty steamers. The bronzed men are cheering among the rigging. Now the men-of-war anchored in the harbor boom forth their welcome through the portholes.

So there are some Christians who are having an easy time. It seems to them smooth sailing all the way. When they get into heaven there will be no excitement, there will be very few people who will ever find out they are there; but those Christians who have gone through a thousand midnight hurricanes—storm to the right of them, storm to the left of them, storm all the way—when they come up the harbor of heaven, all the redeemed will turn out to greet them, and bid them hail and welcome.

I go further, and tell you that the Christian owns not only this world, but he

OWNS THE NEXT WORLD.

No chasm to be leaped, no desert to be crossed. There is the wall; there is the gate of heaven. He owns all on this side. Now, I am going to show you that he owns all on the other side. Death is not a ruffian that comes down to burn us out of house and home, destroying the house of the tabernacle, so that we should be homeless forever. Oh, no! He is only a black messenger who comes to tell us it is time to move; to tell us to get out of this hut, and go up into the palace. The Christian owns all heaven. "All are yours." Its palaces of beauty, its towers of strength, its castles of love. He will not walk in the eternal city as a foreigner in a strange city, but as a farmer walks over his own premises. "All are yours." All the mansions yours. Angels your companions. Trees of life your shade. Hills of glory your lookout. Thrones of heaven the place where you will shout the triumph. Jesus is yours. God is yours.

You look up into the face of God, and say, '*My* Father." You look up into the face of Jesus, and say, "*My* brother." Walk out on the battlements of heaven and look off upon

THE CITY OF THE SUN.

No tears. No sorrow. No death. No smoke of toiling warehouse curling on the air. No voice of blasphemy thrilling through that bright, clear Sabbath morning. No din of strife jarring the air. Then *take out your deed*, and remember that from throne to throne, and from wall to wall, and from horizon to horizon, "all are yours."

Then get up into the temple of the sun, worshippers in white, each with a palm branch, and from high gallery of that temple look down upon the thousands of thousands, and the ten thousand times ten thousand, and the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the great "multitude that no man can number," and louder than the rush of the wheels, louder than the tramp of the redeemed, hear a voice saying, "All are yours!" See *the great procession* marching around the throne of God. Martyrs who went up on wings of flame. Invalids who went up from couches of distress. Toilers who went up from the workhouse, and the factory, and the mine. All the suffering and the bruised children of God. See the chariots of salvation; in them those who were more than conquerors. See them marching around about the throne of God forever and forever, and know that "all are yours!"

O ye who have pains of body that exhaust your strength and wear out your patience, I hold before you this morning

THE LAND OF ETERNAL HEALTH

and of imperishable beauty, and "all is yours!" O ye who have hard work to get your daily bread, hard work to shelter your children from the storm, I lift before you the vision of that land where they never hunger, and they never thirst, and God feeds them, and robes cover them, and the warmth of eternal love fills them, and all that is yours. O ye whose hearts are buried in the grave of your dead at Greenwood, Laurel Hill, or Mount Auburn—O ye whose happiness went by long ago—O ye who mourn for countenances that never will light up, and for eyes closed forever—sit no longer among the tombs, but look here. *A home that shall never be broken up.* Green fields never cleft of the grave. Ransomed ones from you parted long ago, now radiant with a joy that shall never cease, and a love that shall never grow cold, and wearing garments that shall never wither, and know all that is yours. Yours the love. Yours the acclaim. Yours the transport. Yours the cry of the four and-twenty elders. Yours the choiring of cherubim. Yours the lamb that was slain.

In the vision of that

GLORIOUS CONSUMMATION

I almost lose my foothold, and have to hold fast lest I be overborne by the glory. The vision rose before St. John on Patmos, and he saw Christ in a blood-red garment, riding on a white horse, and all heaven following Him on white horses. What a procession! Let Jesus ride. He walked the way footsore, weary, and faint. Now let Him ride. White horse of victory, bear on our Chief. Hosanna to the son of David! Ride on, Jesus! Let all heaven follow Him. These cavalry of God fought well and they fought triumphantly. Now let them be mounted. The pavements of gold ring under the flying hoofs. Swords sheathed and victories won, like conquerors they sit on their chargers. Ye mounted troops of God, *ride on! ride on!* ten thousand abreast, cavalcade after cavalcade. No blood dashed to the lips. No blood dripping from the fetlocks. No smoke of battle breathed from the nostril. The battle is ended—the victory won!

Oh, if there be any present who are yet enemies of the cross of Christ, I beseech them at once to be reconciled to God! Remember that if you are not found among that white-robed army who follow the Saviour in His victorious march, your part must be with those concerning whom it is said, "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, taking vengence on those that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of His power, when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

GOSPEL WORK AMONG THE HEATHEN.

INCIDENTS RELATED BY MISSIONARIES.

Penances and Agonies to Merit Salvation.—The Rev. Daniel Jones, the celebrated Baptist Missionary at Agra, India, says: "If Satan ever was successful, his success is in the system of religion in India; for in it he allows men to satisfy the cravings of their passions, and at the same time helps them to feel that they are still religious. I have seen *a man who has held up his arm for twelve years*, and now cannot bring it down again. I have seen a man who has held up his *two hands for sixteen years*, and he cannot now lower them. The nails have grown through the palms of his hands right to the back, and he thought that was an act of merit. He did it as a religious act, as a religious penance, believing that he would obtain salvation thereby. I have seen a man who *would not speak to any one*, and he regarded that as an act of merit. I have seen a man who was just beginning the performance of a great pilgrimage by stretching himself lengthwise on the ground, making a mark with his toes, stretching himself out and making a mark with his fingers, then rising and repeating what he had just done. In that way he was to do a *pilgrimage of hundreds of miles*. These things, however, are passing away in India, we are glad to say. Still they are there to testify to the tremendous hold this system has upon the minds of the people. And is it not the secret of every human system apart from that of the Lord Jesus Christ—a man *doing* something thereby to obtain salvation?"

Getting among the People.—"We go about preaching from village to village, and city to city, as far as we are able. The last time I was privileged to go about preaching in that way I left at home the tent I usually take with me, and thought I would do the best I could. I came to one station where the Rajah had prepared a resting-place for travellers, and as I was a *bona fide* traveller I thought I would occupy that place for the night. I slept on the ground, it is true, but I thoroughly enjoyed it. The next night I slept in a railway carriage, and another night in the waiting-room of a country station. Later on I stayed at a place where I was charged a penny a night, and which was used by the poor natives. After that I had to sleep in the open air when it was bitterly cold; but through all this I had the blessed testimony of God being with me. I encountered a fellow-worker in the cause, and we made our way together to a city given up to idolatry, sensualism, and sin. Some one said to us, 'You are not allowed to go there,' but we went in, for we were on the Lord's work. We came to the place the next morning with our books under our arms, for we are colporteurs, or anything that will aid us to spread the Word of God and the knowledge of the truth. At last we found one poor man in his shop who said, 'Will you sing the hymn you sang when last here?' and so we began, singing in Hindustanee a hymn, the first lines of which may be thus rendered in English:

"'Jesus, the Messiah, is the Saviour of my soul,
Deep was that river, old is the boat;
Jesus only can put me across.'

That is what we sang to the man, and we were simply delighted to find that there was one man there, in the midst of that great city, who knew something about the light and the truth. That night we got rid of an enormous number of Gospels in that town where Satan had his stronghold."

Physic as an Aid in Forming Churches.—The Rev. J. J. Fuller, of Cameroons, West Africa, says that "every missionary who goes to Africa is supposed to be a doctor, and if he tells the natives that he does not understand anything about medicine, they do not believe him. In my younger days I knew nothing about medicine, and when the people applied to me I used to give them a good deal of castor oil and Epsom salts. Having given them a considerable quantity of that, I soon established my celebrity, and the gift of such medicines, in several instances, brought about the formation of a Christian church. In one case I gave some medicine to a chief, and it did him so much good, that he begged and prayed to have a Christian teacher. One was sent, and a school was formed; a beautiful little house was built, and now there is a company of Christians worshipping in it. I look forward to the time when all the native churches will have their own native pastors, supported by the people, and I call upon Christians everywhere to remember the words of the Master, 'Ye shall reap if ye faint not.'"

REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S JUBILEE.

IN our issue of June 26th we published a brief report, sent by cable, of the meetings held on the occasion of Mr. Spurgeon's fiftieth birthday. We are now enabled to give from the English journals the following fuller report:

Mr. Spurgeon's birthday was on June 19th, and the event was marked by a demonstration of affection and appreciation on the part of the numerous admirers of the popular pastor. A meeting of the Tabernacle Church and congregation, which was characterized as "a sort of family party," was held on Wednesday. The Tabernacle, which seats over six thousand persons, was filled, and the proceedings were of a most enthusiastic character. Mr. Spurgeon presided, and when he appeared on the platform he was greeted with much applause, accompanied by waving of handkerchiefs. Three generations of the family were on the platform—the father, the Rev. John Spurgeon, a hale old gentleman, a retired Congregational minister; the brother, the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, co-pastor at the Tabernacle; and the son, the Rev. C. Spurgeon, a pastor at Greenwich, all of whom made admirable speeches. Mrs. Spurgeon, now restored to health, occupied a seat in one of the platform pews. The platform was crowded with representatives of

THE DIFFERENT BENEFICENT INSTITUTIONS

in connection with the Tabernacle, which, according to a list read during the evening, comprise a ministers' college, an orphanage, almshouses, a ministers' book fund, a colportage association, an evangelistic association, and an array of missions and Sunday-schools. Mr. Spurgeon's address was brief, and was made early in the proceedings. He said he was overwhelmed in gratitude, and buried in mercy. The blessing which the Metropolitan Tabernacle had enjoyed for so many years must be entirely attributed to the grace of God, and God's Holy Spirit among them. They had believed in *prayer up to the hilt;* they had not prayed as they ought to, but they had so prayed as to prevail. He owed the prosperity he had had in preaching the Gospel of Christ to the Gospel he had preached. There were some who said there was

SOMETHING PARTICULAR ABOUT THE MAN;

but he begged to say that there was nothing particular about the man that could account for his long-continued success. *The American critics*, who were very acute, did not account for his success on the ground of oratory, asserting that they had scores of better preachers in America. He had tried to indoctrinate his dear friends with the doctrines of grace, whereof that of Substitution, or Christ dying in the stead of sinners to save them, was the root of the rest. His congregation had been fed with the pure Gospel of God. He did not believe that the dry dead Gospel of some men would have touched their hearts as had His Gospel. *As to his preaching, Mr. Spurgeon humorously remarked that he would not go across the street to hear it;* but in this, he said, he differed from both his wife and the congregation. A list was then read of religious bodies in various parts of Great Britain and also in Canada, the United States, and France, from which addresses, telegrams, and resolutions of congratulation had been received by Mr. Spurgeon. Addresses were presented to Mr. Spurgeon from the Church, the Pastors' College, and the Sunday-school, and from some French pastors.

THE GREAT MEETING ON THURSDAY EVENING.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle was filled in every part on Thursday, standing room not being obtainable. The *Earl of Shaftesbury* presided, and many clergymen and Nonconformist ministers were present, including Canon Wilberforce, Dr. Parker, and the Revs. J. P. Chown, Newman Hall, W. Knaggs, and many others from London, the provinces, and the United States. It was announced that a congratulatory letter had been received from the Premier (the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone), but as it was marked "private," it was not read to the audience. Telegrams and letters of congratulation were received from almost every part of the country, and also from the American continent. There was also a eulogistic address from the London Baptist Association, representing one hundred and fifty-three churches, and a fellowship of forty-two thousand persons. *Canon Fleming* also telegraphed his hearty congratulations, and stated in the words of the good Old Book, "Oh king! live forever." The meeting was enthusiastic throughout, and the demonstrations of approval, accompanied by the waving of handkerchiefs, betokened the unanimity of the great assemblage.

After the Earl of Shaftesbury had made a characteristic speech, *Canon Wilberforce* said he was exceedingly glad to be privileged to attend to celebrate the jubilee. They were not assembled to glorify Spurgeon, but the living God, who had used him in such a wonderful way in drawing souls to Himself, and to congratulate the pastor, recognizing in him and his work that which justified so beautiful a letter which, through being marked private, could not, unfortunately, be read, but which had been received from one who was filling one of the highest, if not the highest, position in the land. If they wanted a testimonial to Mr. Spurgeon they had but then to look round, and then to think of his weekly sermon translated into seven modern languages, going all over the world and bringing solace and comfort to the hearts of men, for he did preach the love of God. Of Mr. Spurgeon the reverse was true that was said of a great preacher that he preached so finely and lived so badly that it was a pity when once in the pulpit he should ever come out of it, or when out that he should ever again go in.

After addresses were given by several clergymen and members of Parliament, *Dr. Joseph Parker*, Chairman of the Congregational Union, said that as he appeared before that magnificent assembly that night he felt that some change had taken place somewhere. Some time ago a very distinguished minister had said that Mr. Spurgeon had gone up like the rocket and would come down like the stick. Well, he had not come down at all yet. A greater Baptist than Mr. Spurgeon had had to pass through all the stages that he had passed through in popular estimation. A reed shaken by the wind, a nine-days' wonder, a flash in the pan, a little momentary flutter, that was the first step. Then the man clothed in soft raiment, seeking for himself, feathering his own nest, making a good thing of it, that was the next step. But a prophet, yea, more than a prophet, that was the last step of the process, and to that last step Mr. Spurgeon had come.

THE TESTIMONIAL FUND WAS PRESENTED

by Mr. T. W. Olney, one of the deacons of the Church and the treasurer of the fund, who announced that the money already raised toward the fund amounted to over $22,500. This sum had been contributed to by all classes of men—from the children's farthings and the workingmen's pence. He had much pleasure in handing Mr. Spurgeon a cheque for that amount, and he thanked God they were "*not pensioning the old gentleman off.*" Mr. Murrell, the other treasurer, said that they gave Mr. Spurgeon the sum on account. They meant to keep the fund open as long as people would contribute to it. Mr. Spurgeon had many claims upon his private purse, and he knew he needed the money. Many contributors had stipulated that the pastor should have the money absolutely, or they would not give a penny.

AN OVATION.

On rising to reply, Mr. Spurgeon received an ovation, the audience rising *en masse* and waving their handkerchiefs for several minutes. Mr. Spurgeon, in responding, said that the kindness he received during the past two days would have melted the hardest heart. He did not wish anything of this kind, but he did wish that something should be raised for the building at the back of the Tabernacle for the purposes of the Church and other objects, which he named. Mr. Spurgeon added that he had not coveted men's silver and gold, but he should be able to appropriate all the money without help. He was *the pipe through which the money ran.* If people had a wish to see what the money did, let them come and inspect the agencies in which it was employed, and there recognize God's work. He heartily thanked all the donors, and prayed that God might return what they had done in every way.

GROUPING OF THE CHURCH IN RESURRECTION GLORY.

By Dr. Henry Meymott.

Two Characteristic Groups—The First Group of Elders—A Common Origin of the Groups—Their Dissimilarity—The Palm-bearing Group—The Distinction Typified in the Parable of the Talents—Two Other Groups—The Four Living Creatures—Duty on the Watch-tower.

IN this paper I propose to investigate one of those portions of the book of Revelations which is more tangible, from the accompanying interpretation, than many of the other portions. It is the account of two characteristic groups, one of which is described at the opening view of heaven, after the door, in vision, was opened, and before the breaking the Seals, and the other, between the opening of the 6th and 7th Seals. This portion is not only of extreme interest abstractedly, but it has a very important practical application to the walk of the Christian in every-day life, by encouraging him to "Keep himself unspotted from the world." It will be observed by comparing Revelation 5 : 12 and 7 : 9 that each group has a common derivation—viz., "out of every kindred tongue, people, and nation." Let me remark, *en passant*, that

THE FIRST GROUP OF ELDERS

are *in situ* before the seals are opened, and represent the most favored portion of the Church, the component parts of which, when in resurrection glory (1 Corinthians 15 : 41, 42), are compared to the starry heavens, where, while one star differeth from another star in glory, there is presented to the astonished gaze of the observer a wonderful diversity, combined with the strictest unity in structure, and harmony in action.

A prophecy contained in a short paragraph may be partially fulfilled at one period, and

COMPLETED AFTER A LONG INTERVAL,

such as the prophecy of Joel 2 : 28–32, quoted by Peter in Acts 2 : 16–21, and still more significantly in the prophecy of Isaiah 61 : 1–3, quoted by the Saviour in the synagogue of Nazareth, John 4 : 17, 20. In the one case, the predicted wonders in the heaven above, in conjunction with earthly signs, were not manifested at the day of Pentecost; and, in the other, the day of God's vengeance being still in abeyance, and being altogether incompatible with the Saviour's present mission of mercy, He judiciously closed the book rather than proclaim it.

Apply this reasoning to the investigation of the description of the two resurrection groups before us. There is both a similarity and a dissimilarity between them, and yet they are in harmonious action. They are both derived from the same earthly source, and both composed of the same material; but while one group is in the enjoyment of the reward for watchful and prayerful obedience, positively in being crowned and seated round the throne, and negatively in having escaped the terrors of the Great Tribulation,

THE OTHER GROUP,

sometimes called the palm-bearing multitude, and popularly identified with the entire Church, are, in consequence of their unreadiness (Matthew 25 : 10) and unwatchfulness, left to pass through the Great Tribulation.

This distinction is typified in the parable of the talents, as detailed in Matthew 25 and Luke 19. While there is considerable similarity in the construction of the two parables of the talents, it will be observed that in only one—that in Luke—is any distinction made in the ulti-

mate rewards. The difference in the state of resurrection glory in one portion of the Church over that of another, may also be traced in the graphic description (1 Cor. 3 : 12-13) of the essential difference between the two classes of objects subjected to the trial of the fire of God's judgment. The previous conduct of the elders entitles them to a crown and exemption from the Great Tribulation (Luke 21 : 36 ; Rev. 3 : 10), while that of the less favored portion of the Church, in consequence of their neglect of the warnings given to them, subjects them to the severity of

THE ANTICHRISTIAN PERSECUTION,

and at their deliverance out of it, they are brought into the comparatively inferior position of servitors of the Temple (Rev. 7 : 15). For want of holding fast they have lost their crown (Rev. 3 : 11). It is worthy of notice that in several instances the Word of God adverts to the unexpected condition in which many, both of believers and unbelievers, will find themselves at the Day of Judgment. Thus, in Matthew 7 : 23, many will find that what they will then plead as meritorious works, will be pronounced works of iniquity, being only their own righteousness. So again of believers, in Matthew 25 : 37, "When saw we *thee* hungered, etc." Though spiritual workers, they had imperfect apprehension of Christ personally, and the like principle is shown in 5 : 44 of the expectation of certain workers of unbelief. The piteous exclamation of the foolish virgins in the same chapter, 5 : 11, is also of a similar character.

The position described of the group of elders may be clearly distinguished as a "kind of first-fruits of the resurrection," and there are *two other groups* which, in this respect, may be classed with the four and twenty elders. These are the four living creatures (vexatiously translated "beasts" in the Authorized Version) who are in close alliance with the elders in regard to the throne, and the 144,000 who do not come upon the scene till the 14th chapter. This last group, with a definite number, are not the same as the 144,000 of the twelve tribes of Israel of the 7th chapter who are seated immediately before the palm-bearing multitude. In the account of them they are distinctly stated to be

"THE FIRST-FRUITS

unto God and the Lamb," and are called virgins, and might, in some measure, be identified with the wise virgins of the parable. They, like the elders and the living creatures, are seen in close proximity to the throne before God's judgments are poured out at the termination of the Great Tribulation. We have thus three distinct aspects of the first-fruits of the resurrection, or, as the Apostle James puts it (1 : 18), a "kind of first-fruits" for Christ Himself is the actual first-fruits. This figure is taken from the custom in the harvest fields of gathering a small portion of the ripest grain, before the bulk of the harvest is got in. In Leviticus 23 : 10, 1-115, it is called the wave offering. The three aspects of it are the twenty-four elders, the four living creatures, and 144,000 virgins.

THE FOUR LIVING CREATURES,

having a similarity to the living creatures in Ezekiel 1, may probably be taken as a figurative representation of the complete subjection of all created things to the Lord Jesus Christ (Eph. 1: 10-22). It is clear, then, that an important portion of the Church of Christ will be gathered into resurrection glory before God's judgments on His enemies are poured out, and before the great bulk of the harvest is gathered in.

By keeping himself "unspotted from the world," unhindered by its cares and anxieties, and being delivered from its snares (Proverbs 1 : 17), the intelligent Christian may take his consistent place as a "stranger and pilgrim," and so be better able to appreciate the words of the apostle, "Seeing that all these things are dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God" (II Peter 3 : 11-12). By being constantly

IN THE WATCH-TOWER OF EXPECTATION

he will be in a favorable position to appreciate the closing words of the Divine witness of these preparatory events, so full of warning and instruction. "He which testifieth these things saith, 'Surely, I come quickly,'" and he will be able, with the beloved disciple, heartily to respond, in the strong confidence of faith, and in the face of apparently overwhelming emergencies, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Visit to a Starving Woman.—The Rev. Dr. Fergus Ferguson related at a recent meeting : "The late Rev. Dr. Guthrie, when once visiting, came upon a poor woman lying in bed, covered with a very, very light coverlet. Her features were pinched and wan. She looked what she was—a starving woman. The doctor began to preach the Gospel to her, but she interrupted him, saying, 'Oh, sir, I am very cold and very hungry. If I wasn't cold and hungry I would be glad to listen to you.' The doctor started with surprise. It had not struck him. But now he ran out of the house and bought some blankets, food, and coals. A blanket was put on the bed, a fire lighted, and a cup of tea soon made, and the starving woman was soon another person, and quite ready to listen to the message of peace. It was not long before she received Christ into her heart, and when death came she fell quietly asleep in Christ."

David's Home-Going.—Mr. McLachlan said: "A young man, twenty-five years of age, passed home to glory last night. During the last five years he has been a steady worker in the service of Christ, and he did good work for the Master. A few minutes before he died, a friend remarked, 'You will not be long now, David.' His reply was, 'Is this dying! Then I wish I had had the same joy always since my conversion. It is so pleasant to get home.' David was one of those who are anxious about many things before conversion, but after that great event, he left all his cares to God, his motto being, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' Of a truth his death makes us say, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'"

A Cavilling Dragoon Saved.—Mr. Lee said: "I was addressing a meeting in an English town, where an old soldier who had been in the Dragoons said that I told a pack of lies, and that next Sabbath he would come and prove it out of the Bible. He took to reading the Word of God from a wrong motive, but the Spirit of the Lord is not confined by the intentions of men, and the soldier who went for ammunition to slay me with, was himself wounded to the heart by the sword of the Spirit. Conscience-stricken, he went for quietness to a stable and knelt in prayer. The curiosity of his wife made her follow him to see what he was going to do, as he seemed strange that day. Listening at the stable-door, she heard him wrestling with God for the salvation of his soul, and refusing, like Jacob, to let Him go until he received the blessing of eternal life. The same Spirit which had convicted him of sin brought him comfort and pardon by giving power to rest on Jesus. I saw this man die, and his death was that of a man trusting only in the Saviour. His last word was 'Jesus.'"

A Lost Sovereign Restored.—Dr. Cameron said : "A farmer's boy found a penny, which he took to his master and asked him, 'Is this your penny?' The farmer after feeling all his pockets said, 'No, my boy, it is not ; but as you are an honest lad you had better keep it to yourself.' This gave the boy a taste for wealth and made him long for more. One day he found a sovereign ($5) lying on the road wrapped in a bit of paper. The craving for wealth was still strong on him, and he thought, 'Now I *am* wealthy ; I'll keep this.' He hid the gold, but it was very heavy on his conscience. Those about wondered what made him so nervous and unhappy, but they could make nothing out. On another day a workman came to the farm-house to do some repairs. The farmer, being a genial sort of a man, asked him, 'How are you, Thomas?' 'Very well, but you will have heard of my loss?' 'No, what was it?' 'I got up from a sick-bed to do some work for Farmer White, your neighbor, who paid me with some silver and a sovereign, and I lost the sovereign.' 'Now,' thought the boy, 'is my time to confess ; I can stand it no longer.' So he produced the piece of gold, asking, 'Is *this* it?' 'Ay, that it is, and that is the very paper it was wrapped up in.' The farmer gave the lad a hearty slap on the back, saying, 'That's a fine fellow.' The words and the slap went straight to the boy's heart, and when any temptation came in his way again, he felt the slap and heard the kind voice of his master ringing in his ears. He never deviated from the path of rectitude again."

A Singular Experience for Livingstone.— The Rev. Dr. Bonar related : "When Livingstone was a young man, he had to address a large meeting in the open air. He was utterly exhausted, quite emptied of ideas and words ; he had nothing to say, and felt that he could not stop for the meeting, so he went off. He had not gone far when the Lord sent him the text, 'Was ever I a wilderness unto you?' (Jer. 3 : 31.) He at once returned, and faced the vast assembly. The Lord, however, kept the power in His own hands, till some drops of rain fell, which threatened to disperse the people. Livingstone then spoke, and when he was making some remarks on the rain, the power of God fell upon himself and the people. Some five hundred souls were savingly converted that day. If you want to be used by God, you must be emptied of self. I once said to a well-known evangelist, 'You need not be lifted up by your success in the Lord's work, and think that you are better than many others ; your success is because you are more prayed for than others.' He replied, 'It is perfectly true.'"

Maggie Jordan, the Jail Bird.—Mr. Smith said : "Away in the town of Pittsburg there lived a woman who, when in drink, was the terror of the police. One night a servant of God was sitting in his room when a decent well-dressed young woman entered. In asking her to sit down, he began to ask the usual question, 'What is your name?' 'Maggie Jordan, sir.' 'Maggie Jordan! Tell me how so great a change has taken place, and I will do anything possible for you.' This was her story : 'One night, after a heavy carousal, I was taken to the lock-up. My conduct was outrageous, so much so that the officers took me to the farthest-off cell, and threw me on the floor, telling me that they would keep me there till my spirit was broken, or till I died. I cursed, foamed at the mouth, and yelled, till nature at length gave way, and I swooned. While in that state I thought it was Christmas Eve, and that I was back in the Emerald Isle helping to decorate the church. The rector's daughter gave me a motto wrought in flowers. It read, "He brought me into His banqueting house, and His banner over me was love." I was roused out of the swoon, not with the cheerful Christmas chimes, but by the sullen clang of the prison bell. The motto and dream so worked on my spirit that I knocked for the warder, who came in a little time and gruffly asked, "What do you want?" "Let me out, I will never trouble you again," I said. The difference in my voice was so great that he was astonished, and by and by he let me go. The doctor tells me that I have not long to live ; as Jesus has saved me, I shall only be in heaven all the sooner ; but I want to see my mother before I die. She is living in Chicago. Please send me to her ; I have got no money.' She was so much in earnest that the minister sent her to Chicago, and has heard several times from friends there that 'All is well with Maggie Jordan.'"

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Nominations of the Democratic National Convention for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency have been favorably received by the bulk of the party. The only decided dissatisfaction manifested is that of the Tammany Hall section. An effort was made early in the proceedings of the convention, by John Kelly and his followers, to break the unit rule imposed on the New York delegation by the State Convention. The effort, however, failed, the convention by a majority of 131 affirming the right of a State convention to impose the unit rule. The chairman of the New York delegation consequently cast the seventy-two votes of the State as a unit throughout the proceedings. Colonel William F. Vilas, of Wisconsin, was elected Permanent Chairman of the Convention. The first name presented, when candidates for the Presidential nomination were called for, on Wednesday, July 9th, was Senator Bayard, of Delaware, whose name elicited loud applause. McDonald, of Indiana, Thurman, of Ohio, and Carlisle, of Kentucky, were proposed before New York was reached. The presentation of Governor Cleveland's name then precipitated the storm. State Senator Grady, by the magnanimous interposition of the friends of the governor, was allowed to state the reasons why he believed Governor Cleveland could not carry his own State. A reply was made to him, and then the convention adjourned. On the following day Governor Hoadly, of Ohio, and Randall, of Pennsylvania, were presented, and at midnight a ballot was taken, in which Cleveland received 392 votes and Bayard 170. The second ballot was taken on Friday morning, when Cleveland was nominated by 683 votes, which was 136 more than were necessary for a choice. It is evident, therefore, that even if Tammany had been allowed to separate the vote of New York, the governor would have been nominated without the Tammany votes. Mr. Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, was nominated as Vice-President. He occupied the same place on the Democratic ticket of 1876. The issue in November will probably turn on the vote of New York State. In 1882 Mr. Cleveland carried the State by the unprecedented majority of 192,854, but since that time he has lost popularity with the workingmen by some of his vetoes, and has quarrelled with Tammany Hall. Against those facts is to be set that of the support he is likely to receive from discontented Republicans, who voted for him in 1882, who approve his conduct during his two years' administration, and have an additional reason for voting for him again in their dislike of Mr. Blaine. Whether the Democrats can carry New York with Independent Republican aid and without the Tammany votes is a matter of doubt, which will not be solved until November.

Grover Cleveland, the Governor of the State of New York, whom the Democratic National Convention has nominated for the Presidency, was born at Caldwell, N. J., on March 18th, 1837. His father, the Rev. Richard F. Cleveland, was at the time pastor of the Congregational Church in that town, and he named his son after his predecessor in the pastorate, the Rev. Stephen Grover, but the first name was afterward dropped. The candidate's grandfather and great-grandfather were also connected with the Congregationalists, the former as deacon, and the latter as minister of the church at Norwich, Conn. Rev. Richard Cleveland died in 1853 at Holland Patent, N. Y., leaving a widow and nine children, of whom Grover, the present candidate, was the fifth. After assisting his brother as teacher in a blind asylum for a year, Grover Cleveland determined to go West; but staying on his way at Buffalo, where he had friends, he was induced to settle there and study law. He was admitted to the Bar in 1858, and was made Assistant District-Attorney in 1862. He was nominated for District-Attorney in 1865, but was defeated. In 1870 he was elected Sheriff for a three years' term. In 1881 he was elected Mayor of Buffalo, and the next year Governor of New York. Mr. Cleveland is a bachelor, very methodical and democratic in his habits.

Thomas Andrews Hendricks, the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, was born near Zanesville, O., on September 7th, 1819. His uncle was the second Governor of Indiana, and during his administration the family removed from Ohio to that State, the father of the candidate becoming the founder of the Presbyterian Church in Indianapolis. Thomas A. Hendricks studied law, and was admitted to the Bar; but having contracted a taste for political life, he became a candidate for the Legislature, and was elected in 1848. In 1851 he was elected to Congress, but having voted for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, he lost his seat in 1855, and returned to the practice of law. President Pierce, however, appointed him Commissioner of the General Land Office, which he held until 1859. He unsuccessfully ran for the Governorship in 1860, but in 1863 he was elected to the United States Senate for the full term. At the close of his term, in 1869, he again ran for the Governorship, but was again defeated. In 1872, however, he succeeded, chiefly by the help of Temperance votes, in carrying the election for Governor by 1200 majority. In 1868 and 1876 he was a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, but in both cases he did not secure a united delegation from his own State. He received the nomination for the Vice-Presidency in 1876. He was opposed to Mr. Tilden's action after that election, and urged him, ineffectually, to present himself for inauguration, leaving the decision of the question to the Supreme Court. Mr. Hendricks is an Episcopalian, is married, but has no children living.

The Platform Adopted by the Democratic National Convention on July 10th is evidently the result of a compromise. It does not express the views of Mr. Randall on the one hand, nor of Mr. Carlisle on the other. There is considerable astuteness manifested in this method of dealing with the tariff question, on which the party is so widely divided. A platform pledging the party to sweeping reductions in the tariff would have alienated a large section of the party and would probably have alarmed the business interests of the country. Nevertheless the recent tariff debate in the House showed that about two thirds of the Democratic representatives were in favor of substantial reductions. The convention, however, shrewdly constructed the tariff plank in such a way as to avoid making the tariff the chief issue of the campaign. It pledges the Democratic party to "revise the tariff in a spirit of fairness to all interests," and declares that "in making reduction in taxes it is not proposed to injure any domestic industries." It recognizes that "taxes collected at the Custom House must continue to be the chief source of Federal revenue;" that "any change of law must be at every step regardful of the labor and capital involved" in the "industries which have come to rely upon legislation for successful continuance." It especially declares that "the necessary reduction in taxation can and must be effected without depriving American labor of the ability to compete successfully with foreign labor, and without imposing lower rates of duty than will be ample to cover any increased cost of production which may exist in consequence of the higher rates of wages prevailing in this country." It also opposes sumptuary laws; expresses the party's belief in honest money—gold, and silver, and a convertible currency; advocates the repeal of all laws restricting the free action of labor; believes that grants of public lands should be restricted to actual settlers; advocates the improvement of the Mississippi River and other waterways; and favors honest civil service reform. General B. F. Butler presented a minority report on the platform, but it was rejected.

The First Session of the Forty-Eighth Congress terminated on July 7th. It has been somewhat disappointing in results, a fact chiefly owing to the time consumed in the House by the discussion of the Tariff question. The most important of the measures passed at this session was the Dingley bill, for the relief of the merchant shipping trade, which removes some of the burdens that, with others still remaining, have almost driven the Stars and Stripes from the seas. A measure to prevent and punish the counterfeiting of foreign bonds, and the establishment of a bureau of labor statistics, with a few minor bills, formed the whole of the net results of the session. Among the measures that failed to become law were the Senate Bankruptcy bill, the anti-polygamy bill, the bill defining the succession in case of a vacancy in the offices of both President and Vice-President, and a bill for the extension of national aid to education. The River and Harbor bill passed, appropriates $13,909,200. The total number of bills and resolutions introduced was over 10,000, of which 170 became law.

The Affairs of Grant & Ward Appear to be in almost inextricable confusion. The assignee states that no proper books were kept by the firm, and that of many of the most important transactions he can find no entry in any form. The firm lent money on securities which it pledged with other firms as security for loans larger than it had advanced upon them, and there is likely to be a dispute as to the ownership of those documents. The total liabilities of the firm, so far as they can be traced, amount to $16,792,647, exclusive of a three million dollar claim in dispute. The nominal value of the assets is $27,000,000, the real value of which the assignee estimates at $57,000.

Will Subscribers, in Remitting their Subscriptions, kindly remember that Postal Notes, Post Office Orders, or currency are the best forms in which the money can be sent. If postage stamps are used, there is *no need to wet them*, as when that is done they are often spoiled in separating them from the letter. The mail is preferable to express, being as safe and far less costly.

The Ocean Grove Camp Meetings are now in full operation, and are well attended by those who go to the famous seaside resort for health and spiritual profit. The following is the programme issued by the association: National Temperance Society, Wednesday to Sabbath, July 23–27. George W. Bain and other distinguished speakers; New York Conference Temperance Society, Monday and Tuesday, July 28th and 29th; Memorial Day, Tuesday, July 29th; Ocean Grove Anniversary, on Thursday, July 31st; reunion of army chaplains, Federal and Confederate, Friday to Sabbath, August 1st–3d; lectures, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 5th and 6th; Bible readings, Rev. G. D. Watson, D.D., Tuesday to Friday, August 13th–15th; Women's Foreign Missionary Society, Saturday and Sabbath, August 16th and 17th; annual camp meeting, Tuesday, August 19th, to Friday, August 29th—ten days; meeting for the promotion of holiness every morning during the season at nine o'clock, led by Rev. Joseph H. Thornley and Mrs. Dr. Palmer.

The Eleventh Chautauqua Annual Assembly opened on July 12th. In spite of the rain there were nearly fifteen hundred persons present. The Rev. H. L. Hubbell, D.D., of Jamestown, lectured on the personal and moral element in teaching, making a plea for the development of the higher and immortal human faculties in the pupil. A telegram to the *Times*, from Chautauqua, says that at least ten thousand visitors are expected to be there in the two weeks. Twenty-five cents a day is now charged for admittance to the grounds and their attractions, which will be increased to forty cents on August 5th, when the eleventh Sunday-school Assembly opens. The management has spent several thousand dollars since last season in beautifying the grounds, which appear to decided advantage in contrast with former seasons. Both Blaine and Cleveland will be invited by the Chautauqua managers to visit the assembly in August. General Garfield was there in 1880, and met with a very cordial reception. The Baptists are making extensive preparations for their meetings, which open on the 22d of this month.

Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., Delivers the address to-day at the Summer School of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, of which he is president. As we stated in a previous issue, the sessions are being held at Key East, N. J. To-morrow the delegate from India to the Methodist Conference, Baboo Ram Chundra Bose, lectures on "The Contrast between Hindoo and Christian Philosophy." On Saturday Dr. W. K. Pendleton, President of Bethany College, Va., lectures on "Political Atheism." The August sessions will be held at Richfield Springs, N. Y. Richfield Springs is reached by rail from Utica on the New York Central Railroad. Information in regard to the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, its monthly meetings, its winter courses, etc., may be obtained from Mr. Charles M. Davis, Secretary, 4 Winthrop Place, New York City. After delivery, these lectures will appear in *Christian Thought*, published bi-monthly, at 4 Winthrop Place, New York. Yearly subscription, two dollars; single numbers, forty cents. The prevalence of scepticism and the certainty that young Christians will certainly hear the objections urged, of science, falsely so-called, to revelation, render it most important at the present time that all Christians should be armed with the weapons of Christian philosophy. There is no better way of gaining that armor than through the excellent school Dr. Deems has founded.

An Interesting Meeting was Held in the Westminster Presbyterian Church, New York, last week. The congregation assembled to welcome back their pastor, the Rev. Edward M. Deems, who has returned from his three months' trip to Europe, which was also his honeymoon excursion. One of the officers presented the pastor and his bride with a testimonial consisting of two handsome plush upholstered chairs on behalf of the Westminster Young People's Association, and a set of silverware and a library desk as the gift of the congregation. In accepting the presents Mr. Deems gave a sketch of the various points of interest he visited while abroad.

A Singular Death of a Child is Reported from Baltimore, Md. On June 27th a gentleman, accompanied by his four-year-old son, drove down to the landing at Deal's Island and out to the end of the wharf, which extends for a quarter of a mile into the Sound. Leaving his child in the buggy, he unhitched his horse and tied it to a post. Turning around he was horrified to see the wind blowing the carriage, with the child in it, over the edge of the pier. He sprang forward toward it, but too late. It had turned over as it fell, and, it is thought, stunned the child, as he did not come to the surface after sinking. It would have been so easy to secure the buggy so that the wind could not have moved it, that the father is naturally unable to forgive himself for his carelessness. It is much to be feared that parents often show similar negligence as to the spiritual safety of their children. They omit to inculcate Christian principles by precept and example, and when the children go out into the world and are left in dangerous places they have nothing to hold them to the truth, and are easily carried away by the wind of temptation (Prov. 22 : 6).

A Southern Senator Made an Amusing Mistake recently. He had occasion to travel from Washington to New York, and having purchased his sleeping-car ticket he went to the depot and boarded a train. Being exceedingly tired and sleepy, he undressed immediately, went to bed, and was soon in a sound slumber. He awoke in the morning much refreshed, and proceeded to make his ablutions and dress preparatory to crossing the ferry from Jersey City to the metropolis. When he issued from the car, however, he was overwhelmed with surprise. He could see neither Trinity spire, nor the Bridge, nor any of the familiar signs of New York. In fact, Washington's scenes were around him as they were when he went to bed the night before. On inquiry he learned that he had slept all night in the Washington depot, having entered a car which had not been attached to the New York train. Mortifying as the Senator's mistake was, it would have been far worse if, instead of remaining still, he had been carried in an opposite direction. That mistake in a more serious matter is being made by many who "hope" they are Christians, and who "expect" to go to heaven when they die. When they awake to the discovery of their blunder their despair will be unbearable (Luke 13 : 26–28).

A Brother's Devotion is Touchingly Described by a Georgia journal. It states that a short time ago a child named Belle Ferguson, the daughter of the night watchman at the Columbus and Rome Station, had both legs terribly lacerated in the turn-table, the skin being so far separated that her physicians told the family it would be impossible to make the parts heal unless fresh bits of skin were grafted on the ugly wounds. As soon as this was known to Belle's brother Reggy, a lad twelve years old, he stepped up to the physicians, and promised to be on hand at any time the next day and let them cut the necessary skin from his arm. At the appointed hour he met the engagement, bared his arms, and, by means of knife and scissors, four pieces of skin were taken from his arm and transplanted to his sister's wounds. It is gratifying to learn that the operation was entirely successful, and that the transplanted skin is now growing healthily. A boy who could endure such pain from love for his sister must be a noble little fellow, from whom, in after life, great things may be expected. If his sister, for whom he made the sacrifice, had displayed carelessness, or perversity in her subsequent treatment, and so rendered her brother's pain fruitless, she would have been an ingrate; yet it is precisely that kind of ingratitude which characterizes sinners who neglect to accept the salvation Christ purchased for them with His life (Heb. 10 : 29).

HUMILITY THE FRIEND OF PRAYER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which Thou hast shewed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands."—GENESIS 32 : 10.

Jacob's Imperfections—God not Ashamed of him—A Princely Man—The First Prayer of its Character—Steeped in Humility—I. Humility the Fit Attitude of Prayer—Spoken before God—A Different Attitude toward Men—Merit Offensive in Prayer—Like Serving the Lord with a Writ—Foolishness of Perfection Boasters—II. Humility the Strength of Prayer—Flaws in Self-Made Men—Worshipping their Maker—A Clergyman's Divided Name—A Preserved Axle-Tree—III. Humility Supplies Arguments in Prayer—The Argument of Facts—Recognition of Increased Responsibility.

JACOB'S character was far from faultless, but equally removed from despicable. He possessed great strength of character and force of judgment, and this became somewhat a snare to him, so that he did not always move through life with the childlike repose of Isaac, or the royal serenity of Abraham, but was at times crafty and pettifogging, like his relatives on the mother's side. Yet I demur to that depreciation of Jacob's character which is so common in certain quarters, because he used the means, as well as prayed. Our God is the God of Abraham, of Isaac, *and of Jacob;* and very frequently He is called *the God of Israel*, and even *the God of Jacob*. "He is not ashamed to be called their God;" and if He is not ashamed to be called Jacob's God, no fellow-believer has any right to be ashamed of Jacob.

Say what you will of him, he was a master of the art of prayer, and he that can pray well is

A PRINCELY MAN.

He that can prevail with God will certainly prevail with men. It seems to me that when once a man is taught of the Lord to pray he is equal to every emergency that can possibly arise. Depend upon it, it will go hard with any man who fights against a man of prayer. All other weapons may be dashed aside; but the weapon of All-prayer, invisible though it may be, and despised of the worldling, hath in it a might and majesty which will secure the victory. The sword of prayer hath such an edge that it will cut through coats of mail. Jacob was a prevailing prince when he came upon his knees.

Dr. Kitto, in his admirable "Bible Illustrations," has a chapter upon this chapter which is entitled, "The First Prayer." I take leave to differ a little from that title. This can hardly be said to be the first prayer that is recorded in Scripture. I admit that the excellent writer excludes the prayer of Abraham for Sodom as rather an intercession than a prayer; but there are other prayers of Abraham, and other instances of supplication. Yet it may be truly said that this is the first prayer in the Bible of a man for himself, which is given at full length; and being the first, it may be viewed in some degree as a pattern for succeeding pleaders. If you examine it carefully, you will find that it is a valuable model which may be copied by any child of God in the day of his trouble.

Jacob begins by pleading the covenant: "O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac;" what better plea can we have than the covenant of a faithful God, which He has already fulfilled to our fathers? He next pleads a special promise which had been made to himself. That promise was wrapped up in the folds of a precept which he was obeying: "Thou saidst unto me, return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee." Next, he proceeded to plead his own unworthiness; by faith he turned even his faultiness into an argument, as I shall have to show you: "I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies." Furthermore, he went on to plead with God, stating

HIS SPECIAL DANGER:

"Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau." He also set

the little children and their danger before God—a strong plea with such a God of love as we have: "Lest He will come and smite me, and the mother with the children." Then he concluded with what must ever remain a potent plea with God: "Thou saidst." He urged God's promise, and virtually cried, "Do as thou hast said." It is wise to spread the promise before Him who gave it, and to beg for its fulfilment. We may appeal to God's faithfulness, and cry, "Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope."

The very first sentence of Jacob's prayer has this peculiarity about it, that it is steeped in humility; for he does not address the Lord as his own God at the first, but as the God of Abraham and Isaac. The prayer itself, though it is very urgent, is never presumptuous; it is as lowly as it is earnest. Throughout this prayer I see, with all its intensity, a loving remembrance of who Jacob is, and who Jehovah is; and the suppliant speaks in terms fit to be used toward the thrice holy God by a man of lowly heart.

This is to be the subject of our discourse—humility is the fit attitude of prayer. We will begin with that—"I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which Thou hast shewed unto thy servant." Then we will advance in the second place to remark that humility is promoted by the same considerations which encourage prayer—that I shall show you from the text; and thirdly, humility suggests and supplies many arguments which can be used in prayer. A proud man has few reasons to bring before God; but the humbler a man is, the more numerous are his prevailing pleas. Prayer is a suitable employment for a sinner, and a sinner is the best person to exercise prayer.

I. Our first observation is that humility is

THE FIT ATTITUDE OF PRAYER.

I do not think that Jacob could have prayed unless he had stripped off the robes of self-justification which he wore in his controversy with Laban, and had stood disrobed before the infinite majesty of the Most High. Observe that he here speaks not as before man, but as before God; and he cries, "I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies." He had been talking with Laban—Laban who had made a slave of him, who had used him in the most mercenary manner, and who had now pursued him in fierce anger because he had quitted his service with his wives and children that he might go back to his native country. To Laban he does not say, "I am not worthy of what I possess," for, as far as churlish Laban was concerned, he was worthy of a great deal more than had ever been rendered to him in the form of wage. To Laban he uses many truthful sentences of self-vindication and justification. The same man who speaks in that fashion to Laban turns round and confesses to his God, "I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies." This is perfectly consistent and truthful. Humility is not telling falsehoods against yourself: humility is forming a right estimate of yourself. As toward Laban it was a correct estimate for a man who had worked so hard for so little to claim that he had a right to what God had given him; and yet as before God it was perfectly honest and sincere of Jacob to say, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast showed unto thy servant."

Now, whenever you go to prayer, if you have previously been compelled to say some rather strong thing as to your own integrity and industry; or, if you have heard others speak in your praise, forget it all; for you cannot pray if it has any effect upon you. A man cannot pray with a good opinion of himself; all he can manage is just to mutter, "God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are," and that is no prayer at all. A lofty view of your own excellence will tempt you to look down with contempt upon your neighbor; and that is death to prayer. God drives out of His temple all proud prayers; He cannot endure such provocations. Thou must put thy shoe from off thy foot when thou standest on holy ground—that same shoe which it is quite right for thee to wear when thou hast to tread upon the lion and the dragon—that same shoe which fits thee well, and which it befits thee to wear when travelling through this great and terrible wilderness. Put off before thy God even that which thou art forced to wear before churlish men.

Brethren, it would ill become any of us to use the language of merit before God; for merit we have none; and if we had any, we should not need to pray. It has been well observed by an old divine, that the man who pleads his own merit does not pray, but demands his due. If I ask a man to pay me a debt, I am not a suppliant, but a plaintiff claiming my rights. The prayer of a man who thinks he is meritorious is like

SERVING THE LORD WITH A WRIT;

it is not offering a request, it is issuing a demand. Merit in effect says, "Pay me that thou owest." Little will such a man get of God; for if the Lord only pays to us what He owes us, yonder place of torment will be our speedy heritage. Any other attitude but that of humility would be most unbecoming and presumptuous in the presence of the Most High.

Let me add, also, that in times of great pressure upon the heart there is not much fear of self-righteousness intruding. Jacob was greatly afraid and sore distressed; and when a man is brought into such a state the lowliest language suits him. They that are filled with bread may boast, but the hungry beg. Let the proud take heed lest while the bread is yet in their mouths the wrath of God come upon them. He that is brought to penury, he that is distressed in spirit, he that lies at death's door, is not a man to show the peacock's feather and display his finery. Then he looks about him to the loving-kindness of the Lord, and he pleads for mercy. This is his one cry—"Mercy, mercy." On thy face before the throne thou shalt prevail. If thou hast any righteousness of thine own, thou shalt never have Christ's righteousness. If thou hast no sin, thou shalt have no washing in the precious blood. If thou art strong, thou shalt be left to thine own weakness. If thou art rich and increased in goods, thou shalt be sent empty away. See, then, dear friend, how necessary it is that we should approach the Lord in the attitude of humility.

I call your attention to the present tense as it is used in the text—Jacob does not say, as we might half have thought he would have said, "I *was* not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth which Thou hast made to pass before thy servant," but he says, "I *am not* worthy." I cannot bear the man who, in his foolish

PRATTLE ABOUT HIS OWN PERFECTION,

talks as if he had become worthy of grace. The Lord have mercy upon such boasters, and bring them to the true moorings, so that they may own that they are not worthy. When you and I shall get to heaven, though God may say, "They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy," yet it will never be right for any one of us to say that we are worthy of anything that God has bestowed upon us. Our psalm must be *Non nobis Domine:* "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake." To assume for a moment that we deserve anything of the Lord God, is so vainglorious, so false, so unjust that we ought to loathe the very thought of it, and cry, like Jacob, "I am not worthy." Job, who had defended himself with vigor and possibly with bitterness, no sooner heard God speaking to him in the whirlwind than he cried, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Prostrate before the throne is the proper attitude of prayer; in humility is our strength for supplication.

II. Secondly, the same thought will be kept up, but put in a somewhat differing light, while we note that those considerations which make toward humility are

THE STRENGTH OF PRAYER.

Observe, first, that Jacob in this prayer showed his humility by a confession of the Lord's working in all his prosperity. He says with a full heart, "All the mercies and all the truth which thou hast shewed unto thy servant." Well, but Jacob, you have immense flocks of sheep, but you earned them, and through your care they greatly increased; do you not consider that those flocks are entirely your own procuring? Surely you must see that you were highly industrious, prudent, and careful, and thus grew wealthy? No; he takes a survey of his great estate, and he speaks of it all as *mercies*—mercies which the Lord had shewed unto His servant. I do not object to books about *self-made men*, but I am afraid that self-made men have a great tendency to worship him that made them. It is very natural that they should. But, brethren, if we are self-made, I am sure we had a very bad maker, and there must be a great many flaws in us. It would be better to be ground back to dust again, and made over anew so as to become God-made men.

This may also yield us a hold upon God in prayer, for now we can say, "Lord, Thou hast done all this for me; it is plain that thy hand has been in all thy servant's happiness; let thy hand be with me still." Oh, self-made man, when you have made yourself, can you keep yourself and preserve yourself in being? And do you hope to get to heaven and throw up your cap and say,

"HOSANNA TO MYSELF"?

Do you reckon upon such vainglory? If you seek your own glory you shall find no place in that city where God's glory is the all-pervading bliss of the place. So, then, that which tends to keep us humble also becomes an assistance to us in our prayer.

The next point is a consideration of God's mercies. For my part, nothing ever sinks me so low as the mercy of God, and next to that I am readily subdued by the kindness of men. When the clarion rings out for battle I will stand foot to foot with him that dare encounter me, and all the man within me is aroused to the conflict; but when all is peace and quiet, and every one wishes me well, I wonder at their kindness, and I sink into my shoes with fear lest I should act in any way unworthily. The man who has a due sense of his own character will be laid low by words of commendation. Know ye not what it is to be weighted down with infinite goodness, oppressed with mercy, swept away by an avalanche of love? I, at least, know what it means, and I know of no experience which has made me so little in mine own eyes.

I feel less than the least of all His mercies; I shrink and tremble in the presence of His bounty. If even providential goodness does this, you may be sure that redeeming love will be even more effectual. Here is a proud sinner, boasting of his own righteousness; you cannot get his self-glorying out of him; but by and by he learns that the Son of God gave His life to redeem him, poured out His heart upon Calvary's cross, the just for the unjust, to bring him to God; and now he is of another mind. No man could ever think that he deserved that the Son of God should die for him! If he does think so, he must be out of his mind. I have a dear brother in Christ who is now sore sick, the Rev. Mr. Curme, the vicar of Sandford, in Oxfordshire, who has been my dear friend for many years. He is the mirror of humility, and he divides his name into two words, *Cur me?* which means, "Why me?" Often did he say, in my hearing, "Why me, Lord? Why me?" Truly I can say the same, *Cur me?* Oh, He is a great Giver! He is a glorious Giver! We are not equal to His least gift! We cannot estimate His least mercy, nor describe it fully, nor praise Him for it sufficiently. His shallows are

too deep for us; His mole-hill mercies overtop us; what shall we say of His mountain mercies?

Again, a comparison of our past and our present will tend to humility and also to helpfulness in prayer. Jacob at first is described thus, "With my staff I passed over this Jordan." He is all alone, no servant attends him; he has no goods, not even a change of linen in a parcel, nothing but a staff to walk with; now, after a few years, here is Jacob coming back, crossing the river in the opposite direction, and he has with him two bands. He is a large grazier, with great wealth in all manner of cattle. What a change! I would have those men whom God has prospered never to be ashamed of what they used to be; they ought never to forget the staff with which they crossed this Jordan. I had a good friend who

PRESERVED THE AXLE-TREE

of the truck in which he wheeled home his goods when he first came to London. It was placed over his front door, and he never blushed to tell how he came up from the country, worked hard, and made his way in the world.

I like this a deal better than the affected gentility which forgets the lone half-crown which pined in solitude in their pockets when they entered this city. They are indignant if you remind them of their poor old father in the country, for they have discovered that the family is very ancient and honorable; in fact, one of their ancestors came over with the Conqueror. I have never felt any wish to be related to that set of vagabonds; but tastes differ, and there are some who think that they must be superior beings because they are descended from Norman freebooters. Nobodies suddenly swell as if they were everybody. Observe that Jacob does not say, "Years ago I was at home with my father Isaac, a man of large estate." Nor does he talk of his grandfather Abraham as a nobleman of an ancient family in Ur, of the Chaldees, who was entertained by monarchs. No, he was not so silly as to boast of aristocracy and wealth, but he frankly owns his early poverty: "With my staff, a poor, lonely, friendless man, I crossed this Jordan, and now I am become two bands." It humbles him to think of what he was, but at the same time it strengthens him in prayer. So again I say, that which humbled also encouraged him; he found his strength in prayer in those very things which furnished motives for lowliness.

III. And now, as time flies, we must dwell upon the third point, still hammering the same nail on the head: true humility supplies us with

ARGUMENTS IN PRAYER.

Look at the first one, "I am not worthy of all thy mercies;" nay, "I am not worthy of the least of all the many mercies which thou hast shewed unto thy servant. Thou hast kept thy word and been true to me, but it was not because I was true to thee. I am not worthy of the truth which Thou hast shewn to thy servant." Is there not power in such a prayer? Is not mercy secured by a confession of unworthiness? The man whom Christ most of all commended, as far as I remember, was he who used this very language. The centurion came to Christ and said, "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof;" yet this was he of whom the Lord said, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." Depend on it, if you want Christ's commendation you must be lowly in your own esteem; for He never praises the proud, but He honors the humble.

Since the Lord was thus gracious to him when he was unworthy, had not Jacob splendid ground to stand upon while he wrestled with God, and cried, Deliver me from Esau, my brother, though because of the wrong I did him I am not worthy of such deliverance? We are always afraid in our time of trouble that God will deal with us according to our unworthiness; but He will not. We say to ourselves, "At last the sins of my youth have come home to me; now I shall be dealt with according to my iniquities!" But Jacob virtually said, "Lord, I never was worthy of the least thing that Thou hast done for me, and all thy dealings to me are in pure grace. I stand still where I always must stand, a debtor to thy sovereign undeserved favor; and I appeal to Thee—since thou hast done all this for me, an undeserving one, I beseech thee, do yet more. I have not changed, for I am as undeserving as ever, and Thou hast not changed, for thou art as good as ever, therefore still deliver thy servant." This is mighty pleading with the Most High.

Notice, next, how he says

"THY SERVANT."

A plea is hidden away in that word. Jacob might have called himself by some other name on this occasion. He might have said, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth which Thou hast shewed unto thy *child*;" it would have been true, it would not have been fitting. Suppose it had run—"Unto *thy chosen*," it would have been true, but not so lowly; or "unto *thy covenanted one*"—that would have been correct, but not so humble an expression as Jacob felt bound to use in this time of his distress, when the sins of his youth were brought to his mind. It may seem a small thing to be a servant, but it is a great thing to plead in the hour of need; so David used it: "Make thy face to shine upon thy servant." "Hide not thy face from thy servant; for I am in trouble." "O Thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in Thee." These are but specimens of the ways in which men of God used their position as servants as an argument for mercy.

Jacob had yet another plea which shewed his humility, and that was

THE ARGUMENT OF FACTS.

"With my staff," says he, "I passed over this Jordan." "This Jordan," which flowed hard by, and received the Jabbok. It brings a thousand things to his mind, to be on the old spot again. When he crossed it before he was journeying into exile, but now he is coming back as a son, to take his place with loved Rebekah and father Isaac, and he could not but feel it a great mercy that he was now going in a happier direction than before. He looked at his staff, and he remembered how in fear and trembling he had leaned upon it as he pursued his hasty, lonely march. "With this staff—that is all I had." He looks upon it, and contrasts his present condition and his two camps with that day of poverty, that hour of hasty flight. This retrospect humbled him, but it must have been a strength to him in prayer. "O God, if Thou hast helped me from abject want to all this wealth, Thou canst certainly preserve me in the present danger. He who has done so much is still able to bless me, and He will do so."

"Can He have taught me to trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me to bring me to shame?"

Does God mock men? Does He encourage their hope and then leave them? No, the God that begins to bless perseveres in blessing, and even to the end continues to love His chosen.

In closing, I think I discover one powerful argument here in Jacob's prayer. Did he not mean that although God had increased him so greatly, there had come with it all the greater responsibility? He had more to care for than when he owned less. Duty had increased with increased possessions. He seems to say, "Lord, when I came this way before, I had nothing, only a staff; that was all I had to take care of; and if I had lost that staff I could have found another. Then I had thy dear and kind protection, which was better to me than riches. Shall I not have it still?" My brethren, at this hour I know how to use this self-same plea. To me every advance in position among men means more obligation to serve my Lord and bless my generation. I need more grace, or my failure will be the more shameful.

Come, dear friends, the Lord hath been mindful of us as a Church, and He will bless us. We have obtained, through our Lord Jesus and His Spirit, blessings so large that I can say in your name, we are not worthy of the least of all these mercies. Shall we not use them to God's glory? Yes, more than ever; for we are determined to pray more, and to believe more, and to work more, and to be more full of courage and dauntless resolve that the name and the truth of Jesus shall be made known wherever our voice can be heard. With a full heart I pray for you, beloved. God bless you, for Christ's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

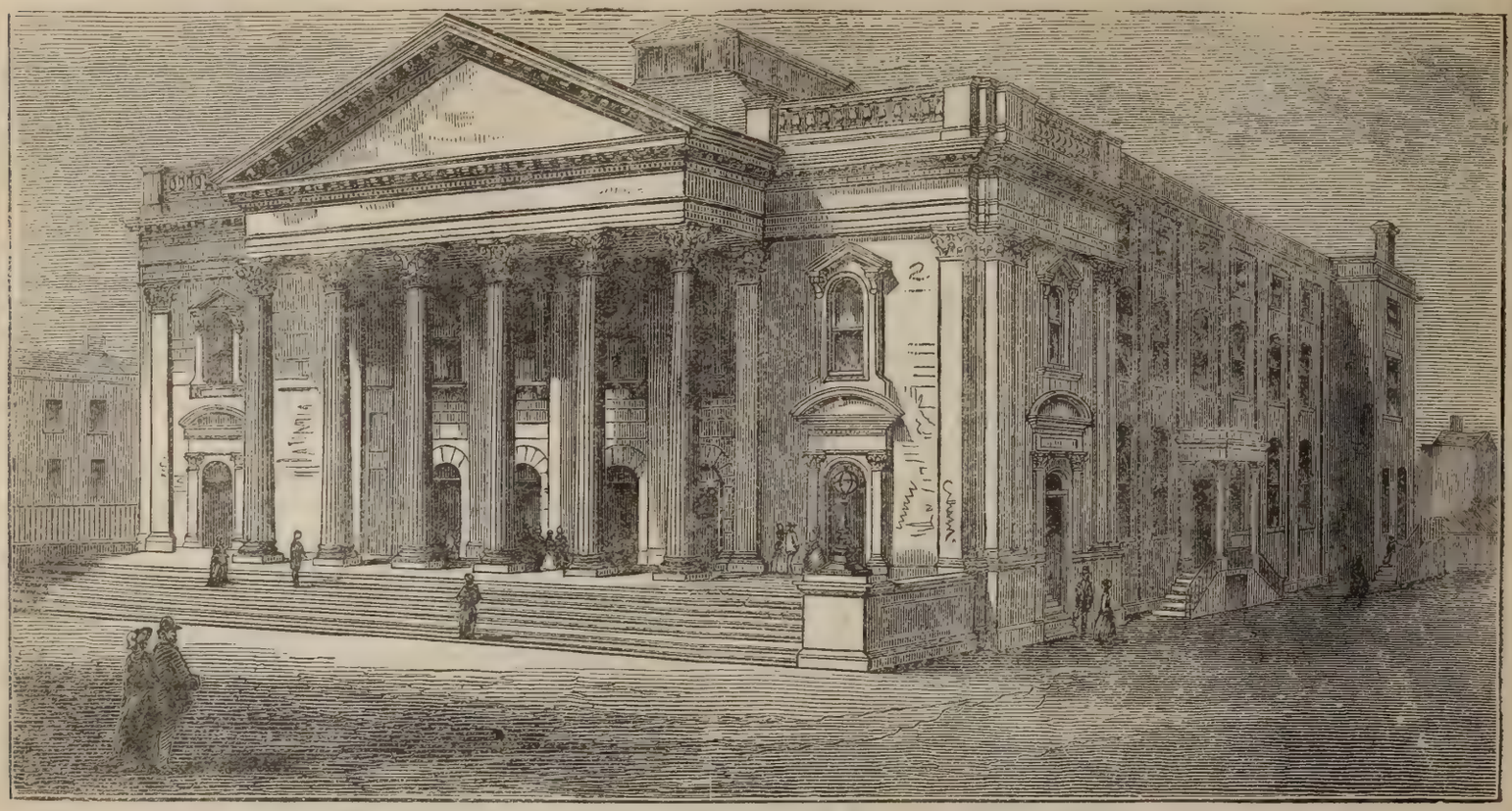
THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE (*a picture of which we give on page* 460) was opened for public worship in May, 1861. The entire cost was $156,660, and it was opened free from debt. The measurements are: length, 146ft.; breadth, 81ft.; and height, 62ft. There are 5500 sittings of all kinds, with room for 6000 persons without excessive crowding. There is also a lecture-hall holding about 900, schoolroom for 1000 children, and numerous classrooms, vestries, and offices of various kinds. This place is the home of a number of religious agencies of various kinds, and continually being used in different ways for directing work for the advancement of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It was built specially for Mr. Spurgeon after various edifices in different parts of London had been tried and found too small to hold the crowds of people who came every Sunday to hear him preach.

It was in this building, thronged with people assembled to congratulate Mr. Spurgeon on his attaining the age of fifty years, that the following testimony of obligation was made by

MR. MOODY,

who was laboring under deep emotion: "Mr. Spurgeon has said to-night that he feels like weeping. I have tried to keep back my tears, but I have not succeeded very well. I remember seventeen years ago coming into this building, a perfect stranger in a foreign land, and here I lit anew my torch. *I don't know that I should ever have been in England now had it not been for Mr. Spurgeon.* Twenty-five years ago, soon after I was converted, I began to read of a young man preaching in London with great power, and a desire seized me to hear him. I never expected to be a preacher at that time, but everything I could get hold of in print which referred to him, I read with the deepest interest. I knew very little about religious things, but I knew I was converted. I did not have what Mr. Spurgeon has—a praying father; my father died before I was four years old. I was thinking to-night, when I saw his venerable father by his side, that he was a great deal better off than ever I was in that blessed possession. His mother I have not met, but most good men have a praying mother.

"In 1867 I made my way across the sea, and if ever there was a 'seasick man,' for fourteen days, I was that man. When I arrived in London, the first place to which I made my way was this building. I was told I could not get in because I did not possess a ticket of admission, but I determined to enter the interior, inasmuch as I had travelled four thousand miles for that purpose, and would not be baffled anyhow. I remember well the seat in this building in which I sat, it was just there (Mr. Moody pointed to it); and I wish I could take it back with me to America. I tell you, my dear friends, it is a hallowed spot, and will forever be deeply imprinted on my memory. I followed him up wherever I knew he was about to preach, and went to the Agricultural Hall to hear him there. I shall never forget the blessing I got from his



The Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, in which Mr. C. H. Spurgeon Preaches.

utterances in that place, for they stirred the depths of my very soul. After I got back to America I went to work myself to preach. They asked me if I had seen the different cathedrals here. I told them I had not, for my time was spent in hearing Mr. Spurgeon.

"In 1872 I came over to learn a little bit more, and once more found myself seated in this building, and since then I have been here a good many times, but whenever I come I always get a blessing to my soul. I think I have got a great one to-night, and now, as I look down upon these little orphan boys in front of me, I think of the six hundred boys who have gone out from those institutes to fight the battle of life, and of the fifteen hundred or two thousand young men who have left here to preach the Gospel.

"As to myself, if God can use me He can use you. Why should not one of these orphan boys go out to be a blessing to the whole world? It is not Mr. Spurgeon, after all—it is God. Moses was nothing, but it was Moses's God. Samson was nothing when he was without his God. When he was without God he could not be used, but when God returned to him he was mighty again. I want to say to you—God bless you all—I love you a thousand times more than you can love me.

"Then, again, I have been a very little blessing to you (A voice—'Yes, you have'), but, dear friends, get into the kingdom of God. I pity right down deep in my heart any man or woman who has been in this Tabernacle time after time, and heard the Gospel without accepting it, and taking Christ as their Saviour. I think hell will be ten times more horrible to them."

Turning to Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Moody continued: "I have read your sermons for twenty-five years, and they always impress me, for they contain no uncertain sound. My library is completely full of them. I don't know what I shall do with the last lot you gave me. God bless you. There is one thing I know, you are never going to die; John Wesley lives more to-day than in his mortal life. Whitefield lives more to-day than when he was in the flesh. John Knox exists to-day in the hearts of men more than he did in his era. Martin Luther has been gone four hundred years, but he still lives. Good-by. We may never meet again in the flesh, but we shall meet beyond the grave in our eternal home. God bless you all."

ESTHER HARRIS'S EFFORT.

(*See Illustration on next page.*)

"WHAT do you think of the Doctor's notion, Deacon?" said a well-to-do farmer, as he and Deacon Harris walked home together from a church meeting.

"I presume you mean his project of holding a service in Jones's Wood on Sunday afternoon for the men working on the new railroad. Well, of course, he asked my advice about it before he mentioned it to the church, and I gave it him. I told him I should not oppose it, because he said the Spirit had laid it on his conscience to do something for the men who, it appears, are grievously drunken and profane—a most ungodly set. I told him I did not approve of it, because there are the proper means of grace, and the church is open to the men. I think if any of God's elect are among the men they would be led to the church. Services in the open air are, to my thinking, sensational; they are a concession to the world, and the seemliness of divine service cannot be maintained. The apostle said, 'Let all things be done decently and in order,' and in such a place as Jones's Wood, with a lot of ungodly, jeering men around, there cannot be that order and reverence which ought to characterize the worship of God. But I would not oppose it, as the Doctor believed he saw the leading of the Spirit in it."

"Just my opinion, Deacon, just my opinion," said the other. "I think we ought to keep to the means of grace God blesses. If people will not attend them, the responsibility is theirs. We support a church, and *you* know I pay *my* share of the expenses; and when we have provided a preached gospel and sent a good contribution to the Foreign Mission Board, I believe we've done our duty. Shall you go to the service, Deacon?"

"No; the Doctor did not ask me, seeing it did not commend itself to my judgment; but Esther here will go. She hath a sweet voice, and the Doctor thought if she and a few others went with him to sing a hymn or two it might attract the men. They might be drawn together by the singing, and then he could address them. Esther, my dear, you promised to go, did you not?" said the pious Deacon, addressing his comely daughter, who had walked silently by his side during this conversation.

"Yes, father, I shall be pleased to go, and I told the Doctor so. It is like going out into the highways and hedges and compelling them to come in. If I can help, I shall be glad to do it. I'm not afraid of the men."

"No, no, they'll not harm thee, Esther. I'm not expecting there'll be violence. But there'll be unseemly jokes, and the holy things may be brought into ridicule; but I do not oppose it, though I should not like to be there to hear."

The Deacon was right in his prediction. The service was not a success. The Doctor found the men he sought in the woods, some playing cards, some wandering listlessly about, and others lying on the ground smoking, with cans of their favorite liquor within easy reach. He addressed some words of reproof to them for breaking the Sabbath, which was not quite the way a man of more tact than the good Doctor possessed would have opened the acquaintance with the men. Then some hymns were sung, to which the men listened attentively and applauded. Then the Doctor offered a prayer for the men, whom he described in terms which, however true they were, could not be considered complimentary. Then another hymn was sung, and then the Doctor proceeded to deliver the sermon he had carefully prepared on Sabbath-breaking.

The first words of the sermon were all that the men would hear. "Dearly beloved brethren," said the Doctor, and a shout of laughter was the response. The idea of a man who had never seen them before, calling them "brethren," and "dearly beloved," too, seemed to the rough fellows too absurd. "Dearly beloved brother," one of them said, "loan me a dollar; very pleased to have met you. He cannot refuse a dollar to his dearly beloved, can he, mates?" It was of no use trying to get on any further with the sermon. The Doctor was taunted with being an unbrotherly brother, and

was summarily voted mean and unworthy of being considered a relation. More singing was vociferously demanded, and one of the men, who was something of a politician, and followed the proceedings of Congress pretty closely, proposed that "the preacher be given leave to print." The proposal was carried by acclamation, and the men, like their Representatives, regarded the leave given as an escape from a tiresome speaker. The Doctor and his few companions retired before the tumult very crestfallen, and when Deacon Harris and his pastor next met, the latter had to confess that he had "mistaken the leading of the Spirit."

Esther said nothing to her father or any one else on the subject, for she was deeply grieved by the result of the effort. She would have had her pastor make another attempt, had she dared advise him. But she was quiet and modest, and did not think herself qualified in such a case to give advice. But all that week she dwelt upon the affair, and finally resolved, after praying for direction, to go herself alone to the woods next Sunday. At the worst, the men would hear her sing, and that would be a gain, and perhaps they would let her read a chapter. All day Saturday, as she went about her work, her silent prayer was for strength and wisdom, and at night she felt less trepidation at the prospect of her ordeal than ever. But the next afternoon, when she was setting out for the woods, she felt so weak and timid she was near turning back. But she went on until she came upon the men—engaged as they had been last Sunday. There was, however, this difference, that the card-party seemed too absorbed in their game to notice her.

Esther Harris among the Railroad Men.

There was one cluster of half-a-dozen men, she noticed, doing nothing. Two of them seemed to be clerks, and one of those was distinguished by wearing a plug hat. Another, clad in his working dress, but with a clean white blouse and a black silk scarf knotted sailor-fashion around his neck, was known by the men as "Scotch George," and was much respected for his working capacity and his readiness to drink, or smoke, or fight, or sing, and was a man of some influence accordingly. The other three were of the ordinary dull, heavy type of laborers.

"Here's one of the singing ladies," said Scotch George. "Glad to see you, lady," he said, taking off his soft felt hat and removing his pipe from his mouth, but quickly replacing it after his greeting. "Will you give us some music? Glad you've left our 'brother' at home to-day. You're welcome without him."

"Thank you," said Esther, quietly; "I shall be glad to sing for you, if you'll let me."

"Yes, we'll let you; it's kind of you to come. Gentlemen, you'll please come to order," he said, seating himself and addressing his companions.

Esther sang several hymns, and the men were evidently moved. "I cannot sing any more now, but I will read a little story to you if you'll listen," she said, diffidently.

"Why certainly," said Scotch George, who had constituted himself chairman of the meeting. "Or one of the boys will sing a song for us if you're tired, lady."

"Oh no," said Esther; "I should so like to read to you."

"Then we'll listen with pleasure," said George, with rough gallantry.

Esther opened her Bible at Luke 15, and read the parable of the Prodigal Son. She was about to read another parable, when George insisted on taking the sense of the meeting on the story. There was, it appeared, a difference of opinion as to the old gentleman's way of treating the scapegrace, and a disposition on the part of some to sympathize with the elder brother, who was "angry and would not go in." Various opinions were expressed, and then Esther was requested to state her view. Such an opportunity she had not hoped for, and, looking up to God for help, she told the men of God's infinite patience, forbearance, and unfathomable love. Not a jeer, not a joke, not a rude word was spoken. The idea of God as a loving Father, ready to receive penitent men and forgive them, was so new to the men that they were amazed. A quiet, "Thank you, lady," was the only response. Esther asked if she might offer a prayer, and permission was readily accorded. The simple, sublime words of the best of all prayers, "Our Father who art in heaven," were the most appropriate, and Esther uttered them with the sweet tenderness a woman's voice sometimes has in it.

When Esther rose from her knees she noticed on all faces a look of quiet, sobered thoughtfulness. As she bade her little congregation good-by, Scotch George turned to the others and said, "What do you say, boys?" There were a few words spoken in an undertone, and then he came up to Esther and, addressing her respectfully, he said, "Madam, preaching and religion are not much in our line; we are a rough lot, but we've enjoyed your visit. If so be as you think we're worth the trouble of talking to, we should like to, see you again. Anyway, the boys give you a unanimous vote of thanks for to-day's pleasure." All heads were uncovered in token of approval.

Esther did go again and again as long as the men were working on that section of the line, and she had the gratification of seeing the same faces regularly, though her congregation was continually increasing. She received the confidences of some of the men, notably of Scotch George, who was himself an unrepentant prodigal; and it was with sincere pleasure she heard that after her first Sunday's service he had sat down and written a letter, with a ten-dollar note in it, to his old mother in Scotland, to whom he had not written before in seven years. Esther was able to give the men good advice, and she saw that God had used her for good. When the men removed to the next section she received from them a promise that they would give a welcome to her brother, who resided in that location, and who, as she afterward heard, continued the good work she had begun in much diffidence, but in faith and prayer.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 447.*)

Hester's Visit to Aston Court.

HESTER'S new melancholy was rather a soft and tender sadness than the old, hard, gloomy monotony of the continual weight of dejection. There is a moment in the early dawn when the growing light seems to tremble and draw back a little, as if it would fain linger longer in the dark mantle of the night. Such a moment had come to Hester. Her eyes had caught a light brightening on the horizon, and her heart had felt a glow of warmth reaching it; and for a moment or two longer she wished to keep her eyes closed, and take back the familiar chill to her heart. She knew herself no more. Caprices, foreign to her hitherto, had gained the mastery over her. Sometimes a passion of tears shook her; at others a vehement desire to exhaust herself by action, when the binding-press in the attic seemed like a refuge to her. The shrewd old Frenchwoman fancied she could read the girl's heart like an open book; and a hundred cunning little wrinkles netted themselves about her eyes and lips. She assured milord Robert that before long it would be quite safe to tell Hester of his love.

It was the hope, both of Mr. Waldron and Robert, that Grant's marriage might open the way naturally for once more inviting Hester to visit at Aston Court. The small festivities attending it might include her. When, therefore, Miss Waldron announced her opinion that it would be but a graceful courtesy to invite Grant, his bride, and Carl to dinner, with something of ceremony and state about it, Mr. Waldron gently insinuated that Hester, also, might be induced to join them, or rather that John Morley might listen to the invitation. Miss Waldron would probably have scouted the idea with indignation, had not Robert warmly

seconded his father. She knew exactly how far she could venture in opposition to her brother; and it was very plain that he had so set his heart upon this as to make contradiction dangerous.

In consequence, Mr. Waldron was permitted to introduce the subject to John Morley, which he did in an informal manner at the close of a Sunday evening service, judging it best to take him utterly by surprise. Mr. Waldron had shaken hands with Hester, and looked into her face with one of his half-fatherly glances of affection, when he turned to John Morley with an air as if he had but just thought of the matter.

"By-the-by, Mr. Morley"—he had dropped the epithet, brother, some time ago—"Grant and our young minister, with Mrs. Grant, dine with us to-morrow. I think you ought to let my little friend Hester come with them. She wants some young society. Give me your promise that she shall come to-morrow."

He waited with ill-concealed anxiety for the answer, and John Morley looked keenly but silently at him, longing to inquire whether Robert was at Aston Court, for he knew nothing of his movements, yet unable to pronounce his name.

"Should you like to go, Hester?" he asked.

Hester's heart had bounded with mingled surprise and pleasure at Mr. Waldron's invitation. For the last week or two time had been very monotonous and irksome to her, and she felt a girl's natural desire for some change.

Besides there was no shock to her in the idea of meeting Robert Waldron, whom she had seen so often of late.

"I should like it very much," she answered, "if you would not be grieved, father."

"No, no," he said, hurriedly. "She shall come, Mr. Waldron, she shall come."

John Morley drew his daughter's hand through his arm, as they passed through the chapel porch, and looked down upon her questioningly by the light of the lamp hanging over the entrance.

"Hester," he said, with a new tone of tenderness in his voice, "Hester, they invite you now to their parties. Is it that you are grown up into a woman?"

"I suppose so, father," she answered, half gayly and half sadly.

"How old are you then, child?" he asked.

"I am nearly twenty," she replied.

"Twenty!" echoed John Morley. "And I have taken no count of the years! Your mother was older than you when I married her; and she has been dead these nineteen years. Have you any thought of being married, Hester?"

The question was put in simple seriousness, but in the tone rather of a friend than of a father, who might expect to have a voice in the matter. Hester's hand trembled a little upon his arm, but he did not perceive it.

"How should I, father," she said.

"Ah! how should you?" he repeated. "You see no one, and know no one. Yet, my child, I should like to know that you were happily married. When I think of it I feel that I have done you a great wrong. But you shall go this once to Aston Court. Have you any pretty dress you can wear, child?"

It was so extraordinary a thing for John Morley to concern himself in so frivolous a subject as dress—his own or any one else's—that Hester could scarcely believe she had heard him aright. Her wardrobe was scanty, for money was scarce, and becoming more so every month; but she assured him that she should do very well.

"Hester," he said, when they had reached a dark part of the street, and she could not see his face, though she could detect a sharp anguish in his voice, "do you know if his son is at home?"

"Yes," she answered softly, and pressing his arm to her side.

"You will see him, and speak to him," he resumed. "I cannot. God forgive me in this, if I sin in it. I believe it would kill me to meet either of them; and I am not fit to die yet. But they say he is contrite and repentant. I give you my consent to see him."

The confession that she had already seen him trembled upon Hester's lips; but the recollection of his prolonged agony of despair sealed them. If she had had anything definite to tell him about Rose she would have had the courage to do it; but to say only that she was lost would be simply to awaken the sharpness of his grief again. She resolved to pursue her course of concealment, and to hide everything from him that could add to his sorrow. It was a perilous path for a young girl to choose.

Robert heard that Hester was positively coming to Aston Court, with a delight which he could scarcely disguise. Ever since he had come to the conclusion that she, and she alone, could satisfy his fastidious notions of what his wife must be, he had longed to avail himself of the advantages his position and surroundings gave to him. Hitherto she had met him only in Madame Lawson's garret; and he wished her to see him in his own sphere—the master of a position which must dazzle her young mind. He contrasted with self-gratulation the sumptuous elegance and costly taste which he had introduced into his father's mansion, with the bareness and poverty of her own home.

All the next morning he sauntered about the handsome rooms, and the terraces, where still lingered much of beauty, even in the later days of autumn. He pleased himself with picturing Hester at his side, expressing more by looks than words her shy pleasure in this loveliness and luxury. By a curious perversity of reasoning, he had begun to regard a marriage with her as a fitting compensation for the wrong he had been guilty of toward her family. He felt sure that he could make his father acknowledge the strength of his arguments; but how could he convince John Morley? He must secure Hester's love first.

The evening came, and the hour when Hester should arrive. Miss Waldron had sent a carriage to Grant's house, for Carl was suffering from a cold, which made it necessary to load him with most gentle attentions. She had, however, let Hester slip out of her mind; and as Annie Grant and Carl had no knowledge of her accepted invitation, they had, of course, come without her. Mr. Waldron himself was keenly disappointed. The night was dark and foggy, and Hester had no one to escort her through the lonely park. Miss Waldron said she was sorry with a lurking smile of satisfaction, and busied herself to see that Carl had the warmest seat by the fire. Robert made no complaint, but went out quietly to order the carriage back to Little Aston, and at the moment that he passed through the hall, the large doors were thrown open by a servant, and Hester herself appeared upon the threshold.

She stood still for an instant, with a glance, half frightened, into the great hall, which was brilliantly lit up. Her lips were slightly parted, and her breath came flutteringly with the speed at which she had been walking, and her large gray eyes were still deep and dark with the darkness through which she had come. The night, with its thick fog, looked black behind her, while the colored pavement of the hall and the stained glass of the lamp over her head, made the foreground rich in tone. The strong contrast of light and shadow, with Hester standing on the line which separated them, looking lonely, embarrassed, and timid, formed a perfect picture to Robert's eyes. He hurried forward to welcome her, and the servant drew back respectfully.

"Is it possible you have come all alone?" he asked.

"I had no one to come with me," she replied. "I went to Mrs. Grant's, but she was gone. I was obliged to walk on alone or return home."

"Did you wish to come so much?" he said, lowering his voice. "Are you, then, glad to be here again, Hetty?"

Her answer was not ready, and her eyes drooped till he could see the nervous quivering of the long eyelashes.

"I think I am," she said at last; "I am not sure. In some things it seems scarcely right to be here; but still I am a little glad."

The gladness was so qualified, and the qualification so conscientiously expressed, that Robert did not know what to reply.

"Go and take off your shawl," he said, touching it lightly with his hand; "I will wait here for you to take you in the drawing-room."

He watched her intently as she followed his sister's maid up the broad low steps of the staircase with a subdued and quiet grace which was perfectly in tune with his matured taste. He paced up and down the hall, chafing at every moment she was away. There were twenty minutes yet till the hour for dinner, and he would keep her all to himself for that short period. Impatient as he was, he did not see her descend the staircase, and did not know she was close beside him, so noiseless was her approach, until she spoke in tremulous accents, and then he started violently. There was a scarcely-mastered excitement in herself which lent a color to her cheek, and when she placed her hand upon his offered arm, he felt that it was trembling.

"We will not go into the drawing-room just yet," he said; "I have a painting or two to show you."

He led her into a room which had been built especially for his own use, since his return to Aston Court. It was lofty and spacious, and wainscotted throughout by carved panels of some light wood which had a pleasant lustre upon its surface. There were a few good pictures, and here and there a handsome cabinet or book-case. At one end was an organ which he had ordered to be made for this particular place, that the volume of sound should suit the space exactly; for he had become almost a master of music. A piano stood beside the organ. There was nothing of beauty or luxury lacking which his heart could desire; and over all a soft light was shed by shaded lamps.

He led Hester to the hearth, and placed her in a low chair before the fire. There he stood, with his arm resting on the mantel-piece, looking down upon her drooping head and shy, almost awkward, attitude of embarrassment. How poorly she was dressed, in her gray stuff gown, with her sole ornament, a little silver brooch, fastening the collar round her graceful throat. There was not a maid-servant in the Court who could not have put on a smarter dress to go out on a visit. It would form an odd contrast with his sister's toilet and the unfaded finery of the young wife. But he liked it well. The very poverty and simplicity of Hester's appearance was charming to him. Perhaps she guessed partly what he was thinking about as his downward gaze scrutinized her, for she glanced up to him with a smile of singular archness and sweetness.

"I am not very fit for such a grand place," she said.

Not fit for such a grand place! Robert's heart bounded, and the blood tingled through his veins. What did Hester mean, wont as she often was to betray her thoughts with innocent frankness? Has she been thinking of herself as—as—. Robert could not finish the sentence in his own mind. What should he say to her? It would be something excessively significant, or excessively commonplace. How much dare he say to her?

The opportunity of saying anything was snatched from him; for, while he hesitated, the door opened, and Mr. Waldron made his appearance. He did not see Hester until she rose from her low chair, and then he arrested himself with an exclamation of astonishment.

"Why, Robert! Why, Hester!" he ejaculated.

Robert was never at a loss as to what to say to

his father, and now he found himself able to speak fluently.

"I found Miss Morley just come in," he said; "and as she was both cold and agitated by her lonely walk through the park, I brought her in here for a few minutes before taking her into the drawing-room."

"Oh!" was all that Mr. Waldron could at first reply. He knew that his son must have seen Hester at the time that he was lying ill in John Morley's house; but he had no idea that any intimacy could have been founded upon that ill-omened introduction. He recovered, however, from his profound amazement enough to give Hester a most cordial welcome; and then he conducted her himself to join the rest of the party.

It was a more than usually pleasant evening both to Miss Waldron and Robert. She kept possession of Carl, and paid him every possible attention; while Robert scarcely quitted Hester's side. This devotion did not escape his sister's observation, but it served her purpose well; and she could not descry any danger in it. It kept Carl away from Hester, and threw him solely upon her blandishments. Robert's delight in Hester increased hour after hour; and when the evening was ended, and she had gone away, this time in the carriage which also contained Carl, he resolved to ask his father's counsel and consent to his marriage with John Morley's daughter before many more days had passed.

For several months past Mr. Waldron's first earthly wish had been, as we know, to see his son married. He was satisfied for his daughter to remain unmarried, as she adorned a single life by so much zeal and devotion; and perhaps he was reconciled to it the more readily as his family name would not be transmitted through her to posterity. But already Robert had attained an age when a man grows more difficult to please, and more discriminating as to feminine perfections. Hester ought to have been a hundred-fold more flattered by his preference than she could have been by the love of Carl Bramwell. Mr. Waldron's search after a daughter-in-law, whose price should be above rubies, was becoming an almost despairing pursuit; and Robert gave him no assistance. On the contrary, he appeared to be settling down into an indolent, self-indulgent, bachelorhood.

(To be continued.)

EARLY FRIENDSHIP REMEMBERED.

S. S. Lesson for July 27, II Sam. 9. Golden Text, Prov. 27 : 10. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Original Covenant—Extended to Jonathan's Descendants — David Respecting his Vow—His Inquiries for Saul's Family—His Desire to Show Kindness to them—Not a Grudging Kindness—A Cordial Welcome to Jonathan's Son—Mephibosheth's Low Estimate of himself—Acceptance of David's Kindness—His Place at the King's Table.

"THINE own friend, and thy father's friend forsake not." Although written by Solomon, these words are such a keynote to our chapter, and so completely the practice of David himself, that we cannot but conclude that Solomon learned them of his father. Between Jonathan and David a covenant had been made in the time of their early friendship, not exacted on either side, but made by Jonathan

"BECAUSE HE LOVED HIM

as his own soul" (I Sam. 18 : 3). And this covenant was renewed when Saul's wicked jealousy made him seek David's life, and David was obliged to flee. Jonathan said, "Thou shalt not only while yet I live shew me the kindness of the Lord, that I die not: but also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house forever; no, not when the Lord hath cut off the enemies of David every one of them from the face of the earth. . . . And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him; for he loved him as he loved his own soul" (I Sam. 20 : 14–17; see also I Sam. 23 : 16–18).

The time had now come when the enemies of David were cut off; should he keep his covenant? Saul was dead and Jonathan was dead. The Lord had given David the land; the hearts of the people were his; why, then, be so scrupulous as to regard a covenant made in all the heat and ardor of youthful enthusiasm? Would it not be very impolitic to revive any interest in the house of Saul? Might it not have very mischievous tendencies for the welfare of his own house? All these arguments might have influenced a man who lived for himself. David, however, lived for God; his friendships were formed for God and not for self-satisfaction; his interests were in the hands of God; the Lord was his Shepherd, he could not want. Thus we find David seeking in no way to shirk his obligations. He knew the law, "When thou shalt vow a vow unto the Lord thy God, thou shalt not be slack to pay it: for the Lord thy God will surely require it of thee; and it would be sin in thee. . . . That which is gone out of thy lips, thou shalt keep and perform" (Deut. 23 : 21). David thus walked before God, knowing that in following Him his own interests were perfectly safe.

The king did not even wait until he should hear by chance of any descendant of Jonathan, but made active inquiry, not simply for his children, but even Saul's; "Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake?" It was not long before a servant of the house of Saul, named Ziba, was discovered. And the king inquired of him whether any were yet left of the house of Saul, "that I may shew

THE KINDNESS OF GOD

unto him." David's measure in all things was God. When he met with the Philistine, he measured the strength of God, not his own strength against him; it was the same with the lion and the bear. When Saul pursued him, he would not lift his hand against the Lord's anointed, but said, "the *Lord* be Judge, and judge between me and thee, and see and plead my cause" (I Sam. 24 . 15). And now he would no more exercise his own kindness than his own strength; it was the Lord's strength which had succored him, it should be the Lord's kindness which he would show to the house of his enemies. Ziba answered, "Jonathan hath yet a son, which is lame on his feet. And the king said unto him, Where is he? And Ziba said unto the king, Behold he is in the house of Machir, the son of Ammiel of Lo-debar." It would be no ornament to David's court that a man lame on both his feet, walking on crutches, should appear there, but "the kindness of God covers our infirmity;" and this was no hindrance to David.

"Well, I suppose we must do something for young Smith," says a very rich man; "his father and I were close friends, and he has asked me to look after the lad. I can't have him here at the *house*, of course; it couldn't be expected! I wonder if he is good at figures? I think I'll put him to board at my head clerk's, and turn him into the office; he may turn out very useful, and I may as well get what I can out of him, as he is left on my hands." Is this the kindness of God? "What is one to do with poor relations?" says another; "one can't ask them to the house; one doesn't know who might call and meet them, and I'm sure I wouldn't like to say that that awkward, gawky girl was my first cousin, or that rough, unmannerly old man, just come from England, was my uncle." Is this the kindness of God?

David sent and fetched the lame Mephibosheth, and when he was come, "he fell on his face, and did reverence. And David said, Mephibosheth. And he answered, Behold thy servant. And David said unto him, Fear not: for I will surely shew the kindness for Jonathan thy father's sake, and I will restore thee all the land of Saul thy father; and thou shalt eat bread at my table continually." *This* is "the kindness of God;" David treated him as a friend and an equal, and dealt with him as he would have dealt with his father. Mephibosheth was overcome, and in the depth of his grateful surprise said, "What is thy servant, that thou shouldest look upon such a dead dog as I am?" And David engaged Ziba as Mephibosheth's landsteward to farm on his account, and bring all the revenue to his master; but Mephibosheth himself was to be

"AS ONE OF THE KING'S SONS."

There is precious typical teaching in this history. Mephibosheth was the representative of Saul (the grave), the type of self, which is God's rival. David, not Saul, is God's king. Saul has been rejected, and is slain. What a type of us is this lame representative of the house of Saul! Saul's blood within us, self our life by nature, yet, by the reign of our David, lame on both feet, lame in soul and lame in body, as far as any power to serve God is concerned. Mephibosheth's refuge was with Machir, son of Ammiel of Lo-debar. Machir means "sold;" Ammiel "people of God;" Lo-debar "without pasture." Sold under sin, although of the people of God, and without pasture! Such is the position of every lost sinner and of every child of God who is not under the direct sway and care of our David, God's Beloved. None can take us out from such a position but Jesus only, and every one of us is either eating meat at His table, holding continuous intercourse and communion with Him, taking our position as "one of the King's sons," "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ," or—we are yet in ourselves, *sold* under sin, or under self, in bondage, without pasture, barren in our spiritual life. We have the call, as Mephibosheth had, to leave all the past behind and

ACCEPT

the provision of grace which is offered to us. When Mephibosheth saw David, he said, "What is thy servant, that thou shouldest look upon such a dead dog as I am?" And yet he did not for an instant, on account of his unworthiness, think of refusing the grace of David. Satan has two ways of snaring us, and self is at the bottom of both. On the one hand, he says, "*You* have advantages of nature which stand *you* in good stead; *you* are so amiable, and then you are so patient, and *you* are so gentle; you are so full of energetic zeal, that the Lord has something to work upon in you; and then, too, you are such a student of the Word, and that goes for something; and you are so consistent in your conduct; and then you have such a name, and so, of course, you are of more value in the eyes of God than anybody who has none of these advantages." Thank God, Paul vanquishes Satan on this ground with one blow. "Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it (I Cor. 4 : 7)? The other plan Satan has is to watch for the moment when, in the presence of Jesus, we find out what we are; when we call ourselves dead dogs, as Mephibosheth did; and then, to occupy us so much with what we are, as to hinder us from accepting and living in the fulness of the grace which is in Christ Jesus.

Mephibosheth did not return to the house of Machir because he was so lame and useless; he dwelt in Jerusalem (the city of peace), the true dwelling-place for a child of God, "for he did eat continually

AT THE KING'S TABLE."

Just as for Jonathan's sake he got his place there, so it is for Jesus' sake that our loving heavenly Father gives us our place at His table. He does not want us to be occupied with our lameness or our leanness, but with the meats of His table. Not with our lack, but with His fulness; not our unseemliness, but His beauty. It is not His will that His children should be banished from His table, or partake sparingly, for He says, "All that I have is thine." For soul, or body, or circumstances, "All that I have is thine." For every need which may arise in any relation of life, "All that I have is thine" (Luke 15 : 17).

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Conflict between the two Houses of the British Parliament continues the most prominent topic in that country, eclipsing even the Egyptian question. Mr. Gladstone appears anxious to reach a compromise with the Lords on the Franchise bill, and has made proposals to that end through his foreign secretary. The more Radical section of the Liberal party, on the other hand, hopes that the Lords will refuse to compromise and adhere to their present position of hostility to the bill. An agitation against the Upper House will then be commenced in the country with some probability of success, having for its object the abolition of the House of Lords as a legislative House. It is reported that the Peers already have shown signs of fear, and are disposed to recede if they can do so honorably. The project some of them offer as a basis of compromise, is that if Mr. Gladstone will undertake to prepare a bill removing the present anomalies in the representation, and submit it to Parliament at an autumn session, they will reconsider their decision not to admit the agricultural laborers to the Franchise. The anomalies referred to are glaring, as the English have no system of apportionment such as we possess. In some parts of the country three hundred voters elect a member of Parliament. In others a member has a constituency of a hundred thousand. Mr. Gladstone announces that if the Peers remain firm he will summon an autumn session and pass the bill in the Commons a second and even a third time, and send it to the Lords until they do accept it.

A Grave Scandal has Occurred in Ireland. Mr. Cornwall, the Secretary of the Irish Post Office, who has been in office more than thirty years, and a few other officials were active, during the recent troubles, in causing the imprisonment of the leaders of the Land League party. Among those cast into prison was Mr. O'Brien, the editor of *United Ireland*. When O'Brien recovered his liberty he employed detectives to watch Mr. Cornwall and his associates. As the result of their investigations he charged the officials with odious immoralities, publishing his charges in his journal. Thereupon Mr. Cornwall brought an action for libel against O'Brien, which has been recently tried in Belfast, resulting in O'Brien's acquittal. The verdict substantially affirmed the truth of his charges. Mr. Cornwall and his associates have since fled to the continent, an act which is accepted as an admission of their guilt. Mr. Trevelyan, the Irish Secretary, announces that the Government will prosecute the culprits.

The Egyptian Conference Held no Formal meeting last week. There were, however, frequent consultations among the representatives of the Powers. It is stated that the demands of the opposing interests have been reduced to writing and form two protocols, which will be the basis of discussion. They are described as widely divergent, but not absolutely irreconcilable. No trustworthy intelligence has been received from General Gordon, though there is an abundance of disquieting rumors. Last week the report was in circulation that Khartoum had fallen, and that the General had been murdered by his mutinous soldiers. Other reports represent him as still holding the city. The absence of reliable news shows that his communications are still completely severed, and that he is consequently in extreme danger.

The Cholera Panic in Europe Increases. Dr. Koch, the cholera expert, insists that the disease is Asiatic cholera, that it will spread throughout Europe, and only extreme vigilance will prevent its introduction to America. In an interview recently published, he said that in the post-mortem examinations he had made on the bodies of persons who had died of the disease in Toulon and Marseilles, he had "recognized the presence of the Indian microbe which he had found in Egypt, but had there always seen it mixed with others; whereas in post-mortems that he has made in France the Indian microbes outnumbered the others immensely." "The microbe," he said, "is rarely met with in the stomach. The disorders of the digestive organs and the gastric disorders are not favorable to it, so it takes refuge in the small intestines, where it can easily multiply." Dr. Koch considers the presence of the microbe a decisive proof that the disease is Asiatic cholera, and earnestly advises the government to take prompt measures by prohibiting public meetings and in other ways to check its progress. Meanwhile the exodus from Marseilles and Toulon continues, and it is feared the refugees will carry the cholera germs with them. At the close of last week the deaths in Marseilles from the disease had risen to sixty-five in a day and at Toulon to seventeen. One case occurred at Lyons.

An Ultimatum has been Presented to China by France and an answer demanded within a week, or war will be proclaimed. It would reach Pekin on July 11th. Private advices from China indicate the character of the reply that the government of that country will probably make. The council claims that it had no intention of invalidating the Convention signed at Tien-Tsin, and maintains that the note signed by Li Hung Chang and Captain Fournier, fixing the date of the evacuation of Tonquin, never received the Imperial sanction. The French press adopts a bellicose tone, but the attitude of the Chinese being now conciliatory, hopes are entertained that war may be averted by the payment of an indemnity.

Destructive Floods have Occurred in Galicia. Many of the small towns were completely submerged. The inhabitants applied for military aid. In Grobla the Vistula broke the dykes surrounding the great forests, and swept away all the timber. The inhabitants took refuge on the tops of their huts. In Russian Poland twenty-five villages were submerged. Near Warsaw, also, the Vistula caused much damage. Several steamers were employed in saving the people and their property, and in taking food to the sufferers. In some parts of Poland, especially around Cracow, typhus fever has appeared, and hospitals have been established.

The Revisers of the Old Testament have completed the work on which they have been engaged twelve years. The new revision, with the notes of the American committee, will be submitted to the convocation, and afterward the complete Bible, as revised, will be issued to the public, probably in the summer or fall of next year. Of the English company, which at the beginning of the work numbered twenty-seven, twelve have died during its progress. The alterations, as in the case of the New Testament, have been kept secret, but it is reported that they are still more numerous and important than in that book.

A New Temperance Organization has been founded in England. It is known as the Society for the Study and Cure of Inebriety, the President being Dr. Norman Kerr, F.L.S. Its promoters hold that drunkenness is not in all cases a vice or a crime, but frequently the result of a depraved or defective organization, transmitted by self-indulgent and vicious progenitors. While recognizing the immense value of religious and moral efforts to arrest the progress of inebriety, and desiring to help their progress, they declare that the evil baffles all efforts yet made, and point to the alarming increase of female intemperance, which undoubtedly prevails. Dr. Kerr regards as conditions favorable to inebriety, hereditary nervous shock, overwork, lack of healthy stimuli, injuries to the brain, and dyspepsia. The object of the society is to investigate these various causes, and to educate the professional and public mind in reference to them. The society is welcomed even by those who do not indorse the doctrines of its promoters.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for July may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price six cents, including postage. This number contains the following articles among others: "Christ's Messianic Kingdom and Coronation," by J. R. Graves, LL.D., of Memphis, Tenn.; "The Unclean Beast Regnant in Babylon," by Mrs. Fielder; "The Time and Signs of the End," by Rev. W. J. Christie; "The Syrian Colonization Fund—Dr. Lansdell's Twelve Thousand Miles in Siberia and Asia;" "The Dragon and Beasts of Revelation;" passing events viewed from the standpoint of prophecy.

"How to See Jesus with Fulness of Joy and Peace" is the title of a book lately published by Mr. J. A. Whipple, 9 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass. We have before mentioned the wonderful good this precious book is doing and the kind offer of Mr. Whipple to lend it to any of our subscribers who will send the postage (7 cents). He says he has received so many letters telling of souls won nearer to Christ and thanking God for leading them to such a blessed book, that he cannot refrain from once more earnestly entreating all those who have not yet had an opportunity of reading this book to send the postage (7 cents) and receive the loan of a copy. We trust that many of our subscribers will avail themselves of this very kind offer. Mr. Whipple is an earnest worker. Those who wish to buy the book may do so for 75 cents.

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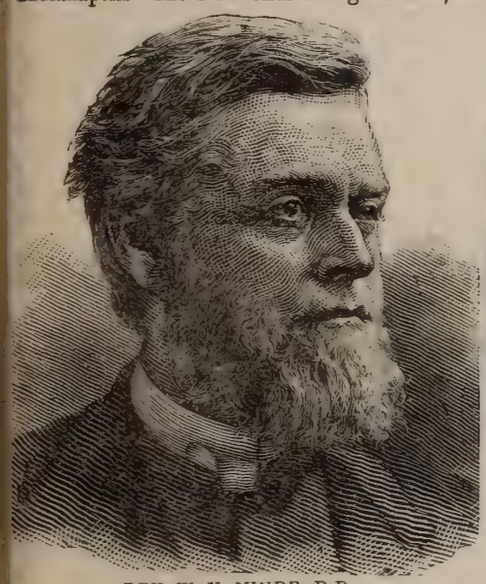

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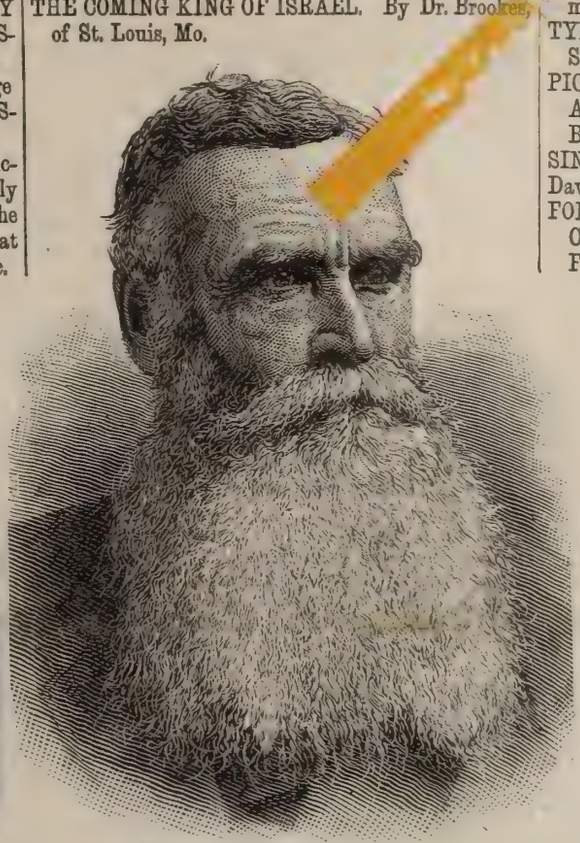

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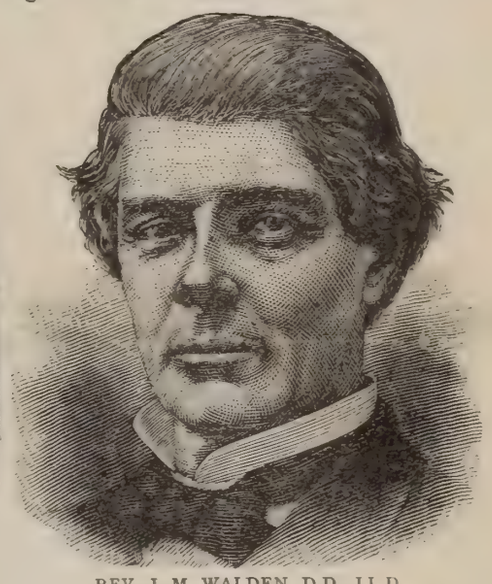

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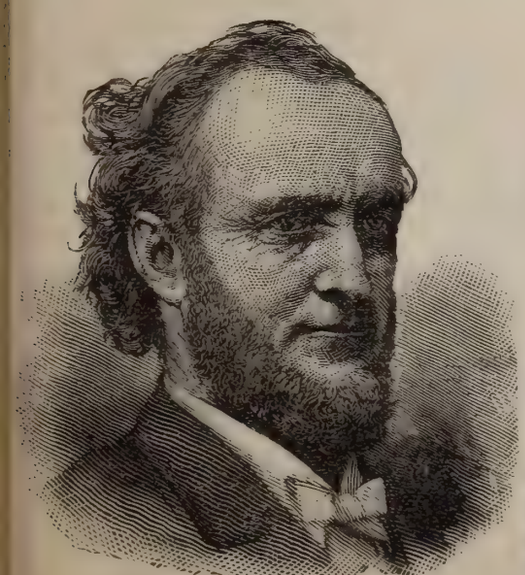

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REV. W. F. MALLALIEU, D.D.

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FIVE NEWLY ELECTED M. E. BISHOPS and the PRESIDENT of the WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

REV. WILLIAM X. NINDE, D.D., LL.D.

AT the election of Bishops at the recent General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the first minister to receive the requisite number of votes was Dr. Ninde, President of Garrett Biblical Institute. On the first ballot taken, May 15th, no choice was made; but on the second ballot Dr. Ninde and Dr. Walden each received a majority of the votes cast.

Dr. Ninde is a native of New York State, having been born at Cortlandville, N. Y., in 1832. He is therefore fifty-two years old. He had the advantage of a Christian home and early religious training, his father being a minister of the Methodist Church. The future Bishop was one of many exceptions to the rule that young men are averse to following the profession of their fathers, which is said—though without foundation—to apply especially to ministers. Young Ninde was drawn while a youth to the work of the ministry, and entered Wesleyan University to receive the necessary training for its duties. He graduated from that institution in 1855.

The first sphere of labor to which Dr. Ninde was attached was that of the Black River Conference, with which he was connected for six years. At the end of that time he joined the Cincinnati Conference, and spent the following nine years working in that city. During that period he presided successively over four churches. From Cincinnati Dr. Ninde removed to Detroit, Mich., where he labored so successfully and with so much blessing that after serving his full term he was urged to return at the earliest period permitted by the rules of the Church, which invitation was accepted in 1873. In the interval Dr. Ninde occupied the chair of Practical Theology at the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill., of which institution he was, in 1879, elected President.

The *Christian Advocate* thus sketches the character of the new Bishop: "Bishop Ninde is in excellent health, possesses a deep and musical voice, heavy without being harsh, rich and full. His vocabulary has been enriched by reading, and furnishes him with a flow of elegant and expressive language in harmony with his pure and elevated thought. *Few men have lived more blamelessly than he;* few have won from all with whom they have mingled more willing tributes of respect and affection; few have exerted a more religious influence over those who have mingled with them. An atmosphere of unworldliness, of devout contemplation, and of unobtrusive modesty, has accompanied him through his entire career. As a preacher he is chaste, clear, and, if not terse, cannot be charged with being diffuse. Excellent taste characterizes all that he does. In the turmoil of life, the excitement of debate, the struggle of opposing factions, he has seldom mingled."

REV. WILLIAM TAYLOR,
M. E. Bishop of Africa.

IT is given to few men to lead a life so full of activity and widely extended usefulness as that Bishop Taylor has on record. Other men have covered as wide a field by their writings, but Mr. Taylor's work has been a personal one; and it has been by his presence and by his spoken words that the Holy Spirit has used him in the Lord's service. Twice he has journeyed around the world, preaching as he went, and making longer or shorter stays at the places visited, as opportunities of usefulness presented themselves.

William Taylor *was born* May 2d, 1821. He is therefore now sixty-three years of age, but his manly, upright figure, his quick, nervous energy, and his elastic step give the impression to a stranger that he is still in his prime. It would be difficult to find a better example than he of the fulfilment of the promise, "They that wait on the Lord shall renew strength" (Isa. 40 : 31). The place of his birth was a city at the base of North Mountain, Rockbridge County, Virginia. His father was a tanner, and until he was twenty years of age the future Bishop spent his working hours in the tannery. The family were Presbyterians; but the father, having attended a camp-meeting at Cold Sulphur Springs, in 1833, profited so much under the preaching of a Methodist minister that he resolved on joining a Methodist church.

William Taylor was converted while a youth, and it became his highest ambition to preach the Gospel, especially as an evangelist. He applied for and received an exhorter's license from the Baltimore Conference, and was subsequently licensed as a preacher and appointed missionary to San Francisco, Cal. His work, "California Illustrated," published by Messrs. Phillips & Hunt, New York, gives a vivid picture of his life in that State. He evidently entered upon his duties in an apostolic spirit, and devoted himself without reservation to the service of his Master. What that work must have been, and what was the courage needed for its performance, only those can realize who remember the California of that time. The gold fever had attracted there a set of wild and desperate characters from every quarter of the globe. They were eager to get gold, and not a few were as reckless in squandering it as they were earnest in seeking for it. Gambling and every form of dissipation flourished, and it was there, in the midst of riot and debauchery, that William Taylor raised the standard of the Cross. There were thousands of reputable, law-abiding citizens even then in California, but Taylor's mission was not to them; it was to those who were lost that he went to proclaim the way of salvation. So earnest was he, and so widely did God bless his labors, that the name "California" Taylor is that by which, even at this day, he is best known.

At the close of his San Francisco work Mr. Taylor entered upon the career of a travelling evangelist. Five years he labored in different parts of the United States, and during the camp-meeting season he worked incessantly, and with remarkable success. His style of preaching in those days was an uncommon one. It was without any pretence of eloquence, but it arrested and held attention by its force and earnestness. None could doubt that the preacher felt deeply the truths he uttered, and believed in their efficacy. He spoke slowly, distinctly, and deliberately, in a strong, well-modulated voice. His sermons were full of logical argument, and now and again the strained attention of the audience was relieved by the narration of some strange incident which he had witnessed himself among the California miners. Like a flash of light those narratives would illumine the rugged path over which he had led his hearers, and show them the truth in life.

In 1862 Mr. Taylor commenced his first foreign evangelizing tour. His destination was Australia. Dr. Buckley, writing of Mr. Taylor's labors in that country, says that at the Ecumenical Council he inquired of the Wesleyan ministers there from Australia as to the success of the different American and European evangelists who had visited the scene of their labors, and without exception they stated that the permanent effects of the evangelistic labors of William Taylor in Australia were greater than those of any other man who ever visited that country.

From Australia Mr. Taylor went to Africa, and labored in Cape Colony, Natal, and Caffraria, where great additions were reported, both among foreigners and natives, 1200 colonists and 7000 Kaffirs professing conversion under his preaching.

India is probably the land nearest to Mr. Taylor's heart. For that country he has labored and prayed incessantly since the first time he set foot in it, in 1870. To see that fair land stretching around him in every direction, with its teeming millions, and to realize that their national religion was idolatry, was to have his spirit stirred within him. He had no salary, but he set to work in faith, believing that God would feed him as long as He had need of him. He had written one or two books, which were selling well in America, and they supplied him with funds for travelling expenses. He preached throughout Southern India, opening preaching-stations everywhere, and where churches already existed doubling and trebling the number of the worshippers. He left India in 1875, to *assist Mr. Moody* in England; but the condition of India has always been a burden on his heart. Wherever he found a young man moved by a spirit of self-sacrifice akin to his own, and with faith enough to trust God for food and clothing, he has laid the claims of India before him and urged him to go there and work for Christ. *No less than forty missionaries* have thus gone out under Mr. Taylor's guidance, making no stipulation for themselves, but relying upon God for all their needs.

Space will not permit a description of his work in Palestine, Ceylon, Canada, and South America. The Bishops' address at the General Conference at Cincinnati thus referred to his work in the last-named sphere: "The western coast of South America was visited a few years since by the Rev. William Taylor, and under his influence several young men and women have gone to that region chiefly as teachers, *risking their support* among the people and also endeavoring, where there is opportunity, to preach the Gospel of Christ." This shows that the plan he adopted for the evangelization of India was applied to South America with success.

At the recent Conference, in May last, Mr. Taylor was present as a delegate from Southern India, and when it was resolved to elect a Bishop for the African field he was chosen for the office. The *Christian Advocate*, reporting the scene at his ordination, describes it as one never to be forgotten. He was presented to the Bishop by the Rev. Dennis Osborne, a Eurasian, *one of the fruits of his work in India*, and by the Rev. Marshall W. Taylor, a justly honored and eloquent brother of African descent. When the Bishop exhorted William Taylor to stir up the gift that was in him, a peculiar impression was produced upon the people. All felt that this had been his one work through his whole life.

REV. JOHN M. WALDEN, D.D., LL.D.

DR. WALDEN, who was elected to the Bishopric on the same ballot with Dr. Ninde, was born at Lebanon, Ohio, on February 11th, 1831. He is consequently in his fifty-fourth year. He received his education at Farmer's College, Ohio, where he was invited after graduating to remain as tutor, which invitation he accepted, holding the position for two years. He took a deep interest in public affairs, and at one time was strongly attracted to political life. He was converted while at college, but the political questions which at that time were stirring the minds of men were such as powerfully moved the hearts of Christians. In the questions of the abolition of slavery and the best measures for checking the spread of intemperance especially he took a deep interest, and when he resigned his professorship he removed to Kansas, where he saw opportunities for making his principles felt with effect.

In Kansas the young tutor threw himself into public life with characteristic energy, became an able and accomplished platform speaker, and took a prominent part in social and political agitations. He also established and edited a newspaper devoted to the cause of those who were working to make Kansas a free State. Subsequently he was elected to the Legislature, and for some time held the post of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, for the duties of which office his previous experience in Farmer's College had prepared him.

In 1858, at the age of twenty-seven, when his political prospects were brightest, and when the prizes of the political career would, to many young men, have been most alluring, the young politician retired from the field and devoted himself to the work of the ministry. His

course is a revelation of the character of the man. It was not with him a question of social advancement, nor was the ministry regarded in the light of a profession. He deliberately chose to spend his life in preaching the Gospel rather than in seeking earthly honor and reward.

His subsequent career is thus sketched by the organ of his Church: "His first position in the Church, apart from the pastorate, was that of Corresponding Secretary of the Western Freedmen's Aid Society. In less than ten years after his entering the Cincinnati Conference he became Presiding Elder, and in 1868 was elected one of the Agents of the Western Book Concern. To this position he was re-elected in 1872, in 1876, and again in 1880. In 1872 Dr. Walden received a very large vote for the Episcopacy. Again, in 1880, he received the largest number of votes of any of those who were not elected. In 1881 he attended the Ecumenical Conference in London, and read a paper, which attracted marked attention, on 'Civil Measures to Suppress Intemperance, and the Relation of the Church to such Movements.'

"It will be seen from the above that Bishop Walden has had a diversified experience—tutor, journalist, legislator, Superintendent of Public Instruction, pastor, presiding elder, Corresponding Secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, Assistant Book Agent, and Senior Book Agent. He is in the prime of life, of vigorous health, and is regarded by those who know him best as an excellent business man. It is predicted that he will particularly excel in attention to the details of his new position and as a presiding officer."

REV. CHARLES H. FOWLER, D.D., LL.D.

DR. FOWLER, the fourth Bishop elected at the Conference, was formerly the editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*. We cannot do better than transfer to our columns the following sketch of him which appears in the journal with which he was so long and honorably connected:

"Dr. Fowler is a native of Canada, where he was born August 11th, 1837. He is nine years younger than Bishop Mallalieu, six years younger than Bishop Walden, and five years younger than Bishop Ninde. In 1859 he was graduated at Genesee College, with the highest honors of his class. Selecting the profession of law, he began the study thereof in Chicago, but soon became an active Christian, entered the Garrett Biblical Institute, began to study for the ministry, and was graduated in 1861. As soon as he entered the ministry he was in great demand. He entered the city of Chicago immediately, and spent four pastoral terms of three years each in the largest churches of that city. In 1866, before he was thirty years old, he was elected President of the North-western University, but declined the appointment. In 1872 he was re-elected, and accepted the position. He was a member of the General Conference of the same year, and, though a very young man, had a large vote for the office of Bishop. He was afterward nominated for the position of the editorship of the *Christian Advocate*, and received a large vote, but was not elected; but in 1876, when he appeared as a member of the General Conference at Baltimore, he was elected Editor, and the number of his enthusiastic friends and admirers became very large.

"In 1880 he was elected one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the Missionary Society, to which he has devoted four years of hard, steady, and useful work, visiting Conferences, preaching, speaking upon platforms, writing elaborate appeals and letters, and attending to the business of the office. The writer, as one of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society, has had opportunity to observe an increasing mastery of the details of the work from year to year on the part of Dr. Fowler during the past four years. After his active, diversified, and public career his election to the Episcopate so early in life is an indorsement seldom received.

"If intellectual ability, energy, personal force, strong will, clear perception, and an untiring pursuit of the ends which his judgment approves, together with great gifts in the pulpit and on the platform, in conjunction with the modifying influences of his new position, can give promise of success therein, the Church has reason to hope that its choice will be increasingly vindicated during a long course of years."

THE REV. THOMAS M'CULLAGH,

The President of the British Wesleyan Conference.

WITH the portraits of these prominent leaders of the Methodist Church in America we give that of the chief of the denomination in England. The Rev. Thomas M'Cullagh, the President of the British Wesleyan Conference, was born at New Inn, in the county of Galway, Ireland, in 1822, and is now sixty-two years of age. He received the elements of *education* in a good day-school near Woodlawn, established under the patronage of Lord Ashdown. Several years afterward he was removed to a school at Athlone, where he obtained instruction of a more advanced character. While at Athlone, where he had made considerable progress in his studies, he one day, quite accidentally as it then appeared, had an interview with a lieutenant of the Royal Engineers, engaged in making the Ordnance Survey in Ireland, who, discovering that the boy was an expert in Euclid and in other branches of useful knowledge, offered to employ him in his division of the work. The offer was accepted, and he was engaged as an assistant surveyor, till he entered the ministry, in planning and drawing maps.

He was resident at Kilkenny in the year 1839, and while there he was invited by an acquaintance, a young man, to go with him to the Methodist chapel. The preaching of the late Rev. Robert Huston had such an attraction for the young man that he became anxious about the salvation of his soul, and joined the class led by Mr. Thomas Little. While spending an evening with Mr. Huston and other friends at Mr. Little's house, prayer and religious entreaty occupied their attention, and that evening Thomas M'Cullagh found the peace of mind which he was seeking. He gave his heart to God in his eighteenth year, and at once devoted his leisure hours to work in the Sunday-school, in prayer-meetings, and as an exhorter.

Soon after his conversion Thomas M'Cullagh was removed to Mallow, Cork County, where, acting as an exhorter, he ventured to exceed his commission, and took a text occasionally. His first sermon was preached at Ballyclough, in a private house, a few miles from Mallow.

When the Irish Survey was completed in 1841 Mr. M'Cullagh was transferred to the English Survey, and located at Skipton, Yorkshire. He carried with him a note of removal in which he was described as "an exhorter, and had even preached." Soon afterward he was invited to preach anniversary sermons at the village of Embsay, near Skipton. He was advertised as "from Ireland." The Baptists, Independents, and Primitives in the village gave up their services to hear a specimen of Irish oratory. On arriving at the chapel, he found the place crowded out, so that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could make his way to the pulpit. What a trial it was to the nerves of a man who had hitherto only exhorted behind a kitchen chair may be imagined. Thus he preached *his first sermon from a pulpit*, and in a chapel, and the success then inaugurated has not been on the decline now for more than forty years.

In 1844, without offering himself as a candidate for the ministry, he was proposed, examined before the May district meeting at Huddersfield by the Rev. John Rigg (father of the Rev. Dr. Rigg), sent up to London to be examined in July, and, with fifty-six other candidates, he was accepted on probation by the Conference.

The Conference of 1845 appointed him to his first circuit, Workington, which comprised Cockermouth and Maryport, and where he found work enough to test his courage and patience. To the adjoining circuit of Whitehaven, William M. Punshon was sent to begin his ministry in Methodism, and the two young preachers formed a friendship ardent and lifelong. Mr. M'Cullagh, surviving his friend, preached a funeral sermon and wrote and published his recollections of their early friendship in a small volume. Occupying the first and second years of his probation at Workington, Mr. M'Cullagh spent the two concluding years of his probation at Hexham, where he had for one of his hearers a youth named *Joseph Parker*, now Dr. Parker, the minister of the City Temple in London and Chairman of the Congregational Union.

Mr. M'Cullagh has travelled in *twelve circuits* since his ordination, and in each he has had a three years' location, with repeated invitations back to the same town. He has spent six years in Sheffield, nine years in London, and ten years in Liverpool, where he is now stationed. He went to Bishop Aukland in 1852. The work of God so prospered there that additional help was required, and there the popular *Peter Mackenzie* began his useful career as a hired local preacher.

Mr. M'Cullagh himself has always been a patriotic Irishman in the best sense. He has regarded Popery as the great bane of Ireland, and has believed and declared, both in writing and in speech, that the prosperity of Ireland is not to be found in the maintenance of a tribal life and feeling, but in the closest possible union and assimilation with English life and character.

REV. WILLARD F. MALLALIEU, D.D.

DR. MALLALIEU comes of a Huguenot ancestry, but the family has had many conspicuous Puritan members. He possesses in a marked degree the excellences of both stocks—the firm, rugged, resolute character of the one, with the vivacity and geniality of the other. He was born in Massachusetts in 1828, being now fifty-six years of age. The future Bishop was converted while only a boy. He attended *a religious service in a kitchen*, which a godly widow, anxious to do all she could in her Master's service, had opened for worship. There the boy was deeply impressed, and his anxiety did not subside until he found peace in Jesus. If, as we hope, the dead are permitted to know the events taking place on the earth, that pious widow must be supremely grateful to God for having put it into her heart to put her kitchen to that use, as she sees the eminence attained by one who looks back to that humble room as his spiritual birthplace.

A personal friend of Bishop Mallalieu thus sketches his subsequent career: "Having determined to devote himself to the ministry, young Mallalieu prepared for college at East Greenwich, R. I., and at Wilbraham, Mass., and was graduated from Wesleyan University. At that institution the writer met him in the year 1856, and took part with him in making addresses in the Presidential campaign in October of that year. Since that time an acquaintance formed under such pleasant circumstances has continued without an unpleasant incident. He entered the ministry in the New England Conference in 1858. He has been very popular in the pulpit and on the platform, has been pastor of large churches in Boston and other parts of New England Conference, and has never been out of the pastorate, unless the position of presiding elder, which he has occupied for the past two years, is considered other than a pastoral position.

"Bishop Mallalieu was a member of the General Conference of 1872. He was a special friend of the late Bishop Gilbert Haven; he was again a member of the General Conference of 1876, and strenuously promoted the election of Gilbert Haven to the episcopacy. He was also a member of the General Conference of 1880, and read the memoir of his life-long friend."

MUSIC IN WORSHIP.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"And they had two hundred forty and five singing men and singing women."—NEH. 7 : 67.

Music the Offspring of Trouble—The Duet in Prison—What God Means us to Do with the Throat—Musical Echoes of the Creative Voice—The March of the Judgment-Day—The Instrument Broken down—The Music of the Ancients—The Music of the Bible—The Oratorio in the Temple—Genius Given to Sacred Music—Present Improvement—Characteristics of Church Music—Should be Adapted to Devotion—Should be Accurate—Should not be Dull—Not be Left to the Choir—A Member's Silence Requested—The National Airs of the Kingdom—Cromwell's Battle Song—The Dedication of the Organs.

THE best music has been rendered under trouble. The first duet that I know anything of was given by Paul and Silas when they sang praises to God and the prisoners heard them. The Scotch Covenanters, hounded by the dogs of persecution, sang the psalms of David with more spirit than they have ever since been rendered. The captives in the text had music left in them, and I declare that if they could find, amid all their trials, two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women, then in this day of Gospel sunlight and free from all persecution there ought to be a great multitude of men and women willing to sing the praises of God. All our churches need arousal on this subject. Those who can sing must throw their souls into the exercise, and those who cannot sing must learn how, and it shall be heart to heart, voice to voice, hymn to hymn, anthem to anthem, and the music shall swell jubilant with thanksgiving and tremulous with pardon.

Have you ever noticed the construction of the human throat as indicative of

WHAT GOD MEANS US TO DO

with it? In only an ordinary throat and lungs there are fourteen direct muscles and thirty indirect muscles that can produce a very great variety of sounds. What does that mean? *It means that you should sing!* Do you suppose that God, who gives us such a musical instrument as that, intends us to keep it shut? Suppose some great tyrant should get possession of the musical instruments of the world, and should lock up the organ of Westminster Abbey, and the organ of Lucerne, and the organ at Haarlem, and the organ at Freeboor, and all the other great musical instruments of the world—you would call such a man as that a monster; and yet you are more wicked if, with the human voice, a musical instrument of more wonderful adaptation than all the musical instruments that man ever created, you shut it against the praise of God.

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad."

NATURE'S MUSIC.

Music seems to have been born in the soul of the *natural world.* The omnipotent voice with which God commanded the world into being seems to linger yet with its majesty and sweetness, and you hear it in the grainfield, in the swoop of the wind amid the mountain fastnesses, in the canary's warble and the thunder shock, in the brook's tinkle and the ocean's pæan. There are soft cadences in nature, and loud notes, some of which we cannot hear at all, and others that are so terrific that we cannot appreciate them.

The animalculæ have their music, and the spicula of hay and the globule of water are as certainly resonant with the voice of God as the highest heavens in which the armies of the redeemed celebrate their victories. When the breath of the flower strikes the air, and the wing of the firefly cleaves it, there is sound and there is melody; and as to those utterances of nature which seem harsh and overwhelming, it is as when you stand in the midst of a great orchestra, and the sound almost rends your ear because you are too near to catch the blending of the music. So, my friends, we stand too near the desolating storm and the frightful whirlwind to catch the blending of the music; but when that music rises to where God is, and the invisible beings who float above us, then I suppose the harmony is as sweet as it is tremendous.

In the judgment-day, that day of tumult and terror, there will be no dissonance to those who can appreciate the music. It will be as when sometimes a great organist, in executing some great piece, breaks down the instrument upon which he is playing the music. So, when the great

MARCH OF THE JUDGMENT-DAY

is played under the hand of earthquake, and storm, and conflagration, the world itself will break down with the music that is played on it. The fact is, we are all deaf, or we should understand that the whole universe is but one harmony—the *stars* of the night only the *ivory keys* of a great instrument on which God's fingers play the music of the spheres.

Music seems dependent on the law of acoustics and mathematics, and yet where these laws are not understood at all the art is practised. There are to-day five hundred musical journals in China. Two thousand years before Christ the Egyptians practised this art. Pythagoras learned it. Lasus, of Hermione, wrote essays on it. Plato and Aristotle introduced it into their schools; but I have not much interest in that. My chief interest is in

THE MUSIC OF THE BIBLE.

The Bible, like a great harp with innumerable strings, swept by the fingers of inspiration, trembles with it. So far back as the fourth chapter of Genesis you find the first organist and harper—Jubal. So far back as the thirty-first chapter of Genesis you find the first choir. All up and down the Bible you find sacred music—at weddings, at inaugurations, at the treading of the wine-press.

The Hebrews understood how to make musical signs above the musical text. When the Jews came from their distant homes to the great festals at Jerusalem they brought harp, and timbrel, and trumpet, and poured along the great Judæan highways a river of harmony, until in and around the temple the wealth of a nation's song and gladness had accumulated. In our day we have a division of labor in music, and we have one man to make the hymn, another man to make the tune, another man to play it on the piano, and another man to sing it. Not so in Bible times. Miriam, the sister of Moses, after the passage of the Red Sea, composed a doxology, set it to music, clapped in on a cymbal, and then sang it. David the psalmist was at the same time poet, musical composer, harpist, and singer, and the majority of his rhythm goes tingling through all the ages.

THE INSTRUMENTS.

There were in Bible-time stringed instruments—a harp of three strings played by fret and bow; a harp of ten strings, responding only to the fingers of the performer. Then there was the crooked trumpet, fashioned out of the horn of the ox or the ram. Then there were the sistrom and the cymbals, clapped in the dance or beaten in the march. There were four thousand Levites, the best men of the country, whose only business it was to look after the music of the temple. These four thousand Levites were divided into two classes, and officiated on different days.

Can you imagine the harmony when these white-robed Levites, before the symbols of God's presence, and by the smoking altars, and the candlesticks that sprang upward and branched out like trees of gold, and under the wings of the cherubim, chanted the one hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm of David? You know how it was done. One part of that great choir stood up and chanted, "Oh! give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good!" Then the other part of the choir, standing in some other part of the temple, would come in with the response: "For His mercy endureth forever." Then the first part would take up the song again, and say: "Unto Him who only doeth great wonders." The other part of the choir would come in with overwhelming response, "For His mercy endureth forever," until in the latter part of the song, the music floating backward and forward, harmony grappling with harmony, every trumpet sounding, every bosom heaving, one part of this great white-robed choir would lift the anthem, "Oh! give thanks unto the God of heaven," and the other part of the Levite choir would come in with the response: "For His mercy endureth forever."

But I am glad to know that all through the ages there has been great attention paid to sacred music. Ambrosius, Augustine, Gregory the Great, Charlemagne, gave it their mighty influence, and in our day

THE BEST MUSICAL GENIUS

is throwing itself on the altars of God. Handel, and Mozart, and Bach, and Durante, and Wolf, and scores of other men and women have given the best part of their genius to Church music. A truth in words is not half so mighty as a truth in song. Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but the "Judgment Hymn" he composed is resounding yet all through Christendom.

I congratulate the world and the Church on *the advancement made in this art*—the Edinburgh societies for

THE IMPROVEMENT OF MUSIC,

the Swiss singing societies, the Exeter Hall concerts, the triennial musical convocation at Düsseldorf, Germany, and Birmingham, England, the conservatories of music at Munich and Leipsic, the Handel and Haydn, and Harmonic and Mozart societies of this country, the academies of music in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Charleston, New Orleans, Chicago, and every city which has any enterprise.

Now, my friends, how are we to decide what is appropriate, especially for church music? There may be a great many differences of opinion. In some of the churches they prefer a trained choir; in others, the old style precentor. In some places they prefer the melodeon, the harp, the cornet, the organ; in other places they think these things are the invention of the devil. Some would have a musical instrument played so loud you cannot stand it, and others would have it played so soft you cannot hear it. Some think a musical instrument ought to be played only in the interstices of worship, and then with indescribable softness; while others are not satisfied unless there be startling contrasts and staccato passages that make the audience jump, with great eyes and hair on end, as from a vision of the Witch of Endor. But, while there may be great varieties of opinion in regard to music, it seems to me that the general spirit of the Word of God indicates what ought to be the great

CHARACTERISTICS OF CHURCH MUSIC.

And I remark, in the first place, a prominent characteristic ought to be *adaptiveness to devotion.* Music that may be appropriate for a concert-hall, or the opera-house, or the drawing-room, may be shocking in church. Glees, madrigals, ballads, may be as innocent as psalms in their places. But Church music has only one design, and that is devotion, and that which comes with the toss, the song, and the display of an opera-house is a hindrance to the worship. From such performances we go away saying, "What splendid execution! Did you ever hear such a soprano? Which of those solos did you like the better?" When, if we had been rightly wrought upon, we would have gone away saying, "Oh! how my soul was lifted up in the presence of God while they were singing that first hymn! I never had such rapturous views of Jesus Christ as my Saviour as when they were singing that last doxology."

My friends, there is an everlasting distinction between music as an art and music as

A HELP TO DEVOTION.

Though a Schumann composed it, though a

Mozart played it, though a Sontag sang it, away with it if it does not make the heart better and honor Christ. Why should we rob the programmes of worldly gayety when we have so many appropriate songs and tunes composed in our own day, as well as that magnificent inheritance of Church psalmody which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than they were when our great-grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory?

Dear old souls, how they used to sing! When they were cheerful, our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing "Colchester." When they were very meditative, then the boarded meeting-house rang with "South Street" and "St. Edmond's." Were they struck through with great tenderness, they sang "Woodstock." Were they wrapped in visions of the glory of the Church, they sang "Zion." Were they overborne with the love and glory of Christ, they sang "Ariel."

And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns, and they have lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Born as we have been amid this great wealth of Church music, augmented by the compositions of artists in our own day, we ought not to be tempted out of the sphere of Christian harmony and try to seek unconsecrated sounds. It is absurd for a millionaire to steal.

I remark also that *correctness* ought to be a characteristic of Church music. While we all ought to take part in this service, with perhaps a few exceptions, we ought at the same time to culture ourselves in this sacred art. God loves *harmony*, and we ought to love it. There is

NO DEVOTION IN A HOWL

or yelp. In this day, when there are so many opportunities of high culture in this sacred art, I declare that those parents are guilty of neglect who let their sons and daughters grow up knowing nothing about music. In some of the European cathedrals the choir assemble every morning and every afternoon of every day the whole year to perfect themselves in this art, and shall we begrudge the half-hour we spend Friday nights in the rehearsal of sacred song for the Sabbath?

Another characteristic must be *spirit and life*. Music ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright, sparkling. If all the other part of the Church service is dull,

DO NOT HAVE THE MUSIC DULL.

With so many thrilling things to sing about, away with all drawling and stupidity. There is nothing that makes me so nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look off on an audience with their eyes three fourths closed, and their lips almost shut, mumbling the praises of God. During my recent absence I preached to an audience of two or three thousand people, and all the music they made together did not equal one skylark! People do not sleep at a coronation: do not let us sleep when we come to a Saviour's coronation.

In order to a proper discharge of this duty, let us stand up, save as age or weakness or fatigue excuse us. Seated in an easy pew we cannot do this duty half so well as when upright we throw our whole body into it. Let our song be like an acclamation of victory. You have a right to sing: do not surrender your prerogative. If in the performance of your duty, or the attempt at it, you should lose your place in the musical scale, and be one C below when you ought to be one C above, or you should come in half a bar behind, we will excuse you! Still, it is better to do as Paul says, and sing "with the spirit and the understanding also."

Again: I remark Church music

MUST BE CONGREGATIONAL.

This opportunity must be brought down within the range of the whole audience. A song that the worshippers cannot sing is of no more use to them than a sermon in Choctaw. What an easy kind of a church it must be where the minister does all the preaching, and the elders all the praying, and the choir all the singing! There are but very few churches where there are "two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women." In some churches it is almost considered a disturbance if a man let out his voice to full compass, and the people get up on tiptoe and look over between the spring hats, and wonder what that man is making all that noise about.

In Syracuse, New York, in a Presbyterian church, there was one member who came to me when I was the pastor of another church in that city, and told me his trouble—how that as he persisted in singing on the Sabbath day, a committee, made up of the session and the choir, had come to ask him if he would not just please to keep still! You have a right to sing. Jonathan Edwards used to set apart whole days for singing. Let us wake up to this duty. Let us sing alone, sing in our families, sing in our schools, sing in our churches.

NATIONAL AIRS.

I want to rouse you to a unanimity in Christian song that has never yet been exhibited. Come, now! clear your throats and get ready for this duty, or you will never hear the end of this. I never shall forget hearing *a Frenchman sing the "Marseillaise"* on the Champs Elysées, Paris, just before the battle of Sedan in 1870. I never saw such enthusiasm before or since. As he sang that national air, oh! how the Frenchmen shouted!

Have you ever in an English assemblage heard a band play *"God Save the Queen?"* If you have, you know something about the enthusiasm of a national air. Now, I tell you that these songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are the national airs of Jesus Christ and of the kingdom of heaven, and if you do not learn to sing them here, how do you ever expect to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb? I should not be surprised at all if some of the best

ANTHEMS OF HEAVEN

were made up of some of the best songs of earth. May God increase our reverence for Christian psalmody, and keep us from disgracing it by our indifference and frivolity.

When *Cromwell's army* went into battle, he stood at the head of them one day, and gave out the long-metre doxology to the tune of the "Old Hundredth," and that great host, company by company, regiment by regiment, battalion by battalion, joined in the doxology:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they got the victory. O men and women of Jesus Christ, let us go into all our conflicts singing the praises of God, and then, instead of falling back, as we often do, from defeat to defeat, we will be marching on from victory to victory.

"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS"

is written over this organ, written over many organs. Would that by our appreciation of the goodness of God, and the mercy of Christ, and the grandeur of heaven, we could have "Gloria in Excelsis" written over all our souls. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!"

MR. D. L. MOODY'S ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK.

"LET me see," said Mr. Moody, the evangelist, in a tone of deep reflection, on Sunday morning, as he stepped on to the Cunard Pier in New York; "it wants just ten minutes to eight o'clock. I'm in time for service. Last Sunday I preached at Queenstown. Wonderful, truly wonderful, isn't it?

"I've returned to my native country to stay—yes, to stay for good," he remarked slowly, as though fearful of breaking the good news too suddenly. "I find there is no need to seek for fresh fields and pastures new. Charity begins at home, they say, but with me it shall end there."

"Do you mean to say you have finished with England?" asked the *Times* reporter.

"I do, indeed. I went over there with the intention of remaining away two years. I stayed there three years. I shall return no more."

"Are you not satisfied with the success of your work over there?"

"Satisfied—no," replied Mr. Moody, in a tone which his name best expressed; "pleased—yes. Some men are never satisfied, you know. I am one of them. But don't run away with a wrong impression," he added, somewhat unnecessarily, for his listener showed no signs of departing. "I have been very much encouraged with the state of things in England. Everything is far *more satisfactory than eight years ago*. London is now the most religious city in the world. In fact, the Church of England has had a great lift somehow or other, and got a firmer grip on the people. It has adopted the excellent policy of adapting itself to the people—you know the story of Mohammed and the mountain. Well, the consequence of this has been that dissenting bodies have been gaining wonderful ground, especially the Wesleyans, and, in a word, spiritual life in England is in a more flourishing state."

"Do you mean that the Church of England has become less exclusive?"

"I mean this: in London there is a society for every conceivable object. There is a society for the police, for sailors, for soldiers, for factory girls, and for shop girls. The whole of the city seems to be divided up into different classes, and the Church of England has become as aggressive as any Church can be, and reaches into the midst of each of these classes. Its method is goodly in the extreme."

"How is England situated at present with regard to the temperance question?"

"Very comfortably indeed—exceedingly so, thanks. There is not nearly as much intemperance as there used to be among the upper classes. Why, ten years ago, when I was in England, I could hardly go into a house—a Christian house, mind you—where I did not find ten kinds of wine on the table. That is never the case now," he said in what might have been considered a regretful tone, only his countenance shone so brightly with genuine satisfaction. "I attribute this unmistakable sign of spiritual progress (you know what I mean by spiritual) to the church and to the judicious interference of the leading men of the dissenting bodies. The blue ribbon movement has achieved wonderful results, and so has good Sir Wilfrid Lawson's movement. Between these two parties the country has been agitated, and agitation was good for its soul."

"Is England more intemperate than America?"

"I have no statistics on that point, and they are necessary before I could answer your question. But I think that of the two countries England takes the palm, or rather the bottle. I am, however, satisfied that the seeds of temperance are planted in that country, and will doubtless bear good fruit."

"Shall you lecture in America now?"

"Yes, sir; there lies my future field of action. I am going now to my home in Northfield, Mass., there to remain until the fall, when I shall at once commence work."

A Letter from Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has been received by the pastor of the West Troy Baptist Church in reply to the congratulations the church sent to Mr. Spurgeon on his fiftieth birthday. Mr. Spurgeon writes: "I thank you and all your church for their hearty words of love. The Lord bless you all, and send you abounding prosperity. I am greatly gratified by the cordial letters of American friends; and I value greatly the prayer that you have sent up to heaven on my account."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Persecuting Husband Subdued.—Mr. Crow related at a recent meeting: "A fortnight ago, I spoke to a poor woman who had remained behind the first meeting for the purpose of being spoken to by some worker. In a very short time she decided to cast in her lot with Jesus, and going to her home she told her husband, who was very angry, and annoyed her greatly. In much anxiety she asked a Christian friend to call at her house and speak to her husband. When the friend called, the man got angry, but soon cooled down and listened, with some eagerness, to the Word of God. Before the visitor left, the Holy Spirit blessed the message of salvation to his soul."

What Two Good Women Did.—A Member of a Mizpah Band testified: "It is my firm belief that I have been prayed into the kingdom of heaven by a godly mother and a trusting wife. For fifteen years my wife prayed for me without once losing hope, or her faith becoming dim. The night of my conversion my mother had a dream, which assured her that the son, for whom she had prayed for so long, was converted. When she awoke her heart and voice rose in grateful feeling and accent to God for His goodness to her and myself. I never was a drunkard, but I was what some think worse, a mocker, even though I was a church member. On the Sabbath I have sat down at the Lord's table, and on Monday I have trampled Him under foot. The Lord Jesus opened my eyes, so that I saw the error of my ways, and in answer to my heart-felt cry gave me strength to turn into the straight and narrow path."

Caught at the Door.—The Rev. Mr. Carstairs said: "At one of our Saturday night meetings, a friend of a young man, who was going away on a distant voyage, said to me, 'Try to speak with that young man; he will never be here again.' An opportunity was given to those who desired prayer for themselves to rise. I noticed the struggle in his mind, but he did not rise, though he knew, and I knew, that he should have done so. He was among the first to rise to go away at the conclusion; evidently he wished to avoid being spoken to, but I went round by another way, and caught him at the door, and greeted him with, 'You are going away?' 'Yes, the meeting is over,' he responded. 'I mean, you are going out of the country?' 'Yes.' 'Are you taking Jesus with you?' 'I am going to do so, I hope.' I got him to sit down on a bench, and soon learned that he knew the Bible well, but he had learned it with his eyes shut to its true meaning. He left, trusting in Christ as his Saviour, and came back every night till he was forced to start upon his journey."

A Brother Returned from America.—A Christian friend, who is busy seeking the welfare of others, recently gave the following interesting testimony: "It is seven years since my conversion, which occurred in this way. I had a brother in America who was a Christian man, he sent us word that he was coming home. I was not over well pleased when I heard the news, as I knew that he would give me no peace in my sleep of death when he came. Sure enough, my foreboding was fulfilled, for the first night, when we were going to bed, he asked me, 'Are you a Christian?' 'I don't know,' or some other put off, was my reply. He would not be put off, but insisted on talking the matter over with me. Turning up his Bible at Isaiah 53, verses 4, 5, and 6, he explained the whole Gospel to me, and concluded by asking me, 'Do you really think that God will punish you when Jesus has already borne your sins?' It was so plain and easy, that I could hardly believe it. I was always looking for some great difficulty to be cleared away, some great feeling come, and, so to speak, carry away all my previous life and sins to oblivion, or that I would have to do a lot of thinking, and deciding between this doctrine and that creed, this church or that church. The very simplicity of the way was my stumbling-block; but thanks be to the Father of all mercies, He gave me grace to humble myself before His Son Jesus, who redeemed me with His own precious blood."

Saved from the Opium Fiend.—Mr. Jack related: "A friend who was prayed for by us three weeks ago, has obtained complete deliverance from a cruel craving for opium, in answer to our prayers. I was much affected when he told me of the awful struggle through which he had passed before he finally conquered his appetite. For a few days after prayer was made on his behalf, he was strangely calm, and was able to abstain without much trouble; thus his faith was made strong as he rested for a while. So little desire had he during these few days for the deadly drug that he thought he was entirely free from any wish for it. It was, however, merely the calm before the storm; when he had time to recruit his mental and physical energies to meet and nobly withstand the evil, there occurred such a burst of temptation as he had never experienced before. He was much exhausted by the fight, but now he is able to thank God through Jesus Christ, in whom he trusted, that he has gained the victory."

Tearing up a Bible at Court.—Mr. Micking said: "Two or three months ago three Christian Chinese gentlemen had an interview with the Emperor of Japan, for the purpose of presenting a Bible to him. It is the custom in Japan to exhibit in a public place any present made to the Emperor, and it would be a great point gained, these gentlemen thought, to get the Bible received by the Emperor; but God has different ways of thinking than we have. The Christians were introduced to the court by the Chinese Admiral, and they presented the Bible in the usual way. As Christianity is illegal, the Emperor was rather in a difficulty, which his Prime Minister solved by taking the Bible, tearing it into pieces, saying, 'It is wrong to sanction this religion, and it is illegal to present this book.' This rude action, instead of pleasing the Emperor, seemed rather to cause him great annoyance. The news of the sensation which the Bible caused at the court is spreading all over Japan and Corea, and there is likely to be a great demand for it from all classes of society."

Waiting for the Steamboat.—The Rev. Mr. Douglas said: "God has many ways of sending His messengers to preach the Gospel. One way is to send them without their own knowledge that they are sent. An instance of this kind occurred to myself some years ago. I intended to take the steamer from the port at which I was staying for Glasgow, but instead took the one going in the opposite direction, and I soon found myself landed at Dunoon, much to my own chagrin. I had to wait some time for a steamer for Glasgow, and while sauntering about the pier I noticed a number of young men waiting for the same boat. At once I entered into conversation with them, and took the first chance I got to preach the Gospel to them. There were no results apparent at the time, but years afterward I was stopped in the street by a respectable man, who greeted me warmly. I did not know him, and told him so, when he replied, 'Don't you remember taking the wrong boat and being landed at Dunoon?' 'Yes, of course I do,' I said. 'I am one of the young men to whom you preached on the quay. That address was the means of leading me to become a Christian, and I have often wished to meet you so that I might tell you of my conversion.'"

A Soldier Finds Christ in Prison.—Mr. Gilbert Forbes related: "Some years ago, a young soldier, out with his regiment in India, was punished for insubordination. He was the son of Christian parents, who trained him to respect all that was true, and holy, and pure, but the evil influence of corrupt men, with whom he associated, had, for the time being, caused him to despise the precepts and teachings of his parents, and he was now reaping the fruits of his conduct. As he lay in prison, his heart was filled with bitter hatred against the officers who sentenced him, and, in fact, he was angry with all the world, and looked upon himself as an ill-used man. This mood passed away one night, and gentle thoughts of the friends whom he had at home filled his mind; then bit by bit the old verses of Scripture and the hymns which his mother had taught him came back; then he thought of God, whom he was even then rebelling against. At first, terror to face such a holy Being filled his soul, to the exclusion of all other thoughts, but soon the loving promises recurred to his mind, and he was enabled to cling to them and to plead for pardon of his sins for Christ's sake. The Lord graciously heard and answered him in peace, besides giving him grace and strength to testify to the saving power of God, amid much persecution, for many years afterward."

THE COMING KING OF ISRAEL.

By Rev. Dr. Brookes, of St. Louis, Mo.

Part of an Address at Mildmay Conference.

The Prophets' Glowing Anticipations — The Throne of David—The Announcement of James —The Purpose of the Present Dispensation— A Dying Jew's Confession of Christ.

IF we assume, which we ought to do, that the Holy Ghost knew what He wanted to communicate, and that He meant what He said, there can be no controversy about *the personal coming of the Lord Jesus Christ* to reign over Israel. It is not a question for us to speculate upon. It is a question to consult God's Word about, and to be subject to it.

I would simply ask any one who has read the Old Testament prophets, for example, whether every one of them does not dwell with glowing anticipation upon the coming of the Lord Jesus, to lift up the fallen banner of Israel, and to reign over His ancient people in power. Our Lord's Second Coming is

THE CRISIS OF THIS WORLD'S HISTORY.

Some of the events predicted in prophecy, perhaps, have been fulfilled, still they are only stepping-stones, so to speak, on which the Holy Ghost stands for a moment as He goes on toward the supreme moment in the world's history when Christ will come back to be glorified on the theatre of His sufferings and death. Everything points to that.

Look for a moment at the well-known passage in Isaiah 9 : 6: "Unto us a child is born. . . . Of the increase of His government there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this." It is not a question of the faithfulness of Israel; it is the unconditional sovereignty of the Almighty God that is going to bring it about. See also Psalm 89 : 34. There are other like passages in the 110th and 132d Psalms (see verse 11), where we have most explicit promises, in which the faithfulness of God is pledged to the restoration of Israel and the reign of Jesus Christ. Psalm 45, too, is a celebration of the coming of Jesus to reign over Israel. Jerusalem will be

THE METROPOLIS OF GOD'S MILLENNIAL EARTH.

In the New Testament we find these Scriptures confirmed. "He shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of his father David; and He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end" (Luke 1 : 32, 33). What can that mean if it does not mean that Jesus is to sit upon the throne of David? Is David's throne in our hearts, or in heaven? David's throne was in Jerusalem.

Acts 15 : 14–18 is to my mind a most conclusive passage if there were no other. The question came to be discussed in the only college of the apostles we know of, whether those who had been Gentiles previous to their conversion could be required to observe certain ceremonies

of the Mosaic law. Paul and Barnabas were sent from Antioch to consult the apostles at Jerusalem upon this important subject. Peter took the ground that they were not to be put under the ceremonial law. When he had finished his address, James, who was evidently a pillar of the Church, makes an authoritative announcement upon the whole subject: "Simeon hath declared how God at the first did visit the Gentiles, to take out of them a people for His name." Is there one intimation, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of Revelation, that God ever had any other purpose in this dispensation? I have asked, in the presence of five hundred ministers, to be shown such a passage. I have taken my seat and waited patiently until they could bring forward one text to prove that the world is to be converted by the agencies now employed. I have never found the text yet, and nobody has ever pointed it out to me. His purpose is "to take out a people for His name." James goes on to say: "And to this agree the word of the prophets, as it is written: After this I will return, and will build again the tabernacle of David, which is fallen down, and I will build again the ruins thereof, and I will set it up." After what? After I have taken out of the Gentiles a people for my name,

AFTER THE TIMES OF THE GENTILES

have been fulfilled, when the fulness of the Gentiles shall have come in—"I will return." What for? "That the residue of men might seek after the Lord, and all the Gentiles upon whom my name is called, saith the Lord, who doeth all these things."

What, then, is the order during this dispensation of God's Spirit? A people is being taken out of the Gentiles for God's name. There was a time when all believers were Jews; but God's grace overflowed the boundaries of Israel, extending to all the other nations. When Christ comes back, what do we find? This grand work of restitution begins with Israel. The ruins shall be built up, and the desolations removed; then Israel shall be the chosen vessel for the communication of God's grace to all the unsaved nations of the earth.

If God's people would but keep their eye fixed upon the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ as their hope, what a blessing it would be in preserving them from all other expectations. If we look to such things as human progress, the advance of civilization, the power of earthly governments, etc., as the hope of the Church, we are distracted in ten thousand ways. How blessed it is to be ever gazing through the encompassing darkness for the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, which is promised to us in the return of Jesus Christ! The cherishing of this hope will also keep us holy and waiting for Him.

What about the Jew? I feel humiliated and ashamed of our neglect and evil treatment of this people, so dear to the heart of Jehovah. They ought to be dear to us too. If we went more among them, not to blame them, not to remind them of the fact that they crucified the Redeemer, but to pray for them, as our Lord Himself did on the Cross, when He said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;" not to heap reproaches upon them, but to take them by the hand, as belonging to the most ancient—if you choose to say it, most renowned—people, how much more we should accomplish! A friend in Boston told me several years ago about

AN OLD JEW WHO WAS VISITED

by a Christian lady. She talked with him, and at first he was disposed to be surly, thinking she had come to reproach him. I do not wonder at their suspicions and distrust of us Gentiles. I believe we should be worse than they, if we had been treated all these centuries as they have been. This lady conversed with the old man, and asked my friend to go and see him. He went, and told him the story of the Redeemer, pointing out many passages in the Old Testament that had all been fulfilled in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ. It pleased God in the sovereignty of His grace to cause the light of the Gospel to break into his heart. My friend was with him when he died. He raised his hand, and looking up as though gazing into the opened heavens, like another Stephen, he cried out, in faltering accents: "O my God, not Barabbas, not Barabbas, but this Man I take to my heart!" Many of them are ready to say, "Not Barabbas!" Are you ready to go to them with the precious tidings of redeeming love?

TYPES OF CHINESE CONVERTS.

By the Rev. J. W. Stevenson, of the China Inland Mission.

A Talk with a Widow—Her Conversion and Abduction of her Boy — A Mother Converted through Love for her Son—An Agnostic Praying as an Experiment—He and his Wife Accept Christ.

I RECOLLECT a woman whose life had been very cheerless, who had been ill-used by her husband and by her mother-in-law. She believed in the idols, she believed in the superstitions; she dreaded the gods. She passed through sorrow; her husband died and left her with a little boy, to whom she clung. She came up to the town where I was living seeking employment, and entered our service. One day she was sitting with her boy at table, and near her was a young man who had been converted only a few months. Before he ate his rice he bowed his head and asked God's blessing. She noticed this with interest. Then, his heart being full of Christ, he began to speak to her about the Heavenly Father. She said, "Will you explain that?" He replied, "You have a son by your side; you love him very much; you would like him to be grateful to you, and would be hurt if he slighted you. Well, think of God, the Maker of heaven and earth, as your Father. He has kept you, fed you, cared for you all these years, and you have never once thought of it! And I have to tell you He sent His only-begotten Son into the world to save you." Now this thought of a Heavenly Father took possession of the woman, and she stepped out of the gloom and darkness of heathenism into the glorious

LIGHT AND LIBERTY OF GOD'S CHILDREN.

Her life now *manifests* that God is her Father. She seems to have unbounded faith and trust in Him. She went back to her village with these truths, and began to speak to her friends and neighbors. Her father-in-law was very angry, and threatened to kill her; and if friends had not interfered he would have done so. She bore it all patiently, and then her friends dragged her son from her, and this was a great trial; but still she trusted in her Heavenly Father. She went a long journey to seek her boy, without any money, and preached the Gospel wherever she went. God provided friends; some gave her lodgings, some gave her food, and she was able to tell her simple story. She could not read a word, but her heart was full; and at some of the houses they got a teacher to write down her prayers at her dictation, that they might be able to use them when she had gone. That woman has now been a most devoted Bible-woman for some years, and the one characteristic of her life is—trust in her Heavenly Father.

A YOUNG CHINESE WORKINGMAN

heard the Gospel; he was naturally quick—a fiery, enthusiastic youth. He believed in the Lord Jesus Christ with all his heart, and he was a Christian all over. When he went about his business he talked about Christ; he could not help speaking of Christ and His great love. He had a great desire to see his mother saved. He spoke to her with tears, prayed with her, and entreated her to come to the Lord that she might share in the joy and peace that filled his heart. She said, "I am too old; you young people may take up this new religion; the religion of my ancestors will do for me." This distressed his heart; and when he was talking to others he often thought of his own mother. The young man was burdened with the fact that his mother was quite indifferent to the claims of Christ, and he cried to God for her. God was sure to hear such prayers. How did He do it? He laid that young man on a bed of sickness with typhus fever. The mother went to the doctor, she went to the temples; she did all she could, but it was of no avail—the young man got worse, till all hope was gone. Then, in her despair, she came to the chapel, and said, "Oh, sir, will you

COME AND PRAY FOR MY SON?

He is dying." We went, and knelt down by the bedside, and we prayed to God there and then. The woman rose with tears streaming down her cheeks, and said, "If your God will save my son, I vow that I will serve Him in future." We still prayed for him; God did graciously restore him, and this woman became a regular attendant at the services. She became an inquirer, then a candidate for baptism; was duly received, and is to-day a consistent member of the Church. Though this woman's spiritual nature was dead, there was a tender chord in her heart, and God put His finger on that chord. Through her love for her son an entrance was found for the Gospel of Christ, and she was saved.

A CHINESE GENTLEMAN OF POSITION

received the truth. After a very long illness of eight months I visited an out-station, and I met this Chinese gentleman there. He came to me, not to inquire about the truth, but about foreign science, railways, and telegraphs, etc. After I had satisfied his curiosity, I took the opportunity to speak to him about spiritual things. He said he did not believe in anything. He was one of those refined gentlemen who in England call themselves "Agnostics." He said he did not believe there was a God, and if God did exist, he did not think it was possible He would hear and answer prayer. He had tried to read the Word of God, but had found it very uninteresting. I told him, "If you wish to read and to understand it you must pray to God, you must have the Holy Spirit. Then you will be able to understand that Book; and I can tell you that you will find it the most wonderful book that you have ever read." I urged him very earnestly to come to Christ. I felt a special responsibility, and as he went away I said I would pray for him. He said to himself, "This is very strange; here is a *foreign devil*, as we call him, who is so interested about my salvation and my eternal welfare that he will pray for me—it is very odd, to say the least of it." He thought it over, and the more he thought of it the stranger it became. He said,

"I WILL PRAY AS AN EXPERIMENT."

He went to his room and prayed—he had no idea that anything would come of it, it was a mere experiment—and then he read a few verses of Scripture. He kept on for months, and he found the Word of God become more and more interesting, until he found that he was a new creature in Christ Jesus, and that light had come into his soul. He was afraid to tell his neighbors about it, or even his wife, because he expected it would expose him to a great deal of persecution. But he kept on reading and praying, and at last he decided to speak to his wife. He seized a suitable opportunity, and said to her, "Do you know I have changed my religion—that I do not believe in ancestral worship, or in the idols now? I am a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ." She asked to be informed about this religion. He explained to her all the main features of the truth, and she listened attentively. He expected that she would be angry; but instead of that, what did she say? "Do you know that is exactly what my heart has been longing for all my life. I have had a desire for something, and what you tell me exactly suits my case. I could not have put it into such words, but I should like to hear more of it." She became an inquirer, and by and by a true Christian, and is to-day maintaining her profession.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Mr. Blaine's Letter of Acceptance was Published on Saturday last. It is a lengthy document, which would fill twelve columns of this journal. Mr. Blaine commences by expressing his sense of the honor conferred upon him and the responsibilities it involves. He then proceeds to enumerate the issues on which the Republican party appeals to the country for popular support in the campaign. The first he mentions is *the tariff*. He admits that the Revenue laws need frequent revision, but contends that the Republican party has "maintained the policy of protection to American industry," while the Democrats have advocated "a revision" which practically destroys that policy. He then quotes a long array of statistics to prove that the wealth and prosperity of the nation have increased since 1860. That is a fact which no one disputes; the dispute is as to the cause of the prosperity. Mr. Blaine contends that the cause is the protective duties; the advocates of reduced duties contend that the prosperity is due to the opening up and cultivation of virgin land, and the energy and enterprise of the people, which have resulted in increased wealth and commerce in spite of a prohibitory tariff. The question, in the election of a President, is not, however, so important as Mr. Blaine's letter would imply, as the Democratic platform does not make free trade an issue; and, although the Democrats were in control of the House last session, they could not pass a moderate tariff bill. The next question dealt with is our *Foreign Relations*, which Mr. Blaine believes will continue to be peaceful. He advocates a policy tending to draw us into closer relations with the nations of the Western Hemisphere, and advises that we invite them to enter into an agreement with us to settle international disputes by arbitration instead of by war. As to *the South*, Mr. Blaine believes that it has suffered injury from Democratic efforts to consolidate it politically, which efforts, he says, have tended to "quench the rising instinct of patriotism in the heart of the Southern youth." He thinks the South should no longer "lend its electoral votes to destroy its own future." Mr. Blaine approves of the system of *Civil Service Reform* now in operation, providing there is a rigid observance of the law giving preference to soldiers in cases of equal competency. As to *the Mormon Question*, he is opposed to the admission of Utah as a State until polygamy is relinquished. *The Public Lands*, he holds, ought not to be granted to any but actual settlers, either citizens or those who will become citizens. Our *Shipping Interests* should, he thinks, be encouraged by the Government. Mr. Blaine concludes by declaring that *a free ballot* is the safeguard of republican institutions. The Irish dynamiters, who are now enthusiastically shouting for Mr. Blaine, will do well to notice that the candidate promises protection to those only who go to foreign countries on *a lawful errand*.

Ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, Declines in advance the Prohibition nomination for the Presidency. The New York *Witness*, in which the announcement is made, states that one of his reasons is that he "can do more good fighting in the ranks as a private." The decision of the ex-governor is received with general disappointment and regret among Prohibitionists in the Eastern States, where he is extremely popular, as he is in the West. Strong hopes were entertained that his clean record and his strong common-sense would have made his name at the head of the ticket a tower of strength. Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, and General Clinton B. Fisk, of New Jersey, are now spoken of as the most prominent candidates. It may be hoped that the Prohibition Convention, now in session at Pittsburg, Pa., will be wisely directed, and that the ticket will be such as all Prohibitionists can support. A large number of votes were lost in 1880 through the ridiculous selection of General Neal Dow as a Presidential candidate.

The Rescue of the Survivors of the Greely expedition was the welcome intelligence telegraphed through the country on Thursday last. Unhappily the joy with which the news was received was alloyed by the announcement that of a company of twenty-eight, only six were living to return home. On June 22d the relief expedition found the survivors near Cape Sabine. Lieutenant Greely left his station at Lady Franklin Bay, as ordered, last August. The whole party were then well and strong after more than two years of existence in the severe climate of the Arctic Circle. They travelled southward, and arrived safely at the point of the coast opposite Nettleton Island, where the Government had promised Lieutenant Greely, before he started, that they would caché provisions for his use. There the party learned, from a record deposited, that by a fatal and inexcusable blunder the provisions he needed were at the bottom of the sea, in the Proteus. The party then looked about for a suitable camping ground, and having selected Cape Sabine, they encamped there on October 21st, 1883. They examined their store of provisions, and found it would be necessary to economize them. The men were at once placed on half rations. Subsequently that amount was again reduced one half, and at length all was consumed, and they tried to support life on strips of their sealskin clothing. Under those privations one after another succumbed, until twenty-one brave fellows died, *the victims of a blundering and incapable official bureau.* Two others appeared to be dying, and Lieutenant Greely had just finished reading beside them the prayers for the dying, when the relief expedition appeared. One of the sick men recovered, but it was too late to save the other, who died delirious. Lieutenant Greely and five others were all that were left of the gallant party. They were almost dying, and could not have lived forty-eight hours longer. If success had attended Senator Ingalls and the twenty-one Senators who supported him in his efforts, last February, to delay the despatch of the relief expedition, not a single member of the Greely party would have been saved. While the twenty-two Senators were sitting in their sumptuous Senate chamber, obstructing the appropriation for the relief of the party, the brave explorers were dropping, one by one, into the grave for lack of food.

The Results of the Greely Expedition will not be fully known until the Government receives the records which Lieutenant Greely has happily been able to preserve. A brief summary has, however, been sent by telegraph. From this it appears that the expedition has transferred the laurels of Arctic exploration from the head of England to that of the United States. The man who has gone farther north than any other was an American. Lieutenant Lockwood, of the Greely expedition, dragged his sledge two hundred miles north-east of Discovery Harbor, four miles north of the highest latitude previously reached. From that point he sighted land, which he named Cape Robert Lincoln, about three hundred and eighty-five miles from the North Pole. *The most important discovery* was that made as to the nature of the region north of that cape. It is now clear that the disputants who contended that an open sea flowed around the pole were in error, as were also those who argued that it was a region of perpetual ice. It is neither, but a sea of floating icebergs of vast size. The indomitable resolution and marvellous skill displayed during the progress of the expedition, and especially in the passage of Smith's Sound, an achievement unparalleled in the records of Arctic exploration, reflect credit on all engaged.

The Largest Money Vault in the World is approaching completion in Washington, D. C. It is being built for the reception of the silver dollars which Congress insists on the Government coining, but which the people persistently refuse to use. Notwithstanding its immense size, it will hold only two years' accumulation, or forty-five million dollars. The Government has now on hand 135,560,916 of these cumbrous coins, which it is unable to force into circulation. It has recently made a discovery, that in the efforts to get the silver dollars into use it has been outwitted. A Boston bank has saved itself the heavy cost of expressage at the expense of the Government. Having to send money to New York, it deposited its funds with the United States Treasurer in Boston, and instructed him to send the amount to its New York correspondent in silver dollars from the Philadelphia mint. That was done, and the New York bank promptly sent them to the Treasury to be exchanged for paper, the Government performing gratuitously the work of expressage.

Precautions against the Introduction of cholera have been taken by the Government. In a proclamation issued July 19th the President calls upon all persons intrusted with the quarantine regulations to be diligent and on the alert, and directs the consuls at infected ports to exercise vigilance in carrying out the instructions given and in notifying the Government of the progress of the disease. The President also advises the cities and towns of the United States to be prepared to resist the disease by sound sanitary regulations and thorough cleanliness.

The Death of Prof. Alpheus S. Packard, Acting President of Bowdoin College, closes a remarkably long and useful career. He died suddenly on July 13th in his eighty-fifth year. He entered Bowdoin College in 1812, and after his graduation became a tutor there, and then a professor. A contemporary says of him: "He had been teaching for years when Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry W. Longfellow, Franklin Pierce, Sargent S. Prentiss, John P. Hale, Henry B. Smith, and William Pitt Fessenden came under his care as students. Class after class left Bowdoin, and the children, and even the grandchildren, of his early pupils sat before him in the lecture-room. His record as an instructor is without a parallel in this country."

Mr. Moody Arrived in New York on Sunday morning by the Oregon of the Cunard Line. The passage was made from Queenstown in less than seven days. Mr. Moody preached in Queenstown on Sunday, July 13th, and was in New York on July 20th, in time to attend morning service. Mr. Moody was interviewed on his arrival by a reporter of the New York *Times* and related some of the results of his observations in reference to his views of English social progress. We reproduce on page 469 some interesting observations the evangelist made in the course of the interview.

Mrs. Sarah F. Wells, M.D., whose Portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 22d, this year, arrived in this city from Europe on July 16th by steamship Queen. She will stay a short time in New York. Any temperance associations desiring to secure her services in Gospel Temperance work may address her at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office.

A New Organization of Churches has been founded. A circular was recently issued by the clergymen of Pittsfield, Mass., to the ministers of the different Protestant denominations, in response to which a meeting has been held in that place. The meeting appointed a committee, composed of the Rev. Dr. J. H. Seelye, the Right Rev. Thomas Clark, D.D., and the Rev. Joseph Anderson, D.D., to consider the best manner of carrying into effect the intentions of the meeting. They agreed on a report, recommending that an organization be formed to be named "The American Congress of Churches," and that its object be to promote Christian union and the advancement of the kingdom of God by the free discussion of the great religious, moral, and social questions of the time, and that it should assemble at intervals of two years. Arrangements were made for future meetings of the committee.

A Bank Failure at Indianapolis has Caused serious trouble in that city. On July 15th Messrs. Fletcher & Sharpe's Bank, the oldest financial institution in the city, was not opened, and a notice in the window stated that, owing to an inability to realize on their securities, the firm had decided to suspend payment. As the firm had between four and five thousand accounts, the suspension caused widespread distress. The ultimate loss is not likely to be heavy, as the partners and their wives have made a full surrender of their property, which will, it is estimated, cover the liabilities, which are nearly two millions. There has been no defalcation, but the bank had been more or less hampered since the panic of 1873, on account of being compelled to take a large quantity of real estate as security for debts. There was a continual drain upon its resources, but by good management it was kept in a safe condition until the recent tightening of the Eastern money market made necessary the provision of additional security for loans.

The Adelphi Theatre Services in Chicago are attended with much blessing. Mr. William E. Catlin writes of them: "Through the kindness of some of our wealthy citizens money was furnished for the purpose of hiring this old theatre and converting it into a Gospel mission, and Brother Kirkland, evangelist of Brooklyn, N. Y., was put in charge of the work. There has scarcely been a day passed since the opening of this place for God but that from one to a score of souls have resolved to leave the path of sin and live for God."

A Strange Depository for Children's Temperance pledges has been secured at Concord, N. H. The United States authorities have granted permission to the New Hampshire State Temperance Union to deposit in the corner-stone of the new Government building, to be erected in that city, the names of all the children in New Hampshire who will sign the temperance pledge. The pledge will be printed on the thinnest bank paper, so that when the pledges are all gathered together from the two hundred and thirty-six towns and cities of the State, they will occupy little space. The pledge which the children and youth will be expected to sign is as follows: "I promise, the Lord helping me, to abstain for life from the use of all beverages which can intoxicate." A small engraving is to be made of the building, and printed on a card with the temperance pledge, and furnished every child that signs the pledge. There is a significance which should not be overlooked in identifying the corner-stone of the Government building with the temperance principles of the rising generation. It may be hoped that the children will, by their fidelity to their pledges, have no reason to fear the stone in the wall crying out against them.

A Southern Soldier's Obituary, Published in the Lynchburg *Virginian* last week, renders a striking testmony to his intrepidity and fidelity. It says that on July 4th Wyatt J. Markham died after a lingering illness. He was a member of the first volunteer company which left his county, and from Bull Run to Vicksburg was *always ready to answer "Here!"* After the fall of Vicksburg he was placed in charge of the remnant of his command, all of whom were either sick or wounded, and piloted them via New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico, finally reaching their homes in safety. He was an unassuming Christian soldier—*only a private* in the ranks—and yet his record merits this notice at our hands. Private Markham's record may be studied with advantage by soldiers of the Cross. The want of the Church is for men "always ready to answer 'Here!'" when the Saviour's service demands workers (Isa. 6 : 8).

A Sexton was Fined for Omitting to Pass the collection plate to a man in church by a Canadian judge recently. The sexton in collecting the offertory at the church of St. Laurent passed by a prominent member of the church, giving him no opportunity of contributing. Thereupon the slighted member sued the sexton for damages, and the man was fined five dollars. It is probable that this is the first case of the kind on record. The common experience is that the anxiety to make contributions is not so intense as to produce litigation over a missed opportunity. In this case, however, it was shown that the sexton intended a deliberate and public insult by his conduct, and the judge took cognizance of his motive. Scoffers at the Bible often complain of the hardness of God's law in requiring purity of heart as well as of life; but this lawsuit shows that questions of motive are regarded as pertinent by human judges (Prov. 23 : 7).

A Curious Case of Spontaneous Combustion occurred at Lowell, Mass., on July 16th. An old logroller used in a washing machine in the dye house of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company had been condemned because it was worn from age. The iron rod running through the centre of the log, by means of which the roller revolved upon its bearings, was surrounded by sulphur, to make the parts of the roller hold firmly together. When the roller was condemned it was taken out into the yard and split open, to separate the wood from the iron. The parts were not removed, but were left in the sun. Some chips among the refuse were discovered burning about an hour afterward. It created no little surprise at first that wood should take fire by simply being exposed to the sun. An explanation was subsequently arrived at. In splitting the log pieces of sulpher were also broken from the rod. A chemical action, made easy by the long and intimate connection of the sulphur with the iron rod, had been partially completed, and needed only the burning rays of the sun to produce perfect combustion. The contact of the sulphur with the oxidizing iron formed sulphide of iron, afterward changing to sulphate, which is very sensitive to igniting agents. The fire came from the changed conditions of the materials. It has sometimes happened that an analogous result has been developed in human character. Men who have been preserved from falling while in poverty have been unable to bear the rays of the sun of prosperity (Prov. 30 ; 8, 9).

THE PROOF OF OUR MINISTRY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Since ye seek a proof of Christ speaking in me, which to you-ward is not weak, but is mighty in you. For though He was crucified through weakness, yet He liveth by the power of God. For we also are weak in Him, but we shall live with Him by the power of God toward you. Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?"—II CORINTHIANS 13 : 3, 4, 5.

The Nurse of the Churches—A Church with More Gifts than Grace—The Results of Faithful Reproof—The Rejoinder—I. God's Chosen Mode of Operation—Power in Weakness—The Saviour's Strength in Death — Paul's Deliberate Renunciation of Means—II. The Sure Proof of Power—In Conversions Resulting—In Every Comfort and Correction—The Conduct of Converts—III. A Needed Proof of Ourselves—An Impudent Boast—The Lord will Come.

THE apostle had much joy in being the founder, the father, and the fosterer of so many churches, but this joy brought with it constant and heavy trial. Care pressed heavily upon him, for he mentions it as the crown and crush of all his burdens: "That which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." He was not simply as a father among them, but he was as a nurse, continually on the watch, and in all tenderness anxious for her little ones. He was deeply grieved when he saw anything wrong, lest he should have labored in vain, and should see any perish who appeared to be hopeful converts. He always had in his mind's eye the account which he would have to give at the last, and his prayer was that he might render that account with joy and not with grief, for he adds, "That is unprofitable for you." His whole soul went after the people of his charge, and his heart sank within him when he observed sin prominent among them.

The Corinthian church was enriched with many gifts, but impoverished by slender grace; this church had elected to conduct its arrangements upon the principle of everybody speaking who had something to say; moreover, it chose to be

A CHURCH WITHOUT RULE

and order, not caring to appoint officers who should be shepherds of the flock. That church seems to have been a frequent trial to the apostle, and after writing to them once very earnestly, he wrote to them a second time with equal tenderness and energy; and then he said he should have to visit them in person, and when he did come he should by discipline among them make them know that Christ would not endure sin in His Church. Whatever they had to say about Paul personally he meant to be faithful to God and to the truth, and he was sure that the power of God would be with him to support him in the work of reformation. He writes in a sorrowful strain, and yet one cannot help seeing how calm and judicious he is; how deliberately he inquires into evidence, and how impartially he judges the case.

On account of Paul's having put his finger upon the mischief that was among them, the Corinthians turned round upon him, and disparaged him; his letters might be weighty and powerful, but his personal presence was weak; and his speech—well, it was contemptible. Whether he was an apostle at all they questioned. Had he lived with Christ? had he sat at Jesus' feet? No; it was apparent to everybody that his conversion took place after the departure of the Lord, and you could never be quite sure that he had been supernaturally called, as he said he had been. Thus they murmured among themselves. From this ordeal Paul does not shrink for a moment, but he answers all their evil speeches in the language before us.

I. The Apostle Paul teaches us in these verses

THE LORD'S CHOSEN METHOD

of operation. The rebellious Corinthians had spoken ill of the apostle as lacking in power; his personal presence was not commanding, his

speech was not fascinating, and so forth. Paul does not deny the charge, nor endeavor to exalt himself, but he glories in his infirmities because the power of God rests upon him. He admits anything they may have to say about his deficiency in natural dignity and elocution, but he declares the general principle of power in weakness, by which the Lord conducts the matters of the Gospel dispensation. Power in weakness is *the great secret* of the Gospel mode of working. Life, born of death, is the life of our souls; a life which would never have been in us at all if it had not been for the most cruel death on record, when men crucified the ever-blessed Lord.

Because He died in weakness He has become mighty to save by the putting away of sin. Hath He not already finished transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness? By this sign He conquered; the ensign of His bloody cross is

THE SEAL OF VICTORY.

It is Himself wounded, Himself hung up as a malefactor, Himself dead as a victim on the altar before the most high God; it is Himself thus slain which is His power to pardon and to save. You know, brethren, that our Lord's power over our hearts comes by His great love, and the matchless manner of His showing it. Stooping so low to save such unworthy ones He conquers our hearts. His dying love has begotten living love within us. It sends a spear into the heart of sin that Jesus yielded His heart for our sakes; this nails up the hands and feet of our rebellious lusts, to think that Jesus was crucified for us; this leads us in golden fetters, the happy captives of His mighty grace, when we behold how His love stooped to the curse for us. The weakness of Christ is stronger in its power over our hearts than all His strength could have been. It is by weakness that Christ hath achieved His mighty purpose.

Why did Paul interject this teaching? It was to show us that this great principle runs through all God's work in the saving of men. He does not save men to-day by the strength of His ministers, but by their weakness; and it is not the power of the Gospel, judged after the manner of the flesh, that is to conquer nations; but, as in our Lord's case, the victory is to be

WON BY WEAKNESS.

Look at Paul himself—he came among these Corinthian people, and I dare say when they were first converted they felt like the Galatians, that they could pluck out their own eyes and give them to him; but after a while, when he was very faithful, they turned against him, and said he was no orator, he had no great force of conception, or majesty of diction.

The Apostle was willing enough to admit that he was devoid of such showy gifts. Though you and I at a distance think very greatly of Paul, and very rightly so, yet among those cavillers he was lightly esteemed. He did not give himself the lofty airs of the great teachers of the day, and hence foolish persons despised him. Some liked Apollos better, and others preferred Cephas, and thus they formed parties, agreeing in opposing Paul, but agreeing in nothing else. Paul was willing to lose all personal honor, though, in truth, not a whit behind the chief of the Apostles. He said, "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." He cheerfully sank that his Lord might be exalted.

Moreover, in those days there was a great liking among the people, especially those who thought themselves educated, for the Greek philosophers. They said to one another, "Have you studied Solon? Have you accepted the teaching of Socrates? Have you drank in the doctrines of the divine Plato? That is the man! In him there is depth of reasoning and breadth of thought. As for this Paul, he does not seem to care for the great masters of thought." "No," says Paul, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." They looked for philosophy and did not get it, and he did not mean they should. "But at least," they said, "what he has to say ought to be delivered with all the graces of oratory, after the best manner of the schools." "No," says Paul, "my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

Those things which were looked upon in those days as the chief instruments of power by which orators swayed human minds, Paul deliberately renounced, and relied on

HIGHER FORCES.

He kept to the preaching of the cross, which was to them that perish foolishness, but to the saved the power of God. He put forward that side of the Gospel which was most objectionable, so that to the Jews it was a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness; he did this of design: for so the Lord worketh evermore, making His divine power more glorious in the absence of that which is thought to be power among men. The apostle as a Jew was full of ceremonial teaching, which was very powerful with Jews, but to this he died. As a man he was well trained and deeply educated in philosophy; but to that he died also, knowing nothing but the cross and the scandal thereof. As his Master saved men by His weakness on the cross, so did he save men by his word spoken in the apparent weakness of Paul.

And yet again I believe the apostle meant this; that though he might have come among them if he had liked and said, "I am an apostle; I have supreme power over churches; out of this church I shall eject offenders without any question; for I am among you as your spiritual director," yet he never used such authority; on the contrary he was the servant of all, patient to the last degree, gentle, humble, condescending, unselfish, fully consecrated. Thus he was a power among them; his evident self-sacrifice made him have more influence at Corinth than all their proud leaders of division. By laying aside authority he became mighty to influence them for good. I desire to practise this lesson to perfection.

All of you, my brethren, who desire to be useful must learn that in self-sinking your usefulness will be found. Do not seek to be great; try to grow less and less. He who becomes least is greatest of all. The way to rise in the peerage of the church is to go down. Do not take what you have a right to take; do not covet the position which you feel you might righteously assume; but take the lowest room, do the meanest service, be willing to be anything or nothing so that God is glorified. Be ready to be stuck in any corner, or stowed away in any lumber-room, if such should be the will of God; and then the probability is that you will be largely and honorably used.

II. I come in the next place to a very important matter, and that is

THE SURE PROOF OF POWER;

the indisputable evidence of any minister's call from God to preach the Gospel.

Notice, the apostle says, "Since ye seek a proof of *Christ speaking in me.*" He did not care about what they thought of his own speaking; they might throw that to the dogs if they liked; but he was greatly concerned that they should not think lightly of the Lord Jesus who spoke in him. Then, says Paul, "If you want a proof of Christ's speaking in me with power, look at yourselves." Paul says to his own Corinthian converts, "Ye are our epistle." If anybody inquires whether Paul can write, he does not exhibit his hand or his pen, but he points to their lives—epistles "written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God." Beloved, you who are our flocks are the evidences of our being good shepherds. Ye are God's husbandry, and the test of how far our husbandry has been the Lord's husbandry must be found in your fruitfulness.

If you want to know whether Christ has spoken in me, I reply, "Since ye seek a proof of Christ speaking in me, which to you-ward is not weak, but is mighty in you, examine yourselves." Our witness is in your hearts. I feel constrained to say to you, beloved, that if the outside world demands a proof of my call from God, I must refer them to you for it; you to whom God has spoken by me, must be the witnesses whether it is of God or not, and if you fail me my commission will have lost its seal.

THE IMPRIMATUR

which establishes our right to our holy office will be found in the influence of the Gospel upon your characters. Listen then a moment with such sympathy with me as your love will inspire.

If ye seek any proof of Christ speaking by me, ye have it, first, in your own *conversion*, many of you. You will have no doubt of the minister's call if his testimony has brought you life in Christ. After I had heard a poor plain man preach the Gospel, and had been brought to the Saviour's feet by his testimony, if I had been met outside by a High Churchman, who thought that a working-man had no right to preach, I should have had small patience with him. Suppose he had said to me when I was just converted, "the man is not qualified to preach, he has never been to Oxford or Cambridge, he has never been ordained, God cannot have sent him," I should have smiled at such nonsense, for I was sure God sent him, since by his means I had been brought up out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay. You never doubt the validity of the orders—that, I think, is *the cant phrase*—of the man who has led you to the Saviour. How could you? Whatever he may be to others, he is to you assuredly a messenger of mercy, a servant of the living God. "Give God the praise," they said to the man whose eyes had been opened by Jesus, "*we* know that this man is a sinner." "Ah," said the shrewd, ready-witted man, "whether He be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." Was there any answer to that fact?

Further, God proves that He has sent a man by the comfort which he gives to true believers by his ministry. Oh, the riches of divine consolation! Have you tasted them? Then there is no disputing against taste; of all arguments, that of experience is the most conclusive. Further, when Christ, speaking in His servants, brings to us correction, it is an equal proof that it is of the Lord. You did not know it, but you had lived in the omission of a certain duty; light flashed into your soul by the hearing of the word as to that omission, and with that light came love, so that you wept over your sin and ceased from it at once. Surely that was a proof of Christ's speaking in the minister. Then, dear friends, the general conduct and conversation of members of a church must always be

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION

of the ministry which feeds them. My heart sinks within me when I hear of those who have been numbered with us, and have shared our love and esteem, and yet have behaved inconsistently. Is this to be laid at my door? I confess I cannot help blaming myself, and growing sad. Did I not hear of an earnest Temperance man in public, drinking in private? Is this the fruit of my ministry? Ah me! Did I hear of another professor whose household is a scene of constant strife? Did I observe coldness and indifference creeping over others? Did I find a brother censorious and bitter? Is this the result of my labor? I could weep and break my heart. Do we hear of some that they are not upright and truthful in their dealings? Do people say, "These are members of Spurgeon's church"? I do not blame the world for so saying. It is only just that men should estimate our ministry by its results. Oh, dear sirs, by the love you bear to us, who labor for Christ among you, let your conversation be such as becometh the Gospel of Christ. I cannot say this in words so emphatically as I desire to do. I should like to coin my heart in order to pass it round to you in living medallions, bearing each one this inscription—*for Jesus' sake be holy.*

Unless you are a holy people, it were better for me that I had never been born. Unless you follow Christ, and exhibit His spirit wherever you dwell, what is the good of all our preaching? We might as well have stood upon a mountain and whistled to the wind as have pleaded with you unto tears. Unless there is a purity of life and a holiness of conversation in you as a church, I shall have sown dead seed. I think I can say faithfully that there is holiness among you; but oh, watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation! Let each one among you be upon his guard lest in some evil hour he should bring dishonor upon the cause he loves, upon the Christ by whom he lives. Men do not read the Bible, but they read *us*—do let us give them a good version of the Scriptures in our lives. They will not study our doctrinal opinions, but they will examine our practical examples; and if we are not what we ought to be we wound the Saviour afresh, stab at the heart of His Gospel, and impede the progress of His kingdom.

There is one more operation of God's Word about which I can speak with very great comfort to my own self, and that is the operation of the word in the completion of the Christian character, and in the display of it in the last hours of Christian men and women. I have come down many times from the sick chamber of those members of this church who are now in the upper house, and I have done so with faith confirmed and joy increased. Those beloved ones have given me more strength and assurance than I ever derived from the study of the ablest works in my library. They were sometimes very poor, but I remember well the glory of the little room wherein they were disrobing for

THE BEATIFIC VISION.

No dying man has looked me in the face and said, "Sir, you did not preach a religion which a man can die with; you taught me doctrines which are not substantial enough for the dying hour." No, I feel even now their death grips, as they have clasped my hand and told me of their overflowing joy. They have said to me, "Bless the Lord that ever I stepped into the Tabernacle to hear of justification by faith, of the divine substitution, of atonement made by blood, and of a faithful God who cast not away His people!" Such expressions I have heard from those upon the borders of Immanuel's land. These are our seals and the tokens that Christ has spoken by us.

I hope you will bear with me in thus speaking of what has so plain a relation to myself; but truly these many years God has wrought among us great marvels of grace, and I am overwhelmed when I imagine even for a moment what we should do if the Spirit of God were to withdraw. O church in this Tabernacle, "hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown!"

III. To each one of us there is

A NEEDED PROOF

of ourselves. Hence the text says, "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith." It is something to have our ministry attested, but it is much more to have your salvation attested. Dear fellow-believers, observe that you can know whether you are saved or not; assurance, ay, full asurance is within your grasp; but it is only to be obtained by a simple faith, and by a sincere and thorough examination of yourselves. Observe, the apostle says "examine yourselves;" therefore you are not to take it for granted that you are saved; if you do, you may be sadly mistaken. "Examine yourselves." In London years ago every shop had its sign, and they had a saying that the house which had the sign of the sun in a certain street was darker than any other; all their sun was outside; it had the sun for a sign, but no sign of the sun. So there are some who have grace for their sign, but no sign of grace. God grant we may not be such. To have a name to live is a wretched thing if we be really dead. In such a case we are nothing but living lies, devout deceits, bastard professors, in a word "reprobates." To pretend to be other than what we are in the sight of the heart-searching God is despicable and damnable.

The Spirit of God by the mouth of the Apostle bids us "examine *ourselves*." Supposing you have done this, then do it again; for the next sentence is, "Prove your own selves." Pry deeper, thrust the lancet in further. You have already given yourself a good sifting; take a finer sieve and go to work again. You have already been in the crucible; go in again, and become as silver tried in a furnace of earth purified seven times. A man cannot make too sure work about his own salvation. "Oh, but," some one says, "I never doubted my own safety." Remember,

"Who never doubted of his state,
He may, perhaps he may, too late."

One stands up and has the

IMPUDENCE

to say, "I never sin." Sit down, sir, do not dream that you are among fools; we know better. You may hold your fond conceit if you please, but meanwhile we pray for you; the Lord open your eyes to see the sin in you, for pride is blinding you, its scales are upon your eyes. "In many things we offend all." "Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified." What man is he that doeth good and sinneth not?

We must again and again examine ourselves. But can we not be certain of our safety? Yes, we can; but certain because we have not shunned the most rigorous self-examinations. If you do not test yourself you may sit down and say, "Oh, I am all right." Yes, but you may be fostering within your spirit a peace which will end in your final ruin, and you may never open your eyes to your deception till you lift them up in hell. Be ready to be searched. It is well when a man likes a heart-searching ministry, when he says, "Cut deep, sir; do not spare me; if I am a hypocrite let me know it." I like a man whose prayer is, "Lord, let me know the worst of myself, that I may be upright before thee. Search me and try me, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." This is what we want. This is the age of shams, sham preaching, and sham hearing, and sham professors; we must strive after realities. There are such things as common graces, which will not save, and, worse still, such things as counterfeit graces, which will destroy; therefore, let us see to it that we first examine and then prove ourselves.

And what is to be the point of search? "Whether ye be in the faith," whether what ye believe is true, and whether you truly believe it; whether your faith is the faith of God's elect; the faith that is of the operation of the Spirit of God, or mere nominal, notional, temporary faith. "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith."

Within a short time, and none of us know how soon,

OUR LORD WILL COME;

quick ears can hear the rolling of His chariots. Perhaps before that you and I may be called away; are we ready? I do not often enter this place without being told, "So-and-so is gone." I cannot help looking upon this vast congregation as moving along in procession to the tomb; I am also myself marching with you. We are all going together, and we shall meet together at the judgment-seat of Christ. I would not have you say in that day, "We came to hear you, and you did us no good, for you tickled our ears, and tried to play the orator." I never did anything of the sort. I do protest it before the living God I never thought of such a thing. I have striven to strike straight at your hearts and consciences. You shall not say that of me either here or hereafter. But when we meet in the judgment you will say, "It was power in weakness; Christ spoke in you, we were converted, comforted, and sanctified by Him." Ah, we shall meet, brothers, we shall meet on the other side of Jordan, in the land of the hereafter, in the city of the blessed; we shall meet and sing together to the praise and glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved! The Lord be with you all for His name's sake! Amen.

MR. SPURGEON'S ORPHANAGES.

THE history of the Stockwell Orphanage, a picture of which appears on page 476, contains some of the elements of a romance, and cannot fail to be read with interest. Having its origin in Christian benevolence, and not in mere philanthropic impulse, it has grown to be one of the most remarkable monuments of modern times to the goodness and faithfulness of "the Father of the fatherless."

Burdened with the anxieties of the largest Nonconformist church in the world, and the responsibilities of a college in which about one hundred young men are supported and trained for the ministry, Mr. Spurgeon was not disposed to tempt Providence by originating a scheme for the maintenance of fatherless children. He had long felt the necessity and importance of such a work, however, but in his zeal to do good he had exercised the discretion of a prudent man of faith and prayer.

In his magazine, the *Sword and the Trowel*, for October, 1866, the following announcement occurs: "A sister in Christ has requested us to take the care of $100,000, which she desires to consecrate to the Lord's service, by putting it in trust for the maintenance of orphan boys, with a special view to their godly education, in the hope that, by divine grace, they may be converted and become ministers and missionaries in future years. Being weighed down with cares, we still hesitate in this business, but dare not do other than follow the intimations of the divine hand." Here we have the genesis of the Orphanage and the object with which the work was undertaken clearly defined.

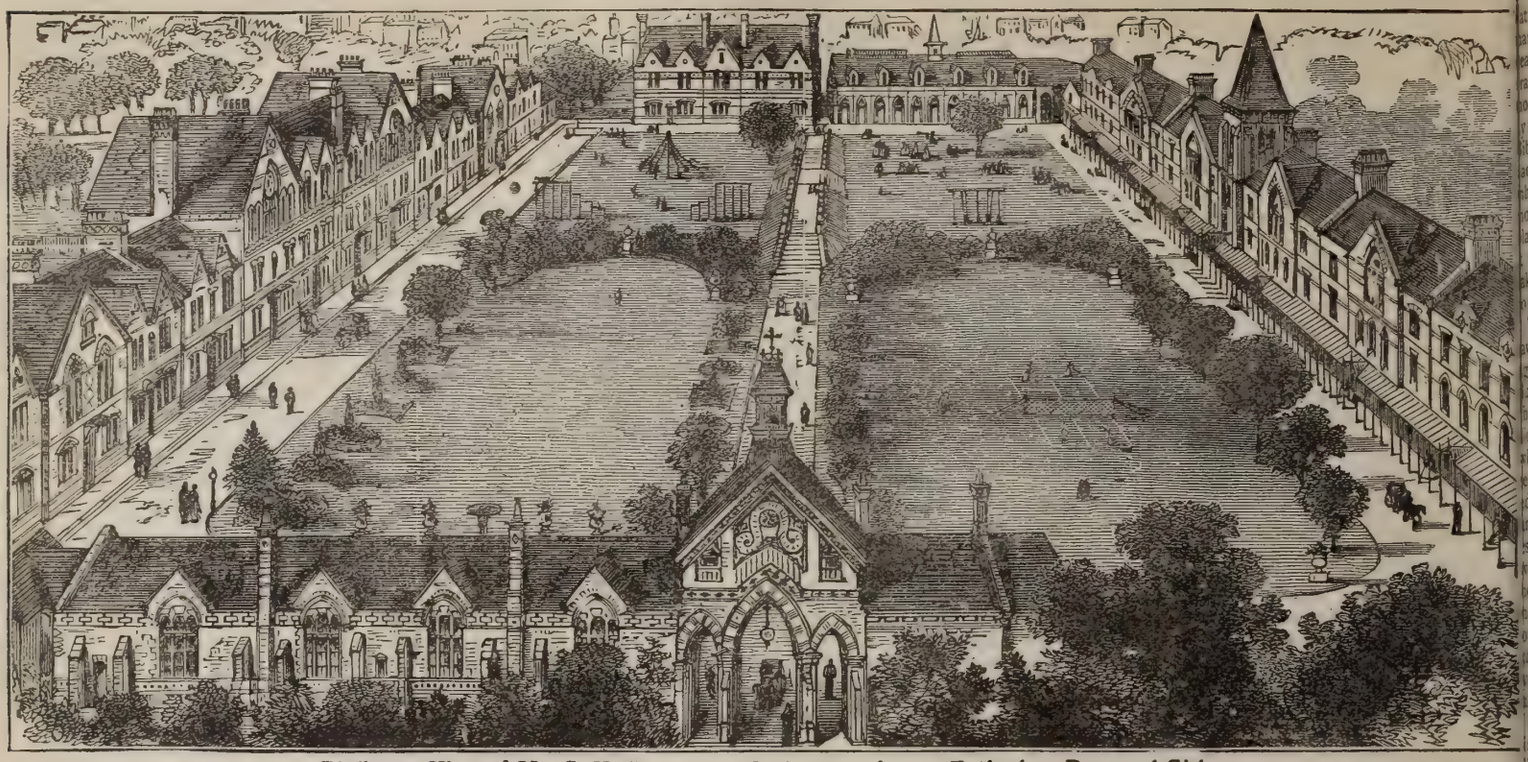
The donor of this munificent sum was the widow of a clergyman, and an entire stranger to Mr. Spurgeon. Her letter, in which the offer was made, fairly took him by surprise, and he was doubtful as to its genuineness. It seemed too good to be true. A friend, however, said he had better go and see. An interview being arranged, he went, and the abode of the writer not being suggestive of wealth, he said he had called respecting the two hundred pounds she wished to place at his disposal.

"Dear me," said the lady, "did I write two hundred? I meant twenty thousand pounds!" Assuring her that she had actually named in her letter the larger sum, he accounted for the discrepancy by saying, "Concluding there might be a nought or two too many, I thought I would avoid giving offence by being on the right side, and saying two hundred." The securities for twenty thousand pounds were soon forthcoming, and Mr. Spurgeon was fairly committed to the task of founding and directing an Orphanage for fatherless boys.

For the information of our readers, to whom, perhaps, Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage is little more than a name, we cannot do better than enumerate with as little detail as possible the principles embodied in the institution, and which, by the blessing of God, have made it what it is.

I. It was decided that the institution should be placed within an easy distance of the Tabernacle, so that it might secure the personal oversight of Mr. Spurgeon and the committee of management, and be accessible to visitors at all times. The difficulty in finding a suitable site in a healthy locality seemed at the outset to be insurmountable, but it happened—and that it should so happen just then marks the hand of an overruling Providence—that a plot of land to the rear of the houses in the Clapham Road was offered for sale. This was secured, and the money subscribed for its purchase in response to an appeal from the pen of Mr. Spurgeon.

II. Bearing in mind the fact that he was founding a home for the residence and training of children deprived of parental oversight, it



Bird's-eye View of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's Orphanages for 500 Fatherless Boys and Girls.

was decided to divide the children into family groups and, as far as practicable in an institution, to surround them with what we may call a home atmosphere. The barrack system may do for soldiers, but it is ill-adapted for children, who need personal culture, and not regimental discipline. In the case of the Orphanage, Mr. Spurgeon soon discovered an advantage attending the Cottage Home system, which lessened the difficulty of its erection, distinct sections of the buildings being subscribed for by friends.

The first house in the terrace on the left-hand side of the picture is called "The Silver Wedding House," from the fact that the cost was defrayed by a member of his congregation with the amount given to her by her husband to commemorate their twenty-fifth wedding day.

A city merchant defrayed the cost of the second house, which is called "The Merchant's House."

One of the deacons of the Tabernacle, being a builder, promised all the material for one house provided his work-people would give the labor. The challenge was accepted, but the terms of the contract not admitting of such an arrangement, the necessary amount was contributed, and this house is called "The Workmen's House."

As a fitting memorial of their sainted mother, the sons of the treasurer of the church presented a sum for the erection of the fourth house, and this is called "The Unity House," from the Christian name of the lady.

The Baptist churches of Great Britain, wishing to present Mr. Spurgeon with a testimonial in recognition of his valuable services to the denomination and the community at large, and as an expression of personal esteem, raised a sum sufficient for the erection of two houses with school-rooms above, and "The Testimonial Houses" form the central block in the terrace.

Toward the cost of the next two houses, which complete the terrace, the scholars of the Tabernacle Sunday-School and the students trained in the Pastors' College collected subscriptions, and these houses are called respectively, "The Sunday-School House" and "The Students' House."

Thus far Mr. Spurgeon's personal friends provided the houses, but all sections of the community cheerfully subscribed for the necessary furniture and for the erection of the dining-hall and kitchen, in the foreground of the picture, and for the infirmary, recreation-hall, and laundry, to the rear, and also for roads and drainage, and for laying out the grounds.

III. The third principle decided by Mr. Spurgeon placed the institution upon a catholic basis. No one section of the community has any preference over others. Fatherless children, between the ages of six and ten, are eligible for admission so long as there is room, without reference to class, sect, or locality.

IV. Another important principle determines the true method of Christian philanthropy—selection by merit, and not election by favor. The trust deed requires that the committee of management shall receive the most needy from among the applicants from time to time.

V. The last feature of this most benevolent institution will commend itself to the judgment of our readers. The children are not dressed in a uniform to mark them as the recipients of charity. Their clothing is of the best material and make, and no two boys are dressed exactly alike.

The favor of God has rested upon the institution from its opening, and it is with gratitude Mr. Spurgeon mentions the fact that the few children who have died while inmates of the Home gave the most satisfactory testimony to the power of Christ to save the young and to sustain them in prospect of the dying hour. In a charming series of little books, written by Mr. Charlesworth, the head master, the story is told of the faith and triumph of these folded lambs. Of the old boys, three are ministers of churches, others are engaged in works of Christian usefulness, and, with but few exceptions, the rest are honorably pursuing their calling in life.

We have left but little space for any reference to the second branch of the Orphanage, for fatherless girls. At a meeting held at the Tabernacle, May 19th, 1879, when the sum of £6000 was presented to him in commemoration of the twenty-fifth year of his public ministry, Mr. Spurgeon said, "Here is a point of a new departure. Listen, and consider it. A day or two ago the lady who founded the Boys' Orphanage sent me £50 for the Girls' Orphanage. I answered somewhat to this effect: 'I am very grateful for the proposal, but, at the same time, I am not very well, and the times are not very hopeful, and therefore I had rather not begi any new work just yet.' I proposed to kee the £50 in case we did build a Girls' Orphanag and if not, to put it over to the boys. 'No said our friend, 'you are right in your jud ment, but take the £50 as the first brick, for am fully assured that many more bricks wi shortly be added.' Now, I propose that £50 c the testimonial should be placed with my de friend's £50, that we may found the Girls' O phanage together. This is a good note of ou present page of history—second twenty-fiv years of pastorate commenced by the inaugur tion of project of Girls' Orphanage." That th movement was well timed is evident fro the fact that the adjoining property was avai able, so that the two departments of the Orphar age could come under one management. Th buildings on the right-hand side have bee erected at a cost of £11,000, and the money re quired has been subscribed. The first fou houses are occupied, and the rest will shortly b opened.

It only remains for us to say that the shadov of debt has never fallen upon the institution Two hundred and fifty boys have been main tained in comfort year by year, by the freewil offerings of many who rejoice to act as stewards of the Lord's bounty. Now that the numbe will be increased by the addition of two hun dred and fifty girls, it remains to be seen wha responses the appeal for their support will re ceive. Of one thing we are certain, an increas of responsibility will stimulate an increase o faith and prayer,

"And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread."

In a circular recently issued, Mr. Spurgeon writes, "It is for our Lord Jesus' sake that we have undertaken this labor. And in His name we ask His disciples to remember us and our large family of little ones."

THE GERMAN LAWYER'S SON.

(*See Illustration on page 477.*)

"I ONCE knew," writes the worthy German Pastor Harens, "a lawyer who was a fine specimen of worldly honor; but he did not know the Lord Jesus. Among his fellow-men he stood in universal esteem, for he was friendly and amiable in social intercourse, and had something

turally noble in his whole anner. Prayer was never eard in his house, neither ace before meals nor orning and evening fam- worship, neither was the ible read, yet the man d a Bible which he had herited from his pious other; it had the best ace in his bookcase, but was never used, only ken down now and then be dusted.

"The fact was that the wyer had been prejudiced gainst religion by the con- uct of its professors. In e practice of his profes- on men had come to him ho, while making a pro- ssion of religion, had ask- him to act dishonorably nd in some cases dishon- tly in their behalf. He as wont to say that he ever met a man, never ad a client who refrained n account of religion from aking a dishonorable ad- antage of an opponent, if n opportunity occurred. Sir,' he would say, 'religi- n has no power. The re- gious man will cheat and e like other men if he can ain anything by it, and re- gious men do it more fre- uently than others, be- ause being religious they re not so closely watched. have always found that a nost particular villain, one f the men who robs wid- ws and orphans and is eady to do anything es- ecially mean, always prepares the way by mak- ng a profession of religion, and the holier they rofess to be the meaner they are. I have had good reason to suspect any man who comes to me as a religious man.'

A Christian Son's Ordeal.

"This lawyer was already advanced in years, when one of his sons, whom, on account of his superior talents, he particularly cherished, and who was then studying the law, learned at the University to know and trust in the Saviour, and turned to Him with his whole heart. And now when the heart of this son was filled with such fervent love to Christ, nothing was more natural than that he should ardently desire that his parents, brothers, and sisters might also learn to know his Lord; and he poured out his whole heart to them in his letters, and told them without reserve what had taken place in himself, and how happy he was in the assurance of the forgiveness of his sins, and in the certain hope of everlasting life. 'Oh, that all men were as happy as I!' he said, in one of his letters.

"For a long time he remained without any answer to his letters. At last there came one from his father, which ran thus: 'My son, formerly your letters were a comfort and a joy to me; your present letters, on the contrary, are an affliction and bitter sorrow to me. I perceive that you are on the high road to become like one of those professing Christian hypocrites of whom I have so often told you. I must request you either to write as you did before, or to give up writing altogether.'

"Soon after came the vacation, and the son journeyed home to spend it with his parents. When he entered the house his mother received him with tears, and looked at him very thoughtfully, as if she feared that he was not quite right in his mind; but he fell upon her neck, kissed her, and pressed her tenderly to him, whispering, 'Mother, do not make such a serious face; I still have all my senses.' Next, he went to his father in his study, and was going to embrace him too, but he refused. Then the good son asked him, 'You are still my dear kind father, and will always remain so; am I no longer your son? Why not? Is there anything wicked in praying and reading the Bible?'

"Then his father kissed him and said, 'I must always honor the truth; you have done nothing wicked, my son.' Then they talked for a little while about the professors at the university, and about the lectures which the youth had heard there.

"In the mean time the mother had prepared supper, and they sat down to table. The son stood up, clasped his hands, and prayed (*as shown in the picture*). The father suddenly thrust back his chair with violence, and rushed from the room in a rage, while the mother went after him, full of grief. She, poor woman, knew that a conflict between her dearly loved boy and his proud father was impending, and she trembled for the result. But the young man did not move, and after he had fervently prayed for his father and mother, he sought his chamber, and poured out his heart in prayer for needed grace, and then slept quietly till morning. He was prepared for this ebullition of rage. His father had spoken to him of religion from his boyhood as of a clock of hypocrisy which bad men used to hide their wickedness. But he knew from experience the power of religion, and that he who names the name of Christ should depart from iniquity. He loved his Saviour, and though he would fain lead his father to a knowledge of the truth, he was prepared, rather than deny Jesus, to obey the command to leave father and mother and all he held dear.

"When he arose next day he prayed faithfully and fervently; and after he had read a chapter in his Bible he went down to the sitting-room. The father sat in his arm-chair, and looked first pale, then red. The son shook him warmly by the hand, wishing him and his mother, 'Good morning.'

"'My son,' demanded the father, 'are you the master of this house, or am I?'

"'Who else but you, father?' replied the son.

"'Why, then, will you introduce prayers before meals, when you know that it is not our custom?'

"'Father, did I ask you and my mother to pray? I prayed purposely, "Come, Lord, be *my* guest;" for generally we pray be *our* guest. I knew very well that you do not pray, so that I did not pray *our* guest. I am not ashamed of my God and Saviour before any man, and sorely as it grieves me to wound you, who have always been a good and kind father to me, I will remain true and faithful to my God.'

"The words were spoken respectfully, but there was a ring of firmness in the young man's tone which the experienced lawyer detected. He was amazed. He could not suspect his own son of cherishing iniquitous schemes. Yet here was that son openly braving the wrath of his father, who could turn him penniless on the world, rather than abandon his religion. Here was a living proof that religion was, after all, something more than he had ever thought it.

"'Boy, from whence have you such courage?' exclaimed his father.

"'I love the Lord,' replied his son, 'for Him I would die a thousand times.'

"'My dear boy,' said his father, 'you are no hypocrite; so for my part you may be as pious as ever you like if you are only not a hypocrite.'

"From that time the ice was broken, and I have seen with my own eyes how father and mother and son read the Bible, prayed, and sang together, and how the brothers and sisters of the family, one after the other, were converted to the Lord. Seldom have I known a dwelling in which the Lord Jesus was so fearlessly confessed as in that lawyer's house."

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page* 463.)

Robert makes an Ally.

THE day following that on which Mr. Waldron found Hester seated at Robert's side, with him leaning over her in a lover-like attitude that had struck him with amazement, the father and son walked out amicably together over the farmlands belonging to Aston Court. Both felt that the time was come when they must speak to one another upon that which occupied their thoughts; and Robert preferred doing so as far from the presence of Miss Waldron as possible. He accompanied his father to the end of a stubble-field which was to lie fallow during the winter, and then he commenced the conversation in as composed a tone as if he were making some agricultural observations.

"I think, father," he said, "that it is time I married."

Mr. Waldron planted his stick firmly into the soil, as if he intended it to take root there, and gazed anxiously into his son's face.

"To be sure, Robert; to be sure," he cried.

"You were surprised to find Hester alone with me yesterday," he continued.

"I was," replied Mr. Waldron, briefly.

"Father," he resumed, stammering a little,

"it was not at all the first time I have seen her of late. We know one another very well. The fact is, I happened to meet with her in the house of an old French woman."

"You don't mean the mother of John Morley's workman?" interrupted Mr. Waldron.

"Yes," said Robert, "I have met her there many times during the last few months."

"Robert," interrupted his father again, with an expression and tone the most severe he could assume toward him, "you cannot mean to tell me that you, a man of the world, knowing how ready the world is to gossip, can have taken advantage of Hester's ignorance to draw her into a clandestine intercourse with you?"

"I have," owned Robert, in some confusion.

"I wonder how you dare to confess it," continued Mr. Waldron, leaning heavily upon his stick, as if his son's words had wounded him deeply; "she is so simple, so unsuspecting! She did not know to what censure she exposed herself. Suppose your sister had found it out!" Mr. Waldron's face wore an aspect of real terror; but Robert smiled a little to himself.

"I took care that nobody should know," he said; "you need not be afraid for Hester. But now you will not be surprised to hear me say that I love her more than any woman I ever saw; ay, more than I ever supposed I could love. It seems to me that there can be no love in the world like that I feel for my little Hetty."

Robert's handsome face, with its new air of profound and passionate tenderness, looked handsomer than ever as he spoke; and his father, regarding him fondly, fancied that any woman would forgive him any previous folly.

"But have you forgotten the past?" he said.

"Forgotten it!" he exclaimed; "have you or my sister suffered me to forget it? Forget it! Why, I have only to look into Hester's face with all its sweetness and beauty, and there I see my sin written legibly in its sad lines. How can I forget, when it is Hester herself I love, in spite of everything."

"But what can be done?" asked Mr. Waldron, despondingly.

"I want to atone to her for all these years she has lost," he answered, with vehement earnestness. "I will make her after-life so bright that she shall forget all early sorrow. I will lift her out of the miserable confined lot that is hers, and give her a rank and wealth she could never reach without me. If she was but my wife I should have no fear for her happiness."

"But it is morally impossible," objected Mr. Waldron; "John Morley—"

"He must consent," interrupted Robert, "if I only make sure of Hester. He is very poor, almost to bankruptcy. He is ageing fast, and Hester's future must be an anxiety to him. He is already reconciled to you, and has allowed her to visit here, knowing that she must meet me. If you will only help me, he will come round in time. He must—he shall."

For a few minutes both father and son were plunged in profound thought. The rooks flew heavily above their heads, disturbed by their presence, and manifesting their discontent by hoarse cawing. The young cattle came near enough to contemplate them with their brown eyes. There was a sharp struggle going on in Mr. Waldron's mind which was scarcely visible in his face, so long accustomed to hide his emotions. He was, as his old minister had told him, a proud man; and he had sometimes regarded John Morley as a person in a very inferior position. John Morley was, in fact, nothing more than a tradesman, and one in difficult circumstances; and it was his only son, his heir, who wished to bring the daughter of the poor bookseller into his wealthy family as his wife. Yet Hester was so pretty, so simple, so clever; she was so good also, that, but for the accident of her birth, there could be no one more worthy of being his daughter-in-law. Besides, Robert was very obstinate if he was opposed. He would refuse to look out for a more suitable wife, if he should deny him his consent and assistance.

"I talked about it with Mr. Watson before his death," said Robert, at last breaking through the silence, "and he said he did not see any insuperable difficulties, or any insurmountable objections in the way. He did not seem to see them so clearly as I did."

"He was a timid man," replied his father, "and would agree to all you said. But how did he come to know of it before me?"

"He saw me once or twice follow Hester into the court," he answered, "and he had courage enough to speak very faithfully on the subject, I assure you. Well, he did not see why Hester should not in time become my wife. He said, however, that it would be more likely to come to pass if we only knew for certain that poor Rose was dead. It is my firm conviction that she is dead; but I can get no proofs."

"Robert," said Mr. Waldron, earnestly, "you are losing sight of John Morley's implacable hatred. Ah! my boy, you kept from me the history of that blow which almost killed you last February. It was then you first saw Hester and fell in love with her. I do not wonder at it. But do you imagine that if he seeks your life you can ever gain his consent or hers?"

"I think," answered Robert, "that his revenge spent itself in that blow. He is a good man, a religious man. He was hurried by a sudden passion into the attempt to commit that crime; but as it failed—luckily for me—he soon repented of it, and was not sorry to extend his kindness to me. We have now something to forgive one another. I am more equal with him, and that is so much in my favor. Why else was he so hospitable and kind toward me? He visited me once, and spoke as a friend would have done. He knew Hester saw me often, and yesterday he allowed her to come once more to our house. I hardly dared to hope before; but now with you to help me, I shall win Hester as my wife."

His face, dearer to Mr. Waldron even than that of his daughter, shone with more gladness and hope than had been seen upon it for many years. His father could object no longer, but gave his hand a warm and fervent grasp.

"I will help you, my boy," he said; "yet I had my own little scheme for Hester, and it is possible it may prove in your way now. The moment I set my eyes on young Bramwell, I thought he would make a good husband for the little girl. They were both so young, so good, and so handsome. Our family owes John Morley a compensation, and I fancied I had found it in him. I would have given her a wedding dowry that would have made them almost independent of his Church, wherever he goes. But now I hope he will not be in your way."

He looked anxious lest he should himself have destroyed the chances of his son's happiness. Robert also was grave, counting up all the symptoms he had detected of love between Carl and Hester. They were very few, almost none. It had not escaped his notice that his sister was making herself foolish, as he termed it, about the eloquent young preacher, ten years her junior, and he built some hopes upon that; the more so as Carl came frequently to Aston Court and spent a good deal of time with Miss Waldron. Under other circumstances he would probably have manifested his disapprobation of such an intimacy with unmistakable plainness, but he hailed it as a sign that Carl preferred his sister's mature piety to Hester's girlish prettiness; and he was more than content to let the intimacy run a smooth course.

"I am not much afraid of him," he said; "yet I should have been quite as well pleased if you had chosen a more commonplace man for Little Aston."

"I chose him for Hester," replied Mr. Waldron, in a tone which betrayed a lingering reluctance to abandon his favorite scheme; "they are just suited for each other. I thought so last night. I wish you could give up this notion, Robert."

"Never!" he exclaimed, vehemently. "I tell you I worship her. She is the only woman who can make me care for goodness, or religion or things of that sort. I have had enough to disgust me with it, but Hester makes it soothing and pleasant again. If I am ever to be anything but the idle, purposeless fellow I am, doing no good in life, it will be by winning Hester." Robert really believed what he said, as many others of his class. They think the love of a good woman can make them love God and religion, but it is the most pitiable sophistry. Love can do much, but it cannot change the nature of a man. Only God can do that, and Robert, in so deluding himself, followed the evil principles which had made his life a wreck and a misery to all about him. In this, as in all that had gone before, he was only the slave of his desires, the most contemptible of all kinds of bondage.

Mr. Waldron knew enough of human nature and of the true source of strength to be aware of the falsity of his son's hope. He sighed deeply, but he did not attempt to explain his sigh. Robert's state of mind was still, as it had always been, a grief to him; but he had come to the point of no longer pressing religious expostulation upon him. His sigh, however, included something more than that. There was a misgiving in it lest Carl, whom he had brought to Little Aston for the very purpose, had not already gained possession of Hester's love. But deeper still lay an unconquerable dread that it would be impossible to overcome John Morley's instinctive repugnance to give his daughter to the man who had brought so indelible a stigma upon his name. Every one else might plead the youth and thoughtlessness of the college lad, for Robert had been little more than that; but it could be hoped for that dishonored husband should thus excuse him, or could ever be brought to look upon his conduct as the careless folly of a boy who had not learned to master his passions? They walked homeward in almost unbroken silence, and Mr. Waldron shut himself up in his private room to deliberate upon all the bearings of the matter.

The more Mr. Waldron considered the subject upon which Robert had consulted with him, the more dubious he grew as to the possibility of winning over John Morley, unless, indeed, Hester's own happiness should depend upon his consent. He endeavored to place himself in the position of the dishonored man; but the power of seeing with other people's eyes cannot be acquired at the age of sixty-eight. He saw his son, handsome, accomplished, and rich, with a brilliant lot to offer; and he could see Hester clearly, as a very eligible daughter-in-law in every respect, except by birth. There had been always a peculiar softness in his heart toward Hester — an anticipatory tenderness, perhaps. He would like exceedingly to have her always near to him. But John Morley was, as he always had been, wrapped in an impenetrable mystery. He could no more understand him, members as they were of the same church, than Peter could understand his beloved brother Paul.

Mr. Waldron glanced but briefly toward the world, though, no doubt, it would have something to say to such a marriage. Ten years ago its tongue had been busy with the story of Robert's sin; and the world has a retentive memory for scandals. It would, perhaps, be easier to pacify John Morley himself than to satisfy its scruples, sometimes more exacting and delicate than those of an individual conscience. But Mr. Waldron was not accustomed to consider the world. He had long since turned his back upon it, and treated its opinions with contempt. If he approved of the matter, and the Church supported him, he could very well afford to leave all question of the world out of the transaction.

To make sure of the pastor was one means of securing the approbation of the Church. He did not wish to startle or shock that small congregation of faithful men over whom he and

Carl Bramwell presided. They were a simple, uncultivated class, not accustomed to split straws, but it was within the bounds of possibility that they might be scandalized by his son's marriage with Hester Morley. There was a broad though undefined code of Christian morality written most plainly upon unsophisticated hearts which he was afraid of transgressing; and upon this one weak point he yearned for the sympathy of his fellow-churchmen. It was not a formal approbation that he could receive or they give, but simply the encouragement of unchanged looks and undiminished reverence. He resolved, first of all, to sound their young pastor.

(To be continued.)

DAVID'S REPENTANCE.

S. S. Lesson for August 3, Psalm 51. Golden Text, verse 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

David Fallen into Sin—Three Thousand Years of Baleful Influence—David's Tactics—His Conviction—His Remorse—His Only Plea—Where the Sinner is Apt to Halt—What the Lord Wants—David Clean—His Mistrust of Himself—Usefulness Gained by Painful Experience—Not a Case for Sacrifice.

DAVID, the King of Israel, had sinned grievously, and for more than nine months he was under the power of his sin. During this time we hear nothing of his having any communion with the Lord. But our God cannot bear to have His children under the hand of the enemy, and He sent Nathan the prophet to the king to speak a parable to him. Even then the heart of David was not awakened, until Nathan spoke to him the severe words,

"THOU ART THE MAN."

The prophet did not mince matters; he brought David's heinous sins of adultery and murder home to him, and gave him no quarter until, in the anguish of his soul, he cried out, "I have sinned against *the Lord*." No longer self-deluded, his eyes really open to see himself as he was, David was aghast.

It is an awful thing for a child of God to fall into sin. Nathan said, "By this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme." Yes; for three thousand years "the enemies of the Lord" have made use of David's sin to speak against God! The more influence for good a teacher has, the more baneful are the effects of any sin or inconsistency in him. At first

DAVID'S TACTICS

were those of self-help. It was in seeking to hide his sin with Bathsheba that he had caused the death of Uriah her husband. He had attempted to shield himself, and very likely Satan persuaded him that he was shielding God's honor, and that it would be the worst thing possible for the cause of God that he should confess his sin. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper" (Prov. 28 : 13). This David found to his cost. "Thou *didst it secretly*," was God's reproach by Nathan.

Now, however, the king is brought face to face with God; how shall he act? Knowing that *he* deserves no mercy, he cries, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to *thy* lovingkindness: according to the multitude of *thy* tender mercies, blot out my transgressions." He passes over at once from the thought of what *he* is to the thought of what God is, and he finds comfort and hope, for this takes away despair. The knowledge of what God is may crush a sinner into the dust with shame, but only that he may be most surely lifted out of it. David is not contented that his sins should be blotted out, he wants something more than this. In the presence of his God he sees his own vileness, and he wants to make sure against the recurrence of his sin. Thus he cries, "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin." Unless his thoughts and desires, unless his will and motives are made clean and kept clean, how can he expect anything better? It is not now the *consequences* of sin which occupy him; he hates the sin itself, and wants to be delivered fully and effectually from it. Now he urges

HIS ONLY PLEA.

He does not say, "Have mercy because it is the first offence;" he does not urge any excuse at all, but only pleads, "For I *acknowledge* my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me." Oh, how many stop short just here! How many will do anything rather than honestly and fully confess where they have sinned! Such *cannot* get cleansing by the blood of Christ. "*If we confess our sins* He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1 : 9).

David says, "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight." Had he not sinned against Bathsheba, against Uriah, against his own children, against his people? Surely yes; but David had long been in the habit of recognizing God in all circumstances, and above all people. He had sinned against God's people, and *therefore* against God; he had broken God's commandments in his sins against man, and this is his overwhelming grief—this it is which leads him to see the truth. "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." Oh, how David understands now that all his past holiness and purity are due only to the grace of God; that in himself he is what Job found himself out to be when he cried, "Behold, Lord, I am vile," "Mine eye seeth thee: Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes" (Job 40 : 4; 42 : 6).

No sooner has David got thus low before the Lord than he looks Godward again. What does *the Lord* want? In glad joy and hope David discovers God's mind, and he cries, "Behold,

THOU DESIREST TRUTH

in the inward parts." Shall not God have His desire? Yes. "In the hidden part thou *shalt* make me to know wisdom." Is not this presumptuous in one who has so sinned? No; God loves to be counted upon; the sooner a sinner gets over to His side and sees the boundlessness of His grace, the better pleased is our God, and the more sure is the sinner of being saved from and kept from sinning. He "is able to save unto the uttermost *all* that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7 : 25). Contemplating sin and dissecting sin only makes us more prone to it. Turning to look God in the face, to contemplate His most undeserved, incomprehensible mercy, this shames us, this makes us hate sin, but it produces love to Him, which nothing else can do. David knows he is still God's child, although such a sinful one, and he counts on the Lord fully undertaking his case. "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." It may be David refers to the cleansing of the leper (Lev. 14 : 7) and to the water of purification (Num. 19 : 18, 19), for he sees himself as corrupt in soul as the leper in his body, and he knows that in his sin he had touched the dead. Sin had come, and instead of reckoning himself dead to sin, there was response to it; this was touching the dead, the self given over to death, and he must be cleansed. But looking to the grace of God he says, "I shall be clean." What? Uriah dead? the scandal abroad in the land? and yet

DAVID CLEAN?

Yes; clean in the eyes of God, who saw Jesus crucified for him, and who also saw his heart and how fully he was turned from sin to God. But before man there must be God's recognition of his sin. "Because by this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, the child also that is born unto thee shall surely die" (II Sam. 12 : 14). In vain did David plead for the reversal of this sentence. God would not alter it. The king pleads, "Hide thy face from my sins." He does not say, "Save me from disgrace before man; all throughout he deals with *God*. And quite mistrusting himself, he pleads, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

A good many are troubled about this word. Some say, "Do you believe in the doctrine of a clean heart?" Well, here it is in the Word of God. There are perhaps many who have yielded themselves up to God, and sought cleansing by the blood, and yet they get disappointed again and again in themselves, because they do not find their hearts answer to their own expectations; they want to *feel* that they are holy; they want to *feel* satisfied with themselves, and contented with their own state. But it is the blood of Jesus alone which cleanses, and the presence of Jesus dwelling in the heart which keeps it clean, and which shows us all which is not according to His mind in us. It is not *ourselves* made better, but ourselves given up to Jesus, and Jesus taking the place of ourselves which makes our hearts new. "Behold, *I* make all things new" (Rev. 21 : 5). The only "right spirit" within us is the Holy Ghost, who has chosen to make us His temples.

David is so sure of God's pardon that he says, "Make me to hear of joy and gladness." Is not this out of place? Not with *such* a God as our God. David did not say, "By bringing my sin to my face thou hast robbed me of joy, and brought me into sorrow." No; it was when it all came out, when the cloud broke, and he could see the face of God again that he could talk of joy. "Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit. *Then* will I teach transgressors thy way; and sinners shall be converted unto thee." It had been David's pride that he walked not in the counsel of the ungodly (Ps. 1 : 1; 26 : 4, 5), that his companions were they that feared the Lord. But now he sees another sphere of usefulness opening out before him. He knows

THE HEART OF GOD TO SINNERS

as never before. He can go to them in their lowest depths and say, "Brother, sister, your king has been as vile as you, but the tender mercies of the Lord, and His lovingkindness have lifted him up; trust Him with me and be saved." The penitent king sees hope for the hopeless. Perhaps he had taught transgressors *their* ways; now he could teach them *God's* ways, for he never understood them as now. "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness. O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise." Under such circumstances, David must be dumb before his people unless God put a word into his lips; then He would take care of the consequences. Oh, how different is this from the morbid sullenness with which Satan seals the lips of some children of God who have fallen into sin; and who, instead of openly confessing their sin and yielding themselves up to God, remain in a useless sulk with themselves! A burnt child dreads the fire, and a restored backslider is he of all others who can best warn his brethren against the pitfalls where he fell.

David reads the heart of God; he does not attempt with numberless offerings and external observances to propitiate God or to prove to man how penitent he is. In his intercourse with God, he seeks to know what will be acceptable to *Him*. "For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it thee; thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." This is just what Isaiah tells us (Isa. 1 : 11–18). Those who understand God learn to know His mind. The Psalmist is reading that mind of God when he says, "Do good in thy good pleasure to Zion; build *thou* the walls of Jerusalem. *Then* shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness." Offerings which spring out of God's work accepted by us; *these*, and these only, are acceptable to God. Any offerings which speak of *our* goodness, *our* zeal, *our* earnestness, are unacceptable; those which speak of the grace of *Jesus* are pleasing to the Lord.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Ravages of the Cholera in Toulon and Marseilles continue to occupy the chief place among the cablegrams from Europe. Last week the death rate in Marseilles from the cholera alone rose to seventy-three in one day. The list of victims in that city from the first appearance of the disease until sunset on July 16th numbered five hundred and seventy-eight. At Toulon the chief of police died of cholera, and the mayor and deputy mayor have both beeen smitten with the disease; and, although every one has left the city who is able to do so, the poor remain, and the cholera is carrying off forty victims a day. The epidemic is evidently becoming increasingly fatal, and there are more evidences of its spreading. Four well-defined cases have occurred in Paris. Two deaths took place in Liverpool docks on board a steamer from Marseilles. An interview published in the New York *Herald* with a tourist agent from the infected district explains the virulence of the disease which finds a congenial sphere in Toulon. He said the city, "despite the almost incessant work to make it sanitarily habitable, still remains almost indescribably filthy. The heat there has been terrible and the atmosphere moist and humid. In the work of renovating the town *an old sewer has been discovered running right under the chief hospital* of the city. This sewer reeked with filth, and had been untouched for three years past. Ten workmen engaged in opening it were overpowered by the stench, and fainted." Many cases of heroism are reported. Among them is that of the Duke of Chartres, who went to Toulon, taking with him $10,000 as a donation from the Count of Paris and family for the relief of sufferers. MM. Rousseau, Minister of the Interior, Herisson, Minister of Commerce, and Raynal, Minister of Public Works, went to Marseilles on a tour of inspection. The Prefect, welcoming them at the depot, said that over forty-six thousand inhabitants had fled by the railway and twenty thousand by other roads leading out of the city. The present moment threatened *a more terrible scourge* than the cholera—namely, unprecedented want and misery. Commerce and industry were at a standstill and great numbers of workmen unemployed. M. Rousseau assured the official of the sympathy of the government for the people, and said the utmost would be done to relieve their distress. *The physicians* are acting a noble part, laboring incessantly among the sick and dying. Among them are Dr. Pratt, a son-in-law of Dr. Marion Sims, Dr. Chapman, and the Hon. Alan Herbert, a brother of the Earl of Carnarvon.

The Compromise Proposed in the British House of Lords on the subject of the Franchise bill was formally rejected on July 17th by a vote of 182 to 132. An intense excitement has been aroused in consequence throughout the country. Even journals which do not usually support the administration condemn the obstinacy of the peers in refusing the compromise offered them. The London *Times* takes a serious view of the gravity of the struggle opened by the vote. It declares that a second rejection of the Franchise bill by the Lords would entail the most serious consequences, and reduce the whole business to a naked struggle for supremacy between the two Houses. It predicts openly, what ministers have been saying quietly, that Mr. Gladstone would ultimately, instead of dissolving the Commons, advise the Queen to create Peers in sufficient number to insure a Liberal majority. It explicitly pronounces an hereditary chamber indefensible on any principle accepted at the present day. In the country the Radicals appear less anxious about the fate of the Franchise bill than that the conflict may end in the abolition of the legislative power of the House of Lords. A monster demonstration of Trades Unionists, 200,000 in number, including 10,000 agricultural laborers, the class the bill was intended to benefit, took place in London on Monday. The object of the demonstration was to disprove an assertion made by the Marquis of Salisbury that the people did not care about the bill, and that the agricultural laborers were not anxious for the franchise.

The Chinese Government has Manifested symptoms of yielding to the demands of France. A cable message from Paris on July 18th says that the Chinese *Imperial Gazette* of the 16th inst. published a decree in accordance with the terms of the Convention with France which was violated at Lang-sin. In this decree the Emperor orders the Chinese troops to evacuate Lao-ki, Lang-son, and Cao-bang, and to withdraw to the Chinese side of the passes leading to Yun-nan, Kwang-ton, and Kwang-si. The evacuation is to be completed within a month. The appearance of the French fleet in Chinese waters has had the effect of strengthening the peace party at Pekin. The question of granting the indemnity demanded by France is being discussed. Peace, however, though probable, is not absolutely assured, as there is a powerful party in China intent on war. A later despatch from Shanghai states that the situation at Pekin has become very critical, owing to the occurrence of stormy disputes between the chiefs of the two parties relative to the reply to be sent to the ultimatum of France.

An Incident of the Annual Fete, with which, on July 14th, the French celebrate the fall of the Bastile, led to an interchange of diplomatic courtesies between Germany and France. During the progress of the fêtes some Alsatians were making a demonstration in the streets of Paris of their attachment to France and their hatred of Germany, when a young German student was observed insulting the French flag by spitting upon it. The crowd immediately became wild with excitement. They soundly thrashed the German, and then went in quest of a German flag on which the insult could be returned. They found a flag, among other decorations, on a hotel, and ordered the proprietor to take it down. As he had German guests in the house he did not comply; so the mob broke the windows of the hotel, made their way into the building, and tore down the flag. It was thrown down to the people and rent to fragments. Ample apologies were made by the French Government to the German minister in Paris and by the French minister at Berlin to the German Government for the insult to the flag.

The Eldest Son of the Prince of Wales, who is, after his father, the heir to the British crown, has been taking part in a meeting held to consider measures for improving the condition of the London poor. The meeting was held at Cambridge, where the young prince is now residing as a student at the university. In the course of a speech he delivered on the occasion he said: "Nothing is more necessary for building up a healthy commonwealth than that all classes or parties, whether political or religious, should unite together in the attempt to better, not only each other, but the community. It is because the present movement endeavors to do this, and to help in the physical, moral, political, and intellectual bettering of our fellow-countrymen in the eastern parts of London, and to make them thus worthier citizens, not only of the great metropolis, but also of our wider England, that I, for one, give them my heartiest sympathy." The prince's speech is of interest, as being the first occasion on which he has addressed a meeting of his countrymen. If the young man acts in accordance with the principles he enunciated, he may do something toward checking the tendency toward a republican form of government.

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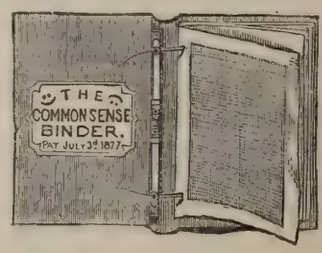

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TAWHIAO, KING OF THE NEW ZEALAND MAORIES.—Scenes in the History of his People.

TAWHIAO,

King of the Maories of New Zealand.

The Colony and Population of New Zealand—Object of the King's Visit—The Blue Ribbon—First Efforts to Civilize and Evangelize the Maories—Visit of Maori Chiefs in 1820—Hongi's Love of War—Baptism of a Chief—Rubbing Noses— Lying in State—Singular Device by a Christian Chieftain.

THE sable monarch whose portrait appears this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the ruler of the tribes of natives of New Zealand. His present prominence in the civilized world is due to the fact that he and a few of his chiefs have suddenly turned up in London to complain of the conduct of Englishmen in New Zealand. It is the old story with which our experience with the redskins has rendered us only too familiar. The Maories, as the natives are called, hold lands rich in minerals and covered with valuable forests. They do not work mines and they have no idea of the value of the pine trees, while the white man, looking on, and troubled by the thought that so much wealth should lie around unutilized, has gradually stolen acre after acre and square mile after square mile of the land which he knows so well how to make productive. The Maories failed to get justice from the local government in New Zealand, so, with a faith that does honor to their hearts, though it does not impress us with their wisdom, they raised $15,000 for expenses and sent Tawhiao, their king, and his attendant chiefs to plead their case at headquarters. So the Indians have sent deputations to their "Great Father" in Washington, with what result is well known.

The colony of New Zealand is situated in the South Pacific Ocean, and consists of three islands, the Northern, Middle, and Stewart's Islands. Portions of them were explored by Tasman, under the direction of the Dutch East India Company, in 1642, and visited at various times during the eighteenth century by Captain Cook. The first settlement of Europeans was made in 1814, but no colonization took place until 1839. In 1841 New Zealand was created a separate colony distinct from New South Wales. The entire area is about 106,260 square miles, being 4440 miles *smaller than the State of Nevada.*

THE POPULATION

of New Zealand in March, 1881, was 489,993. The native population, or Maories, was estimated at 44,097, in addition, chiefly in the Northern Island. In 1840 a treaty was concluded at Waitangi, with the native chiefs, whereby the sovereignty of the islands was ceded to Great Britain, while the chiefs were *guaranteed the possession of their lands,* forests, etc., on condition that they retained them. If they proposed to sell them Great Britain was to have the right of pre-emption. Thus New Zealand became a regular colony, and the seat of government was fixed at Auckland, but it was removed to Wellington in 1865. The government is vested in a governor appointed by the Queen of England, a Legislative Council, also appointed by the Queen, and a House of Representatives consisting of ninety-five members, elected by the people for three years, four of whom are Maories, elected by the natives.

The Maori King and the chiefs who accompany him on his visit to England, made their first appearance in the streets of London on June 3d, and were naturally the objects of considerable interest, the curiosity of spectators being especially aroused by the tattooed countenance of the king, and his enormous ear-rings, which he considers the chief ornament on his person. They hope to get their case considered in time for them to return next month.

THE KING'S PERSONAL HISTORY.

Tawhiao is the son of Potatan te Wherowhero, King of the Maories. Tawhiao succeeded his father under the title of Potatan II. He was known at the time as Matutaera, but subsequently took the name of Tawhiao, by which he is now most commonly known. Among the Maories birth and rank exercise as potent an influence as they do among more civilized races. No Maori chief is truly great unless he can trace back his descent to the arrival of the first Maories in their canoes from Hawaiki. Tawhiao can do this, his ancestor being Hotonui, who came in the canoe Tainui, which made the land at Kawhia, a picturesque port on the east coast, which within the last few months has been opened to Europeans.

The king is tall and slim, with a very dark skin, much darker than that of many of his subjects. His face is elaborately tattooed ; and he wears a piece of green-stone suspended from the lobe of his right ear. His forehead is high, the crown of his head being pyramidal. He wears European clothing, in which he looks as awkward as he feels, but in his native costume he is more imposing.

THE BLUE RIBBON.

Tawhiao was interviewed at Melbourne on April 15th by Mr. T. W. Glover, the coadjutor of Mr. Richard T. Booth, and Mr. Ballen, as representing the Australian Gospel Temperance Union, who tendered to him, as *the first kingly wearer* of the emblematic "blue ribbon," respects and best wishes, coupled with a cordial welcome to Victoria. The king and his chiefs gave the visitors a very hearty reception, and, through their interpreter, expressed the appreciation and gratification they all felt for the kind attention bestowed on them. The chiefs said they were all agreed as to the value and importance of the principles they had embraced. If they and their fathers had abjured fire-water from the first they might not now have had to go to England to complain of having been cheated. It may be hoped that when the king returns and lays aside his European clothes with their blue ribbon decoration, he will not discard the principles it represents. He will be *less likely to lose his property if he keeps sober.*

THE CIVILIZING AND EVANGELIZING

of the Aborigines of New Zealand was commenced in 1814 under the auspices of the apostolic *Samuel Marsden,* who repeatedly visited the islands in the interests of the Church Missionary Society. In 1818 the *Rev. S. Leigh* paid his first visit to the country, and some time afterward a Wesleyan Methodist Mission was regularly organized. Besides the flourishing centres of Christian influence now belonging to the Episcopal and Wesleyan Methodist Churches, the Baptists have organized an active evangelistic agency in New Zealand. They have no fewer than twenty-five churches in the North and South Islands, with a membership of professing Christians of more than 22,200. *The Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, son of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon,* is pastor of the church at Auckland, which has nearly six hundred persons in fellowship, and a congregation of about double that number.

A FORMER VISIT IN 1820.

In 1820 Hongi and another young chief named Waikato, accompanied the Rev. Mr. Kendal to England. They were welcomed by the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Bickersteth, at the Church Mission House in London. Hongi described his objects in coming to England thus, "We have come to London to see the king, the multitude of his people, what they are all doing, and the goodness of their land. We wish to remain one month, and then return, to take back with us one hundred men, miners, to search for iron, blacksmiths, carpenters, and missionaries, to teach them the arts and religion in their own tongue. We are anxious to have twenty British soldiers, and three officers to keep them in order. We will protect them and give them plenty of land." Great interest was awakened in England by the visit of these chiefs. George IV. honored them with an interview, showed them his armory, and presented each with a complete suite of armor, double barrelled gun, etc. Waikato coveted all he saw ; Hongi had eyes only for military affairs, and only pleasure in receiving of weapons.

The visit which promised such good things for the Maori was indirectly the cause of the frightful wars which desolated their country under Hongi for years afterward. Though he did not betray it while in England, the soul of the savage chieftain was then fired with one ardent ambition, to become sole ruler in the islands, as King George was in England ; with this object he exchanged on the way back everything else he had received for supplies of guns, powder, and shot. Determined to turn the deadly gifts he had received to account, he held

A COUNCIL OF WAR

(*see frontispiece*), and having found a cause for quarrel with another tribe, he proclaimed war against Hinaki, its chief.

In vain did Hinaki try to make peace, but nothing could alter Hongi's savage purpose, and Hinaki finding there was no alternative, prepared to resist the invader. The tribes were related to each other, but the pleasure to Hongi of trying his new military stores prevailed over every other feeling. The battle, however, was for some time doubtful. Hinaki, a man of noble form and determined courage, long maintained the combat, until at last he fell, having received four balls ; his ferocious conqueror rushed forward, and with his English clasp knife scooped out the eye of his expiring enemy and swallowed it ; he then stabbed him in the neck, and drunk his blood as it gushed from the wound. About a thousand men were slain in this battle, and three hundred were *cooked and eaten* on the field.

Hongi returned with twenty prisoners on his canoe, intended to keep them as slaves, but his daughter, finding that her own husband had been killed, this Maori lady seized the sword which King George had presented to her father, jumped on board, and smote off the heads of sixteen out of twenty with her own hand. She then first shot and afterward strangled herself. Such horrors would have been past all credence had they not been related by eye-witnesses. This battle was only the commencement of a series of such cruel and devastating wars, that the very extinction of the Maori race was threatened. Thus King George's present promoted English interests by encouraging the occupiers and owners of the soil to kill each other. Hongi became

THE NAPOLEON OF NEW ZEALAND.

At length this monster received a check in his desolating career. In the beginning of 1827 he plundered and burned the Wesleyan Missionary station at Whangaroa. He was successful, as usual, but after the battle he received a shot from which he never recovered. To the last he urged his people to carry on the war, and exterminate his enemies. "Thus will you avenge my death, and thus only do I wish to be revenged." were his last words. Thus his mission to England led to massacre and bloodshed, ending in his own death. King George's kindness neutralized that of the missionaries in London. It may be hoped that Tawhiao's visit will have no such unhappy results. He is little likely to get a present of arms from the Queen, who usually gives an Indian shawl when she gives anything. As the king would be embarrassed by the present of a shawl, perhaps Mr. Gladstone will persuade her Majesty to invest fifty cents in a Bible for him.

BAPTISM OF AN OLD MAORI CHIEF.

This event, which took place in 1849, in the presence of Sir George Grey, who was then Governor of New Zealand, so impressed Sir George that he made a sketch of it on the spot, and forwarded it to the Church Missionary Society ; sending, at the same time, an extract from the journal of his assistant private secretary, giving an account of the baptism. In this extract he says : "In the course of this morning we witnessed a most solemn and imposing ceremony—the baptism of a very old chief, named Te Ngahue. He was brought into the chapel, borne on an amo, or native litter, and deposited, with the greatest solicitude and care, by his relatives on the ground, upon a spot at the upper end of the building pointed out to them by

e missionary, Mr. Chapman. He was a fine, gnified-looking old man, and had evidently, spite of his bowed-down and decrepit appearce, been in his youth a tall and vigorous man. was a truly impressive and touching sight to the old savage—one of the Maori chiefs of e old school, who had often led his tribe to eds of blood and savage warfare, and had isted, time after time, upon the flesh of his emies, now meekly offering himself as a candate for admission into the Church of Christ. rrounded by a few friends and the European itors, and assiduously attended by his wife, lay on his litter, the centre of a small knot persons in the corner of the spacious chapel, ile the clergyman performed the baptismal remony (*see frontispiece*).

War between hostile tribes was for a long ne a great hinderance to satisfactory work by missionaries, but in March, 1828, the belligent chiefs, themselves sick and weary of their erminable struggles, applied to the missionas to act as mediators. Accordingly, Mr. nry Williams set out with his party to do at they might to establish peace between the posing parties. All were armed except themves; should any provocation arise, their lives re not worth a moment's purchase, but it was path of duty, and they were in God's hands. ey arrived in the Hekianga Valley on Satury, and spent the time in seeking to influence e and another individually, with much enragement. The following day the savage rriors unanimously consented to an observce of the Sabbath.

A WHITE FLAG WAS HOISTED,

l preparations for holding divine service de. Strange preaching ground, the very dst of these stockades and trenches, and the ive fortifications, and still stranger audience, five hundred warriors armed to the teeth, o gathered round the messengers of the oss. They began with a hymn, assisted by school-boys they had brought with them, l as the melody filled the air, it seemed to athe a holy calm around; the wild cannibals re hushed into peaceful and earnest attenn, while the teachers told of Him who shed s own blood for our deliverance, and wrestled h God in prayer for the saving of their souls. The Sabbath passed under these holy influces; the eventful day dawned upon the morv, which was to settle the anxious question war or peace. The missionaries had just had joy and reward of seeing two of the hostile ders

CORDIALLY RUB NOSES

l settle their differences (*see frontispiece*), en a loud noise was heard, and seven hund warriors were seen advancing in order of tle till within one hundred and fifty yards of flag, when they rushed forward with a horyell, which sounded like the death-knell of hopes of a pacific arrangement. On the ntrary, it was all in due order, and after varis military performances on both sides, the ole assembly quietly dispersed. God's serits retraced their steps homeward, with the sic of their Master's words echoing in their arts, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for theirs he kingdom of heaven."

Until 1846 there were frequent outbreaks of r between the Maories and the British, but that year peace was made, and the event was occasion of much rejoicing. In 1849 a great tival took place. Previously to the arrival the guests the food was piled either on the ound or on wooden scaffolds. Those erecns were square pyramidal towers, having an vation of fifty feet, on ranges of six feet high, ending from half a mile to two miles. On se ranges were placed sweet potatoes, maize, n-root, potted birds, dried fish, karaka bers, and other dainties, which were afterward tributed among the natives present. Shortly er the declaration of peace,

A CHIEF NAMED HEKE FELL ILL.

first, when visited by the Rev. R. Davis, he s surly in his manners, and disinclined to listen. As his sickness increased he softened down, and seemed to feel the importance of what was said to him. He died on August 7th, 1850. His last words were, "It is on Him my mind is fixed." He had expressed the wish to have Christian burial, but after his death the people objected, saying there would be danger of a quarrel if his wish were carried out, and the missionary had to be content with reading the burial service over the body. Afterward the body of the chief "lay in state" (*as shown in the frontispiece*). The body was placed in a sitting position, covered with a scarlet cloth, the head being dressed with feathers. At his right hand were his Prayer-book and gun. Many natives were present.

A SINGULAR DEVICE

by a Christian chieftain for making peace deserves to be recorded. He went to the neighborhood of his enemies' pah, and concealed himself near it, so that he could see every one who went in and came out without being seen himself. At last he saw a young man, one of the head chiefs of the place, go out and advance to a spot where he might obtain an extended view and see whether any enemies might be approaching; there he sat down, quite unaware of the vicinity of his foe, who lay concealed close to him. This one, watching his opportunity, stole upon him so quietly that he reached him without being heard, then sprang suddenly upon him like a tiger, and overpowered him before he had time to resist; he then pinioned his arms behind him (*see frontispiece*), and led him off as a prisoner. But not to death. When they had gone some distance, quite out of sight of the pah, he suddenly stopped, unbound his prisoner's arms, and bid *him* bind his instead! The other obeyed, marvelling what it all meant, and now took his captor, thus fettered, back to the enclosure. Once inside, all rushed upon him, eager to dispatch him instantly, but the young chief bade them pause while he related how he had obtained his captive. Surrounded by them all, the prisoner in the midst, he now gave an exact account of all that had taken place, and demanded whether he ought to be killed? Such courage and generosity combined struck the impulsive warriors with admiration. With one acclaim they voted his deliverance, the prisoner was immediately unbound, peace made between the two tribes, and, after celebrating a feast in his honor, he returned to his own place with some of his new made friends.

MR. GEORGE MULLER'S RECENT TOUR IN INDIA.

MENTION has been made on several occasions, in these columns, of the evangelistic tour in India of Mr. George Muller, of the Bristol Orphanages. He has now returned, and on July 1st a social meeting was held in Bristol, to welcome him and his devoted wife. Mr. Muller, at a public meeting afterward, gave some very interesting details of his recent tour. He said, in the course of his address: "Shortly after my conversion I offered myself five times to God for missionary labor in India, but the way was not opened up to me, and I was subsequently led into the sphere of labor with which my name has been so long associated. Thus, after an interval of fifty-eight years, I was guided in *my seventy-ninth year* to undertake a journey through the country that has had so warm a place in my interest. This tour was one of labor in the service of the Lord, and crowned with great blessing, no hinderance having been experienced either from the climate or any other cause.

"My objects in going to India were—first, that I might visit the missionaries who are bearing the burden and heat of the day, and, by God's grace, impart counsel and encouragement to them in their arduous labor of love. Secondly, to preach the Gospel to the thousands of Europeans and natives with whom I should come in contact in that vast field. The most difficult classes to reach are the educated Brahmins; I was very anxious, therefore, to bring the simple Gospel before them, as the power of God unto salvation. Thirdly, to promote unity and love between the followers of Christ. This has been a special feature of my ministrations during the past nine years in the twenty-seven countries I have visited. To further this object I have gladly labored in connection with all branches of the Christian Church where the foundation truths of the Gospel are admitted, though I made that an essential condition. In all these churches I have expounded the Scripture and taught the things of God, and in no instance was anything required of me that it was against my conscience to perform.

"A fourth object was to promote the study and love of the Word of God, alike among ministers and their congregations, that thus a pure and sound conception might be formed of the truths therein contained. Also to teach what I understand to be the true character of this dispensation, that we are not to wait to see the whole world converted before the coming of the Lord, but to be found 'looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of our great Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'"

Mr. and Mrs. Muller sailed from Gravesend on September 26th last year; the voyage occupied thirty-four days, during which time the veteran evangelist held a few services on board, but with no manifestation of blessing. Some months after, however, he met a lady in India, who stated with joy that she had been blessed through his ministry on board. Among the places visited were Colombo, Madras, Bangalore, Colar, Coimbatore, the Nilgherry Hills, Calcutta, Darjeeling, Bankapoor (near Patna) Dinapoor, Benares, Allahabad, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Agra, Lahore, Delhi, Bombay, and other places, in all of which he was well received, and addressed meetings.

Benares is the great centre of Hindoo idolatry, and in speaking of it Mr. Muller said: "We cannot tell you the deep impression made upon our minds as we saw the whole city given to idolatry, and the effects of it. The birds feeding upon the bodies in the river of the dead, whose friends were too poor to buy materials to burn them; the flames at evening as others were being consumed; the cemetery of the Parsees, where the bodies are stripped and left to the mercy of the vultures and crows, who gorge themselves until they are almost too heavy to fly—this is heathenism indeed! Can nothing be done for these poor benighted souls? We went into the School of Philosophy, and saw four hundred and fifty men under their teachers learning the errors of their religion. Think of all these things, and offer yourselves to the Lord."

Two Letters from a Native Evangelist.—The Rev. Robert Spurgeon, of Barisal, Backergunge, India, said: "To give an idea of the results of the mission among the natives, I will quote from two letters I have received from an exceedingly earnest native minister, whose flock numbers some 200 or 300 persons. He was a man deeply read in the Scriptures. In October last he wrote: 'Prayer-meetings are being held here constantly, and youths are gradually acquiring the power to preach. This is a great joy, and the inner love of many of the Lord is increasing. The Lord is showing me the fruit of my labors.' A month later he wrote another letter, describing how the work is progressing under his hand: 'Since we began the Monday prayer-meetings our young men have made great progress in spiritual things. Many are tasting the essence of the love of the Lord. Besides the prayer-meeting a fellowship-meeting is held every Friday. The young men are meeting daily for prayer, and sometimes women unite with them. The study of the Scriptures and religious conversation is constantly carried on among them, while two or three of them give instruction to others each Sunday, and I praise the Lord that many more are being roused by the meetings. Some have confessed their sins with tears.'"

THE FOES OF SOCIETY.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Why hast thou broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her? The boar out of the wood doth waste it and the wild beast out of the wood doth devour it."—PSALM 80 : 12, 13.

Society being Woven Together—Disintegrating Forces—I. All Public Criminals—Making Crime a Profession—Unprofessional Criminals—Startling Figures—Rum Largely Responsible—The Cost of Crime—Treating it Unwisely—A Fifteen-Year-Old Criminal—II. Untrustworthy Officials—Corrupt Judges—Gov. Dix and the Foster Case — III. The Idle — The Tramps — IV. The Oppressed Poor — Underground Life—Responsibility of Owners of Luxuries—A Despairing Woman's Cry—Practical Hints.

BY this expressive figure the text sets forth the idea that in olden times there were bad influences which, as with swine's feet, trampled, and, as with swine's teeth, crunched the vineyards of God. So it is now. Long ago the temple of truth and justice would have been completed had there not been bad influences to deface the walls and break down the altars. If it had not been for these evil influences long ago the whole earth would have become an Eschol of ripened clusters. But the boar out of the wood hath devoured it, and the wild beast of the field hath wasted it.

Day by day the shuttle flies to and fro,

WEAVING TOGETHER THE CITIES

of the world, and every additional wire is another nerve of sympathy; and, looking upon the present condition of these cities and upon their prospective improvements, I find that there is a large class of men and women who are the sworn friends of all that is right, and the sworn foes of all that is wrong. There never have been so many good men and women in these cities as to-day; there never have been so many officials doing their whole duty; there never have been so many churches, so many consecrated ministers of the Gospel, so many evangelical printing-presses, nor such a large multitude of men who are the friends of God and humanity as to-day.

But while I recognize this fact, we must all, as intelligent men, recognize the other fact that there is a class of persons whose whole *influence is baneful*, destructful, and deathful in these cities. It is my object this morning to point out these foes of society, and to classify them, that we may know who they are, how to treat them, and how to put ourselves on the defence.

I. In the first place, in this class of baneful people, you must place all

PUBLIC CRIMINALS.

The entire business of the latter class, American and foreign, whom we call the professional criminals—their entire business is to work iniquity. That is as much their business as merchandise or jurisprudence is your business. They put into it all the energies of body, mind, and soul, and they look upon the interregnum spent in prison as so much wasted time—just as you look upon an attack of asthma or rheumatism that keeps you a few weeks in the house. It is their regular business to pick pockets, and blow up safes, and shoplift, and ply the panel game; and they are as proud of their adroitness in that direction as you are proud when you upset the argument of an opposing counsel, or cure a wound that some other surgeon has given up, or foresee a turn in the market so that you can buy goods just before they go up 20 per cent. It is their business to work crime, and I do not suppose that once a year the immorality of the thing comes across their soul.

In addition to this class of professional criminals, American and foreign, there is a class who more or less are industrious in crime. In one year the police arrests in these three cities for theft, 10,000; for assault and battery, 10,000; for intoxication, 50,000. The fact is that

RUM IS RESPONSIBLE

for a great deal of the theft. It confuses people's ideas of property. They get their hands on things that do not belong to them. And rum is responsible for nearly all of the cases of assault and battery, inspiring men with sudden bravery which must be demonstrated, though on the face of the next gentleman!

Do you feel that you are independent of all these things? You are not. In the first place, *it touches your pocket.* Do you know that in these three cities we pay seven million dollars of tax every year to arraign, try, and support criminals? You help to pay the board of every criminal, from the sneak who takes a spool of cotton up to the man who enacts a Black Friday. Yea, your morals are affected by this fact. You might as well think of standing in a confined room where there are fifty people and avoid breathing the vitiated air, as to stand in any community without being somehow contaminated or affected by the evil moral atmosphere. What is the fire that burns down your store or house compared with the conflagration of your morals? What is the theft of gold or silver compared with the theft of your children's virtue?

When a man does wrong, we are all ready to arrest him. We shout at the top of our voice, "Stop thief!" and we put on

THE HANDCUFFS AND MANACLES;

but what provision are we making for the time when the handcuffs and manacles come off? Society practically says to these men, "You go into jail now and rot—good for you," instead of saying, "You go into jail; the justice of the earthly law and the justice of the divine law demands it; you must atone for your crime; but remember we are not rejoicing over your suffering; we wish for your elevation. Here are books and tracts, and the Gospel of the Son of God—here is Christ. Look and live!"

Instead of that, we make these criminals feel that society has a grudge against them, and they in return have a grudge against society, and they come out more infuriated and depraved than when they went in. This is so much the fact that a great multitude of those who are in the prisons of this country have been there before. Of the 1500 criminals in New York prison one year, 400 had been there before. Of the 5000 people who had been in a House of Correction in this country during a certain reach of time—of these 5000, 3200 had been there before—the prison in the one case, and the House of Correction in the other, actually producing no benefit, leaving them as bad as they were—leaving them worse than they were. A philanthropist said to a lad who was fifteen years of age, and who had spent of the fifteen years

THREE YEARS IN PRISON,

"What have they done for you, my lad, in the way of reformation?" "Oh," said the lad, "when I was brought up before the judge the first time, he said, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself.' Then I was imprisoned. I got out, and I committed another crime, and I came back, and the judge said to me, 'You rascal!' And then I was imprisoned, and after a while I got out, and I committed a worse crime, and then I came back before the judge, and he said, 'You ought to be hanged!'" "Is that all they did for you in the way of reformation?" "Yes," replied the boy, "that is all."

"Oh," you say, "these criminals in our cities are incorrigible." I deny it. I believe there were thousands of men who slept last night in prison bunks who would leap at the first thought of coming back to decency and respectability, if it were possible. "Oh," you say, "I haven't patience with them." How much better would you have done under the same circumstances? Suppose your mother had been a blasphemer, and your father a sot, and you had started in life with your body full of evil proclivities, and at ten years of age you had been sent out to steal, and banged and bruised when you came in without any spoils; and suppose Society had turned its back on you, leaving you to consort with vagabonds and wharf-rats, how much better would you have been?

While I have no sympathy with that judicial clemency which would let crime run loose, that feeling which sits in the gallery of t court-house weeping bitterly because so desperado is brought to justice—while I ha no sympathy with that, I tell you we want m potential influences for the reformation of th depraved classes. Do you think that

STIFLED AIR AND DARKNESS

will ever turn a thief into an honest man? W want men in this country like William Wilb force, like John Howard—men like those w explored the dungeons of France and Engla half a century ago—women like Elizabeth F who shall do for the prisons of this coun what those people did for the prisons of En land in their days. I thank God for what Is T. Hopper, and Dr. Wines, and Mr. Harris, a others have accomplished in the improveme of prison discipline, and in the improvement the architecture of our penitentiaries; but it some time yet, I fear, before we shall have our cities the benediction of Him who said, was in prison and ye visited me."

If you want the rising generation of our cit brought up for God, and if you want cri throttled and put down, give more attention your common schools, more attention to yo high schools, more attention to your colleg and encourage all those who with toils describable and nervous exhaustion beyond power of speech to relate—encourage th people, who are, amid all these trials, toiling the elevation of humanity.

II. Another class I shall mention are all

UNTRUSTWORTHY OFFICIALS.

Why was it that crime went rampant in N York between 1866 and 1871? It was beca the police judges were as corrupt as the va bonds that were brought before them. T criminal winked at the judge, or the law winked for him. It was all over. Of 8000 ca brought up, only 3000 were tried. Things w "fixed up," but for society "fixed dow When the two thieves stole the diamond from the Brooklyn gentleman riding in Broadway stage, they were arrested. The t was set down for the General Sessions, bu never came on. The case was never heard and the government of New York bid a hig price for crime when it did that. Let a crimi go, and you open the door for more criminali You know as well as I do that there are wa ing all our streets to-day men and wom the foes of society, criminal to the last exte unwhipped of justice.

Now, I say, let the law swoop on them. it be understood that crime gets no protect in these great cities. Let it be understood t the detectives are after it; that the police c is brandished; that the iron door of the pri is swung open, and the judge is ready to call the case. When Governor Dix, a few ye ago, refused to let Foster, the assassin, go al he had been condemned to the gallows, n withstanding all the social influence that brought to bear on the Governor—when he fused to let that assassin go, he did more, t Governor did more to discourage crime than the Governors we ever had before in the St of New York!

III. Again, in this class of dangerous a baneful people, I must place

THE IDLE.

Do not mistake me. I do not mean the si the old, or those people of any age who can get work; but look out for your athletic nothing—the man who will not work, the m who chooses idleness. Some one said to a c brated French nobleman, "Why is it that work when you have so much property "Oh," he replied, "I should have to keep engraving, or I should hang myself!" No m can afford to be idle, if there is any work he get to do. Out of the idle classes come criminal classes. *Character, like water, st nates if it stand still too long.* I do not won that in a world where there is so much to and all the hosts of earth, and heaven, and l are plunging into the conflict, and angels

ying to and fro, and God is at work, and the hole universe is aquake with the marching and ountermarching—I do not wonder that God nites with His indignation a man who chooses leness.

I have watched these do-nothings, who spend fe stroking their beard, and retouching their oilet, and criticising industrious people, and ending their evenings in bar-rooms and club-ooms, smoking, and drinking champagne, and elling silly or scandalous stories. I have atched them. For a while, they drink the best ines, and they smoke the best cigars, and they ove in very fine society; but, as by a law of in-xorable gravitation,

THEY COME TO THE ALMSHOUSE

r the penitentiary. The governments of these ree cities provide free lodgings—free lodgings o over 20,000 men and women who are as able o work as you and I are. These men go into ie station-house to sleep. In the daytime they ome out and they get their food at your door, nd they steal what they can out of the front asement while the servant is spreading the read in the back basement? Then they go long from one place to another, from one tation-house to another. When they are found ut to be "repeaters," they simply move on.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine of the thou-and would not take work if you gave it to hem. I know how much they want to work—good many of them. I am referring now to *he tramps* who infest all our cities. They no nore want work than did that man last August, when he came to a philanthropist and asked for omething to eat, or for some money, and the hilanthropist said to him, "Why don't you go o work? You are a stout, healthy man." While the man was wiping the perspiration off is face in the hot August weather, he replied, "I can't get any work to do at my business." "What is your business?" said the philan-hropist. Said the man, "*It is shovelling now!*"

I know them. I have tried over and over gain whether they wanted to work, by setting hem to saw wood in my cellar. I offered them arge wages. I heard the saw going for about hree minutes, and then there was a silence, and went down-stairs to see what was the matter, nd lo! the wood, but no saw! The man had offered his arm to the saw, and they had walked off together. I say these men are an outrage on the Lord's poor, who ought to be helped, must be helped, will be helped. There are housands of men in our cities who cannot get work, but these mean fellows of whom I am speaking come not under that category. These men would not go;

THEY DO NOT WANT WORK.

I wish we could have re-established for just such men the old-fashioned whipping-post. Banishment from society does not hurt them a bit. They like prison. They rather prefer the almshouse, for they like thin soup when they cannot get mock turtle. You cannot frighten them by imprisonment. Oh, no. If I had my way, I would just put some healthy work on one side and a raw hide on the other, and let them take their choice. By what law of God or man is it right that you and I, who toil until our hands are blistered, and our elbows ache, and our brain gets numb—I ask you, by what right are we called upon to take care of the

TWO MILLION LOAFERS

of the United States? I like that scant bill of fare which Paul wrote out for the Thessalonian loafers: "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." Depend upon it, my friends, these idle classes make the criminal classes.

IV. In this class of dangerous people I must also place

THE OPPRESSED POOR.

Poverty a little while is chastening, but when it comes so that the children cry for bread, and there is none, sometimes men get desperate. There are thousands of honest men every day lacerated into vagabondism. They go on, they are badgered, and stung, and kicked until they can endure it no longer, and they stand with the ferocity of a wild beast, which, pursued until it can run no longer, turns round, foaming and bleeding, to fight the hounds. There is an

UNDERGROUND LIFE IN NEW YORK

and London that is simply appalling. It wallows and it sweats with putrefaction. You go down the long stairs, which are wet, and decayed, and rotten with filth, and at the foot of those stairs you find the victim, cold and hungry, three fourths dead—perhaps slinking into a darker corner, under the gleam of the lantern of the police. There has not been a breath of air in that room for five years—not a breath of fresh air. There they are, all huddled together, men, women, children, blacks, whites—Mary Magdalen without her repentance, and Lazarus without his God.

These are the dives into which the thieves and the pickpockets go, and other people who would like to do better. These are the sores which bleed perpetual corruption into the city. This is the underlying volcano which threatens us with Caraccas earthquake. It rolls, and it surges, and it heaves, and it blasphemes, and it dies; only two outlets for it—the police-station and the Potter's Field. In other words, they must either go to prison or to perdition! "Oh!" you say, "I have never seen these things." Because you *will not*. But you will see them in that day when these poor wretches crawl up in the light of the judgment throne, and while all hearts are being revealed, and amid the thunders and lightnings and earthquakes of that day God will ask you and me what we did to help them, what we did to save them. There is

ANOTHER CLASS

of the poor not quite so squalid, but almost as helpless. See how sunken their eyes are. Cheek-bones stand out. Hands damp with slow consumption. Their breath is that of the charnel-house. They hear overhead on the pavement the roar of the wheels of fashion and the laughter of gay men and women, and wonder why God gives to some people so much and to others so little. And some of them are being pushed off into the infidelity the poor German woman experienced when in the midst of her wretchedness it was told her that God was good. "No! no! no good God, no good God. Look at me! No good God! No good God!"

In all our cities, the cry of whose want I am to-day interpreting, there are countless thousands of people dependent upon city, individual, and State charities. If I could gather up all their voices to-day it would make a groan that would shake this city to its foundation; but for the most part it is speechless, it suffers in silence, gnashing its teeth, sucking out the blood of its own arteries,

WAITING FOR THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

I should not wonder, my friends, if it will be found in that day that we have had some things that might have been given to them, some extra garment that might have kept out the winter's cold, some piece of bread thrown into the ash-barrel that might a little have appeased their hunger, some wasted candle or gas-jet that might have illumined their darkness, some fresco on our wall that would have given them a roof, some gold ring which, sold for them, would have kept that orphan girl from being crowded off the precipices of a woful life, some New Testament that would have told of Him who came to seek that which was lost.

Oh, this wave of vagrancy, and pauperism, and crime, and hunger that dashes against our front doorstep! I do not know whether you see as much of it as I do. Some weeks I get almost frenzied with it—this pounding at the door, and pounding, and ringing, and ringing, of all nationalities, of all

PEOPLE WHO WANT TO BE HELPED,

and there is no fortune on earth that could help all of them. It goes on until I dare not own more than one decent pair of shoes, or more than one decent hat, lest in the last day Christ should say to me, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to these, ye did it not to me." Oh, if the roof could be lifted off of these homes of the destitute, and we could look right into them as God looks, who would have nerves to stand it?

There are the forty-five thousand sewing women in this cluster of cities—forty-five thousand sewing women toiling day after day and night after night until sometimes the blood spurts from nostril and lip! How well all that woe was voiced by the despairing woman who standing by her invalid husband and her invalid child, said to the philanthropist who came to their relief, "Oh, I am broken-hearted; everything seems to go against us; and then, beside that, there are other things!" "What things?" said the philanthropist "Oh," she replied, "my sins, my sins! I never see anything or hear anything good. I work from Monday morning until Saturday night, and on Sundays I can't go out, and I walk up and down this floor, and tremble at the thought I must at last meet God. Oh, we work very hard; we get on so poorly! And then to see the poor little wee thing getting weaker and weaker every day; and then instead of getting nearer to God, to feel all the time that I am going away from Him further and further. Oh, sir, I do wish I was ready to die!"

Alas, that that woman could not realize the tender-hearted love of Jesus, who sympathizes with and will assuredly succor all who trust in Him and call upon His name! I should not wonder if some of those people will have a better time in the next world than we will have. I should not wonder if it would be just like Christ to say, "Come up, you poor woman; you had it hard on earth, you shall have it easy now; take the highest throne; you suffered with Me on earth, now be glorified with Me in heaven." Oh, weeping One of Bethany! oh, wounded One of the cross! have mercy on the starving and homeless poor of Brooklyn and New York!

I am preaching this sermon this morning for four or five

PRACTICAL REASONS.

Because *I want you to see who are the dangerous classes, and beware of them.* Because I want you to be more discriminating in your charities. Because I want to make you the friends of all city evangelization, of Howard Missions, of Children's Aid Societies, of Dorcas Societies. Because I want you, if you have extra and useless garments in your house, or garments that you can spare, I want you to send them out, that the naked limbs might be covered. Who knows but that the hat you give away will come back a jewelled coronet? and who knows but that the garment you give away will be turned into white, by some mysterious process, and after a while be embroidered in Christ's raiment, so that He shall run His hand over it and say, "I was naked and ye clothed me?"

And, above all, I have preached this sermon this morning, my dear friends, because I want you to see in contrast how good God has been to you; because I hope some of you will go home from this service and sit down at your full table, and look at the round faces of your children, and thank God; and that this afternoon, you will go to your room, and lock the door, and get down on your knees, and say, "Oh! I have been an ingrate; forgive me. I have often complained of business matters; forgive me. I have complained because my income is not as large as it used to be; forgive me. There are so many people in this city homeless and a-hungered; Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast been so good to me. While there are in this city so many children crippled and sick, I thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast been so kind to my children—some of them on earth, some of them in heaven. Oh, God, I surrender myself to Thee now! Washed as I have been in baptismal waters, I want to experience the more holy baptism of repenting tears and the consecrating effusion of the Holy Ghost."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Value of a Bright Face.—The Rev. Dr. Fergus Fergusson in a recent address said: "Let your face shine with love to God and to men. The expression of one's countenance speaks more eloquently sometimes than words. When Murray McCheyne died, there was found on his desk an unopened letter, which proved to be from a man in Broughty Ferry, who wrote that he was converted, not by anything Mr. McCheyne had said, but 'By your look, sir, as you entered the pulpit.' Christ's joy should be in all who love and serve Him. 'Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.' 'Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice.'"

Visit to an Aged Cameronian.—Mr. Noble related: "I was visiting an old Cameronian in Scotland who was lying ill. I said to him, Shall I sing you a hymn?' 'I would rather hear you sing a psalm.' So I sang a psalm, and did so during the next few visits I paid to him; but some days afterward I asked him, 'Did you ever hear the hymn, "The Crowning Day?"' 'No, I never did.' 'Well, I will sing you the last verse, "Our pain shall then be over, We'll sin and sigh no more, For the crowning day is coming by-and-by."' It had such an effect upon the old man that he forgot his prejudice against hymns, and now I sing a bit of a psalm and the whole of a hymn every time I visit. Ladies and gentlemen who can sing about 'Jesus and His love' are ever welcome at the bedsides of the sick and ailing."

In the Garret of a Dying Man.—Mr. Muir said: "I was asked to visit a young man who was dying in one of the worst courts of our city. When I entered the court and began to look about for the house, a well-known bad woman threw up her window and asked, 'Is that you, Mr. Muir?' 'Ay,' I answered. 'Who is it ye are wantin'?' she inquired. 'Biddy So-and-so,' I rejoined. 'Ah, she's away up in the garrets.' I climbed up, and found the man lying on a straw pallet. Biddy said, 'I'll never pay the priest for prayin' again. When I was well off he always prayed for me and mine because I paid him; now that I am poor he won't pray because I can't pay.' 'Why did you send for me, seeing that I am not of your religion?' 'To speak comfortable words to the poor fellow lying there.' Both man and woman were able to say 'Christ for me' in a short time, and rejoice in His salvation."

Better than Drowning Herself.—Mr. Muir said: "A young woman, one evening, came into our meeting from an open-air service which I had been conducting. I said to her, 'You are not very happy looking?' 'No, I am not happy,' she answered; 'I was just on my way to drown myself, when the singing made me stop to listen for a little. Oh, I am very unhappy.' I replied, 'Well, the devil would like you to put yourself into the river, but he does not like you to stay here, so I think you'd better stay and tell me your story.' It was the same old, old tale of a sinner's misery. She had been led astray by a plausible rascal, who, in her time of extremity, basely deserted her, though he knew that it meant ruin to her socially, and might, for all he cared, be her death spiritually. I am glad to state that she is now reclaimed from her evil life by the grace of God, and trusting her soul in the pierced hands of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Mary's Two False Props.—Mr. Lee, an Evangelist, related: "On my way to preach on one occasion I called in to see a girl who was dying. I said to her, 'Mary, what are you trusting to?' The only answer I got was a deep sigh. I repeated my question, 'Mary, what are you trusting to?' At length she replied, 'I have two things upon which I am depending.' 'What are they?' I inquired. She responded, 'I was always good to my mother, and I went to church every Sunday forenoon.' It was hard, very hard, to throw her only hope to the ground. I tried to point her to Jesus, but I had to attend the meeting before she understood the way. I returned, however, when the service was over. As I neared the house for the second time, I saw that the blinds were closed. Mary had passed away, so far as I knew, with the false hope that by her works she would be saved. Perhaps there are those here who cannot even say they have been good to their mother, or that they went to church every Sunday, should that be able to save them, though it cannot do so. 'None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.'"

A Farmer's Prayers for a Blacksmith.—"In a quiet country village there lived a blacksmith, who was a great debater on religious subjects. Invariably he took the side against the Gospel. One old Christian farmer felt very deeply the injury which was being done by his sturdy, plausible neighbor, and one night he wrestled with God till dawn on behalf of the blacksmith. Early in the morning he saddled and mounted his horse, and went to the smithy. The blacksmith, when he saw him, was astonished, and remarked to his assistants, 'Hullo! what's up with old John this morning that he is here so early?' Before they could answer John had dismounted, and entering, he took the smith's hand, saying, while the tears streamed down his face, 'Oh, man, I have been praying for you all night.' Without giving the smith time to argue, John turned away, remounted, and rode home. 'Praying for me all night,' thought the smith; 'there must be something in it after all.' It was not long before he realized what that something was. The last I heard of the blacksmith was that he conducted the best religious meetings in the district."

The Old Leaves of Tom's Life.—The Rev. J. T. Daly narrates the following: "Two workmen were going along the road together one morning. One said to the other, 'You'll be glad to hear, Joe, that I have turned over a new leaf. I have given up the grog-shop, and intend to be a decent man in future.' 'Yes, I am glad to hear it, Tom,' was the reply; 'but what about the old leaves?' 'God is merciful and will let bygones be bygones,' said Tom. 'Then can you say that you are a saved man—that you have accepted Christ as your Saviour.' 'Not yet; I am working to that end. You know that we are told to work out our salvation.' 'Yes, Tom, but have you got it to work out? Look at that board which says, "Trespassers will be prosecuted." Now if you go over that hedge and begin working on the land you would be a trespasser; but if you get a gift of it then you can work on it as hard as you like.' 'I think that I understand you; what must I do then.' 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,' is the command and promise. Before they reached their destination Joe was able to rejoice with Tom because he had got the salvation of Christ *within* to *work out*."

A Bridge Washed Away.—The Rev. William Bass said: "A new bridge had to be built across a deep ravine in the mountains, through which, during winter and wet seasons, a large stream of water rushed. In summer, and in dry seasons there was no water in it. After it was contracted for, a very convenient drought set in, much to the delight of the contractor and his men. It took many weeks to build, but at length, at six o'clock one evening, it was all finished except the keystone. That night the contractor said to his men, 'Men, work overtime to-night, and get in the keystone; we don't know when the storm may come.' The men replied, 'No, there's not the shadow of a cloud in the sky, to-morrow will be fine,' and they flung down their tools, and left. The contractor went home with the burden of a heavy foreboding of disaster lying on his heart. At five o'clock next morning the wind rose, the clouds gathered dark and thick, and before six o'clock a water-spout broke on the mountain-top. The ravine was flooded with water, which washed away the wooden supports of the bridge, and it fell, all for want of a keystone. Friends, have you put in the keystone into your life? or are you depending on insufficient supports which will be washed away when the storm of death assails you? Put in Christ as the keystone at once. 'He is the "precious corner-stone," and whoso believeth upon Him shall never be confounded'"

"THE WORLD TO COME."

By Rev. G. W. Pendleton, A.M.

Will be a Material Place—Is not Fulfilled by the Church—A World not Subject to Angels—World Renovated—The Eternal Abode of the Saints—Recovery of a Lost Inheritance—It Comes down out of Heaven—No Mention of its Return—Sin Absent.

FUTURE existence, in some condition, is clearly revealed in the Word of God. Mankind cannot cease to be. Immortality is one attribute of the Spirit. "The wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." If the righteous exist—if they live on through eternal ages—they must have a place in which to exist—some substantial residence—a material abode, because, after the resurrection of the body, they will have material, substantial bodies. "In

THE PLACE

of eternal blessedness there will be ground to walk upon; scenes of luxuriance to delight the corporeal senses; the kindly intercourse of friends, having bodies such as we now wear, and faculties of perception, and thought, and mutual communication, such as we now exercise." So says Dr. Chalmers. When and where shall we find such a place? We shall find it when we shall inhabit "*the world to come.*"

Some say that the phrase "*the world to come*" means only "the promised state of the Church under the Gospel, with the worship of God therein, with a special relation to the Messiah, the Author and Mediator of it." But the word of God gives no sanction to such an interpretation of the term "world," in its application to the Church, even in any condition of the Church. It certainly cannot mean the Church in its present organization, for the phrase is "a *world to come*," and the Church, when this was written, was already in an organized state.

Then this "*world to come*" is not made subject to angels, and I suppose the angels have as much to do with the Church now as they did with the Church of the old dispensation, which Paul is contrasting in the use of this phrase.

The Greek *oikoumenee* means

AN INHABITABLE WORLD,

and not the Church; and a world in the future—a world that will be after the removal or renovation of this sin-cursed world. Maimonides says that "the world to come was a common phrase to designate the kingdom of the Messiah, called also the age to come, or the future age." It is the earth redeemed from the curse; the earth purified from the consequences of the fall; the earth delivered from corruption and sin—"*the restitution of all things*"—a perfected, glorified earth, when "all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." The matter of which it was originally composed will continue to exist, and be used in the arrangement of "*the world to come.*" In this new earth there will be undoubtedly a greater variety of sublime scenery than if all things had continued as they were from the beginning of the creation, and will exhibit the attributes of God in all their diversified modes of operations. The grandeur of the divine perfections will pervade "the world to come." The glory of the holy Trinity will fill it with its light and beauty. And the host of heaven will exclaim, "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth, who has set thy glory above the heavens."

"The world to come" will be the future and

ETERNAL ABODE OF THE SAINTS,

and Christ will have exclusive dominion over it. He was made for a little time lower than the angels, but will be crowned with glory and honor, and in the end it will be said, "Thou

hast put down all rule, and all authority and power, and all enemies under his feet." Thus the world, which was given to the first Adam, and, in consequence of his fall, was usurped by Satan, who became the god of this world, will come into the possession of Christ, the second Adam, and His people, and He shall have "dominion from sea to sea, and from the river even unto the ends of the earth." "And the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

CHRIST WILL RULE

over this kingdom—the redeemed Church—in "the world to come." He will be "all in all;" all homage and glory will be ascribed to Him, and "every knee shall bow to Him, and every tongue shall confess Him Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

"The world to come," then, is simply recovering by Christ what was lost by Adam. It is the redemption of

THE LOST INHERITANCE,

or of "*the purchased possession.*" Some object to this view of the future state of the redeemed, for the reason that Christ promised to His disciples that "In His Father's house are many mansions;" that He would go and prepare a place for them, and come again and receive them unto Himself. But He means that He will receive them to Himself into the house of God. And the house of God, after the judgment, will be "the new earth, wherein shall dwell righteousness." "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God." To those mansions in "*the world to come*" Christ will finally receive all His people—"They shall enter in through the gates into the city." "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God—new Jerusalem—

WHICH COMETH DOWN

out of heaven from my God." If Christ, then, has gone to prepare a place in His Father's house, where He will take them to Himself, He will bring them to that place prepared, that they may be with Him and behold His glory. This place will be "the world to come." Christ is preparing and will complete the preparation; will restore it to its primeval glory, and fill it with righteousness, and make it the habitation of the saints.

Some object to this view of the future abode of the redeemed because Paul says, "They shall *be caught up* to meet the Lord in the air" when He comes. But who ever believed that the air will be *the eternal abode* of the saints? The air is

THE PLACE OF GATHERING

to meet the Lord when He comes, but they do not dwell there nor go up to heaven again, but return to the earth. The Bible positively declares that they shall reign with Christ "*on the earth.*" That in the last days the New Jerusalem shall come down from God out of heaven, and where in the Bible do we read of its return again to heaven?

This view of the future state of God's people makes the place of their future existence so real, that faith has something substantial on which to rest. It makes heaven an evident reality. Dr. Chalmers says: "By the convulsions of the last day materialism may be shaken and broken down from its present arrangements;" but "out of the ruins of this second chaos may another heaven and another earth be made to rise; and a new materialism, with other aspects of magnificence and beauty, emerge from the wreck of this mighty transformation; and the world (to come) be peopled as before with the varieties of material loveliness, and space be again lighted up into a firmament of material splendor." We shall walk forever in a land replenished with sensible delights and sensible glories, in "the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." "There will be a firm earth, as we have at present, and a heaven stretched over it, as we have at present; and it is not by the absence of these, but by

THE ABSENCE OF SIN

that the abode of immortality will be characterized." Tholuck says, "The idea that the perfected kingdom of Christ is to be transferred to heaven is properly a modern notion. According to Paul and the Revelation of John, the kingdom of God is placed upon the earth."

And now, if the glory of God fills the earth, there will be no place for sin, moral evil, and death. There is no connection, necessarily, between sin and materialism. In "the world to come" sin may be done away forever, and materialism be perpetuated in the full bloom and vigor of immortality. On everything in that world will be written "holiness to the Lord."

The coming of "the world to come" will be the reign of Christ. He will be King over all the earth. "All kings shall bow before Him, and all nations shall serve Him."

Such will be the final abode and future home of the righteous in "the world to come." This is the end of all things in the present economy. There is nothing beyond but ages to come, or eternity.

THE LIVINGSTONE MISSION TRANSFERRED TO AMERICA.

THE circumstances under which the direction of the Livingstone Mission has been transferred to the American Baptist Missionary Society were described on July 3d by Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness, who with her devoted husband, has heretofore managed its affairs. The following is the interesting statement prepared by Mrs. Guinness and read by her husband at a meeting of the friends of the Mission:

"Many of our friends will be surprised to learn that the Congo Mission is about to be transferred to new management; we wish to explain the reasons for the step, and what are likely to be its results. This Mission, founded in 1877, is one of the seven important central African Missions established since the death of Livingstone. Its plan was to evangelize by means of industrial Mission stations the tribes and nations occupying the vast basin of the Congo River, and constituting at that time an almost unknown world, equalling in area the whole United States this side of the Rocky Mountains. The Mission was in connection with no large society. Its original council was a very small one, and though some of its members were most liberal, the demands of the Mission soon surpassed its resources. We were then led to assume the sole financial responsibility, and undertook the management of the Mission in connection with our own institute. For the last four or five years the Lord has through the liberality of His people enabled us to meet the large demands which the support and the development of the enterprise have involved, though the physical, financial, social, and moral obstacles at first were very great. The climate of the country proved trying and fatal to Europeans, and the difficulties, dangers, and expenses of travelling and transport were immense.

"Fifty brethren and sisters in all have been sent out on the staff, and yet it consists to-day of only six and twenty. This may give some idea of the large amount of apparently fruitless outlay necessitated by work in such an unhealthy country. In spite, however, of a legion of difficulties, the Livingstone Inland Mission has nobly made its way, carried out its original programme, and planted Mission stations at intervals through three or four hundred miles of country right into the interior. The terrible preliminary difficulties have been overcome, the heavy initiatory expenses met, the first-fruits of the harvest reaped, much precious and costly experience gained, and the Mission occupies to-day a position which we hardly dared to hope, when we commenced, it could attain so soon. The important Belgian expedition is thoroughly friendly to it; the King of the Belgians himself is warmly interested in it, and Mr. Stanley most kindly doing all he can to help it forward.

"That the approaching transfer of the Livingstone Inland Mission to the American Baptist Missionary Union will be for the good of the Mission we are thoroughly persuaded. It has so grown and developed that it can no longer be managed as a subsidiary branch of our East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions. We had for some time been prayerfully considering the best course to take, when a year ago we received an intimation that the American Baptist Missionary Union was looking out for a good opening in Central Africa, feeling it was their special duty, as having a large constituency of colored churches, to do something for the evangelization of the negro's neglected fatherland. We communicated with the secretary and have had correspondence since. After twelve months of negotiation this society has just informed us of their glad and unanimous resolution to adopt and vigorously prosecute the Livingstone Inland Mission. Dr. Murdock, of Boston, Mass., Secretary of this Board, and Dr. Crane, a member of the Executive Committee of the Board, came over to examine into the nature and working of the Mission last Christmas; after a week's pleasant intercourse, they returned to Boston, and placed their report, first before the Executive Committee, then the Board, at their great annual meeting. A few weeks since we received from Dr. Murdock the brief cablegram, 'Board approves,' followed by a letter stating that with hearty unanimity and satisfaction the managers at their annual meeting reached this important conclusion. We are now waiting to receive from the Executive Committee information as to the practical details of the annual transfer.

"I should add that all our council as well as all our missionary brethren on the Congo approve the course we have taken, and feel that it will be for the good of the Mission. The American Board takes over the staff as it stands, together with all the stations, steamers, and property of the Mission, which, though it will not in future be as in the past undenominational, will still be conducted in that spirit of largehearted charity which recognizes that the essential point on which Christians are agreed are much more important than the non-essential points on which they differ. As it happens, many if not most of the members of the staff of the Livingstone Inland Mission hold Baptist views, and the only other Mission in the country is that of the English Baptist Missionary Society. We were partly guided in this matter by the conviction that it would not be wise to introduce a second denomination into the field. If it be objected that it is a pity to hand over to Americans that which has cost so much English life and treasure, we reply, what does it matter by whom work is done, if only it be done, and done well? Neither we nor the council of the Livingstone Inland Mission, nor the friends who have so liberally sustained it for the last seven years, had any personal, denominational, or national object in view. Our sole end and aim was to do good to men, and obey Christ, by proclaiming His Gospel among the fifty millions of the Congo country. If we have secured this, is not our object attained? And if Christ and His great salvation will be proclaimed further and more widely by this Mission, under American management, than it could have been under our own, surely we have cause for nothing but joy and thanksgiving. We shall continue to correspond with the missionaries on the Congo, to keep open house for them on their return on furlough, or on sick leave, and we shall hope in every way to facilitate their new work by rendering to our American friends all the aid in our power. We shall still gladly act as an auxiliary association, by forwarding to Boston the contributions of those who wish to continue to help the Mission, or by supplying volunteers for the work when needed.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

A Decrease in the Number of Immigrants received last month is reported as compared with the figures of the corresponding month of last year of 17,020. This year the number for the month was 82,581. The following are their nationalities: 28,279 from Germany, 14,163 from Ireland, 6735 from England and Wales, 5800 from Canada, 5456 from Sweden, 4368 from Norway, 3405 from Italy, 2424 from Austria, 1928 from Denmark, 1819 from Russia, 1589 from Bohemia, 1303 from Hungary, 1260 from Switzerland, 1268 from Poland, 989 from Scotland, 760 from the Netherlands, 336 from France, 123 from Belgium, and 680 in lesser numbers from all other countries.

The Prohibition National Convention Assembled at Pittsburg, Penn., on July 23d. Professor Samuel Dickey, of Michigan, presided. The representation from the various States was: Alabama, 2; California, 23; Connecticut, 2; Illinois, 45; Maine, 3; Kansas, 17; Kentucky, 6; Michigan, 56; Nebraska, 3; Dakota, 1; Ohio, 34; New Jersey, 18; Maryland, 16; New York, 75; Missouri, 10; Tennessee, 12; Texas, 10; Pennsylvania, 58, and Wisconsin, 55. Total, 446. Before the roll of States was called, the preference for ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, as the candidate for the Presidency, was so decidedly manifested that a motion was made to nominate him by acclamation. It was, however, deemed best to proceed regularly. Gideon T. Stewart, of Ohio, the Hon. James Black, of Pennsylvania, and Dr. R. H. McDonald, of California, withdrew their names, and John P. St. John was unanimously nominated. The Hon. William Daniel, of Maryland, was nominated for the Vice-presidency. The platform adopted arraigns the Republican and Democratic parties and the Republican candidates by name for encouraging the liquor traffic, advocates the election of government officers by the people instead of their appointment by the president; demands the abolition of the duties on alcohols, liquors, and tobacco; says that "custom duties should be levied for the support of government economically administered, and when so levied, the fostering of American labor, manufactures, and industries should be constantly held in view;" that public lands should be held for homes for the people and not for gifts to corporations; repudiates as un-American the exclusion of any people from residence or citizenship; protests against any territory being admitted to the family of States until it has declared against the liquor traffic and polygamy, and expresses its belief in the political equality of the sexes and the right of women to the ballot. The convention, by a vote of 223 to 156, decided to change the name of the party from the Prohibition Home Protection Party to that of the Prohibition Party.

John P. St. John, the Candidate of the Prohibition party for the Presidency, was born at Brockville, Franklin County, Ind., on February 25th, 1833. He had a Christian mother, whose teachings and character he often speaks of with filial veneration. His schooldays were brief, and such education as he acquired was principally gained in the evenings, when, tired with a hard day's work on the farm, he pored over borrowed books by the light of the fire. The demon of liquor desolated the boy's home; the father fell under its power, and young St. John, while still a boy, had to go away from home to earn his living. He went to California, where he took any work that offered, sometimes mining, sometimes working on steamboats. He served in the Indian wars of 1852 and 1853, in which he was wounded. He had been studying law by himself, but in 1860 he entered a law office at Charlton, Ill., first as clerk and afterward as partner. He volunteered on the outbreak of the war, and served in the Sixty-eighth Illinois, rising from private to lieutenant-colonel. At the close of the war he settled at Independence, Mo., removing to Kansas in 1869. Three years later he was elected to the State Senate, and in 1878 was elected Governor of the State and was re-elected in 1880. It was under his administration that the Constitutional amendment in that State was passed. St. John did not seek the nomination for the Presidency, and had, in fact, declined it in advance; but the unanimity with which it was made imposes an obligation upon him which he will do his utmost to fulfil. "Looking to God for His guidance," he says, "I shall try to do my duty." His nomination is likely to bring out the whole strength of the Prohibition party, which polled only 10,305 votes in 1880, under Neal Dow, who is now in a position congenial to him as a worker for Mr. Blaine.

The Adjourned Convention of the Independent Republicans was held in New York on July 22d, to decide upon a course of action in the Presidential election. This was the meeting for which arrangements were made at the conference held on June 17th, when the uncertainty about the Democratic nominations rendered decision premature. At the conference last week California was represented by 1 delegate; Colorado by 1; Connecticut, 28; Delaware, 2; Georgia, 1; Illinois, 2; Louisiana, 5; Missouri, 2; Michigan, 1; Maryland, 2; Massachusetts, 84; New Jersey, 33; Pennsylvania, 19; Rhode Island, 6; Vermont, 1, and New York, 273, of whom the city furnished 168. The convention unanimously agreed to support Governor Cleveland for the Presidency and to work for his election by separate organization and not in conjunction with the Democrats. The following is the most important of the other resolutions passed: "Upon the practical questions of tariff and finance, and other questions upon which both parties are divided within themselves, we also are divided in opinion. We shall vote, therefore, in the choice of Representatives and other officers, according to our individual opinions of their political views and their personal character."

The Re-opening of the Investigation into the loss of the Proteus is strongly urged. Now that Lieutenant Greely and the survivors of the expedition are on their way home, there are new opportunities, which did not exist when the court sat, for getting at the truth respecting the disastrous voyage of the Proteus. The failure of that expedition was the subject of the inquiry. The court declared that Hazen's "grave errors and omissions either directly led or largely contributed to" that failure, but declined to recommend that Hazen should be court-martialed. If the Proteus expedition had accomplished the purpose intended, eighteen lives at least would have been saved. It is only fair that a properly constituted court should declare who was responsible for that lamentable loss of life.

The Creditors of the Grant & Ward Firm have received some encouragement from a statement recently made by the official receiver, whose schedules, as filed, caused gloomy apprehension. The receiver says the schedules were necessarily imperfect. The $16,000,000 of liabilities do not represent utter emptiness. A large number of the creditors are *secured*, and the amounts which they realize on their securities will do much to reduce the actual liabilities of the firm. Many have realized already, and the total amount realized will not fall below *twelve million dollars*. The receiver speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Ward's kindness and courtesy to him in his work. Although Mr. Ward was made the scapegoat in the affair, and an invidious distinction was made between him and his partners, he has displayed no resentment, but has assisted the receiver to the utmost extent of his power. But for his aid the receiver would have been unable to trace out the ownership of the securities or unravel the intricacies of the firm's transactions.

An Important Division has Arisen among the temperance workers of Indiana on the question of political action. Two separate conventions were held at Indianapolis on July 24th, representing the two sections of the Prohibition party. One convention favored the nomination of a State ticket, while the other convention favored consolidated action, looking to the election of members of the Legislature favorable to the calling of a convention for a new State Constitution, as provided in the platform of the Republican party, leaving all persons free to vote as they pleased on the general ticket, and without antagonizing either of the existing parties. Efforts were made to harmonize the conventions, but without success. The candidate for the Governorship nominated by the first-mentioned body is R. S. Dwiggins, a banker and lawyer of Jasper County.

A Bronze Statue of the Late Hon. William E. Dodge is to be erected in New York at the cost of a few citizens, who knew the value of the work performed by the eminent philanthropist and the genuineness of his character. The statue will cost $25,000. It will be erected at the intersection of Broadway and Sixth Avenue, which is bounded on the north by Thirty-fifth Street. It will face to the south, and have a somewhat elaborate pedestal, with a drinking fountain and partly surrounding bench. These will be of polished red granite. On the front face of the pedestal will be placed the fountain. Water will pour from a lion's mouth into the upper of two basins. The statue will show Mr. Dodge standing by a low fluted column on which the right arm leans, the hand being clasped in natural action with the left one. The head will be bare. The statue will be eight feet high. The railing which surrounds at present the small piece of ground will be taken away and the grass plot arranged to suit the design of the architect.

The Christian Commission Reunion Will be held at Ocean Grove, N. J., on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, August 1st, 2d, and 3d. The invitation includes all Army Workers of the Christian Commission, Sanitary Commission, and Army and Navy Chaplains, *North and South*. A circular invitation signed by Messrs. George H. Stuart, Clinton B. Fisk, John O. Foster, and others, has been issued.

"I Need your Paper," Writes a Colored preacher in North Carolina, to whom the kindness of our friends last year enabled us to send it, and who laments that the year covered by the subscription has expired. "We have few books among us, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been a light in a dark place for many families, for it has been lent around until completely worn out." This good colored brother says he is unable to subscribe for himself, which can be easily credited when it is known that his congregation are poor men, the best of whom earns only forty cents a day, and they can afford to pay him only *sixty dollars a year salary* and board. Similar letters are received from the other colored preachers, describing in grateful words the benefits they derived during the past year from the weekly visit of the paper, with its two sermons and its supply of illustrations for Gospel teaching. They testify to the way God has used it as a blessing to them and to the congregations that look to them for religious instruction. We cheerfully comply with the suggestion made to us from many quarters to open again this year the Colored Preachers' Fund, and we will acknowledge any subscriptions sent to it, either here or by mail, as donors may direct.

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union will hold its tenth anniversary at Chautauqua, N. Y., on August 15th and 16th, under the presidency of Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the Union. Meetings will be held at eleven A.M., two P.M., and half past seven each day; addresses will be delivered by Mrs. Emily McLaughlin, of Boston, Mass.; Mrs. J. F. Willing, of Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop, of Michigan; Mrs. M. H. Hunt, of Boston, Mass.; and Mrs. Sallie F. Chapin, of South Carolina. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing Mrs. Caroline B. Buell, 16 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

Mrs. M. F. Shipman is Conducting a Fourteen days revival mission at Irwin, Westmoreland County, Penn., with marked success. The mission she recently closed at Hountydale resulted in a large accession to the membership of the churches there. Notwithstanding the excessive heat, all the meetings were crowded, as were the Gospel Temperance meetings Mrs. Shipman held at the conclusion of the revival services. Mrs. Shipman expects to sail for Europe about August 13th

Mr. John A. Condit, under whose Leadership the first band of American missionaries will leave in September for the Congo Valley, Africa, is now arranging for a short tour, so that he may present the claims of that great field to a few of the Christians of America, and tell the interesting story of its people, natural features, missionary incidents, etc. Any pastors desiring to secure his services (which he renders free) may address him at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office.

The Annual Faith-Cure Convention, Conducted by Dr. Cullis, will not be held this year at Old Orchard, but in the White Mountains, on the slope of Bartlett Mountain, about two miles from North Conway, N. H. The Rev. D. Pratt is now on the ground superintending the erection of cottages, which he announces himself ready to have completed twenty days after receipt of order. Visitors may, however, bring their own tents. Board and lodging can be obtained at present at $1.50 a day. The convention will commence on August 20th and continue until August 28th. A visitor writes to correct a misapprehension as to the convention. He says: "It will be composed of Christians who come together for the quickening of their spiritual life; and the doctrine which is continually preached from the platform, and from the experiences of individual Christians, is that of a living Saviour, mighty to save His people from their sins. That such a Saviour accepted in His fulness can also heal the bodies of His people seems to follow so much as a matter of course that it is hardly thought of or spoken of as a separate doctrine, but rather accepted as a part of the power for service included in the promise: 'Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.'"

The Seaside Assembly of Ministers and Sunday-school workers at Key East, N. J., propose to found a permanent institution similar to the Chautauqua Assembly, but of broader scope. Mr. Edward Bachelor has donated a block of ground worth $20,000 to the association. The plan set forth embraces an art department, and also departments of music, ancient and modern languages, elocution and oratory, modern science, in its relation to modern thought; a department of Christian philosophy, and a normal Sunday-school department. The Rev. James A. Worden, D.D., of Princeton, N. J., is Superintendent of Instruction. Other eminent clergymen are interested in the project, and have promised to assist in various departments.

Ben Hogan, the Converted Pugilist, has been laboring at Livingston, Montana. The *Tribune* of that city, after describing him as he was prior to his conversion, and dwelling upon his unregenerate triumphs, says: "Ben Hogan as a reformed man, a temperate Christian gentleman, is now as thoroughly enlisted on the side of right and reformation. He seems in earnest, evinces a determination to do good, and in his efforts in this diametric course is meeting with excellent success.

The Chicago Meeting to Promote the Observance of the Sabbath in that city, held June 15th, was of a most encouraging character. Farwell Hall was crowded by an earnest and attentive audience. Addresses were delivered by pastors of several German churches of the city and by Rev. Dr. Arthur Little, of the New England Congregational Church. Dr. Little claimed that two thirds of the Germans in Chicago were in sympathy with the meeting, and stated that the church accommodations for Germans in the city far exceed those for Americans. It is stated that the project of opening the parks on the west and south sides for Sunday races will be abandoned.

The Sabbath Committee of New York is making efforts to reduce the labors now demanded of railroad employés on Sunday. A disposition has been manifest on the part of the directors to make concessions to the requests of the committee, providing the movement includes all the lines. The committee is now endeavoring to arrange the details of united action in this matter. The managers of the lines admit that the present Sunday labor is needlessly large, and one of the presidents says decidedly: "In my judgment, the *necessity*, so much urged, does *not* exist, nor do the public demand from railroad management more work than ordinary labor. Railroad men have a right to rest one day in seven and to observe the Sabbath as much as any other of our fellow-citizens."

Dangerous Dust in the Air is Circulated by the elevated railroads in New York. A member of the staff of *The Scientific American* was noticed last week flourishing a large magnet about, in Sixth and Third avenues. Being asked what he was doing, he explained that he was testing the floating matter in the air. He hung the magnet under the track of the elevated road, and when a few minutes later he took it down, it was coated with minute particles of iron dust. This dust, he said, is the cause of many severe cases of eye troubles. The swift passing trains grind off *showers of iron particles*, which often fall or are blown into the eyes of pedestrians. The microscope shows that the particles are of innumerable shapes, and they usually have jagged fringes, and many of them have barbs like a fish hook. When lodged in the eye they cannot be attracted therefrom with a magnet, but a gouge-shaped instrument the size of a sewing needle had been devised for the purpose. This peculiarity of the dust resembles that of moral evil. When once it finds a lodgment in the human system it cannot be withdrawn without difficulty and suffering (Ps. 38 : 3, 4).

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHÆA.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Joseph of Arimathæa, an honorable counsellor, which also waited for the Kingdom of God, came, and went in boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus. And he bought fine linen, and took him down, and wrapped him in the linen, and laid him in a sepulchre which was hewn out of a rock, and rolled a stone unto the door of the sepulchre."—MARK 15 : 43-46.

An Influential Man—A Witness Always Found—The Character of Joseph of Arimathæa—I. As a Warning—What Made him Backward—Natural Disposition—His Wealth—His Office—A Loser by his Secrecy—II. As an Instruction The Power that Drew him out—The Death on the Cross—III. As an Arousing—The Warning Bell on the Welsh Coast—The Signs of the Times—Christ's Enemies Going too Far—His Friends in Flight—IV. As Guidance—A Voluntary Risk—A Christian Slave's Devotion—A Maine Deacon's Gift—Come Forward.

IT was a very dark day with the Church of God and with the cause of Christ; for the Lord Jesus was dead, and so the sun of their souls had set. "All the disciples forsook Him, and fled." "Ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone," were the sad words of Jesus, and they had come true. He was dead upon the cross, and His enemies hoped that there was an end of Him, while His friends feared that it was even so. A few women who had remained about the cross, true to the very last, were found faithful unto death; but what could they do to obtain His sacred body and give it honorable burial? That priceless flesh seemed to be in danger of the fate which usually awaited the bodies of malefactors; at any rate, the fear was that it might be hurled into the first grave that could be found to shelter it.

At that perilous moment Joseph of Arimathæa, a city of the Jews, of whom we never heard before, and of whom we never hear again, suddenly made his appearance. He was

THE VERY MAN NEEDED

for the occasion, a man of influence, a man possessing that kind of influence which was most potent with Pilate—a rich man, a counsellor, a member of the Sanhedrim, a person of weight and character. Every evangelist mentions him and tells us something about him, and from these we learn that he was a disciple, "a good man and a just; who also himself waited for the kingdom of God." Joseph had been retiring, and probably cowardly before; but now he came to the cross, and saw how matters stood, and then went in boldly unto Pilate, craved the body of Jesus, and obtained it.

Let us learn from this that God will always have His witnesses. It matters not though the ministry should forsake the truth, though they that should be leaders should become recreant, the truth of God will not fail for lack of friends. It may be with the Church as when a standard-bearer fainteth and the host is ready to melt with dismay; but there shall be found other standard-bearers, and the banner of the Lord shall wave over all. As the Lord liveth, so shall His truth live; as God reigneth, so shall the Gospel reign, even though it be from the cross. "Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord reigneth from the tree." Such is a singular version of a verse in the Psalms, and it contains

A CLORIOUS TRUTH.

Even while Jesus hangeth on the cross in death He is still keeping possession of the throne, and He shall reign forever and ever. Let this be remembered for your encouragement in the cloudy and dark day. If you live in any place where the faithful fail from among men, do not wring your hands in grief and sit down in despair, as though it was all over with the cause you love. The Lord liveth, and He will yet keep a faithful seed alive in the earth. We need not worry our heads about who is to succeed the pastors and evangelists of to-day; the apostolical succession we may safely leave with our God. Concerning this Joseph of Arimathæa, the honorable counsellor, I want to speak this

morning, praying that I may speak to your souls all along.

I. First, I desire to look at Joseph of Arimathæa as

OUR WARNING.

He was a disciple of Christ, but secretly, for fear of the Jews; we do not advise any one of you to imitate Joseph in that. Fear which leads us to conceal our faith is an evil thing. Be a disciple by all means, but not secretly; you miss a great part of your life's purpose if you are. Above all, do not be a disciple secretly because of the fear of man; for the fear of man bringeth a snare. If you are the slave of such fear it demeans you, belittles you, and prevents your giving due glory to God.

"Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear."

Be careful to give honor to Christ and He will take care of your honor.

Why was it that Joseph of Arimathæa was so backward? Perhaps it was owing to *his natural disposition.* Many men are by nature very bold; some are a little too much so, for they become intrusive, self-assertive, not to say impudent. I have heard of a certain class of persons who "rush in where angels fear to tread." They are fearless because they are brainless. Let us avoid fault in that direction. Many, on the other hand, are too retiring; they have to screw their courage up even to say a good word for the Saviour whom they love. If they can do so they fall into the rear rank; they hope to be found among the victors when they divide the spoil, but they are not over-ambitious to be among the warriors while they are braving the foe.

Some of these are true-hearted notwithstanding their timidity. It was found in the martyr days that certain of those who endured most bravely at the stake were naturally of a fearful mind. It is noted by Foxe that some who boasted of how well they could bear pain and death for Christ turned tail and recanted; while others who in prison trembled at the thought of the fire, played the man in death, to the admiration of all that were round about them. Still, dear friends, it is not a desirable thing if you are troubled with timidity to foster it at all.

I am afraid, too, that what helped to intimidate Joseph of Arimathæa was the fact that he was

A RICH MAN.

A sad truth lies within our Lord's solemn exclamation, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." Riches do not strengthen the heart, or make men daring for the good cause. The fishermen of the Galilean Lake readily left their bits of boats, and their fishing-tackle; but Joseph of Arimathæa was a rich man, and was therefore slow to leave all for Christ's sake. Take care, any of you that are well-to-do in this world, that you do not permit the liberality of God to be a cause of disloyalty to Him. Beware of the pride of life, the lust for rank, the desire to hoard; for any of these may prevent your service of your Lord. Riches puff men up, and prevent their stooping to find the pearl of great price. Joseph of Arimathæa's wealth made him unduly cautious; and possibiy, without his knowing it, prevented his casting in his lot with the common sort of people who followed the Lord Jesus. His heart was for the prize, but the heavy weight of his substance hindered him in his race; it was an instance of abounding grace that he was helped to run well at the last.

Possibly, too, he may have been checked by the fact that

HE WAS IN OFFICE,

and that he was honorable in it. It needs great grace to carry human honor; and, truth to tell, it is not particularly much worth carrying when you have it. For what is fame but the breath of men's nostrils? Poor stuff to feed a soul upon! If a man could so live as to gain universal plaudits, if he could write his name athwart the sky in letters of gold, what of it all? What is there in the applause of a thoughtless multitude? The approbation of good men, if it be gained by persevering virtue, is better to be desired than great riches; but even then it may become a temptation; for the man may begin to question rather, What will people say? than, What will God say? and the moment he falls into that mood he has introduced a weakening element into his life.

I would lovingly inquire of you at this time (for the sermon is meant to be personal all the way through) if any of you who love my Lord and Master are doing so secretly because of the fear of men. You have never openly confessed your faith, and why not? What doth hinder your taking up a decided position on the Lord's side? Are you wealthy? Are you honorable? Do you occupy an enviable position in society?

Can it be so, that, because God has dealt so well with you, and trusted you so generously, you will repay Him by denying His Son, violating your conscience, and turning your back on truth; and all for the sake of being in the fashion? I charge all concealed believers to think over the inconsistency of their concealment and to quit that cowardly condition.

I feel sure that Joseph of Arimathæa was a great

LOSER BY HIS SECRECY;

for you see, he did not live with Jesus, as many other disciples did. During that brief but golden period in which men walked and talked, and ate and drank with Jesus, Joseph was not with Him. He was not among the twelve, as possibly he might have been if he had possessed more courage and decision. He lost many of those familiar talks with which the Lord indulged His own after the multitudes had been sent away. He missed that sacred training and strengthening which fitted men for the noble lives of primitive saints. How many opportunities he must have missed, too, of working for the Master and with the Master! Perhaps we hear no more of him because he had done no more. Possibly that one grand action which has redeemed his name from forgetfulness, is all that is recorded because it really was all that was worth recording. Joseph must have been a weaker, a sadder, a less useful man for having followed Christ afar off.

II. Secondly, having viewed Joseph of Arimathæa as a warning, I shall go on to speak of him as a lesson for our instruction. Joseph did come out after all; and so will you, my friends. If you are honest and sincere, you will have to avow your Lord sooner or later. Do you not think it would be better to make it sooner rather than later?

THE DAY WILL COME

when that shame which you are now dreading will be yours. As surely as you are a sincere believer, you will have to encounter that reproach and derision which now alarm you; why not face them at once and get it over? You will have to confess Christ before many witnesses, why not begin to do so at once? What is the hardship of it? It will come easier to you, and it will bring you a larger blessing, and it will be sweeter in the recollection afterward, than if you keep on postponing it.

What was it that fetched Joseph of Arimathæa out? *It was the power of the cross!* Is it not a remarkable thing that all the life of Christ did not draw out an open avowal from this man? Our Lord's miracles, His marvellous discourses, His poverty, and self-renunciation, His glorious life of holiness and benevolence, all may have helped to build up Joseph in his secret faith, but it did not suffice to develop in him

A BOLD AVOWAL

of faith. The shameful death of the cross had greater power over Joseph than all the beauty of Christ's life. Now let us see, you timid, backward ones, whether the cross will not have the same influence over you to-day. I believe it will if you carefully study it.

I do not suppose he fully understood the design of our Lord's death; he had some knowledge of it, but not such a knowledge as we have now that the Spirit of God has appeared in all His fulness, and taught us

THE MEANING OF THE CROSS.

Oh, listen, sirs, ye that are not upon His side openly, ye that have never worn His livery, nor manifestly entered on His service. He died for you! Those wounds were all for you; that bloody sweat, of which you still may see the marks upon the countenance of the Crucified, was all for you. For you the thirst and fever, for you the bowing of the head, and the giving up of the ghost; and can you be ashamed to own Him? Will you not endure rebuke and scorn for His dear sake who bore all this for you? The cross is a wondrous magnet, drawing to Jesus every man of the true metal. It is as a banner lifted on high, to which all who are loyal must rally. This fiery cross, carried through all lands, will rouse the valiant and speed them to the field. Can you see your Lord suffering to the death for you, and then turn your backs? I pray you may no longer hesitate, but may at once cry, "Set down my name among His followers; for I will fight it out even to the end. Thus much by way of instruction taken from the life of Joseph of Arimathæa. If the cross does not bring a man out, what will? If the spectacle of dying love does not quicken us into courageous affection for Him, what can?

III. So I have to mention, in the third place, something for our arousing. Perhaps you are saying in your heart that the season in which Joseph lived was one which imperatively demanded that he should leave his hiding-place and should go in to Pilate, but that you are under no such constraint. Hearken, friends; many people are not true to their occasions, whatever they may be; they do not consider that they have come to the kingdom for such a time as this. The Lord Jesus is not hanging on a cross to-day needing to be buried; but other stern necessities exist, and call for your exertions. This hour's necessities imperiously demand that every man who is right at heart should acknowledge his Lord and do Him service. Every man that loves Christ should at this hour prove it by his actions.

A buoy off the Mumbles in South Wales bears a bell which is meant to warn mariners of a dangerous rock. This bell is quiet enough in ordinary weather; but when the winds are out, and the great waves rush in toward the shore, its solemn tones are heard for miles around as it swings to and fro in the hands of the sea. I believe there are true men who are silent when everything is calm, who will be forced to speak when the wild winds are out. Permit me to assure you that a storm is raging now, and it is growing worse and worse. If I rightly read

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES,

it is meet that every bell should ring out its warning note lest souls be lost upon the rocks of error. You that have fallen behind because the fighting did not seem to require you, must quit your positions of ease. I summon you in the Master's name to the war. The Lord hath need of you. If you come not to His help against the mighty a curse will light upon you. Ye must either be written across the back as craven cowards, or else you will to-day solemnly espouse the cause of Jesus. Shall I tell you why?

I will tell you why Joseph was wanted, and that was, just because *Christ's enemies had at last gone too far.* When they hunted Him about and took up stones to stone Him they went a very long way; when they said He had a devil and was mad they went much too far; when they asserted that He cast out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils, that was a piece of blasphemy; but now, now they have overstepped the line most fatally; they have actually taken the King of Israel and nailed Him up to a cross, and He is dead; and therefore Joseph cannot stand it any longer. He quits their company and joins himself to the Lord Jesus. See how far men are going in these days. In the outside world we have infidelity of so gross, so brutish, a character, that it is unworthy of the civilization, much less of the Christianity, of our age. Now, ye fearful ones,

come out, and refuse to be numbered with the unbelieving world.

THE CITADEL ATTACKED.

Besides, in the outward Christian Church we see men who, having already taken away every doctrine that we hold dear, are now assailing the inspiration of God's own Word. They tell us plainly that they do not believe what the Scriptures say further than they choose to do. The Bible to them is a fine book, but rather out of date. Now, if you can be quiet, I cannot. The citadel of Christendom is now attacked. Let no brave man shrink from its defence. If you can hold your tongues, and see the faith rent to pieces, I cannot. Why, it is enough to make every man gird on his weapon and rush to the fight. Since they push error to extremes, it becomes us to hold by every particle of the faith. I will not, for my own part, give up a corner of my creed for any man. Even if we might have been prepared to modify expressions had the age been different, we are not in that mood now. A generation of vipers shall have a naked file to bite at. We will modify nothing. If truth bears a stern aspect we will not veil it. If there be an offence in the cross we will not conceal it. This shall be my answer to those who would have us attune ourselves to the spirit of the age—I know no Spirit but one, and He is unchanging in every age.

When Joseph of Arimathæa revealed himself as our Lord's disciple, *our Lord's friends had mostly fled*—we might almost say they had all departed. Then Joseph said, "I will go in and beg for the body." When everybody else runs away, then

THE TIMID MAN GROWS BRAVE;

and often have I noticed it, that when there has been a wide desertion from the faith, then the feeble have become strong. Those poor souls who had said, "We hardly know whether we are the people of God at all, we are so unworthy," have crept out of their dens and have waxed valiant in fight, putting to flight the armies of the aliens. A sister was asked to tell her experience before the Church, and she could not do it; but as she went away she turned round and said, "I cannot speak for Christ, but I could die for Him." "Come back," said the minister, "you are welcome here!" They do gloriously, those hidden ones, in days whereof we are apt to fear that no witness for the truth will remain alive. Oh, that you who live where religion is declining may be all the more resolved to serve the Lord Jesus faithfully!

A FRIEND IN NEED.

And then, you know, in Joseph's time the people that were true to the Lord Jesus were such a feeble company. Those that were not absolutely poor—the women that could minister to Him of their substance—were nevertheless unable to go in unto Pilate and beg for the Lord's body. He would not have received them, and if he would they were too timid to have sought an interview; but Joseph is rich, and a counsellor, and therefore he seemed to say, "These dear good women need a friend; they cannot get that precious body down from the cross alone. I will go to the Roman governor. Together with Nicodemus, I will provide the linen and the spices, and the women shall help us take Jesus down from the tree and lay Him in my new tomb, and swathe His limbs in linen and spices, so as to embalm Him honorably."

Some of you live in country towns where those who are faithful to God are very poor, and have not much ability among them. If anything should move you to be the more decided, it should be that fact. It is a brave thing to help a feeble company; any common people will follow at the heels of success, but the true man is not ashamed of a despised cause when it is the cause of truth. You who have talent and substance should say, "I will go and help them now. I cannot leave the Master's cause to this feeble folk. I know they do their best, and as that is little, I will join them and lay myself out to aid them for my great Master's sake."

Can you not see my drift? My only desire this morning is to induce any of you who have for a moment faltered to "stand up, stand up for Jesus," and everywhere, in every place as wisdom may suggest, avow His dear and sacred name.

IV. Lastly, there is something in this subject for our guidance. Somebody says, "Well, what do you mean by my coming out? I can see what Joseph did; what am I to do? I do not live at Arimathæa, and there is no Pilate in these days." Joseph in owning his Lord put himself under

PERSONAL RISK.

A Christian slave, whose master was executed for being a Christian, went to the judge, and begged the body of his master that he might bury it. The judge replied, "Wherefore do you wish for your master's body?" "Because He was a Christian, and I am one." Upon this confession he was himself condemned to die. It might have been so with Pilate; for the Jewish rulers must have hated Joseph and longed for his death. He had been backward a long time, but now he put his life in his hand, and went in boldly to Pilate.

We read, "He craved the body of Jesus;" but, as a commentator well says, he was *not a craven, though he craved* the body. He simply asked for it, begged for it, implored to have it, and the procurator yielded to his wish. Now, do you think that if it were needful for you to jeopardize your best earthly interests for Christ, you could do it? Could you lose your character for culture and courage by avowing the old faith in these apostate days? Can you leave all for Jesus? Should it rend the fondest connection, should it break up the brightest prospects, could you take up the cross and follow your Lord? It is due to Him who died for you that you should count the cost, and reckon it little enough for His dear sake if you may but do Him honor.

Remember, again, that this good man, Joseph of Arimathæa, when he took the body of Jesus, brought upon himself *ceremonial pollution*. It may seem little enough to you, but to a Jew it was a great deal, especially during the Passover week. He handled that blessed body, and defiled himself in the judgment of the Jews. But, oh, I warrant you he did not think it any defilement to touch the blessed person of his Lord, even when the life was gone out of that matchless frame. And then, this man having risked his life, and given up his honor, was content to be *at great cost for the burial of Christ*. He went and bought the fine linen; and that rock-hewn sepulchre which it was the ambition of every Israelite to possess, he cheerfully resigned, that the Lord might lie there. Now, whenever you do own Christ, own Him practically. Do not keep back your purse from Him, or think that you are to say, "I am His," and do nothing for Him.

I was reading the story of

A GOOD OLD DEACON

in Maine, in America, who came in to a meeting after there had been a missionary collection. The minister there and then asked "our good brother Sewell" to pray. Sewell did not pray, but thrust his hand in his pocket and stood fumbling about. "Bring the box," he said; and when the box came, and he had put his money into it, the minister said, "Brother Sewell, I did not ask you to give anything, I only wished you to pray." "Oh," said he, "I could not pray till I had first given something." He felt obliged first to do something for the great mission work, and having done that he could pray for it. Oh, that all Christ's people felt the justice of that course of conduct! Is it not most natural and proper? Joseph could not, when the Saviour wanted burying, have been true to Him without burying Him. And now that the Saviour does not want burying, but wants in all His living power to be preached among the sons of men, if we love Him we must do all that lieth in us to spread the knowledge of His name.

COME OUT

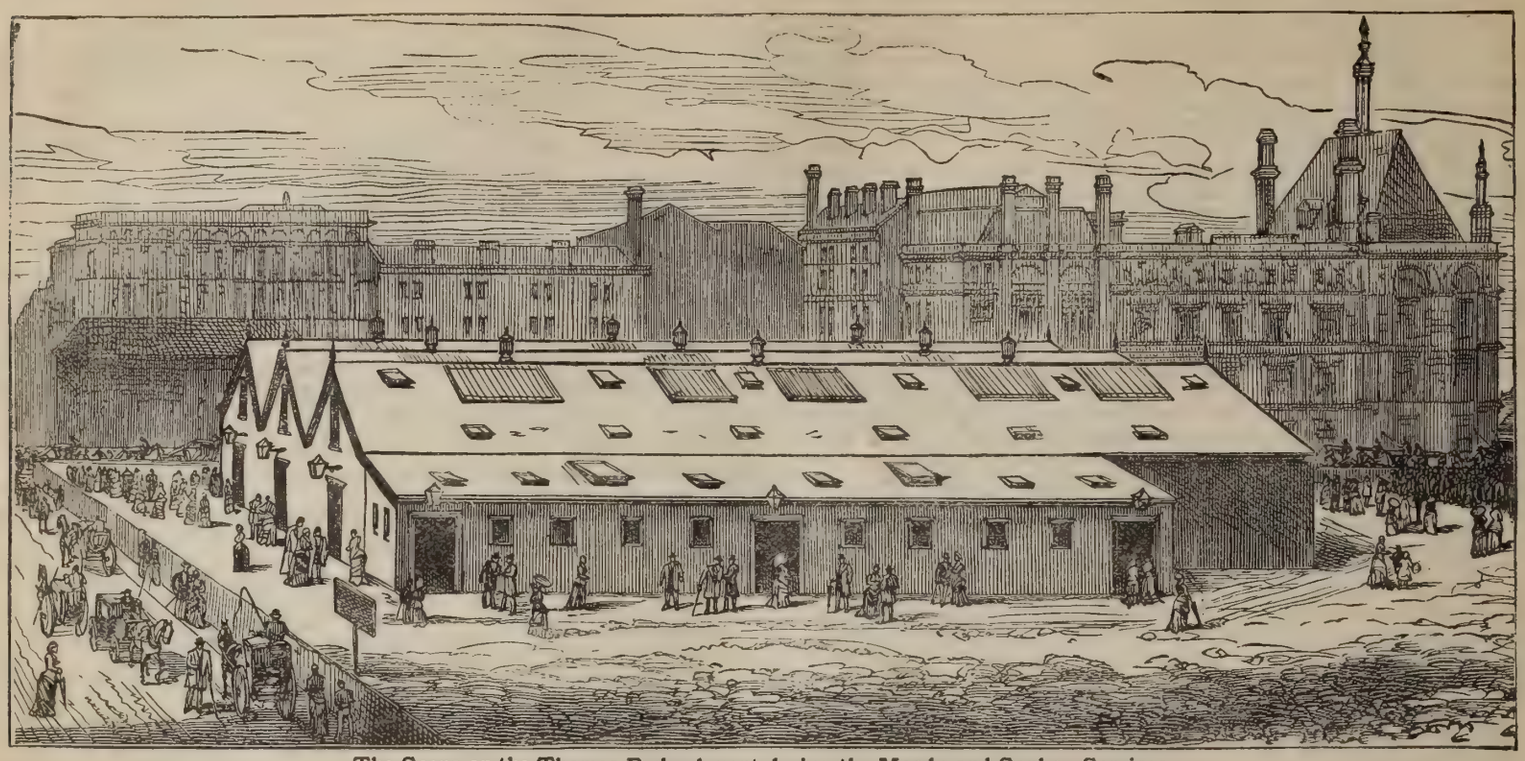
then, come out then, ye that are hidden among the stuff! Some of you strangers from the country, who have lived in the village, and attended the services, but never joined the church, do not let another Sunday dawn till you have sent in your name to be classed with the people of God. And any of you that have come often to the Tabernacle, and say that nobody has spoken to you, just you speak to somebody and own what the Lord has done for you. Joseph of Arimathæa, where are you? Come forward, man! Come forth; your time has come! Come forth *now!* If you have followed Christ secretly, throw secrecy to the winds! Henceforth be bravest of the brave, among the body-guard of Christ, who follow Him whithersoever He goeth. Have no fear nor thought of fear, but count it all joy if you fall into manifold trials for His name's sake, who is King of kings and Lord of lords, to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

Italian Laborers are Searching Anxiously for their money in Montana. During the recent bank troubles in New York a number of Italians living in and around Butte, M. T., withdrew their deposits from the banks of that city, and confided them to the care of a countryman of theirs named Toneatti, who had a reputation for honesty. He secreted the cash in a secure hiding-place. Soon after he was killed by a fall in a mine, and with his death died also the knowledge of the spot where the money was hid. Efforts since made to discover it have proved unsuccessful, and the grief of the unhappy Italians is pitiable. If they do not discover their treasure they will be in as poor a condition as if they had intrusted it to Grant and Ward themselves. They have learned that honesty alone is not sufficient to constitute a man a good keeper of their property. The Christian is in no danger of disappointment in that direction. He knows that his Saviour, to whom his treasure is committed, has received all power, and that "He is able to keep that committed unto Him against that day" (II Tim. 1 : 12).

A Showman was Killed by one of his Own snakes last week. The show is at High Bridge, N. Y., and consists of a variety of snakes, including one specimen of the handsome and exceedingly rare kind known as "the diamond-backed rattlesnake." James Reilly, one of the proprietors, went to the glass case where this creature was, on July 13th, and took hold of the rattlesnake, as he usually did, by the neck immediately back of the head. The reptile wriggled, and Reilly lost his hold. Instantly the rattlesnake fastened his fangs in his hand. The man flung the snake back into the case and shut the door. He sucked the wound with all his might, and drank large quantities of whiskey, but without avail. He was promptly removed to a hospital, where, after lingering twenty-four hours, he died. A former partner of Reilly, who visited him in hospital, and who said he had been exhibiting snakes for twenty-five years, stated that he had known only one case of a man living after being bitten by the species of snake that bit Reilly. In that case the man was bitten in the finger, and he instantly drew his knife and cut the finger off. He said amputation was the only sure remedy, and that was useless if not done instantly. A course so painful would not have been recommended by the man if his knowledge of the



The Scene on the Thames Embankment during the Moody and Sankey Services.

nature of the poison had not convinced him that less desperate remedies were of no avail. There are cases in spiritual affairs in which an evil habit has worked similar peril; for those the Saviour, who knew the nature of sin, gave an analogous injunction (Matt. 18 : 8).

The Bears in New York State will be Exterminated if they are hunted with the determination now characterizing the efforts of the farmers. The animals have been unusually daring and mischievous for months past, and the flocks of sheep have suffered heavily from their depredations. In the neighborhood of Redkill, Delaware County, thirty sheep have been carried off recently, and similar complaints are made in other parts of the State. On July 22d a farmer saw a large bear prowling about Redkill. He hurried home and procured the assistance of his neighbors. Eight hounds were put on his track, and after a long chase Bruin was caught and killed. He weighed 310 pounds. The farmers have now organized regular and systematic arrangements for hunting down these dangerous creatures. We can understand why the repeated losses of sheep should arouse the farmers to vigorous measures, and can but wish that a like vigor might be displayed everywhere against vice, immorality, and all forms of sin, which are stimulated by the enemy of souls, who seeks a prey far more precious than sheep (1 Peter 5 : 8).

THE MOODY AND SANKEY IRON HALL ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

(*See Illustration.*)

The movable Iron Hall, which Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey had used, alternately with its twin structure in their evangelistic tour of the British metropolis, was set up for the last time in that service on Tuesday, May 27th, on the Thames embankment—that is, a strip of the river front which the government purchased from its owners, and having graded and paved it, turned it into a promenade for the citizens of London. The Hall was erected on an unoccupied site fronting on the promenade. A prominent London newspaper thus refers to its surroundings: "The hall, which can be sighted both from Fleet Street and Blackfriars Bridge, has for its neighbors the City of London School and the Temple Gardens—a refreshing oasis in that solitude. To pace its cloisters and shady courts carries the imagination back to the days of the Crusaders, while Whitefriars Street, immediately facing the hall itself, tells of *a famous monastery* which was hard by and shed abroad its influence, such as it was, in the dark ages. The City Gas Works more recently stood upon the site of the Temple Gardens Hall, and while yet the Embankment was undreamed of, the spot was actually lapped by the turbid waters of Old Father Thames. The land is the freehold of the city, but, having been cleared, is to-day in the hands of a company, who have permitted the erection of the now familiar tabernacle upon one corner for the payment of $1000. The hall is central and easy of access, being readily reached by train, bus, tram, and steamboat. It commands a district unique the world over. Within a mile radius, which embraces the purlieus of the New Cut on the south side of the Thames, and the General Post-office on the other, there is *a resident population of* 600,000. Messrs. Moody and Sankey's present "parish" takes in the Mansion House, the Royal Exchange, the Bank of England, and Somerset House, and the hall itself is within ear-shot of the rumbling machinery which marks out the adjacent world of printing-offices."

AN ATTEMPTED RESCUE AT SEA.

(*See Illustration on next page.*)

The Framnaas, a Swedish barque, was on a voyage from Hamburg to Cardiff, in ballast. The skipper was in a hurry to reach port, and spread every inch of canvas the masts would bear. A rising wind induced caution, however, and presently the command was bawled out to reef the topsails.

A number of men sprang into the rigging, and the shrouds danced under their weight as they climbed to the yard to roll the sails up. The wind thundered amid the swollen spaces of the great squares of canvas, with a sound that resembled the beating of a continuous roll upon a gigantic drum. On a sudden there was a loud cry, and the shout of "A man overboard!"

At the sound of that dreadful cry there was a rush of those on deck. The helm of the barque was put down, and as she rounded in the wind the canvas shook furiously. All was confusion in a moment—the vessel rolling heavily upon the billows, the sails thundering, every rope shrieking aloud as if in pain, and skipper and mates all shouting at the top of their voices, as a boat was lowered for the rescue of the unfortunate man.

It is not an easy thing to lower a boat even in smooth water when a vessel has way on her, but in such a sea as that now running, the undertaking was a most perilous one. It was, however, safely accomplished, and Neilson, the first mate, and two able seamen named Dahlbom and Andersen were in her pulling hard for the point where their shipmate could still be seen struggling for life some distance away.

The boat was within a hundred yards of the drowning man, when he threw up his arms and disappeared. The mate stood up to make sure that he was gone, but at that moment Andersen, who pulled the bow oar, cried out an alarm. A long, angry wave, rushing down, struck the boat, and threw her over as though a whale had risen under her. She turned completely over, and under her inverted keel Andersen was held, by the suction of the water, as firmly as if he had been lashed there. The other two, who had been flung out with a somersault, came to the surface at the same moment, and struck out for the boat still floating keel uppermost. Dahlbom reached it first, and scrambled up its slippery side until he grasped the keel. The mate missed it as a wave carried it whirling past him, nearly striking his head. He made another effort, and Dahlbom, on the watch for the opportunity, stretched over and grasped him by the wrist. (*See illustration.*) So aided, the mate was able to seize the keel, to which both men clung convulsively.

Then they took breath, and looked for their comrades and the vessel. The ship was far away, and on the wild waste of waters there was no sign of life. It was evident that both Andersen and the man they had come to rescue were drowned. The poor fellows clinging to the boat rose and fell with the hurling waters, half blinded by the spray that struck their faces like a volley of small shot as the wind blew the foam along in smoke from the seething heads of the seas.

Death would have been but a light and brief anguish compared to the despair in the men's hearts. Their strength was fast failing them, their finger nails were half torn off and bleeding from their desperate clutchings at the iron-hard, smooth, slippery surface of the boat's bottom:

they were sick and faint with the salt water they had swallowed, and their limbs were tortured as though every bone had been broken, by the fierce and heavy swinging of the sea and by the weight of water that poured down upon their clinging bodies, and beat them against the boat from which it threatened every moment to wash them.

Meanwhile anxiety devoured the hearts on board the Framnaas. Night was closing in, and the sea was still rising. To send out another boat to the rescue of the men seemed to be inviting fresh disaster. Besides, it was not certain that they were still alive. In the deepening gloom the overturned boat was a mere speck on the surface of the sea. Yet to leave the men to perish was to the humane skipper an act of shameful barbarity. He gave orders for the ship's course to be changed, and bore up for that rising and falling speck.

To the men clinging to that iron-bound keel the moments seemed like hours. Their own experience warned them of their peril. They knew that many skippers would, on realizing the danger of attempting a rescue, sail away and leave them to their fate. It was only their knowledge of their captain's kindness of heart that gave them courage to hold on.

"The sailor stretched over and grasped the mate by the wrist."

"Will they try to save us, do you think, Tom?" Neilson said in one of the pauses, when they had opportunity to get breath.

"They won't lower another boat, I reckon," was the reply. "Maybe they'll try to overhaul us and throw a line, but it'll be a chance if either of us is here by that time. I can't hold on much longer."

Another struggle with the water stopped further conversation. When it was over, the mate said, "Can you say a prayer, Tom? I think it's all over with us. I never had a pious mother like yours, and I never learned to pray. But I don't like dying without a prayer."

"I learned to pray when I was a boy," said Dahlbom, "but I haven't prayed since the day I went to sea."

"Well, pray now if you can, Tom, for I don't believe we'll live the night through."

With the prayers that went up to the throne of God that night from cathedrals and churches and quiet firesides, there mingled the earnest prayer of those two men tossing on the angry sea on that boat's keel. It was not one of the "eloquent prayers" of which we read in newspapers, which seem to be addressed to men rather than to God, but it was the earnest cry for deliverance of men on the verge of destruction. Tom knew the Lord's Prayer and he said it reverently, followed by the mate. Then in a few brief sentences the two prayed that God would deliver them, or, if that could not be, that He would look mercifully upon them in death and forgive their sins.

"Do you think God hears us, Tom?" asked the mate.

"Mother used to say He listened to us as much as if we were priests," was Tom's reply.

"I don't know how it can be," said Neilson; "but if we come safe out of this I'll find out what religion is. Look, Tom, there's the ship heading right for us. We'll be saved yet."

Tom looked and raised a shout of joy. They could hold on now with fresh force, for hope braced their muscles. As the ship drew nearer they made out eager men standing on the rail holding on by the shrouds, ready with lines in their hands to throw when the right moment came. It was an anxious time for those on the ship as well as those on the boat. At last the lines were flung out with skilful, unerring hands, and each man seized an end with a grasp that only those give who hold for life. As the two men stood once more on deck a reverent "Thank God" was uttered with heartfelt gratitude.

Neilson kept his word, and he and Tom Dahlbom went to the latter's mother to learn "what religion is." The godly old lady could have no more grateful task than that of directing her wayward son and his shipmate to the God she served. Before they went on their next voyage each man had in his heart a firm trust in Him, "who is able to save unto the uttermost all who come unto God by Him."

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 479.*)

Consulting the Minister.

IT was late in the November afternoon, and Carl was deeply absorbed in study, with that utter oblivion of the outer life which is known only to students. Certainly there was a pleasant impression of the previous evening hovering about him like a sunny mist, and mingling subtly with every movement of his thoughts. He came up from the depths at the entrance of Mr. Waldron into his study, with something of the bewilderment of a pearl-diver who has been long under the water. It was not for a moment or two quite clear to himself who he was, or who was the intruder coming in with all the freedom and ease of a patron.

"I wish to have a confidential conversation with you," said Mr. Waldron, after a few minutes' desultory talk; "it is strictly a family matter. You are already well acquainted with the circumstances of my son's sojourn in John Morley's house."

"Certainly," answered Carl, starting into a very keen, quick-eared attention.

"You know, too, the whole history of his second wife," he continued; "I am far from casting undue blame upon her, but she was a giddy, childish young woman, with no steady principles to protect her. There had been some love-making between her and Robert at Oxford, before she had ever seen John Morley. She was fully as old as he was, therefore, as a woman, she may be considered several years older. She came here, heard nothing of Robert for a year or two, and at last married for a home. You know the rest."

"Yes," said Carl, his elbow resting on his desk and his hand shading his eyes.

"Tell me," resumed Mr. Waldron, "what you suppose the consequences must be to my son? He has long since repented of his sin. Is he to bear the burden of it his life through?"

"Nay," answered Carl, his lips parting with a smile of great tenderness; "you, who are an elder in the Church, know the grace of God better than I can do. There is no burden of sin we may not cast away before the face of the Father."

"But are the consequences to remain?" asked Mr. Waldron. "Is he always to bear the stigma of his sin? Is he not free to act as if he had never been guilty? Ought the transgression to be forgiven by every man as well as by God?"

Carl paused. There was a swift current of sympathy and love running clear and unobstructed through his young spirit which carried him irresistibly toward the side of mercy. He was as yet a mere student in human nature, and had no actual wrestle with temptation. He had not seen sin face to face. At present it was a veiled and awful form for him; he had not beheld its hideous features, and received the ineffaceable memory upon his heart.

"'None of the sins that he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him,'" he said in a lowered and reverent voice.

"You yourself would act upon that," pursued Mr. Waldron. "My son is the same in your eyes as though he never was guilty of this sin."

"Perhaps not altogether that," answered Carl; "but who among us would enforce a penalty if God does not? If He will make no more mention of his transgression, why should we?"

It was Mr. Waldron's turn to pause and reflect. His anxious face grew darker, and the knotted veins in his forehead became larger. He did not feel quite sure of Robert's repentance, though he longed to believe in it. He wished to believe that his own prayers through so many years had not failed in the court of heaven. Perseverance in an earthly court must have prevailed before this. He argued illogically. Because he had so earnestly prayed that his son might truly repent, his professed repentance must be sincere.

"Mr. Bramwell," he said, suddenly, "what do you think of Hester Morley?"

If Carl had been asked unexpectedly what he thought of the cherubim, he could not have been more stupefied or at a loss. He gazed blankly at Mr. Waldron, and did not reply till that gentleman repeated the question.

"Oh, I think she is very good," he answered, somewhat coldly; "she is a member of the Church, and an excellent daughter. My sister is very much attached to her."

"You have not seen much of her?" remarked Mr. Waldron.

"Very little," he replied.

"Would it astonish you," said Mr. Waldron, hesitating, "would it shock you in any way if you heard that my son, having seen her a good deal while he was ill this spring, was very anxious, nay, bent upon making her his wife?"

"Impossible!" ejaculated Carl, starting from his seat as if he had been shot. He took a hasty turn or two across his study, and then came back to his chair opposite his visitor. "I think I must have misunderstood you," he said, with a ghastly effort at a smile. "Did you say that Mr. Robert Waldron wishes to make the daughter of John Morley his wife?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Waldron, briefly.

"It is impossible!" said Carl. "Your son's sin demands great charity from us; but he must not ask Hester to share the burden he has to bear all his life long. Oh, it would not be possible!"

"But is my son never to marry?" asked Mr. Waldron.

"Yes!" cried Carl; "let him find some one with a spirit which would not be bowed down by such a burden. But Hester is too young, too ignorant of life, too simple-hearted. He would do well with a wife like his sister, strong in her own faith, and able to fight with him against his spiritual foes. Why should Hester's young and innocent heart be joined to one which must ever bear the sting of a sore repentance?"

"You are a young man, yourself," said Mr. Waldron, as Carl paused; "a very young man. There are scores, hundreds of marriages—ay! and happy ones—where there has been an early folly like this."

Carl looked up with surprised face. To him it seemed strange that this experienced Christian could use such a word as folly in such a matter. He had seen John Morley a broken, prematurely aged man, his heart torn with sorrow and his head bowed with shame. He had seen Hester, whose past nine years, which should have been the brightest of her life, turned into cold and joyless years. He had been in the home on which the shadow still lay, and had felt its benumbing influence. All this rose before him as he heard Mr. Waldron's words, and his soul revolted when he heard him denominate the act which had wrought all the misery merely as "folly." But he said nothing.

Mr. Waldron went on: "Hester would be rich, happy, and beloved. If John Morley should be reconciled to Robert, he would become a member of our Church, and would be ready to take my place in it when I am gone. Moreover, there was a something in Hester's manner last night which makes me hope that she is not averse to Robert. You may have seen it yourself—a pretty, pensive, gentle pleasure in listening to him."

"Yes," replied Carl, who had watched Hester furtively during the whole of the previous evening, and who had seen every little gesture and every expression of enjoyment that had escaped her.

"Then if she loves him," resumed Mr. Waldron, "and if that folly of his youth should not be remembered against him now he is a man, I see no impediment to their marriage. I see in it rather a compensation for the past. If John Morley's poverty and shame have come from us, surely the honor of marrying his daughter into our family ought to balance it. Do you agree with me?"

Carl's restless hand moved absently among his papers. His face had grown pale, and his bright, keen sight, dim. Until this moment he had looked at John Morley's misery from the outside. By temperament he was profoundly sympathetic, and was touched to the quick by the feelings of others. But by this very law of his nature he had regarded John Morley and his exaggerated grief from the point of view of the Waldrons, with whom he had been most closely associated. He had placed himself in the position of Robert, and pleaded for him all the excuses he would have sought for himself. But now he seemed to look into the very heart of John Morley—that heart on fire, as Grant had once called it. That Hester Morley should love Robert Waldron! That she should ever become his wife! He pushed away the hair which had fallen over his forehead, and gazed fixedly at Mr. Waldron, who said, "Do you think with me?"

"I think," cried Carl, in an irrepressible frenzy, "that the idea is monstrous! There are some sins which cannot be forgotten. It would be a horrible thing, an unheard-of thing."

"Perhaps you love Hester yourself," Mr. Waldron suggested.

Carl hastened to regain his self-control. Mr. Waldron's face was one of sharp and anxious scrutiny; and he did not wish to subject himself to any more pointed questions.

"I was thinking of her father only," he answered; "I believe that to him it will appear more monstrous than it does to me."

"Carl," said Mr. Waldron, in an accent of pity, "I like you; ay, I honor and trust you. In bringing you here I thought it probable that you would love Hester. But this is my son's whole chance of happiness; perhaps for the life to come as well as this. It may be his salvation. You possess a better and holier happiness. Promise me, at least, that you will not use your influence against him."

"I have, perhaps, no right to influence her," answered Carl, sighing; but I will commit her to His care who judges all men. If my prayers can shield her from peril, they shall not fail her."

His heart sank a little after he had given this implied promise to stand aside while she was tempted with all that ambition and love could offer her. The sole weapons he could use in her defence were the prayers and teachings she would listen to from his mouth in the public services of the chapel.

Scarcely had Mr. Waldron closed the house-door after himself, having considerately forbidden Carl to quit his warm room, when a light rap at his study-door recalled Carl from his painful reflections upon the interview which had just ended. The second intruder was his sister Annie, who carried a little work-basket in her hand, and came in boldly, with an air which plainly announced that she intended staying with him for a time.

"Now, Carl," she said, "it is all nonsense you pretending you can study with that dreadful cold. My husband"—she uttered the word with a little bridling of the head, which showed that the title was still a new one—"has been called out, and does not expect to be home till late. He said I was to come here and sit with you, and you were on no account to leave this room till bedtime. So I am going to order tea up here, and we will have a nice, quiet, cosey evening together, you dear old boy."

She rang for the servant to bring the tea-tray and bright brass kettle up-stairs, and was very busy for a time in making the tea and toast by Carl's fire. He sat upon the hearth, watching her with dimmed eyes and a colorless face. Annie was quick-sighted, and the weariness of his expression did not escape her.

"Are you going to talk to me, Carl, or shall I talk to you?" she asked.

"I would a great deal rather you talked to me," he answered.

"I shall not say anything very wise, and I shall gossip," she said, threateningly.

Carl leaned back in his chair, and stretched his feet out toward the fire. He could not make conversation, even to Annie, that night. His mind was very busy, but very rambling, darting from one point to another of his interview with Mr. Waldron. Yet he was not sorry that Annie had invaded his solitude, and that her voice should prattle through the confusion of his thoughts. Now and then he caught a sentence of her lively gossip, and answered by a word or two. On her part she was weaving a very skilful and subtle web by which she might entrap his most secret sentiments; but she might as well have gone directly to her point, so insensible was he to her delicate handling.

"She is very fond of me," said Annie, in a tone of great significance; and, as he was thinking at the moment of Hester, the words startled him. "She said last night she loved me like a sister."

"I am very glad to hear it," he answered, earnestly.

"I wonder how old she is," remarked Annie. Carl knew to a day Hester's age. She was four years and three months younger than himself. He had seen the date of her birthday in a book which had been given to her years ago, but he did not give his sister the information she desired.

"She perhaps looks younger than she is," said Annie; "I think she is very good; don't you, Carl?"

"Yes," he answered, in a very subdued tone.

"And she thinks you," continued his sister, "the very best, the very first, the most eloquent of men and ministers. Of course I agreed with her, but she said I was never to tell you so, Carl."

Carl's face grew crimson, and with the gesture most familiar to him, he shaded his eyes with his long hand; there were tears, he could not tell why, standing in them. Annie nestled to his side, and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"Dear old fellow," she said, "I daren't quite say that she is in love with you; but she is not far from it. And I am not quite sure that I should like it altogether. She is not exactly what I fancied your wife would be. I should think she cannot be less than six or seven years older than you; but she is very good and very rich, and her father is a great man among our people. Still I am not quite sure that I should like my brother Carl to become her husband."

Carl had suffered too severe a shock that evening to be staggered by this one. The deep flush faded gradually away from his face, and the tears dried under his eyelids, but he could not command his voice sufficiently to speak to Annie.

"So now," she said, kissing him affectionately, "your mind is prepared for it. I don't believe you have vanity enough for the notion to enter your head of itself, clever as you are. It would be a very grand thing for you, but I don't exactly see how it would turn out in the end. You are very fond of her, Carl."

"She is my friend," he answered, with parched lips and dry throat.

"Ah, yes!" said Annie, sagely; "but everybody knows what such friendships generally come to. I don't mean, Carl, that you might not go on very comfortably as a friend; but Miss Waldron will not. Mark my words, and make up your mind about it. Only if I were you, unless I really cared for her, I would not let her come here so often. I should think you could easily put a check upon that. It is not nice generally for men to marry women older than themselves, but she is everything else you like; isn't she?"

Carl fell into a train of troubled thoughts again. His friendship for Miss Waldron was pure and chivalrous, founded upon the gratitude he felt for her very gracious and flattering regard for himself. No idea that she cherished a sentiment one degree warmer than his own would ever have entered his mind, had not Annie placed it so plainly before him. But now that his eyes were opened he saw it distinctly, and knew that he could never be blind again.

He passed in review the incidents of the preceding evening, and then his thoughts were brought round once more to the first painful subject which had occupied them.

"Annie," he said, in a very low and troubled voice, "do you think it possible for Hester ever to love Robert Waldron?"

"It looked very like it last night, Carl," she answered, gravely.

"But," cried Carl, "the thing is impossible."

"I have been thinking about it all the morning," resumed Annie, "and I partly understand how it can be. Hester has lived so apart from the world that she is still like a child in many things. It is clear that Robert Waldron does not shock her in any way, but that she is rather attracted by him than otherwise. I saw her look at him, once or twice yesterday, with the open-eyed, wondering, unconscious gaze of a child. But at other times her eyes sank, and her face colored when he was talking to her. I am afraid she might love him."

"But what could be the end of it?" asked Carl, in a sharp accent.

"Ah! how could it end?" repeated Annie.

(To be continued.)

ABSALOM'S REBELLION.

S. S. Lesson for August 10, II Sam. 15. Golden Text, Ex. 20 : 12. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

David's Punishment Necessary — The Punishment a Parent Feels Most Keenly—The Parent's Sin Reflected on his Family—How Satan Gets his Hold on a Family—Absalom's Crafty Conduct—His Hypocritical Profession of Religion — David's Humble Submission—God's Readiness to Open the Tangled Skeins of Life—David's Patience under Ingratitude and Abuse—The Fate of the Undutiful Son.

GOD had declared unto David by Nathan the prophet, "I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house" (II Sam. 12 : 11). The king knew that God did not willingly grieve him; but God is a just God and holy as well as loving. David had brought shame and death on the house of Uriah; under the law, just retribution must follow. "Every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward" (Heb. 2 : 2). Therefore David must suffer through his own family. No humbling is so great as that which comes through our own children; touch a parent anywhere else, and the wound will heal in time; but there is no healing save in Christ for a wound received by a parent from his own child. David had grievously wronged his God; he was the child of God most known and observed in the world; he had brought a slur on His cause which would be felt through all generations. The world must know how God abominated his sin, and David must be touched on his most tender point.

Every parent who walks with God must have noticed that he

CANNOT DO WRONG WITH IMPUNITY.

His spirit reflects itself on all who are in his house. If he himself is walking in victory over sin, his heart cleansed by the blood, and Jesus consciously dwelling in him and ruling over him, he will find that all goes better in the house; that children, servants, clerks, workmen—all come more or less under the influence. The flesh in them meeting Christ in him cannot explode for want of friction. Whereas when he is under the power of sin, or self, or circumstances, or people, when he is worried, fretted, overcome, the flesh in him meets the flesh in others, and there are frequent explosions. Satan gets his hold in a family too often through some child of God, making *his* slips an occasion for sin in the others. When David sinned, another atmosphere must have come into the house, and very soon the evil began to develop. Amnon sinned; his sister Tamar was blighted for life, and Absalom planned and carried out the murder of Amnon. Thus David's own sins were repeated in his family.

Absalom condemned himself to banishment; but the heart of the king yearned for him, and he recalled him; he himself had learned the power of temptation, and probably Absalom's sin made him more anxious to win him to the Lord whose longsuffering love he himself had proved. But Absalom was unworthy of this love; Satan had got him completely, and so filled him with self-love that all natural affection was obliterated by it. Without any kind of provocation from his father, Absalom stirred up rebellion against him. Personal ambition was his only motive, and he sacrificed everything to it. He had seen his father act deceitfully in the matter of Bathsheba, and the devil made Absalom a true

DISCIPLE IN DUPLICITY.

By misrepresentations of his father and by his own suavity of manner, he "stole the hearts" of the people whom he met in the gate when they came for judgment. He led them to think that David had no care to see them righted, and that he alone had their well-being at heart. When any one came near to do him obeisance, he took him and kissed him; by this act of condescension causing unkind reflections on his father, who maintained the dignity of his position. With all this, Absalom made a profession of religion which completely deceived his fond father. He "said unto the king, I pray thee, let me go and pay my vow, which I have vowed unto the Lord, in Hebron. For thy servant vowed a vow while I abode at Geshur in Syria, saying, If the Lord shall bring me again indeed to Jerusalem, then will I serve the Lord." It is not easy for a loving father to believe a child is untrue. David was deceived; he said to Absalom, "Go in peace." There must have been an unutterable sorrow in his heart when he learned the truth, that his son was conspiring against him, and that "the hearts of the men of Israel were after Absalom."

It is very striking that in this deep sorrow David did not inquire of the Lord. In almost all the persecution of Saul he followed the Lord's directions closely; perhaps he thought that in his relations with his own children he himself was responsible, and he did not in these things make the Lord his Shepherd, and say, "*He* leadeth me" (Ps. 23 : 1, 2). It may be the enemy got the upper hand, and suggested to him, "You have

BROUGHT IT UPON YOURSELF;

if you had not sinned as you have done, God would not have allowed such evil in your family; now *you* must bear it, '*you* have made your bed, and you must lie on it,' and you cannot expect God to guide you in such circumstances; you are under judgment, and must do the best you can for yourself." It is Satan's way to get us down and then keep us down. God is a loving Father. He may be forced to chasten us, and even to let judgment come on us, but not to leave us under it. Jesus bore our sins and all their consequences, our griefs and our sicknesses, that we, casting *all* our burden on the Lord, may be delivered. David could not remain at Jerusalem to see Absalom either conquered or taking possession of his throne; he fled, and his servants with him. He just yielded to the force of circumstances, and gave way to his sorrow, as we see when he directed Zadok the priest to carry back the ark of God into Jerusalem: "*If I shall* find favor in the eyes of the Lord, He will bring me again, and shew me both it, and His habitation: But if He thus say, I have no delight in thee; behold, here am I, let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him."

Had David looked away from his deservings to the faithfulness of his God, and placed the whole matter in His true hands, who knows whether Absalom might not have been brought to repentance in an hour, and all the people turned back to the Lord! Such a change took place on Mount Carmel in Elijah's time, and the God of Elijah was David's God. It is

SATAN WHO DISCOURAGES US;

he seeks to fasten our eyes on what *we* are, and on the miserable incompetency of our own resources, and then persuades us that *as* we are, we cannot claim God's intervention, our failures render it presumption to apply to Him. Thank God, Satan is a liar. Thank God, it is in grace He deals with us. And thank God in our greatest failures of all, which so often are our family failures, our loving God stands ready at any moment to take the tangled skein in hand, and to get us out of our difficulties. He longs to take those wayward hearts of our children, over which we have no power, into His own Almighty and most tender hand: "Be careful for nothing; but in *every*thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God" (Phil. 4 : 6). "Casting *all* your care on Him, for He careth for you" (I Pet. 5 : 7); if the children are the chief care, *He* careth for *them*. "My God shall supply *all* your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4 : 19). Often the greatest need of a parent is the control of some wayward son or daughter.

During David's sore trial there were precious testimonies borne to the faithfulness of many of

HIS FOLLOWERS;

the hand of the Lord was in this, and he recognized it. Ittai the Gittite brought his men to the help of David. Zadok and the Levites were true to him, Hushai the Archite went for David's sake into the very council chamber of Absalom; Shobi, Machir, and Barzillai brought provisions for David's army. But some took occasion to manifest another spirit; Ziba, the servant of Mephibosheth, sought his own ends, and Shimei came forth and cursed David. Abishai, David's nephew, wanted to execute summary vengeance upon the man, but David said, "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah? So let him curse, because the Lord hath said unto him, Curse David. Who shall then say, Wherefore hast thou done so? . . . Behold my son . . . seeketh my life: how much more now may this Benjamite do it? let him alone, and let him curse; for the Lord hath bidden him. It may be that the Lord will look upon mine affliction, and that the Lord will requite me good for his cursing this day" (II Sam 16 : 10–12). Can this be the same David who wrote of God, "He only is my Rock and my Salvation; He is my defence; I shall not be moved. . . . Trust in Him at *all* times, ye people, pour out your heart before Him: God *is* a Refuge for us" (Ps. 62 : 6, 7)? Yes, but it was David with his eye upon himself and upon circumstances, whereas in Ps. 62 his eye was upon God.

But how about Absalom? "Honor thy father and thy mother *that* thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," or, as quoted by Paul, "*that* it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth" (Eph. 6 : 2, 3). The punishment of a disobedient son under the law was death by stoning (Deut. 21 : 18–21). Absalom knew the law, and was wilfully sinning against it; he was no longer a child, but about thirty years of age. Vanity and self-sufficiency were the avenues by which Satan took possession of him, and hurried him to an early grave and a lost eternity. He had many advantages, but

THE UNHAPPY YOUNG MAN

gave the rein to his own will: he must have what he wanted, and nothing must stand in the way; his father, mother, his own soul must be sacrificed that he might gain his ends. At first he seemed to carry all before him; but he did not take into account that God lived, and that nothing can be done which He does not permit. Absalom sacrificed all, for time and eternity, and gained nothing. Many a young man or woman finds the restraint of a parent's commands or wishes very irksome, even when both parties are Christians. Even when the parents may be mistaken it is safer to obey, and to trust God to bring them round to see their error. How often have we seen a parent's mind or a child's mind changed by God in a night when the difficulty has been handed over to Him. Alas, for Absalom it was too late!

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Plague in Marseilles and Toulon was reported last week to be slightly decreasing, but spreading to the surrounding villages. It has made its appearance at Arles, a marshy seaport town of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, where the deaths from the disease are about twenty per day. The outbreak was followed by *a panic*. A cablegram from the town, on July 25th, says: "Nearly all the bakers and butchers have left the city. The supply of food is consequently scarce and difficult to obtain. The panic throughout the city is simply indescribable. The Prefect could not get even a chop at the sub-prefecture, the butchers having all fled, and two doctors from Marseilles, having put up at the chief hotel, were offered the keys by the proprietor with the words: 'I am going; do the best you can.' One of the greatest difficulties in meeting the plague grows out of the insensate fears and the extraordinary ignorance and superstition of the poorer people. In Marseilles the poor are firmly convinced that the physicians are determined to keep up the epidemic. They force them to take their own medicines first before touching them. They sometimes shut the doors in their faces, and in one case threatened them with knives." Some very pathetic cases are reported. Among them was that of an unknown woman, who was seized with the dread disease while passing along the street. She fell prostrate to the ground, and expired immediately. The entire number of deaths from the cholera up to the close of last week *aggregated over a thousand*. Five hundred persons attacked by the disease were cured. Much of the virulence of the disease is undoubtedly due to the unhealthy condition both of Marseilles and Toulon. A correspondent of the New York *Times*, who recently visited the two cities, says: "The condition of Marseilles was frightful, that of Toulon struck me as *simply murderous*. Although Toulon has a background of mountains, the city itself is situated on a flat plain, four feet only above the level of a tideless sea. The consequences arising from imperfect drainage, with a natural want of slope, are that the sewers have only a fall of 18 inches, so, with a sluggish movement, the filth of the town drops into an almost stagnant sea. What is worse is that at the points where these drains flow they are only covered with plank, and the filth, disgusting to the nose, impresses itself on the eyes. You not only then smell, but you see, the garbage of Toulon." The Quarantine against both cities is strictly observed, and much inconvenience necessarily results. The following is an instance: The corvette Argentina, which was recently at Marseilles, desired to take on coal at Gibraltar. The English authorities there forbade this, and *threatened to fire* unless the vessel at once departed. The Argentina thereupon proceeded to a port in Portugal and began coaling; but the inhabitants of the port became panic-stricken, and compelled the authorities to order the immediate departure of the vessel. Where the Argentina is to find fuel enough to enable her to return to La Plata appears to be an insoluble problem.

Another Nihilist Plot against the Czar of Russia has been discovered. The conspirators had arranged to blow up the palace at Warsaw, in Poland, where the Czar was to stay during his visit to that city. A quantity of arms and dynamite was discovered. Several arrests were made and compromising documents seized. They showed that elaborate and far-reaching plans were adopted. Evidence is adduced to prove that the conspirators, after murdering the Czar, intended to provoke a rebellion in Poland and Western Russia, to plunder the Jews and rich tradesmen of Warsaw, and to seize the arms in the arsenal. Five Nihilists were arrested in Moscow having in their possession dynamite bombs and documents. The latter showed that since the coronation of the Czar Moscow has been the seat of the Executive Committee of the Nihilists. A state of siege will be proclaimed at Warsaw. The governor-general and the chief of police of that place will be removed. The newspapers say that Russia and Germany propose the adoption of an international convention providing measures for the suppression of dynamiters.

Legislation by Picnic, is the Phrase by which the leader of the British Conservatives stigmatizes the demonstration of July 21st against the House of Lords. The demonstration was, however, a legitimate answer to his own assertion that the people were not interested in the question of the extension of the franchise. Other demonstrations of a similar character, but more menacing in tone, were made during last week. One of the most important was held in Manchester on July 26th, when the veteran statesman, John Bright, said that, "unless English freedom was a fraud and a sham the people would know how to deal with an aristocratic Chamber, which was ever hostile to popular rights and national interests. Englishmen ere now had proved their power to curb the despotism of kings, and they would surely find the means to hold in check the bloated aristocrats of the present day." The Radical section of the Liberal party is not anxious for a compromise, and would prefer the dispute over the Franchise Bill to continue until the House of Lords is abolished as a legislative House.

The Egyptian Conference has Adjourned without coming to an agreement in regard to England's financial proposals. England and France are diametrically opposed, and the Conference failed to harmonize the two powers. Earl Granville is empowered to summon the Conference to another meeting at any time. The Conference postpones giving its decision on the English or French proposals, but agrees to such a modification of the law of liquidation as will enable England to arrange a part of the Egyptian loan. An effort *to relieve General Gordon* at Khartoum is being made by Colonel Colville, who is crossing the desert with a small force of Bedouins. It is reported by merchants that General Gordon is still in safety at Khartoum, though the city is surrounded by the Mahdi's forces.

The Dissensions of the Irish Leaders are now agitating the party in Parliament and in Ireland. The growing jealousy of Mr. Parnell for Mr. Davitt has culminated on the subject of the Belfast Convention. The London correspondent of the New York *Herald* cables the following account of the dispute: "The leading spirit in the organization of the Convention is Mr. Ferguson, of Glasgow, who is one of the leading supporters in Scotland of Mr. Henry George's doctrine. Mr. Michael Davitt has actively co-operated with Mr. Ferguson in calling the Convention, and means to make it the initial point of a land nationalization campaign. This brings the issue between Davitt and Parnell to a head, and Parnell was forced to accept the challenge. It is known that he deliberated long and anxiously upon the subject, but finally made up his mind that the time had come to crush what he and his party believe to be the fatal heresy of land nationalization. Mr. Parnell has addressed a circular to the secretaries of the League, in which he says the promoters of the Convention are acting in hostility to the Oganizing Committee of the League. He advises the branches not to send delegates to the Convention. Mr. Parnell also denounces the holding of the Convention as contrary to the policy of the Parliamentary party and the platform of the National League.

The French Demands on Madagascar are, if correctly reported, of an exceptionally severe character. It is stated that France claims a protectorate over that portion of Madagascar lying north of the sixteenth parallel of south latitude. They also claim an indemnity of $600,000 and an indemnity to compensate foreigners for their losses during the war. France also proposes that the Queen shall be styled Queen of the Hovas only. One of the speakers in the French Chamber of Deputies declared that the Hovas abused the patience of France. He advocated the occupation and retention of Tamatave, Majunga, and other points. For commercial reasons, also, it would be necessary to occupy points south because they were healthier and because the English Methodists there should be taught that the rights of France extended over *the whole of Madagascar*.

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THE HON. JOHN P. ST. JOHN,

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In response to a desire expressed by its subscribers, The Christian Herald, this week, reproduces the portrait of ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, who has received the nomination for the Presidency of the Prohibition party. In doing so, it makes no invidious distinction between the candidates. St. John represents a principle with which The Christian Herald has always avowed its sympathy. The Prohibition Convention expressly stated that the party is divided in opinion on political issues, but is united in its opposition to the liquor traffic. Good men in both the Republican and Democratic parties share that hostility, though they deprecate the nomination of an independent ticket. If any possibility existed of a Prohibition President being elected, they would work for him with all their energy; but, realizing the impossibility of success, they prefer to cast their ballots for the candidate who on other questions commands their support. Even they admire the courage and energy of

THE PROHIBITION PARTY

while regretting that they cannot approve its policy.

It is not surprising that the Prohibition party should have been organized. If a hostile fleet were at our shores, if a hostile army were encamped on our soil, every citizen would become a soldier, ready to wield a weapon in defence of our flag, our homes, and our hearths. But we have to-day in our midst an enemy which is sapping our strength, draining our wealth, desolating our homes, making our wives widows, and our children fatherless. It is the worst of foes, for its approaches are so insidious that its true character is not apparent until its fell mission is accomplished. Our great men, men of noble genius, men capable of serving their generation, have called it a friend, and, falling under its paralyzing power, have been lost to their country, to themselves, and to God. It is against this treacherous and

FORMIDABLE FOE

that Christian men, having organized in social and religious associations, have also united in political action. They are perfectly aware that they cannot elect their candidate, but they desire in this way to put themselves on record on a question which, in their opinion, dwarfs all other issues. The self-sacrifice they display is worthy of all honor. While workers for the other candidates are stimulated by the hope of victory and the prospect of office as reward for their services, the workers for St. John know that in this contest defeat is inevitable, and that for them there is no hope of gain. Yet they work on cheerfully, content if the cause they love is advanced by their labors. Those who differ from them may well admire their consistency and applaud their self-sacrificing spirit.

The Prohibition Convention was wisely guided in its selection of a candidate for the Presidency. No man living is better fitted to call out the full strength of the Prohibition vote. His whole public life has been devoted to a conflict with the gigantic evil of the liquor traffic, and he has spared neither himself, nor his labor, nor his money in the contest. He has proved his worthiness to the position of a representative leader to which the Convention called him.

John P. St. John comes of

A CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

His grandfather, Rev. Daniel St. John, was an honored minister of the Gospel, a native of Pennsylvania, who for *more than sixty years* faithfully labored in the cause of Christ. Some of his life was spent in the State of New York, and he ultimately removed to the West, where he spent his declining years, and died at Broad Ripple, Ind., at the advanced age of eighty-eight. While residing in New York State the family was blessed by the birth of a son, Samuel St. John, the father of the future Governor of Kansas. He is described as a man of good education and considerable natural ability. He settled on a farm at Brockville, Franklin County, Ind., and there, on February 25th, 1833, John P. St. John, the future Governor, was born.

Like the majority of great and good men, John P. St. John was blessed with that choicest of God's blessings—*a good mother*. She was of English extraction, a daughter of that Captain Snell who distinguished himself in the war of 1812. Of this Christian lady Governor St. John has many times spoken in words of heartfelt veneration. Her influence seems to have had great power over him from his earliest years, and to have had no slight part in moulding the character of his mind.

The narrative of *boyhood's years* is one that our young people may study with advantage.

PIONEER LIFE IN THE WEST

fifty years ago was more favorable to the development of the physical than the mental powers. But this boy had a very clear idea of the value of an education. Possibly his mother had something to do with the estimate he formed, but his own persistence and untiring industry, qualities which have distinguished him all through his life, were mainly instrumental in its realization. "The chores" had to be done on the farm, morning and night. The boy was young, but he could do something to help his parents, and that little was thoroughly done. In the interval between those morning and evening labors he attended school in the little log schoolhouse of the neighborhood, and when he returned home at night and had performed his home duties on the farm he never failed to get in his lessons before he retired to rest.

School days, however, were brief, and when, before he emerged from boyhood, he finally quitted school, he set to work on a self-imposed course of study, laying the neighborhood under tribute for such books as could be borrowed, or purchased at low rates. There is something very interesting in the picture of this farmer's boy, tired and weary in the evening with labor on the land, setting himself down by the light of the fire to voluntary study. Any one witnessing the spectacle would have said there was

"GRIT" IN THE BOY,

and subsequent events have proved that such an opinion would have been correct.

There was, however, a trouble in the Indiana farm-house. The heart of the beloved mother was slowly breaking under a bitter sorrow. Her husband had fallen under the power of the social glass, and was fast becoming its slave. "Things about the farm were not as they used to be," is the pathetic description we have of that time, and "father was not so well off as formerly." It was decided that John should leave home to earn a living for himself, and while yet in his teens he was placed in a store at a salary of six dollars a month. That was scarcely the life for which the active lad was adapted, and before he was twenty he resolved on quitting it for more congenial pursuits.

California attracted him, and he determined to try his fortune in the Golden State. It was a hazardous enterprize for a mere boy to undertake, but he was not afraid of work; he was adventurous and ambitious. We can easily understand how anxious the mother must have been when she bade him farewell. The temptations to which he would be exposed she could imagine, and she had at her side a doleful example of what evil those temptations might achieve.

THE LAST DAY AT HOME

Governor St. John has described with much pathos. "My mother," he said, "was not cheerful and happy; how could she be? and though she never spoke of her fears or secret sorrow, yet *I saw it all, and, boy as I was,* I hated the demon, Drink, that had made such a change in my father, had broken my mother's heart, and darkened my boyhood's home; and I resolved it never should pass my lips, and anything I could say or do should be done to put the blighting curse from other homes. My mother called me to her, and said, 'John, my son, promise me you'll always be a man wherever you go.' I promised her, and wherever I went after, and whenever tempted to go astray, or do anything that I knew my mother would not approve of, *that promise kept me right.* Oh, mothers! talk to your boys and get them to promise you against everything that leads men astray; and men! when you are tempted to do wrong, to enter a saloon and imbibe the poisonous draught, think, would God want you to go in there? And if your thoughts won't go as high as that, *think of your mother*, your next best friend to God. Think whether she would have you do this thing or not; and if she would not, don't do it."

In California St. John accepted any work that offered. He had his own way to make, and he recognized no way of making it but steady, honest work. Our young men in the present day are dazzled by "lucky coups," fortunate speculations, which have indoctrinated them with a contempt for the slower process of work; but St. John chose the slow way, and succeeded. Sometimes mining, sometimes working on the seamboats, or trading at others; when nothing better could be had, chopping wood, but always at work, and always careful of his money, that he might be able to send home some little help to his mother, whose straitened circumstances rendered such assistance only too welcome. His connection with the steamboats proved more lucrative for St. John than his other employments, and the length of his voyages increased. He sailed to South America, to Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, and took a journey through Central America. In 1852 and 1853 the Indian wars broke out, and then St. John, with many other citizens, entered the field against the red men, was wounded twice, and several times narrowly escaped death.

During St. John's Californian experiences he commenced the study of the law. We have here another of those picturesque interiors that a Rubens might have painted. In a rough miner's cabin by the light of pine knots, on board a steamer by the faint glimmer of a lantern or the dim light of the moon, the persistent young man, but little over twenty years of age, was seen

PORING OVER HIS LAW BOOKS.

The same tenacious hold on mental culture which distinguished him in childhood was apparent in his adolescence. It was a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; but it was so far successful that in 1860 he was accepted as clerk by the law firm of Starkweather & McLean, of Charlton, Ill., and in a year from that time had given evidence of so much ability and learning that he was given a partnership. When the war broke out, St. John, like many other professional men both North and South, closed his office to take the field in defence of his principles. He enlisted as a private in the Sixty-eighth Illinois Volunteers, but before the close of the war he had risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. When he returned to private life he settled at Independence, Mo., and there he remained for upward of eight years.

During the political campaign of 1868 St. John was an active worker. He visited all the towns of Western Missouri, and became well known as an effective speaker. In May, 1869, he removed to Kansas, and commenced a law business at Olatha, at first in partnership with Mr. M. V. B. Parker, but afterward alone. Three years later he was elected to the State Senate. This was the first prominent political office he had filled, though he had, while in Illinois, received from his fellow-citizens evidences of public con-

fidence. In 1876 the nomination for Governor was tendered him, but at that time he declined it. It was, however, again offered him by the State Convention, held at Topeka on August 28th, 1878, and his friends urgently pressed him to accept it. He consented, and at once commenced an energetic campaign. He was

ELECTED GOVERNOR,

in a total vote of 138,285, by a majority of 36,812 over his principal rival, and a majority over all of 9755. In 1880, in a total vote of 198,238, St. John was re-elected by a majority over the next highest candidate of 51,647, and a majority over all of 32,170, a fact which shows how satisfactory to the people had been the manner in which he had discharged the duties of his office during the first term. In 1882 St. John was nominated for a third term, but it was the year of the Democratic tidal wave, and he was defeated by the Democratic candidate.

The chief event which distinguished Governor St. John's administration was the passage of *the constitutional amendment* in 1880. As to the beneficial results of that change there is indisputable evidence. An official return of the State prisons for the first nine months of the following year shows that 114 prisoners were sent to the penitentiary, while 226, or nearly double the number, were incarcerated during the corresponding period of 1880.

GLOOMY PREDICTIONS.

During the campaign there were not wanting politicians who urged that prohibition would impoverish the State, and would also prevent immigrants settling there, and especially that German immigrants would never be persuaded to make their homes in a State where lager could not be procured. Governor St. John, in an often-quoted speech, thus criticised those predictions in the light of events which have followed the prohibition law. "Let us see if we are losing business: Take the Santa Fé Road for instance, which earned in June, 1881, $438,998 more than it did in June, 1880. Business is increasing everywhere; our State never was so prosperous; let us see whether we are losing in dollars and cents or not. I find that in the year 1876 we commenced the biennial system of assessing real property. In 1877 there was no valuation on real property, and consequently the increase was on personal property alone; it amounted to $3,648,213.52; in 1879 the increase on personal property was $6,231,468.71, and in 1881 the increase on personal property reached $10,243,611.59. *Can't we stand that kind of ruination?*

WHERE WE LOSE.

"The population of the penitentiary, December 30th, 1880, was 725. July 1st, 1881, it was only 659; thus it will be seen that in one spot, and one only, are we losing population, and *I think we can stand it.*

"We were told that we should get no German immigration. I went down the Santa Fé Road not long since, and had to ride on the rear platform of the sleeper on a camp-stool, because there was no room in the inside of the train, and when I finally got in the front car I found it *full of Germans*. I supposed, of course, that they were going to New Mexico or Colorado, where they could get whiskey and beer, but discovered that they were really going to Kansas.

"A gentleman said to a man, who seemed to be acting as interpreter for them, 'Where are these people going?' and was informed, 'To Kansas.' 'Why,' said he, '*they can get no beer there.*' The interpreter repeated the assertion to one who seemed to be a leader, then turned to the gentleman who had addressed him, and said, 'They say they are not going to Kansas for beer; that they go to secure a home for themselves and families; that *a home gives more true happiness than all the beer manufactured.*' I said to myself, they are on the right platform. They are coming to Kansas for a legitimate purpose, and we welcome them with all our hearts. We are having a better class of immigration this year than ever before."

Governor St. John is an effective orator, enviably successful in the principal test of a public speaker—viz., securing and holding the attention of his audience. He speaks slowly, correctly, and distinctly, showing no hesitancy and using no rhetorical device. There is, therefore, everything in his manner to add to the impressiveness of his subject and of his felicitous style of treating it. He knows the value of illustration to add to the weight of argument, but while his memory is stocked with apt anecdotes, he never tells one for its own sake, or to help him out of a failure in his speech. When delivering an address in the Cooper Union, New York, he related the following incident, which had occurred in connection with his own official duties, and it produced a sensation in the crowded assembly:

"A HEART-BROKEN WOMAN

came into my office with a babe in her arms to beg the pardon of her husband, who was under sentence of ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary for homicide. She showed papers recommending the pardon from the judge who tried the man, the prosecuting attorney, and other prominent men. After closely examining the papers, I said, 'If I were to consult my personal feelings, I should gladly let your husband go; but I am bound by my official duty, and that forbids it.'

"The woman fell at my feet in a paroxysm of weeping. 'Then hear me,' she cried, 'till I tell you how he came to be where he is. We were married seven years ago; we went to a town (mentioning the place), and there in our little village we were happy. My husband was sober, industrious, and thrifty. By great exertion and self-denial we finally got our home paid for. But in an evil day the State licensed a saloon, and let it plant itself right between my husband's shop and our house. He was prospering so well that he could leave his business in other hands and lose an hour or two without feeling it. He was solicited to enter this saloon, and weakly yielded. Hour after hour he spent there, playing cards. One day he became embroiled in a drunken quarrel, and, fired by drink, struck a man and killed him.

"'He was tried and sent to the penitentiary for ten years, and I had nothing to live on. By and by the sheriff turned us out of our comfortable home into a rough shanty, neither lathed nor plastered. The cold wind came in through the walls and ceiling. My oldest boy took sick and died. Then little Tommy, my next, fell sick and died. Now this babe in my arms is sick, and I have nowhere to take it. The State licensed that saloon;

THE STATE MURDERED MY CHILDREN;

and now in God's name I want you to set my husband free.' I said I would—and I *did*."

Innumerable instances are related of men who have been induced by Governor St. John's appeals, in public and in private, to quit drunken habits and lead sober lives. Fully occupied as he necessarily is with official duties, an opportunity to talk to a poor drunkard is one he has never been known to neglect, and there are few Sundays on which he is not preaching Gospel temperance in some city or village in his State. Somewhat above middle height, St. John is a fine specimen of physical manhood; robust, active, energetic, decisive in all his movements, he gives those with whom he comes in contact the impression of being vigorous in work, prompt in action, and unswerving in purpose; yet, with all his manly qualities, those who have seen him listening to a tale of distress or urging a dissipated man to forsake his evil ways, carry away a deeper impression of his delicacy, sympathetic kindness, and sensibility, for which other aspects of his character had not prepared them. It is not surprising that such a character should have aroused the unbounded enthusiasm of those citizens of Kansas whose views are in harmony with his own, or that he should have won a regard more devoted than is usually given to a mere politician. How fervent that affection is, is manifested when the name of St. John is mentioned to a citizen of the State, one of whom, in a letter we received during his Governorship, naïvely said, "*We almost worship our Governor. Is it a sin?*"

The Three Dangers now Menacing Society form the subject of a remarkable article, from the pen of Washington Gladden, in the current number of the *Century*. The writer is too well known to be set down as an alarmist, and it may therefore be hoped that the educated and wealthy classes, who hold him in high esteem, will heed the warning he solemnly gives. As Mr. Gladden points out, there are a multitude of evils working for the disintegration of society; but of that multitude three have grown to gigantic and formidable proportions. Of those three he gives the first place to the vice of *intemperance*. It is no part of his work to prove that the individual suffers by intemperance, but he proves incontestably that the intemperate man is an enemy to society, and that the *six hundred million dollars* spent in liquor in the United States in a year is spent in the purchase of "want, pauperism, vice, disease, insanity, and crime." Mr. Gladden might have added that we get a very liberal supply for the money. The second evil mentioned is *the evils that directly assail the family*. One startling fact he mentions will serve to show what those evils are. In 1860 there was one marriage to every 99 persons; in 1880 there was only one marriage to every 114 persons. In 1860 there was one divorce to every 51 marriages; in 1878 there was one divorce to every 21 marriages. As Mr. Gladden rightly says, "It is not possible to add to the significance of these figures." The third danger mentioned is *the gambling mania*. Mr. Gladden shows how the mania is increasing and the evil it produces, and mentions an estimate recently made that the "lambs" who gamble in Wall Street alone lose eight hundred million dollars a year. It is significant that such a writer should mention Christian ethics among the preservatives in which he trusts to save society from destruction by these forces. Christian readers will note the fact, and wish that he had given it still greater prominence.

A Vision of Blue Flames.—An Elderly, Respectable man thus spoke at a meeting lately: "Two and a half years ago, you would have found me standing at a bar, drinking, and ready to dispute or quarrel with anybody. I never personally knew a man who was so madly infatuated with drink as I was. I was standing drunk, on a Sabbath morning, on the north side of the river, with ten shillings in my pocket, longing for drink. Drunk as I was, I began to ask myself, 'What if I can't get home after I get my supply?' Shortly afterward, I found myself at the top of Clyde Street, Anderston. I don't know whether I slept or not, but I thought that I saw blue flames leaping round me, and my inward question was, 'Is this what I've come to at last?' At that moment a band of evangelists went past, singing as they walked. Scarcely knowing what I did, I rushed into their midst, and they took me along with them to their place of meeting. While sitting in the hall, I again dreamt that I was lost. I rushed down-stairs, and got into a dark passage, with tears streaming down my face. I stopped a man who was going past and asked, 'Will you go up-stairs and ask these people to pray for me, and I will follow you up?' He thought I was not in earnest and said, 'You can be saved where you are.' 'I know that well enough,' I answered, 'but it will do you no harm to oblige me.' He went up-stairs, and I followed him. He got me into a seat, and then prayed, 'Lord, if it be thy will, deliver this man from the love of drink.' I rose to my feet, staggered to the end of the seat, and prayed for myself. I then went home and got to bed. On awakening next morning, I remembered all about it, gave myself to Christ as my Saviour, and I have been both free and happy ever since."

THE NEEDLE.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas."—ACTS 9 : 36.

Tabitha's Benefactions—The Dead Philanthropist—Peter Sent for—The Wailing Throng—The Miracle—The Characteristics of Dorcas—I. A Christian—Imitation of her the First Duty—Calmness in the Judgment-Day—II. The Benefactress—The Praises of the Needle—Its Triumphs—Its Martyrs—The Charities of the Needle—Not Platform Philanthropy—Historical Records of Womanly Sympathy—Women in the War—III. Dorcas the Lamented—The Unmissed Dead—The Burial of the Empress Josephine—IV. Dorcas the Resurrected—Deathless Influence—The Resurrection of the Benefactresses—Queen Victoria Distributing Medals—A Grander Day—The Christian's Four Battle-fields.

THERE is in Joppa, a seaport town, a woman with her needle embroidering her name inefaceably into the charities of the world. I see her sitting in the village home. In the doorway, and around about the building, and in the room where she sits are the pale faces of the poor. She listens to their plaint, she pities their woe, she makes garments for them, she adjusts the manufactured articles to suit the bent form of this invalid woman, and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one. She gives sandals to that one. With the gifts she mingles prayers, and tears, and Christian encouragement.

Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street the cry comes, "Dorcas is coming!" The sick look up gratefully in her face as she puts her hand on the burning brow, and the lost and the abandoned start up with hope as they hear her gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them; and as she goes out the lane eyes half put out with sin think they see a halo of

LIGHT ABOUT HER BROW

and a trail of glory in her pathway.

That night a half-paid shipwright climbs the hill and reaches home, and sees his little boy well clad, and says, "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell him, "Dorcas has been here." In another place a woman is trimming a lamp; Dorcas brought the oil. In another place a family that had not been at table for many a week are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought bread.

But there is a sudden pause in that woman's ministry. They say: "Where is Dorcas? Why, we haven't seen her for many a day. Where is Dorcas?" And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door, and finds the mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness the news comes,

"DORCAS IS SICK."

No bulletin flashing from the palace gate, telling the stages of a king's disease, is more anxiously awaited for than the news of this sick benefactress. Alas for Joppa! There is wailing, wailing. That voice which has uttered so many cheerful words is hushed; that hand which had made so many garments for the poor is cold and still; that star which had poured light into the midnight of wretchedness is dimmed by the blinding mists that go up from the river of death. In every God-forsaken place in that town; wherever there is a sick child and no balm; wherever there is hunger and no bread; wherever there is guilt and no commiseration; wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort, there are despairing looks, and streaming eyes, and frantic gesticulations, as they cry:

"DORCAS IS DEAD!"

They send for the apostle Peter. He urges his way through the crowd around the door, and stands in the presence of the dead. What lamentation and grief all about him! Here stand some of the poor people, who show the garments which this poor woman had made for them. Their grief cannot be appeased. The apostle Peter wants to perform a miracle. He will not do it amid the excited crowd, so he kindly orders that the whole room be cleared. The door is shut against the populace. The apostle stands now with the dead.

Oh, it is a serious moment, you know, when you are alone with a lifeless body! The apostle gets down on his knees and prays, and then he comes to the lifeless form of this one all ready for the sepulchre, and in the strength of Him who is the Resurrection, he exclaims: "Tabitha, arise!" There is a stir in the fountains of life; the heart flutters; the nerves thrill; the cheek flushes; the eye opens; she sits up!

We see in this subject

DORCAS THE DISCIPLE,

Dorcas the benefactress, Dorcas the lamented, Dorcas the resurrected. If I had not seen that word disciple in the text, I would have known this woman was a Christian. Such music as that never came from a heart which is not chorded and strung by divine grace. Before I show you the needlework of this woman, I want to show you her regenerated heart, the source of a pure life and of all Christian charities. I wish that wives, and mothers, and daughters, and sisters would imitate Dorcas in her discipleship. Before you sit with the Sabbath class, before you cross the threshold of the hospital, before you carry a pack of tracts down the street, before you enter upon the temptations and trials of the day, I charge you, in the name of God and by the turmoil and tumult of the judgment-day, O women, that you attend to the first, last, and greatest duty of your life—the seeking for God, and being at peace with Him.

Now, by the courtesies of society, you are deferred to, and he were less than a man who would not oblige you with kind attentions; but when the trumpet shall sound there will be an uproar and a wreck of mountain and continent, and no human arm can help you. Amid the rising of the dead, and amid the boiling of the sea, and amid the live, leaping thunders of the flying heavens there will be no chance for courtesies. But on that day, calm and placid will be every woman's heart who hath put her trust in Christ; calm, notwithstanding all the tumult, as though the fire in the heavens were only the gildings of an autumnal sunset, as though the peal of the trumpet were only the harmony of an orchestra, as though the awful voices of the sky were but a group of friends bursting through a gateway at eventime with laughter and shouting. Dorcas the disciple! Would to God that every Mary and every Martha would this day sit down at the feet of Jesus!

II. Further we see

DORCAS THE BENEFACTRESS.

History has told the story of the crown; the epic poet has sung of the sword; the pastoral poet, with his verses full of the redolence of clover tops and a-rustle with the silk of the corn, has sung the praises of the plough. I sound *the praises of the needle.* From the fig-leaf robe prepared in the Garden of Eden to the last stitch taken, the needle has wrought wonders of generosity, kindness, and benefaction. It adorned the girdle of the high-priest; it fashioned the curtains in the ancient tabernacle; it cushioned the chariots of King Solomon; it provided the robes of Queen Elizabeth, and in high places and in low places, by the fire of the pioneer's back log and under the flash of the chandelier—everywhere it has clothed nakedness, it has preached the Gospel, it has overcome hosts of penury and want with the war-cry of "Stitch! stitch! stitch!"

The operatives have found a livelihood by it, and through it the mansions of the employer have been constructed. Amid the greatest triumphs in all ages and lands I set down the conquests of the needle. I admit its crimes. I admit its cruelties. It has had *more martyrs than the fire.* It has butchered more souls than the inquisition. It has punctured the eye. It has pierced the side. It has struck weakness into the lungs. It has sent madness into the brain. It has filled the potter's field. It has pitched whole armies of the suffering into crime, and wretchedness, and woe. But now that I speak of Dorcas and her ministries to the poor, I shall relate only

THE CHARITIES OF THE NEEDLE.

This woman was a representative of all those women who make garments for the destitute, who knit socks for the barefooted, who prepare bandages for the lacerated, who fix up boxes of clothing for Western missionaries, who go into the asylums of the suffering and destitute, bearing that Gospel which is sight for the blind, and hearing for the deaf, and which makes the lame man leap like a hart, and brings the dead to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses.

What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman and a great deal of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend her time idly planning how the poor of Joppa were to be relieved; she took her needle and relieved them. She was not like those persons who sympathize with imaginary sorrows and go out in the street and laugh at the boy who has upset his basket of cold victuals, or like that charity which makes a rousing speech on the benevolent platform and goes out to kick the beggar from the step, crying, "Hush your miserable howling!" The sufferers of the world want not so much theory as practice; not so much tears as dollars; not so much kind wishes as loaves of bread; not so much smiles as shoes; not so much "God bless yous!" as jackets and frocks.

I will put one earnest Christian man, hard-working, against 5000 mere theorists on the subject of charity. There are a great many who have fine ideas about church arrchitecture who never in their life helped to build a church. There are men who can give you the history of Buddhism and Mohammedanism who never sent a farthing for their evangelization. There are women who talk beautifully about the suffering of the world who never had the courage, like Dorcas, to take the needle and assault it.

I am glad that there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of

FEMALE BENEVOLENCE.

God says to all lands and people, "Come now, and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor-box. The Princess of Conti sold all her jewels that she might help the famine-stricken. Queen Blanche, the wife of Louis VIII. of France, hearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amid the rabble and took a stick and struck the door as a signal that they might all strike it, and down went the prison-door, and out came the prisoners. Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I., went down amid the poor and washed their sores and administered to them cordials. Mrs. Retson, at Matagorda, appeared on the battle-field while the missiles of death were flying around, and cared for the wounded.

But why go so far back? Why go so far away? Is there a man or woman who has forgotten the women of the sanitary and *Christian commissions*, or the fact that before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain the women of the North met the women of the South on the battle-field, forgetting all their animosities while they bound up the wounded and closed up the eyes of the slain? Have you forgotten? Dorcas the benefactress!

III. I come now to speak of

DORCAS THE LAMENTED.

When death struck down that good woman, oh, how much sorrow there was in Joppa! I suppose there were women there with larger fortunes; women perhaps with handsomer faces; but there was no grief at their departure like this at the death of Dorcas. There was not more turmoil and upturning in the Mediterranean Sea dashing against the wharves of that seaport, than there were surgings to and fro of grief in Joppa because Dorcas was dead.

There are a great many who go out of life and are unmissed. There may be a very large funeral; there may be a great many carriages

and a plumed hearse; there may be high-sounding eulogiums; the bell may toll at the cemetery gate; there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting-place; but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sham. The Church of God has lost nothing. The world has lost nothing. It is only a nuisance abated; it is only a grumbler ceasing to find fault; it is only an idler stopped yawning; it is only a dissipated fashionable parted from his wine cellar; while, on the other hand, no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed. The Church of God cries out, like the prophet, "Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar has fallen!" Widowhood comes and shows the garments which the departed had made. Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes and kisses the cold brow of her who charmed it away from sin, and all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning, mourning because Dorcas is dead.

I suppose you have read of the fact that when Josephine was carried out to her grave there were a great many men and women of pomp, and pride, and position, that went out after her; but I am most affected by the story of history that on that day there were 10,000 of the poor of France who followed her coffin, weeping and wailing until the air rang again because when they lost Josephine they lost their last earthly friend. Oh, who would not rather have such obsequies than all the tears that were ever poured in the lachrymals that have been exhumed from ancient cities?

There may be no mass for the dead; there may be no costly sarcophagus; there may be no elaborate mausoleum; but in the damp cellars of the city and through the lonely huts of the mountain glen there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, because Dorcas is dead. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

IV. I speak to you of

DORCAS THE RESURRECTED.

The apostle came to where she was and said, "Arise," and she sat up. In what a short compass the great writer put that "She sat up!" Oh, what a time there must have been when the apostle brought her out among her old friends! How the tears of joy must have started! What clapping of hands there must have been! what singing! what laughter! Sound it all through the lane! Shout it down that dark alley! Let all Joppa hear it! Dorcas is resurrected! You and I have seen the same thing many a time; not a dead body resuscitated, but the deceased coming up again after death in the good accomplished. If a man labors up to fifty years of age serving God, and then dies, we are apt to think that his earthly work is done. No! His influence on earth will continue till the world ceases. Services rendered for Christ never stop.

Here is a Christian woman. She toils for the upbuilding of a church through many anxieties, through many self-denials, with prayers and tears, and then she dies. It is fifteen years since she went away. Now the spirit of God descends upon that church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of Christ. Has that Christian woman, who went away fifteen years ago, nothing to do with these things? I see the flowering-out of her noble heart. I hear the echo of her footsteps in all these songs over sins forgiven, in all the prosperity of the church. The good that seemed to be buried has come up again. Dorcas is resurrected.

After awhile all these womanly

FRIENDS OF CHRIST

will put down their needle forever. After making garments for others, some one will make a garment for them, the last robe we ever wear—the robe for the grave. You will have heard the last cry of pain. You will have witnessed the last orphanage. You will have come in worn out from your last round of mercy. I do not know where you will sleep, nor what your epitaph will be; but there will be a lamp burning at that tomb and an angel of God guarding it, and through all the long night no rude foot will disturb the dust. Sleep on, sleep on! Soft bed, pleasant shadows, undisturbed repose! Sleep on!

"Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep!"

Then, one day, there will be a sky-rending, and a whirl of wheels, and the flash of a pageant, armies marching, chains clanking, banners waving, thunders booming, and that Christian woman will arise from the dust, and she will be

SUDDENLY SURROUNDED—

surrounded by the wanderers of the street whom she reclaimed, surrounded by the wounded souls to whom she administered! Daughter of God, so strangely surrounded, what means this? It means that reward has come, that the victory has been won, that the crown is ready, that the banquet is spread. Shout it through all the crumbling earth! Sing it through all the flying heavens! Dorcas is resurrected!

In 1855, when some of the soldiers came back from the Crimean war to London, the Queen of England distributed among them beautiful medals, called Crimean medals. Galleries were erected for the two Houses of Parliament and the royal family to sit in. There was a great audience to witness the distribution of the medals. A colonel who had lost both feet in the battle of Inkermann was pulled in on a wheeled chair; others came in limping on their crutches. Then the Queen of England arose before them, in the name of her government, and uttered words of commendation to the officers and the men, and distributed these medals inscribed with the four great battle-fields—Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, and Sebastopol. As the Queen gave these to the wounded men and the wounded officers, the bands of music struck up the national air, and the people, with streaming eyes, joined in the song:

"God save our noble Queen!
Long live our gracious Queen!
God save the Queen!

And then they shouted "Huzza! huzza!" Oh, it was

A PROUD DAY

for those returned warriors! But a brighter, better, and gladder day will come when Christ shall gather those who have toiled in His service, good soldiers of Jesus Christ. He shall rise before them, and in the presence of all the glorified in heaven He will say: "Well done, good and faithful servant!" And then He will distribute the medals of eternal victory, not inscribed with works of righteousness which we have done, but with those four great battle-fields, dear to earth and dear to heaven—Bethlehem! Nazareth! Gethsemane! Calvary!

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

An Interesting Experiment with Diamonds has been conducted by French scientists. It has long been asserted by some and denied by others that the diamond has the power of retaining light and of afterward emitting it in the dark. The theory has been often stated, but has not been easy of test. All, or nearly all, the great diamonds—such as the Kohinoor, the Regent, the Grand Mogul—cannot be made the subject of experiment, and stones of a lesser size do not always give satisfactory results. Happily, a private individual, the owner of a gem of remarkable purity, lent his diamond for scientific investigations. These have been most satisfactory, and the "phosphorescance" of the stone may be regarded as proved. The diamond was exposed for an hour to the direct action of the sun's rays and afterward removed into a dark room. For more than twenty minutes afterward it emitted a light so bright as to render visible objects within reach of its rays. It then gradually paled, until again submitted to the sun's rays. It is thus with God's jewels. The light they give in the world is derived from the Sun of Righteousness, and they would not give out light if they did not live always in the light of God's presence." "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord (Prov. 20 : 27).

A Strange Contract has been Made Between a citizen and Jo Daviess County, Illinois. The citizen, whose name is Becker, lost his wife last fall, and in consequence became depressed and unable to attend to his business. He possessed some property, but could not take care of it, and wandered around aimlessly, losing his money to unscrupulous men, who took advantage of his helplessness. The attention of the county attorney was called to the case, and the man was cared for. Finally he executed a deed transferring his property to the county, in return for which the county officers undertook to provide for him for life. Becker appeared to feel relief when the arrangement was complete, and recovered somewhat his health and spirits. He has confidence in the integrity and capacity of the county, and has no anxiety about the future. The duties of the county, however, end at his grave; but he need not be distressed about his condition beyond that, if he will go to Jesus in a similar spirit of helplessness and exercise a similar faith in Him (II Tim. 1 : 12).

A Prudent Squirrel is the Domestic Pet of a family in Dutchess County, N. Y. It appears that for a long time one of the pets of the household has been a red squirrel. Three weeks ago the cage door was left open and the squirrel escaped out of doors. It was chased by boys, and its owner last saw it jumping from tree to tree. Its whereabouts was lost sight of in the darkness, and the family made up their minds that their pet was lost to them. The squirrel, however, surprised the family by running into the breakfast-room one morning last week, and, jumping upon the table, greedily began to drink milk out of a cup. It appeared to be nearly starved to death. It was emaciated to a degree, and its coat of hair had been torn out in spots by the roots, evidently the result of a fight with some animal in the woods on or near the Fishkill Mountain. Now, when the outside door of the house is left open, the squirrel looks out, but refuses to cross the door-sill. The squirrel thus sets an example which might be followed with advantage by men who, having fallen into trouble in the haunts of sin, are inclined to renew their visits (Prov. 23 : 35).

A Child's Perilous Position Caused Some excitement in an up-town street in New York last week. An aged woman went out shopping, leaving her little granddaughter, a child six years old, asleep on a lounge in her room. When she returned half an hour later she saw a crowd around the house eagerly looking up to the stone coping, on which the child stood trembling. It appeared that the little girl, awakening soon after her grandmother's departure, became alarmed at finding the door locked, and crawled out of the window. She let herself down until she stood on the stone projection of the upper part of the window on the floor below, while, terror-stricken, she held to the sill of the window of her grandmother's room. She was wailing softly, and several persons, expecting she would fall, ran for and extended blankets to save her. But a policeman managed to enter the room and seize the child just as her courage and strength were giving out. There is reason to fear that many children occupy in spiritual matters a position equally perilous through similar neglect. Parents suffer them to sleep on unenlightened, and place confidence in some safeguard of their own contriving which is apt to fail when most needed (Prov. 29 : 15).

A Remarkable Illustration of the Power of prayer is quoted by the Brooklyn *Union*. It is stated that for one hundred and twenty years a ship has annually left England for the Moravian mission in the arctic regions of this continent, and that in every instance special prayers have been offered for the safety of that particular vessel. In the whole time not a single ship or passenger has been lost by storm, iceberg, or wreck.

THE HOPE OF ISRAEL.

By Rev. J. Gossett Tanner, M.A.

The Present Condition of Palestine—Apparently Hopeless—Rocky and Barren—How Water will be Obtained—The Predicted Earthquake—Recently Discovered Reservoirs—A Legend of an Arab—The Germs of the Change—Four Details of the Restoration.

IF a stranger visits that country which was once the glory of all lands for beauty and fertility, a land of brooks of water, a land flowing with milk and honey, he is amazed and disappointed as he passes over rocky terraces and hills scantily covered with loose, friable soil, and apparently possessing no capacity for supporting a large and flourishing population. And some even of the Lord's people are prone to exclaim in unbelief: "The days of the Holy Land are past: its sun has set forever: Ichabod is written on its desert rocks as well as upon the fortunes of its people. Israel has lost God's favor forever. The nation will never be restored."

But you and I firmly believe God's promise in Amos 9: 14, 15. We are persuaded that every jot and tittle which God has spoken shall surely come to pass.

An abundant supply of living water is necessary for the fertilization of the soil, and it is remarkable that on this vital matter there are

THREE PROPHECIES

which singularly agree—Joel 3: 18, "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the mountains shall drop down new wine, and the hills shall flow with milk, and all the rivers of Judah shall flow with waters, and a fountain shall come forth of the house of the Lord, and shall water the valley of Shittim." Then the explicit and full passage in Ezek. 47: 1–12, "Afterward he brought me again unto the door of the house; and, behold, waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward: for the forefront of the house stood toward the east, and the waters came down from under from the right side of the house, at the south side of the altar. Then brought he me out of the way of the gate northward, and led me about the way without unto the utter gate by the way that looketh eastward; and, behold, there ran out waters on the right side." Then follows a description of the waters—how they increase in depth and volume until they become "waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over." The eighth verse shows us whither they run—"out toward the east." And the ninth verse informs us that it is

A RIVER OF LIFE.

The third passage—for at the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established—is Zech. 14: 4, which gives us a hint of the way in which these great physical changes shall be brought about—viz., by an earthquake to take place as soon as the feet of the Lord Jesus shall touch Mount Zion.

Now I firmly believe that all these portions of Scripture will be literally and exactly fulfilled when the Redeemer comes to Zion, that a great river will run from Jerusalem toward the Dead Sea, and another branch toward the Mediterranean. Hitherto Jerusalem has been almost the only great city of the world not built on a river. But that deficiency will be supplied by an exercise of God's almighty power. In what is at present the dry and desolate bed of the Kedron shall flow an abundant river right to the Dead Sea—no more dead then, but a living sea, abounding in fish as the fish of the Great Sea, exceeding many.

Now, the means the Lord will use are illustrated by recent discoveries. A little book, lately issued, on

"RECENT DISCOVERIES

under the Temple Hill," states—and it is a fact which has been fully confirmed—that vast reservoirs exist under the Temple Hill, which seems to be completely honeycombed by underground aqueducts and cisterns. It has been computed that thirty-five of these excavations could hold ten million gallons of water. One of the largest and best known of these excavations is called the Great Sea. In the third century a large subterranean fountain sent forth a never-failing stream from under the Temple. An early writer speaks of it as "a perennial fountain of water," and states that these river-courses, or excavations, extend a great way, and have many secret entrances, only known to the servants of the holy place. The Great Sea is forty-three feet deep. Its area covers eleven thousand feet, and it can hold three million gallons of water. Another cistern is still of greater depth, being sixty-two feet deep.

There is *a legend of an Arab*, employed in clearing one of the passages, who ventured to walk along, and, after going a considerable distance, found it becoming lighter and lighter. At length he reached (so runs the legend) a garden of exceeding beauty and loveliness. He plucked a leaf from one of the trees, with which he returned, and when examined it was declared a leaf from the tree of paradise. The only fresh water now in Jerusalem issues from these reservoirs, and, after appearing at the Fountain of the Virgin, it pursues an underground course until it reaches the Pool of Siloam, and thence by the Kedron Valley into the Dead Sea.

Now we can gather from this, first of all, there was a very considerable fountain under the foundation of the Temple, which, by reason of the sins of the nation, and, physically, the cutting down of the forests, has been dried up to a great extent. Still we see

THE NATURAL MEANS

which the Lord may make use of as the germs of the great physical changes which He hath foretold.

These blessings have the closest possible connection with the return of the Lord. This is brought before us in the key text, Isa. 59: 20, "The Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord." What is it causes the change? "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Therefore I hold that while it is possible some of the Jews may be restored

IN AN UNCONVERTED STATE,

yet many more will follow. "Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side."

Have you ever noticed the clue to Ps. 107? It is the Psalm of the restoration of Israel. Thanks are rendered, and the exhortation is, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed out of the hand of the enemy." And the writer proceeds, "He gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south." Has that ever come to pass yet? Never! When has the Lord gathered His people from the east, the west, the north, and the south?

Then you notice there follow four paragraphs answering to the Lord's way of bringing back Israel from the four quarters of the earth, each paragraph concluding with the ascription of praise, "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

1. Notice they

COME FROM THE EAST.

"They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way: they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them." Evidently referring to the great deserts of Bokhara, Beloochistan, the Arabian deserts and other eastern wildernesses.

2. They come from the *west*. "They sit in the darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron." What was the condition of the Jews in Spain and many parts of Europe? Literally they were in the shadow of death and in iron bondage for hundreds of years. In the very public gardens of Germany has been seen the announcement, "Beggars, dogs, and Jews not admitted here." So this paragraph describes them coming from the west.

3. Then in the next paragraph (17–20) we have them coming from the *north*, which I take to be Russia. They are afflicted; "their soul abhorreth all manner of meat, they draw near the gates of death;" clearly describing the pestilence and persecutions they have endured and still endure in the north. Already we have as it were a first-fruits coming from Russia, and we rejoice that an open door of access has been gained to many of these poor and desolate ones.

4. Then follows (23–30) a description of their coming from the *south*, for those who come from South Africa and America must come in ships.

The great Jubilee is coming when all the ransomed shall be kings and priests unto God, but Israel will have its own kingdom in which Abraham and David will be two of the chief princes.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

The Happiest Person in the Parish.—Dr. Boyd related the following reminiscence: "When I was a country minister in Scotland, some time ago, the most joyous person in my parish was a poor old woman whose every joint was knotted with rheumatism; her husband was a poor laboring old man, her home a crowded hut, yet her life was bright and cheerful. When I was dejected I used to visit her, and after ten minutes' conversation my load would be lightened. She diffused gladness wherever she was, because the Holy Spirit dwelt in her as a temple."

A Teacher's Golden Key.—"The Superintendent of a Sabbath-school noticed that one of his teachers had obtained a great influence over a rough set of scholars. Being desirous of finding out the secret, he inquired: 'How did you obtain such power over these children?' 'Oh, I have got a golden key,' he answered. 'What is it?' asked the superintendent. 'Love!' was the teacher's response. Notice, it was not kindness, gentleness, or giving gifts, but real, true, heartfelt love toward each unit of the class. They were not merely scholars but friends as well, and each scholar knew it, for we cannot hide love—it is easily seen. How wonderfully Jesus Christ, our Great Teacher, has commended His love to us!"

Result of a "Wretched Sermon."—The Rev. Mr. Lowe related: "I remember distinctly the case of a young woman, in connection with my own congregation, who was roused from a state of spiritual apathy, by attending an evangelistic meeting such as this, to an acute perception of her lost condition as a sinner. She was in great mental distress, when she attended a service, during which I preached what I thought a most wretched sermon. At the conclusion I said, 'Friends, do not look to anything I have said, but take the New Testament, read the last chapters of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, where there is recorded actual historical facts. Upon these facts depend the whole of the religion of Jesus.' These remarks opened a new view to the distressed young woman. She went home to her lodgings, read the chapters I spoke about; light flooded her soul, and she got grace to accept Christ and to follow the Lord."

Converted in an Infirmary.—Mr. Clyde said: "One of our brethren died last week rejoicing in Christ as his Saviour. For the encouragement of those who visit the Infirmary, I will tell you how he was converted. Three years ago he was a Roman Catholic by profession, and was laid up in the Royal Infirmary by a severe attack of illness. So ill was he that the doctor told him that he had no chance of life. Wholly unprepared, as he felt himself to be, for eternity, he was in a state of great fear. One day a tract was put into his hand, and he read the words, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' He obeyed this injunction and found rest for his troubled soul in Christ, and what is more, he got restored in health and

lived for three years to glorify God by his life and death. When the nurse was telling his wife of his death, she remarked, 'Surely your husband was a Christian, for he was always in the attitude of prayer; even when he died, his hands were held up together, as though he were praying?' The widow's reply was, 'if ever there was a Christian he was.' Could there be more emphatic testimony than this? His wife is a colored woman, and a Roman Catholic. Pray that she may have Jesus as her Saviour."

A Dead Mother's Beautiful Child.—"About thirty-five miles from Glasgow, exactly thirty-five years ago, a poor hunger-bitten wanderer called at the house of a relative of mine. She had in her arms a beautiful baby girl. The weary mother was the picture of death, and as she sat down without a word, the good wife saw that something was wrong, and gave the wanderer food. Alas! it was too late to do her good, and she died on the spot where she sat. The good man buried the mother, and though he had a large family of his own, he kept the baby for Christ's sake, and none of his own were dearer to him than this one. No one ever inquired after either mother or child, but God has smiled on him ever since, and given him abundant prosperity and blessing. He had entertained angels without knowing it."

A Life-Long Desire Gratified.—Mr. Cruickshank recently said: "Seventeen years ago, at the close of a missionary meeting, there might have been seen a little boy whose soul was fired by what he had heard that night, of the needs of the perishing heathen, and even then he was very anxious to offer himself to go out as a missionary of the cross of Christ. All these years the prevailing idea of that lad has been, 'How can I get away to preach the Gospel to the heathen?' For some years back it has been impressed upon his mind that Africa was the place to which he should go, and he made it a matter of prayer that he should be sent there. That boy, now grown to manhood, stands before you to testify that his aspirations and prayers have been answered, and that to-morrow he leaves for the Congo district in Africa, to publish there, if God shall spare him, the glad tidings of salvation."

Calmness in the Face of Death.—The Rev. Mr. Arthur remarked: "When I was in Paris recently I was much struck with the aspect of work there. I remember one, a blind organist, who told me that four years ago he was a Roman Catholic, and played the organ in the Romish churches; but on his conversion he had to give up this means of living, and to trust in the Lord for his support. Now he and his pious Protestant wife work together for the Master. One man was given up by the hospital doctors, but cheated them by recovering. The medical men ascribed his recovery to his great calmness in the face of death. One doctor asked him, 'How is it you were so calm in the face of death?' Pulling out a New Testament, he replied, 'This is the cause.' 'Let me see it.' After looking over a few pages the doctor asked, 'May I take this home with me?' 'Yes.' And so the New Testament went to be a blessing to the doctor's family."

A Reformed Inebriate's Fear.—At a Recent Mizpah meeting a man said: "Two years ago I was in the habit of drinking regularly, for a time, to excess, then, becoming ashamed of my conduct, I would repent for a little time, and be sober, till I set to drinking again, quite unable to abstain. I attended one of Mr. Moody's meetings, and got a seat pretty far back, where I could only hear a word or two at a time. These words were sufficient to make me weep before God for my sins, and for six dreary weeks I had a great struggle with myself. Above all things I hated hypocrisy, and the devil told me that if I trusted in Jesus, and made a public confession of my faith, that I would fall again. So I argued with myself 'What's the use? I shall fall again; it's no good for the like of me,' and so on. At the end of the six weeks I went to another meeting of Mr. Moody's, along with some friends. When he asked those who wished to be prayed for to stand up, I felt it my duty to do so, but was restrained by the cowardly fear of my companions; but, at last, God gave me power to stand, and my brother followed my example. My soul was saved through trust in Christ, and I have been kept by the power of His grace ever since"

NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Philip Phillips, whose Gospel songs have delighted audiences in all climes, has written a most fascinating work under the title

"SONG PILGRIMAGE

Round the World." In The Christian Herald of March 17th, 1881, we published, with a portrait of this "singing pilgrim," a brief narrative of his wandering. Those of our readers who remember that narrative can easily understand how intensely interesting must be the story Mr. Phillips has to tell in his book. It includes, as the title-page indicates, experiences, sights, anecdotes, incidents, impressions of men and things throughout twenty different countries.

Mr. Phillips has much to say of his own country, having visited all its chief cities and thousands of less prominent places, singing the Gospel everywhere and holding the people entranced with his melodies. In Canada he commenced his tour at the Eastern coast, passing thence to the shores of the Western lakes, visiting, as he did so, in response to urgent requests, places on both sides of his direct route. In Great Britain he covered the country from the extreme north to the shores of the English Channel. In Ireland, too, he sang his songs to appreciative audiences. He visited and made extensive tours in Italy, Germany, Austria, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, and Holland. Turning his face eastward, he visited the Holy Land and its historic sites. India, with its teeming millions lying in spiritual darkness, was next visited, and Mr. Phillips passed through its chief cities, singing as he went at mission stations and in churches the story of the Cross. In Egypt and in the Sandwich Islands also Mr. Phillips found opportunities for singing, of which he gladly availed himself. During all these journeyings he closely observed, with the penetrating eyes of an enlightened American citizen the places through which he passed and the men with whom he came in contact. The chief object of his journey was to sing the Gospel, and that object brought him into acquaintance with Christian men and with other men, who were not Christians, but who were attracted to his meetings by their love of music. He had thus exceptional opportunities of seeing innumerable types of the religious character.

From such an experience it will be understood that Mr. Phillips must have collected abundant materials for a book of more than ordinary interest, and such has been the case. The "Song Pilgrimage" has not a dull page in it, and while it interests it also conveys a vast quantity of useful information. The value of the book is enhanced by its numerous excellent engravings of picturesque scenes, public buildings, churches, etc., some of which are full-page engravings. At the end of the book Mr. Phillips has given the music and words of the sacred songs he had the happiness of singing in the various places he visited. There are seventy of these songs, and they include such favorites as: "Almost Persuaded;" "Cling to the Mighty One;" "Home of the Soul;" "No Tears in Heaven;" "The Better Land," etc. "Song Pilgrimage" is *published by Messrs. Phillips & Hunt*, 805 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Edward Ryder has sent us a copy of his excellent work, the

"LIFE OF ELIZABETH FRY,"

the philanthropist, preacher and prison reformer, compiled from her journal and other sources. It is published by E. Walker's Son, 14 Dey Street, New York. Mr. Ryder has in this work modestly contented himself with the part of an editor, believing, as he informs us in his preface, that Mrs. Fry's own words and those of her two daughters will best serve to render the reader acquainted with her true character.

The following sketch of

A NEWGATE INTERIOR,

as it existed before Mrs. Fry commenced her beneficent labors, we extract from Mr. Ryder's able work as a specimen of its contents: "At that time all the female prisoners in Newgate were confined in that part now known as 'the untried side.' The larger portion of the quadrangle was then used as a state prison. The partition wall was not of sufficient height to prevent the state prisoners from overlooking the narrow yard and the windows of the two wards and two cells, of which the women's division consisted. These four rooms comprised about one hundred and ninety superficial yards, into which, at the time of Mrs. Fry's first visit, nearly three hundred women, with their numerous children, were crowded; tried and untried, misdemeanants and felons, without classification, without employment, and with no other superintendence than that given by a man and his son, who had charge of them by night and by day. In the same room, in rags and dirt, destitute of sufficient clothing (for which there was no provision), sleeping without bedding on the floor, the boards of which were in part raised to supply a sort of pillow, they lived.

"With the proceeds of their clamorous begging, when any stranger appeared among them, the prisoners purchased liquors from a regular tap in the prison. Spirits were openly drunk, and the ear was assailed by the most terrible language. Beyond that which was necessary for safe custody, there was little restraint over their communication with the world without.

"Although military sentinels were posted on the leads of the prison, such was the lawlessness prevailing, that even the governor of the prison entered this portion of it with reluctance. Fearful that their watches would be snatched from their sides, he advised the ladies (though without avail) to leave them in his house. Into this scene Mrs. Fry and her single lady companion entered, and as her custom was, she dispensed with the protection of the jailer, and was locked in with the crowd of prisoners, more than one of whom was a murderess."

"ROME IN AMERICA"

is the title of an arousing work from the pen of Rev. Justin D. Fulton, D.D., published by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls. The title of the first chapter supplies the key-note to the book. It is, "Can American Citizens Safely Invest in Romanism?" Dr. Fulton proceeds to show why they cannot do so, and points out the radical errors of Romish doctrine, explaining how each affects the life of a citizen who holds it.

How necessary it is that citizens should be put on their guard against this insidious foe to civil and religious liberty is realized as the reader follows Dr. Fulton's statistics of the spread of its influence and his statement of the position it has already attained. One paragraph will suffice to show the aim and spirit of the book. Dr. Fulton says: "In America, such is the influence of the priests over the minds of the deluded votaries of Romanism, that *idols are openly kept on sale*, and the people bow down to stocks of wood and stone in Boston with as devout worship as characterizes devotees of pagan lands, while the Bible is seldom found in a Romanist home. It is said that they do not worship the image, but the God represented and behind it. This may be true of some, but that it is not true of the multitudes is apparent from the sacrifices they make to obtain an image or a candle for their homes. It is known that many a poor Irish family in Boston took the money given them by the city to purchase food for their families and bought instead a candle consecrated by the priest and to be burned before their idol at Christmas. Thus, while Rome neglects her poor and builds great establishments, which are but nurseries of Romanism, American citizens by a tax support and feed the fires of Romish superstition."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Foreign Commerce of the Country During the past twelve months was smaller than that of the previous year. From a report issued last week by Mr. Nimmo, the chief of the Bureau of Statistics, it appears that the balance of trade in favor of the United States during the last fiscal year was $72,798,997, as against a balance in our favor during the year ended June 30th, 1883, of $100,658,488. The total value of *the exports* of merchandise during the fiscal year just closed amounted to $740,513,560, as against $823,839,402 during the preceding fiscal year, a falling off of $83,325,842. *The imports* of merchandise amounted to $667,714,563, as against $723,180,914 during the preceding fiscal year, a falling off of $55,466,351. The decrease in the total value of exports of domestic merchandise during the year ended June 30th, 1884, was due chiefly to the falling off in the exports of cotton, manufactures of cotton, wheat, wheat flour, hops, tobacco and manufactures of tobacco, and fruits. The only items among the imports showing an increase were sugar, molasses, and coffee; in all other articles there was a decrease more or less heavy.

A Most Enthusiastic Meeting of Irishmen was held in Chickering Hall, New York, on July 28th to indorse the candidacy of Mr. Blaine for the Presidency. The large building was packed to its utmost capacity, and the most complete unanimity prevailed. This is the more remarkable because the Irish vote in New York has usually been cast in previous contests for Democratic candidates. The names of Blaine and Logan elicited outbursts of enthusiastic cheering every time they were mentioned. The speakers were all Irishmen, some of whom have suffered imprisonment for political offences in their own country. The Rev. George W. Pepper, a Methodist minister, who was one of the speakers, said that when he was in Ireland in 1881 he made remarks that were considered disrespectful to the Queen, and he was arrested. But when he showed the policeman Mr. Blaine's name on his passport and told him that "that man would 'defend" him "with the armies of the United States," he was released. Therefore he should vote for Mr. Blaine. Resolutions were passed pledging the Irish vote to the Republican candidates. It is not supposed that the meeting could control all votes of that nationality, many of them being controlled by Kelly and Tammany Hall, but it is believed that the accessions of Irish Democrats will more than compensate in New York for the loss of the Independent Republicans.

Governor Cleveland was Formally Notified of his nomination to the Presidency on Tuesday, July 29th. As usual in such cases, the chairman of the convention was accompanied by a representative from every State and Territory. Colonel Vilas, the chairman, in addressing the candidate, said that the National Democracy seek a President, not in compliment for what the man is, or reward for what he has done, but in a just expectation of what he will accomplish as the true servant of a free people, fit for their lofty trust. They place their reliance for the usefulness of the services they expect to exact for the benefit of the nation upon the evidence derived from the services performed by the Governor for the State of New York. Governor Cleveland in the course of his reply defined his attitude in the contest as being "not merely to gain a partisan advantage, but pledged to give to those who trust us the utmost benefits of a pure and honest administration of national affairs." At a public meeting held in the evening at Albany a letter was read from Mr. S. J. Tilden expressing his approval of the ticket, and a speech was made by Mr. Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, in which he pledged it his support.

The Nomination of Ex-Governor St. John has given general satisfaction in the party. Since it was made the Prohibitionists have been full of enthusiasm, and claim their ability to carry enough States to throw the Presidential election into the House of Representatives. Secretary Swoger, in a conversation with a reporter, recently said: "The plan of the campaign has been fully indicated by the nomination of St. John and Daniels. The leaders are now considering whether to select a few States and capture their electoral vote, or to make a determined effort in all of the twenty States in which the party is organized." Promises of funds are being made with unexpected liberality.

The Inaugurative Ratification Meeting of the Prohibition campaign was held at Cumberland, Md., on July 28th. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, there being a drenching rain-storm, the large Academy of Music was filled with an overflowing audience. Among the speakers were the Hon. William Daniel, the candidate for the Vice-Presidency; Major George A. Hilton, of Washington, D. C., and Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and the platform and ticket were warmly indorsed. The character and high social standing of those present at the meeting were a surprise to the workers for the old political parties. If that meeting furnishes an indication of the classes who will support the Prohibition candidates, a further surprise is in store. The dissatisfaction prevailing in both the Republican and Democratic parties may lead large numbers of temperance men in both parties to cast their votes for candidates who represent reform in the most formidable and gigantic evil of the day.

The New Orleans Exposition Promises to be one of the most brilliant of recent times. From statements made by the committee in charge, it appears that the park in which it is to be held is 9000 feet by 2000 feet. The building itself is 1378 feet long and 905 feet wide and covers thirty-three acres, one third more than the main building at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. The music hall, situated in the centre of the building, will seat 11,000 persons. There is to be a tower, 115 feet in height, on which is a platform where the visitor can get an exceptionally fine view of the city and the river. A feature of the exposition will be the Agricultural Hall, where everything connected with agricultural matters will be represented. This hall is being built by the city of New Orleans at a cost of $100,000. A railroad is also being made round the park, and an elevated railroad is being built to run from the centre of the city to the Exposition Building. Besides this, St. Charles Street is being asphalted, so that this street, which is one of the best in New Orleans and runs right up to the park, will form a splendid carriage drive. A wharf on the side of the park on the Mississippi River has been built for steamers. The committee has a capital of $1,000,000 raised by subscription in New Orleans, and lately Congress has voted another million to help forward the enterprise. Besides this many of the States have also set apart sums for the same purpose. President Arthur will open the exposition on December 4th, and the inaugural address will be made by Secretary Lincoln. It is intended that it shall remain open until May 31st, 1885.

The Survivors of the Greely Expedition arrived at Portsmouth, N. H., on August 1st, where they received a warm reception. The meeting between Lieutenant Greely and his wife and children, his mother and family was deeply affecting. A public reception of an imposing character was accorded to the party on August 4th. It has been found necessary to retain all the members of the expedition in the hospital, owing to their enfeebled condition. Lieutenant Greely insisted that he was well in every way, except that he was weak. The surgeons gave it as their opinion that Greely would require great care, his condition being rather unfavorable. He has gained flesh at the rate of two or three pounds daily, but it is soft and flabby and contains no muscular strength. The rest of the survivors have also gained flesh too rapidly, although not in so marked a degree as in the case of Lieutenant Greely.

The Negligence of Congress in Not Passing the Utah or some other bill to check polygamy at its last session, is rendered increasingly deplorable by the publication of the news from the Mormon Territory. The Utah correspondents of a Boston journal state that Mormonism is expending unusual vigor in colonizing Arizona and Idaho, sending their drafted men to buy up farms from the Gentiles at liberal prices, or to preoccupy unimproved land till their emigrants arrive and take possession. Mormon preachers insist openly on the duty of plural marriage, as if it were not a crime against the law of the land. President Taylor recently ordered the bishops to cut off from the church every Mormon who should dare to send his children to outside schools. A Mormon high in authority said to one of these correspondents: "We are sending emigrants with our polygamy to Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, Idaho, Montana, and Oregon, and *your government* cannot stop it. In a short time we will rule some of these Territories absolutely, as we now rule Utah, and hold the balance of power in others as we do to-day in Idaho."

The Baxter Street Mission in New York celebrated its fortieth anniversary on July 27th. It is situated in a neighborhood notorious for its squalor and vice, but the Christian ladies and gentlemen who have labored there have worked on in faith, undeterred by the poverty, misery, and disease surrounding them. Meetings are held every evening of the week. They are conducted by Mr. W. H. Weeks, who is aided by his wife and daughter and volunteer Christian friends. At the anniversary, Dr. Freeman, of Holy Trinity Church, and Dr. Mingins, of the Thirty-fifth Street Tabernacle, delivered addresses. The congregation was composed chiefly of Italians and colored men, many of whom bore on their faces the marks of dissipation, but they listened attentively to Dr. Freeman's earnest appeals. This is a very useful mission, laboring with little encouragement in a neglected field.

The Interstate Conference of the W. C. T. U., just adjourned at Mountain Lake Park, Md., was largely attended by able delegates from Maryland, West Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and District of Columbia, and a vast amount of work was completed that will greatly promote the efficiency of the Unions in the several States named, and have a beneficial influence on the work at large. Many earnest workers were present at the conference, which was addressed by Frances E. Willard, Hon. William Daniel, Major George A. Hilton, of Washington, and others. The low rates of railroad fare, the comfort of the throng that attended on excursion day, and the general success of the conference are due largely to the personal efforts of *Miss Jennie Smith*, and it will rejoice her many friends to know that "*Grace Cottage*," *her new home, is completed* and ready to receive Christian workers and others in search of rest and a delightful home in this attractive mountain retreat, that gains in popularity each season.

The Reunion of the Army Chaplains and the Christian Commission at Ocean Grove, N. J., was of a most enthusiastic character. The speeches made proved how completely hostile feeling between the two sections is dead. The enthusiasm culminated when General Grant, leaning on the arm of General Stuart, hobbled with his crutch to the platform. His emotion almost choked his utterance as the air vibrated with the cheers his appearance elicited. He said: "It would always be very difficult for me to address an audience such as this, but now it is especially hard. An hour ago I could have told you the good these agencies did, for I had especial opportunities to know of the service they rendered, the consolation they administered by the side of death-beds, and their patient, unswerving attention to the sick, but now I can't. I hope—you will appreciate—" Here the general's voice, which was on the point of breaking several times, sank almost into a sob, and, with tears flowing from his eyes, he turned and sank into his seat. Tears were flowing from the eyes of the delegates and many others in the audience, besides those of the old veterans who sat in front.

No Little Surprise was Manifested Last Week at one of the sessions of the School of Philosophy at Concord, N. H., at the avowals of two eminent professors. Both scientists having thoroughly studied the doctrine of evolution and declared their belief in it, many of their hearers expected to learn that they had no faith in the Bible or the Christian religion. Dr. A. P. Peabody, of Cambridge, was the first essayist. He took up the general reasons for the belief in immortality, which were insisted upon a quarter of a century ago, but maintained that even those positive reasons, as held by the great ethical teachers of the race, pro-Christian and non-Christian, did not reach *the certainty that had been reached in the resurrection of Jesus Christ* as taught by the Christian religion. Professor John Fiske spoke for two hours on "The Origin and Destiny of Man," and in conclusion, to the profound surprise of his hearers, he came out in spiritual affirmations of God and immortality as the ultimate aim and result of the system of evolution. Thus two representative scientists, after all their studies and speculations, find themselves on the same platform with Christians who accept the Bible simply as it stands as a guide through life to immortality with God.

Another Case of the Cure of Spinal Disease by faith and prayer is reported from Newark, N. J. The Associated Press despatch describing the case says that Mrs. Mary E. Douglass, of 174 Camden Street, has been *bedridden for eight years*. A complication of diseases that attacked her settled finally in her spine, and after suffering for four years from spinal inflammation she was finally stricken with curvature of the spine. That was four years ago. During the last two and a half years she had ulceration of the stomach, and abscesses. Her left hip was drawn out of place, and her ankles turned as though she were club-footed, and her feet became paralyzed. Her physicians were unable to give her relief from suffering or to restore the affected limb. Her pastor, Dr. Sandford, a Congregational minister who was formerly with Dr. Cullis, at length induced her to trust wholly to Christ's power. On July 26 Dr. Sandford and a few Christian friends met in the sick-room in which Mrs. Douglass had been eight years a prisoner, and offered prayers for her recovery. She was then assisted out of bed and supported by chairs. Dr. Sandford again prayed. Mrs. Douglass says: "As he prayed I felt my leg slip into place, and saw my foot on the floor. I began to have faith then, and started to take two or three steps and walked around the room. I feel no return of my maladies, and yesterday my physician, Dr. Haines, examined me and found that the curvature had disappeared."

A Temperance League has been Formed in New Jersey. Its object is to form into effective union the Reform Clubs established by *Messrs. Mabee and English*. The clubs are doing valuable work in their separate districts, which it is believed will be assisted by united action. A conference was held at Bound Brook on July 29th, at which the League was regularly organized, and a convention will be held at Asbury Park on September 1st, to which all the temperance organizations of the State are invited to send delegates. The constitution adopted at the conference makes the name of the association "The Reform Club League of New Jersey." Its objects are stated as: 1. The strengthening of those ties which bind us together as members of organizations, which, by the grace of God, exist, and by the love we bear our fellow-men constrain us to exist so long as the drink habit curses the nation and the homes of our people. 2. The discussion of questions relating to the welfare of the clubs, to embrace the experiences of the clubs in every department of work, and the lessons therefrom; to give advice when asked, and to tender sympathy and help when needed. This is another of those wise steps which have rendered the work of Mabee and English pre-eminent for its thoroughness and permanence.

The "Leisurely Work" of a West Virginia pastor is described by the Richmond *Religious Herald*, which, writing of Rev. M. Ellison, says: "Twelve years ago he had *charge of fourteen churches* and averaged a sermon a day the year through. He said to us: 'I have always meant, should God spare my life to threescore and ten, to take it leisurely the rest of the journey, and now that I have turned that point I have resigned the care of all my churches except eight.' Dear old man! for ten years he rode through the mountains and valleys of West Virginia, preaching almost every day and acting as a colporteur as well, and he called that taking it 'leisurely.' Now, that fourscore years are upon him, he has resigned all of his churches, but in one way and another he is enforcing and illustrating the great truths of the Gospel."

The American and Foreign Christian Union has issued an appeal on behalf of the McAll and other evangelical missions in France, to which it is anxious that the churches would give a place among the objects to which they regularly contribute. In the course of the appeal the directors say: "With a population nominally papal, the traditional faith of France is losing its power over the souls of men with wonderful rapidity. France is *doomed to become atheistic* unless a true Gospel shall come to her people. If France becomes atheistic the infection will extend to our own people, as it has heretofore. Multitudes are on the alert, glad to welcome a truth that will save them from the abyss of infidelity. To preach the Gospel to such men is like carrying food to those who have long suffered the pangs of hunger, who have spent money for that which is not bread. The Corresponding-Secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union the Rev. George B. Safford, D.D., Room 43, Bible House, New York, will address churches that may wish to hear more particular statements relating to the French work.

RECEIVING THE HOLY GHOST.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"He said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"—Acts 19: 2.

The Questions Paul did not Ask—Questions of Interest—Not of First Importance—The Signs of the Holy Spirit in Apostolic Days—The Miraculous Gifts have Departed—Better Gifts Remain—I. The Question—A Vital One—The Holy Spirit the Source of Life—The Question Answerable—No Guess-Work in Daily Life—To Whom the Question is Inevitable—Faith Living in Heaven—Always Charity Children—Knowing J from I—The Perfect Brother Cracked—Two Heavens.

It may be well to notice what question the apostle did *not* put to these Ephesian disciples of John. He did not say to them, "Have ye believed?" This would have been a very important question, but it ought to be settled once for all. Our faith must either be boldly affirmed or sorrowfully denied, but it should not remain the subject of question. We not only ought to know that we believe, but to know whom we believe, and it would be well for us to advance beyond common believing to assurance, and thence to full assurance—the assurance of faith, the assurance of hope, and the assurance of understanding. Again, Paul does not put the question, "If ye have believed, how came it about? By what agencies was faith created in your souls? When did you first become believers?" These are very proper questions if we view them as points of interest, but they do not touch

THE ESSENCE OF SALVATION.

A man may be saved, and yet know none of the details of his conversion. Thousands in the fold of Jesus came back to the good Shepherd by degrees. Many who now walk in the light received daylight, not by the leaping of the sun above the horizon in a moment, but as our days mostly begin in this country: a little light tinged the eastern sky, and then came a rosy hue, followed by a dim dawn, and afterward came the actual rising of the sun, which cometh out of the chambers of the east, and runs his course till he has created perfect day. Many are gradually brought to Christ, and yet they are truly brought to Christ. I say we may ask about the when and the how of conversion if we wish to be interested, as we have a right to be, in the stories of the godly; but we must not ask such questions as if they were of vital importance, and should stand first.

Paul does not inquire about ways, and means, and times, but he does ask—"Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" Our Revised Version reads it, "Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when ye believed?" and others who are probably quite as accurate read it,

"ARE YE RECEIVING

the Holy Ghost now that ye have believed?" It does not matter one atom which way you read it; all the renderings come to this: Do you see a connection between your believing and the Holy Ghost? Did you receive Him when you believed? Have you received Him since you believed? Are you daily receiving Him as you believe? That is the subject which is now before us—the Holy Spirit in our hearts as believers.

You know, dear friends, when the Holy Spirit was given in the earliest ages He showed His presence by certain miraculous signs. Some of those who received the Holy Spirit spake with tongues; others began to prophesy; and a third class received the gifts of healing, so that wherever they laid their hands disease fled before them. Now, be it never forgotten that those works of the Holy Spirit which are permanent must assuredly be of greater value than those which were transitory. We cannot suppose that the Holy Ghost brought forth the best wine at first, and that His operations gradually deteriorated. It is a rule of the kingdom to keep the best wine to the last, and therefore I conclude that you and I are not left to partake of the dregs, but that those works of the Holy

Spirit which are at this time vouchsafed to the Church of God are every way as valuable as those earlier miraculous

GIFTS WHICH HAVE DEPARTED

from us. The work of the Holy Spirit, by which men are quickened from their death in sin, is not inferior to the power which made men speak with tongues. The work of the Holy Spirit, when He comforts men and makes them glad in Christ, is by no means second to the opening of the eyes of the blind. Why, sirs, men might have the gifts of the Spirit as to miracle, and yet might perish after all; but he that hath the spiritual gifts of the Holy Ghost shall never perish; they are saving blessings, and where they come they lift the man out of his sinful estate, and make him to be a child of God. I would therefore press it upon you this morning that, as you would certainly inquire whether you had the gifts of healing and miracle-working, if such gifts were now given to believers, much more should you inquire whether you have those more permanent gifts of the Spirit which are this day open to you all, by the which you shall work no physical miracle, but shall achieve spiritual wonders of the grander sort.

We will, first, this morning, consider *the question;* and then we will listen to *the lessons* which it is calculated to teach.

I. I want you to consider the question. In some respects it is

A VITAL QUESTION.

I shall not be playing about the outskirts of religion now, but plunging into its very centre. This question has nothing to do with the sect to which you belong, nor with the particular condition in which your mind may happen to be for the present hour; it is an inquiry which touches the heart of the man and the inmost life of his spirit. "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" For, remember, the Holy Ghost is the author of all spiritual *life*. Life does not lie latent in natural men for themselves to stir it up, but until the Holy Ghost visits them, they are dead in trespasses and sins. If, when you believed, you had not a life imparted by the Holy Spirit, your believing was a dead believing, the mere counterfeit of living faith, and not the faith of God's elect.

As the Holy Ghost is the Author of our quickening, the Lord and Giver of life, so is He the Author of all true *instruction*. My brother, you have professed to be a believer, but you know nothing at all unless the Holy Spirit has taught you. Furthermore, if we have believed in Christ aright, the Holy Ghost has come upon us to *transform* us altogether. By divine grace we are not now what we used to be; we have new thoughts, new wishes, new aspirations, new sorrows, new joys, and these are wrought in us of the Spirit. A man's conversion is nothing, his believing is nothing, his profession is nothing unless he is made to be a new creature in Christ Jesus. But how can we be made new by any other power than the Holy Spirit? Only He that creates can new-create. If our faith has not brought with it the Holy Spirit, if, indeed, it is not the fruit of the Spirit, and we are not changed in nature and in life, then our faith is presumption, and our profession is a lie. Furthermore, it is absolutely essential to all true religion that you and I should be *sanctified*. A faith which works not for purification will work for putrefaction. Unless our faith makes us

PINE AFTER HOLINESS,

and pant after conformity to God, it is no better than the faith of devils, and perhaps it is not even so good as that. How can any man become holy except by the Spirit of holiness? A holy man is the workmanship of the Holy Spirit.

Beside that, remember, dear friends, there is one mark of God's people which if it be lacking is fatal, and that is *prayer*. Pray without the Spirit of God? Oh, sir, it will be a mechanical performance, the statue of prayer, but not the living, prevailing supplication of an heir of heaven. You may go to your chamber, and kneel down at that particular chair, where you have so often enjoyed communion with God, but unless you invoke the Spirit of God the posture shall be a weariness, the exercise shall be heartless, and the result shall be worthless. Dear, dear friends, you do see, do you not, how on all these points contact with the Spirit of God becomes essential to our present spiritual life and to our eternal salvation? Look ye to it; look ye to it at once. If all you have is what you have made yourself, you and your works must perish; if all your prayers have risen from no greater depth than your own heart, and if they are the fruit of no better spirit than your own, they will never reach to the ear of God, nor bring you blessings from the throne. If there is not something supernatural about your religion, it will be a millstone about your neck to sink you into hell.

But now, while this is a vital question, I beg to say further that where it is not vital it is nevertheless greatly important. I do not think we ought always to be asking the question, "Is this essential?" meaning thereby, "Is it essential to our salvation?" Those are

MISERABLE SOULS

who would be penurious in obedience and love, so that they would labor and love no more than is absolutely needful to get to heaven. They would be saved in the cheapest possible way, and they would be content to crawl over the threshold of glory, but not to go too far in. They want as much grace as may be necessary *to float them over the bar* at the harbor's mouth; but they do not desire an abundant entrance. Oh ye miserly professors, stinting yourselves in the matter of the grace of God, I have little enough to say to you; but I turn to the children of God, and joyfully remind them that there is in the Holy Ghost not only what they absolutely need to save them, but much more. Here is not only bread, but wine on the lees well refined. In the Holy Ghost there is comfort to gladden you, grace to strengthen you, holiness to ennoble you, and love to purify you.

For, first, the Spirit of God is the *Comforter*, and how important it is that you should be comforted! In the Holy Ghost there is also a spirit of *enlightening*. Do you not read the word of God understanding very little of it? Do you not hear it as though you heard not? Why is this? Should you not seek more of the teaching of the Holy Spirit, that He may lead you into all truth? The Spirit of God is, also, the spirit of *liberty*, but some of God's children do not seem to have attained their freedom as yet. They have one fetter remaining on their foot, and though they try to enter into the broad fields of heavenly enjoyment, they cannot escape from their prison. Of such we may well ask—Have ye received the Spirit since ye believed? If so, wherefore are ye

THE SLAVES OF CUSTOM,

the bondaged serfs of fashion? Wherefore do you ask leave of your fellow-men to breathe, or think? The Holy Spirit is a free Spirit, and makes men free; where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.

Some of God's people need to feel the Spirit of God as a power moving and impelling them to holy service. Do you never hear behind you a voice saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it?" Have you never known holy impulses bidding you do this and that—impulses which did not come from human nature, for they impelled you to something which you would naturally have avoided? I would we had more of it, for then we should be more ready for service, and should do greater things than these. That same Spirit who moves the saints to work, also *empowers* them to achieve the purpose which is put into their souls. Wherever God has done great things by a man He has had power to do more had the man been fit for it. We are straitened in ourselves, not in God. Oh brothers, the church is weak to-day because the Holy Spirit is not upon her members as we could desire Him to be.

Now I come to notice that *this question is assuredly answerable*. "Have you received the Holy Ghost?" The notion has sprung up that you cannot tell whether you have the Holy Spirit or not; but you can. Give a man an electric shock, and I warrant you he will know it; but if he has the Holy Ghost he will know it much more. You may sometimes raise the question, "Did I ever feel the Holy Ghost in years gone by?" but you cannot ask the question, "Do I feel it now?" for if you feel it now you have the witness in yourself that the Lord is at work with you. You need not ask a question about present experience. If you do not feel the Holy Ghost at work distinctly and perceptibly even now, then lift your heart to God for it, and pray that you may now receive Him in all His fulness.

"Oh," says one, "I thought we must always say, 'I hope so, I trust so.'" I know that jargon; but men do not say, "I hope I have an estate," or "I trust I have twenty shillings in the pound," or "I think I have a wife and children." Some of us are quite clear about these matters, one way or the other. We

COULD NOT LIVE ON GUESS-WORK

as to daily life, much less as to eternal things. Oh souls, live daily on what God gives you, and you cannot doubt; live near to Christ, and you cannot doubt whether you love Him; live in the Holy Spirit, give yourselves up fully to His divine anointings and bedewings, and you will not have to say, "I hardly know whether there be any Holy Ghost," for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

Permit me to say here that there are many professors to whom *this question is inevitable*. I will pick out certain of them. There is the brother with the long dreary face, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. You know him, and you pity him. His favorite hymn is—

"'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought."

Is there anything dreary? He delights in it as much as he can delight in anything. He is sure of nothing but the horrible; everything that is pleasant he is afraid of. His life is one protracted groan. Come along, brother, and shake hands as cheerfully as you can. Please tell me, have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed? How he hesitates! Poor soul, he is perplexed. He is not well acquainted with the Comforter. Surely, if we have the earnest of the Spirit, the first-fruits of heaven, we ought to rejoice in the Lord always. Brother, you look comfortless; how is this when the Comforter is come to you?

Another brother is a member of the church, and a very unpleasant neighbor, for he picks holes in everybody and everything; he is

A BORN GRUMBLER,

and since he has been new born he has not given up the habit. When he goes home this morning, after dinner he will spend the afternoon in his growlery, complaining of the heat, *and perhaps of my sermon*. Oh, my dear brother, you who are so uneasy and unhappy, and so worrying and annoying to everybody, did you receive the Holy Ghost when you believed? Are you receiving the Holy Ghost still? I have sometimes thought that certain unfriendly friends must have been baptized in vinegar instead of water, from the sharp acid of their temperament. Surely the Spirit of God is a dove, full of peace, and love, and kindness, and not a bird of prey. Here comes another who flies out into

GREAT TEMPERS,

and grows fiercely angry. A little thing puts him out; he finds fault readily enough, and becomes excited in no time. He says that he is very sorry for it afterward, but this does not remove the wounds which he has inflicted. If you cut a person's head off, it is of small use to apologize to him afterward. Many a man boils over with passion and scalds his friend, and then in cooler moments expresses his regret. All very fine; but fine words cure no blisters. I would suggest to you the next time you are in a great temper that you ask yourself this ques-

tion, "Have I received the Holy Ghost since I believed? Is He not the spirit of peace and gentleness?"

Here is a brother who cannot be happy unless he indulges in

WORDLY FRIVOLITIES

and useless amusements. When he gets into a grand frolic with worldly people, he finds himself at home; but the joys of godliness he despises. My friend, the next time you are coming home from a gay party, I should like to meet you in the street and inquire, "Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed?" You would think me almost blaspheming. Alas! the blasphemy is in your heart. You would feel awkward, would you not? Do not do things which make you feel awkward; keep out of those scenes which are unfit for a child of God. *Do not play with the devil's children.* You cannot expect the Holy Spirit to continue with you if you are joined with the adversaries of the Lord.

But there are certain persons who live solely to hoard and scrape and get money, that they may grow rich and grind everybody else to pieces in the process. I would like when the avaricious man is totalling up his gains to put to him the question, "Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed?" He would answer, "Don't, don't; it is terribly out of place to mention so serious a matter." It is out of place no doubt, for the man himself is out of place; but ought a believer to be in a position in which it shall be out of place for a friend to speak to him about his eternal interests?

I know some

TO WHOM THE QUESTION IS NEEDLESS.

You never did put it to them, and you never will. You meet them in the morning, soaring aloft, like the lark, in the praises of God. See them in trouble; they are patient and resigned to their heavenly Father's will. Mark how they spend their lives in hallowed service, seeking ever to win sinners to Christ; their common talk is sweet with the honey of the Holy Land; you cannot be with them ten minutes without discovering that they have leaned on Jesus' bosom. There is an aroma about them which tells you that they dwell in the garden of the Lord. When they tell you their experience it is "e'en as if an angel shook his wings." You do not ask them if they have received the Holy Ghost; but you stand still and admire the work of the Spirit of God in them. Now, beloved, be such yourselves.

II. One or two lessons can be gathered upon the very surface of this question, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" Then the first lesson is, we are not to look for salvation to one single act of faith in the past, but to Jesus, in whom we continue to believe. I have read, very much to my grief, an assertion that, whatever we may be to-day, we are safe, if years ago we exercised a single act of faith. There may be truth in the statement, but it is so badly stated, and so wretchedly distorted, that it looks like a lie;

THAT WHICH SAVES

is a faith which does not spend itself in a single act, but continues to work and operate throughout the whole of life. It is not a question for me to-day, "Did I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ in the year 1850, on a certain morning in the month of January?" Oh, no; the question is, "Do I believe in the Lord Jesus at this hour?" For if my faith is "faith of the operation of God," it has continued to this hour, and will continue to the end.

They say we do not believe in heaven, but this is surely an error occasioned by want of thought. Heaven is a fit sphere for faith, not faith for what we shall there see, but for things promised and not yet fulfilled. If I were to go to heaven to-day, I should believe in my stopping there; I should believe in the Lord's continuing to love me, I should believe in all the prophecies yet unfulfilled, in the ingathering of the redeemed, the perfecting of the Church, and

THE SECOND ADVENT

of the Lord. I should look for the resurrection, the new heavens and the new earth, the millennial glory, the binding of Satan, and the eternal glory of the Triune God. Faith may be altogether lost in sight so far as things realized are concerned, but it will be grandly exercised upon blessings yet to come. We must live by faith; it is not only our starting-point, but the road along which we are to travel.

The next lesson of the text is that we must continue to live by receiving. We received Christ Jesus the Lord at the first, and now we receive the Holy Ghost. These disciples were questioned about their receiving rather than their expending, for at bottom everything depends upon what we receive. Nothing can come out of us if it does not first go into us. *We are always charity children.* It is our blessed lot to live upon the alms of divine bounty.

Again, let us learn that we may not despise the very lowest form of spiritual life; nay, not even those who have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost. Paul, when he met these half-instructed disciples, did not say, "You see the door. Be off; you have nothing to do with me, for you are so desperately ignorant." On the contrary, he sat down and taught them more, and then baptized them. God has some children who are mere babes and sucklings, and it is a fact for their comfort that He does not judge of their being His children by measuring their height. Babes in grace are as much his children as those who have reached perfect manhood.

WEAKLINGS ARE DEAR TO GOD;

let them be dear to us. When you are considering some poor child of God who has no education, and cannot read the Bible, do not judge him by his knowledge. The question is not whether he knows "A" from "B," for if he knows "J" from "I" he knows enough; that is to say, if he knows Jesus from himself he has grasped the essential point. If he trusts Christ and not himself he knows enough to take him to heaven, and enough for you to take him into your heart.

Once more, the Holy Ghost can be yet more fully possessed by all believers. If there should be a brother or sister here who has a notion that he cannot have any more grace, I am afraid he is specially in need of it.

THE PERFECT BROTHER

I must leave to the angels; he is above my reach, for I am sent to fallible men. I conceive that when a man is so good in his own esteem that he cannot be better, he is even then no better than he should be, and is either cracked in his head or his honesty. However, I leave him to his own Master; but as for you and for me, let us be certain that if we have been taught of the Spirit, there is more light yet for the Spirit to give to us; if we have been quickened of the Spirit, there is more life yet for the Spirit to impart to us; if we have been comforted, there are greater consolations yet which the Spirit of God can apply to our hearts; if we have been made strong, we can be stronger yet to do yet greater exploits; if we have had communion with Christ, we can have closer communion yet, and enter more thoroughly into the secret place of the tabernacle of the Most High.

If it can be, then why should it not be? Does not every man or woman here that is a Christian say, "I mean to realize all the possibilities of true religion?" A little religion is a miserable thing. He that has just enough to save him at last, may not have enough to comfort him for the present. He that has much grace, and is filled with the Spirit of God, shall have

TWO HEAVENS,

a heaven here and a heaven hereafter. I desire to make that true in my own case. I would find two heavens in Jesus; are there not many more? He who has the Spirit richly shall have the joy of the Lord here to be his strength, and the joy of the Lord hereafter to be his reward. Come, let us ask for all that God is willing to give. Does He not say, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it?" Come, ye little ones; why remain little? Our prayer for you is, that you may be as David, and David as the angel of the Lord. Come. You are living on crumbs. why not eat abundantly of the bread of heaven? Do not be content with pence, for a king's ransom is at your disposal. Poor brother, rise out of your poverty. Sister, bowed down by reason of the little of the Spirit of God you have received, believe for more, and pray upon a larger scale. May the Lord enlarge all our hearts, and fill them; and then enlarge them again, and fill them again; so that from day to day we may receive the Holy Ghost, till at the last Jesus shall receive us into His glory.

REV. H. T. EDWARDS,
The Late Dean of Bangor.

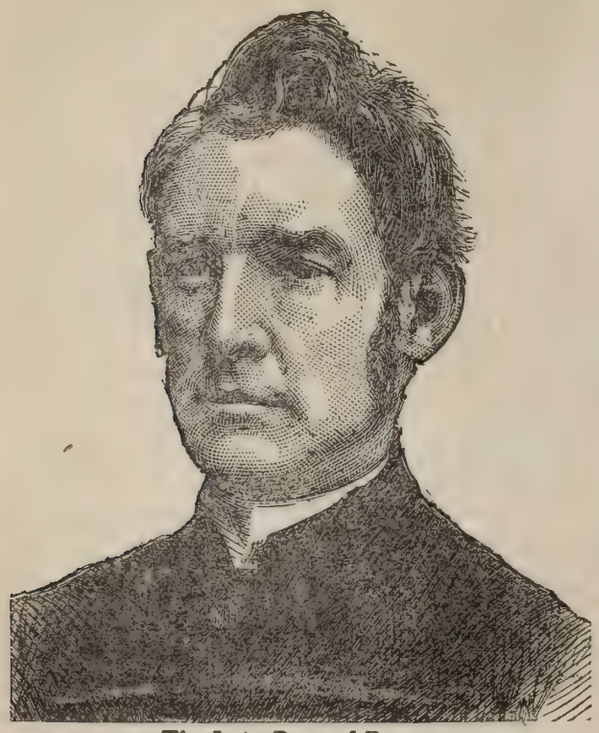
(*See portrait on next page.*)

A PAINFUL sensation was caused by the cable message on May 25th, that the Rev. Henry Thomas Edwards, the Dean of Bangor, had committed suicide. Those who knew the deceased clergyman, however, were confident that he could not be in any moral sense responsible for the act of self-destruction. He was of an exceedingly nervous and highly-strung temperament, of peculiar and delicate constitution, and had recently passed through severe mental and physical suffering, which had overthrown his reason.

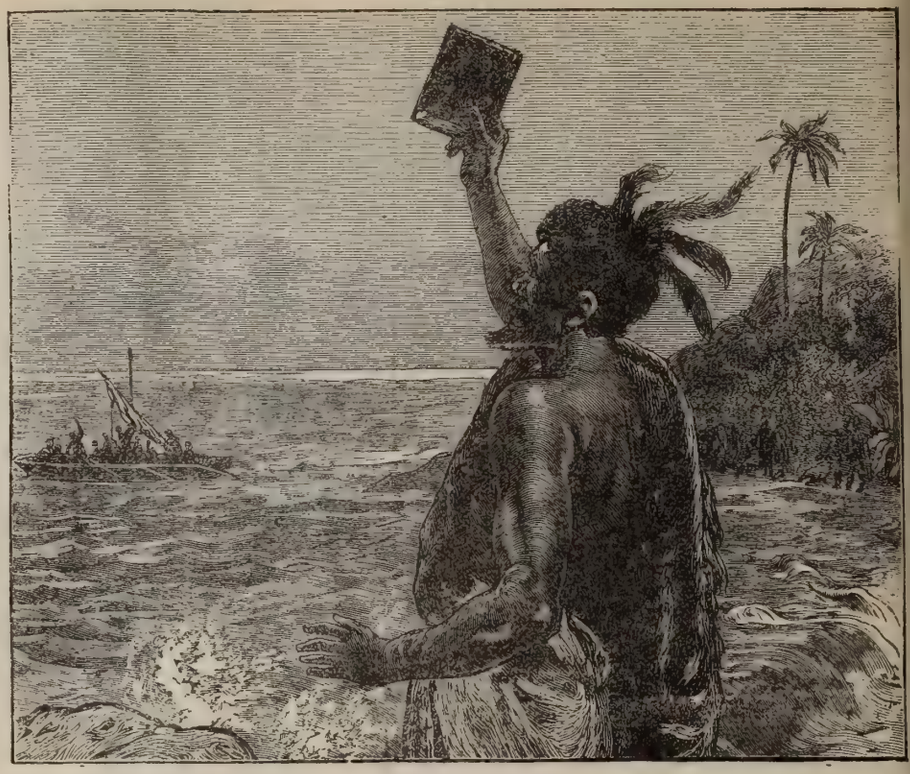
The late Dean was born in Wales, in 1836, so that he was in the forty-eighth year of his age. After a preliminary education at Westminster School, he graduated at Jesus College, Oxford, taking his B.A. degree in 1860 and M.A. in 1873. He was ordained *deacon* by the Bishop of St. Asaph, in 1861, when he was appointed to the *curacy* of Llangollen. He remained as *his father's curate* until 1866, when he was promoted to the charge of Aberdare, South Wales, by the trustees of the Marquis of Bute. In 1869 he was preferred to the vicarage of Carnarvon by the Bishop of Chester, and continued there until his elevation to the Deanery of Bangor, in 1876 by the present bishop of that diocese. He was an exceedingly able and active preacher, both in English and Welsh; very popular in all parts of the Principality, and considered one of the most eloquent speakers connected with the Welsh Church. He was deservedly held in high esteem by both Churchmen and Nonconformists.

The Dean had been staying with his brother, the Rev. W. Edwards, vicar of Ruabon, during the previous two weeks, to recruit his impaired health, which had occasioned anxiety to his friends for some time. His whole nervous system seemed to be shattered, resulting in that most obstinate of all nervous affections, melancholia. On the morning of May 24th, the family waited for the Dean to make his appearance at the breakfast table; but as he did not come his bedroom was visited, when the lifeless body was discovered suspended from the bedpost with a leather belt.

The Dean's family were deeply affected by the melancholy event, for which they were unprepared. They were, however, spared the misery of doubt as to his spiritual state, by the evidence of the physicians and the testimony of eminent brother clergymen. Among the latter was *Archdeacon Farrar*, who, with that grace and tenderness which characterize him, thus wrote: "I was dreadfully shocked to hear the news which your letter brought me. I had a great regard for poor Dean Edwards. When he was in town he often came to St. Margaret's, generally attending the early Communion. I had also met him in Wales, and been his guest at the Deanery. Nothing but a complete unhinging of the mind could possibly have caused so terrible an end; and when the mind is broken down the poor ship of our life may be wrecked without the captain's will—without the steersman's knowledge. He was the ablest and most



The Late Dean of Bangor.



A Bible Signal.

vigorous Churchman in Wales, and should have been a Welsh bishop; but he is gone, I doubt not, to the mercy of the Merciful."

The Rev. Thomas Jones, curate of Ruabon, an intimate acquaintance of the deceased, says that all who knew the late dean, whether personally or by reputation, must have had the greatest admiration for him. His public career was of an unusually successful character; he was richly qualified for the sacred calling which he so heartily loved and so faithfully followed, and his vast mind and honest heart were always employed in furthering the cause of his Divine Master. In his death the Church had lost one of the brightest ornaments that had ever adorned her. Their loss, however, would be his gain; he had gone from the world of consuming toil and wasting worry to the happy mansions of God's departed saints; he had ascended into the presence of that God whose attributes he labored so diligently to unfold, and his soul had gone to the dear Redeemer whose atoning life and death he had set forth with such faith and boldness.

A BIBLE AS A SIGNAL.

Among the marvellous incidents related of the results of missionary labor, scarcely any is more remarkable than one recently published in an English journal. It describes the surprise with which a shipwrecked crew, in a moment of terrible apprehension, received assurance of safety.

A ship was sailing among the islands of the South Pacific Ocean, when it suddenly struck on a sunken rock, and was soon a wreck. The captain and crew, twenty-two in number, took to their boats, hoping to reach an island or to see the sail of some friendly ship which might take them in. But vainly they strained their eyes and watched for a sail; no ship and no land appeared. For fourteen weary days they had been exposed in the open boats, and they were beginning to lose all hope of saving their lives, when, on the morning of the fifteenth day, they saw an island, unknown to them, guarded by its coral reef, over which the surf was dashing. The natives had perceived the boats, and were thronging the beach. It was an anxious moment for the poor sailors. Even exhausted as they were by fatigue and hunger, they scarcely knew whether to rejoice or not at the sight of land.

If these natives were savages, a worse fate might await the poor weary men than being swallowed up by the waves; for the natives of some of the islands were savage and cruel, and had sometimes murdered the unfortunate white men who fell into their hands, and sometimes even feasted upon them.

While the sailors watched with trembling anxiety every movement on the shore, they saw one of the natives coming toward them through the surf, holding in his hand a book, while he cried, with a loud voice, "Missionary, missionary!" What a joyful sound to the ears of the poor shipwrecked sailors! The missionaries had been on the island—they had given the natives "The Book"—there was, therefore, nothing for them to fear now.

With a glad shout the sailors replied to the natives, beckoning at the same time for help; and in a few minutes a number of the natives went to their aid, helped them through the surf, carried them on shore in their arms, supplied them with food, and cared for them with true Christian kindness.

To the great joy of the captain, he found that all this was owing, under the blessing of God, to the labors of his own brother. The captain's brother had been the means of bringing "The Book" to these once heathen natives. He had thus been honored, not only to impart the light and the blessings of Christianity to the islanders, but in so doing he had also been the means of saving the lives of his brother and his crew.

The book thus held up as a token of peace by the natives was the Bible. They rightly thought that the book which had transformed them would be recognized by the white men as a sign of safety.

NURSE WILFER'S PATIENT.

(*See Illustration on next page.*)

A young nurse sat watching one hot, stifling night in the ward of a city hospital. There was scarcely a breath of air stirring, and the patients slept uneasily or tossed waking on their beds of suffering. Now and again Nurse Wilfer rose and walked slowly through the ward, adjusting a pillow, laying a cool hand on a feverish brow, and speaking words of sympathy and encouragement to a sufferer. She was a young woman for a post so responsible, and there were evidences in her manner and conversation that she had been accustomed to a higher sphere than the one she occupied, but there were no signs of discontent either in word or look as she went about her duties.

At one of the beds she paused to make an inquiry. The patient, a tall, stalwart man, lay perfectly still, but the lines on his face showed that his quietude was the result of a severe effort, and that he was suffering intense pain.

"Thank you, nurse," he said, "you are very kind; you are like a sister to me; but I am afraid it's of no use; I shall die on your hands. I am a tough fellow, but a man need be made of iron to stand such pain as this. Tell me truly, nurse, what does the doctor think of me?"

"He thinks seriously of you, my poor fellow. Your strength is the only thing in your favor. The doctor said to-night that a weaker man would have died a day or two ago under the suffering. We cannot tell how much you have left to draw upon."

"I think there is not much physical strength left, nurse, but my nervous strength keeps up, or I could not lie quiet. The pain has not been so bad before as it is to-night; should you think this is the crisis, nurse?"

"I hope so; if it comes now you will bear it better than later."

"I think it will kill me, nurse. I am not a baby, and I shall not give up the fight, but I think a few more hours of this will see the end. I am going to ask you to do me a favor, nurse. It is a shame to add to your work, but it will not be much, and I have no one else. When—when the end comes, would you mind writing a line to my poor mother down in Virginia, and tell her gently that her boy is dead? It will be hard for her to bear anyhow, and I should like to make it as easy for her as I can. You will tell her more kindly than the doctors would. I wish I could sit up and write myself, but it's of no use wishing."

"Tell me what you would like to say; I will write now. If God does not spare you, I can add a line at the close."

"Thank you, nurse; God bless you for your kindness to a stranger."

Nurse Wilfer's Patient.

Nurse Wilfer went away, and presently returned with writing materials. Sitting down by the bedside, she wrote at the sick man's dictation a letter to his mother, telling the old story of a life of careless forgetfulness of her and her teaching, his own promises, and of God. Sickness, he said, had led him to think, but he had no hope for forgiveness, because he had sinned against the light. He prayed his mother to forgive him, as he knew she would.

"That is all, thank you, nurse, except what you will write yourself in an hour or two."

"You have been an ungrateful son, I infer from this letter?" said Nurse Wilfer gently.

"Worse than you can think, nurse," the sick man said. "What makes it so bad is that no man ever had so good a mother. She is the kindest, dearest, best of women. I hate myself as I think how I have returned her kindness."

"But you seem to feel sure of her forgiveness?"

"Ah, yes, I have no doubt of that. Nor would you if you knew her. She is too good to do anything else."

"Cannot you think of God in that way?"

"Oh, no, I have been too wicked."

"Perhaps your mother will not forgive you."

"Oh yes, she will. If she knew I was really sorry, she would forgive me anything. She loves her boy."

"So God loves you. Why, He gave you the very strongest proof you could have; He sent His own Son to die, that you might be saved."

"That is a new light to me, nurse. You have given me hope. I wish you would offer a prayer for me."

Nurse Wilfer knelt down and prayed that God would manifest Himself to the dying man, and show him something of that love, the depths of which mortal man cannot fathom, and that even in the eleventh hour he might have saving faith given to him.

The next morning the patient was still living and seemed better, though extremely feeble. The life hung as if by a thread for several days, and then the patient began to mend. In less than a month he was pronounced convalescent, and was allowed to travel slowly homeward. Wringing Nurse Wilfer's hand as he left the hospital, he said, "I have not forgotten; I believe God has forgiven me."

Two years later a strong, vigorous man presented himself at the hospital and asked for Nurse Wilfer. She was not there, but he was directed to her home. It was in the poorest quarter of the city. Only two rooms on the third floor of a poor house. The visitor rapped with his knuckles on the door, and was admitted. Nurse Wilfer was evidently going on a journey, for a trunk stood beside her chair, and she was stitching away at some articles of clothing that appeared destined to go in the trunk. She admitted her visitor with the puzzled look of one seeking to recall a past memory.

"Do you know me?" he said, seating himself opposite to her. "I see you are not quite clear. Well, do you remember writing a letter for a patient in —— Hospital two years ago, who did not die as he was expected to do?"

Nurse Wilfer rose and offered him her hand. "I remember you perfectly, now," she said.

"But you do not know what I have come to see you for. You remember writing to my mother? Well, I have brought the old lady to see you. She wants to know the lady who was the means of her boy's conversion. I have left her at the hotel while I came around for you. Will you come and see her?"

Nurse Wilfer went willingly, and on the way her former patient told her how he had received his mother's forgiveness, and how he had settled down to honorable work at home and was doing well. She found the mother a stately but affable lady, who on seeing her put her arms around her neck and kissed her.

"You were the means under God of giving me the greatest happiness I could hope to have," she said. "God in heaven forever bless you."

Nurse Wilfer was persuaded to accompany mother and son back for a short visit to their Virginia home. But the visit did not prove a short one. It was extended from time to time, and finally Nurse Wilfer was induced to be "nurse" no longer, and to become the wife of the man to whom she had been permitted to open the way back to God.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 495.*)

Summary of the Story.

[JOHN MORLEY, a studious bookseller of Little Aston, a widower, marries Rose, a beautiful young lady, who accepts a man older than herself because she is weary of earning her own living. John Morley introduces her to his daughter Hester, who, at his request, promises to love and honor her as long as she lives. Mr. Morley is deacon of a church, and his brother-deacon is Mr. Waldron, a member of Parliament, and an aristocrat. Mr. Waldron's son arrives, and proves to have been, under an assumed name, an acquaintance of Mrs. Morley's before her marriage. He induces her to elope with him, and thus brings heart-breaking misery on Mr. Morley and his daughter. Nine years afterward, having parted from Mrs. Morley, Robert Waldron returns. He is attacked in the street and wounded. A medical student, Grant, finds him unconscious, and carries him into the nearest house, which happens to be Mr. Morley's. His identity is kept a secret from the man he had injured, but is discovered by Hester. Robert Waldron recovers, and having become attached to Hester contrives to meet her in her visits to the mother of her father's workman, and at Hester's request goes to seek the woman whom he had ruined, but is unsuccessful. The pastor of the church of which Mr. Morley and Mr. Waldron are deacons dies, and his successor is Carl Bramwell, whose sister is the wife of Grant, the surgeon before mentioned. He also becomes attached to Hester, of whom Miss Waldron is jealous. Hester is persuaded to pay a visit to the Waldron home, where she has a conversation with Robert. He afterward informs his father of his desire to marry Hester. Mr. Waldron approves, but doubts whether Hester or her father would consent to an alliance with a man who has done them so foul a wrong. Mr. Waldron visits Carl Bramwell and induces the minister to promise that he will not compete with Robert for Hester's hand. From this point the story proceeds.]

Another Visitor to Lawson's Garret.

FROM the time that Miss Waldron had become acquainted with the fact that a Popish Frenchwoman dwelt in idolatrous darkness within sight of the very walls of the chapel, where the Gospel was preached every Sunday, though in a language unknown to her, she had resolved upon making her the subject of one of those direct efforts which had often so signal an effect upon the poor women of her district and mothers' meetings. She ordered from John Morley a packet of English tracts translated into French, and with these and a French Bible in her large satchel, she sallied forth, the morning after her father's interview with Carl, to seek the dwelling of the benighted foreigner.

It was about midday, and Madame Lawson was regaling herself with a savory ragout, highly seasoned with garlic, which she was wont to have cooked in her landlady's oven. She had added to her repast a glass or two of Burgundy wine, supplied to her by Robert Waldron, which she could only take at those meals when her son was absent, for fear of his discovering the secret of her distinguished visitor. She was in her most exhilarated mood. The noonday happened to be one of the rarely bright moments of November, and the high window of her garret caught the sunshine, while all the court below was in gloom. There was no fire in the grate, but a warm chaffrette filled with wood-ashes from the oven stood under her feet.

The three little bronze crucifixes over the empty fire-place shone full in the brightest of the sunbeams, and were the first objects upon which Miss Waldron's eyes fell as she entered the garret.

Miss Waldron had not the proficiency in French which her brother possessed. She had never been out of her native isle, and her father, entertaining a true old-fashioned British contempt of foreigners, had never invited any to his house. Her acquaintance with the language was, in consequence, almost limited to a perusal of Telemachus and the works of Madame de Genlis, which she had gone through with her dictionary and a master. Madame received her with a torrent of patois, of which she barely understood one word; but Miss Waldron was not to be daunted. She laid her packet of tracts upon the table and seated herself on a distant chair.

"You are a Frenchwoman," she said, austerely.

Yes, Madame was a Frenchwoman from Bourgoyne, and she could not speak one word of English—not one word. To speak English was like swallowing fish-bones.

"You are a Papist," observed Miss Waldron, who had scarcely understood the previous remarks.

Papist! She did not comprehend what was Papist.

"Your religion is Papist," said Miss Waldron, pointing to the little crosses and rosary.

Yes, yes; that was her religion. She was a Catholic. That was her chaplet: she said her chaplet twice a day, sometimes oftener, if she was sad. When she felt very sad, she said a little prayer first, and then sang a song. Would she like to hear a song?

Without waiting for permission, the gay old lady started off with one of her merriest songs; her eyes growing smaller and brighter, and the cunning little wrinkles starting out more and more wickedly at every line. Miss Waldron could not catch a word of the song, but she trembled at the thought of what she might be listening to, and her face grew a dull red. She moved uneasily in her chair, and glanced toward the door. At the last line of the song Madame winked—positively winked at her visitor; and then crossed herself in so sudden a manner that Miss Waldron was still more dismayed.

"I am Miss Waldron," she said, intrenching herself behind the dignity of her name.

Waldron! Bah! She could not speak such a word. But was it not the name of the fine young milord Robert who did her the honor of paying her a visit sometimes? Quite an English milord, but with a beautiful toilet and with rings on his fingers, who could speak French like a Frenchman.

Miss Waldron was puzzled. It was not at all in Robert's line to visit poor old women; yet she knew that he could speak French fluently, and it was not probable that another person, possessing equal proficiency, could be found in Little Aston. But what could bring Robert there? The thought of Hester flashed across her like a ray of light.

"He is my brother," she answered, slowly, and with some difficulty, as she pondered over a totally unprepared phrase. She had arranged beforehand a conversation which ought to have proceeded like a catechism, but she was completely thrown out. She stammered and hesitated, but at last she was compelled to put her question in a bald, unvarnished manner. "Does he meet a girl called Hester Morley here?" she asked.

The smooth clean face of Madame assumed the innocence of a child, combined with virtuous indignation. She answered firmly in the negative, with a gesture of utter repudiation; but Miss Waldron's aroused suspicions were not to be rocked to sleep again. Hester came here, and she had learned that Robert did so too. What could it mean? Could it have any meaning but one?

"I am afraid," she said, in very incorrect French, for she was agitated, and her tongue tingled to speak in strong English, "that you are a very wicked woman. I knew you were a Papist and a Frenchwoman; but I am afraid you are worse. I came here with the purpose of doing you good, but I fear it is impossible. I shall speak about you to my father, Mr. Waldron, of Aston Court, who is a magistrate.

Madame Lawson could not understand many words of this speech, but she could see that the visitor was very greatly displeased. It occurred to her that she had come on a mission of suspicion and espionage, and she resolved to throw her off the scent. Her brown eyes—eyes which betray nothing—met Miss Waldron's gaze, and a sinister air of intelligence spread over her face.

"Mademoiselle Hester comes to see me sometimes," she said, very distinctly, "but never, oh! never, when milord Robert comes. There is a young priest at the chapel where Mademoiselle makes her prayers; and in England, the priests marry. He is very handsome and young, like Mademoiselle Hester. It is possible he may marry himself with her."

Miss Waldron's heart sank very low. That such a calamity was possible she could not conceal from herself; but it had never been put into words and uttered in her hearing. She was lost in distressed and perplexed thought, not able to ply the old woman with clever questions. Madame regarded her with a crafty smile. Grant had once brought Carl to see her, but the visit had made little impression upon her, except as awakening an odd interest in the priest who could marry if he chose. She was conscious that she had made a happy hit, though she did not know exactly where it wounded.

"Does Hester love the young priest?" asked Miss Waldron at last, unable to cloak the inquiry more skilfully.

"It is necessary to love one's director," she answered, with a leer full of insinuation; "and he is so handsome, like *la petite*. It is also his duty to love all his people."

Both Madame and Miss Waldron had been too engrossed to catch the sound of the staircase creaking under a footstep; but at this moment a sallow and withered face, with two eyes set in it like burning lamps, appeared at the half-open door. Madame uttered a little scream, and dexterously snatched the bottle of Burgundy from the table, putting it by a sleight of hand into its hiding-place under her bed. But the new-comer paid no attention to her movements. He had taken off his old paper cap, and fastened upon Miss Waldron a gaze which did not permit his eyelids to wink. She experienced a very peculiar sensation of discomfort under the fixed scrutiny of these burning eyes.

"It is my son, Madame," said Lawson's mother, introducing him with an air of ceremony.

"Can you speak English, my good man?" inquired Miss Waldron.

"Certainly," replied Lawson; "but before we go any further, may I ask what your name is?"

"Miss Waldron, of Aston Court," she said, with emphasis and dignity.

"So I guessed," he cried, clinching his hands; "you are a lady, and I'd be sorry to frighten you. But it is as much as your life is worth to come here. I am Mr. Morley's workman, and love Miss Hester. I knew her mother and the second Mrs. Morley. Now you'll see you'd better not come here again. This is my house, and I will have nobody in it belonging to you or yours."

"I came here to convert your mother," said Miss Waldron, with great courage.

"Then she must go unconverted," he said, his tone rising to a higher pitch; "if you and yours are to go to heaven, then me and mine must go elsewhere. It is not safe for you here. John Morley and me are waiting—waiting till the right time comes; for there is deadly hatred betwixt us and you. You had better go at once, while I warn you. I'm a quiet man, but you had better go."

His voice had risen shrilly with each sentence, till now it rang in her ears with a shriek, which the children at play below heard, and stopped suddenly to listen. Miss Waldron seized her satchel and fled; and, as she hurried through the court the window above was opened violently and her loosened packet of tracts fluttered down about her like a flock of frightened doves.

As Miss Waldron issued from the low passage leading to the court, Carl was hurrying past with long strides, and with his head bowed down as if heavy with momentous thoughts. She uttered a cry of joyful relief, and almost flung herself upon his arm. There was so evident a fright, both in her flurried manner and the startled expression on her face, that Carl gazed about him and peered down the narrow alley to ascertain the cause of it. She sobbed hysterically; and having sufficient presence of mind to take advantage of the opportunity, she did not attempt to control her agitation, as she must have done had she been compelled to pursue her way alone, or had she met any other acquaintance. She leaned heavily and helplessly upon the arm of the embarrassed Carl. The street was quiet, but he glanced up and down it with a feeling of dismay. There needed but one or two observant passers-by to attract a whole crowd about them from the surrounding houses. The key of the chapel vestry was in his pocket, and the chapel was on the other side of the street.

"Would you like to sit down for a few minutes in the vestry?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! yes!" said Miss Waldron, between her sobs.

Carl led her across the street, and once again he cast a keen glance about him There were only a few children to be seen at play. But no; coming up the pavement was a light and tall figure, dressed in a soft gray dress which he knew very well to be Hester's. She was on the sunny side of the street, dazzled perhaps by the white wintry sunshine; for she did not seem to see them in the shade, though he was a long time in fitting the key into the lock, in the hope that she would recognize them, and he could make a sign to her to come across to them. Miss Waldron did not see her.

"There is Miss Morley," said Carl; "shall I run over and call her to come to you?"

"No," answered Miss Waldron, plainly enough, and without a sob this time; "I would much rather not see her at this moment. I have something very extraordinary to tell you, Carl."

The name Carl seemed to fall from her lips unconsciously in her state of excitement; but he felt a nervous tremor at the sound of it. He opened the vestry door and went in, with Miss Waldron still supporting herself upon his arm. He placed her in his own chair beside the table, and stood opposite her before the empty fireplace. Above it hung usually the portrait of a distinguished divine, in a full-bottomed wig and white bands, at the back of which was a small looking-glass. Carl had turned the portrait with its face to the wall the preceding Sunday; and now, instead of the countenance of the eminent minister, he saw his own troubled features, with the straight eyebrows knitted and the lips pressed sternly together. Miss Waldron began to sob less deeply, but she sat with her head averted, and with an air of modest confusion which almost drove him frantic.

"Do you feel better?" he asked; "can I do anything for you?"

"I am better," she answered, faintly; "in a minute or two I will tell you all."

For that minute or two Carl set himself to conquer his impatience and irritation. Why should he feel so different to-day from what he had felt only the day before yesterday? She was his friend still; and he had only heard Annie's partial, and no doubt absurd, notion that she was something more than a friend. A true friendship between man and woman ought to be able to bear a greater shock than the misapprehension and misconstruction of others.

He almost detested himself for the ready and ridiculous vanity which had caused him to give credence to the story; yet the hot blood mounted to his beating temples as he caught a side-long glance from Miss Waldron.

"Carl," she said, in a voice as if it was still necessary to gasp for breath at each word, "I may call you Carl now, I think."

What could he answer? He bowed his head gravely, but without raising his eyes from the floor.

"I am a little older than you," she continued, with a frank air, "and I am so used to hear your dear sister call you Carl. That is how I slipped into it. To call you Mr. Bramwell now would seem formal. I am thankful it is only you who have seen my agitation. It is foolish and silly, I know, but then I am nothing but a weak foolish woman."

"You have been very much alarmed," remarked Carl, falteringly.

"Oh, exceedingly!" exclaimed Miss Waldron, her hand pressed upon her heart; "and I am so grateful to the Providence which sent you here at this moment It is but another proof that our steps are all ordered."

On his part Carl felt no particular thankfulness for having been found on the spot at that special moment; but he rebuked the thought as it suggested itself to him.

"I must tell you all," said Miss Waldron, "but to you only. It must be a secret between us two. I would not have my father made uneasy for the world; and if I need any counsel or protection, you will give me both. I can count upon you, dear Carl."

"Certainly," he replied.

(To be continued.)

ABSALOM'S DEATH.

S. S. Lesson for August 17, II Sam. 18. Golden Text, Prov. 14 : 32. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Absalom's Sin—Its Penalty under the Levitical Law—A Capital Offence—Absalom Led by the Devil—His Supreme Desire—The Only Security — The Outbreak of Civil War — David's Charge to his Generals—The Decisive Battle —Absalom Caught by his Hair—His Death—David's Overwhelming Grief—Joab's Blunt Reproof—Only the Persistent Sinner Shut out from God.

VERY terrible are the judgments which God declares shall come on those children who break the Fifth Commandment, "Every one that curseth his father or his mother shall surely be put to death: he hath cursed his father or his mother: his blood shall be upon him" (Lev. 20 : 9). "Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness;" "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagle shall eat it" (Prov. 20 : 20; 30 : 17).

Absalom, the beloved son of a godly father, was set upon his own aggrandizement. The devil had made him his dupe, possessed him with this

ONE ALL-MASTERING DESIRE,

and he could see nothing else. Everything which stood in his way must be sacrificed, even though it were the very father who loved him as his own life. Had Absalom been told, some years before, that it would come to this, very likely he would have recoiled in horror from such a thought. But, dear reader, if you are living only for yourself, you know not to what awful lengths the devil may lead you. There is no safety from the worst of sin but in Jesus. It may be that the unhappy prince made gain of his father's sin, and excused himself by saying, "Well, if my father can commit adultery and murder, he cannot have much to say to me, if I faithfully follow in his steps; I don't make any profession, and anyway *I* am no hypocrite!" But this taking dishonest and wicked advantage of his father's sad fall could not be accepted by God as any excuse for him. Absalom was rushing on headlong to meet God's declared judgment.

King David divided his forces under three leaders, Joab, Abishai, and Ittai the Gittite. His first thought was to go forth with them himself. David's heart was on both sides of this

TERRIBLE CIVIL WAR.

Oh, how truly had evil arisen out of his own house! If Absalom gained the victory, what then about his soul? If Absalom were conquered and slain, again what about his soul? David did not inquire of the Lord, he just let the three commanders overrule him. In the state of depression in which he then was, it was easier for him to let others decide, "What seemeth you best I will do?" There was, however, one charge which he made to each of the three in command, "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom." David could not say, "with my *son*," for Absalom was not doing a son's part, and it was his relation to his father which made his sin so heinous. But he could not call him "rebel." Absalom deserved no mercy; he ran in the face of God, but the father was as much alive in David's heart as though Absalom were his joy, and stay, and comfort. Such is the heart of God to His own children. He created that love in David's heart. Believer, He bears it toward you. "All the people heard when the king gave all the captains charge concerning Absalom." The battle was a fearful one;

THE GUILTY PRINCE

involved thousands in his own destruction, and rendered many women widows, many children fatherless. But the royal forces prevailed; there were believers who trusted in the Lord on the side of the king.

Why did not David inquire of the Lord? There must have been in him some latent misgiving or unbelief. Perhaps he thought that if he trusted the whole matter over to God, He would execute vengeance upon Absalom, and his fatherly heart so yearned over his son, that he dare not face it. All along we see David bearing the burden himself; trusting his captains with the safety of his son, instead of putting him wholly into the hands of God. Had he trusted God, who knows but that Absalom might have been brought to repentance; have confessed and abandoned his sin, and become truly converted to the Lord? David's care and anxiety may have simply hindered the Lord; while his hands were on these painful circumstances, he kept God's hands off, and hastened the judgment on his son.

Most sadly misplaced was David's confidence in his captains. They, regarding Absalom with no father's eye, but as an unworthy, unnatural son, and a wicked rebel, wished nothing so much as his death, in the interests of the country and of David. "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm" (Jer. 17 : 5); "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in man" (Ps. 118 : 8). David had to learn this lesson by bitter experience. His anxiety for his son was not only mistrust of God, but actual rebellion against Him, for he wanted to reverse God's sentence against one who was dear to him. In his heart, no doubt, he felt that as Absalom deserved only judgment, he could not appeal to God on his behalf, and so he must do the best for him himself, thus giving the lie to his own teaching, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee" (Ps. 55 : 22).

The battle was a fearful one, and there was great slaughter and great destruction of those who were entangled in the wood. Absalom himself was stopped in his wicked career in a most unexpected way. The very hair which was his pride and the admiration of all his flatterers proved his destruction; for in riding under an oak it became entangled in the branches; the mule he rode on left him, and there

HE HUNG HELPLESS.

There was no escape for him. He might have weighed the chances whether one of his own followers or one of his father's should first perceive him. Who was to decide this? *God.* Had Absalom been a man of prayer and of faith, he would have cried unto the Lord. But God so ordered it that one of David's army discovered him, and told Joab, who reproached the man that he did not slay him. And when the man replied by quoting the king's command, and saying it was as much as his life was worth to lay hands on Absalom, Joab cut him short, saying, "I may not tarry thus with thee. And he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak." Ten of Joab's young men, emboldened by their captain, finished the work, and before they left the spot, they cast Absalom's dead body into a pit, and "laid a very great heap of stones upon him." Thus this poor sinful prince reaped the reward of his sin and folly, the God against whom he had rebelled fulfilled His own Word, and put out "his lamp in obscure darkness."

DAVID'S GRIEF.

Joab sent Cushai with the tidings of victory to David; Ahimaaz outran him, and came first to the king. But he prevaricated when David asked him about the safety of Absalom, and it was Cushai, whom Joab sent, from whom he learned at last the real truth. "The king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" Oh, how different was his mourning now to the resignation with which he learned the death of his infant son, when he said, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me" (II Sam. 12 : 22). *Then* David was in communion with God, restored from his backsliding, and in the exercise of full trust he could see the infant was safe with God. Now, on the contrary, he had no hope for Absalom's future; his own plans about his safety had all failed; from anxiety he went to despair, and became almost unconscious of all else but his grief. Whenever a man sets his heart strongly upon a thing, makes all his plans, and thinks to compass his ends by his own forethought, and then, after all, the whole thing breaks down, this leads him to despair. This is the secret of many a suicide; some speculation on which everything was staked has failed, and nothing but ruin remains; his whole *will* is against accepting the circumstances, and there is no recognition of the hand of God. David had not seen how, in undertaking this matter himself, he had failed to submit to the will of God, and how he had failed in trusting Him.

JOAB'S REPROOF.

When Joab was told how the king mourned for Absalom, and when he saw how the people were discouraged, and felt as though they were without a head, Joab came to the king, and spoke in his rough, blunt way, "Thou hast shamed this day the faces of all thy servants, which this day have saved thy life, and the lives of thy sons and of thy daughters, and the lives of thy wives, and the lives of thy concubines; in that thou lovest thine enemies, and hatest thy friends. For thou hast declared this day, that thou regardest neither princes nor servants: for this day I perceive, that if Absalom had lived, and all we had died this day, then it had pleased thee well." It was plain speaking, but it was the truth, and David was roused by it. A little later, and he would have lost his kingdom. It is Satan who drives us to despair. He magnifies the dark side of a trial, nails us down to consider the consequences of our past sins, and then says, "You are under judgment, consequently you are shut out from God." Satan is a liar. The prodigal son was under judgment in the far land, but when he arose, and came to his father, the judgment came to an end. Thank God, there are no circumstances, with the exception of a continuance in sin, which shut us out from God. Jesus has redeemed us from sin, and from all its consequences, but for these things He will be inquired of.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Violence of the Scourge in Southern France abated during the past week. The deaths both at Marseilles and Toulon decreased, as did the number of seizures. At the close of the week, however, a fresh outbreak occurred. The European correspondent of the New York *Times* cables a despatch he received from a physician in the Pharo Hospital at Marseilles, in which he says: "Following the notable falling off in deaths at Marseilles during the past week, we have now to report a slight increase. There has been a cessation of the mistral—the cold wind from the north-west—and a dense and suffocating heat pours itself down upon the city, accompanied by heavy fogs, which completely envelope the town and harbor. This combination of great heat and moisture has acted disastrously. As at the beginning of the epidemic, there have been several cases in which death ensued with great suddenness—cases *foudroyants*—and we have to record the melancholy death of Dr. Patras, which occurred eight hours after he was stricken down with the disease. To-day one of the students died, and the case was equally violent and distressing. Simultaneously three cases have occurred on board an English steamer in port." The same authority places the total number of deaths from the plague to the end of July at 2300. The suddenness of death appears to be the most remarkable feature of the disease. Of the total number of deaths from cholera this year probably the great majority died inside of nine hours after they were seized with their illness. Some have not died until after being sick a week or more, but the majority of cases were settled one way or the other within eight or ten hours. At the start there is diarrhœa and vomiting; this usually lasts but a short time; then follow the cramps and the icy chills, and this stage has commonly been reached by the time the patient has arrived at the hospital. If the circulation can then be restored and kept up there is some chance of recovery, though the chance is slight. But if the circulation cannot be kept up death is certain to ensue. Some patients die delirious, others in a comatose state.

China Continued to Threaten War Throughout last week, and the French Government strengthened its fleet, which occupies a position in front of Foochow. A panic prevailed in the city, which was increased when it was observed that the French ships were clearing their decks for action. Foreigners sent their wives out of the city and armed for their own defence. An English gunboat in the harbor sent a detachment of marines to assist in defending the foreign settlement. It was feared that if the French opened fire, an indiscriminate attack on foreigners would be made by the Chinese population. In spite of this threatening state of affairs it is still hoped that war will be averted by the payment of the indemnity.

The Irish Dynamiters, Egan, Daly, and McDonnell, were convicted on Friday last. McDonnell was released on parole, Egan was sentenced to penal servitude for twenty years, and Daly to penal servitude for life. Daly defended himself with remarkable ability. He admitted that he had buried the nitro-glycerine in the garden, and that he had explosives in his possession, but he contended that this fact did not constitute treason felony. He claimed that it was beneath the dignity of the British Crown to stigmatize him as an assassin on the evidence that had been given. He characterized this evidence as a tissue of falsehood and perjury from beginning to end. He was, he said, guilty of treason and felony only as every Irishman who dearly loves his country, who prays for her peace and would die for her freedom, is guilty of the same crime. In spite of his eloquence, the fact remains that he and those of his countrymen who actively assist in the dynamite operations have alienated the sympathy of the whole world from the Irish cause. No one with conscience and sense approves of the indiscriminate slaughter of innocent persons.

Two Items of Intelligence from France are significant signs of the condition of society. The new law facilitating divorce was passed last week, and the following day three thousand cases were set down for trial. The other fact is that the Senate voted to abolish the practice of offering prayer at the opening of its sessions.

The Failure of the International Conference on Egyptian affairs is admitted. Mr. Gladstone told the House of Commons that the Conference had failed to attain the objects for which it had met. The delegates were unanimous in their views respecting the prospective charges in Egypt and the necessity of a fresh loan, but England and France differed irreconcilably respecting the charges and the receipts. France refused to assent to any diminution of the dividends payable under the law of liquidation. England was unable to accept any plan which did not provide for the necessary charges of administration. The French plan, Mr. Gladstone said, would have entailed financial confusion in Egypt. Mr. Gladstone explicitly stated that he had never proposed to renew the dual control, which fact is gratifying. It was a curse to Egypt, and had much to do with bringing on the war. Mr. Gladstone said he had no proposals as yet to submit to the House. The Anglo-French agreement had ceased to be in force, and England's responsibility in Egypt had been greatly increased.

Mr. H. M. Stanley, the American Explorer, has returned to Europe from the Congo. He was met on his arrival at Ostend by the King of the Belgians and the directors of the African International Association, of which the King is president. The entire party remained a night in Ostend, and Mr. Stanley was entertained at a banquet given by King Leopold and the Duc d'Aumale. Mr. Stanley said that he had returned to Europe considering that he had completed the work of establishing satisfactory trading stations along the Congo River from its mouth to Stanley Pool, a distance of fourteen hundred miles by river. When he left the Congo country he was suffering badly from bronchitis, but was much benefited by the sea voyage. He eulogized the trading prospects of the country in the vicinity of the Congo River. Mr. Stanley considered that *General Gordon* commands perfectly practicable routes of escape from Khartoum, whether by way of Zanzibar on the east, or down the Congo to the west coast if the Nile is blocked. He did not believe that there was any necessity to send an expedition to his relief.

New Temperance Publications.

The National Temperance Society has recently published the following:

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THE LATE COMMANDER ALLEN GARDINER, R. N.,

Pioneer Missionary to Terra del Fuego.

Birth and Boyish Predilections—Voyages and Appointments—A Memorable Era in his Life—Death of his Wife—Consecration to Pioneer Missionary Work—Explorations in Africa—Among the Indians of South America—Difficulties—Crosses over to Patagonia — A South American Missionary Society Formed—An Unpatronized Expedition—Among Hostile Natives—Accumulated Disasters—Starved to Death—The Present South American Mission.

THE reports recently received of the increasing usefulness of the mission in the extreme south of South America encourages the hope that that region of darkness may yet be enlightened by the Sun of Righteousness. The missionaries laboring there write hopefully of their work, and report that they have tokens that God is blessing their efforts. As we read this welcome intelligence, our thoughts are carried back to the man whose heart was so drawn to the inhabitants of that region that he braved the perils of man and of nature to carry the Gospel to them. The effort cost him his life, and the whole of the little party he led died with him. That man was Captain Allen Gardiner, whose portrait appears on the first page, and of whose life the following is a brief sketch :

Allen Francis Gardiner was born at Basildon, England, on June 28th, 1794, and died, in 1851, at the age of fifty-seven. His father, Samuel Gardiner, was a God-fearing man, and early instilled into the mind of his sons, of whom Allen was the fifth, principles of truth, which subsequently developed and ripened into abundant and widespread fruitfulness and blessing.

BOYISH PREDILECTIONS.

Very early in life Allen chose the navy as his profession. His boyish imagination was fired by a desire for adventure which manifested itself in various ways, some of them amusing, and all of them significant. On one occasion he was found asleep on the floor, when he ought to have been in bed, giving as his reason when aroused that it was his intention to travel all over the world, and that he therefore wished to accustom himself to hardships, of which his hard bed was the first in order. These incidents were carefully noted by the family, and in after years, when he became famous, they were published as proofs of his early ardor.

HE ENTERED THE NAVAL COLLEGE,

Portsmouth, on February 13th, 1808, at the age of fourteen. There he remained for two years, and became proficient in the theory of his chosen vocation. He first went to sea as a *volunteer* in the Fortune, Captain Vansittart, on July 20th, 1810, at Plymouth, and was transferred to the Phœbe, Captain Hillyar, at the Isle of France, in March of the following year. The following year he exchanged into the Dauntless, and sailed to Madras, Penang, Malacca, Singapore, Manila, and Macao. A little later the ship sailed to Australia, and thence to Chili and Peru, and eventually Allen Gardiner invalided from the ship, while she was at Sydney, and took passage to the Cape of Good Hope, from whence he sailed to England, and landed at Portsmouth on October 31st, 1822.

Allen Gardiner's connection with the Dauntless marks

A MEMORABLE ERA IN HIS LIFE,

for it includes the time in which he steadily set his face toward the service of God, and in which he began to take that deep interest in the aborigines of South America, and especially of Chili, which never afterward left him. It was on this voyage, moreover, that he made his first acquaintance with Christian missionaries, and had an opportunity of acquainting himself with the blessed effect of their devoted and self-denying labors at Singapore, and again at Tahiti. From his journal at this period we extract the following, under date "Cape Town, August, 1822 :

"The last time I visited this colony, I was walking in the broad way, and hastening by rapid strides to the brink of eternal ruin. Blessed be His name who loved us, and gave Himself for us ;

A GREAT AND BLESSED CHANGE

has been wrought in my heart, and I am now enabled to derive pleasure and satisfaction in hearing and reading the Word of God, and in attending the means of grace. I trust that this alteration has indeed been effected by the Holy Spirit of God."

On July 1st, 1823, he was *married* to Julia Susanna, daughter of John Reade, Esq., and in the following year was again called to active service in his profession. He served three years more, visiting various ports in the Old and New World. He obtained his

PROMOTION AS COMMANDER

September 13th, 1826 ; but though he retained his early fondness for the service, and often applied for employment, he was never after this period actively engaged in it.

Mrs. Gardiner's health had never been robust, but in 1833 consumption developed itself with an ominous rapidity. Though everything was done that love and skill could suggest, she gradually declined, and on May 24th, 1834, died full of hope and peace through faith in the atoning sacrifice of Christ. Her last days were most bright and happy, and writing of the event a year later, the bereaved husband says : "Oh, what assurance of pardon, what joy, and peace, and heavenly tranquillity, and ardent desire to be with her Saviour did He infuse into her soul !"

From this time he devoted himself afresh to the service of God, and with all the force of his strong character set himself upon a new course. He chose the work of

A MISSIONARY PIONEER,

and went first of all to Africa, explored the Zulu country, and started the first missionary station at Port Natal. A few years later he devoted many months to an attempt to obtain entrance into New Guinea. Animated with love to Christ, and full of apostolic fervor, he went from island to island of the Indian Archipelago, endeavoring to find opportunity of introducing Christianity ; but all his efforts were baffled. The work, however, which has rendered his name famous, was that he was enabled to perform in South America, more particularly on the perilous shores of Terra del Fuego.

Having devoted his time and fortune for more than three years to the cause of the Gospel at Port Natal and in the Zulu country, he left South Africa on the breaking out of war between the Zulus and the emigrant Boers His mind naturally reverted to

THE INDIANS OF THE PAMPAS

and of Chili, whose heroic maintenance of their own independence had, years before, excited his admiration, while their continued Paganism was in his view a standing reproach to the Christian world.

Captain Gardiner left Table Bay, in South Africa, on May 15th, 1838, and conducted his family to Rio Janeiro, thence to Buenos Ayres, and across the Pampas to Mendoza, and as soon as the season was sufficiently advanced, they crossed the Cordillera into Chili, and found themselves in the territory of

THE ARAUCANIAN INDIANS.

The method adopted for crossing the river Biobio is shown in one of the frontispiece pictures. The stream is exceedingly rapid, and the usual mode of crossing it was at that time by a raft. This raft consisted merely of four trunks of trees about eighteen feet long, lashed together by hide-thongs to two transverse poles, one at each extremity, and, when laden, was scarcely an inch in the highest part above the surface of the water. The real novelty, however, was

THE METHOD OF NAVIGATION.

Captain Gardiner says in his journal : "One of my horses was noted as an excellent swimmer, and his powers were now to be tried in a most ludicrous manner. His tail was first smoothed out, and the hair being doubled back, was firmly knotted to the end of a tow-rope ; a naked la then sprang upon his back, and in plunged th horse and his rider. By a simultaneous effor of those on the shore, the raft he was destine to tow was at the same instant pushed off int deep water. The boy succeeded, by the aid o his heels, his hand, and his voice, in urging o the snorting and half-affrighted animal until h conveyed us to the opposite bank, where he wa immediately disengaged, and the raft secure by the rope until we landed."

From 1838 to 1841 Captain Gardiner visite one tribe of Indians after another, his self-im posed mission being attended with huge diffi culties and

IMMINENT PERILS

at every turn. Many of these people he foun friendly to himself and favorable to his purpos of planting the standard of the cross of Chris among them ; but much of his effort was suc ceeded only by disappointment through th machinations of the Spanish padres, or priests of the Roman Catholic Church. Being a Chiloe, July 31st, 1841, he writes :

"Having at last abandoned, with great reluc tance, all hope of reaching the Indian popula tion in the part where they are most civilize and least migratory, my thoughts are necessaril turned toward the south. Happily for us, an I trust eventually for the poor Indians, th Falkland Islands are now under the British flag . . . . I purpose crossing over in a sealin vessel, and, if possible, bringing back with m two or three

PATAGONIAN LADS

in order to teach them English, and thus pre pare them to become interpreters to the mis sionaries who, we trust, may eventually settl among them. Who can tell but that the Falk land Islands, so admirably suited for the pur pose, may become the key to the aborigine both of Terra del Fuego and of Patagonia !"

In consequence of the peaceable and friendl demeanor of the Patagonians, Captain Gardine was encouraged to believe that a good wor might be carried on among them, with ever hope of blessing. In 1844 a special society wa formed for South America alone. Its head quarters were established, and soon afterwar the principal of a public school, Mr. R. Hunt volunteered to go out and become the firs catechist in Patagonia. He and Captain Gard ner were landed at Oazy Harbor, in the Strai of Magellan, with three small huts, and neces sary provisions for three months. This was i the month of February, 1845. Before long however, it was necessary to abandon Patago nia, at least for a time.

SWIMMING WITH AN INDIAN.

But Captain Gardiner was not to be daunte by difficulties. He heard the Saviour's com mand to preach the Gospel even to the ends o the earth, and at his own expense penetrate with unabated heroism into Bolivia and Terr del Fuego. The difficulties he had to encoun ter were not spiritual and moral only ; ther were natural obstacles to overcome. One o these is depicted on our frontispiece picture. It was an event which occurred at Pilcomayo o March 23d, 1846. Captain Gardiner wished t cross the river, but found it was much too hig to be forded. He therefore engaged an India to swim across with him, and away they wen leaning together on a bundle of reeds. Th current was very rapid, but the captain, assiste by the Indian, breasted it gallantly, and a length stood safely on the opposite side, muc to the astonishment of the Indians, who wer surprised to see that a white man could swim a well as themselves.

We must turn now to the final effort whic ended Captain Gardiner's exertions for the ben efit of the South American Indians. Anxious indeed did he desire that some branch o Christ's Church would

EVANGELIZE THE IMMENSE TERRITORY ;

but after vainly submitting the question to h countrymen, he applied to the Moravian churc at Herrnhuth, in Silesia. The captain himse

went to Herrnhuth to plead the cause, and was much gratified at meeting there some of the Moravian bishops and clergy from Africa, the West Indies, and other parts of the world, who had come to the synod which it is their custom to hold once in ten years. The proposal was fully discussed, but the final reply was given a year and a half afterward, declining the undertaking. Equally vain were two applications which were made to the Church Missionary Society and the Church of Scotland.

At length, mainly through the generosity of a private lady, a missionary expedition was fitted out under Gardiner's superintendence, and the little company sailed from Liverpool on September 7th, 1850. Three months later the party were landed at Picton Island, Terra del Fuego, one of the group of islands separated from the mainland of South America by the Straits of Magellan. All the islands are bleak and almost barren, mere rocks, the highest of which are covered with perpetual snow. Here little beside disappointment and danger attended them. Affairs reached a crisis in the following December, when food began to run short. On December 22d, 1850, some of the missionaries went out in one of their boats called the Pioneer, in the hope of obtaining provisions, and did not return to their anchorage till after midnight. The captain says:

"At daylight we were awoke by the voices of the natives, two of whom were preparing to enter the boat, which to our great concern we found immovable, the tide having left her aground. We united in prayer. The two natives observed us, and as we proceeded they became more quiet, and at length seemed in some degree awed. (*See illustration.*) Before our second boat, the Speedwell, which was now making for the shore, could approach, five more men made their appearance. Taking it for granted that

THEIR INTENTIONS WERE HOSTILE,

which was the only conclusion we could draw from the overbearing conduct of the two who had been with us since daylight, we landed with our guns and walked toward them, and when within a few paces, we knelt down upon the beach and committed ourselves to the mercy and protection of our Heavenly Father. By and by we commenced our usual Sunday service. The natives were still close to the boat, but as we proceeded, they gradually became quiet, and their demeanor was greatly subdued. As soon as we were afloat again, both boats returned to their former anchorage in Banner Cove."

There was no mistaking the hostility of the natives, but the irresistible might of God kept them from annihilating the little party of Christian pioneers. Winter was coming on, and in the missionaries' quarters there was an almost

UTTER ABSENCE OF FOOD.

Sickness also had prostrated some of the number, and death had invaded their ranks. A vessel had been long expected with provisions for the party, but it did not arrive. The anxious glances cast seaward took in no welcome sail. They watched, but it was all in vain.

In January, 1852, H.M.S. Dido left the Falklands, and arrived at Banner Cove on the 19th. The captain of the Dido says: "Our notice was first attracted by a boat lying upon the beach about a mile and a half inside of Cape Kinnaird. I sent Lieutenant Pigott and Mr. Roberts to reconnoitre and return immediately. They returned shortly, bringing some books and papers, having discovered

THE BODY OF CAPTAIN GARDINER

and that of Mr. Maidment unburied. On one of the papers was written legibly, but without date, 'If you will walk along the beach for a mile and a half you will find us in the other boat, hauled up in the mouth of the river at the head of the harbor on the south side. *Delay not, we are starving.*'

"I landed early next morning, January 22d, and visited the spot indicated, where we found the wreck of a boat with part of her gear and stores, and the remains of two bodies. They were those of Mr. Williams, a surgeon, and John Pearce, a Cornish fisherman, and the papers clearly show the death and burial of all the rest of the mission party, *seven in all.* The two boats were about a mile and a half apart. Near the one where Captain Gardiner was lying was a large cavern, called by him Pioneer Cavern, and in it Mr. Maidment's body was found. Captain Gardiner's body was lying beside the boat, which apparently he had left, and being too weak to climb into it again, had died by the side of it. We were directed to the cavern by a hand painted on the rock, with 'Psalm 62 : 5-8' under it." (*See illustration.*)

In perusing this affecting narrative, the emotions which it excites are various. But regretful thoughts give place to wonder and admiration, and thankfulness for the grace of God, which was so strikingly displayed in not one alone, but all, so that they were examples to each other of patient endurance and unfailing faith. They endured as seeing Him who is invisible. They suffered the loss of all things in this world without repining, for their treasure was above; and though the outward man perished, the inward man was renewed day by day, till the earthly tabernacle was left for a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN MISSION

is now successfully at work, and in Terra del Fuego, the Falklands, and the Fuegian Archipelago, the Gospel is being preached, and many of the natives have gladly accepted Christ, and been baptized in His name. This mission was definitely founded in 1854, and ten years later chaplaincies were appointed on the east and west coasts of South America. The Falklands have been created a diocese, and a bishop appointed. The region of the mighty Amazon River is being made to ring with the news of salvation, and the wild districts of Terra del Fuego are being penetrated with the Gospel of Christ. An effort is now being made to raise $10,000, with which to purchase a suitable steamer for cruising among the islands and facilitating the operations of the missionaries.

FAITH-HEALING IN AUSTRALIA.

THE Adelaide *Observer*, a secular journal, of April 16th, 1884, contains the following narrative from its special reporter of a visit he paid to one of the faith-healing meetings now being conducted in that city by Mr. J. W. Wood, of Victoria:

"I wended my way toward the Christian Crusaders' Hall one evening this week. I learned that the service was conducted in the usual style for a certain time, after which any one present was called upon to give testimony as to cures which had been effected for him. Mr. Wood then delivered a short address preparatory to his receiving patients.

"The worshippers were as a rule well dressed, intelligent-looking people, who evidently did not belong to the lower orders of the city. Respectable tradesmen, with their wives and children, and young women, the majority of whom were conspicuous by their good looks, formed the greater part of the congregation, while here and there a poorer costume showed that the wearer was in a lower walk of life.

"At eight o'clock punctually Mr. Turnbull began the service by announcing a hymn, which was sung without any musical accompaniment, although

THE CRUSADERS,

as befits their rank, have an excellent band. The last verse of the hymn was sung kneeling, and then Mr. Turnbull indulged in prayer. The practice of keeping up a running fire of interjections, such as 'Bless the Lord,' 'Hallelujah,' 'Amen,' 'God be thanked for it,' when the speaker made any telling point, was followed by the worshippers.

"Mr. Turnbull next delivered a short address on the power of healing by the laying on of hands. He contended that the illness was the work of the devil, and that it had to quit when the power granted by Christ was brought into conflict with it. He stated that that day he had gone with a man and his wife, who was suffering from a burning fever, to Mr. Wood's residence. The woman could scarcely believe in the power, for she thought that the 'Lord loveth those whom He chasteneth;' but Mr. Wood convinced her that sin, death, and hell were the work of Satan, that Jesus had come to destroy them, and that the Father was a loving Father, who had no desire to see His children suffer. At length she fully comprehended the assurance, and in ten minutes after the laying on of hands the fever had gone, and a great swelling which she had had in her side had also disappeared. Mr. Turnbull added that facts were most stubborn things, and this cure was a fact which had come under his own personal observation, and he could testify to its accuracy.

"A lesson from chapter 16 of the Gospel of St. Mark, 14th and succeeding verses, was made the basis for the second address by Mr. Turnbull, in which he argued that the words, 'And these signs shall follow them that believe. They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover,' was divine authority for Mr. Wood to exercise the power which had been given to him. He pointed out that the first part of the Apostles' mission was to heal the sick, and then to attend to the spiritual wants of the people. This was the way in which Mr. Wood acted.

"At the call of the preacher,

TESTIMONIES

were given as to the result of Mr Wood's mission. The first person who spoke announced that he had seen a barmaid who was suffering from an ulcerated throat and low fever, completely relieved by Mr. Wood, although they had resisted medical and hydropathic treatment. The girl had formerly been unable to eat, but immediately after her interview with Mr. Wood she found herself quite able to partake of food. Mrs. Morgan, the directress of the hydropathic establishment, Hurtle Square, then recounted how she had been suffering from heart disease for twenty years, and that the pain she had been subjected to was fearful; but since Mr. Wood had exercised his power in regard to her all the pain had disappeared, and she was better than she had been for years. These statements were made with every appearance of sincerity, and subsequent questioning showed that the people believed in the reality and efficacy of the cure.

"Then Mr. Wood stepped upon the platform. I saw that he was a man of medium height, of rather spare build, with pale features, and with a long dark beard. His manner was quiet but thoroughly earnest, and from his mode of speech it was clear that he was not a man who had gone through a severe college course. He began by saying that he thought facts would go further to establish the truth of the doctrine they believed in than anything else. He recognized that

HIS AUTHORITY

was from God, who had made him an instrument for exercising the power of healing by the laying on of hands. He had only to state that since he came here on Friday last over one hundred persons had been brought to the Lord and had been healed by His mighty power. He only knew of one other person in Victoria who possessed this power, and since they had become conscious of it many thousands had been healed. He did not think that there was any person who had been so treated who, if he had not been healed at once, had not become greatly relieved. He pointed to St. Mark, as quoted by Mr. Turnbull, to show that the power he possessed was not of man, but that of God. Sacred history proved that this gift existed among the Christians for four hundred years after Christ, but during the persecutions that followed the power seemed to have become dormant, and it had continued so until the present time, when it had been revived by the Lord to show His power to unbelievers, and to combat the works of the devil."

"During this address I had been considering where Mr. Wood conducted his operations, and a question or two put to a worshipper beside me revealed the fact that the manifestations of his power were made in a room in another part of the building. I watched and saw one man who had

HARDLY BEEN ABLE TO WALK

into the room even with the assistance of a stick emerge from it, dispensing with the use of the stick, and he shouted aloud as he re-entered the hall. He was met with loud cries of 'Glory be to God!' and 'Blessed be His name!' and afterward when he reached the platform he cried aloud to be permitted to pray. His supplication was brief, and then, dropping his stick, he bent down, covered his face with his hands, and cried with joy at his spiritual and physical recovery. This scene of course created some little stir among the worshippers, although entirely unknown to Mr. Wood, who in the mean time had another patient in the room with him. Observing that he did not quite close the door of the room after a woman had entered it, I pushed it open a little in order to observe his

METHOD OF TREATMENT.

A man who was suffering from some lameness which did not permit of his bending his knee when he walked entered the room. I saw that the apartment contained only a lamp, a table, and a chair. Mr. Wood received his patient at the table, and put the question to him, 'Do you believe you are saved through Christ?' A reply being received in the affirmative, he next asked, 'Do you believe in the power of healing through Christ?' A similar answer being given, Mr. Wood then placed his hands on the man's head, and standing opposite to him, with his face as close to his as possible, he uttered a short prayer, in which he asked for assistance from Christ to expel the ailment from the man's body. He then proceeded to stroke him downward with his hands, beginning at the head and continuing down the side until he reached the affected leg. He then commanded the devil through Christ to leave the leg, and stroked the limb further downward until the foot was reached. He inquired then if the man felt any pain in his knee, whereupon he was told that it had gone into the ankle. The stroking process was again applied, and the patient stated that all the pain had disappeared. He was then dismissed, but was told before he departed that if the pain returned he was to stroke the part affected and ask Christ to take it away.

From inquiry I found that this is the method employed in all cases. The man who had been so treated informed me that he had been suffering from acute rheumatism in the knee for eight months, and that the medical officers at the hospital had not been able to cure him. He then proved by moving his leg upward that the stiffness had disappeared, and when walking into the hall, unconscious of my observation, his step was as firm as that of any other person.

"Mr. Wood, it appears, is a man who is very well known in Victoria. He has been in business for years in Melbourne, and is said to be in an independent position so far as worldly affairs are concerned. He has been engaged in evangelical work for a considerable time past in Melbourne, and was one of those who were the means of introducing *Mr. Varley* and Mrs. Hampson to the colonies. It seems that some months ago he felt that he must know more of the divine life, and so for some time he gave himself entirely up to prayer. During this period he underwent great bodily and mental trial, with the result that he felt that God had given him some great blessing. However, he did not know what that gift was until one day, when praying with a sick person, he happened to lay his hands upon him, and instantly the process of healing was accomplished. He will not put his hands upon people who do not thoroughly believe that they are saved, and until they have professed faith in Christ and in this power of healing. *No fee is charged*, nor is any one expected to pay anything."

THE WITNESS-STAND.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"We are witnesses."—Acts 3 : 15.

Scientists Confuted by Facts—Scientific Proof Unreliable—Testimony not Logic the Basis of Faith—The Power of the Gospel—Proved by Witnesses—I. Its Power to Convert—Testimony from Heathendom—From the Church—From Experience—II. Its Power to Comfort—A Clumsy World—The Test at the Grave-side—III. Its Power to Give Composure in Death—The First Funeral—A Nervous Mother Tranquil—No Lack of Witnesses—All Who Have Tried it—Discovery of a NewStar—An Opera-Singer's Magnanimity.

In the days of George Stephenson, the perfector of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam-power successfully and without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nation witnesses of the splendid achievement. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic Ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard, and the Inman, and the National, and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of *wise laughter* at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand-boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world, by Associated Press put in your hands every morning and night, has made

ALL NATIONS WITNESSES.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for Him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be *an absolute absurdity* that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld Him, heard His voice, and talked with Him, and they took the witness-stand to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experiment and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof

WE ARE WITNESSES."

Now, let me play the sceptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the sceptic, "for I have never seen Him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." There is an aged man moving in that pew as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this house there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out, "We are witnesses!"

The fact is, that if this world is ever brought to God, it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defence of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul, and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the Church against each other, and the man of the world will in all probability get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is

FAITH, NOT LOGIC;

faith, not metaphysics; *faith*, not profundity, *faith*, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an aspiration, I am bound as a fair-minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you *three propositions*, the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity.

I. The first proposition is, We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is

ABLE TO CONVERT A SOUL.

The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. *We know better.* "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this. People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are 33,000 converts in Madagascar to-day. People laughed at Doctor Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are 20,000 Baptists in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Doctor Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are 15,000 Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day.

But why go so far to find

EVIDENCE OF THE GOSPEL'S POWER

to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us, they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as *Gourgis, the heathen*, who went into a prayer-meeting with a dagger and a gun, to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying, "Oh! my great sins! Oh! my great Saviour!" and for eleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow-mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being, "free grace!" Oh, it was free grace!

There is a man who was for ten years

A HARD DRINKER.

The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of body, mind, and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for two years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. *Conversion did it.* "Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else!"

There is a sea-captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on the sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities, and made him a psalm-singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people in this house to-night who are no more what they once were than a water-lily is nightshade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people in this house who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed, they would spring to their feet with more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilaration as

they cried, "*We are witnesses!*" And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymn, they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line:

"Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! When I blush, be this my shame:
That I no more revere His name."

II. Again, I remark that "we are witnessess of the Gospel's

POWER TO COMFORT.

When a man has trouble the world comes in and says, "Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice. Get your mind off of it! when everything is upturned with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. *Get your mind off of it!* They might as well advise you to stop thinking. You cannot stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass-plat she plucked flowers, or into that show-window she looked, fascinated, saying, "Come see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left.

Oh, this is

A CLUMSY WORLD

when it tries to comfort a broken heart. I can build a Corlear's engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony" as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say, "Get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business?" No. There was a minute when He came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and He breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one, and say, "It is all right; she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast comforted my poor heart.

There are Christian parents here who are

WILLING TO TESTIFY

to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman and of long life; but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skilful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all, if so soon He was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God.

What has enabled you to stand all the trial? "Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray, or to look up, He breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear, nor a farewell, nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness, saying, "*Ay, ay, we are witnesses!*"

III. Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has

POWER TO GIVE COMPOSURE

in the last moment. I never shall forget *the first time I confronted death.* We went across the cornfields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farmhouse where the bereavement had come, and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said, "What's that? what's that? Why those black tassels at the top?" and after it was explained to me, I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman, who three days before had departed in triumph; the whole scene made an impression I never forgot.

In our sermons and in our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox or a Harriet Newell. But

I WANT YOU FOR WITNESSES.

I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury, and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now; and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their death-beds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other, there was more tenderness." Before the one, you bowed perhaps in awe. In the other case, you felt as if you would like to go along with her.

HOW DID THEY FEEL

in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say; "no, I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us good-by and went asleep as calmly as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composed? Natural courage? "No," you say, "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road, she would cry out; she was always rather weakly." What, then, gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen

THE LAST MOMENTS

of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and from what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young, and old, and middle-aged: "We are witnesses!"

You see, my friends, I have not put before you to-night an abstraction, or a chimera, or anything like guess-work. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but thousands of witnesses—on earth millions of witnesses, and in heaven a great multitude of witnesses that no man can number, testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble, and to afford composure in the last hour.

If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness, and say they had the same sickness, and took a certain medicine, and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We don't believe there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say,

"HAVE YOU EVER TRIED IT?"

"No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The sceptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then, avaunt!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial, and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

Some time ago Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered

A NEW STAR,

and the tidings sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul to-night, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say; "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is *the Star of Bethlehem.*

"Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem."

Oh, hearer, get your eye on it. It is easier for you now to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven. When

MADAME SONTAG

began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Madame Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said, "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied, "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Madame Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Madame Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death, Madame Sontag took care of her, and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy.

But, oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind immortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity He comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music He comes to plead for thy deliverance.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

ITS CONSISTENCY WITH CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

By the Rev. Dr. E. R. Craven,

Pastor Third Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J.

The Central Doctrine—Said to be Inconsistent with Other Doctrines—The Spirit as a Renewer—Paul Called in an Appearing—Consistent with the Continuance of the Spirit's Work—The Whole World not to be Converted before Christ Comes—Illustration of an Obstructing Column.

THE central doctrine of Pre-Millenarianism is this: That an Advent of Christ, in His glorified body, is ever imminent for the establishment of what is generally known as the Millennium. We believe that when the Gospel of the Kingdom has been preached as a witness in every land (as it has already been)—that when the elect number of the Gentiles has been gathered in—we believe that then the Redeemer shall come to Zion; that then He shall destroy Antichrist by the brightness of His Appearing; that then He shall gather now-blinded Israel to His side; that then "the kingdom and dominion and greatness of the kingdom under the whole heavens shall be given to the people of the Saints of the Most High."

The Catholic doctrine, which this is said to contravene, is, that it is the office of the Spirit to apply the redemption purchased by Christ—that the Spirit is the Renewer. This doctrine we believe and proclaim as completely, we think, as any class of men. It may be said, however, that whatever our thoughts may be, the doctrine of a Pre-Millennial Advent is logically inconsistent therewith—inconsistent either with the continuance of the Spirit's office after the appearance of Christ, or with His dignity in the exercise thereof.

That our doctrine is not, in Jehovah's esteem, inconsistent with the idea of the continuance of the Spirit's office in a glorious and miraculous Appearing of Jesus is manifest from

THE DECLARATIONS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

The Apostle Paul was called and converted in such an Appearing (Acts 9: 3–10). And yet he writes to Titus (3: 5): "According to His mercy He saved us (not you, but us, including Himself) by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." The Apostle, be it remembered, was "as one born out of due time" (1 Cor. 15: 8), not *late*, but *early*. He was born, not as a lagging member of a brotherhood already called, but as the elder brother of blinded, persecuting Israel, "the *pattern* of them that should afterward believe" when the Lord should rend the veil from their hearts. He was the type of those to be *in like manner* effectually called in the day when the promise spoken by Zechariah (12: 10) shall be fulfilled—"I will pour upon the house of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the Spirit of grace and supplications; and they shall *look upon me* whom they have pierced." The glorious Appearing unto Paul was but the harbinger—the morning star—of the day which shall yet be; the work of the Spirit wrought in him was but the earnest of that which shall then be wrought in now benighted Israel.

It may be said, however, that while our doctrine is not inconsistent with the continuance of the Spirit's work, it is inconsistent with His dignity in that continuance. This objection can proceed on only one of two foundations, both of which I will briefly consider.

The first is that our doctrine implies that the Spirit cannot renew the world by

EXISTING INSTRUMENTALITIES

—that the Spirit is unable to renew it without the presence of Jesus. We hold no such heresy as this, nor is it logically connected with our doctrine. That the Spirit *will* not thus act without the presence of our Lord we believe and affirm—that He *cannot*, we deny.

There is indeed a secondary, a subordinate sense, in which it is necessary Christ should appear in glory before the Spirit performs His great work of renewing the nations—a necessity arising from what is essential to the fulfilment of prophecy—from what is essential to the realization of declared purposes. Thus, for instance, it was necessary that Christ should be born in Bethlehem and that He should be sacrificed in Jerusalem. Not necessary in the nature of things—another town than Bethlehem, another city than Jerusalem, might have been chosen. Not necessary as a matter of *ability* that He should have been born at all, or that He should have been sacrificed at all. He could have destroyed His murderers. But necessary in order to the fulfilment of prophecies concerning Him, necessary to the carrying out of the declared purposes of Jehovah. This use of the term is often confounded with the former, and hence, I suspect, the objection. In this secondary sense, and in this only, is it affirmed by any that it is

NECESSARY CHRIST SHOULD COME

before the general renewal of the world by the Spirit.

Cognate with the general objection we have been considering is another—viz., that our doctrine is inconsistent with the doctrine that the Spirit is to convert the world simply through the instrumentality of the preaching of the Gospel by a militant Church. We admit the inconsistency—nay, we proclaim it—affirming that the doctrine with which ours is inconsistent is neither scriptural nor Catholic.

Every prevalent error, I may remind you in passing, has its basis in truth. It is a truth that the Church was commanded to go forth and preach the Gospel among all nations—it is a truth that during the absence of her head, by such labor under the influences of the Spirit, she propagates herself, gathering from among all nations the elect number of the Gentiles—the bride preparing for the bridegroom. Now, it is manifest that this gathering is

IN ORDER TO THE COMING

of the Redeemer—which Coming is in order to the inbringing of the Millennium. We therefore say, and the Church has ever said, that in laboring to spread the Gospel we are laboring to bring in the latter day of promised glory. And here is the confusion. On our platform we are striving *in order to* that end, but not *directly thereto*. The distinction I contemplate between striving *in order to* an end, and striving *directly thereto*, may be made clear by a simple illustration:

In the dominion of some earthly king there stands a granite mountain that retards the march of improvement. Broken into fragments, it would not only cease to retard progress, but its particles disintegrated would themselves become the instruments of blessing. The monarch commands his servants to labor to break in pieces that mountain. In obedience to his commands they go forth with pick and shovel and barrow to attack that which resists and to utilize that which they gather. They labor in every part, and from every part they gather with toil that which is useful. Now, there are two objects of labor conceivable—the one is that laboring in every part they shall dig down the mountain—this is labor *directly to* the end; the other object is that laboring in every part and gathering that which is useful, as do the others, they may prepare shafts and chambers in which some skilful engineer shall pour his dynamite, and in a moment, when the right time comes, blast that which hindereth unto usefulness—this is labor *in order to* the end.

Now, our belief is that the latter is the form of labor assigned to the Church, which in these modern days has been by multitudes interpreted as the former. Our belief is that when the Church has accomplished her appointed work—when the right time shall arrive—the Master shall come with the mighty outpourings of His Spirit; and that the mountain of ignorance and sin shall flow down at His presence.

Such, we believe, is the doctrine of the Word of God. Does it, as is alleged by some, cut the nerve of missionary effort. It was by the hope begotten and fostered by this doctrine, that the Apostolic Church was energized; the hope that they might see the King in His beauty ere their eyes closed in death—that their tongues might swell the glad hosannahs that should welcome His approach—that they, by labor wrought by their redeemed hands, might hasten even unto their own day the coming of the time when He, the Redeemer, might see in fulness, the fruit of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied.

Oh, glorious doctrine! oh, glorious hope sprung from its bosom! Wonder you if those into whose hearts it has entered have been the pioneers, the foremost laborers in missionary effort? With heart and with voice we must ever echo the cry of him who once leaned on Jesus' breast and longed for His reappearing: "Even so; come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

The Lady and the Workmen.—At a Recent meeting the Rev. John Scott said: "A Christian lady in the West End knew of some workpeople who were interested about their souls. However, she could not get them out a long distance to the meetings of Moody and Sankey, so she sent a cab for them. With the cab I got a message, saying, 'I am sending a cab full of men I am specially interested in; I hope you will see that they get a good seat so that they may hear the Gospel.' Most of these men left the meeting 'new creatures' in Christ Jesus."

A Convert and his Stepmother.—Mr. Scroggie, in asking prayer for young converts in their difficulties, says: "I spoke to a young man in a hall in Scotland one Sabbath evening, who told me he would have trusted Christ on the Sabbath night before but for a little trouble he had at home. He and his stepmother, who was very kind to him, had had a little difference, and they were not on friendly terms. He said he could not go home and be a Christian and live in that state. I advised him to take Christ there and then, and gave him this verse in Proverbs: 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.' Then he said, 'I will take Christ now,' and asked me to pray for him. He then said, 'Mutual forgiveness will now secure a happy home.'"

A Successful Emigrant.—Dr. Somerville Remarked: "Some time ago, when I was in our Australian colonies, and had been speaking to a large assembly in a theatre, a woman came to me and inquired, 'Do you know me?' She mentioned her name, and I said, 'Oh, yes, I remember you.' She was a woman whom I had taken out of one of the vile alleys of Argyle Street seventeen years before, and who, after being carefully watched over in Glasgow, was shipped off as an emigrant to Australia; and now I found her at the head of a great establishment, with a number of respectable young women under her charge. She was respectably married, and, as far as I knew, for seventeen years she had been walking faithfully in the way of the Lord. Here was an illustration of what God's grace can do!"

A Brother and Sister Newly-Born.—Mrs. Macfarlane tells a very interesting incident that happened recently: "In the lower part of a circus, in which a Gospel meeting was being held, *a young woman* was induced to accept Christ, and on the young convert's card her address was taken as —— Duke Street. I was asked by a gentleman, who had to leave to catch the train, to speak to *a boy* in another part of the building. I was glad to do so. He was a bright, intelligent boy of twelve or fourteen, and in order to gain his attention I asked him a number of questions, among others, where he lived? He told me Duke Street, and I said, 'Is it at No. ——?' (giving the number mentioned by the girl I have spoken to), and he said 'Yes, that is my number. How do you know it?' I told him if he lived at —— perhaps he had a *sister* in the building? 'Yes, I have,' he

said. Then I told him how she had given her heart to the Lord, and how she would be rejoiced to know that he had done the same. He became very interested as I pointed him to the Saviour, and he seemed just ready to grasp the truth. Both he and his sister are rejoicing in Christ."

A Domestic Servant Saved.—Mr. William Sloan related: "We were lately holding some evangelistic meetings in the country, when I got a note from a girl who was interested about a friend in Glasgow. This girl had only been converted about a fortnight. She asked me to write to her friend, who, she said, had long been anxious about her soul. I did so, and I got a letter by return of post, stating that it was inconvenient for me to see her as I proposed; but she would come down to the meeting last night, where I met her. She had come a distance of two miles, and was waiting in the corridor when I got there. I talked to her for some time, directing her as to the way of life, and she went away rejoicing in the Lord. She never entered the meeting, for being an old servant and living a considerable distance away she had to hasten home, but she took Christ with her."

To be Recognized by his Sleeve-link.—Mr. Craig related: "One Saturday some of our men were leaving a meeting at the Christian Institute, and being unable to contain themselves began singing hymns and giving testimony at the street corner. After one man had spoken, telling the story of his life and salvation, a gentleman from the crowd said to him, 'What you have just said is my life. Though I was a rich man I have gone through a large fortune, except some £2000. From this night forward I will take a new course, and follow Christ, instead of existing in sin.' Taking a sleeve-link from his cuff, he continued, 'We are strangers to each other, but to prove to you that I am in earnest, take and keep this link till I advertise for it in a short time; when you see the advertisement, bring it to me, and you will know who I am.'"

Just Out of Prison.—A Minister Said: "A man came to my study, at half past nine o'clock one morning, anxious about his soul. An earnest Christian visitor had been visiting in one of the most degraded parts of the town, and came upon this man. He only left prison on the previous Saturday. He was a quarrelsome drunkard, and going home a fortnight before, he beat his mother-in-law, for which conduct he underwent ten days' imprisonment. He was prayed with and urged to attend a Gospel meeting last night. He said, 'I cannot go, I am in such rags.' He was told that most likely there would be other people there in their working clothes; and finally he promised to go. This morning, he said, 'Instead of looking down upon me, everybody seemed glad to see me.' The result was the poor fellow was thoroughly broken down, and gave himself to the Saviour. He is a most striking trophy of divine grace."

Ringleaders in Village Mischief.—The Rev. M. Bass said: "There were three strong, good-looking young men, who were the very ringleaders of the village in everything that was riotous. A revival of religion took place, and many people were brought to the Lord. These three men did what they could to stop the good work, but were completely baffled. They met together to concoct further measures, when one of them said, 'The people are all growing mad about religion; the idea of young men and old men, young women and old women, behaving in this way; the thing is absurd; the place will soon be too hot to hold us; we must take ourselves off.' This seemed to the other two the best thing they could do; so they made up their minds to go to Greenock, and off they went, and worked at their trade as carpenters. The revival grew stronger, and the three young men made up their minds to return home and see what they could do to stop it, at the same time agreeing together that they would not let their hearts be touched by the Gospel. When they came to the place where the meeting was being held, they could not get a seat where they could be together, so they had to separate and take seats where they could not see each other. They did not meet again for a fortnight, but when they did the three men stood gazing at each other in silence for a second or two. At length one said, 'I have broken my covenant with you, and have taken the Lord Jesus as my Saviour.' 'So have I,' said the second. The third came over, took a hand of each, and said, 'I am *so* glad that we have all accepted the offered gift; we will now try and fight as hard *for* Christ as we fought *against* Him.' And they did so till death took two of them home; the other, an old man, told me this story, and though he cannot now do any active work for Christ, he *lives* for the Master."

NEW BOOKS.

"THE REFORMED CHURCH in the Netherlands, Traced from 1340 to 1840 in Short Historical Sketches" is the title of a new work by the Rev. Maurice G. Hansen, A.M. These five centuries of Church life are vividly sketched by the hand of a master. No one could have been selected better fitted for the task of writing the history. At once careful as to dates and figures, scrupulously accurate in statements of fact, Mr. Hansen has not thought his work complete when the statistical part of it was performed. He has shown how the Holy Spirit was moving in the Church and arousing it to higher and greater efforts.

Commencing with "the Formative Period," Mr. Hansen describes the state of the country in that dark age, and shows how the influence of the diffusion of learning, of a consecrated martrydom and a reformatory effort within the Church led to development. The next period was "the Defensive Period," covering the time before and immediately after the great Synod of Dordrecht. Then "the Period of Danger," contained within the century bounded by the years 1620 and 1720, when two systems of philosophy permeated and threatened the destruction of the Church. Finally, "the Transitional Period," dealing with the time in which the conflict between the Church and State reached its culmination. Mr. Hansen has written an exceedingly interesting, as well as a most instructive book. It is published by the Board of Publication of the Reformed Church in America, 34 Vesey Street, New York.

A handsome volume of 780 pages, entitled "Still's UNDERGROUND RAILROAD RECORDS," published by William Still, 244 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, is full of the narratives of hairbreadth escapes from slavery in the anti-bellum days. William Still, the author, was for many years connected with the anti-slavery office in Philadelphia, and had abundant opportunities of obtaining the facts connected with the traffic on the Underground Railroad. He appears to have made a full and complete record of each case as it occurred, and now publishes them with engravings, photographs, and extracts from the newspapers of the day.

From among hundreds of cases recorded in this work describing successful attempts to escape from slavery, we select one as a specimen of the whole. It is that of Henry Box Brown, who effected his ESCAPE IN A BOX shipped by Adams's Express Company from Richmond, Va., to Philadelphia. "Brown counted well the cost before venturing on his hazardous undertaking. Ordinary modes of travel, he concluded, might prove disastrous to his hopes; he therefore hit upon a new invention altogether, which was to have himself boxed up and forwarded to Philadelphia direct by express. The size of the box and how it was to be made to fit him most comfortably was of his own ordering. Two feet eight inches deep, two feet wide, and three feet long were the exact dimensions of the box, lined with baize. His resources with regard to food and water consisted of the following: One bladder of water and a few small biscuits. His mechanical implement to meet the death-struggle for fresh air, all told, was one large gimlet. Satisfied that it would be far better to peril his life for freedom in this way than to remain under the galling yoke of slavery, he entered his box, which was safely nailed up and hooped with five hickory hoops, and was then addressed by his next friend, James A. Smith, a shoe dealer, to William H. Johnson, Arch Street, Philadelphia, marked, 'This side up with care.' In this condition he was sent to Adams's Express office in a dray, and thence by overland express to Philadelphia. It was twenty-six hours from the time he left Richmond until his arrival in the City of Brotherly Love.

"The notice, 'This side up,' etc., did not avail with the different expressmen, who hesitated not to handle the box in the usual rough manner common to this class of men. For a while they actually *had the box upside down*, and had him on his head for miles. A few days before he was expected, certain intimation was conveyed to a member of the Vigilance Committee that a box might be expected by the three o'clock morning train from the South, which might contain a man. One of the most serious walks he ever took—and they had not been a few—to meet and accompany passengers, he took at half past two o'clock that morning to the depot. Not once, but for more than a score of times, he fancied the slave would be dead. He anxiously looked while the freight was being unloaded from the cars, to see if he could recognize a box that might contain a man; one alone had that appearance, and he confessed it really seemed as if there was the scent of death about it. But on inquiry, he soon learned that it was not the one he was looking after, and he was free to say he experienced a marked sense of relief. That same afternoon, however, he received from Richmond a telegram, which read thus, 'Your case of goods is shipped and will arrive to-morrow morning.'

"Next morning, according to arrangement, the box was at the Anti-Slavery office in due time. The witnesses present to behold the resurrection were: J. M. McKim, Professor C. D. Cleveland, Lewis Thompson, and the writer.

"All was quiet. The door had been safely locked. The proceedings commenced. Mr. McKim rapped quietly on the lid of the box and called out, 'All right!' Instantly came the answer from within, 'All right, sir!'

"The witnesses will never forget that moment. Saw and hatchet quickly had the five hickory hoops cut and the lid off, and the marvellous resurrection of Brown ensued. Rising up in his box, he reached out his hand, saying, 'How do you do, gentlemen?' The little assemblage hardly knew what to think or do at the moment. He was about as wet as if he had come up out of the Delaware. Very soon he remarked that, before leaving Richmond, he had selected for his arrival-hymn (if he lived) the Psalm beginning with these words: '*I waited patiently for the Lord, and He heard my prayer.*' And most touchingly did he sing the Psalm, much to his own relief, as well as to the delight of his small audience.

"He was then christened Henry Box Brown, and soon afterward was sent to the hospitable residence of James Mott and E. M. Davis, on Ninth Street, where, it is needless to say, he met a most cordial reception from Mrs. Lucretia Mott and her household. Clothing and creature comforts were furnished in abundance, and delight and joy filled all hearts in that stronghold of philanthropy.

"After his visit at Mr. Mott's, he spent two days with the writer, and then took his departure for Boston, evidently feeling quite conscious of the wonderful feat he had performed, and at the same time it may be safely said that those who witnessed this strange resurrection were not only elated at his success, but were made to sympathize more deeply than ever before with the slave."

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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THE aim of this journal is to make known the way of salvation, and to keep alive the expectation of our Lord's return to the earth.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Cleveland Scandal, which has Occupied so much space in the columns of the daily press during the past two weeks, appeared to us a matter so serious to the candidacy of Governor Cleveland, that an unequivocal denial of the charge might be expected. We therefore refrained from mentioning a matter which might prove nothing more than a campaign slander. Now, however, that the papers which are advocating Governor Cleveland's election are not denying the truth of the charges, but are representing them as venial, it is right to lay them before our readers, that they may judge for themselves. So far as we have been able to investigate them, the facts appear to be less culpable than as originally stated, but they still constitute a very grave indictment against a man who is a candidate for the high office of President of the United States. It appears that seven years ago, Mr. Cleveland, who is a bachelor, formed an acquaintance with a widow then employed in a dry-goods store in Buffalo. The acquaintance developed into an illicit connection. The woman became intemperate in her habits, and Mr. Cleveland, desiring to be rid of the connection, employed a solicitor, who caused the woman to be shut up in an asylum for the insane. A child had been born, and that was sent to an orphan asylum. The woman regained her liberty, and abducted the child. She was traced, and found to be suffering from delirium tremens. The child was restored to the orphanage and the woman sent to an inebriate asylum until she was cured. The child was ultimately adopted by a Buffalo family, and the woman received $500 from Mr. Cleveland, and gave a discharge in full of all demands. Charges of drunkenness and general profligacy have also been made against Governor Cleveland, but an explicit denial has been given to them by men of character, who may be supposed to know all the facts. The manner in which the press is dealing with these charges cannot be too deeply regretted. The tendency is to make light of them, to represent such practices as common, and to dwell upon the fact that the faults of the Democratic candidate would be less prejudicial to the national welfare than those of the Republican candidate. That mode of dealing with the subject is unsatisfactory. The people have their own estimate of the importance of the acts alleged. The candidate's cause would be better served by showing that the charges are false, or that Mr. Cleveland has repented, for reasons apart from his candidacy, and has reformed.

The Reduction in the Postal Revenue for the fiscal year just closed will not, it is thought, exceed two million dollars. This is a remarkable showing, in view of the fact that, during nine months of the year, the rate of domestic postage has been reduced one third. The surplus during the preceding year was about two and a half millions, so that if there had been no increase in expenses there would have been a small surplus in the very first year of the reduction. The expenses, however, have necessarily increased with the development of the country, and there was also an increase consequent on the reduction and the requirement of a new outfit of stamps. There will, therefore, be a deficiency, but it will be smaller than was predicted. The exact figures will be issued as soon as the accounts for the year have been made up.

General B. F. Butler has Announced his Intention of accepting the nominations for the Presidency tendered him by the Greenback party and the Labor party. He purposes delaying the issue of his formal reply until Governor Cleveland has responded to the Democratic Convention, so that wherein he "disagrees" with him, he "may do him no injustice." Before any nominations were made a general hope was expressed that the candidates would not be "nobodies." That hope has been gratified to an unusual degree. All the four candidates are prominent men, about whom both their friends and enemies entertain strong feelings.

An Active Prohibition Campaign has been commenced in Connecticut. The Hon. A. R. Heath, of Danbury, is conducting it, aided by local workers in the chief cities of the State. Mr. Heath said last week to a reporter: "We now have St. John and Daniel Clubs in Hartford, New Britain, Norwich, Colchester, New London, Willimantic, Danbury, and Fairfield, with one forming in Bridgeport. That is as far as I've got yet. I shall work right through to November. We shall have a fierce fight this fall, and will make a good battle for the cause. The national officers are informed, they tell me, that they have every reason to expect fifty thousand votes each in New York, Michigan, and Ohio. There will be tremendous gains in the South. Splendid work is being done, and will be done there, and an active canvass continued."

The Steamer Amsterdam, of the Netherlands and American Navigation Company, was wrecked on the east end of Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, on August 3d. The island has been the scene of many disastrous wrecks, but in this case happily only three lives were lost, although there were 224 passengers and a crew of 54 on board. The steamer sailed from Amsterdam for New York on July 19th. All went well until the day of the disaster, when a heavy fog lay right in the ship's course. The day before good observations had been taken, but afterward an unusually strong current carried the ship out of her course. The captain believed himself to be thirty-five miles below Sable Island, so did not reduce steam. About 10.15 P.M. the vessel ran upon the sandbank. There was but little shock, and it was thought that by lightening the ship she would float again uninjured. The passengers assisted the crew in throwing the cargo overboard, until noon of Aug. 4th, when it was found that the ship was leaking badly. The captain then ordered the boats lowered, and all the passengers and crew were taken in them. The sea was somewhat rough, but the boats succeeded in making land, which was thirteen miles from the wreck. One boat was capsized near the shore, and three persons were drowned. All the others were saved. It is remarkable that although rockets were sent up, and the officials on the island admit that they saw them, no aid was sent from the land to the ship. Complaints of inhospitality are also made by the passengers against the islanders.

The Earthquake Shock, which on Sunday passed through the States on the Atlantic seaboard, from Maryland to Vermont, and from the coast as far West as Ohio, was a new experience for citizens of this section. Visitors from California and Central America who were here on Sunday admit that the shock was a severe one, though, happily, no damage was done. The people, however, were naturally much alarmed, and one of the prisoners in jail at Hartford, Conn., died soon after the shock, his death being accelerated, if not caused, by the fright the earthquake gave him It was about *seven minutes past two* in the afternoon when the shock was felt in New York and the adjacent cities. *A low rumbling noise* was heard like distant thunder, accompanied by a vibratory motion, such as is felt in a frail house when heavily-laden wagons are driven rapidly past the walls. *The floors and walls of the houses* could be distinctly seen to quiver, especially in those solidly built of brick or stone with little timber in their construction. Pendant articles, such as chandeliers, shook and trembled, and articles placed against the walls fell forward to the floor. It was a strange sensation for those who had never felt an earthquake shock before, and a sudden feeling of panic and a sense of *vague, incomprehensible danger* stirred nearly every one, causing a general rush into the streets. The direction of the wave was from north-east to south-west. In thirty seconds it was all over, but it seemed minutes to those alarmed. The shock was not felt upon *the rivers*, but the boats moored to the piers on both sides were violently shaken from stem to stern. A large stone forming part of the steeple of the church at Seventh Avenue and St. John's Place, Brooklyn, fell to the ground with a crash, terrifying the pedestrians who were promenading the streets in the neighborhood. *The Egyptian obelisk* in Central Park trembled from apex to pedestal, but was not injured. A few grains of sandstone fell upon the pedestal from the crack just above the claws, but the fissure did not widen. On the span of *the Brooklyn Bridge* the shock was not felt at all, nor was it felt even at the towers. The clearest idea obtainable of the shock may be gained from the following summary which the *Sun* makes of the various reports it received: "There were almost as many different notions about the cause of the roar and shock as there are different occupations. For instance, the men at Police Headquarters, with an eye to business, thought burglars had blown open the safe in the Treasurer's office up-stairs; employés in the newspaper offices thought the presses had suddenly been set going on a jump; in crowded tenement houses a cry of fire was raised; the occupants of the municipal building in Brooklyn, where a severe gas explosion had occurred, thought it was another explosion; residents in the neighborhood of big factories thought a boiler had burst; the Greenpoint police were sure that another oil tank had been blown up; the toll collector at the entrance to the big bridge supposed a car had run off the track in the depot over his head; workmen reconstructing a burned bridge in New Jersey thought the timbers were falling; the employés of the elevated railroads, being accustomed to the continuous shaking of those structures, thought nothing about it, and the Italian residents of the city, who have had much experience of earthquakes in their own country, obeyed an irresistible impulse to run into the centre of the streets and wait for the buildings to fall. They appear to have been the only people who recognized the fact that it was an earthquake."

The Fund for Supplying Colored Ministers with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received several additions since our recent announcement, which have been acknowledged by mail. One of the colored ministers in North Carolina writes: "I wish the brother who gave you the money to supply the paper could just know how much good it has done me in my work. He would thank God that he so spent his money. I hope God will bless him. We have often prayed during the year that God would reward him for his kindness. The paper has been a blessing to me and to my congregation." Many minsters whose terms are near expiration are earnestly hoping that in some way THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may visit them another year.

Prayer at the Opening of a Savings Bank in Newark, N. J., last week, has given occasion to much ridicule in the columns of the daily press. The new bank is called the Security Savings Bank, and is established as a successor to the defunct savings institution. The president, at the opening of the bank, called the managers together and addressed them on the responsibilities of their position. He then suggested that, as the basis of the new enterprise was one of trust, they should all pray to be delivered from temptation. A Baptist minister present thereupon rose and prayed earnestly for the honest administration of the bank. Christian men will see nothing to ridicule in this proceeding. Recent events have shown how powerful in the present day are the temptations to breach of trust which assail those who have charge of money belonging to other people. How appropriate then for those exposed, to ask God's help in the ordeal before them (Prov. 3 : 5).

Union Missionary Conference. An Unde-nominational Missionary Conference will be held on the ground of the Niagara Falls International Camp-Meeting Association, August 18–23. Returned missionaries representing various evangelical churches will be present and participate in the services. It is expected to be an interesting occasion. Good accommodations can be had at moderate charges. Following the Missionary Conference will be an International Camp-Meeting, August 25–30, and a Temperance Convention, September 1–6.

The Corner-Stone of the Pedestal for the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World was laid on Tuesday, August 5th. The little island in New York Bay, where the statue will stand, was full of spectators of the interesting ceremony. The Consul-General of France made a cordial speech on the occasion. In the niche under the corner-stone were placed various articles of interest; among them copy of the Constitution of the United States; copy of the Declaration of Independence; copy of the Farewell Address of General Washington; a bronze medal struck in honor of General Washington when Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, Boston, 1776; nineteen bronze medals representing the Presidents of the United States succeeding Washington; proofs of United States coins of 1884; copies of the daily papers of New York; American Almanac for 1884; and list on parchment of the Grand Lodge of Masons of the State of New York.

Troops have been Sent to Clear the Settlers from Indian Territory. Complaints have been made for some time past that white men have been intruding into the parts of the Indian country known as the Oklahoma land, the Cherokee strip and the Pan Handle. Several companies of troops entered the Territory on August 7th, and all persons found there, estimated at about 2000, were removed. The men were turned over to the United States Marshal in whose district they were found. The women and children were taken to Kansas and Arkansas and allowed to go. *All improvements were destroyed*—the houses, outbuildings, and fences razed to the ground. The cattle, horses, and farming implements are to be turned over to the Interior Department and to be disposed of as that Department may decide. It is asserted that some of the settlers are *bona fide*. The authorities assert differently, and say that no one is entitled to settle in either of the three disputed tracts of land. Some men are reported to have lived in the Oklahoma land and the Pan Handle for several years, and to have made extensive improvements. The order to remove applies to them as well as to those who have recently entered the Territory. The Indians will be thankful that Mr. Hayes and Carl Schurz are no longer in power.

Ex-Speaker Keifer has again Failed to Ob-tain a vindication. This time it is his district which has refused him. The result of the primaries held on August 2d was a complete defeat for the ex-Speaker; *he did not carry a single ward*. Much interest was taken, the entire number of stay-at-homes being less than 200. At the convention on August 7th John Little, of Greene County, was nominated in his place. General Keifer made a speech, in which he accounted for his defeat by saying that "the mass of the people in the district opposed his course." There is not much surprise at this result in the country; the only wonder is that the district bore with him so long. It is reported that he intends taking the stump for Mr. Blaine, but the Republican managers will act wisely in declining his offer. He might do Mr. Blaine's interests more harm than good. Honest people would be apt to inquire why Keifer was anxious for Mr. Blaine to be elected. Keifer will have one more session in Congress, and then will join his friend Robeson in retirement, from which it may be hoped that neither of them will ever emerge. The country will never forget them. If it could, it would be better for them and for the citizens who sent them to Congress and for the Republican party.

The Bodies of the Dead Members of the Greely expedition were brought to Governor's Island, New York, on Friday last. The scene was a most impressive one as the iron coffins were removed from the ships of the relief expedition and taken to the island. Eleven artillery caissons, each drawn by four horses, stood waiting to receive them. Each coffin, covered with the American flag, was then removed from the tug and placed on a caisson by a detachment of six soldiers in charge of a corporal. As the remains of the heroic dead were borne by them Secretary Lincoln, General Sheridan, General Hancock, and General Hazen remained with uncovered heads, and the troops presented arms. Even the throng of spectators were awed into silence by the impressiveness of the scene. All this while minute-guns were sounding from Castle William. The bodies in the coffins were those of Lieutenant James B. Lockwood, Lieutenant Frederick F. Kislingbury, Sergeants Edward Israel, David C. Ralston, David Lynn, and William Cross, Corporal Joseph Ellison, and Privates Whistler, Schneider, Henry, and Ellis. They were carried with appropriate ceremonies to the chamber prepared for them in the hospital. The saddest thought about the ceremony was that the brave men were dead through official blundering.

Bad Boys are Wanted by a Well-Known Sunday-school superintendent. Mr. John Wanamaker, who has so long presided over the famous Bethany Sunday-school in Philadelphia, which now has more than 2200 names upon its roll, stated in an address before the New Jersey Association at the Central Congregational Church, Philadelphia, that during the whole twenty-five years of his superintendency of that school no scholar had ever been expelled. He says the bad boys are the ones they most want, because such most need the restraining influences of a Sunday-school. Neither bad boys nor bad men are in demand in other walks of life, but it is the glory of the Saviour and His followers that such are specially invited to Him (Matt. 9 : 13).

HELPS TO FULL ASSURANCE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God."—1 JOHN 5 : 13.

John's Writing Simple and Practical—The Design of his Epistle—I. To Whom it was Written—To all Those who Believe—Believers who do not Know—Theoretical and Practical—II. Its Purpose and End—To Give Assurance—A Mixed-up State—The Knowledge Attainable and Desirable—III. How it Conduces to the End—The Tests Supplied—Truthfulness in Confession—Darkness of Those who Profess Perfection—Test of Obedience—Separation from the World—Purification—Answered Prayers—Familiarity with God—IV. The Appendix—No Confidence in Confidence—Only One Ground of Faith.

How very simple this all is! John had an eagle's wing with which to soar aloft, and an eagle's eye with which to penetrate into great mysteries; and yet of all the writers of the Old or New Testament he is one of the simplest. He never endeavors to show you the greatness of his mind or the grandeur of his rhetoric; on the contrary, he speaks as a child to those who are children in the school of love. I would that all of us who try to teach others would remember this, and sink ourselves in our lesson.

It is equally notable how practical John is. When he writes he always has a worthy intent in every line; "These are written," saith he, and he explains the design with which he penned the record. These epistles are not written to dazzle you, nor to lead you into speculation, nor to gratify your curiosity; but these are written "that ye may know that ye have eternal life."

THE PRACTICAL OBJECT

may seem to the high-soaring votaries of modern thought to be commonplace; but John had a deep veneration for matters which moderns despise. When he tells us his design, it is that he may help to accomplish his purpose; for by informing men of understanding what he is writing for, he stirs them up to see his purpose and to fall in with it. "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." Dear friends, if this be the design of the inspired apostle, let us not be slow to co-operate with him; but let us pray this morning for the full assurance of faith, that we may know of a surety that eternal life is pulsing in our hearts. May you who have not believed in Jesus feel a fervent desire within your spirits to take that preliminary step, and become believers in the Son of God.

I. First, then, briefly, to whom was this written? It is important to observe

THE DIRECTION

of a letter; for I may be reading a communication meant for somebody else, and if it should contain good tidings, I may be deceiving myself by appropriating the news. This epistle, and this particular text in it, were written for all those who believe on the name of the Son of God. In part of the epistle he says, "I write unto you, little children;" then he says, "I write unto you, young men;" further on he says, "I have written unto you, fathers;" but now he writes to babes, to young men, and to fathers under the one comprehensive description of those who have believed on the name of the Son of God. Our discourse is, therefore, for all of you who are believers in Christ. No person, young or old, is excluded from this text, unless he is an unbeliever.

To unbelievers this text is not written; it is for all who trust in Jesus; but it is for none beside. If you inquire why it is not addressed to unbelievers, I answer, simply because it would be preposterous to wish men to be assured of that which is not true. "He that believeth not shall not see life;" how, then, could he have an assurance of possessing it? Faith is a neces-

sary preliminary to assurance; you must have the blade of faith before you can have the ripe corn of assurance. I speak, therefore, to all of you who have come to Christ, however imperfect and undeveloped your spiritual life may as yet be; but I invite none beside to the banquet of joyous confidence.

We may gather from this address being made to all the people of God and to none beside, that there are some believers in the world, and true

BELIEVERS WHO DO NOT KNOW

that they have eternal life. A very large number of true believers do not know this cheering fact. For instance, certain Christians believe that even if they are now saved they may yet be lost; that even if they have the life of God in them, that life may die out. Beloved, I pray for you that you may know that you have *eternal* life, and not a temporary life. The life which the Holy Spirit imparts to the believer is not a thing of days, and weeks, and months, and years; its dwelling-place is in the region of eternity. How much comfort God's dear children lose by not apprehending the absolute immortality of the new life I will not venture to say; but this much I will declare—that to me it is the very crown and glory of the Gospel, that if I receive Jesus into my soul, and the Holy Spirit imparts to me the new life, I have received an everlasting blessing. Has not Jesus said, "I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand?"

Again, a large number of Christ's people who may be perfectly sound in the doctrinal view of the nature of this life do not know that they possess it at this present moment if they are believers. I find even the commentators, when they try to write upon this text, and most of the preachers who have left us printed sermons upon it, read the text as if it said, "that ye may know that ye *shall have* eternal life." They speak about the full assurance that we shall one day enter into glory. I beg their pardon, the text does not say anything of the kind; it is, "that ye may know that ye *have* eternal life," even here, at this present hour. The spiritual life which is in the believer at this moment is the same life which shall be in him in heaven. The

GRACE-LIFE IS GLORY-LIFE

in the bud; the same life, only less developed. We shall not in the article of death receive another life than that which we have while we are sojourning here below. Death sets a seal on that which is, but it produces nothing. There is to be a very palpable change wrought upon the body; but as to the spirit, the life of God which is in it now is the life which will dwell in it throughout eternity. Our believing life is eternal life.

Yet again, there are some Christians who believe all this, and are perfectly right in theory, but yet they each one cry, "I want to know that I have eternal life. I want a fuller assurance of salvation than I have already obtained." That is also our desire for you; for if you know you have believed in Jesus you certainly are quickened with eternal life, and ought to know it. But it is only to you that have believed that the text speaks. If you have not believed in the glorious name of the Well-beloved, then come at once and put your trust in Him. This is the Gospel to every unbeliever: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

II. So, secondly, I have now to mention to what end John has written. When he says, "that ye may know that ye have eternal life," I think his first meaning is that you may know that everybody who believes in Jesus Christ has eternal life. This is not a fact about you and a few others only, but it is

A GENERAL TRUTH

—every man that believes on the name of the Son of God has eternal life. We may not doubt this; it is not a matter of inference and deduction, but a matter of revelation from God. You are not to form an opinion upon it, but to believe it, for the Lord hath said it. I beseech you, never question the statement. Settle it in your mind; for if you have any doubt about it you have undermined the Gospel, and rejected the witness of the Lord, and denied the Holy Ghost. You will not behave thus wickedly; therefore glorify God by believing His testimony.

I think that John in this passage meant, and we will consider him as meaning, something more—namely, he would have us know that we personally have eternal life by having us know that we do personally believe in Jesus. It is one thing to know that every believer has eternal life; but it is quite another thing to know that I am a believer so as to have eternal life myself. I have read of one who fell into the water, and as he was sinking he saw a rainbow in the sky above him. "Ah," thought he, "God has made a covenant not to destroy the earth with a flood, and yet it is no comfort to me, for I fear I shall be drowned." The largest provisions of grace avail us nothing unless we have a personal interest in them. It is true that every believer has eternal life, but what if I am not a believer?

It is a very singular thing that people should not know whether they believe in Jesus or not, for it is an ascertainable piece of knowledge. I know whether I think; I know whether I resolve; I know whether I doubt; I ought, therefore, to know whether I believe. But you see human nature received a terrible twist at the Fall, and it has fallen into

A VERY FOGGY REGION,

so that *the eyes of the understanding are all asquint*, and the air around is very dank. Perhaps you ask me to speak for myself, and I assure you that I do so; but at the same time I do not hesitate to say the same of you. You, my clever friend, who are so wonderfully clear-headed, I should not wonder but what you are the foggiest and blindest of the whole company. The worst darkness is that which so blinds a man that he thinks he can see better than other people. We are all by nature in such

A MIXED-UP STATE

that we need not wonder at any strange statement or feeling. When you hear brethren assert that a person who is not assured that he believes must necessarily be an unbeliever, you may say to yourself, "That friend does not know everything." There is no estimating the possible inconsistency and contradiction of the human mind. I have been in a state of mind in which I have questioned the possibility of their being a grain of grace in me, and yet I have clung to Jesus with a death grip. At such times my mind has worked morbidly, and its way has been turned upside down. Bunyan speaks of being "much tumbled up and down in his thoughts;" and that nearly hits my mental condition. It is very possible for a man to be a very strong believer and yet to question whether he has a spark of faith.

I am personally taught to be tender of poor doubters, for I have often been one myself. I would sometimes give all that I have to be able to feel myself to be even the least in the Lord's family. Just now I enjoy a full assurance, but I am

NOT ALWAYS ON THE MOUNT;

and therefore I have bowels for others because I am myself compassed with infirmity.

So far is human nature out of joint that it is necessary for me to say what it seems superfluous to say—that full assurance of our possessing eternal life is possible. The Church of Rome teaches that no man can be assured that he has eternal life, except some few to whom supernatural revelations may be given. That sort of doctrine lingers in the air of Protestantism; many people think the same, though they do not say so. Impossible to know that you are quickened! It ought to be impossible to have any doubt about it. Rationally, a living man should know that he is alive. No man should give sleep to his eyes or slumber to his eyelids while he has a doubt about his eternal state. It is possible, and if it is possible it is very desirable; for when a man knows that he has eternal life, what a comfort it is to him! And I go a little further: it is our duty to obtain full assurance. We should not have been commanded to give diligence to make our calling and election sure if it were not

RIGHT FOR US TO BE SURE.

I am sure it is right for a child of God to know that God is his Father, and never to have a question in his heart as to his sonship.

I sorrowfully remind certain of you that, as you have not believed, you have neither part nor lot in this matter, and the beloved disciple speaks not to you.

III. Thirdly, I come to where I would lay the stress of the discourse this morning—what has John said in this epistle which conduces to our full assurance? How does he help us to know that we are believers, and consequently to know that we have eternal life? I cannot attempt a full *résumé* of this most blessed epistle; but I shall select a few items from very many. An exposition of this epistle, written to show how it enables men to know that they have eternal life, would be a very valuable thing; and I feel confident that without the slightest forcing of a single sentence it could be shown that the whole letter bears upon assurance.

The matter which may be argued about is this: "Do I believe in Jesus? Am I a believer in such a sense that I have eternal life?" Let us look at the epistle for help in this inquiry.

You will find, first, that John mentions as an evidence truthful dealing with God, in faith and confession of sin. Naturally men walk in darkness or falsehood toward God; but when we have believed in Jesus we come to walk in the light of truth. Read in the first chapter of the epistle from verse 6 to 9. "If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth; but if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." The believer does not attempt to deal with God as if he had no sin; for that were to make Christ useless, seeing there would be no need of His blood to cleanse. *He does not say that he now lives without sin;* for that were to make his cleansing a thing of the past, whereas the Spirit teacheth that it is a present matter, concerning our present walk with God. To

CLAIM TO LIVE WITHOUT SIN

is to walk in the dark; for the claim is a false one. The man who walks in the light comes before God as a sinner, whom the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin. So, then, you may take this as an evidence that you are a saved man, if you deal truthfully with God; if you confess your guilt before God, if your only hope of being cleansed from it lies in the blood of Jesus Christ, then you have come to act toward God on the line of truth, and He accepts you.

Next, John gives us *obedience* as a test of the child of God. Look to the second chapter, and begin to read at the third verse: "And hereby we do know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments. He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him. But whoso keepeth His word, in him verily is the love of God perfected; hereby know we that we are in Him. He that saith He abideth in him ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked." Come, then, beloved brethren, do you obey the will of the Lord from your heart? Do you press forward after perfect holiness? Then His servant you are whom you obey. Rest assured beyond all question that you are one of Christ's sheep, for He says, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." "He that doeth righteousness is righteous." If grace has made you obedient it has given you eternal life.

Follow me as I call attention, next, to the evidence of *love* in the heart. In the second chapter read at the ninth verse: "He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now. He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him." Then go on to the fourteenth verse of the third chapter. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death." This will greatly help you to decide your case.

DO YOU HATE ANYBODY?

Are you seeking revenge? Are you unforgiving? Then you are not dwelling in the light; you are of Cain and not of Christ. Do you feel that you love your enemies, and that, in fact, you are no man's enemy, because love is the principle of your life? Be of good courage and enter into full assurance, oh ye whose bosoms glow with the sacred flame of fervent love to God and men.

Next to that comes *separation from the world.* Read in the second chapter at the fifteenth verse: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." This is backed up by the first verse of the third chapter: "Therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not." Have you met with opposition from the ungodly? God has put an enmity between the two; do not therefore be surprised at it. Did not our Lord say, "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you"? Thus slander, abuse, and other forms of persecution may turn to your comfort by showing that you are of that sect which is everywhere spoken against.

The next evidence you will find in the third chapter, the third verse, namely, *purification.* "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." Do you every day endeavor to keep clear of sin; and, when you have sinned, do you at night go with bitter repentance to God, and beg to be delivered from it? Are you fighting against your besetting sins? Do you contend against the customs of the world? Have you come to be a warrior against evil? Let that be an evidence that there is in you a new spirit which was not there by nature, and let that prove to you that you are quickened into newness of life.

Furthermore, we find an evidence in *answers to prayer:* "And whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight."

DOES GOD HEAR YOUR PRAYERS?

Then you are pleasing in His sight. Are you in the habit of speaking with Him, and does He reply to you? then you are agreed with God. Does He grant you the desire of your heart? Is it not because you delight in Him? He heareth not those who wilfully live in sin; but if any man doeth His will him He heareth. You may look upon every answered prayer as another token of the love of God toward you in Christ Jesus your Lord.

Adherence to the truth is another help to full assurance. Read the whole fourth chapter: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world." In the sixth verse he says, "We are of God; he that knoweth God heareth us; he that is not of God heareth not us." I read in a certain learned divine the other day a declaration that the evangelical doctrine which we preach is not Christianity, but Paulinism. By that utterance this divine condemned himself. John saith, "We are of God; he that knoweth God heareth us; he that is not of God heareth not us. Hereby know we the spirit of truth, and the spirit of error." He who hears not the apostles hears not their Master. He who dares say that Paul has not given us the Gospel is not of Christ; for Jesus saith, "He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth Him that sent me." Against the detestable spirit of this age, and against everything else that would corrupt the Gospel of Christ, it is the mark of the true seed to stand opposed. If you bear witness to the truth, the truth bears witness to you. Blessed are those who are not removed from the hope of their calling.

One of the best evidences of true faith, and one of the best helps to full assurance, is *a holy familiarity with God.* Oh, beloved brother, if you have come to speak with God as a man speaketh with a man, if you dwell in Him, if every day you say more to God than you do to men, and if you find more joy in fellowship with God than you do in all the world beside, then you are one of His. When you have no longer that slavish fear which makes you stand back, but that child-like confidence which draws you nearer and yet nearer unto God, then are you His child.

IV. I would now finish, only I dare not leave out the last point—

THE APPENDIX

to John's design. The apostle puts it, "That ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." I think he means this—you are never to get into such a state that you say, "I have eternal life, and therefore I need not trust simply in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. Years ago I was born again, and so I can now live without the daily exercise of faith." "No," says the apostle, "I am writing this to believers, and I tell them that while they may have full assurance, it cannot be a substitute for habitual faith in the Lord Jesus." Personally, I wish to say, it is some thirty-four years since I first believed in the Christ Jesus, and then I came to Him as having nothing in myself, and I took Him to be my all. At this moment I possess a comfortable and clear assurance that I have eternal life; but my ground of confidence to-day is exactly what it was when first I came to Christ. I have no confidence in my confidence, I place no reliance upon my own assurance. My assurance lies in the fact that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and that "Whosoever believeth in Him hath everlasting life;" I do believe in Him, and therefore I know I have eternal life. Brethren, do not stir beyond that. Keep to your first faith. However far you go in other directions, stand fast in your undivided faith in Jesus.

If you think it wise to examine these signs and evidences which I have given you, do so; but if you think to get food out of them you will find a bare cupboard. If you think you can live without Christ, on what you have known in the past, you are greatly mistaken. It is like trying to live on stale manna. None of you would have done that in the wilderness; you would soon have turned up your noses at it. When it was more than a day old it "bred worms and stank." Everything you look to apart from Christ will rot in due time, so that you will loathe it. Beloved, every vessel, whether it be a great flagon or a little cup, must hang upon the one nail which is fastened in a sure place. If you get from Jesus, you wander into a land of darkness.

Whether I be a child of God or not is a question I will not discuss to-day. I am a sinner, and Jesus Christ came to save sinners, and they that trust in Him are saved. Therefore I trust Him! Therefore I am saved! The Word of God declares it. Blessed be His name forever and ever. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

(See Illustrations on next page.)

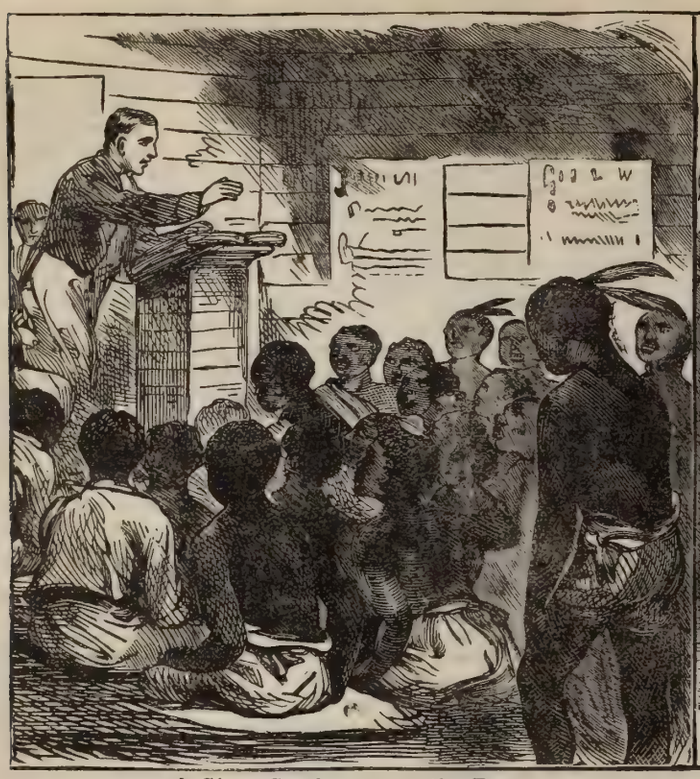
Dr. Vanderkemp, a devoted Dutch missionary, who spent his life in labor for Christ among the Boers in South Africa, died suddenly, leaving his work unfinished. The Christian who is in the habit of regarding every event as under the watchful care of his Almighty Father knew that this sudden loss to the Church was permitted for some wise end; but to ordinary observers it appeared nothing less than a calamity. Dr. Vanderkemp had labored many years without seeing any fruit of his labors; but just as he was passing away there had appeared signs of interest in his message on the part of some for whom he had prayed and to whom he had earnestly preached. It seemed, when the news of his death was carried to his home, that the impressions he had so longed to see would be dissipated now that he was dead, and the men who were asking their way to Christ would cease to ask when the voice which had been used of God to arouse them was still in death. But it was not so. God had an instrument ready to take up the work laid down by this dead servant.

John Campbell, a young Scotchman, was sent by God, after special preparation, to labor in the sphere suddenly left vacant. His youth had been a wicked and profligate one; but, as often happens, his conversion had stirred up within him an earnest desire to atone for his past sins by the consecration of himself and all his future life to the Lord's service. He labored with much success in his own country, and eventually entered the ministry there; but his heart was set on mission work among the heathen. When the news of Dr. Vanderkemp's death arrived, he volunteered to go to his field of labor, and was accepted. He went to South Africa, and there took up the work which Dr. Vanderkemp had so devotedly prosecuted. The two pictures on the next page depict incidents in a journey he made to Cape Town after several years of work among the Boers and their slaves.

On his way he visited the stations of the society, and preached constantly "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God." At Stellenbosch, one of the stations, he found a venerable servant of God, Mr. Bakker, who labored especially for the instruction and salvation of the miserable slaves of the locality. He attended a slave-meeting on the Sabbath, which he found truly interesting (*see illustration*). "About one hundred and eighty were present. Mr. Campbell's companion, Mr. Kicherer, addressed them. Every one seemed to hang upon his lips. One was singularly earnest in listening, which attracted Mr. Kicherer's attention so much as to induce him, in the middle of his discourse, to ask him several questions about Jesus, which he answered with a happy smile on his sable face. I shall never forget his answer, when asked if *he loved* the Lord Jesus. 'Oh yes, massa; dearly love Jesus Christ, massa!'

"I afterward inquired," says Mr. Campbell, "respecting this slave, and was informed he had long been an excellent Christian. Formerly his master would not permit him to attend the preaching of Mr. Bakker, and one day threatened to give him a severe flogging if he did so. The poor fellow, with Christian gentleness, said in reply, '*I must tell the Lord that,*' and silently left the room. This simple saying so wrought upon his master's mind that he permitted not only him to go, but likewise all the slaves in the house."

At Lattakoo Mr. Campbell preached to the natives, having obtained permission from Mahootoo, the Queen of the country. He held several services, and as he was about to depart he was informed that the Queen desired him to wait upon her. The customs of the sable courts would have been outraged by his failing not only to go, but to present the dusky Majesty with some token of his homage. This was a difficulty which was happily solved by the discovery, among the baggage of the party, of *a large wax doll* dressed in European fashion,



A Slave Service among the Boers.

Presenting a Doll at a Native Court.

which was devoted as a sacrifice to the customs of the court. Mr. Campbell duly appeared before the Queen, bearing the doll (*see illustration*). He made his obeisance, and presented the toy, which," says Mr. Campbell, "excited in the Queen and the ladies of her court considerable astonishment; she held it up before her, earnestly looking to it for several minutes without one remark. Her married daughter touched it very gently, now and then laughing most immoderately."

WHAT A CHINESE BOY DID.

A BOY was admitted into a missionary school in China, his mother being dead. He remained several years, and not only learned the truth, but received it into his heart. When only fourteen years of age he went to his friends during what we call the Christmas holidays. One afternoon he went into a village temple. As he looked at the idols an old man (sixty-five years of age) came in with tottering steps, and laying a few incense sticks before an idol, knelt down and began to pray. Then he passed to the next idol, and so on the whole round of them.

The little boy thought to himself, "Here's an old man who has not long to live, and he does not know the way to Heaven. But I'm only a boy. I can't tell him."

"What is to be done? he has no one to teach him," thought the boy, as he saw him pass from idol to idol, and, as he thought, the tears run down his cheeks. These tears were eloquent, as the boy felt forced to go to the aged man and say—

"Would you mind a boy speaking to you? I am young; you are very old."

"What are you crying for?" said the old man. "Can I help you?"

"Sir, I am crying because I am so sorry for you."

"Sorry for me! What about?"

"Because you are aged and cannot live long, and you don't know the way to Heaven."

"What! Do you know the way to Heaven?"

"I know that Jesus has saved me, and He will save you."

"Who is Jesus?" asked the old man.

The boy told him the story of God's love, and the man's heart melted as he listened.

"Boy," he said, "I am over sixty years of age, and I never heard such words. Have you had dinner?"

"No, sir, not yet."

"Come home with me, then, and you shall tell the old lady the story you have told me."

The boy went home with the old man and told the story of the love of God, while the aged couple listened with great interest. He was invited again and again, and stayed in their house nearly the whole of his holiday; and the result was that, through this youthful servant of Christ, they were both led to the Saviour before they ever saw or heard of a missionary.

Four years after, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, who recently related this story, accompanied the youth to the home of this aged couple, and found them truly devoted Christians, and, naturally, warmly attached to the lad. Said the old man,

"But for this boy, my wife and I would have died in darkness."

MAMIE'S FATHER.

(*See Illustration on page 525.*)

IT was raining heavily. The clouds hung low from the zenith to the horizon, and the downfall was as steady and persistent as though the business had been long neglected and a heavy arrear of work must be done up. Pedestrians hurried along under umbrellas when they were obliged to turn out, and every one who could find an excuse for staying under cover did so.

The Rev. Ernest Randall, D.D., looked at the scene from the window of his study, and, shrugging his shoulders, settled down for a day's hard reading. He was a man of about forty, with delicate, sharp-cut features, prematurely bald, and having the quick, penetrating look of the eye and pallor of cheek which denote the earnest scholar. In his college days he had been first of his year; but having settled down to the pastorate of a large church, his opportunities for study had been curtailed. He desired to make his church the centre of a wide circle of Christian usefulness, and none knew better than he that success in such an object could only come from close personal application.

Scarcely had the clergyman seated himself, when a knock was heard on the door, and a little flaxen head was put timidly inside. "Papa, dear," said a child's voice, "there's a man in the hall wants to see you so badly, and Mary won't let him come in because he's dirty and his boots are muddy."

The information was not welcome, but the clergyman's conscience would not allow him to ignore it. "Tell Mary to let him in, my dear," he said, kindly. A minute later a middle-aged workman, with a shock head of hair and fierce-looking mustache, came in, muddy boots, dripping umbrella, and all. Dr. Randall turned his chair round, and gazed inquiringly at his visitor.

"Your servant did not want to let me in, doctor," he said, "but I promised my wife I would see you, so here I am. I'd have waited on your stoop all day and all night before I'd have gone back without keeping my promise. You don't know me. I don't belong to your church, nor for the matter of that, to any church. I'm a workingman when I am allowed to work, but I tell you honestly I don't believe in your profession."

"Why do you come to me, then?" Dr. Randall asked. "Can I do anything for you? If I can, I will, even though you don't believe in my doctrines."

"That is very kind of you, sir. Many men would refuse under the circumstances. That is why I told you; I never sail under false colors. The fact is, I have a little girl at home, very ill. The doctor tells us she will die." The man's voice, which was a harsh and grating one, softened here and was a little broken, as if there was a lump in his throat. "She wants to see you, doctor. I never expected to be in a clergyman's house or to have a clergyman in mine, but I'd do anything to please Mamie now; so if you'll come I'll thank you and make you welcome. That's the address," handing a slip of paper.

"Certainly I will come," said Dr. Randall; "but will you not wait for me? I will go with you. I suppose your opposition need not prevent our walking together?"

"If you ain't ashamed of walking with a man like me in his working clothes, I am not likely to object. I'm only too glad to have you come."

In a few minutes the clergyman and the workingman were plodding side by side through the streets to the quarter where the sick child lay.

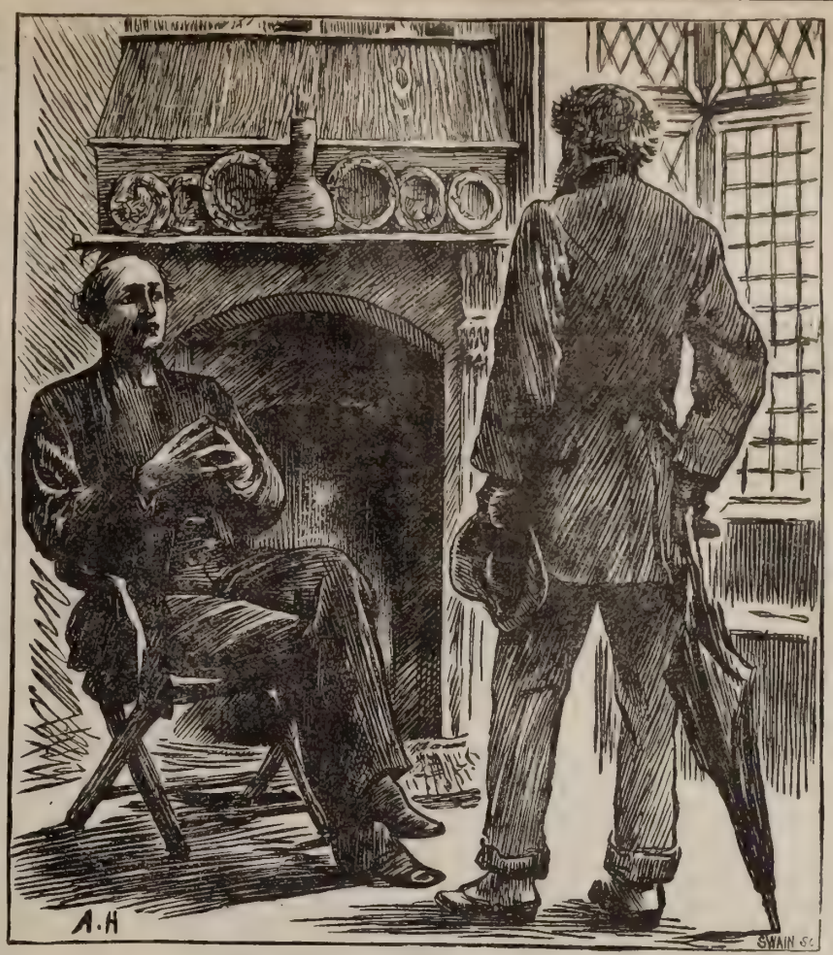
The man opened his door softly and ushered his companion into a poorly furnished room, while he went himself to his daughter's bedroom. He returned at once, and beckoned the clergyman to follow him. A child of twelve years old, with a cluster of golden curls about her face, lay on a bed, while at her head a woman sat weeping.

"I am going to die, sir," said the child, "and I asked father to go for you, because I want you to do something for me. I am in your Sunday-school, and I've heard you preach often when father did not know. I want you to make father a Christian."

"Are you a Christian yourself, my dear?" said the clergyman, laying his hand gently on the throbbing brow.

"I am not sure, sir, but I love Jesus very much. He was so good and so kind, and He died for us, and I expect He will keep His promise to take care of me when I am dead. I do not know much, but I love Him because He loved me. Please tell father that Jesus loves him too."

There was something so pathetic in the child's earnestness in the matter, in her forgetfulness of self in her anxiety about her father, that Dr. Randall felt his eyes grow moist, and he could scarcely trust himself to speak. He turned round to the father, who was standing behind him, and laying his hand on his shoulder drew him to the bedside. He rightly thought there could be no more potent voice than that of the dying child.



Mamie's Father Visits Dr. Randall.

"Father," she said, "promise me you will listen to this gentleman; he can tell you all about Jesus. You don't like church and church people, but you would love Jesus if you knew all about Him. I should die happy if you promised. You do not know that Jesus loves you, but He does. Does he not?" she asked, turning to Dr. Randall.

"He will never learn how deeply," said the clergyman. "Jesus loves him as no other can love."

"Father, dear father," said the child, "do learn about Him. I am going to leave you, but Jesus will bring you to me when you die."

The man flung himself on his knees sobbing. The clergyman, still with his hand on his shoulder, knelt beside him and prayed that his eyes might be opened and that Jesus would reveal Himself. The prayer was answered. Argument would have failed, but the knowledge of Jesus, the loving, tender Saviour, broke a heart that would have resisted all other force. Mamie did not die; she lived to see her father a devoted, humble disciple of her Saviour.

A CELEBRATION AT MR. SPURGEON'S ORPHANAGES.

An interesting meeting was held in the large quadrangle of the orphanages on July 16th. The proceedings began with the opening of *a handsome block of buildings* intended to serve as the headquarters of the Orphanage staff. The brief ceremony was conducted by Mr. Spurgeon, the most interesting feature connected therewith being the unveiling of a window, erected by the family of the late Mr. Higgs, one of the Tabernacle deacons, as a memorial of their father. The window represents the visit of Mr Spurgeon and Mr. Higgs to Mrs. Hillyard to receive from that lady's hands the £25,000 which she gave to found the Orphanage. Next came a "welcome home" to Mr. Thomas Spurgeon. In returning thanks, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, who appeared to be in very feeble health, said he had journeyed from New Zealand to see his parents and obtain rest.

The principal gathering which took place during the evening was presided over by Earl Cairns. The open-air platform was again brought into use, and accommodated a goodly muster of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon and their two sons forming the centre of the group. After leading in prayer, Mr. Spurgeon briefly introduced the chairman. He had long felt a desire, he said, to meet Earl Cairns in the flesh; for though he stood at the extremest possible distance from him politically, they were quite at one when it came to be a question of caring for the fatherless. Earl Cairns, in his opening remarks, said he had long wished to see Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage, and he could not have made its acquaintance under better auspices than he had done that day. He was delighted with all he had witnessed. He could not speak too highly of the home system which had been adopted. He had derived additional pleasure from his visit in being permitted to shake hands with Mr. Spurgeon, whom he had always desired to meet face to face. He rejoiced that God had raised up such a man, and long might he live to be a blessing to the land.

Mr. Spurgeon, who followed the Earl, told how in his work for the fatherless he had found the ready assistance of Christians of all denominations. The chairman had mentioned that the orphanage was free of debt. They did not know what debt meant. They were terribly in debt to everybody, but had no debt notwithstanding. He was glad they had now nearly done building. There was one corner upon which they wished to erect washing-places, but this was a matter they would do one morning before breakfast. Friends must keep on giving, because the boys kept on eating and wearing out their clothes. Somebody advertised *untearable fabrics*. He never saw any garments of this description, and he did not suppose Earl Cairns's sons ever had clothes they could not wear out. His never did. Boys' clothes would go at the knees, and then somewhere else, and then "the rest which remaineth" was but a remnant.

Canon Fleming, on rising to speak, received something like an ovation. He began by congratulating Mr. Spurgeon upon attaining his jubilee year. His acquaintance with Mr. Spurgeon dated back twenty-five years. He first met him in the city of Bath, at the house of a good Nonconformist named Cox—Bishop Cox, as he was called, until he took to *preaching under a railway arch*, after which he was termed Archbishop Cox. He had known and read Mr. Spurgeon ever since that meeting. While the good people in their unbounded admiration for Mr. Spurgeon had done all they could to spoil him, he remained to this day thoroughly unspoiled. He admired the man who loved the Church which he believed conscientiously to be the best. He did not care for "isms," for they were apt to *make angels into angles*; but, if there was an ism he disliked, it was nothigarianism. Every honest Christian must have a religious preference, and Christians never did and never would think alike; and the wonder was not that they should differ, but that, constituted as they were, they should ever be able to agree to the extent they were doing that night.

Mr. Spurgeon, who sandwiched the speeches with some remarks of his own, now mentioned that the gifts and contributions received that day amounted to $4000. One kind friend for twenty years past had sent an amount corresponding with his birthday. This year, in forwarding the £50, the friend wrote that *Mr. Spurgeon 'was becoming expensive.'*

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 511.*)

The Penitent Prodigal.

Miss Waldron's narrative contained several details not to be found in the preceding chapter, all tending to cast a lustre on her own conduct, such as might be supposed by an uncharitable spirit to have existed only in her own imagination. She omitted also the mention of Madame's suggestion with respect to Carl himself, though she was tearfully eloquent in connection with her suspicions concerning her brother and Hester being in the habit of seeing one another in the old Frenchwoman's garret. Here Carl possessed a knowledge of which Miss Waldron was ignorant; and nothing appeared more probable to him than that Robert Waldron had seized upon any opportunity of meeting Hester. But that she should consent to these clandestine interviews was a sure, convincing proof that he had won her affection; and she had fallen into the snare through dread of her father. Could this be the sorrow which old Mr. Watson had foreseen for Hester? Had he received some hint of the miserable attachment she had formed? What could he do in the matter?

Carl suffered more intense pain this morning than he had done the night before while listening to Mr. Waldron. There had been the consolation of doubt then, but there was none now. Hester met Robert clandestinely, and it must be because she loved him.

"I ought not to have been alarmed, even

then," said Miss Waldron; "I ought to have stayed myself upon a promise."

"Certainly," replied Carl, not hearing what she said.

"But I am only a feeble woman," she continued; "we are not like you and others, with your strong minds. I am afraid you will despise me for the future."

She had never before pleaded her feminine feebleness, but now she looked up to him with an appealing and helpless gaze. From Hester's eyes such a glance would have penetrated the profoundest depths of his heart; but from Miss Waldron it had no such effect.

"Despise you!" he said; "oh, no! why should I? No doubt you had cause for alarm."

"And you will esteem me, and—care for me as much as ever?" she asked, with a recurring sob.

"To be sure," he replied; "why do you trouble yourself afresh, Miss Waldron? There is no more cause for fear. As soon as you feel yourself equal to the exertion, I will see you safe home."

"Carl," she said, in a bashful and hesitating tone, "if you really feel that we are friends, and especially now we have a secret between us, and I have only you to look to for advice and protection, I wish you would leave off calling me Miss Waldron. You may call me by my name, Sophia."

"But nobody calls you Sophia!" exclaimed Carl, with alarmed earnestness.

"But I will allow you to do so," she answered, condescendingly; "it is less distant, and more friendly. To the rest of the world I remain Miss Waldron; to you I am Sophia."

Carl murmured his thanks indistinctly. It needed a great effort to save him from a lack of courtesy. But she was a good woman, a member of his church, a lady, and the daughter of his patron. All these titles gave her so many claims to his respect; and even if it were true, as Annie had intimated, that she distinguished him with her preference, that was no reason whatever why he should treat her with impoliteness or ill-temper. There was a mingled sense of shame and sorrow for her which lent to his manner a sufficient gentleness to blind Miss Waldron's eyes, already dazzled with self-importance. She intimated that she was now ready to undertake the walk home; and leaning confidingly, but not too heavily, upon his arm, they traversed together the watchful streets of Little Aston and the glades of the park, while unutterable sentiments filled the heart of Sophia Waldron.

It was a noticeable sight, and one fraught with tacit inferences, which had greeted Hester's eyes as she turned the corner of the street and saw Carl and Miss Waldron about to enter the chapel vestry upon a day and hour when there was neither a public service nor a more private meeting of any kind. She had not chosen to recognize them; for the question asked by Annie, whether she had not observed something peculiar in Miss Waldron's manner toward Carl, had been rankling in her mind ever since; and the pain it created there set her on her guard, both against herself and them. She was in a transition state of moods and emotions, of which she could not breathe a word to any one.

From the first moment her eyes had looked upon Carl's face, with its fine, clear, happy, and good aspect, so differing in its charm from the handsomer features of Robert Waldron, she had felt that there were other classes of men in the world than those she had met in her narrow sphere. Hitherto she had found no man stronger in nature than herself; for in her heart of hearts Hester knew herself less weak in the presence of trial and temptation than any of the people about her, with the exception, perhaps, of Grant. She was, though Mr. Waldron and Robert did not suspect it, little pliable to outer influences, and not easily moulded into a form foreign to herself. But Carl was stronger than she. She looked up to him from beneath the long fringe of her brown eyelashes, mentally acknowledging him her superior. Sunday after Sunday she listened to him critically, and never caught a false tone or an affected one. She found her mind pondering over his thoughts, and confessing her belief in them. She began to feel as if she was his sole listener; the congregation might be there, but they could not comprehend him as she did.

A very sweet and subtle impression had taken hold of her, that Carl had been more eloquent for her than for any one else in his church. Now and then, when he had soared far above the heads of his simple flock, his kindled eyes had held hers in a fascinated gaze, while he elaborated and concluded his thought; and there had seemed a secret understanding between them, more perfect than that of words. But now Hester discovered that there was a second listener, with whom, perhaps, Carl had a still more intimate and delicate unison; who might have the privilege of suggesting the themes of his eloquence, and who certainly could converse with him familiarly about his sermons.

When Annie had plainly hinted at Miss Waldron's preference for her brother, Hester, yielding to a very natural and feminine feeling of jealousy, had observed that she was a very pious woman. It was all she could say. To her Miss Waldron had ceased to be imposing or clever; and she never appeared engaging. Hester scarcely cared to put herself into comparison with her on the score of beauty; and she felt that she was her superior mentally. But in goodness? In the one thing needful to a good man like Carl, how far she fell behind the lady of Aston Court!

Hester humiliated herself all that afternoon; and, in consequence, was not so pleasant a companion to Lawson as usual. She set vigorously to work to root out the tares from her heart, one of them being her young love for Carl. She made a number of vows, every one difficult of performance. Her busy hands did not pause because of the inward storm; but Lawson saw more than one tear stealing down her cheeks as she smoothed the gold leaf with her delicate fingers. He was himself excited, and could scarcely refrain from telling Hester of the occurrence of the morning. But her cloudy brow, and her mouth set into a firm line of decision and of secret conflict, silenced him.

During the last few months she had grown out of the pensive and almost timid child into a mistress, who was gentle and gracious in her manner, it was true, but who knew her own dignity and upheld it. When she spoke to him this afternoon, her voice was set in a clear but mournful key; and her words were few. Lawson did not dare to tell her how he had encountered Miss Waldron in his mother's room, and had forbidden her ever to intrude there again. He would leave it for madame to relate in her own way.

At six o'clock Hester descended from the workroom and made tea for her father, still busy with herself. She could not decide whether she would go to the week-night service at chapel, or stay at home to pursue her melancholy task of rooting up the tares. She debated the point until it was almost too late, and then she dressed in a panic, and sped in frantic haste up the dark street. The fine morning had merged into an evening of thick, cold rain, which was falling heavily, and splashed upon the pavement as she hurried along. Scarcely a creature was to be seen. Here and there a resolute worshipper, like herself, was trudging along under a wet umbrella, but she knew that the congregation would be a small one. And then it all at once occurred to her, with a chill colder than the rain, that very probably Carl himself would be absent, as he was not very well. She stopped at the door to regain her breath, and to listen if she could hear his voice within. Two or three persons passed her; one of them *a poor woman shabbily dressed* in a widow's garb, who paused to look inquisitively at her from under her rusty crape veil. Then Hester went in, caught for a moment the full, grave, searching gaze of Carl from his low reading-desk, and going on to her accustomed seat, she sank upon her knees, with a strange, almost intolerable, sense of pain.

For once Hester did not hear a word of Carl's sermon, though she caught the sadness and unwonted languor of his voice. As she left the chapel she saw the carriage from Aston Court still waiting at the door, though Mr. and Miss Waldron were already seated in it. She crossed over the street, and hid in the archway of the court opposite, simply to wound herself with the sight of Carl driving away with her rival. While she stood in the rain and the darkness, he would be whirled off in comfort and luxury. Hester felt for the first time how poor she was. Miss Waldron was rich as well as good, and Carl had made a wise choice.

The worldly sneer had scarcely risen to her lips when she shrank from it instinctively, and drove the suspicion back to the unworthy regions from whence it had come to assail her. She watched the little congregation dropping away by two and threes; and suddenly recalled to mind a childish play of the lost Rose, who had often amused her by watching the creeping sparks die out of a smouldering piece of paper. Why did the memory of Rose return to her now? Carl was just coming out of chapel, the last of all, and ran through the rain to the carriage, into which he sprang with the freedom and familiarity of one quite at home with those inside. She saw it roll away down the street, and then she prepared to follow, slowly and sorrowfully, through the beating of the storm.

But had Carl been the last to leave the chapel, where a few lamps were still burning, though they were being put out one by one? Hester cast a last look toward it, and saw the poor widow in her shabby mourning, sitting desolately upon one of the steps of the portico. She was in a mood for lingering. She was in a mood, too, for pity and compassion toward any form of suffering. There was also a fine, and very insidious sense of pleasure in the idea of engaging in some good work, while Miss Waldron was wrapped in luxury and enjoyment. She would be, for the moment, beating her on her own ground. Hester recrossed the street. The stranger was crouching upon the lowest step, with the rain driving full upon her. She seemed to have reached this place, and then fallen, for she was lying along the stone in an attitude of complete helplessness. Hester stooped, and laid her hand gently on her shoulder.

"Are you ill?" she asked, in soothing tones. "You must not lie here in the rain. If you tell me where your home is, I will take you there under my umbrella."

To walk through the wet streets with a friendless and poverty-stricken stranger on her arm would be a vast triumph over Miss Waldron in her carriage, with Carl by her side.

The woman shuddered, and shrank from the light touch of Hester's hand, crouching lower and lower upon the ground. She had looked up from under the veil at Hester's face, upon which the lamp still lit in the entrance of the chapel was shining. Then she gave utterance to a sob, a suppressed cry, a moan wrung from the extreme anguish of a suffering spirit. She stretched out her hand toward Hester, but did not touch her, in a mute gesture which awoke within her a vague alarm.

"Speak to me," cried Hester; "are you ill? What can I do for you?"

As she spoke the last light was extinguished in the chapel, and the outer doors were closed and fastened by some person within. The noise seemed to arouse the stranger. She rose to her feet, but staggered, and fell back against one of the large, square pillars of the portico.

The continued silence and the agitation of this woman gave a shape to Hester's vague suspicions. A quick terror and chill ran through her frame. The darkness which now gathered

about them was a welcome veil; a screen behind which might be acted scenes that must shun the day. The rain also, and the emptiness of the street, seemed to draw closer the curtain which ought to conceal the wretched creature at her side.

"Tell me only who you are," she whispered, in a tone of mingled pity and terror.

"Hester!" moaned the shadow, which she could scarcely distinguish in the dense darkness of the night; and there was no need for any other word to pass through the faltering lips.

Hester sank down upon the steps, and with blank, bewildered eyes gazed into the blackness which hemmed them in. The poor lost Rose had come back at last! The sinful woman whom she had urged Robert Waldron to seek out, and whose mysterious disappearance had been a continual care to her. Her father's wife stood beside her! She felt her cheeks burn and her veins tingle. Now she had a vision of her sin which she had never had before. For a few minutes her woman's heart—a heart which had known womanhood but for a little time—cried out in strong condemnation of the sinner, as well as the sin. She felt that she could not forgive her all at once; nor speak to her any words except those of a righteous anger and abhorrence. She knew now that Rose ought not to have married her father at all, unless she had felt for him such a love as would have lifted her up forever out of reach of the temptation by which she had fallen.

Yet, thought Hester, after the first paroxysm was over, had not *God brought them together* thus, on the very threshold of His own house of prayer, to teach her that if He did not cast her out, neither ought she, who might herself be tempted, and who was not without sin? She bowed her head upon her hands, and a passionate prayer went up from her burdened heart for help and wisdom in this hour of extreme need.

(To be continued.)

THE PLAGUE STAYED.

S. S. Lesson for August 24, II Sam. 24 : 15-25. Golden Text, Psalm 103 : 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Satan's Temptation—Entertained by David—The Fatal Point—A Warning from God—An Unwelcome Bearer of it—Joab's Dislike of Inconsistency—David's Confession—A Terrible Alternative—When Sickness Comes from God—The Bitterest Drop in the Cup—No Man Sinneth to Himself—The Way of Reconciliation—Practical Lessons.

"AGAIN the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel." "Satan stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel" (I Chron. 21 : 1, 2). David was not obliged to adopt Satan's suggestion. A temptation does not necessitate a sin. Jesus "was *in all points* tempted like as we are, *yet* without sin" (Heb. 4 : 15). But it is very clear that David *entertained* Satan's suggestion. This is

THE FATAL POINT,

that we should entertain, think over, or consider in any way the suggestions of Satan. But how are we to know *which* of the many thoughts traversing our minds unbidden *are* suggestions of the enemy? There is one safe course. Refer them in believing prayer to the Lord as they arise; He will show whence they come.

God gave David a warning, but from a most unpalatable quarter. The man whose conscientious scruples were opposed to him was none other than the worldly Joab. There was something very humbling to David's pride in being rebuked by such a man. Had it been Nathan the prophet, or Zadok the priest, it would have been easy and natural to take warning; but when a man who made no profession of religion, and who, moreover, knew more about David's great fall than anybody else, ventured to become the keeper of his conscience, there was something peculiarly galling to David. It was Joab whom he had charged to set Uriah in the most exposed part of the army in view of his being slain, and he knew that Joab despised him in his heart. It was Joab who had executed God's vengeance upon Absalom, and who had spoken home truths to David about his selfish and unbecoming excess of sorrow for his son; and now that his heart was set upon knowing the number of his people, it was this Joab who must set himself up as more righteous than he. Very often God chooses *that* one to tell us the truth from whom it comes with the least of welcome. Why? Does He want to tantalize us? No; but to show us that we have more care for our own feelings than we have for the truth itself. Joab said, "The Lord make *His* people an hundred times so many more as they be: but, my lord the king, are they not all my lord's servants? Why then doth my lord require this thing? why will he be

A CAUSE OF TRESPASS TO ISRAEL?"

(I Chron. 21 : 3.) David's natural heart said: "Why should my nephew, my subordinate, dictate to me?" The very opposition made his desire the stronger, and the king's word prevailed against Joab. Some people can brook anything better than to be opposed and to have the truth told about themselves. Oh, how the heart of man likes to get credit for what it is not!

When Joab set about the matter, he did it imperfectly, leaving out the tribes of Levi and Benjamin. Joab, man of the world as he was, liked consistency. If David counted the Lord to be his strength, his fortress, his high tower, his shield, what need was there to number the strength of forces which *he* could muster? Worldly men know what is consistent in a man of God much better than he does himself.

God was displeased and smote Israel. And David's heart smote *him* after he had numbered the people, but not until God had sent Gad the seer to speak to him. Then it was that David said unto the Lord, "I have sinned greatly in that I have done; and now I beseech thee, O Lord, take away the iniquity of thy servant; for I have done very foolishly." "How could such a man fall into such sins?" has often been asked. There was no intrinsic virtue in David, nor is there in any other man.

DAVID'S OWN TESTIMONY

is, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me" (Ps. 51 : 5). Whatever good there was in David was purely from the grace of God. Self, the principle on which Satan works, was alive in his heart. It is only as Jesus reigns within us, possessing our wills and our affections, that Satan's temptations can fall powerless. Jesus has destroyed him that had the power of death, even the devil (Heb. 2 : 14), and to Jesus he is a conquered foe.

Although God was displeased with David, yet He did not treat him as an enemy, but rather as a rebellious son. While obliged, as a faithful God and Father, to execute judgment, He did what before was unprecedented; He offered David a choice as to the judgment which should come upon him. "Thus saith the Lord, Choose thee either three years' famine; or three months to be destroyed before thy foes, while that *the sword of thine enemies* overtaketh thee: or else three days *the sword of the Lord*, even the pestilence, in the land, and the angel of the Lord destroying throughout all the coasts of Israel." It was

A TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVE.

In either case, hundreds must perish. Either he must see the ghastly emaciation of famine staring at him from thousands of suffering people, and then see them drop and die, reading therein the terrible fruit of his silly vanity. Or he must see foreign hosts desolating the country by war, and the thousands of armed men whom he had so proudly numbered fall by the sword, as though in mockery of the late census. Or, for a much shorter time (only three days) the sword of the Lord, in the shape of pestilence must desolate the land. David said, "I am in a great strait: let me fall now into the hand of the Lord; for very great are His mercies; but let me not fall into the hand of man." "Does sickness then come from God?" some may ask. Most certainly, when God permits it in the way of judgment, it comes from God to *us*. God may make use even of a lie which some one tells about us, to be a trial of our faith and patience, although we can never charge Him with originating it, and so He may use Satan's rod of sickness. From Job 2 we see that Satan may be at work in producing sickness or other trials, but always subject to God's permission.

Seventy thousand men of Israel fell by the pestilence which prevailed over the land from north to south. The angel of the Lord stretched out his hand over Jerusalem to destroy it. David saw what the message by the prophet Gad led him to expect, the angel which destroyed. The people saw the pestilence; few there were throughout the land who could settle to business, take journeys, or do aught but tremble for terror, for the dead and the dying were everywhere around. But David lifted up his eyes and saw the angel of the Lord stand between the earth and the heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand stretched out over Jerusalem. And David spake unto the Lord when he saw the angel that smote the people, and said, "Lo, *I* have sinned, and *I* have done wickedly: but these sheep, what have they done? let thine hand, I pray thee, be against me, and against my father's house;" "but not on *thy* people that they should be plagued" (I Chron. 21 : 16). This was *the bitterest drop in his cup*, that others must suffer for what *he* had done. "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself" (Rom. 14 : 7). And equally may we say no man

SINNETH TO HIMSELF;

he *must* involve others in the consequences of his sin. Some will say, "But such a responsibility is too terrible." It is for us to bear, and therefore the Lord tells us "to cast *all* our care on Him, for He [the Almighty One] careth for us."

David and the elders of Israel were clothed in sackcloth, on their faces before the Lord. And "the Lord repented Him of the evil, and said to the angel that destroyed the people, It is enough: stay now thine hand." Then the Lord made clear the way of reconciliation. David knew God too well to attempt any kind of propitiation which should originate with himself.

Gad came to him that day and directed him to rear an altar in the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite. David went went up at once to the threshing floor, and Araunah, who, with his four sons, had just seen the angel of the Lord, and hid himself, came forth to meet David. The king made an offer to purchase the threshing floor; but Araunah, Jebusite that he was, said, "Let my lord the king take and offer up what seemeth good unto him: behold, here be oxen for burnt sacrifice, and threshing instruments and other instruments of the oxen for wood. All these things did Araunah, as a king, give unto the king." But David would not accept this lordly offer. "Nay; but I will surely buy it of thee at a price: neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth

COST ME NOTHING."

The king paid six hundred shekels of gold for the place, and he "offered burnt offerings and peace offerings and called upon the Lord; and He answered him from heaven by fire upon the altar of burnt offering." God left David in no uncertainty as to His acceptance.

The Lord teach us *the lessons* He would have us learn from this history. First, to take rebuke from God through whomsoever it comes; for if David had been humble enough to listen to Joab, all this evil might have been averted. Then, when we have fallen, to accept the hand of God in judgment, and acknowledge Him at all costs. Perhaps the chief lesson of all is to do nothing without clear direction from the Lord. If David had consulted Him about the numbering of the people, the very beginning of the difficulty would never have existed.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Chinese Town of Kelung was Bombarded and captured by the French last week. The French newspapers explain the proceeding by the statement that the ultimatum presented by the French Government having expired on August 4th, it was necessary to seize a guarantee. Admiral Lespès, therefore, on August 5th, occupied the port of Kelung and the coal mines in the vicinity. M. Patenôtre has informed Li Hung Chang that the duration of the French occupation depends entirely upon the Tsung-Li Yâmên, which can shorten it by paying an indemnity of 80,000,000f. ($16,000,000) in ten yearly instalments. Later reports deny the bombardment, and say that Kelung surrendered without a blow. Directly the cannon from Admiral Lespès's flagship signalled, the men landed from the various ships, and the town was taken possession of in the name of France. The authorities of the town and a majority of the populace fled. Four thousand Chinese troops, recently arrived from Shanghai, retired into the interior. The British Vice-Consul went on board an English gunboat, having perviously sent a protest to Admiral Lespès against the French occupation, and pointing out that Kelung was protected under treaty with England. Warning has been given to the Chinese that Foochow will be seized immediately if the French terms are not accepted. The Chinese are anxious to obtain the mediation of America, but the French attitude is not of a character to encourage hope of the success of mediation.

The Menacing Attitude of France toward Great Britain excites some apprehension in Europe. Since the failure of the Egyptian Conference the disposition manifested by the British Government to manage Egyptian affairs according to its own views has exasperated the people and the press of France Bismarck is suspected of fomenting the ill feeling with the view of still further isolating France by alienating England from her. *Figaro*, referring to the subject, says: "M. Waddington's successor must display greater energy against the spread of English power. French and English interests are now completely opposed, and a conflict is inevitable in the near future." The rupture of the Conference, the paper says, is a grave enough event, but it hopes it will not have to announce that the latent conflict has passed into open hostilities. France firmly refuses to consent to a reduction of the rate of interest on the Egyptian debt, which Egypt is clearly unable to pay. The British press of both parties and British statesmen, both Liberal and Conservative, urge the government to proceed with a vigorous policy, regardless of the protests of France. Lord Northbrook, an eminent statesman and financier, has been sent to Egypt with the title and functions of High Commissioner.

An Expedition for the Relief of General Gordon is being prepared. Mr. Gladstone, on August 5th, in the House of Commons, asked for an appropriation of $1,500,000 to equip an expedition to the Soudan. He said that the purpose of the expedition was merely to relieve General Gordon and not to crush the Mahdi. It would be sufficient to secure good government in the Soudan. *The evacuation of that country was now out of the question.* England was bound to protect General Gordon. The expedition will go by way of the Nile to Khartoum. It will consist of 2500 men, partly English and partly Egyptian, and seven cuirassed river boats. The whole expedition will be under the command of General Stephenson, the commander-in-chief of the English forces in Egypt. On reaching Dongola paid contingents from the tribes of Western Soudan will join the expedition.

A Gigantic Radical Demonstration Took place at Birmingham, England, on August 4th. Birmingham is the headquarters of Radicalism, and has taken the lead in all Radical movements for more than half a century. At the demonstration last week fully 200,000 persons participated, and the procession was of enormous length. A meeting was held in the evening to denounce the House of Lords, when twenty thousand people attended. John Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, two of the members of Parliament for Birmingham, addressed the meeting. The reform of the House of Lords, Mr. Bright declared, was urgent and inevitable The creation of new peers to pass the Franchise bill would only get rid of the present difficulty. What was wanted was a limitation of the veto power of the House of Lords. Should the people submit, or should they *curb the nobles* as their fathers had curbed the kings of England? Mr. Bright then proceeded to explain the manner in which he would like to see the power of the House of Lords restricted. He would allow the peers to retain their present powers during the first session that a bill should be presented to them, but he would absolutely preclude them from vetoing the Franchise bill, or any bill a second time. Many persons, no doubt, would think him too lenient to the peers, but he preferred remedies which, while effectual, would cause the least disturbance to existing institutions. The meeting disapproved of Mr. Bright's moderation, and were clamorous for the abolition of the House of Lords.

An Increase of Deaths from Cholera is Reported from France as a result of the higher temperature. A cable message from Marseilles, on August 9th, says: The intense heat is causing an increase in the mortality among the cholera patients. There have been fourteen deaths in the last twenty-four hours. The return of fugitives to Arles has had a bad effect. There have been six deaths at that place in twelve hours. The area affected by the epidemic is *beyond question widening*. Yesterday there were five deaths at Salin, a village of only 400 inhabitants, near Arles. At Cette there were seven deaths; at Bézieres, two; at Carcassone, two, and at Bordeaux, one. At Gigeau such a panic prevails that parents have fled, forgetting their children, whom Sisters of Charity are caring for temporarily. A soldier from Avignon, where several deaths from cholera had occurred, died at Algiers. His comrades who accompanied him from Avignon have been isolated. At Vogue, in the department of Ardèche, with a population of 750, there were five deaths yesterday, and thirty persons were under treatment. Numerous cases of sickness which are supposed to be cholera are reported at other points in Ardèche."

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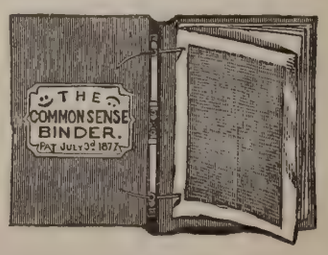

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(The portrait of Lieut. Greely is Copyrighted by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.)

LIEUT. ADOLPHUS W. GREELY.

THE HISTORY OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION.

Greely's Life—The Origin of the Expedition—Three Years of Silence—Abortive Attempts at Relief—The 1884 Expedition—Discovery of the Party—The Story of Sergeant Brainerd—Life in the Arctic—Surpassing Other Nations—The Stars and Stripes Supersedes the Union Jack—Exploring Grinnell Land—Preparations for the Retreat—The Perilous Journey—Arrival at Cape Sabine—The Scientific Results.

Lieutenant Adolphus W. Greely, whose portrait appears this week on the first page of The Christian Herald, is a man whose name now stands prominently before the world as the leader of the expedition which has penetrated farther north than any other exploration party. He was born in 1844 at Newburyport, Mass. He entered the army during the war as a private. On March 18th, 1863, he was made second lieutenant, and in April the following year he became first lieutenant. He was brevetted major March 13th, 1865, for "faithful and meritorious service." He was made captain of the Eighty-first Colored Infantry, April 4th, 1865, and in March, 1867, was honorably mustered out. Upon the reorganization, in 1869, he was assigned to the Fifth Cavalry, and became first lieutenant in 1873, which is his present rank. He is one of the oldest officers in the signal service, having become one of its officers when the bureau was formed. He is tall and slender, and apparently a man who could never survive the hardships of an Arctic expedition. He has a wife and two children. Lieutenant Greely was in his right place at the Signal Service Bureau, where his studious habits and intelligence were well appreciated and led to his selection for the dangerous but honorable command of the Arctic Expedition.

ORIGIN OF THE EXPEDITION.

The expedition was a part of the plan adopted by the International Geographical Congress at Hamburg, in 1879, for the establishment of a series of circumpolar stations for scientific observations. On March 3d, 1881, Congress passed a bill providing an appropriation for the support of observations and explorations in the Arctic seas, on or near the shores of Lady Franklin Bay. Lieutenant Greely was appointed to take command, and the point selected for the station was *the most northerly and difficult of access* of the whole series of stations projected by the Geographical Congress. The spot chosen was Discovery Harbor, latitude 81° 44′ north and longitude 64° 45′ west. Lieutenant Greely received his instructions in April, 1881. He and the other officers and men of the expedition were to go to St. John, Newfoundland, and charter a steam whaler or sealer to convey the party to Lady Franklin Bay. Lieutenant Greely went immediately to St. John, and there chartered the screw steamer Proteus, a vessel that had been previously in use for Arctic navigation. His assistant, Lieutenant James B. Lockwood, with fifteen men, sailed from Baltimore for St. John on June 14th, 1881. The Proteus sailed for Lady Franklin Bay on July 4th. One month later

THE PARTY ENTERED CAMP

at that point, and the Proteus returned to St. John, bringing a cheerful letter from Lieutenant Greely, announcing that the party had settled at Discovery Harbor, and were all well. From that time, August 18th, 1881, to July 17th, 1884, no news was received from the expedition.

ATTEMPTS AT RELIEF.

It was understood before Greely sailed that every year a steamer would be sent to him with fresh supplies and with recruits to take the place of the sick men in his party. In 1882, accordingly, the steamship Neptune was fitted out and placed in charge of Mr. M. W. Beebe. She sailed from St. Johns on July 8th, 1882. On July 28th she passed the Carey Islands. On the 29th she passed Littleton Island, but encountered a barrier of ice that checked further progress. She made another effort a week later to reach the party, and succeeded in getting within one hundred and fifty miles of their camp; but the ice did not open, and accordingly caches were established on Cape Sabine and Littleton Island, and the Neptune returned to St. Johns, N. F. The failure to reach Greely caused much disappointment, but no apprehension as to his safety.

In 1883 Lieutenant E. A. Garlington, of the Seventh Cavalry, was selected to command the second relief expedition. He sailed from St. Johns, N. F., on June 29th, in the steamer Proteus, the ship that landed Greely at Lady Franklin Bay two years before. He was followed by the United States Steamer Yantic, which was to serve as a supply ship. The Proteus reached Pandora Harbor on July 22d. No ice was visible to the north, and Payer Harbor, near Cape Sabine, was entered the same afternoon. After a very short stop the ship proceeded until within four miles of Cape Albert, where the ice prevented further progress.

Garlington, against the wishes of Captain Pike, determined to make an effort to push through the pack. Soon after entering it the vessel was terribly nipped, and the ice began to crush through her sides. The ship settled slowly, hung for a moment on the ice, and then sank out of sight, her yards catching on the ice floe on both sides, and breaking in two as she went down. Some of the stores that had been thrown upon the ice were landed on Cape Sabine. The party reached Upernavik in rowboats, and there boarded the Yantic.

This failure created a decided feeling of alarm for the safety of Lieutenant Greely. Congress voted ample funds to enable the Navy Department to fit out a third expedition. The Bear, a steam sealer, was purchased in Newfoundland, and the Thetis, a steam whaler, in Dundee, Scotland. The British Government presented the steamer Alert, and another vessel, the Loch Garry, was chartered as a collier. The expedition was placed under the command of Commander W. S. Schley, of the United States Navy. The Bear, commanded by Lieutenant Emory, sailed on April 24th. The flagship Thetis followed a week after, and soon after the other ships sailed. The expedition cost upward of $1,000,000.

The rescue party had a continuous battle with the ice, forcing their way by ramming and the use of torpedoes until June 18th, when they entered clear water off Cape York. Being then in a position in which information of Greely might be looked for, parties were at once sent to scour the adjacent hills for records.

FINDING THE PARTY.

In about an hour a cheer was heard, but in the high wind that was blowing it was impossible to locate the direction from which it came. Soon after a seaman came running toward the ship shouting, "We have found the Greely party!" Coming on board he brought records, which had been found by Lieutenant Taunt on the top of Brevoort Island. They were dated October 21st, 1883, signed by Lieutenant Greely, and contained the news of the retreat from Fort Conger, the arrival of the party at Baird Inlet all well, the location of Camp Clay, and stated briefly the quantity of provisions available. The general recall was hoisted on board both ships, the whistles sounded to attract attention to it, and the Bear's steam launch, which had been lowered to assist in the search along the coast, was immediately sent, in charge of Lieutenant Colwell, to the scene of the encampment. Shortly after this Ensign Harlow signalled from shore, "I have found the Greely record. Send five men." He had discovered a record, dated October 23d, signed by Lockwood, and a cache, which contained the scientific papers and instruments.

The rescuers were soon at the spot indicated, and there witnessed

A PITIFUL SIGHT.

A correspondent of the New York *Times*, on board the Thetis, thus describes it: "Some one was seen on the ice signalling with flags. Your correspondent ran forward and took the message as follows: 'Send doctor with stretchers and Harlow with photograph machine; *seven alive.*' When it came to the last two words I made him repeat them. With what careful interest I watched them no one can realize. It might be D-E-A-D, but no; A-L-I-V-E waved plainly through the air, and the fate of the Greely party was known on board the Thetis. Boats were lowered at once, manned with strong crews, and a party of officers and men started for the shore.

"Passing a small fire on which pots of milk were warming we came to the tent, under which lay four of the poor fellows. Two lay outside, one with his face swollen so that he could barely show by his eyes the wild excitement that filled his being. The other was muttering in a voice that could scarcely be heard in the howling of the gale his hungry appeal for food. Pushing aside the flags of the tent we saw a sight, the like of which we trust never to see again. Crowded together in the little of the tent that was left standing lay Greely and three of his men in their sleeping bags, their faces black with dirt. Their hollow cheeks and their gleaming eyes made a picture that we will never forget, and told a story that has but few rivals in the histories of miserable sufferings. The short glance revealed four men with the hand of death laid upon them; one, indeed, was gasping his last feeble breath while food and stimulants were forced between his teeth. The death of the other three would have occurred but for the arrival of relief in a very few hours. They could not move, and the gale was killing them in their weak and exhausted condition. So there they lay, waiting for death, unable to cook the pitiful ration of tanned oil, sealskin and lichens that they called their meal.

"Our glance was a short one. They were placed on litters and carried on board; their rags were removed, and they were tenderly warmed and fed." One of the survivors, however, was past saving, and in spite of all that could be done for him he died on board the ship. Another party was sent to the camp to bring away the bodies of the dead. Twelve only were found, the other five having been swept away by the waves, owing to their having been buried near the surface. The survivors were too weak to dig a deep grave.

GREELY'S STORY.

When they were sufficiently recovered, the survivors told their sad story. The most graphic version is that given by Sergeant Brainerd to the correspondent of the *Times*, and by him telegraphed to that journal. From that we give a few extracts:

"On landing," said Sergeant Brainerd, "we named our station 'Fort Conger,' in honor of Senator Conger. Observations meteorological, magnetic, tidal, astronomical, and other observations were begun at once, the first and third being taken hourly. A house was completed, and the party moved in during the first week in September. From this time we were employed during the remainder of the autumn in laying out depots and extending our knowledge of the country by interior explorations. Twenty musk oxen and a few ducks were shot soon after landing. Darkness began to creep upon us in the middle of October, though it was not until the latter part of December that it was finally upon us for the whole twenty-four hours. Winter amusements were then inaugurated, comprising debates, lectures, the publication of a newspaper, musical entertainments, etc. Each day was a counterpart of the one preceding it. Rules for health and exercise were prescribed and strictly enforced. They were, undoubtedly, of great benefit to us, especially the regulation insuring dryness of bunks and personal cleanliness. *No scurvy or any other serious disease* occurred during the two years' residence at Fort Conger.

"Christmas and New Year's were celebrated much the same as those days usually are in the Arctic regions, with games, good feeling, and sumptuous dinners. The thanks of the expedi-

on are due to Mrs. Greely, the wife of the ommander, for the crowning feature of the ristmas dinner—a superb plum pudding. ther friends had also remembered the party in most substantial manner, as the abundance of nfectionery and the other gifts would testi- ."

On January 16th they were visited by a ter- fic gale, which swept everything before it, stop- ng all observations for several hours, and con- ning the party to the house. It attained a elocity of seventy-five miles an hour, twisting e anemometer cups from their spindles and owing them away. In the latter part of Feb- ary an expedition was sent to examine the ate of the ice in Robeson Channel. The report as favorable. On March 1st another party sited Hall's Rest, Thank God Harbor, and ached their destination on the evening of the ird day, very tired, cold, and depressed, but ere speedily restored under the genial influ- ice of a thimbleful of the English red-heart, hich by chance was discovered in one of their d rum casks. Although *stanch advocates of e blue ribbon*, this was an occasion when all felt at this course was not only justifiable, but at the case demanded some departure from e usual routine.

THE HIGHEST POINT NORTH.

On April 3d Lieutenant Lockwood, Sergeant rainerd, and the native driver Fred, with a am of eight dogs and a supporting party of six en, with Hudson Bay sledges, left the station extend the exploration of the English expedi- on on the north coast of Greenland. Ad- ancing all their supplies to the Polaris boat amp in Newman's Bay, they made their formal art on April 16th, crossing Breevort Penin- la by the already historical Gap Valley. On pril 29th the supporting party was turned back om Cape Bryant, and the little band of three en, with their dog team and provisions for venty-five days, turned their faces resolutely ward the north, with the intention of doing l that lay in the power of man to do. The orning of May 5th saw them at Cape Britan- a, and they *unfurled the American flag over*

AN UNEXPLORED LAND.

Before them all was new. They were passing p a coast which trended to the north-east, and hich before had never met the vision of civil- ed man. Their progress was greatly retarded y a severe storm, lasting for seven days; but ey struggled along through the thick atmos- here and driving storms day after day, sur- ounting all difficulties that opposed them. inally, however, while groping their way across wide fiord, all traces of the coast were oblitер- ted by the heavy drift, necessitating a delay of ver sixty hours to seek shelter. In order to conomize their provisions as much as possi- le they partook of only one meal every twenty- our hours. On May 13th the weary party had dvanced as far as the state of their provisions ould admit, and now stood on land at a higher orthern latitude than was ever before reached y mortal man. For 275 years brave navigators ad kept England's flag advanced beyond that f any other nation, but now the Stars and tripes floated proudly in the chilling breezes at higher point than the Union Jack had ever eached, in latitude 83° 24′ north, longitude 40° 6′ west.

After remaining at this point for two days, in rder to obtain satisfactory observations for heir position, the party began their return on he evening of May 15th, reaching Fort Conger n June 1st, after an absence of fifty-nine days. he farthest point reached was named Lock- vood Island, and an adjacent island was called fter Sergeant Brainerd, in honor of the two nen who had advanced the Stars and Stripes o a point nearer the pole than any of their redecessors have ever reached.

EXPLORING GRINNELL LAND.

During the year 1882 Lieutenant Greely made wo remarkable trips into the interior of Grin- ell Land, making important discoveries, which ot only added to their geographical knowledge, but also revealed physical conditions of the country hitherto unsuspected. His first trip was made in April with three men and Hudson Bay sledges. He was absent only eleven days, and travelled 250 miles, advancing into the interior by Conoybeare Bay.

His second trip of sixteen days was made in June and July. Only one companion, Sergeant Lynn, accompanied him. They carried packs during the greater part of the trip, the maximum weight being ninety pounds each. They travelled about fifty miles beyond the turning point of his former trips, discovering the Garfield and Conger range of mountains, Mount Chester A. Arthur, and several lakes and rivers. Lieutenant Greely ascended Mount Arthur 5000 feet, and was satisfied from the trend of the mountains that Grinnell Land, from Lieutenant Aldrich's furthest in 1876 extended due south. Although in the midst of the short Arctic summer the sufferings and hardships endured by Lieutenant Greely and Sergeant Lynn were of such a character as to determine them from repeating the experiment at any later period.

Their sufferings on this trip stand out conspicuously as among the most trying in the annals of Arctic travelling.

PREPARING FOR A RETREAT

The second winter's routine was almost a repetition of the first. During this year, as previously, all birthdays and festivals were celebrated by fine dinners and varied amusements. The sanitary rules were, if anything, more rigidly enforced than formerly. In addition to his other duties, which occupied his time for about eight hours daily, Lieutenant Greely conducted *an evening school* for those who desired to attend. On February 1st, 1883, twenty-six days before the return of the sun, Sergeant Brainerd was sent toward Cape Baird with a dog team to establish a depot of provisions for the retreat in boats, in the event of a ship not arriving. The depot was supplemented by other loads during the following months, and a preliminary trip was made to Cape Summer, Newman Bay, starting on March 10th. Lieutenant Lockwood, Sergeants Brainerd, Jewell, and Ellison, with the two native drivers, composed the party. A large cache of provisions placed at Cape Summer was the result of this trip. The same party, excepting Ellison, made their final start from Fort Conger on March 27th, with an excellent equipment, intending to travel north-east along the Greenland coast, and extend their discoveries of the previous years. In this they were fated to be disappointed. Six days of rapid travel brought them to Black Horn Cliffs, when their further progress was barred by a lane of water fifty yards wide extending along the coast. The interior of the country was thoroughly explored, but no practicable route for sledging was found.

THE PERILOUS JOURNEY.

The ice began breaking up early in August under the influence of high southerly gales. On the 9th of that month a lane had formed across Archer's Fiord opposite the western entrance. Taking advantage of it the party ran across to Cape Baird with the Lady Greely, having in tow the Valorous and Narwhal. At this point the iceboat Beaumont and depot of provisions were taken, and the party assigned to boats. Leaving this place at midnight the boats passed around Cape Reiber, taking on the 48 rations of corned beef at Cape Cracroft. The depots at Carl Ritter Bay and Cape Collinson were taken. That at Collinson was found deficient of a barrel of bread, a keg of rum, a keg of alcohol, and all small stores—tea, sugar, potatoes, etc. About fifteen miles north of Cape Lawrence they were frozen in the ice for five days, but a north-west gale liberated the boats, and at the same time opened a lane for escape. After many trials, hardships, and narrow escapes- from being crushed by the moving pack the party reached Cape Hawkes on August 26th. Two of the party's boats—the Lady Greely and Valorous were abandoned on September 10th near Cape Camperdown, the party retreating over the floes toward land with their two remainng boats and provisions They advanced at the rate of one mile per day, it being necessary to make four trips. Their only sledge having received a severe strain, it became necessary to abandon the boat Narwhal in order to save it, the loss of which would have been a fatal blow to the party. Twice the land seemed within their grasp, but both times they were driven back into Kane's Sea by southerly gales.

STARVING AND FREEZING.

During a north-west gale the ice floe was caught among the grounded icebergs in Baird Inlet, and the party escaped to the shore on the north side of the inlet on September 29th. They at once began the erection of winter quarters, it being impracticable to cross to Greenland with the single boat and the channel full of rapidly drifting ice. Later the party established themselves at Camp Clay, four miles north-west of Cape Sabine, near the Proteus wreck cache. On November 1st their rations were reduced to eleven from thirteen ounces. For a month previous to this they had been on half rations. By this date the caches were all collected, a careful inventory made, and their calculations made to extend them until March 1st at the established rations, leaving ten days on a slightly increased scale, to enable them to cross Smith's Sound to Littleton Island.

A miserable hovel had been constructed in October, twenty-two by twenty-five feet, covered with canvas, and into this the party crowded. Their sleeping bags were spread on the ground and became frozen down, so that it was impossible to move them. The frost penetrated to the interior of the bags, causing the occupants much suffering. A small pair of scales were made, and the work of issuing provisions was turned over to Sergeant Brainerd by the commanding officer. Rice, Lynn, Ellison, and Frederick were sent to Cape Isabella on November 1st to secure the 144 pounds of English meat. Ellison was badly frost-bitten during a severe gale, in a temperature of 30° below zero. He was brought in on the 12th of November. His feet were removed in February, and his fingers had also to be removed. The minimum temperature in January was 50° below zero. High gales prevailed all winter, preventing the sound from closing.

The party now had to depend on their own resources for food. A few donkeys, ptarmigans, and foxes were shot in March, and a small bear and seal in April. The amount of meat furnished by all was very small.

The fatal blow to the party occurred on April 30th, by the drowning of their remaining native, Jaens, and the loss of his kyack and best rifle. Without the kyack no hope for seals could be entertained. Rice and Fredericks volunteered to go to Baird Inlet to secure the English meat abandoned by them the previous autumn, when Ellison was frozen. Starting on April 6th they took seven days' provisions, at the rate of about twelve ounces of food daily to each. They encountered terrific gales, and in one of them on the fourth day Rice died from exposure and exhaustion in Baird Inlet. He was buried in the ice by his companion, who himself narrowly escaped death. Words cannot convey the feelings of gratitude to those brave men for their daring efforts to succor their companions. Before the departure of Rice he had caught a few shrimp with nets, using donkey skins for bait. Sergeant Brainerd afterward became the shrimper, and continued in the service until the last of the bait was used, a few days before the arrival of the relief ships. These marine animals were very small, there being about 800 to the ounce. By some they are known as sea flies. They possess very little or no nutriment, as the deaths in the party will testify. Sea weed was also used in small quantities until the fisherman was too weak to get more. *The last provisions* were issued on May 12th, and from that date the party subsisted on lichens, moss, saxifrage, sealskin, both boiled and roasted, and a little tea, until the arrival of the relief ships.

RESCUED NONE TOO SOON.

When rescued a southerly gale had been blowing for over sixty hours. The tents were blown down, and their weight was resting on the party, who were endeavoring to shelter themselves in their bags. For twenty-four hours they had eaten nothing, and their strength was passing rapidly. Connell would most likely have died in a few hours, and the strongest of the survivors would not have been alive in three days more.

During the past few days horrible stories have been circulated to the effect that the party, during their horrible sufferings at Cape Sabine, were so crazed that they ate the flesh of their dead comrades. At present there has been no confirmation of the dreadful statement, and Lieutenant Greely has explicitly stated that he had no knowledge of it. If it was done at all it was done by stealth by individual members of the party when he was too weak to leave the tent.

THE RESULTS

of the expedition are thus summarized by the New York *Sun*:

"The Greely party, up to the day its struggle for life began at Cape Sabine, will be ranked by Arctic enthusiasts as one of the most brilliantly successful of Arctic expeditions. Geographers had hoped for great things from it. It took north a better outfit, especially for sledge travelling, than any preceding expedition. It was believed that, if circumstances were not greatly adverse, it would not fail to extend our knowledge of the shores that bound the great sea north of Grant Land. But the most sanguine geographers did not venture to hope that Greely would bring back with him the large amount of material he has gathered for completing the map of that part of the polar basin.

"In a latitude where one season sufficed to wear out Nares's two ships' crews with scurvy, Greely's little band passed two years with health and vigor, that were impaired neither by Arctic nights one hundred and forty days long nor by the terrible toils of the spring and summer travelling. In a latitude where Hall's boats and sledges advanced less than forty miles north of his winter quarters, Lockwood dragged his sledge about two hundred miles north-east of Discovery Harbor, four miles north of the highest latitude previously attained, and eighty miles further than the point reached by Beaumont on the same route. Dr. Pavy and Lieutenant Lockwood proved that Lincoln Sea during two successive seasons was full of floating ice, instead of being the perpetually frozen ocean that Nares described. Greely and Lockwood, in their journeys into Grinnell Land, virtually outlined its western shores for two degrees of latitude, proving that Grant Land is a peninsula connected with Grinnell Land by an isthmus.

"But, after all, Greely's greatest achievement was his journey last fall nearly two hundred and fifty miles down Smith Sound, at a time of year when successful sledge and boat expeditions have never before been made in that terribly difficult channel. Most geographers believed that the advancing darkness of September, its wild storms, and the crashing and jumbling of the Smith Sound ice floes, made it practically impossible for Greely to reach Cape Sabine in the fall. He triumphed, however, over nature, only to be nearly defeated at last by the inexcusable negligence of man."

Greely had plenty of food with him at Lady Franklin Bay, but he was ordered to retreat from there in the fall of 1883 if not relieved before. It was well understood that in such a retreat he could not carry provisions with him; the Government therefore promised to deposit stores of provisions on his route. They failed to do so, and the horrors of Cape Sabine and the death of seventeen men are the direct result of their deplorable incapacity. Lieutenant Greely and the survivors would have died also if Senator Ingalls and his supporters had succeeded in the efforts they made to delay the relief expedition this year.

RELIGION IN DRESS.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Whose adorning let it not be . . . . putting on of apparel."—1 Peter 3 : 3.

The First Wardrobe of Dark Green—Beauty in Nature's Wardrobe—Fashion in Heaven—The Victims of Fashion — Masculine Devotees—Chewing, Smoking, Gluttony—The Influence of Inordinate Devotion to Fashion—I. Fraud—Historical Examples — Men Strangled with their Wives' Ribbons—II. The Foe of Almsgiving—A Deacon's Unanswered Question—III. Causes Distraction in Worship—IV. It Belittles the Intellect—V. Excludes from Heaven—VI. Produces Miserable Life—Two Ghastly Death-Beds.

That we should all be clad is proved by the opening of the first wardrobe in Paradise, with its apparel of dark green. That we should all, as far as our means allow us, be beautifully and gracefully apparelled, is proved by the fact that God never made a wave but He gilded it, or a tree but He garlanded it with blossoms, or a sky but He studded it with stars, or allowed the smoke of a furnace to ascend but He columned and turreted and domed and scrolled it into outlines of indescribable gracefulness. When I see the apple-orchards of the spring and the pageantry of the autumnal forests I come to the conclusion that if Nature ever does join a Church, while she may be a Quaker in the silence of her worship, she never will be a Quaker in the style of her dress.

Why the notches on a fern-leaf or the stamen of a water-lily? Why, when the day departs, does it let the folding-doors of heaven stay open so long, when it might go in so quickly? One summer morning I saw an army of a million spears, each one adorned with a diamond of the first water—I mean the grass with the dew on it. When the prodigal came home, his father not only put a coat on his back, but jewelry on his hand. Paul says in his Epistle, "If a woman have long hair, it is a glory unto her." There will be as much

FASHION IN HEAVEN

as on earth, but it will be a different kind of fashion. It will decide the color of the dress; and the population of that country, by inexorable law, will wear white and stainless garments.

I say these things as a background to my sermon, to show you that I have no prim, precise, prudish, or cast-iron theories on the subject of human apparel. But the goddess of fashion has set up her throne in this country, and at the sound of the timbrels we are all expected to fall down and worship. The Old and New Testament of her Bible are *Madame Demorest's Magazine* and *Harper's Bazar*. Her altars smoke with the sacrifice of the bodies, minds, and souls of ten thousand victims. In her temple four people stand in the organ-loft, and from them there comes down a cold drizzle of music, freezing on the ears of her worshippers. This goddess of fashion has become a rival of the Lord of heaven and earth; and it is high time that we unlimbered our batteries against this idolatry.

When I come to count

THE VICTIMS OF FASHION

I find as many masculine as feminine. Men make an easy tirade against woman, as though she were the chief worshipper at this idolatrous shrine, and no doubt there are men in the more conspicuous part of the pew who have already cast glances to the more retired part of the pew, their look a prophecy of a generous distribution to others of the more cogent parts of my discourse. My sermon shall be as appropriate for one end of the pew as for the other. Men are as much the idolaters of fashion as women, but they throw themselves on a different part of the altar. With men, the fashion goes to cigars, and club-rooms, and yachting parties, and wine-suppers. In the United States the men chew up and smoke one hundred millions of dollars' worth of tobacco every year. That is their fashion.

In London, not long ago, a man died, who started life with seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but he ate it all up in gluttonies, sending his agents to all parts of the earth for some rare delicacy for the palate, sometimes one plate of food costing him three or four hundred dollars. He ate up his whole fortune, and he came down, and had only one guinea of money left, and with that he bought a woodcock, and had it dressed in the very best style, ate it, gave two hours for digestion, then walked out on Westminster Bridge, and threw himself into the Thames, and died, doing on a large scale what you and I have often seen done on a small scale.

MASCULINE DEVOTEES.

But men do not abstain from millinery and elaboration of skirt through any superiority of humility. It is only because such appendages would be a blockade to business. What would sashes and trails three and a half yards long do in a Wall Street stock market? And yet men are the disciples of fashion just as much as women. Some of them wear *boots so tight* they can hardly walk in paths of righteousness. And there are men who buy expensive suits of clothes and never pay for them, and who go through the street in great stripes of color like animated checker-boards, and suggest to one that, after all, Tweed in prison dress may have got out of the penitentiary.

Then there are multitudes of men who, not satisfied with the bodies the Lord gave them, are padded, so their shoulders shall be square, carrying around a small cotton plantation! And I understand a great many of them now paint their eyebrows and their lips; and I have heard from good authority that there are multitudes of men in Brooklyn and New York—men—things have got to such an awful pass—multitudes of *men wearing corsets!*

I say these things, because I want to show you that I am impartial in this discussion, and that in my discourse both sexes, in the language of the Surrogate's office, shall "share and share alike." As God may help me this morning, I shall show you what are the destroying and deathful

INFLUENCES OF INORDINATE FASHION.

I. The first baleful influence is in *fraud, illimitable and ghastly*. Do you know that Arnold of the Revolution proposed to sell his country in order to get money to supply his wife's wardrobe? I declare here before God and this people that the effort to keep up expensive wardrobes in this country is sending many business men to temporal and eternal perdition. What was it that sent Gilman to the penitentiary, and Philadelphia Morton to the watering of stocks, and the life-insurance presidents to perjured statements about their assets, and has completely upset our American finances? What was it that overthrew Belknap, the United States Secretary at Washington, the crash of whose fall shook the continent?

But why should I go to these infamous defaultings to show what men will do in order to keep up great home style and expensive wardrobe, when you and I know scores of men who are put to their wits' end and are lashed from January to December in the attempt to keep up great home style. Our Washington politicians may theorize until the expiration of their terms of office as to the best way of improving our monetary condition in this country; it will be of no use, and things will be no better, until we learn to put on our heads and backs and feet and hands no more than we can pay for!

There are clerks in stores and banks on limited salaries, who, in the vain attempt to keep the wardrobe of their family as showy as other wardrobes, are dying of muffs, and diamonds, and camel's-hair shawls, and high hats, and they have nothing left except what they give to cigars and wine-suppers, and they die before their time, and they will expect us ministers to preach about them as though they were the victims of early piety, and after a high-toned funeral, with silver handles at the side of their

coffin, of extraordinary brightness, it will be found out that in the act of dying and going to Greenwood they swindled the undertaker out of his legitimate expenses. Do not send to me to preach the funeral sermon of a man who dies like that. I will blurt out the whole truth, and tell that he was strangled to death by his wife's ribbons.

The country is dressed to death. You are not surprised to find that the putting up of one public building in New York cost millions of dollars more than it ought to have cost when you find out that the man who gave out the contracts paid more than five thousand dollars for his daughter's wedding dress. The cashmeres of a thousand dollars each are not rare on Broadway. It is estimated that there are five thousand women in these two cities who have expended on their personal array two thousand dollars a year. What are men to do in order to keep up such home wardrobes? Steal —that is the only respectable thing it seems to them they can do.

During the last fifteen years there have been innumerable fine businesses

SHIPWRECKED ON THE WARDROBE.

The temptation comes in this way: A man thinks more of his family than he does of all the world outside, and if they spend the evening in describing to him the superior wardrobe of the family across the street, that they cannot bear the sight of, the man is thrown on his gallantry and his pride of family, and, without translating his feelings into plain language, he goes into extortion and issuing false stock, and skilful penmanship in writing somebody else's name at the foot of a promissory note; and they all go down together—the husband to the prison, the wife to the sewing machine, the children to be taken care of by those who were called poor relations. Oh, for some new Shakespeare to arise and write

THE TRAGEDY OF CLOTHES;

Act the first of the tragedy—A plain but beautiful home. Enter, the newly-married pair. Enter, simplicity of manner and behavior. Enter, as much happiness as is ever found in one home.

Act the second—Discontent with the humdrum of life. Enter, envy. Enter, jealousy. Enter, desire of display.

Act the third—Englargement of expenses. Enter, all the queenly dressmakers. Enter, the French milliners.

Act the fourth—The tip-top of society. Enter, princes and princesses of New York life. Enter, magnificent plate and equipage. Enter, everything splendid.

Act the fifth and last—Winding up of the scene. Enter, the assignee. Enter, the sheriff. Enter, the creditors. Enter, humiliation. Enter, the wrath of God. Enter, the contempt of society. Enter, death. Now, let the silk curtain drop on the stage. The farce is ended, and the lights are out.

Will you forgive me if I say in tersest shape possible that some of the men in this country have to forge and have to perjure and have to swindle to pay for their wives' dresses? I do not care whether you forgive me or not.

II. Again, inordinate fashion is

THE FOE OF ALL ALMS-GIVING.

Men and women put so much in personal display that they often have nothing for God and the cause of suffering humanity. A Christian man cracks his Palais Royal glove clear across the back by holding on to the one cent too tight as he puts it into the poor-box. A Christian woman, at the story of the Hottentots, crying copious tears into a twenty-five-dollar handkerchief, and then giving a two-cent piece to the collection, thrusting it down under the bills so people will not know but it was a ten-dollar gold piece. One hundred dollars for incense to fashion. *Two cents for God.*

God gives us ninety cents out of every dollar. The other ten cents, by command of His Bible, belong to Him. Is not God liberal according to this tithing system laid down in the Old Testament—is not God liberal in giving us ninety cents out of a dollar, when He takes but ten? We do not like that. We want to have ninety-nine cents for ourselves and one for God. Now, I would a great deal rather steal ten cents from you than God. I think one reason why a great many people do not get along in worldly accumulation faster is because they do not observe this divine rule. God rises up and says: "Well, if that man is not satisfied with ninety cents of a dollar, then I will take the whole dollar, and I will give it to the man or woman who is honest with me."

The greatest obstacle to charity in the Christian Church to-day is the fact that men expend so much money on their stomachs and women expend so much money on their backs they have got nothing left for the cause of God and the world's betterment. In my first settlement at Belleville, New Jersey, the cause of missions was being presented one Sabbath, and a plea for the charity of the people was being made, when an old Christian man in the audience lost his balance, and said right out in the midst of the sermon: "Mr. Talmage, how are we to give liberally to these grand and glorious causes when our families dress as they do?" I did not answer the question. It was the only time in my life when I had nothing to say.

III. Again, inordinate fashion causes

DISTRACTION IN WORSHIP.

You know very well there are a good many people who come to church just as they go to the races, to see who will come out ahead. What a flutter it makes in church when some woman with extraordinary display of fashion comes in! "What a love of a bonnet!" says some one. "What a perfect fright!" say five hundred. For the most merciless critics in the world are fashion critics. Men and women with souls to be saved passing the hour in wondering where that man got his flamboyant cravat or what store that woman patronizes. In many of our churches the preliminary exercises are taken up with the discussion of wardrobes. It is pitiable. Is it not wonderful that the Lord does not strike the meeting-houses with lightning?

What distraction of public worship! Dying men and women, whose bodies are soon to be turned into dust, yet before three worlds strutting like peacocks, the awful question of the soul's destiny submerged by the question of Creedmoor polonaise and navy blue velvet with long fan train skirt, long enough to drag up the church aisle, the husband's store, office, shop, factory, fortune, and the admiration of half the people in the building. Men and women come late to church to show their clothes. People sitting down in a pew, taking up a hymn book, all absorbed at the same time in personal array, to sing:

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place!"

I turn Episcopalian long enough to say, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

IV. Insatiate fashion also

BELITTLES THE INTELLECT.

Our minds are enlarged or they dwindle just in proportion to the importance of the subject on which we constantly dwell. Can you imagine anything more bedwarfing to the human intellect than the study of fashion? I see men on the street who, judging from their elaboration, I think must have taken two hours to arrange their apparel. After a few years of that kind of absorption, which one of McAlister's magnifying-glasses will be powerful enough to make the man's character visible?

What will be left of a woman's intellect after giving years and years to the discussion of such questions as the comparison between knife-plaits and box-plaits, and borderings of gray fox fur or black martin, or the comparative excellence of circulars of repped Antwerp silk lined with blue fox fur or with Hudson Bay sable? They

ALL LAND IN IDIOCY,

the first stages or the last stages. I have seen men at the summer watering-places, through fashion the mere wreck of what they once were —sallow of cheek, meagre of limb, gone in at the chest; showing no animation save in rushing across a room to pick up a lady's fan; simpering along the corridors the same compliments they simpered twenty years ago. The fools of fashion are myriad. Fashion not only destroys the body, but it makes idiotic the intellect.

EXCLUDES FROM HEAVEN.

V. Yet, my friends, I have given you only the milder phase of this evil. *It shuts a great multitude out of heaven.* The first peal of thunder that shook Sinai declared, "Thou shalt have no other god before me," and you will have to choose between the goddess of fashion and the Christian God. There are a great many seats in heaven, and they are all easy seats, but not one seat for the devotee of fashion. You could not sail up the harbor of heaven with that rigging. You would be fired on as a blockade-runner. Heaven is for meek and quiet spirits. Heaven is for those who think more of their souls than they do of their bodies. Heaven is for those who have more joy in Christian charity than they have in fashionable attire.

Why, if you, with your idolatry of fashion, should somehow get into heaven, you would be for putting a French roof on the "house of many mansions," and making plaits and Hamburg embroidery and flounces in the robes of eternal life, and you would be for introducing amid the queens of heaven the patterns of Butterick's *Quarterly Delineator.* Give up this idolatry of fashion, or give up heaven. What would you do standing beside the Countess of Huntingdon, whose joy it was to build chapels for the poor; or with that Christian woman of Boston, who fed fifteen hundred children of the street at Faneuil Hall on New Year's Day, giving out, as a sort of doxology at the end of the meeting, a pair of shoes to each one of them; and those Dorcases of modern society who have consecrated their needles to the Lord, and who will get reward for every stitch they take.

Oh, men and women, give up the idolatry of fashion. The rivalries and the competitions of such a life are a stupendous wretchedness. You will always find some one with brighter array, and with more palatial residence, and with lavender kid glove that makes a tighter fit. And if you buy this thing, and wear it, you will wish you had bought something else.

VI. The frets of such a life will bring the crows feet to your temples before they are due, and when you come to die, you will have

A MISERABLE TIME.

I have seen men and women of fashion die, and I never saw one of them die well. The trappings off, there they lay on the tumbled pillow, and there were just two things that bothered them—a wasted life and a coming eternity. I could not pacify them, for their body, mind, and soul had been exhausted in the worship of fashion, and they could not appreciate the Gospel. When I knelt by their bedside they were mumbling out their regrets, and saying, "O God! O God!" Their garments hung up in the wardrobe, never again to be seen by them. Their God cast them off. Without any exception, so far as my memory serves me, they died without hope, and went into eternity unprepared.

The two most ghastly death-beds on earth are the one where a man dies of delirium tremens and the other where a woman dies after having sacrificed all her faculties of body, mind, and soul in the worship of fashion. My friends, we must appear in judgment to answer for what we have worn on our bodies, as well as for what repentances we have exercised with our souls. Christ announced who would make up the royal family of heaven when He said, "Whosoever doeth the will of God, the same is my brother, my sister, my mother."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Beneficial Trip.—The Rev. Mr. Andrews said at a recent meeting: "One night recently, at the close of our evening service, a young man, who had just come to town from the country to see his father's grave in the southern Necropolis, stayed to be directed to the Lord Jesus. When he came to a decision for the Lord, I asked him, 'How did you happen to enter the Church to-night?' He answered, 'I was passing, and stopped to listen to the outside singing, and (pointing to one of our workers) this young man gripped me and took me in.' That is just how the problem of reaching our non-church going people will be solved. Let every Christian grip one, and bring him or her in, and our empty churches will soon be filled, and multitudes of weary sinners be led to Christ."

A Manufacturer's Success in Life.—The Rev. Mr. Gault said: "Very many of our active business men who, though they are really Christians, profess not to have time to spend in reading the Bible, meditating thereon, and prayer every day; and only do so at any irregular time which may happen to lie on their hands, or when their conscience rebukes them about it. In this they fail to promote their spiritual interests as well as their temporal interests, which would be benefited by setting aside a season for prayer and Bible study every day. One large and successful manufacturer of woollen materials in England set aside two hours every morning before going to business for prayer, meditation, and Bible reading, and to this fact he ascribed his success in life."

A Son's Unavailing Sorrow.—Mr. Gilbert Forbes related: "One night last Autumn a stalwart young man, in a state of great agitation, came to our meeting, and asked for a worker to visit his aged mother, who was dying. It was impossible to comply with the request at the moment, as the meeting was being conducted when he entered the church; but at the conclusion, another worker and myself went with him to his home. It was not by any means an uncomfortable home; on the contrary, it was well furnished, and very clean and cosey. The son, when we entered, fell, rather than sat down, upon a chair, and burst into an agony of weeping and sobbing; 'Speak to her! pray for her!' he cried; 'She wasn't a Christian!' But, alas! it was too late. When we looked, we saw the body of a woman over eighty years old, who had never accepted the Saviour's gracious aid. It will be long ere I forget the stern, dark look which death left upon her features."

Praying for Their Husbands Ten Years.—"I knew two women who prayed for their husbands for ten years. The faith of one of the women grew very weak, and she said to the other, 'I have prayed for my husband for ten years, and I think God does not mean to save him, or else He would have heard my prayers before this. I am now going to give it up.' 'Well,' answered the other, 'I have done the same, but I will not give up praying for my husband till it is the unmistakable will of God to answer my prayers.' This firm and devout reply strengthened the faith of the weaker sister, and both wives continued pleading with God on behalf of their husbands; and within a week of their conversation they had the great joy of seeing them converted to Christ. 'Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' This is the word and promise of Him who is true and faithful."

A Bishop Disguised as a Beggar.—Mr. Napier related: "Archbishop Usher heard so much of the holy life led by Samuel Rutherford that he wished to see him at home without himself being known. Disguising himself as a beggar one Saturday evening, he applied for alms and a night's lodging at the rectory. It was freely and hospitably given him. When the household was called into the parlor for family worship, he was invited to join with them. Following her usual practice, Mrs. Rutherford asked him, 'How many commandments are there?' 'Eleven,' was the stranger's answer. Very much shocked at what she deemed his ignorance, she gave him a lecture on the subject, which he meekly listened to without replying. In the morning he made himself known to Rutherford, who asked him to preach, which he did, taking for his text John 13 : 34. Then Mrs. Rutherford saw that there *was* an *eleventh* commandment, which included all the other ten.

A Curse on the House.—A Convert Said: "'The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked,' were the words which first awakened me to a sense of my sins. They were not uttered in any meeting, but I read them quietly at my own fireside. I was a heavy drinker, so that my wife had an extra hard time of it when illness entered our family and laid one child after another on a sick-bed. One night, during this trying time, I kept sober enough to watch the children, so that my wife might have a few hours rest. Feeling the time hang heavily on my hands, I read the Bible, which my wife had left lying open on the table, till I came on these awful words. They did not affect me much at the time, but when on Christmas morning one boy died, and soon after another, they recurred to my mind, and I felt that the curse of God was, indeed, in my house. Since then, however, I have found the blessing of pardon through faith in Christ, and His blood has cleansed me from my sins, and secured my peace with God."

THE EARTHQUAKE.

The shock of earthquake which passed through the Middle States and part of New England on Sunday, August 10th, although it inflicted no damage, caused general alarm. Many people, too, were made ill by the peculiar sympathetic affection that generally disturbs those who perceive the strange motion of the earth, and which is very like sea-sickness. Others suffered from nervous distress, which in two cases was so severe as to cause death. Nearly every one was solemnized by realizing the

PRESENCE OF A VAGUE DANGER

and the existence of forces against which there could be no protection. We cannot be too thankful that there were none of the overwhelming disasters which accompanied the earthquake at Ischia in July of last year. It would be appalling to imagine the fearful destruction of life that would take place in New York, with its twelve and fifteen-story buildings, were such an earthquake to visit it as other lands have experienced. Hitherto the city has been mercifully preserved, though the records of the daily press and our own observation remind us that its preservation is not due to its superior virtue. It has had no more severe shock than that of October 20th, 1870, which, like that of August 10th, did no material injury.

Science has as yet failed to account for these alarming motions of the earth's crust.

THE POPULAR NOTION

is that they are due to the contraction going on as the earth continues to cool, and the increasing tension following, when every difference of atmospheric or astronomical phenomena may have an influence. Another theory advanced is that they are caused by the movement of gases generated in the world's interior. But so complex is the phenomenon of earthquakes, that it has not yet been mastered.

To the Christian observer of the signs of the times, the earthquake recalls pre-eminently the thought of the nearing approach of Christ's Second Advent. True, the earthquakes since His ascension have been numerous, and in the past immeasurably more disastrous than in our times; but as we never sit down to the Lord's Supper without remembering the night of its institution, so the recurrence of these inexplicable and ominous phenomena bring again to the mind the

SOLEMN WORDS

of the Saviour: "There shall be famines, and pestilences, *and earthquakes*, in divers places. And these are the beginnings of sorrows" (Matt. 24 : 7). All these have come and passed in the interval since those words were spoken; men have looked for His coming, and have died without the sight; but we know that *that day will surely come*, and that when it does come, it will be preceded by such phenomena. It is our duty to be ever waiting and watching. As rain must have fallen many a day while the ark was building, and have ceased, yet on one day the flood came, and only Noah and his family were saved. So that day will probably find men concerned in speculating on the scientific causes of some recent earthquake, and calculating its direction and its speed, paying no heed to the warning it was sent to convey.

Earthquakes will play an important part in the

TROUBLES THAT WILL COME

on the world after the watchful Church has been withdrawn—caught up to meet her Lord in the air. Zechariah speaks (14 : 4) of a reft in the Mount of Olives, which, when it occurs, will doubtless be *attributed to an earthquake*, and men will flee as they "fled from before the earthquake in the days of Uzziah." In Revelation also the seer of Patmos, writing of his visions, is careful to note that the woes were in many cases heralded or accompanied by an earthquake. As

THE SIXTH SEAL

is opened, an earthquake takes place, which, in its appalling accompaniments, dwarfs all phenomena of the kind in the previous history of the world (Rev. 6 : 12). The sun will turn black and the moon crimson; stars will fall, and *every mountain and island will be moved* out of their places. Cyclones will be threatened, but will be held back by the four angels at the command of the angel ascending from the east bearing *the seal of the living God*. In a later chapter (Rev. 11 : 13) the same earthquake is again referred to, with the further information that the tenth part of the city will fall, and *seven thousand men* will be killed. But the greatest of all the earthquakes the world has ever seen will take place at the close of this dispensation, immediately prior to the ushering in of the Millennium. That will be

THE DAY OF ARMAGEDDON,

when the Antichrist and his forces will be overwhelmed, and when Christ Himself will manifestly appear in glory with the angels. Then there will be "an earthquake such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great" (Rev. 16 : 18).

How near those appalling days may be none can say, but there are signs which indicate that they cannot be far removed from our time. Gradually but surely the nations of the world are being ranged in the lines in which they will stand—like pieces on the world's chess-board—at that time. The old Roman world is being reconstituted, and statesmen, with no design to fulfil prophecy, are making treaties and alliances which will realize the very

COMBINATIONS THE PROPHETS SAW

in their visions. Looking beneath the surface, we see, too, the spirit at work which will attain its culmination in those days of trouble. The spirit of impatience of restraint, of frantic longing for the form of liberty which is license, of hatred of the rich and resistance to constituted authority, the increase of communistic socialism, and the desperate schemes of plotters who are working to produce anarchy—all indicate the approach of the predicted era. They are the forces gathering strength, which will ultimately blaze forth with

FRIGHTFUL HORROR.

We are told in the Bible what they will do; we see with our own eyes that they are preparing for their work. They are called social problems now, and the philosophers try to solve them;

but solved they never will be. They will grow more and more ominous, more and more intricate, until in the last great earthquake they and those who have hatched them are overwhelmed by the coming of the Prince of Peace.

Let not the memory of this earthquake pass into forgetfulness. It has a voice for the watchful Christian, reminding him of the signs of his deliverance. Unlike the earthquake Elijah felt, God is in the earthquake. Blessed are they who have recognized Him in "the still small voice" in which He speaks to those who love Him and have made full surrender of themselves to Him. They and only they have confidence in looking for His appearing, and can say with joyful hope, "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

OUR FAMOUS WOMEN.

A VALUABLE work, under the above title, has been issued by *Messrs. A. D. Worthington & Company, of Hartford, Conn.* It contains the biographies of thirty distinguished ladies, some of whom have won fame by their pens, others by their philanthropic deeds. This book derives additional merit from the fact that the lives it contains are not all from the same pen. The editor has exercised conspicuous discretion in selecting authors as well as subjects. In each case, the lady whose life and character are sketched, was personally known to the writer selected to describe her. The reader thus gets reliable and accurate knowledge at first hand, and learns many interesting personal details, which only a personal acquaintance could have furnished. The result has been a work of warm living interest, giving a flesh-and-blood impersonation to names with which we were before familiar, but which have been before this to the general public mere abstractions. We knew these ladies had done great things, and we were proud to claim them as American ladies, but we only knew them by their works; now we are enabled to know them and honor them for themselves.

The book contains the portraits and lives of Louisa M. Alcott, Clara Barton, Rose Terry Cooke, Charlotte Cushman, Mary Clemmer, Mary Mapes Dodge, Mary A. Livermore, Lucy Larcom, Maria Mitchell, Lucretia Mott, Louise Chandler Moulton, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Mary Virginia Terhune ("Marion Harland"), Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and Frances E. Willard. Also lives of Susan B. Anthony, Catherine E. Beecher, Mary L. Booth, the Doctors Blackwell, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Lydia Maria Child, Margaret Fuller, Abby Hopper Gibbons, Julia Ward Howe, Clara Louise Kellogg, Elizabeth Prentiss, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Anne Whitney.

The book is full of interesting anecdotes, from which we select a few as specimens of its general character.

The experience of

MISS CLARA BARTON

as a Government clerk is one of the most characteristic. She was taking a brief holiday in Washington after a severe ordeal as a teacher, when she became acquainted with a Government commissioner. "Just at this time, through the treachery of clerks, troubles had arisen in the Patent Office. Secrets had been betrayed, and great annoyance caused to inventors who had applied for patents. The commissioner was at a loss what to do, when Miss Barton was recommended to him as a person who could be trusted, and whose clear chirography and aptitude for business affairs well fitted her for the situation.

"Her services were at once secured. But although her new employment was less fatiguing than teaching, it was not without its trials. Hitherto male clerks only had been employed, and these men did not like to see their province invaded by a woman. They were perhaps the more displeased because they had brought her there by their own unfaithfulness, which could no longer profit them. They adopted the characteristic course of making her position as uncomfortable as they could, hoping to drive her from it by personal annoyance. *They ranged themselves* every morning in two rows against the walls of the long corridor through which she had to pass on her way to her desk, staring hard at her, and whistling softly as she went by. Miss Barton felt the insult keenly, but she determined to bear it for the sake of the principle involved. Day after day she passed through this ordeal, with her eyes upon the floor, seeing nothing of those two lines of indignant masculines but their boots.

"Failing to oust her in this way, they tried slander, but signally failed, her accusers instead of herself receiving their discharge. She suffered no further indignities of the kind, and remained in the Patent Office three years, doing her work so well that her books are still exhibited as models."

AN INSULT IN COLLEGE.

"Miss Elizabeth Blackwell went through an analogous experience when, as a pioneer of feminine study of surgery, she became a student in the college of Geneva, N. Y. It needed firm nerves to sit the one lady among the five hundred male students of the college, listening to the professors' lectures. She restricted herself for some time after her entrance into the college to a diet so rigid as almost to trench upon starvation, in order that no involuntary change of color might betray the feeling of embarrassment occasionally produced by the necessary plain-speaking of scientific analysis. . . .

"How necessary was this circumspection may be inferred from something which occurred in the lecture-room a short time after her admission. The subject of the lecture happened to be a very trying one; and while the lecturer was proceeding with his demonstration, a folded paper, evidently a note, was thrown down by some one in the upper tiers behind her, and fell upon her arm, where it lay, conspicuously white, upon the sleeve of her black dress. She felt, instinctively, that this note contained some gross impertinence, that every eye in the building was upon her, and that if she meant to remain in the college she must repel the insult, then and there, in such a way as to preclude the recurrence of any similar act. Without raising her eyes from her note-book, she continued to write, as though she had not perceived the paper; and when she had finished her notes she slowly lifted the arm on which it lay, until she had brought it clearly within view of every one in the building; and then, with a slight turn of the wrist, she caused the offensive missile to drop upon the floor. Her action, at once a protest and an appeal, was perfectly understood by the students, and in an instant the amphitheatre rang with their energetic applause, mingled with hisses directed against her cowardly assailant. Her position in the college was made from that moment, and not the slightest annoyance of the kind was ever again attempted throughout her stay."

A CHILD'S PROCESSION.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore is distinguished preeminently as the friend of the poor, the penitent, and the distressed. A friend says of her: "It is doubtful if there is another woman of the day who is more sought by forlorn and friendless women—women needing comfort, encouragement, assistance; women bankrupt in character, charged with crime, and awaiting trial; women who are called 'outcast,' and who are on the verge of suicide—than Mrs. Livermore. It is literally true of her that never in her life has she turned away either man or woman who has sought her in distress.

"Pretty stories are told us of her childhood, which show how early this kindly sympathy was implanted in her soul. As she a little girl went to school she was followed by a procession of timid children, the weak, or sick, or poor and ill-dressed, or otherwise 'unfit,' who were worsted by the ridicule or insult of their rougher and tougher mates. Mary's presence was 'hands off' to the biggest bully, and protection to the feeblest of her dependents. She took the law into her own hands, and was judge, jury, and executioner to the unlucky boy who attempted any insult to her dubious procession of ragged and unkempt children."

PREACHING BY STRATAGEM.

Lucretia Mott was crossing the Atlantic after her visit to Europe, and on board the merchant vessel on which she was, there were a number of Irish emigrants. She desired to hold a service among them in the steerage. "But they objected. They would not hear a woman preach, for women priests were not allowed in the Church. But the Spirit that was pressing on 'the woman preacher' was not to be prevented from delivering its message. She asked that the emigrants might be invited to come together to consider with her whether they would have a meeting. That seemed fair and just, so they came.

"She explained to them how different her idea of a meeting was from a church service, to which they were accustomed; that she had no thought of saying anything derogatory to that service, nor of the priests who ministered to them; that her heart had been drawn to them in sympathy, as they were leaving their old home for the new one in America; and that she had wanted to address them as to their habits and aims in their every-day life in such a way as to help them in the land of strangers to which they were going. And then asking them if they would listen (and they were already listening, because they could not help it), she said she would give an outline of what she wanted to say at the meeting. She was drawn on by the silent sympathy she had secured, until the whole of the Spirit's message was delivered—and only the keenest-witted of her Romanist hearers waked up to the fact, as they were going out, that they had listened to the preaching of 'the woman priest' after all."

A PREACHER PROTECTED BY A LOADED CANNON.

Abby Hopper Gibbons, the prison philanthropist, was fond of relating an incident which encouraged her in her labors among desperate convicts. "Near the close of the last century Dr. Rogers, of Philadelphia, one of the committee of the first society formed in America for relieving the miseries of public prisons, proposed to address a religious exhortation to the prisoners on Sunday. The keeper assured him that his life would be in danger. If the convicts were allowed to assemble together, it was feared that they would overpower the guard and escape, to rob and murder as they went.

"The sheriff finally granted an order for the holding of religious services. But the warden obeyed it with fear and trembling, and actually ordered a loaded cannon to be planted near the clergyman, *a gunner beside it with a lighted match*, while the motley worshippers were ranged in solid column, directly in front of their grim threatener. This is believed to have been the first attempt ever made in America to hold Sunday services in a jail."

HOW TO LIVE A CENTURY.

A suggestive remark of Amos Bronson Alcott is quoted in the course of the sketch of his daughter, Louise May Alcott. "It was, I think," says the author, "in February, 1882, I stood under an umbrella, in a light snow, waiting for a horse-car. Mr. Alcott came by and stopped to speak to me, with that wise yet genial smile which always seemed like a benediction. He said a few friendly sentences, and then I spoke of his book of 'Sonnets and Canzonets,' and asked, 'How is it, Mr. Alcott, that at eighty-two you are so vigorous and strong, and with a poet's heart alive in you yet?'

"'It is,' he said, '*because I have kept the ten commandments.* Men were meant to live a hundred years at least—only they have disobeyed the laws. Let us have several generations of people who live healthfully and keep the commandments, and we may have those who will be able to say, "I think I will not stop at a hundred years. I will live on."'"

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NOTICE.

AT the commencement of the new volume on January 1st, 1885,

The Christian Herald

WILL BE

ENLARGED.

The size of the pages will be increased in length and width, so that fifteen pages will contain as much reading matter as is contained in sixteen pages of the present size. The price of the paper will not be increased.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Another Statement Respecting the Tariff has been issued by Mr. Nimmo, chief of the Bureau of Statistics. This is the first statement showing for a full year the value of merchandise entered for consumption and the duties collected thereon, under the operations of the tariff act of March 3d, 1883, that act having taken effect on the first day of July, 1883. Merchandise for the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1884, was 41.72 per cent, as against 42.65 per cent. This statement exhibits a fall of *less than one per cent* in the average rate of dutiable merchandise. It appears, however, that there has been a change in the foreign mode of shipping, by which cases and coverings are now excluded from the calculation. Taking that into account, Mr. Nimmo thinks the reduction would be equal to five per cent on the value of dutiable goods. It will be remembered that the Tariff Commissioners placed the rate of reduction at twenty per cent, and estimated the result at forty or fifty millions. The actual result was a reduction of less than twenty millions.

The Imminent Financial Disaster before the country, arising from the enforced coinage of silver dollars, is causing general alarm among financiers and statesmen. At the American Bankers' Convention, held at Saratoga last week, the Hon. Hugh McCullogh presented the danger in forcible language. He said: "By continuing to coin the silver dollar we are not increasing to any considerable extent the amount of metallic money in circulation. We are filling the Treasury with dollars for which there is no demand. Instead of increasing the circulating medium, we are doing what must eventually produce *some contraction*. Unless our policy is changed the Government will, erelong, be compelled to pay a part, if not the whole, of the interest on its bonds, and of the principal at maturity, in silver dollars. When this point is reached gold will no longer be a circulating medium in the United States. It will be virtually demonetized, and become an article of merchandise. It will be locked up by the banks, hoarded by the people, or sent abroad. This will be *contraction* of the severest and worst possible nature, the effects of which upon the national credit and upon all our manifold enterprises will be to the last degree damaging." Citizens who understand this peril ought to exact a promise from the candidate for Congress for whom they vote, that he will work for the repeal of this most baneful law.

Mr. Blaine has Taken a Wise Course in commencing suit against a newspaper for libel. He has instructed counsel to sue the Indianapolis *Sentinel* for damages for having published a statement charging him with immorality. He denounces the statement as "utterly and abominably false," both in its direct assertions and its implications. Mr. Blaine says: "I am sure that honorable Democrats alike with honorable Republicans will justify me in defending the honor of my family, if need be with my life." Mr. Blaine is right, though as this is not war time there is no need for him to put his life in peril. Every one will wish him success in his suit, and it may be hoped that his action will do something toward checking the tendency displayed by the press of both sides to make this a campaign of mud.

The First Month of Prohibition in Iowa has passed with encouraging results for the temperance party, the Iowa correspondent of the *Advance* thus answers the question everywhere asked, "Does prohibition prohibit?" "It does wherever public sentiment demands it, and a fair trial can be secured. Saloons in the large river towns are run in defiance of the law, though it is asserted that in Burlington there have been several convictions and not more than half a dozen saloons are open. Here in Des Moines there is an evident determination to enforce the law. Several of the saloon-keepers have quit the business entirely. Others sell ginger ale and pop. Others are vending whiskey, wine, and beer, but secretly, and with one eye on the sheriff. Several arrests have been made, and so far every one has been convicted. On the whole, *the outlook is favorable.* Though the law has its defects, the temperance people can make it an instrument of which the saloon-keepers are afraid. The end is not yet. The fight will be a bitter one, but the cause is of God, and will go on."

Ex-Governor St. John's Statement of the claims the Prohibition party has on the support of the people, deserves the careful attention of Christian patriots. Speaking on August 14th at the Lyon's Camp Meeting, at Rochester, N. Y., he said: "All political power is inherent in the people, and the people propose to use it to protect their homes against the destructive influence of the 175,000 legalized saloons in this country. No evil to-day is so great as the liquor traffic. It is guilty of every crime known in the catalogue of crimes. It robs the poor of their money and the nation of its honor and manhood. It destroys homes, stuffs ballot-boxes, scoffs at virtue, and revels in vice. It has no conscience and knows no God, and ought to be condemned by the laws of the land. The Prohibitionists present to the country the only living issue of the hour that reaches the heart and conscience of the people, and they propose to press the matter until this measure is triumphant and blesses every home in the land. The political party, in the face of this great evil, that is afraid to stand up for the right ought to be and will be beaten. You say you do not want to throw away your vote. Remember that *no vote was ever lost that was cast for a principle.* Let it not be forgotten that the party or individual that dies battling for the right goes down with the blessed promise of a glorious resurrection. Prohibition is right, God is just, and the victory is sure to come."

General B. F. Butler's Address to the Irish-Americans in Boston, on August 14th, reveals the reason to those who did not know it before, why he has changed from party to party, and why comparatively so few people have any confidence in him, in spite of his conspicuous abilities. General Butler, in the course of his address, said: "As there is a God of nations and a God of battles, there can be but one outcome in Ireland—either freedom, or some hill which will be named Bunker Hill the second. We have a Government ready to stand by the rights of American citizens everywhere. There has been some difficulty about this. It is not impossible, with the blessing of God and the votes of the people, that we may find a Chief Executive somewhere who will improve matters." The only Irish-Americans who in visiting Great Britain require protection are the men who mix needle-points in the feed of horses and cattle, and who carry dynamite to explode in thoroughfares crowded with inoffensive people. All other Irish-Americans visit their native country with impunity, and need no protection from America. If General Butler desires the election of a President who would protect cowardly murderers, the less he says about "the blessing of God" the better. It is an ignoble way of angling for the Irish vote.

The Murderous Affray in Tennessee, Resulting from public hostility to the Mormon missionaries, cannot be justly regarded as a religious persecution, although that is the aspect in which Mormon sympathizers represent it. It was a lawless attempt to resist the spoliation of homes. During the past four years emissaries from Utah have been working in Lewis, Hickman, and Wayne counties, and they succeeded in making converts, in spite of the opposition of the general public. On August 10th a Mormon service was being held at Cane Creek, Lewis County, when a band of masked men, armed, appeared at the doors. The two men guarding the entrance to the meeting were killed, but not until one of the attacking party had also been shot. Two Mormon elders were shot down, and it is believed that a third, who was chased into the woods, was also killed. The perpetrators of this crime ought not to escape punishment. Their act was lawless and barbarous, and the State will be disgraced if they are not called to account for it. The fact that Mormonism is responsible for the Mountain Meadow Massacre and numberless other crimes does not justify retaliation in kind. If the citizens honestly desire to prevent the Mormon impostors deluding their daughters, there are legal ways of doing it, one of which is to send a different class of men to Congress.

Miss Clara Barton, the President of the American Association of the Red Cross, has been appointed by President Arthur to represent the United States at the International Convention of the Red Cross to be held at Geneva, Switzerland, on September 1st. She sailed on August 16th on the steamer City of Chester. Miss Barton anticipates a busy time at the convention. She said: "The questions to be discussed are important and interesting. We shall consider the training of nurses in the time of peace and all sanitary questions connected with service in the field; the relation in time of war between the military authorities and the societies; the means to be employed for establishing the identity of killed and wounded; the preparation of additional articles to the convention of Geneva conceived in the spirit of those of 1868; and the measures to be taken by the societies to prevent the abuse of the Red Cross badges. There are in all twenty-one important questions to be discussed."

The Work of the Civil Service League is not ended by the reforms effected by the Pendleton law. At the annual meeting of the League at Newport, R. I., Mr. George William Curtis said: "The immediate duty of the year before us is to urge to completion the repeal of the four years' laws, to secure the passage of other State reform bills, and to carry the reformed system still further into the municipal service. Unprecedented progress has been made in all these directions; but until this reform of administrative methods has become as much the irrevocable national and State policy as the personal freedom and equality before the law of every citizen, the work of this League and of the associations is not finished."

Another Bank Wreck, the Work of the Cashier, was announced on August 11th. Before the opening of business on that morning a notice was posted on the doors of the Wall Street Bank, in New York, that, owing to "irregularities" on the part of the cashier, the bank would remain closed until matters were investigated. It was stated that the deficiency amounted to half a million, which the cashier had misappropriated. He had absented himself from business, and the deficiency was discovered in his absence. He has not been found. It would appear that the bank directors have long been engaged in a risky business, of which one feature was the over-certification of cheques, and since the bank was taken out of the national system the practice has been extended. In a business of that kind the cashier's irregularities are not easily discovered. It is hoped that the depositors, who have in all about a million there, will not lose. The failure, however, inflicts another blow on public confidence, which has not yet recovered from the recent panic. Directors appear to forget that in failing to perform the duties of their position they deceive the people whom their names attract to the concern they are supposed to manage.

The Children's Missionary Ship, the Morning Star, launched on August 6th, will, it is expected, be ready for her trial trip on September 10th. She has been chartered to Honolulu, and Captain Bray hopes to start thither in her in November. She will carry sufficient freight to pay the expenses of the voyage. The ship's dimensions are: length, 131 feet 3 inches; beam, 29 feet 9 inches; depth, 12 feet 2 inches; gross tonnage, 471. Her engine is to be of 150 horse-power; masts, 3; rate of speed, 7 knots per hour. This is the largest steamer ever built for missionary uses. Her tonnage is 471.05. The carved figure-head upon her prow is a woman holding an open Bible in her left hand and pointing to it with the index finger of her right. On the stern is a large silver star, with golden rays shooting out from it, over which is the name, Morning Star, and beneath it, Boston, Mass. Several friends of Captain Bray have thoughtfully provided for his comfort and that of his wife, who sails with him, and of the missionaries who will be the passengers on the Morning Star on her voyages, by making useful presents as additions to the ship's equipment. Among them is a fine organ.

The Effort being Made by Herr Most and his friends to canonize Stellmacher should not be misunderstood by the workingmen. At the crowded meeting held in New York on August 11th, the chairman described Stellmacher as "a workingman, and therefore a noble man and an honest man." Workingmen of intelligence would consider that remark flattery; they know enough of their companions to be aware that there are workingmen who are neither noble nor honest, though happily the majority are both. Herr Most told them that they should honor Stellmacher's memory, should regard him as being enshrined in a Pantheon, and should swear eternal allegiance to his principles. The fact is that Stellmacher had no principles. He was a base, cowardly murderer, who, having committed two murders at least, was caught, tried, and executed in Vienna the other day. He was a worse man than Guiteau, who, in his wrong-headed, idiotic way, had an idea that he was somehow serving his country. Herr Most prophesied that Europe would some day be *a group of republics*, without a crowned head on the whole continent. He may be right; prophecy leads us to expect such a state of affairs; but we are warned that it will be of short duration, and will develop a despot more tyrannical, remorseless, and wicked than the world has yet seen—*the Antichrist*—whom Jesus will destroy at His coming.

The American and Foreign Christian Union, whose appeal for aid in the evangelization of France was recently mentioned in these columns, is, we learn, actively engaged in planting churches in various districts in which the pure Gospel has not been preached. The work being performed by Mr. McAll and other pioneers is through its efforts deepened, extended, and rendered permanent. The most cordial sympathy exists between the American and the English missions, as both are working for the same object and the same Master; but the modes of operation are different, and the missions are entirely distinct. Dr. Safford, of 43 Bible House, will be pleased to receive subscriptions and furnish information respecting the work.

An Interesting Scene was Witnessed Recently at Jerry McAuley's Cremorne Mission. Mr. Sutherland, better known by his old "stage name" of Senator Bob Hart, heard, during a visit to Boston, where he went to labor among his former theatrical associates, that an actor with whom he had played in the days before his conversion, had fallen into dissolute ways. He promised to seek the man out and try to lead him to Jesus. His efforts were fruitless; the man was not to be found. The matter preyed upon his mind, and one day he spent a long season in prayer to God that he might find his friend. That night, as he was on his way to Cremorne, he met him, and led him in triumph into the mission. There Mr. Sutherland and Jerry McAuley prayed for him until he was brought to his knees to pray for himself.

At the Meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, held at Ocean Grove, N. J., on August 5th, Mrs. Whittenmeyer forcibly presented the Prohibition argument by referring to the state of public opinion in Maine and of the subterfuges to which men resort to evade the law. She said: "When the liquor traffic hides in coffins and ash pans you may be sure that the law in Maine does prohibit. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has been lifting, little by little, this great burden from the people. Railroads and large corporations are calling for total abstainers, offering thereby a premium on total abstinence. We want to go down to the bed-rock and put Prohibition into the Constitutions of the States."

An Effort to Circulate Dr. Deems's Address to the School of Christian Philosophy, among the people of India, is being made. Among the audience listening to Dr. Deems at Key East was the Indian Methodist preacher, Baboo Ram Chandra Boze, whose portrait and life, appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 31, 1880. When Dr. Deems concluded, the Indian was so impressed with the clearness with which the speaker had set forth the condition of religion in this and other Christian lands that he said: "I could not but feel that if his discourse were published and circulated among educated natives in India it would do good, as these young men are being brought by gross misrepresentations to the erroneous belief that Christianity is dying in Christendom. I therefore stood up, stated my convictions, and requested the Institute to arrange to have it printed here, and circulated in India along with other select papers read under the auspices of the Institute." The Institute is without funds for the purpose, but it is thought that friends of Christian missions would subscribe for the project indicated by the Indian preacher. Sixty dollars were given on the spot. Subscriptions should be sent to Mr. Charles M. Davis, 4 Winthrop Place, New York.

UNDERSTANDEST THOU WHAT THOU READEST?

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him."—ACTS 8: 30-33.

A Remarkable Coincidence—Occurred by God's Directions—A Wild Young Man Converted—Hope of Reading Men—The Curse of Bad Books—Philip's Outspokenness—A Reciprocation of Intrusion—I. The Most Important Thing to be Understood—Contained in Philip's Text—II. The Test of Understanding—An Old Minister's Opinion of Unitarians—Signs of the Ethiopian's Conversion—Desire for Baptism—Rejoicing—A Student's Question—Bengel's Visitor—III. How to Obtain Understanding.

How this negro chamberlain of the Queen of Ethiopia came to be a proselyte we do not know. The book which he was so fond of reading may have been the means of leading him to worship the God of Abraham; certainly it has answered that purpose thousands of times. At any rate, he followed the light he had, and though he had not yet come to the full glory of Christianity, it was more than probable that he would do so, because he was evidently prepared to follow truth wherever her flaming torch should lead the way. Oh, that there were more candor among men in these latter days, and less of the prejudice which puts scales upon the eyes of the mind!

Having become a proselyte to the faith of Israel, the eunuch made a long and perilous journey to Jerusalem. After he had enjoyed the solemn feast he returned; and while he travelled along he read the Word of God. The book of the prophet Isaiah was the portion chosen for his meditation. Does it not strike you as being remarkable that he should be reading at that moment the best text that Philip could have selected? He had reached a portion of Scripture from which, without the slightest digression, the evangelist preached unto him Jesus as the slain lamb, the willing sacrifice for guilty men. The like

CONJUNCTION OF PROVIDENCE

and the Holy Spirit constantly occurs in conversions. What the man has read in the book, the preacher is often moved by the Spirit of God to declare from the pulpit; for God has servants everywhere, and His secret directions are given out, so that all these servants, though they are little aware of it, are led to work together for the same predestined end. How often have the talks of young men by the wayside been reproduced by the preacher, and such singular coincidences have struck their attention, and been the means of impressing their hearts! God grant there may be something of that kind tonight—I know there will be. Into this place years ago there strayed *a wild young man;* he heard me preach, he believed in Jesus, and he has long been an honored deacon of a suburban church. Are there not other men here to whom the like salvation shall come?

This eminent nobleman is reading. That is a commendable occupation; reading is in itself somewhat of a hopeful sign. In these days we need hardly exhort young men to read. "Give attendance to reading," said the wise Apostle Paul, and that was excellent advice for Timothy. Let all Christian men

BE READING MEN.

But, then, Philip's question contains these words, "what thou readest," and that suggests a necessary inquiry. I am afraid much that is read nowadays had far better be left unread. Multitudes of books are fruits of an accursed tree—the tree of evil knowledge, which is watered by the rivers of perdition. The fruits of this upas tree will yield no benefit to the minds that feed thereon, but much of solemn damage, by perverting the judgment or polluting the imagination. Souls have been ruined to all eternity by reading a vile book. Count it no trifle

to have heard bad language; but count it a more serious evil to have read a bad book which has wounded your soul, and left a scar upon your conscience. The writer of an evil book is a deliberate poisoner, secretly pouring death into the wells from which men drink. The printers and publishers of such works are accomplices in the crime.

It was a very sharp-pointed question that Philip put to this gentleman. He made honest and earnest use of a rare opportunity for reaching one of the upper ten. We find it tolerably easy to put questions to a man who is poor, but how shall we approach the rich? We have sermons for the working-classes, and it would be a fair and useful thing to have sermons for the House of Peers, and evangelistic addresses for the Commons! Are there any bigger sinners anywhere than you might find in those two chambers? The rich are neither better nor worse than the poor; the various classes have bad and good in each of them, in much the same proportion. I am persuaded that there are noble lords and honorable gentlemen who would be all the better for a little teaching upon the things of the kingdom of God; for instance, it might do many of them good to hear a plain sermon from, "Ye must be born again." Why is it that we are so apt to be plain spoken with working-men, and not with their employers? I admire Philip for his

OUTSPOKENNESS

to the royal treasurer. I fear the world can seldom charge the Church with being too violent in its appeals. Look at what the ungodly will do to us. Where can you live in a street of London, especially in this part of the town, without having night made hideous with their loud licentious songs and shouts? They force upon us their irreligion; may we not introduce our religion in return? If we go up to a man straight away, and speak to him in the name of Christ, perhaps he will say, "You intrude." Well, we are not the only people that intrude, for many intrude their filthy tongues upon us as we go down the streets, and force their infidelity upon us in the daily prints. The world sets the fashion, and if we follow its customs it has no right to complain.

This was the question, "*Understandest thou what thou readest?*" Ah, my brothers, you and I have need to understand the Bible. I will suppose you read it—let me hope I am not mistaken; but when you read it, do labor, above all things, to understand it. The Bible was meant to be understood, and it benefits us in proportion as we get at the meaning of it. The mere words of Scripture passing over the ear or before the eye can do us little good. I heard a person say once, concerning a great doctrine which I hold to be very plainly taught in Scripture, that he had read the Bible through—I think he said six times—on his knees, but he could not find that doctrine. I replied, "Brother, that is an awkward position in which to read the Bible. I should have sat upon a chair, and studied the page in a natural and easy posture. Moreover, I should not have galloped through it at the rate at which you must have raced over the chapters. I should rather have read a little at a time, and tried to understand it."

'Understandest thou what thou readest?" that is the question. Desiring to press that matter upon you, I am going to speak upon three questions somewhat briefly. The first is, What is most essential to be understood in this Book? secondly, What is the test of a man's understanding it? and, lastly, What can be done to obtain such a desirable understanding?

I. What, then, is

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING

to be understood in this Book? I do verily believe that it is contained in the passage which the eunuch was reading. It is a very singular passage. A section of the Bible begins at Isaiah 53, and goes onward through several chapters. The passage from which Philip's text was taken contains the most essential thing for every young man to know. Let him know and understand the sixth verse of the fifty-third of Isaiah; it begins with "all" and ends with "all;" therefore carry it in your memories—"*All* we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us *all*." What is wanted is that we first understand that we have *all gone astray*. He who does not know that he has gone astray will not care for the Shepherd who comes to fetch him back again. Christ did not come to save you because you are good, for you are not good; nor because you have merit, for you have no merit. He would not have come to save you if you had possessed merit. Why should He? There would have been no need. I hear

THE DOCTOR'S BROUGHAM

rattling down the street at a great pace, and I wonder where he is going. It never occurs to me that he is rushing to call upon a hale and hearty man. I am persuaded that he is hastening to see one who is very ill, perhaps one in dying circumstances, otherwise he would not drive so fast. It is just so with Jesus Christ. When He is hurrying on the wings of the wind to rescue a child of man, I am sure that the soul He visits is sick with the malady of sin, and that the Physician is making haste because the disease is developing into corruption and death. He came not "to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

"Who rightly would his alms dispose
Must give them to the poor;
None but the wounded patient knows
The comforts of a cure."

Jesus will not waste His grace on those who are already good. "He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away."

Oh, that you would also understand the second half of Isaiah's verse, "*The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all*"! There is more

PHILOSOPHY

in that statement than in all the teachings of Aristotle; there is more truth worth knowing in that one sentence than in all the books of the Alexandrian Library. The Lord Jehovah lifted up the sin of man, and deliberately laid it upon His dear Son. His Son, willingly bearing that load as our Substitute, went up to the tree, and there He bore what was due for all that weight of sin, even the penalty of darkness, desertion, and death. By bearing the chastisement He put away sin, and hurled it into His own sepulchre, wherein it is buried forever. Now, every man who believes in Jesus may know that his sin was laid upon Christ, and borne by Christ, and put away by Christ. A thing cannot be in two places at one time. If my sin was laid on Christ, it is no longer laid on me. I sometimes think if men did but understand this they would be sure to accept the Lord Jesus.

I heard of

A MINISTER IN EDINBURGH

who went to visit one of his poor people. He heard that she was in deep poverty, and therefore he went to take her help. When he came to her house, he could not make anybody hear, though he knocked loud and long. Seeing her some time after, he said, "Janet, I knocked at your door with help for you, but you did not hear me." "What time did you come, sir?" said she. "It was about twelve o'clock." "Oh," she said, "I did hear you, sir, but I thought it was the man calling for the rent." Just so. Men do hear the calls of Christ, but they are wilfully deaf, because they think He wants them to do something. But He does not want anything of you; He wants you to receive what He has already done.

II. What is

THE TEST

of a man's understanding his Bible, and of understanding this passage in it?

I answer that the test of a man's understanding this important part of Scripture is that *Jesus Christ is everything to him*: for Philip, who did understand it, when he explained it, preached unto the eunuch Jesus and nothing else. I try with all my might to preach my Lord Jesus Christ, and I love to meet with people who delight in this theme. Certain critics call upon us to preach something fresh. This also will I do, for I will preach Jesus, and He is always fresh: there is nothing stale in Him, He has forever the dew of His youth.

It may be said, "But new doctrines are brought out continually." Yes, but they grow stale in a month; they are a poor kind of Covent-Garden stuff, and need to be carted away quickly, else they decay. I have lived to see a score or more sorts of modern theology; they all come and go, but Jesus Christ remains the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

If you have Jesus Christ, you have everything—top, bottom, and middle as well. Have Christ, and nothing else but Christ. You will not be in safety if you rest without having a firm hold of Jesus, the divine Saviour. "Well," says one, "but what do you make of Socinians and Unitarians?" I come to the same conclusion about them as did

AN OLD BAPTIST MINISTER,

who was greatly grieved to see a Socinian chapel erected opposite his own. One of his deacons said, "This is a dreadful thing—this opposition shop that has been opened on the other side of the road!" "I don't call it opposition at all," said the minister. The deacon exclaimed, "Why, they are Unitarians; they don't preach the Godhead of Christ!" The old man said, "If you kept a baker's shop, and another man were to open an ironmongery business opposite you, that would not be opposition, for he would be *in quite another line*. Those who do not preach the deity of Christ are in an altogether different business. If you want ironmongery you may go to them; but if you want the bread of heaven you must look to the Lord Jesus, the Son of the Highest." So if you want to understand the Scripture, test yourself by this: Is Jesus Christ everything to you?

I like this eunuch for proposing that he should be baptized. He was not advised to do so, but he proposed it himself, and gave himself up to his Lord and Master to do the Lord's bidding at once, the providence of God having provided water that he might there and then fulfil his Master's command. Young man, whichever way the Scripture bids you

DEDICATE YOURSELF.

to God, set you to work about it, and let it be done at once. Find out what is the Scriptural way, and then follow it without delay, surrendering yourself wholly to the Lord; you have not read the Scriptures with understanding unless you do that.

The next thing is, if you have read the Scriptures with a clear understanding, they have made you glad, for this eunuch "went on his way rejoicing." The man who gets up from reading his Bible, and says, "I am a believer in Jesus; what a solemn thing it is!" and then goes forth with a pious resolution that he will make everybody as miserable as he can all the day long, *wants converting again*. The faith of the Scriptures leads joy by the hand, and chases away despair.

I think you have not understood the Bible unless it makes you care about the salvation of others; for this Ethiopian nobleman, when he got home, I have no doubt, spread the Gospel throughout his native land; he was, probably, the founder of the Abyssinian Church. If any young man reads this Book aright, he becomes large-hearted; he cannot hold his soul within the narrow bound of his ribs, but his great heart looks out to see where it can scatter benefits. If thou canst let another man be damned without an effort, I fear that such will be thine own end; if thou canst be quiet when thou believest thy brother is on the brink of eternal ruin, I fear thou art on the brink of ruin

thyself. One of the holiest instincts born in a renewed man is that of longing to save others.

You have read this Book so as to understand it, if your message to others is what the message was to you—Christ, Christ, Christ, Christ. You have nothing else to employ as the means of good, except the salvation of Jesus, and there is nothing else worth telling. I heard of a congregation the other day that was so very small that hardly any one came to listen to the preacher. Instead of blaming himself, and preaching better, the minister said he thought he was not doing much good by sermons and prayer-meetings, and therefore he would found a club, and if the fellows came in, and played draughts, that might do them good. What a lot of that sort of thing is now being tried! We are going to convert souls on

A NEW SYSTEM—

are we? Are we also to have a substitute for bread? and healthier drink than pure water? We cannot save men by faith in Jesus Christ, and so it seems we are going to try new dodges of our own. We shall reap small, scant sheaves from such wretched seed.

A young man said to another the other day, "I am going down to preach at So-and-so; what sort of people are they there? What kind of doctrine will suit them?" Having heard of the question, I gave this advice, "You preach Jesus Christ, and that will suit them, I am sure; if they are learned people it will suit them; if they are ignorant it will suit them—God blessing it." When the great Biblical critic, Bengel, was dying, he sent for a young theological student, to whom he said, "I am low in spirit; say something good to cheer me." "My dear sir," said the student, "I am so insignificant a person, what can I say to a great man like yourself?" "But if you are a student of theology," said Bengel, "you ought to have a good word to say to a dying man; pray say it without fear." "Well, sir," said he, "what can I say to you, but that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin?" Bengel said, "Give me your hand, young man; that is the very word I wanted." A simple Gospel text is the word which every man needs who is in fear of divine wrath, and he may be sitting next to you at this moment, or he is in the same house of business with you, and needs that you should tell him about Christ.

III. Now in a few words I want to answer the question,

WHAT CAN BE DONE

to obtain such a desirable understanding of the Scriptures? "I read the Bible," says one, "and get a great deal puzzled over it." Let me advise that when you read a passage in the Scriptures which you do not understand, you should read it until you do. "I should have to read often." Well, that would not hurt you. "But suppose I never understand it?" Keep on reading it all the same. "Can passages of Scripture which we do not understand do us any good when we read them?" Yes; they gradually filter into our souls; by long considering them

WE GET LIGHT

out of them. Here is a little boy whose father is an artisan, and uses a great many technical terms when talking about his work. The boy is apprenticed to the trade, and wants to know all about it, and therefore he listens to his father, and when the day is over he says to himself, "I heard my father say a great deal, but I do not understand much of it." "But you did understand a little of it?" "Oh, yes." To that little he is faithful, and day by day he adds to his store of information, learning more by the help of that which he already knows. He hears his father talk again the next day, and still he does not understand much; but at last, by hearing the terms often, and by meditating upon them, light breaks in, and at length he can talk like his father, using the same words with understanding. So I have found it. When I do not comprehend a chapter, I say, This is probably comprehensible; I will therefore hear my great Father speak, even if I do not understand at first what He may say to me, and I will keep on hearing Him until at last I grasp His meaning.

Next, be sure to pray for the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit. If you want to understand a book, and you find difficulties in it, do as I have done on several occasions with my contemporaries—write and ask them what they mean by their language. I have in this way obtained much valuable information. Can we do that with the Bible? Assuredly we can if we know how to pray. Remember that you can also go to the Maker of your mind, and He can open it to receive the truth. The Holy Spirit has a wonderful power in clearing the intellect. You shall study for a month and make no headway; but you shall pray to God about a spiritual truth, and it shall be clear to you in a minute. There are multitudes of instances in which men have turned dark problems over and over again in their minds, and have never solved them by their own mental efforts; but one flash of divine light has made everything bright as noonday.

I would earnestly entreat every man who desires to understand the Bible to consider at this moment

THE VITAL POINT

of his natural condition, and the way of salvation from it. You are lost, dear friend. If you are an unconverted man you are still lost, and you cannot save yourself; it is impossible that you should. You may have heard *the story of that philosopher* who was once on the roof of a house, when suddenly behind him came a strong man with a huge whip, and told him to jump down to the ground. Certain death would have been the result. The man was a lunatic. The philosopher perceived that terrible fact in a moment, and so he very wisely said, "Well, you see, any fool can jump down; the grand thing would be to jump up. *Let us go down and jump up.*" They went down, but they never jumped up, for the gentleman thus escaped.

Are there not some here who are jumping down? some young men who are taking a desperate leap to one sin or another? Any fool can jump down; but if any of you are already down, I defy you to jump up again. No, you need a greater power than your own before you can ascend the heights of holiness. If you have tried to jump up, I know, young man, you have fallen back in despair. Easy is the descent to hell, the gravitation of our nature tends that way; but to retrace our steps, this is the word, this is the difficulty. Turn that over in your mind, and say, "If there be salvation to be had, since I cannot work out my own rescue without divine grace, I will trust in Jesus." Oh, that you would seek His grace at once!

When you are about it, dear young friend, I beseech you to trust Christ out and out. When I was a lad I heard a preacher say that Christ gave to His sheep eternal life, and that they should never perish; for He would keep them to the end. This charmed me. I longed to find this sure salvation. I thought within myself, "I know James So-and-so, and Tom So-and-so, who went up to London, and who were about a year older than I, and they, within half a dozen years, were as far gone in vice as well could be. They were better boys when they were at school than I was, and yet they went to the bad. I may go and do the same thing as they did unless I get this eternal salvation. I may lose my situation, or be found pilfering, or something of that sort, for I have as bad a heart as they have." I looked upon salvation as a

SPIRITUAL INSURANCE,

which would guarantee my character. So I tried the promise, and now, at the age of fifty, I place myself under the care of the Lord Jesus as I did at the age of fifteen; He has kept me to this day, and I believe He will never let me go, however long I may live.

Oh, young man, give yourself up to that dear pierced hand wholly and heartily! Let your motto be, "Jesus only." Trust Christ a little, and yourself a little, and, like a man who plants one foot on the rock and the other on the quicksand, you will go down. Trust in Him alone, and He will hold you fast. If Jesus does not save me, I shall be lost, for I cannot save myself. It is His business to save me, for both by name and office He is Jesus, the Saviour; and I rest quite happily in Him.

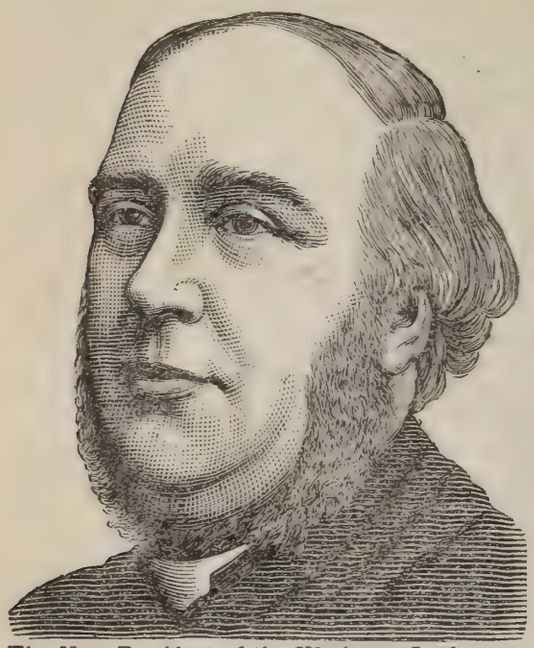
When we meet in heaven we shall praise the Lord for making us understand what we read. God bless you all, for Christ's sake. Amen.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

The Rev. Frederic Greeves, D.D., whose portrait appears on the next page, is the newly-appointed President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference in Great Britain. He is the youngest son of the late Rev. John Greeves, who was also a Wesleyan minister, and was beloved and honored in his various spheres of labor during a course of thirty years. Frederick was born at Bedford, in the year 1833, and is now fifty-one years of age. He was sent at an early age to Kingswood School, the ancient seminary which John Wesley founded, and where successive generations of Wesleyan ministers' children have laid the foundation of a sound and useful education. The same institution, transferred to a more suitable building and to a beautiful situation in the neighborhood of Bath, is still maintained by the Wesleyans. Frederic Greeves spent a youth of earnest and happy toil, partly in learning and partly in teaching others. He was early converted through the instrumentality of his elder brother John, to whom, in his presidential speech on July 22d, he acknowledged his indebtedness for much of his success.

Almost from the commencement of his religious life he was drawn toward the work of the ministry. His youthful efforts in the Kentish villages were so acceptable and so successful, that few who were brought in contact with him could doubt that a career of eminent usefulness lay before him. The Wesleyan Conference in 1854 accepted him as a Probationer for the office and work of the ministry; and his first appointment, made in 1855, when he was in his twenty-second year, evidenced their confidence in the reports they had heard of his character and his capacity; he was stationed at Paris to minister to residents and visitors, both English and American. Subsequently his life has been that of a Wesleyan minister, in what may be technically called "the full work." He has spent eighteen years in six different London circuits, and he has labored with remarkable success in Bradford, in Oxford, and in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Everywhere his public ministry has been highly valued by the people, and it has been eminently honored by the Head of the Church, both in the conversion of sinners and in the culture and the edification of the Church of God.

In pastoral work he has been peculiarly happy and successful, and the combination of distinguished pulpit ability, with personal attractiveness of character and of manners, gives him a powerful influence for good in his intercourse with the people. As a careful and diligent student, a ripe scholar, a sound theologian, a genial but firm disciplinarian, and an elegant and chaste speaker, he has adorned every position to which he has been appointed. It was, therefore, no surprise to his brethren in England when they learned, in the summer of 1883, that the *Victoria University of Canada* had conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Shortly afterward, when Mr. Clarence Smith was elected one of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, that gentleman appointed the Rev. Frederic Greeves, D.D., as his chaplain during his year of office. In that capacity he has often had to appear in public, and to address meetings, not only of Methodists, but citizens also, at the Mansion House and elsewhere, and in the



The New President of the Wesleyan Conference.

John Wesley's Adventure with a Highwayman.

efficient performance of that duty he has not been surpassed. Dr. Greeves is the youngest of four brothers, three of whom are Wesleyan ministers, while the fourth is a beneficed clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of York.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

The Receipt of Conscience Money is often acknowledged by advertisement of the Secretary of the Treasury. The fund had its origin in the war, when a quartermaster in the army sent $1500, of which he said he had defrauded the Government. During the twenty years that have elapsed since then $250,000 have been sent to the Secretary in the same way. Last year he received over $6000. The largest contribution ever made was $4000, forwarded by an ex-revenue gauger from Chicago, as the amount of a bribe received by him from distillers who desired to defraud the Government. The smallest was nine cents, forwarded by a Massachusetts man who remembered that he had at one time, years before, used a mashed three-cent stamp on a letter. In order to relieve his conscience he sent three times the original steal, which he thought was a fair compensation. Many of these contributions come from persons who have smuggled goods. The fund is a standing testimony to the power of conscience, as it may be supposed that in all cases there was no dread of detection. The same power is exercised when the Holy Spirit enlightens the conscience as to our relations toward God and the consciousness that restitution is impossible would often lead to despair did not the same Divine Person point to the sacrifice of Christ as an atonement already made (Rom. 3 : 25).

A Life was Sacrificed in a Vain Attempt to save that of a brother recently at Nescopeck, Penn. Three men, two of whom were brothers, were engaged on August 7th in digging a well. One of them, named Solomon Slosser, following his usual custom, seized the rope of the windlass, and was rapidly lowered into the well. Just as he reached the bottom, however, he fell from the rope, and lay motionless at the bottom. His brother Frank instantly started to his rescue, not fully comprehending the danger, and he, too, was overcome by the noxious gas, and fell to the bottom. David, the other man at work, then procured assistance, and taking the precaution to tie the rope round his body, started down ; but before he reached the bottom his hold was seen to relax, and he, too, fell off, but was drawn up to the surface again by those above. He was unconscious, and it was hours before he could speak. Grappling irons were procured, and the bodies of the two brothers raised to the surface. They were found clasped in each other's arms, and so firm was their grasp that great force was necessary to separate them. It is a pathetic picture of brotherly affection, but it was a useless sacrifice. It is a type of the condition of the human race when God sent His Son unto the world for its redemption. No man could, even at the sacrifice of himself, save even those whom he loved dearly enough to die for them. Only God Himself could deliver (Ps. 49 : 7).

The Penitent Proprietor of Armory Hall, New York, familiarly known as Billy McGlory, does not appear to have profited by his six months' seclusion on the island. He admits that he believes his half year's enforced abstention from liquor has added six years to his life, but he informed a reporter of the *Times* that he intends returning to his old pursuits and reopening his old resort with more than its former unsavory attractions. Evidently the penitence he professed to the temperance president who dealt with him was either short-lived or hypocritical from the outset. It may be hoped that the authorities will show their concern for the morals of the city by thwarting Mr. McGlory's designs (II Peter 2 : 22).

JOHN WESLEY AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

(*See Illustration on this page.*)

John Wesley was once stopped by a highwayman, who demanded his money or his life. Mr. Wesley, after giving him the money, said, "Let me speak one word with you ; the time may come when you will regret the course of life in which you are now engaged. Remember this—'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" No more was said, and they parted.

Many years after, as Mr. Wesley was going out of a church, in which he had been preaching, a stranger introduced himself, and asked Wesley if he remembered being robbed at such a time. He said he recollected it. "I was that man," said the stranger ; "and that single verse you quoted on that occasion was the means of a total change in my life and practice. I have long since been in the habit of attending the house of God, and profiting by His Word, and trust that I am a Christian."

A WELSH IMMIGRANT'S MOTHER.

(*See Illustration on page* 541.)

"May I speak to the boss?" said a quiet youth of about eighteen, as he presented himself at the door of the office in a large manufactory during the men's dinner hour.

"All right, you can go right in."

David Owen availed himself of the permission, and entered the private room of the head of the firm.

David was a good, steady workman, who had been about six months in his present employment, and was noted for his frugality and industry. He never drank beer, and his clothes, though always scrupulously clean, were of the cheapest material and well worn. He was an immigrant—English, some said, but never in David's presence without correction. "No, sir," he would say, with emphasis, "I am from Wales."

"Well, Owen, what is it?" asked Mr. Blank, the head of the firm, when David Owen presented himself.

"I am, as you know, sir, a stranger in America," said David. "I don't understand your banks and brokers, but I want to send some money to the old country, and you have been so kind to me that I thought perhaps you would show me how to send it so as it would surely reach my father and mother."

"Certainly, Owen, certainly," said Mr. Blank. "You had better buy a bank bill. You don't know what it is, I see. Well, we will do it for you. Write your father's name and address here, and leave your money, and Mr. Jewell will see to it for you. I'm glad to see you are a good son."

David placed a little pile of dollar bills on his employer's desk, wrote his father's name and address on the slip of paper handed to him, and, thanking Mr. Blank heartily, went his way. After that, regularly every month, David Owen took ten or twelve dollars into the office for Mr. Blank to send to the old folks. Mr. Blank was one of those kindly employers who do not regard their men simply as "hands," and know them only by their number. He became interested in this Welsh lad, and one day seeing him leaving his work in the evening, he spoke to him, and learned his history.

It appeared that David Owen's father was old and infirm, and his mother was blind. David had two sisters who were domestic servants, one of whom had been obliged, when her mother fell blind, to leave her situation and attend to the old couple. David was anxious to help

them, and came to America to get better wages than he could get at home. He was eloquent as he talked to Mr. Blank about his good old mother, the blithest and happiest old woman in the country, in spite of her blindness, and such a pious woman. She had taught herself to read "the blind Bible" with raised letters. Mr. Blank was pleased with the lad's enthusiasm, and liked him all the better for it.

Some months after his conversation with his employer, David Owen was informed that he was wanted in the office. He went in, and found Mr. Blank talking to a young man, evidently, from the likeness between the two, his son.

"Owen," said Mr. Blank, "this is my son. He is going on a tour in Europe. You know something of Wales; is there anything there worth seeing?"

Mr. Blank had a humorous twinkle in his eye as he asked the question, for David's enthusiastic admiration and love for his own country were notorious in the works. He replied now with so much earnestness that young Mr. Blank was amused at his patriotic fervor; but all due allowance for partiality being made, was sufficiently impressed to decide on taking in the Welsh mountains as part of his tour.

Mr. Blank's Visit to the Blind Welsh Woman.

"I will give you the address of that young fellow's family," said Mr. Blank after David had gone out of the office. "I should like you to call. He is a good son; it would make him happy to speak to some one who had seen the old people lately."

Some months afterward young Mr. Blank found himself, one lovely summer day, in a mountainous district of North Wales. Remembering his father's injunction, he inquired for the Owen family, which the waiter of the hotel could not identify among the many families of that name until Mr. Blank, recollecting that David's mother was blind, mentioned the fact. He was then directed to a little stone cottage on the mountain-side. He made his way to it, and, entering the little enclosed garden, saw, sitting in the doorway, an old woman whom he had no difficulty in recognizing as David's mother. She was dressed in *the quaint costume of the country*, with the high hat and snowy muslin cap, kerchief, and apron affected by the peasantry. She loved to dress so, though Mary Owen was not an ordinary peasant, having lived in English families, and speaking English as fluently as her own language. Her blind Bible was on her lap, but she was not reading. Her hands were clasped on the page as if in prayer.

Mr. Blank seated himself on the settle by her side, and introducing himself as a stranger visiting the country, entered into conversation. He found her an intelligent woman, knowing the country well for miles around, and she talked easily of the places of interest. Leading the conversation to personal matters, Mr. Blank learned that her husband was dead. Had died three weeks before; but the old lady was not cast down. Her time would not be long, she said. It was in the Lord's hand. She would see her husband again soon. Mr. Blank was fresh from college, where he had dabbled a little in the speculations of the philosophers, and was disposed to look on the Bible his father loved as an antiquated book which had had its day. The old lady's calm assurance surprised him. He knew that if death were as near him as it was to this old woman he would not be so calm.

"You seem to feel quite sure of being able to see after you are dead," he said, "and that you will see your husband?"

"Of course I'm sure. Why, Jesus will be there, and do you think He'll let me be blind in Heaven? You know He can give me sight." And turning the leaves of her Bible and running her fingers quickly over the headings of the pages, she came to a much-used passage, and read how the blind beggar received his sight (John 9).

Mr. Blank did not like to speak of his own doubts, so he changed the subject by saying, "I am an American; you have a son over there, I think?"

"Ay, sir, the best of sons, my David. He is a good lad; he never forgets us."

"I know him; I saw him the day before I left America. He works in my father's factory."

The old lady stretched out both her hands in the direction of the young man, saying, eagerly, "Let me touch your hand, sir. Bless you for coming to see me! You have seen my David. Is he well? Is he grown? His father's last words were a blessing on him."

The old woman's agitation was so excessive that Mr. Blank thought it best to leave her, promising to come again the next day. He did call again and again many times. There was a strange fascination for him in this old woman, so quiet, so assured, so happy in her darkness, while he was so doubtful, so unsettled. It seemed to him, as he listened to her conversation, that the Saviour's prediction had been fulfilled in himself and this blind Welsh woman: "For judgment am I come into this world, that they which see not might see; and that they which see might be made blind" (John 9 : 39).

He prolonged his stay, visiting David's mother every day, until at last the light which illumined the soul of the blind woman broke upon his own spiritual eyes. When he returned to America he told his father his story, and Mr. Blank clasped him in his arms, and together they thanked God.

David was summoned to the office again the next day, and Mr. Blank, with tears in his eyes, told him how God had given him the desire of his heart in the conversion of his only son through the Spirit's application of Mrs. Owen's words. His gratitude was unbounded, and he could not be content unless David received some proof of it, which David certainly did in very substantial form by his changed position in the works and his employer's friendshp.

The young Christian knew that his companions would ridicule him, and was not surprised when they assailed him with the arguments he had himself often used. But their arguments fell as upon a rock. Young Blank had one decisive answer: "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 527.*)

A Difficult Problem.

"WHAT am I to do with you?" Hester asked, speaking at last to Rose, who was silent and motionless at her side—standing there like a voiceless ghost from some other world, which could utter no word until a question was put to it.

"O Hester!" she cried, "I could live no longer without seeing you and my home. You cannot think what it is to be away ten years, and never hear a word, not a syllable, of those who belong to you. Would my husband forgive me, do you think? Only so far as to let me hear him say so before I die? I cannot live very long. Is he less angry with me? Does he ever speak of me?"

"No," said Hester, "he has not forgiven you. He never mentions your name."

"Oh, my God!" wailed the lost woman; "but I must get his forgiveness before I die. What is to become of me? I want to hide somewhere; anywhere out of Robert's reach. He is trying to find me; and I vowed to God when I left him that I would never, never look upon his face again. Do you know why? God keep you ever from a repentance like mine. Shelter me somewhere, little Hetty; hide me. You promised once that you would be always like my own daughter to me. Hester, you could not turn away from your mother, however sinful she had been."

The doleful words were wailed into Hester's ear, as she still gazed into the darkness. Rose had crept toward her, and stolen her arms round her waist. She did not push away the clinging arms, but she could not answer.

"I am very young still," murmured Rose; "no older than Miss Waldron, who was at

chapel just now. I thought your father would be there, and I should see how changed he was. I am going to die, Hester. Yesterday the doctor in London said there was no hope for me; so I resolved to come back home, to you and my husband. He is a just man, and a merciful man. He cannot help but forgive me before I die. I believe that Jesus has pardoned all my sins."

In the voice of Rose, which was one to be remembered for a lifetime, there was a tone of hope as she spoke the last sentence, and she pressed her arms more closely about Hester.

"Yes," she said, "I was very wretched, and I thought, when I did not see your father tonight, had I not better go back to London, and end my life quickly as women like me do. But then the preacher spoke, and a strange, strange peace entered into me. He looked toward me, where I sat behind you, Hetty, and he said, 'Our souls have no sins which the charity of Christ cannot cover.' Then I resolved to trust myself to the charity of Christ, and to yours, little Hetty."

Her voice was lost in sobs, long-drawn and painful, and her head sank upon Hester's lap. Hester's hand fell softly, with its cold touch, upon the fevered forehead.

"If Christ will receive you," she said, with a thrill of awe as she looked up into the dark sky, as though she half expected to see a light from heaven breaking through the black clouds, "who am I that I should cast you off? I will give you shelter for this night at least."

Yet she did not move, nor help Rose to rise, but let her still lie there sobbing, with her face, which no eye could have seen, buried in her lap, as if she would fain hide it even from the night. Hester was thinking of Robert Waldron, in his luxurious home, repenting with *a comfortable penitence*, which left him free for many pleasures and which was scarcely more than a welcome gloom, where he could withdraw when the brightness of his life wearied him. But this misery, this poverty-stricken, ill-clad, friendless, dying misery, was the true result of the sin of which both had been alike guilty. She shuddered, and Rose felt it; for she loosed her clinging arms, and would have fallen lower at her feet, had not Hester's hand pressed her head down gently upon its resting-place, as a mother's hand caresses the bowed head of a sorrowful child. She had forgotten the cold and the rain, or felt them only as fitting better this dreary hour than light and cloudless skies would have done. But now her hand fell upon the wet clothes of the woman whom she had promised to shelter, a woman upon whom the doom of death had been passed. She lifted Rose up tenderly, and drew her trembling arm through her own. No eye saw them. Not one of their townspeople met them in the deserted street. In the darkness and dreariness of a winter's night, Rose Morley returned to her husband's house.

There was on the left hand of the house door an empty room which was rarely entered, and Hester left Rose there until her father and the young girl whom she kept as her only servant should be gone to bed. It was already near the hour when John Morley retired to his own chamber, where he sometimes read or wrote until later on in the night. Hester took off her wet cloak, and went into the room where he was sitting alone. There was a newly-quickened love mingled with a dread of him, stirring in her heart. The gray, despairing face, and the silvery hair of her father touched her to the quick this evening.

She stood behind him for a minute or two, and then laid her hand, which had so lately rested upon Rose's forehead, upon the snow-white head. It was the very attitude and caress of Rose herself on that day, now many years ago, which had never died out of John Morley's memory; and he laid his head down upon the desk before him with a sigh of profound regret and despair.

"Father," cried Hester, earnestly, and kneeling down beside him, "is there nothing that can make you happy? Is there nothing that could happen to bring you comfort?"

John Morley shook his head in silence.

"But this is horrible," she said. "Surely, surely God never meant you to pass your life in a grief like this. Surely He has kept some consolation in His hands for you."

"All things are possible with Him," he answered; "but yet holier men than I have passed through long lives under blacker clouds than mine. There was Cowper. God has not smitten me with an Egyptian gloom like his. For me there is a hope in the world to come, where the weary are at rest."

"But is there no hope for you sooner?" asked Hester. "Is there nothing which would make you glad?"

"Nothing!" he replied. "I have a habit of sorrow now, Hester, and I cannot shake it off. It is a poisoned garment, if you will, but to tear it off would tear my living flesh. No, no! There is no more gladness for me in life."

Could she tell to him her heavy secret? An unutterable terror seized upon her at the very thought. She remembered the moment when her father, with the glare of madness and suicide in his eyes, had awakened her from the profound sleep of childhood, telling her it was better to die than to live. She recollected the stealthy, murderous blow which had nearly killed Robert Waldron. Her heart failed her. Overhead was that closed room, which had been a constant testimony against Rose; and now Hester involuntarily held her breath and listened as if she heard some sound there. John Morley listened also; but there was nothing to be heard, as there never had been since Rose had fled. He sighed wearily, and turned over the leaves of the book without reading them. The striking of the house-clock seemed welcome to him; and he bade Hester good-night, and left her alone in the gloomy room.

Hester waited until she heard him lock his chamber door, and then she fetched Rose to the warmth of the fire still burning in the grate. In the dark room Rose had not realized that she was indeed once more in her husband's house. But this was his hearth. Here was his chair standing where it had been used to stand in her days of innocence, gone forever. There was his open book, with the leaves still fluttering as if they felt the movement of his fingers. This was the light he had been reading by, and the air he had breathed. It was *her husband's hearth, and she had been a curse to it.* She was come back to it in secret, and with trembling. She felt now how impossible it would be to face him, to look into his eyes, and to hear his voice. She glanced about her for some refuge to hide herself in—herself, a scared, abject, frightened wretch, who ought to steal away into some hole to die alone and unseen. Her wild, despairing gaze round her husband's room met the sweet, grave, compassionate eyes of Hester.

"Sit here, poor mother," she said, drawing nearer the fire her own mother's chair, which in the lost days Rose had always given up for her little step-daughter. She sank down upon it, her lips moving without a sound, and her white face turned toward Hester. Hester had not seen it before. It was the same face as that of the gay girl she had once been; but that face disfigured and marred and aged by shame. The soft lines were hardened, and the brightness had grown dim, and the freshness had become sullied and tarnished. Hester could not bear to look at it; and as she moved to and fro, ministering to her sore necessities, she did so with averted and downcast eyes.

The hours of the night wore away very slowly. Sometimes Rose fell into a feverish slumber, broken with sobs and starts. She would not go to bed, and Hester did not urge it. What she was to do with her Hester did not know; and while she watched her uneasy rest, she tried to shape out some plan for her future life. To seek any home for her in Little Aston would be madness, as every one would know her and the story of her shame. To send her away, whom she had so earnestly and so long sought to find, seemed impossible, ten times impossible, if, as she said, there was no hope of her life.

It would be practicable enough to keep her in her father's house, for John Morley's automatic habits could be counted upon to a moment. There were rooms in his house which he had never entered within her memory, and which he would never think of visiting. The cost of her maintenance there would be less than anywhere else, and money was very scarce with them. But she recoiled from the idea of suffering her to dwell by stealth and unforgiven in her husband's house, to sleep under the same roof. Hester recalled her father's melancholy cry, "She will never sleep under my roof again." Moreover, now she guessed somewhat more clearly the heinousness of Rose's guilt. She could not keep her unknown to her father, in the shelter of his dishonored home.

From time to time Rose woke up and murmured little scraps of her sad history. She had taken no special care to conceal the traces of her flight, yet it had happened so that she had left Falaise and wandered into a remote country district, where she had lived cheaply, as one can do in France, for some years upon the money which was in her possession. When it was gone she had entered into a situation as lady's maid, and so returned with the family to England, three years ago. She had always passed as a widow. Her last situation she had given up only two months before; and since then she had been living in poor and solitary lodgings in London, with no society but the memory of the past, which had grown day by day into stronger force, until it had driven her back to Little Aston in the forlorn hope of casting herself upon her husband's forgiveness. Hester shook her head sadly at these last words. There was no chance whatever that John Morley would forgive her.

"You do not yet know what you have done," she said, with unconscious severity. "If you could see him you would know better what he has to forgive. He may forgive you before you die. But I dare not tell him that you are here; I dare not mention your name to him."

"But it is so many years ago!" cried Rose, clasping her thin hands together.

"Many years ago!" echoed Hester; "no; it has been every day of those ten years. The grief has been new every morning. Ah! I understand it better now. Every day he has felt himself deserted and betrayed. Oh, my father! my poor father!"

She covered her face with her hands as if she could no longer endure the sight of her who had wrought her father's misery. But a slight sound caused her to look up. Rose was wrapping round her the shabby cloak, still damp and soiled from the rain of the evening. Her wan face was flushed, and her eyes, burning with inward fever, had lost their former distress.

"I am going away," she said, "and I will not come back till I crawl here dying. I must see him again, and hear him say he forgives me; and if he sees me dying at his feet he will say it. But I will go away for a little while, Hetty."

"But where will you go?" asked Hester.

"Oh, I don't know," she cried, wringing her hands; "why does God let women as wretched and lonely as me live? I could never put an end to myself, for *I'm afraid to die.* And now I shall go away, and it will come creeping on and on, and I shall know it is there, and there will not be a voice to speak gently to me. Oh! little Hetty, cannot you help me?"

"Yes," answered Hester, taking her bonnet and cloak from her feeble hands; "I will help you. If my father ever heard you had been ill in misery and solitude, it would only add to his pain. You must stay somewhere near to me, poor mother, so that I can nurse you and comfort you. Think of God rather than of my father. You have separated yourself from him,

but you have not separated yourself forever from God. You belong to Him still."

In tones as soft and soothing as those a mother uses to a suffering child, Hester spoke these words to Rose. She placed the poor forlorn creature in her mother's chair again, and smoothed gently the locks of light hair, now thin and gray, which had fallen in disorder over her face. Rose slumbered again fitfully, crying out in her dreams for her husband's forgiveness. Once or twice Hester started with terror, thinking she heard his step upon the stairs; but the dreary night wore away without surprise. As soon as the late dawn began to glimmer upon the uncurtained window, she awoke Rose and took her up-stairs to her own room, where she would be safe from all eyes.

It was as Hester drew up the window-blind in her own room, and her eye fell upon the melancholy-looking outbuilding opposite it, that a practicable plan for the shelter of Rose presented itself to her. The old nursery, which at some remote date in the past had perhaps been the scene of childish sports and laughter, would be a refuge well fitted for her safety and concealment. Still she resolved within herself to ask her father's consent, though her habitual independence of action might very well have acquitted her conscience from the necessity of seeking it. She wished to feel that she had his sanction. She thought that at some future season it would prove a consolation to him to know that he had himself given a refuge and shelter to Rose.

(To be continued.)

GOD'S WORKS AND WORD.

S. S. Lesson for August 31, Ps. 19. Golden Text, Psalm 138 : 2. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Creation and Revelation an Expression of God—The One a Key to the Other—Creation Studied Alone Leading to Error—Wonders of Creation Surpassed in Redemption—The Sun a Type of Jesus—The Lawgiver Superior to Natural Law—David's Estimate of the Word—Perfect—A Defrauded Workwoman at Bethshan—Sure—Right—Pure—Wisdom for the Simple—The Blessedness of Certainty.

WITH our God to speak is to do; "He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast" (Ps. 33 : 6). God is truth; His Word and His works are an expression of Himself, and we understand His works by His Word, and His Word by His works. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." Yet without the key of His Word to interpret, how many there are who have worshipped these works of God and deified them, instead of reading in them His love, His greatness, and His power! Men have calculated the

STUPENDOUS GREATNESS

of the universe, and measured the distance of the fixed stars from the earth by the time taken in the transmission of light, at twelve millions of miles a minute, and found that six thousand years must elapse before a ray of light from some of them, travelling even at such a pace, could reach our world. But the inference drawn by many an unspiritual man has been, that if there really *is* a God who created and who upholds such a universe, it is the veriest conceit for any individual man to imagine that One so inconceivably great can listen to his prayers. For he is only one out of hundreds of millions in one little planet, out of several revolving round one little sun, and that sun only one of a cloud of similar ones, forming the white nebula which we call the milky way. We need the Word of God to tell us that *that* God has chosen to become flesh and dwell among us; that that God has chosen to bear our sins and their consequences, and that above and beyond all the glory and the wonder of His works in creation stands the inconceivable vastness of love in His work of redemption. It is just His greatness which makes the love of God and His salvation so overpowering to all our thoughts and conceptions; had we not His Word for it, there would be not only insufferable conceit, but even blasphemy in the bare idea.

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." It is a glorious help to missionaries when they can point up to the starry heavens, or the sun rising or setting, and say,

"I KNOW THE GOD

who created them." Paul, standing before the most learned and polished men of his time at Athens, could say of Him who to them was "the unknown God," "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein," etc. (Acts 17 : 23, 24). At Lystra in Asia he appealed to the people to turn from the vanities of their heathen worship to "the living God, which made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein" (Acts 14 : 15). When Jehoshaphat was assailed by his enemies, and gathered his people together to ask help of the Lord, he prayed thus: "O Lord God of our fathers, art thou not God in heaven" (1 Chron. 20 : 6)? and thus strengthened himself in faith, because such an One could do all things.

Of all the created works of God, the sun is the most striking to the generality of men. Day and night, heat and cold, are regulated by the sun; the seasons of the year, the weather, so very much which affects us every day and hour, is dependent on the light and heat of the sun. David calls the heavens the sun's tabernacle, as though they existed for the sun, and says, "There is nothing hid from the heat thereof." This is a glorious type of Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness (Mal. 4 : 2). The very heavens exist for Him. He is the Sun round which all revolves, the Centre of all things, and nothing is hid from the influence of Jesus. Men may profess infidelity, but they *must* hold some relation to Jesus; they must take some side, either *for* Him or *against* Him. The most indifferent can no more ignore the claim of Jesus as their Saviour than they can ignore the heat of the sun. They may shut out its influence by getting away into a dark room, but there is the sun shining all the same. And just so, either in this life or in the next, every man must face the fact that Jesus has died for him, whether he will or no. All men must some time bow at the name of Jesus (Phil. 2 : 10).

The very works of creation, and the natural laws by which they are governed, only exist by the Word of God.

MEN EXALT NATURAL LAW

as though it were greater than the Lawgiver, and as though God were governed *by* His works instead of being the Governor of them. By Christ, who is the living Word of God, "all things were made" (John 1 : 1–3); "all things were created *by* Him, and *for* Him; and He is before all things, and by Him [or in Him] all things consist" (Col. 1 : 16, 17). He is the Father's expression, the express image of His Person, God intelligible to us, God translated into human language. His *written* Word has all the power to such as receive it, which His *spoken* Word had upon the created, unformed matter which He brought into life and order in the days of the creation. David knew not all the depth of the truth which he uttered when he said, "Thou hast magnified thy Word above all thy name."

David's first testimony to the Word of God in our Psalm is

ITS PERFECTION.

"The law of the Lord is *perfect*, converting the soul, or restoring the life." Trace the conversion of a soul, or the healing of a body by faith in Christ, and almost always you will find some word of God's blessed Book has been applied by the Holy Ghost, and has breathed in its own life power.

A POOR WORKWOMAN

had counted on visiting her aged father at Whitsuntide. She had carefully saved up the money. An acquaintance came to her with a pitiful tale of poverty, and begged the loan of it for rent and food, and the same day he spent her hard-earned money in drinking and driving about in a hack. Her heart was filled with bitterness. At the same time she fell ill and had to leave her business; the visit to her father was more remote than ever, and how to maintain herself became the question. A friend sent her to Bethshan. There she saw on the wall this text, "Be careful for nothing." "Is that in the Bible?" she asked. It was shown her. It went home with power. Her health was restored, and in two or three days she went to her business filled with joy and peace and health. Why? The Word of the Lord had restored her health—ay, and converted her from bearing her own cares to casting them on Him.

"The testimony of the Lord is

SURE;

making wise the simple." We waste time immensely when we argue. In order to convince one who really desires instruction, we need to get a message from God. A few moments spent in putting the matter into His hands makes us quiet enough to hear His voice, and whatever *He* brings to the mind in answer makes wise the simple. "The statutes of the Lord are *right*, rejoicing the heart." How many anxious faces one sees among Christians—perplexed, worried, weary—so really wanting to be rightly guided, and yet conscious of again and again missing the right thing. Out of patience with themselves, with the advice of others, almost out of patience with God, they want something *sure, right, pure*—something which can

MAKE WISE THE SIMPLE,

rejoice the heart, because it leaves no uncertainty behind, and enlightens the eyes. Such direction comes in no other way than from the Word of God. "But," you say, "I have searched the Word of God through and through, and I find nothing which [illegible] present difficulty." Perhaps all that searching stood in your way, because you have asked God for guidance, and then attempted to discover it by your searching, as though God had not undertaken to guide you. In order to be made wise we must become *simple*. The simple have no confidence in themselves; if they put a thing into the hands of God, they give Him credit for undertaking it. If they ask to be guided, they believe God *wants* to guide them more than they want to be guided, and they act accordingly. Where it is a question of special direction, instead of coming to the Bible as they would come to Bradshaw* or the Encyclopædia Britannica, with a sense of being able to master it, they expect God to tell them where to look, and then there is no harass, no saying, "I wonder whether *this* is it, or *that*." Light dawns, so that you can say, "I'm *sure* this is it;" the heart rejoices that God has answered prayer, and the eyes are enlightened to understand His love better than ever. "The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever;" no mixed motives in it; "the judgments of the Lord are truth (margin) and righteous altogether." David had the highest opinion of them, esteeming them as richer than gold.

In his practical application the Psalmist says, "Moreover by them is thy servant *warned*" . . . "who can understand his errors?" Many try to instead of letting the Word of God warn them.

VIVISECTION OF SIN

causes instant contagion; the object of it is always self-justification. Why examine the motives of a sin, if you don't want to excuse yourself? If the thing is hateful, turn away from it entirely. "But if I am blamed more than I deserve?" *You can't be*, for sin took the death of Jesus to purge it. Flee to the wounds and to the Word of Jesus. Let Him be your Keeper, and pray in faith with David; "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer."

* The standard Railroad Guide in England.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

English Influence is Being Employed with China to induce her to submit to the French terms, and avert war. England's motive is not altogether disinterested, as a war between France and China would interfere with trade, and in the present temper prevailing in the two countries might lead to awkward complications between the English and French governments. The French have strengthened their position by the capture of Kelung. All her naval operations in Chinese waters have hitherto been hampered by her being compelled to resort to the English or the Chinese for coal, as they had all the mines in their hands; but Kelung has the finest coal mines in Asia. They can easily be protected, and thus France has, according to the confession of even the English papers, doubled her naval capabilities in the whole region east of Suez, even as far south as Australia. The London *Times* publishes a despatch from Hong Kong, dated August 15th, which states that China has declared war. The news has not been confirmed, and the French Government professes to discredit it.

Casey, an Irish Informer whose Evidence resulted in the conviction of five men who were tried for a murder, has now declared that he perjured himself at the trial. He declares that so far as he knew not one of the five men was present at the murder. He excuses himself for the commission of the crime of swearing away the lives of his fellow countrymen by saying that he was himself in danger of being hung. It is difficult to decide which of his statements is true, but the authorities believe that his recantation is false, and is made because he fears the vengeance of the Irish societies, who have threatened him with the fate of Carey.

The French Expedition to the Sahara Desert, the massacre of which was announced three years ago, was, it is now stated, not so utterly destroyed as was reported. Colonel Slatters and Captain Massons, the leaders of the expedition, survived, and are now held as prisoners by the natives. The expedition was sent to survey the route of a railway which it was proposed to construct across the great desert.

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THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES OF THE RECENT EUROPEAN CONFERENCE ON EGYPTIAN AFFAIRS.

THE CONFERENCE ON EGYPT: Its Origin, Proceedings, and Failure.

The International Conference, a picture of which appears on the first page of The Christian Herald, assembled in the Foreign Office, London, on June 28th, and finally adjourned on August 2d, having accomplished none of the objects for which it was convened. Those objects related chiefly to the Egyptian finances. The subject of money has been, throughout, the main point in what is known as the Egyptian question. The pretext on which European nations first interfered in Egyptian affairs was the financial embarrassments of the country. The ex-Khédive during his reign spent enormous sums of money on public works. Many of those works were productive, but the majority were improvements which were needed, but which brought no return for the outlay. The money was borrowed in Europe, and it is to be observed that whenever a new loan was negotiated for some specific object, a large portion of the loan was not applied to the purpose for which it had been raised, but was spent in building new palaces for the Khédive and in the purchase of jewels and dresses for the ladies of his harem. So the load of debt rolled up, and Egypt, being unable to pay the interest, borrowed more money to pay it. The end of such financial arrangements, whether in the case of an individual or a nation, is the same. They lead inevitably to bankruptcy.

The Khédive then applied to England and France, his chief creditors, to put his affairs in order. The only way to do that was to wring more money from the impoverished people, and the representatives of the two nations made matters worse by making heavy charges for their services. They brought hosts of their connections to fill clerkships and collectorships, and so, though the revenue was more honestly collected and applied, the burdens on the people were increased.

At length the burden became intolerable, and the upper classes, and especially the army, became discontented for the additional reason that the offices of the State were given to Europeans, and the entire administration was practically in the hands of the English and French commissioners, who had charge of the funds. The rising under Arabi was an attempt to rid the country of the foreigners and have its affairs administered by Egyptians. His success would probably have led to repudiation of the debt. In Egyptian hands the revenue, from which the interest on the debt was paid, must have decreased. But Arabi failed. The cost of suppressing his rising, the indemnities, amounting to twenty-one million dollars, which had to be paid to the sufferers in the pillage and burning of Alexandria on May 9th, 1882, and the cost of the attempt to hold the Soudan, amounting to nearly eight millions more, were added to the already stupendous debt of $290,000,000. Beside this there were works of irrigation, which were indispensably needed, which would cost five millions.

Under those circumstances the English Government called the Conference to take into consideration the best means of solving the almost hopeless problem. The English Government offered to assist Egypt to borrow forty million dollars by becoming security for its repayment, if the other governments would sanction a reduction being made in the rate of interest Egypt had agreed to pay, and consent to give the interest on the new loan precedence over all other Egyptian liabilities. That proposition was contemptuously rejected by the representative of France.

The essential difference between the English and the French plenipotentiaries lay in their conflicting estimates of the revenues obtainable in Egypt. And the source of revenue which the difference chiefly concerned was the land-tax. The French insisted that *sufficient pressure had not recently been brought to bear upon the miserable peasants.* With that cold, mercenary spirit, which almost always underlies the verbal heroics of the French, they held fast to the interests of the bondholders, and would listen to no plea for mercy. The difference between the two calculations amounted to little more than two and a half million dollars. But it was irreduceable, and it made all the difference between oppressive extortion and reasonable justice. The utmost sacrifice demanded from the bondholders by the British proposal was a half per cent, and even this was not to be asked, unless it proved to be absolutely inevitable. The French proposals ignored altogether the interests of the Fellaheen, and magnified the claims of what they call the "privileged debt." They demanded payment in full of the claims of all bondholders. To such proposal the English administration felt this insuperable objection, that they could not be carried out except by a continuance of *the old system of extortion and oppression.* The required taxes would keep the vast majority of the people at starvation point.

The plenipotentiaries spent several weeks in endeavoring to bring about a compromise in which England and France could agree, but without success. France was encouraged to maintain her attitude by Germany, which unexpectedly came to her aid in the Conference. Various reasons are assigned for this unusual spectacle of France and Germany in union against England. The most probable is that Bismarck was endeavoring to arouse antagonism between the two countries, with the object of separating France from the last friend she has in Europe. However that may be, the German Government supported the French demands, and as England would not recede, the Conference broke up in despair.

England is now sending to Egypt Lord Northbrook, who is a member of the Baring family—a family eminent among the financiers of Europe, to study the question on the spot, and to propound some plan for the relief of the country. The selection is a wise one, for Lord Northbrook is not only a skilful financier, but his experience as *Viceroy of India* has fitted him to deal intelligently with the character of the Mohammedan population of Egypt.

The illustration on the first page is a picture of the Conference as the plenipotentiaries were grouped at the first session. They were: For Great Britain, Earl Granville and the Right Hon H. C. E. Childers, M.P.; Count Karolyi, of Austria; M. de Staal, of Russia; M. Waddington, representing France; Count Nigra, Italy; Musurus Pacha, the delegate for Turkey; and Count Munster, of Germany. From the English journals we extract sketches of the lives of the more prominent of these personages.

EARL GRANVILLE, K.G.

The Right Hon. Granville George Leveson-Gower, Earl Granville, K.G., is the eldest son of the first earl. He was *born* May 11th, 1815, and was *educated* at Eton and Oxford. His *first political experience* was gained as attaché to the embassy in Paris in 1836; but he only remained abroad a year when he was *elected to the House of Commons* as member for Morpeth. Early in 1840 he accepted the appointment of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, while sitting as a member for Lichfield. In 1846 he *succeeded to the peerage* on the death of his father, and in the House of Lords he has achieved his fame.

He holds the ancient office of *Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports*, having been appointed to that office in 1865, and in that capacity has for his official residence Walmer Castle, one of three built by Henry III. He acted as Vice-President of the Royal Commission for the *Great Exhibition* of 1851, of which the Prince Consort was President. His power of organization, which is his special gift, was of great value, and the *diligence* with which he labored contributed to the success of the enterprise. In 1856 he represented the English nation at the coronation of the late Emperor of Russia. Two years later he failed to form a Ministry upon the retirement of Lord Palmerston, and in that statesman's second administration Earl Granville filled the post of *President of the Council.* In 1868 he became *Minister of Foreign Affairs* under Mr. Gladstone's government, which post he held until the retirement of the Liberal Cabinet in 1874, after which time he was the acknowledged *leader of the Opposition* in the House of Lords until the return of the present Ministry to power, in April, 1880, when he again accepted the important post of *Minister of Foreign Affairs*, which he still retains.

RIGHT HON. H. C. E. CHILDERS, M.P.

The Right Hon. Hugh Culling Eardley Childers, who assisted Lord Granville at the Conference, is the *son of a clergyman.* His father, the Rev. Eardley Childers, was vicar of Cantley, Yorkshire. Sir Hugh, who is the only son, was *born* in Brook Street, Piccadilly, London, on June 25th, 1827. His *early education* was received at the then popular Surrey seminary at Cheam. Thence he proceeded to *Trinity College*, Cambridge, where he *graduated* fourteenth Senior Optime in 1850. He purposed to enter for the study of the law, but this he deferred for a time. At the date of his leaving the university the Government of Victoria, Australia, was established by charter. To this colony Mr. Childers *set sail*, with his newly-married wife, in 1850. There his first political experience was gained, for immediately after his landing he was elected to represent an important township in the first Parliament of that colony. He received an appointment to a seat in the Australian Cabinet as Commissioner of Trade and Customs.

At the close of his *political apprenticeship* in the colonies in 1857, Mr. Childers returned to England in the capacity of *Agent-General* for Victoria. Upon his return he proceeded to take his M.A. degree at Cambridge, and entered upon the study of law, without being ever called to the bar. In 1860 he was elected as M.P. for Pontefract, and he has represented that borough ever since. Very early in his parliamentary career his experience in the southern hemisphere gained for him great confidence as a practical statesman. He sat upon the commission to inquire into the working of the plan of dealing with persons convicted of crime and sentenced to long periods of incarceration. It had up to that date been the practice to transport such persons out of their country, "for their country's good," and convey them to settlements at Botany Bay, in Australia. The colonists, after a while, protested against such "rubbish" being "shot" into their fine free country, and Mr. Childers, as Agent-General, had lifted up his voice against the practice in vain; but before he had been a year in the House of Commons his advice was listened to by the members of the commission, and the practice was eventually stopped.

He enjoyed *two years of office*, in 1864–66, under Earl Russell, first as a Junior Lord of the Admiralty, and then as Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Upon the accession of Mr. Gladstone to power in 1868 Mr. Childers became First Lord of the Admiralty, which office he continued to hold until March, 1871.

The great cause of the illness, which led to his retirement from office, was grief at the *loss of his eldest son*, who was a midshipman on board the ill-fated ship Captain, *which foundered*, with all hands save one boat's crew, in the Bay of Biscay, on September 7th, 1870. In the midshipmen's berth with young Mr. Childers and his *companions in death* were the Hon. W. R. Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke, and the Hon. A. T. N. Baring, son of the Earl of Northbrook. Upon relinquishing his post in the Government, Mr. Childers again *resumed his office* as Agent-General for the Colony of Victoria. Upon his appointment to the post of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, in 1873, his *re-election* for Pontefract was remarkable as being the *first* which took place in England *under the ballot.*

He lost his first wife in 1875, and was married again in 1879. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society; his published works have been nothing more bulky than pamphlets, but they indicate that he has considerable administrative power.

This ability he has used in vast commercial enterprises with which he is connected as director or otherwise. He is also a member of the Privy Council and Secretary of State for War.

M. WADDINGTON,
The Plenipotentiary of France.

WILLIAM HENRY WADDINGTON was born in 1826, *his father being a rich Englishman*, who had established some cotton works in France, and had become naturalized. The son was educated at Rugby, and afterward took his degree at Cambridge. At an early age he gained some distinction by valuable contributions toward the history and archæology of France, and in 1865 was elected member of the Académie des Belles Lettres et Inscriptions.

He is described as being distinguished among the assembled representatives of the various States by his simplicity, plainness, and ordinary civilian appearance. He has ties of kindred and sympathy with three of the great nations represented at the Congress—France, England, and Germany; and this fact, quite apart from his remarkable personal claims, procured him almost an exceptional respect. In opposition to what is stated concerning him in Vapereau's "Dictionnaire," an English journal has stated that it is not true that M. Waddington was called upon at any period of his life to make choice, like the people of Alsace and Lorraine, whether or not he would be a Frenchman. He is French in heart and French by law, although the English element in his composition is conspicuous in his person and his tastes.

The option was early placed before young Waddington to choose whether he would be a cotton manufacturer or devote his life to literature or politics. He chose both literature and politics, and to this and to his relationship by marriage with the family of the Bunsens may doubtless be attributed the respect which he commands in Germany. Some of the most distinguished of German scholars have been among his best friends. Even after the events of 1870, M. Waddington is said, to the horror of some of his Parisian colleagues, boldly to have stated that his true patriotism as a Frenchman did not call upon him to break the ties which bound him to German scholars.

He entered the National Assembly of France February 8th, 1871. From the very first he took a prominent part in the debates, and was appointed Minister of Education in the short-lived Cabinet born and buried in May, 1873. The late M. Thiers is said to have formed a high opinion of his talents, and it was on this account, perhaps, that he became the successful candidate for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs after the fall of the Duc Decazes. M. Thiers was courageous enough to bestow upon M. Waddington, in spite of his *well-known Protestantism*, the important portfolio of Public Instruction. He has never been popular as an orator, but for straightforwardness, for unselfishness of character, there are, perhaps, few French statesmen that can compare with him.

MUSURUS PACHA,
The Representative of Turkey.

CONSTANTINE MUSURUS PACHA, the distinguished Turkish diplomatist, was born at Constantinople on February 18th, 1807, so that he is now seventy-seven years of age. His father was Paul Musurus, a native of Retimo, in Crete, and a descendant of an ancient patrician family. Constantine received in the city of his birth a very careful education, comprising the classical literature of Greece and Rome, the sciences, and several European languages, in all of which he evidenced much application, and attained an almost unrivalled proficiency.

In 1832, when he was only twenty-five years old, he was appointed Secretary to Stephen Vogorides, Prince of Samos. A year later he accompanied the Commissioners of France, England, and Russia, sent to exhort the Samians, who were then in armed rebellion, to make their submission to the Turkish Government. The Commissioners having failed, Musurus, in 1834, himself undertook the pacification of Samos, which he actually accomplished, without employing coercion of any kind; and having organized the internal administration upon a liberal constitutional basis, he governed the island for four years, to the unqualified and enthusiastic satisfaction of the people.

On his return to Constantinople, in 1839, he married the Princess Anne, the second daughter of Prince Vogorides, who was born in 1819, and whose personal beauty and intelligence were proverbial. She was seized with an attack of disease of the heart, at a ball given to the Sultan of Turkey, at the Foreign Office, London, on June 19th, 1867, and died the same night. In 1840, Musurus was sent to Athens as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, a most difficult mission for an Ottoman diplomatist, on account of race and religious antagonism of the most determined character on the part of the Greeks. No wonder, therefore, that his undertaking was signalized by a rupture of diplomatic relations between the courts of Athens and Turkey, by the triumph of Turkish policy, and an attempted assassination of Musurus. At the end of 1848—a singularly revolutionary period on the Continent of Europe—Musurus was recalled from Athens to represent Turkey at the Austrian Court, where his able management of the delicate matters connected with the demand for the surrender of the Hungarian refugees, increased his well-earned reputation. He was rewarded for the ability displayed by him in these important negotiations by being appointed, in April, 1851, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at London, received the high rank of Ambassador in January, 1856, and the rank of Muchir, with the title of Pacha, on the Sultan's visit to London, in July, 1867. He has since labored with untiring zeal in his country's service.

ANECDOTES BY THE REV. W. HASLAM.

AT one of the meetings of the recent Conference, at Keswick, Mr. Haslam took for his topic, Christ casting out the dumb devil, and gave utterance to much quaint and practical truth. He said:

"Christ is working even greater miracles now than He did in the days of His flesh. In Luke 11 we read that He cast out a dumb spirit. When the devil went out the dumb spake, and the people wondered. How many of God's children are still possessed of a dumb devil! They cannot pray in public, and if they are asked to bear testimony for Jesus, something holds them back. Yet we were made for the Lord. Our tongues were given to us to speak with, not only to speak to one another, but to speak to God; not only to speak about all other subjects, but about the Lord Himself. How is it that we can speak about most things and most persons, but we cannot speak about God?

"Some years ago I was walking in London. A clergyman passed me. He looked at me, and presently he came and asked if my name was Haslam. 'Yes.' 'God bless you,' he said. 'Thank you,' I said, 'as much of that as you like. What is it about?' 'I heard you preach in Paris once.' 'Yes, I was there.' 'Do you remember saying that

THE LATCH WAS ON MY SIDE

of the door?' 'I dare say I did.' 'I had been waiting, but I did not know what I was waiting for. When I heard you say the latch was on my side of the door, I fell on my knees and said, "Oh, Lord, if that is so, come in and take full possession of my heart." Glory be to God. He came in.' 'It looks like it,' I said; and most certainly He did. The clergyman's soul was set free. And how near some of you are to liberty! Your hearts are full, if you only had the courage to open your mouths and speak for the Lord. Confession is made with the mouth. How often we are exhorted in the Psalms to praise the Lord with a loud voice. Surely, that means something; you need not spiritualize that. People very frequently keep themselves in bondage because they allow the dumb devil to keep their tongues silent.

"A friend of mine in London, who speaks now with a voice as clear as a bell, and preaches a full salvation, spoke to me in great trouble some years after his conversion. 'You know I am such a fool; I am afraid to speak. The other day you called on some one to pray, and I shivered down to my shoes, I was so afraid you would ask me. I could not have prayed if you had paid me for it.'

THIS DUMB DEVIL

was in full possession of him. He understood everything; you could not teach him much. I said, 'You have a dumb devil. Do you believe the Lord Jesus can cast him out?' 'Yes, I believe He can.' 'Yes, the devil himself believes that, but do you believe He *will?*' 'I am afraid.' 'I am very glad of it; now let us kneel down and see whether the Lord will cast out the dumb devil.' We were in a railway carriage together alone. We knelt down in the carriage and prayed. He could scarcely hear my voice for the noise; I think that was an encouragement to him. I went on praying to the Lord to loose the string of his tongue that he might speak plainly for the glory of God. He said, 'Amen.' 'Thank God,' I said, 'the dumb devil is going.' I began to pray again. He said, 'Lord, answer prayer.' 'Amen,' I said. 'Hallelujah! the devil is going,' and sure enough he began to pray for himself. I began to praise, and he was praising too. The train stopped, but we did not know anything about it; we went on praying and praising. The collector came to the door and said 'Tickets,' but we never stopped; we continued to praise God. Oh, we were happy! The guard shut the door and went away; he thought we were two madmen, I suppose. Oh, I wish there were more of such mad people. This man had got his liberty, and, glory be to God, he has used it since then.

"The Lord Jesus is here to do the same thing for every one who fully trusts Him. If you have been set at liberty from the bondage of sin, thank God for it; testify to God's praise. It will help you more than you think. You may understand all about the higher life, and full salvation, but if you do not tell about it, it will all be shut up in yourself. We want to

SEE YOUR TONGUES SET FREE."

From the parable of the strong man armed, who kept his palace in peace, till he was dispossessed of the stronger, Mr. Haslam proceeded to show that though Satan is strong to keep the souls of men in bondage the Lord Jesus Christ can cast him out and take full possession Himself. He besought his hearers to open the latch and let into their trembling, fearful hearts the Lord of glory and of power. The fruit of his earnest, telling words was seen in the after days of the Convention, when some gave practical testimony that the dumb devil had been driven out and their tongues had been loosened to tell forth to others the great things the Lord had done for them.

The Evangelical Alliance, whose Conference is to be held at Copenhagen in September next, is to be congratulated upon the completeness of the programme of meetings they are able to announce. The Conference promises to be one of the most practical and effective that has yet been convened. Among the most prominent speakers will be the venerable Dr. Kalkar, of Copenhagen; Professor Godet, of Neuchatel; Pasteur Theo. Monod, of Paris; Philip Schaff, of New York, with Drs. Angus, Sinclair Paterson, Eustace Conder, and others from England. The Lord Mayor of London is also upon the list.

THE MIDNIGHT HORSEMAN.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"Then went I up in the night by the brook, and viewed the wall, and turned back, and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned."—Nehemiah 2 : 15.

Jerusalem in Ruins—The Midnight Exploration—The Witchery of Ruins in the Moonlight—A Reticent Leader—Nehemiah's Project Disclosed—Opposition to the Work—I. Intensity of Attachment to God's House—Nehemiah's Depression in a Palace—The King's Permission Craved—Prompt Advantage Taken of it—A Type of Love for the Church—II. Exploration before Reconstruction—Mistake of Building on Debris—The Old-Fashioned Way of Conversion—Ruin Must be Admitted—III. Busy and Triumphant Sadness—Trouble not Sent to Crush—The Temptation to Despair—A Beautiful Parlor in Philadelphia—An Old Sexton's Rule—Never Give up.

A DEAD city is always more suggestive than a living city—past Rome than present Rome—ruins rather than newly frescoed building. But the best time to visit a ruin is *by moonlight*. The Colosseum is far more fascinating to the traveller after sundown than before. You may stand by daylight amid the monastic ruins of Melrose Abbey, and study shaft and oriel, rosetted stone and mullion; but they throw their strongest witchery by moonlight. Some of you remember what the great poet of Scotland said in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

> "If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

Washington Irving describes the Andalusian moonlight upon the Alhambra ruins as amounting to an enchantment. My text presents you

JERUSALEM IN RUINS—

the tower down, the gates down, the walls down—everything down: Nehemiah, on horseback, by moonlight looking upon the ruins. While he rides, there are some friends on foot going with him, for they do not want the many horses to disturb the suspicions of the people. These people do not know the secret of Nehemiah's heart, but they are going as a sort of body-guard. I hear the clicking hoofs of the horse on which Nehemiah rides, as he guides it this way and that, into this gate and out of that gate, winding through amid the *débris* of once great Jerusalem.

Now the horse comes to a dead halt at the tumbled masonry, where he cannot pass. Now he shies off at the charred timbers. Now he comes along where the water under the moonlight flashes from the mouth of the brazen dragon after which the gate was named. Heavy-hearted Nehemiah! Riding in and out, now by his old home desolated, now by the defaced temple, now amid the scars of the city that had gone down under battering-ram and conflagration. The escorting party know not what Nehemiah means. Is he getting crazy? Have his own personal sorrows, added to the sorrows of the nation, unbalanced his intellect? Still

THE MIDNIGHT EXPLORATION

goes on. Nehemiah, on horseback, rides through the fish gate, by the tower of the furnaces, by the king's pool, by the dragon well, in and out, in and out until the midnight ride is completed, and Nehemiah dismounts from his horse, and to the amazed and confounded and incredulous body-guard declares the deep secret of his heart when he says, "*Come, now, let us build Jerusalem.*" "What, Nehemiah, have you any money?" "No." "Have you any kingly authority?" 'No." Have you any eloquence?" 'No." Yet that midnight moonlight ride of Nehemiah resulted in the glorious rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem.

The people knew not how the thing was to be done, but with great enthusiasm they cried out, "Let us rise up now and build the city." Some people laughed and said it could not be done. Some people were infuriated, and offered physical violence, and said the thing should not be done. But the workmen went right on, standing on the wall, trowel in one hand, sword in the other, until the work was gloriously completed. At that very time, in Greece, Xenophon was writing a history, and Plato was making philosophy, and Demosthenes was uttering his rhetorical thunder; but all of them together did not do as much for the world as this midnight moonlight ride of praying, courageous, home-sick, close-mouthed Nehemiah.

I. My subject first impresses me with the idea *what*

AN INTENSE THING

is attachment to the house of God. Seize the bridle of that horse and stop Nehemiah. Why are you risking your life here in the night? Your horse will stumble over these ruins and fall on you. Stop this useless exposure of your life. No! Nehemiah will not stop. He at last tells us the whole story. He lets us know he was an exile in a far-distant land, and he was a servant, a cupbearer in the palace of Artaxerxes Longimanus, and one day, while he was handing the cup of wine to the king, the king said to him, "What is the matter with you, Nehemiah? You are not sick. I know you must have some great trouble. What is the matter with you?"

Then he told the king how that beloved Jerusalem was broken down; how that his father's tomb had been desecrated; how that the temple had been dishonored and defaced; how that the walls were all scattered and broken. "Well," says King Artaxerxes, "what do you want?" "O king," said the cupbearer Nehemiah, "I want to go home. I want to repair the grave of my father. I want to restore the beauty of the temple. I want to rebuild the masonry of the city wall. Beside, I want passports so that I shall not be hindered in my journey. And beside that" (as you will find in the context), "I want an order on the man who keeps your forest for just so much lumber as I may need for the rebuilding of the city."

"How long are you going to be gone?" said the king. The time for absence is arranged. "Good-by," said the king and his wife, who that day was sitting beside him in the palace. "Good-by," said Nehemiah. In hot haste this seeming adventurer comes to Jerusalem, and in my text we find him on horseback, in the midnight, riding around the ruins. It is through the spectacles of this scene that we discover the

ARDENT ATTACHMENT

of Nehemiah for that sacred Jerusalem, which in all ages has been the type of the Church of God, our Jerusalem, which we love just as much as Nehemiah loved his Jerusalem.

The fact is that you love the house of God so much that there is no spot on earth so sacred unless it be your own fireside. The Church has been to you so much comfort and illumination that there is nothing that makes you so irate as to have it talked against. If there have been times when you have been carried into captivity by sickness, you longed for the Church, the holy Jerusalem, just as much as Nehemiah longed for his Jerusalem, and the first day you came out you came to the house of the Lord. When the temple was in ruins, as ours was ten years ago, like Nehemiah, you walked around and looked at it, and in the moonlight you stood listening if you could not hear the voice of the dead organ, the psalm of expired Sabbaths, and the clang of the communion tankards.

What Jerusalem was to Nehemiah, the house of God is to you. Sceptics and infidels may scoff at the Church as an obsolete affair, as a relic of the dark ages, as a convention of goody-goody people, but all the impression they have ever made on your mind against the Church of God is absolutely nothing. You would make more sacrifices for it to-day than for any other institution, and if it were needful you would die in its defence. There are thousands of people in this house to-day who would, with Isaac Watts, say in regard to it:

> "Zion's a garden walled around,
> Chosen and made peculiar ground;
> A little spot inclosed by grace
> Out of the world's wild wilderness."

Or you can take the better words of the kingly poet as he said, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." You understand in your own experience the pathos, the homesickness, the courage, the holy enthusiasm of Nehemiah in his midnight moonlight ride around the ruins of his beloved Jerusalem.

EXPLORATION BEFORE RECONSTRUCTION.

II. Again, my text impresses me with the fact that before reconstruction there must be an exploration of ruins. Why was not Nehemiah asleep in bed? Why was not his horse stabled in the midnight? Let the police of the city arrest this midnight rider, out on some mischief, No. Nehemiah is going to rebuild the city, and he is making the preliminary exploration. In at this gate, out at that gate, east, west, north, south. By the fish gate. By the dragon well. By the tower of the furnaces. All through the ruins, The ruins must be explored before the work of reconstruction can begin.

The reason that so many people in this day, apparently converted, do not remain converted is because they did not first explore the ruin of their own heart. The reason that there are so many professed Christians who in this day lie and forge, and steal and commit adultery, and go to the penitentiary, is because they do not first learn the ruin of their own heart. They have not found out that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." They had an idea that they were almost right, and they built religion as a sort of extension, as an ornamental cupola. There was a superstructure of religion built on a substratum of unrepented sins. The trouble with a good deal of modern theology is that, instead of building on the right foundation, it

BUILDS ON THE DÉBRIS

of an unregenerated nature. They attempt to rebuild Jerusalem before, in the midnight of conviction, they have seen the ghastliness of the ruin. They have such a poor foundation for their religion that the first north-east storm of temptation blows them down.

I have no faith in a man's conversion if he is not converted in *the old-fashioned way*—John Bunyan's way, John Wesley's way, John Calvin's way, Paul's way, Christ's way, God's way. A dentist said to me a few days ago, "Does that hurt?" I replied, "Of course it hurts. It is in your business as in my profession—we have to hurt before we can help; we have to explore and dig away before we can put in the gold." You will never understand redemption until you understand ruin. A man tells me that some one is a member of the Church. It makes no impression on my mind at all. I simply want to know whether he was converted in the old-fashioned way, or whether he was converted in the new-fashioned way. If he was converted in the old-fashioned way he will stand. If he was converted in the new-fashioned way he will not stand. That is all there is about it.

A man comes to me to talk about religion. The first question I ask him is, "Do you feel yourself to be a sinner?" If he say, "Well, I—yes," the hesitancy makes me feel that

THAT MAN WANTS A RIDE

on Nehemiah's horse by midnight through the ruins—in at the gate of his affections, out at the gate of his will, by the dragon well; and before he has got through with that midnight ride he will drop the reins on the horse's neck, and he will take his right hand and smite on his heart, and say, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and before he has stabled his horse he will take his feet out of the stirrups, and he will slide down on the ground, and he will kneel, crying, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. For I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me."

Ah, my friends, you see this is

NOT A COMPLIMENTARY GOSPEL.

That is what makes some people so mad. It comes to a man of a million dollars, and impeni-

tent in his sins, and says, "*You're a pauper.*" It comes to a woman of fairest cheek, who has never repented, and says, "*You're a leper.*" It comes to a man priding himself on his independence, and says, "*You're bound hand and foot of the devil.*" It comes to our entire race and says, "*You're a ruin*—a ghastly ruin, an illimitable ruin, and, unless the grace of God rebuild you, an everlasting ruin." Satan sometimes says to me, "Why do you preach that truth? Why don't you preach a gospel with no repentance in it? Why don't you flatter men's hearts so that you make them feel all right? Why don't you preach a humanitarian Gospel, with no repentance in it, saying nothing about the ruin, talking all the time about the redemption? Instead of preaching to five thousand, you might preach to twenty thousand; for there would be four times as many who would come to hear a popular truth as to hear an unpopular truth, and you have voice enough to make them hear." I say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." I would rather lead five thousand souls into heaven than twenty thousand into hell. The redemption of the Gospel is a perfect farce if there is no ruin. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." "If any one, though he be an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel than this," says the apostle, "let him be accursed."

III. Again, my subject gives me a specimen of busy and

TRIUMPHANT SADNESS.

If there was any man in the world who had a right to hope and give up everything as lost, it was Nehemiah. You say, "He was cupbearer in the palace of Shushan, and it was a grand place." So it was. The hall of that palace was two hundred feet square, and the roof hovered over thirty-six marble pillars, each pillar sixty feet high; and the intense blue of the sky, and the deep green of the forest foliage, and the white of the driven snow, all hung trembling in the upholstery. But, my friends, you know very well that fine architecture will not put down home-sickness.

Yet Nehemiah did not give up. Then when you see him going among these desolated streets, and by these dismantled towers, and by the torn-up grave of his father, you would suppose that he would have been disheartened, and that he would have dismounted from his horse and gone to his room and said, "Woe is me! My father's grave is torn up. The temple is dishonored. The walls are broken down. I have no money with which to rebuild. I wish I had never been born. I wish I were dead."

Not so said Nehemiah. Although he had a grief so intense that it excited the commentary of his king, yet that penniless, expatriated

NEHEMIAH ROUSES HIMSELF

up to rebuild the city. He gets his permission of absence; he gets his passports; he hastens away to Jerusalem. By night, on horseback, he rides through the ruins; he overcomes the most ferocious opposition; he arouses the piety and patriotism of the people, and in less than two months—namely, in fifty-two days, Jerusalem was rebuilt. That's what I call busy and triumphant sadness.

My friends, the whole temptation is with you,

WHEN YOU HAVE TROUBLE,

to do just the opposite to the behavior of Nehemiah, and that is to give up. You say, "I have lost my child, and can never smile again." You say, "I have lost my property, and I never can repair my fortunes." You say, "I have fallen into sin, and I never can start again for a new life." If Satan can make you form that resolution, and make you keep it, he has ruined you. Trouble is not sent to crush you, but to arouse you, to animate you, to propel you. The blacksmith does not thrust the iron into the forge, and then blow away with the bellows, and then bring the hot iron out on the anvil and beat with stroke after stroke to ruin the iron, but to prepare it for a better use. Oh, that the Lord God of Nehemiah would rouse up all broken-hearted people to rebuild!

Whipped, betrayed, shipwrecked, imprisoned, Paul went right on. The Italian martyr, Algerious, sits in his dungeon writing a letter, and he dates it "*From the delectable orchard of the Leonine Prison.*" That is what I call triumphant sadness. I knew a mother who buried her babe on Friday, and on the Sabbath appeared in the house of God and said, "Give me a class; give me a Sabbath-school class. I have no child now left me, and I would like to have a class of little children. Give me real poor children. Give me a class off the back street." That, I say, is beautiful. *That is triumphant sadness.*

At three o'clock this afternoon, in

A BEAUTIFUL PARLOR IN PHILADELPHIA

—a parlor pictured and statuetted—there will be from ten to twenty destitute children of the street. It has been so every Sabbath afternoon at three o'clock for sixteen years. These destitute children receive religious instruction, concluding with cakes and sandwiches. How do I know that that has been going on for sixteen years? I know it in this way. That was the first home in Philadelphia where I was called to comfort a great sorrow. They had a splendid boy, and he had been drowned at Long Branch. The father and mother almost idolized the boy, and the sob and shriek of that father and mother as they hung over the coffin resound in my ears to-day.

There seemed to be no use of praying, for when I knelt down to pray, the outcry in the room drowned out all the prayer. But the Lord comforted that sorrow. They did not forget their trouble. If you should go this snowy afternoon into Laurel Hill, you would find a monument with the word "Walter" inscribed upon it, and a wreath of fresh flowers around the name. I think there has not been an hour in sixteen years, winter or summer, when there was not a wreath of fresh flowers around Walter's name. But the Christian mother who sends those flowers there, having no child left, Sabbath afternoons mothers ten or twenty of the lost ones of the street. That is beautiful. That is what I call busy and triumphant sadness.

Here is a man who has lost his property. He does not go to hard drinking. He does not destroy his own life. He comes and says, "Harness me for Christian work. My money's gone. I have no treasures on earth: I want treasures in heaven. I have a voice and a heart to serve God." You say that that man has failed. He has not failed, he has triumphed. Oh, I wish I could persuade all the people who have any kind of trouble

TO NEVER GIVE UP!

I wish they would look at the midnight rider of the text, and that the four hoofs of that beast on which Nehemiah rode might cut to pieces all your discouragements and hardships and trials. Don't give up! Who is going to give up, when on the bosom of God he can have all his troubles hushed? Give up! Never think of giving up.

Are you borne down with poverty? A little child was found *holding her dead mother's hand* in the darkness of a tenement-house, and some one coming in, the little girl looked up, while holding her dead mother's hand, and said, "Oh, I do wish that God had made more light for poor folks!" "My dear, God will be your light; God will be your shelter; God will be your home." Are you borne down with the bereavements of life? Is the house lonely now that the child is gone? Do not give up. Think of what

THE OLD SEXTON

said when the minister asked him why he put so much care on the little graves in the cemetery—so much more care than on the larger graves—and the old sexton said, "Sir, you know that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and I think the Saviour is pleased when He sees so much white clover growing around these little graves." But when the minister pressed the old sexton for a more satisfactory answer, the old sexton said, "Sir, about these larger graves, I don't know who are the Lord's saints and who are not; but you know, sir, it is clean different with the bairns."

Oh, if you have had that keen, tender, indescribable sorrow that comes from the loss of a child, do not give up! The old sexton was right. *It is*

ALL WELL WITH THE BAIRNS.

Or, if you have sinned, if you have sinned grievously—sinned until you have been cast out by the church, sinned until you have been cast out by society, do not give up. Perhaps there may be in this house one that could truthully utter the lamentation of another:

"Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell—
Fell, like a snowflake, from heaven to hell—
Fell, to be trampled as filth in the street—
Fell to be scoffed at, spit on, and beat;
Praying, cursing, wishing to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living, and fearing the dead."

Do not give up. One like unto the Son of God comes to you to-day, saying, "Go and sin no more," while He cries out to your assailants, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Oh, there is no reason why any one in this house, by reason of

ANY TROUBLE OR ANY SIN,

should give up! Are you a foreigner, and in a strange land? Nehemiah was in exile. Are you penniless? Nehemiah was poor. Are you home-sick? Nehemiah was home-sick. Are you broken-hearted? Nehemiah was broken-hearted.

But just see him in the text, riding along the sacrileged grave of his father, and by the dragon well, and through the fish gate, and by the king's pool, in and out, in and out, the moonlight falling on the broken masonry, which throws a long shadow at which the horse shies, and at the same time that moonlight kindling up the features of this man till you see not only the mark of sad reminiscence, but the courage, the hope, the enthusiasm of a man who knows that Jerusalem will be rebuilt. I pick you up to-day, out of your sin and out of your sorrow, and I put you against the warm heart of Christ. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

An Atheist's Refusal.—At the West Ham Hall, while Mr. Moody was preaching, he asked, "Who will take salvation to-night?" Amid a chorus of "I will's," an atheist cried out, "I won't." A man who was steeped in sin, and who was sitting by his side, cried out, "I will," and there and then accepted Christ. He attended a meeting afterward at the Tonbridge Chapel, Euston Road, and testified how the Lord had rescued him. He said, "If that man had not cried out 'I won't,' I never should have said 'I will.'"

Christianity is Making Progress in Japan. and has received an impetus from the journey to Europe by a native noble. The Rev. H. Loomin, writing home from Japan, says: "One of the ablest and most prominent men in Japan, Ito Hirobumi, has just returned from a visit to Germany, and it is reported that he has addressed the Mikado, urging the truth and importance of Christianity. He states that he formerly supposed that the Emperor William and Bismarck professed to be Christians as a matter of policy, while they had no regard for it at all in their hearts. But now he says that this was a mistaken idea. He found that both men were sincere Christians, and both urged him to seek this religion for his own welfare and happiness as well as that of his country. Such has been the influence of Ito's report that the chief officers in the Cabinet are becoming interested in the study of Christianity, and the former Court teacher of Confucianism is no longer opposing the Gospel, but also carefully reading the Scriptures. In a course of study recently prescribed for all the Shinto priests, the Bible and 'Martin's Evidences of Christianity' are included."

SOME OF THE SIGNS OF THE END.

By Rev. W. J. Christie.

I.—*Increased Ungodliness*, to which all the New Testament prophecies point, is the forerunner and main cause of the great coming Antichristian tribulation. Consequently, the apostles speak of "perilous times," when the mocking inhabitants of the world shall run riot in sin. Some may point to the activity of certain sections of the Church, to increased evangelistic work, and the earnest efforts made to reach the masses. This not only does not refute our statement, but it proves it. As the world darkens toward its midnight the church catches the midnight cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh," and is stirred up thereby to increased activity. Infidelity, Communism, Nihilism, and Revolution now go hand in hand, and he need not necessarily be a misanthrope who looks with foreboding into the deepening gloom of the near future.

II.—*Wars and Rumors of Wars* is a sign given by the Redeemer in His prophetic discourse in Matthew. It may also be found in the writings of the prophets. Many persons have supposed, and probably may still suppose, that civilization will do away with war. It never will. Nothing will stay the progress of war but the advent of the Prince of Peace. Many thought that permanent peace was going to follow

THE GREAT WARS OF NAPOLEON.

But it was not so. During the last thirty years the struggle of nation against nation has deluged the world with blood. Scarcely any people upon earth have been free from bloodshed. Though there is now comparative peace, *does not everything point to awful and deadly conflict in the near future?* May we not now be in the midst of that deceptive lull, that time when men shall say, "Peace and safety," just as sudden destruction cometh upon them? We believe that the awful final struggle is coming, and that vast preparations are made for it. France, with pent-up wrath, waits to hurl her armies against Germany; Russia, with her overweening ambition, and her domestic troubles, is longing to seize upon the decaying Ottoman Empire, and is casting a longing eye upon the British Indian Empire. In every land seeds of bitter strife are sown, and our eyes must be indeed closed to the momentous events happening around us if we do not clearly perceive the culminating fulfilment of this sign in the wars and rumors of wars among which it is our lot to live.

III.—*Physical Signs*. Of these we may make four divisions: (1) Earthquakes. (2) Famines. (3) Pestilences. (4) Celestial Signs. Our reference to each of them must be very brief.

(1)—EARTHQUAKES.

Making all allowance for deficiency of record, it seems hard to believe that there could have been many great earthquakes before the Christian era. The like cannot be said of the century in which we live. *Within it there have been over* 5000 *earthquakes*, some two hundred of them "terrible, exceedingly." The largest number, this, recorded as occurring in the same space and time.

A scientific serial states, "That the closing years of the last decade was a period of the greatest and most universal terrestrial convulsions which history has on its records." "No less grand and impressive," it writes, "have been the celestial phenomena; the earth beneath and the heavens above have been prolific of wonders."

(2)—FAMINES.

No thoughtful observer of events can have failed to see that the epoch included in the last fifteen or twenty years may be justly termed an epoch of famine. Multitudes of the earth's inhabitants have perished from starvation, and others have suffered to an awful extent. But much of the fulfilment of this sign, we believe, lies in the near future.

(3)—PESTILENCES.

There have been pestilences in the past, but these will be dwarfed into insignificance by the pestilence of the future. Whether the pending perihelia of planets will produce the effects, as some astronomers declare it will, we know not. It, however, seems striking that such should be announced at a time when expounders of prophecy are looking for the times of unprecedented tribulation.

(4)—CELESTIAL SIGNS.

Men of science speak of wondrous conformations in the planetary system that have not existed before for ages—of strange appearances in the sun and other heavenly bodies, the result of which can scarcely be guessed at. It seems to be a very general opinion among astronomers that the condition of the sun and other heavenly bodies is abnormal.

IV.—*The Mystic Euphrates*. In the drying up or decay of the Turkish Empire, the mystic Euphrates, we have another marked sign of the fast approaching end. This takes place under the sixth vial, as recorded in Revelation 16 : 12. This disruption has been going on for a series of years. One slice after another has been cut off the once mighty empire, till now it is scarcely counted among the powers of Europe—except as a prey to be quickly dismembered and quarrelled over—the carcass upon which the eagles of Europe will gather. A very brief period will bring about the total overthrow and demolition of the once mighty power, after which it may be confidently expected that events will move forward with greatly-increased celerity till the end come.

V.—*Return of the Jews*. Close upon the destruction of the power of Turkey may be expected

THE RETURN OF THE JEWS

to their own land. For Scriptural proof that they must return, see Isa. 11 : 10–16; Ezek. 39 : 28; Ezek. 37 : 21–26; Jer. 30 : 3; Amos 9 : 15; Zech. 8 : 8; Zech. 10 : 6–10. Already a considerable exodus has begun. God is in many places driving them out by persecution, and preparing them for a return to their own land. This is especially the case in Russia and Germany, where Jews greatly abound. With the return of the Jews will end the times of the Gentiles, and that return will speedily be followed by the Advent of the Prince of Peace.

VI.—*The Three Frogs*. In Rev. 14 : 13, 14, there unclean spirits like frogs are said to come out of the mouth of the dragon (Satan), the beast (Antichrist), and the false prophet (Popery and Mohammedanism), and to go out to gather the nations to war. There can be little doubt but that these

THREE UNCLEAN SPIRITS,

like frogs, represent certain evil principles. That from the dragon is notably Infidelity; that from the beast is Revolutionary Socialistic opinion; and that from the false prophet, violent propagandism of corrupt Christianity and Mohammedan error. The first spirit from Satan is developing itself in open denial of the existence of God, and in the errors of spiritualism. Is it not an awful sign of the times, and one that must hurry on the vengeance of a justly incensed Jehovah, to find an English constituency returning to Parliament as their representative an avowed infidel? And is it not yet a more awful sign to find the responsible members of an English Government declare it to be their intention to seek to alter the law for the purpose of admitting that infidel? Surely, as in Pharaoh's day, the frogs have gone up, even into the king's palace.

The second spirit, that of Revolutionary Democracy, may be seen in the Nihilism, Communism, Fenianism, and intense Radicalism of the age. It seeks the subversion of all constituted authorities, and may be expressed by the one word *lawlessness*. It has leavened many classes of society, and will increase in power till the development of the *lawless one*.

The object of the going forth of these three frogs is, we are told, to gather the kings of the earth to battle to that great day of God Almighty. The activity of their movement, and the loudness of their croaking at the present time, is a clear indication of the predicted approach of that great event.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Trying to be an Infidel.—At a Recent meeting Mr. Oatts, a successful home missionary, said: "A young man came into our institute to me one night, and said, 'Look here, Mr. Oatts; I have been trying to be an infidel for three years, and I cannot be one. What am I to do?' I pointed him to 'the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world,' and oh, you should have heard the prayer that young man offered up to God. I shall never forget it; he gave himself to Christ there and then, and that would-be infidel is now receiving an education to qualify him to be a medical missionary of the cross of the Saviour."

An Awakened Curiosity.—At a Gospel Temperance meeting, Mr. R. Simpson said: "A friend I know was going home after a Saturday night's debauch, and as he was passing along the street he saw some friends going in at an open door. In his half-drunken state he said, 'What's that?' and he passed on. But God awakened his curiosity, and he turned again. Seeing the people still crowding in, he determined to see what was going on, so he entered the doorway. It was an evangelistic meeting. The Lord met him there, and he was led by the Holy Spirit to look to Jesus as his present and Almighty Saviour, and up to now that man has been used in God's hands to save more than fifty of his perishing fellow-men."

A Rich Boon Quickly Taken.—At a Testimony meeting a young man said: "About a fortnight ago I was in a church where I heard a minister say he was in favor of a steady-going process of conversion—one that would take perhaps two years of hard struggle. I went to a meeting that evening and heard Mr. Scroggie, and staying to the after meeting, a friend said, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' I went away that night undecided, but returned the following evening, when another person spoke to me in the after-meeting, saying, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' I was led to trust in Christ that night, and I was saved, though when I went to the meeting I expected I should have to undergo the two years' process."

The Doctor and the Puddler.—Mr. Reid related: "About thirty years ago I was living in Yorkshire, where I knew a doctor and a man who worked in Kirkstall Forge, as a puddler. There is often work produced by puddlers, through carelessness, or from some fault in the material, which makes what is called 'wasters,' for which the men get no payment. Well, this puddler's wife fell ill, and was attended by the doctor, who gave her medicine and paid her every attention, but, notwithstanding this, she died. In due course the doctor sent in an account, and then called for payment; but the puddler said, 'No, no; your job was a "*waster*," and I never pay for wasters, because I never get paid for them myself.' Now, friends, if you are suffering from that deadly disease, sin, Jesus is ready to cure you, and He never makes a 'waster.' However bad the disease may be in you, it only requires faith on your part to be made perfectly whole."

A Saved Woman's Gratitude.—"I Bless the Lord," said a genial Christian lady, "that three years ago He saved me, and made me a better mother and wife than ever I was before. A short time ago I took part in the Midnight Rescue Meetings which we thought so fruitless. Well, to-night, on my way down to the meeting I met a young woman, who stopped me, saying, 'You don't seem to know me?' 'I can't say I have the pleasure of doing so,' I said. 'Don't you remember me? You took me from two drunken sailors. I was saved that night in the meeting to which you took me. I am in a good situation. To-day I said to my mistress, 'Oh, that I could get back to the city to see the good woman who rescued me,' and she kindly said,

'Go then, by all means, but remember!' So I came, and I thank God I have met you. I pray for you every night and morning.' For the many months of hard, disagreeable work we saw little fruit of our labors, but I think that if only this one soul was saved it is sufficient recompense for all our toil."

"Hard up" and "Low down."—A Man recently gave the following testimony: "About nine months ago I was what some people call very *low down*; some folks speak about being *hard up*, but I was *hard down*, through vice and misery such as only a few who have given way to their passions, without stint, can realize. When in this abject condition I tried to burst the bonds of sin with which I was tied, and to stand upright by the effort of my own will, but it is almost needless to say that it was an utter failure, and the attempt only served the purpose of the devil to bind me closer to him. I was in great agony of soul, and yearned for relief, but it was long before I knew where to go for it; but when I did really believe in the power of God to save and keep me, I flung myself upon Him, and He for Christ's sake saved me from the terrible enthralment of the devil, and gave a precious freedom, which I enjoy to this hour."

A Cripple's Work for Christ.—Mr. Galloway said that "An elderly woman in London gave up all her time to the service of the Lord. One day in carrying out her errands of mercy she fell and broke her leg. The doctor told her that she would never rise again from her bed. Sadly she thought that her days of usefulness were at an end. Only those who know the joy of the work can fully sympathize with her. Not only was the confinement to the house irksome, but the thought of the poor ones among whom she labored lay very heavily upon her heart. By and by she devised a plan for continuing her work for the Saviour. She could not go to the people, therefore the people must come to her. She got a lady to give her a quantity of books, which she lent to her neighbors, and when they called to renew them, she spoke about Christ to each one personally, and thus continued her labors for the Master, though in a different way, and many found salvation through her instrumentality."

The Best Night's Work of His Life.—The Rev. William Ross said: "One night, in the open air, I happened to say, 'It may be a matter of life or death to some one here to-night that they come into or stay out of the meeting we are going to hold in-doors.' A man was passing at that moment to begin work on the night shift; hearing my words he came in for a few minutes, and then rose and went out. A worker went after him, but was assured that he would return in a few minutes. I found the man in the after-meeting, and asked him, 'What kind of life have you led?' 'Practically I am an abstainer, but I now feel that I want the "one thing needful," which the speaker told us about.' 'What made you go out?' 'It is my turn on the night shift; I went out to get my mate to take it for me to-night, and I take his to-morrow and Wednesday night in exchange.' This man decided for Christ that Monday night. I have seen him thrice since, and he seems to be rejoicing in the Lord and in His salvation."

A Magdalene's Last Hours.—"I was Holding a cottage-meeting in Chatham, when word was brought to me that Mary Ann, a young woman who was one of the most notorious prostitutes of that town, wanted to see me, as she was ill. I went to the house where she lived. She was leader of about eight hundred bad women, the decoy of the house, lying in a hovel surrounded by dirt-heaps, and every imaginable filth. With a strong effort of will, I crushed down the feelings of disgust which threatened to overcome me, and spoke to her of the love of Jesus, but she was in a state of great despondency and got no relief. Her sister Maggie came in, and I said to her, 'Now, Maggie! will you of your own free will promise me on God's Word never to return to your evil life, if with the help of God I take care of Mary Ann?' Bursting into tears, Maggie replied, 'If any one had spoken so to us before, we would have given up this life long ago, but we were treated by men and lived as though we were lost sheep.' I soon had them both in better quarters, and then learned that their dead mother had been a Christian, and her last two hours had been spent in praying for her sinful girls. The change did Mary Ann good, for she recovered the tone of her mind, though her lungs would never be better. She was able to understand the way of salvation, and after a fearful struggle to enter upon it. One day she said to me, 'Mr. Lee! don't you see the fiends of hell sitting round the bed, and the devil at the foot?' As death was drawing near, I asked her to give testimony of Christ's closeness to her in the dread hour. She promised to do so if her strength was equal to the occasion. As her spirit was passing away, I was sent for to see her die. On reaching her bedside, I saw that she was almost insensible, and that if I wanted her testimony, I must have it now. So I cried into her ear, 'Mary Ann, is Christ precious to your soul still?' Her whole frame quivered, her eyes opened, and she said with a strong voice, 'Yes! yes!' In a short time she fell asleep in Jesus."

AMONG JEWS IN FRANCE.

Pastor Maurice Hirsch, who is laboring in France, thus writes of his work, under date of Paris, July 5th, 1884: "I have just returned from Nancy, full of joy and thankfulness to the Lord. Neither of the young Jews was able to accompany me, they having been detained by illness. My heart beat very quickly when I found myself on the very spot where I had been brought up, and where I was about to meet so many acquaintances of my youthful days, and among whom I was determined to bear witness to the truth of the Gospel. So I found myself at first a little perplexed. Nancy is no longer what it was when I lived there. I looked out, but in vain, for my old acquaintances, and afterward set to work to call upon those people who had written to me, after having received the Bible from me. My first visit was to

A YOUNG LADY OF HIGH POSITION;

her letters gave me to understand that she had received a brilliant education. She wished to become a believer, but had not the power. My first interview with her was of the most interesting description, but she was afraid of her husband, so she begged me not to return until she wrote to me. Three days after I received a letter from her asking me to go and see her. I went. She said, 'Let us not speak, but may God alone speak to us.' We knelt down and prayed in silence, and after three quarters of an hour she broke the silence by saying, 'I thank Thee, O Lord, that now I know Thee, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.'

"At the house of another lady I was not so well received—that is, not by herself, but by her husband, who, on knowing who I was, opened the door, and said to me, 'Fly quickly, or I will throw you out of the window.' I saw that there was no use in discussing with this madman; but two days after I met his wife in the street, when I had an opportunity of speaking with her, and learning from her also that she was not far from the kingdom of God. She asked me to write to her, and pray for her and her husband.

"On the Friday evening and Saturday morning I went to the Synagogue with a small packet of Bibles, and when the service was over I waited outside in the court belonging to the Synagogue, and began to give them; but, as it happened to me in Paris, the *concierge* came to interfere and to order me out. In a short time the crowd began to disperse, and he then let me go on with my work. Three accepted the Bible, but the fourth threw it in my face, crying out,

'BEGONE, YOU PROTESTANT MISSIONARY!'

but on looking at me a second time, he retraced his steps and cried out, 'Is that you, Maurice?' He had once been one of my best friends when I was a young man. He shook hands with me, regretted insulting me, afterward embraced me. I saw that the poor fellow was suffering intensely. 'You have done badly,' he said, 'and ought not to have left us.' He took me with him to dinner, where I met several of my old college comrades. There were about ten of them, who did nothing first but abuse me, and insisted on not remaining to dine while I was present. I said nothing, but prayed in silence. The silence calmed them. I used this opportunity for speaking to them and for explaining to them how the Lord had drawn me to Himself, and begged of them not to resist the influence of His grace. They listened to me, and I saw tears flowing from many eyes. They then asked my pardon for their rudeness. I offered them a Bible each, and they all accepted one.

"I returned again to the Synagogue, and this time the Jews there were about to ill-treat me, but these friends hindered them. In this scuffle

A BIBLE WAS TORN IN SHREDS,

but 499 were distributed, and will be read, and by our prayer the reading will bear fruit. Let us pray principally for these ten young men, whom I often saw during my visit, there, and who themselves helped me to carry the Bibles. There is in all this the beginning of a great work."

DISEASE AND DEATH—A CLOSET MEDITATION.

By the Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D.

What various sources of danger there are! How rapidly the panorama of peril passes its varied scenes before us in the living pages of this Gospel! Storms, demons, diseases, death! Yet how completely does my Lord overmaster them all! There are troubles which make us ashamed, and these are the very hardest to bear. Such was the demoniacal possession in the case of the man, and the issue of blood in the case of the woman. Oh, that I might have the woman's faith! Oh, that I might have the perseverance to pass through the throng, so that I might but touch the hem of His garment, even if I may not have the courage to throw myself at His feet and clasp His knees!

A stream of healing virtue is always proceeding from my Lord. And yet I carry my spiritual ailments so long, when I might be relieved by a touch! I fear I lack the woman's faith and humility. She did not think it necessary that the Lord should exert Himself for her, or perform any conspicuous act. If *she* but touched *Him*—it was not indispensable that He should touch her. It was not important that the work should be seen and known by the multitude. It was enough if she were healed and if He healed her.

And yet, although she seemed to have so much of the Lord, how much there was that she did not have. He was her Saviour and she was saved, but when He called she threw herself at His feet with fear and trembling. She did not know the infinite tenderness and compassionateness of Jesus. Her faith, under the cover of humility, had, as it were, stolen a great blessing, and He might be offended at what she had done or the manner of doing it. Instead of that, He calls her "Daughter," as if He would teach her, and teach me, that the very fact that I have received a great blessing from Him makes Him feel that He is my kinsman! O wondrous love!

And this love will triumph over death. This Physician gives healing before death and resurrection after. He is not only the resurrection and the life, but He is the life and the resurrection. He speaks, and it is done. He commands, and power goes with the command to secure its fulfilment. Oh, that I may be most anxious to be raised from a death of sin to a life of righteousness! Speak, Lord, to every dead faculty in me and call it to life. In newness of life may I may serve Thee, and, serving Thee, may I fear no storm, nor Satan, nor sickness, nor death.

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NOTICE.

AT the commencement of the new volume on January 1st, 1885,

The Christian Herald

WILL BE

ENLARGED.

The size of the pages will be increased in length and width, so that fifteen pages will contain as much reading matter as is contained in sixteen pages of the present size. The price of the paper will not be increased.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Gov. Cleveland's Letter Accepting the Democratic nomination for the Presidency was published on August 20th. It is a much shorter document than that issued by Mr. Blaine. He heartily approves of the platform adopted at Chicago, but does not discuss it, nor the tariff question, considering that the Presidency being an executive office, it is the duty of the holder to faithfully execute whatever laws may be passed by the legislative branch of the Government. He remarks that "we proudly call ours a government by the people," and points out the various ways in which that government may be wrested from the hands of a people and be held by a class or party. He advocates an amendment to the Constitution *disqualifying the President from re-election*, in order to prevent him using the patronage at his disposal to gain another term rather than in the public interest. He thinks that the interest of workingmen should receive more attention from the Government than they have done hitherto, and recommends that discrimination should be exercised in receiving immigrants, only those being welcomed who will naturalize themselves. *Civil servants*, the candidate believes, should be selected for "their ascertained fitness and the value of their work, and they should neither be expected nor allowed to do questionable party service." Governor Cleveland concludes with an expression of his idea of the kind of government the people want—an idea which Republicans as well as Democrats will indorse. He says: "The statesmanship they require consists in honesty and frugality, a prompt response to the needs of the people as they arise, and the vigilant protection of all their varied interests."

Gen. B. F. Butler's Manifesto is a Lengthy arraignment of both the great political parties. As Butler has at various times worked in both of them he is able to point out their faults, and he has a happy faculty of placing them in their strongest light. His four cardinal doctrines are: "1. Hostility to all monopolies in commerce, industries, and lands. 2. The preservation of the national legal-tender currency of the people, constitutionally issued by Congress. 3. The needs of all men and women who labor in the production of wealth, to be protected against the encroachments of those who absorb and consume without producing. 4. The necessity for reform and correction of abuses in government, so that its pressure on the people would be made as light as possible; its administration effective, to guard the rights of American citizens at home and abroad; to make public servants, individual or incorporate, subservient to the use and will of the people only, so as to restore the prosperity of the country, with equal rights, equal burdens, equal powers, and equal privileges of all people." He recommends his friends to ally themselves with the minority in every State, so that there shall be a mixed electoral ticket and a distribution of votes between Butler and his allied candidate *pro rata* in the electoral college, should the fusion ticket prove successful. There is nothing unconstitutional in the scheme, but its adoption may lead to results more interesting than satisfactory, as it will lead to the possibility of a trade of votes in the electoral college between the day of election and that of the sending in of the result to Congress.

The Sinking of the Tallapoosa on the Night of August 21st is an event which reflects little credit on the naval officers in charge. The United States ship, whose name was made familiar to the public three years ago by reason of her being fitted up during President Garfield's illness to take him for a sea trip, acquired the *soubriquet* of "Old Calamity" from the numerous disasters with which she was associated. She was on a voyage from Boston, Mass., to Newport, R. I., on Thursday last, when a schooner was observed approaching. It was a clear night, and the schooner's lights were seen fifteen minutes before the disaster. The Tallapoosa, as a steamer, was bound to give the schooner the right of way, but she ran right across her bows, and the schooner knocked a hole in her which sent her to the bottom. Some of the officers and crew jumped overboard, others climbed into the rigging as the steamer sank, and all but four were rescued. The Tallapoosa was one of Robeson's favorite boats, and he had gorgeous staterooms placed on deck and fitted up for the occupation of himself and his gang of admirers. This and other disasters which have occurred lately indicate that the seamanship of the navy is about on a par with the ships.

Prohibition Prospects in New York State have been investigated by a representative of the *Times*, a Republican journal which this year is supporting the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The growth of Prohibition feeling surprised this journalist, who thus writes of the party in Niagara County: "The population of this county is, in round numbers, sixty thousand, and its full vote is twelve thousand. Although mainly a Republican county, its vote for the past ten years has been more and more uncertain. There has been for years past a nucleus of hard-headed Prohibitionists in every part of Niagara, who have, year after year, kept up the show of holding all party conventions, and always putting a ticket in the field, even in years when the Prohibition vote in the county was less than one hundred. They have attached to them a large and influential body of the Republican party, including many of the ministers. There are some figures from the results of past years that are deeply significant of the fact that the Prohibition sentiment, in spite of the ridicule of both the great parties, and the flattery and cajolery of the Republican party, has become rooted in the affections of a large number of the voters of this vicinity. One of the prominent members of the party said: 'We have started to make a campaign in earnest. I cannot tell you particularly what is being done; in fact, I think that, so far, our party sadly lacks organization; but there is time enough to make that all up. With a vigorous organization in Niagara County, and such funds as we can raise, I think that the vote for St. John can easily be made one thousand in the county; and if there were a committee to provide speakers and meetings all over the county that figure might be doubled.'" There are indications in other States, especially in the rural districts, of a marked increase of Prohibition sentiment, which is of the practical kind that can be counted on at the polls.

Lieut. Greely's Opinion of the Prospects of success in Arctic exploration were given to the press last week. He said: "I do not think the north pole can be reached unless every circumstance hitherto found to be unfavorable should prove favorable to the party attempting to reach the pole. If it is to be done at all, it will be done by way of Franz Josef Land. It could never have been reached by the Jeannette's route. That there is an open polar sea I am well-nigh certain. This is proved by the ice drifting out of Mussel Bay and the Spitzbergen in midwinter, and the northern drift of the polar pack experienced by Pavy and Lockwood. Men can stand two winters very well at Franklin Bay, but physical strength rapidly deteriorates. If we had had every supply and necessary of food, we could have lived perhaps eight or ten years at Lady Franklin Bay." It will be remembered that all the party were in excellent health when they arrived at Cape Sabine, and if the Government had kept faith with them all might have returned safely. But the promised food was not left at the appointed place, and the brave men were left to starve. Several of the bodies of the dead heroes have been exhumed, and it was found that portions of flesh had been cut away, which were, it is presumed, eaten by the starving men while demented with the agonies of starvation.

The Remains of Mr. J. A. MacGahan, the famous war correspondent, were received in New York on August 25th by the Press Club, with appropriate honors. They have been brought from Constantinople, where Mr. MacGahan died, to his own country in a United States man-of-war. After lying in state in the New York City Hall the care of the body was transferred to a deputation from Ohio, who removed it to that State for burial. Mr. George F. Williams, of the *Herald*, delivered an address on the occasion, in the course of which he gave an interesting sketch of the career of Mr. MacGahan, describing his services during several European wars, his ride to Khiva, his journey in the Arctic regions, and finally his letters from Bulgaria, which led to the liberation of that country. He alluded to the high honors paid by the governments of Russia, Turkey, and the United States to the remains of the deceased and through him to the profession of journalism.

A Bad Eminence is Occupied by two American cities in the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Scudder, of Chicago, who was for many years a missionary in India. He expresses the opinion that "for unmixed wickedness and utter moral depravity no city of Asia could equal Chicago or New York," and that this continent has a class of villains "lower and meaner than the lowest and meanest in India or China."

About Forty Colored Ministers in the South will receive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for another year through the kindness of friends who have sent money for the purpose. They are grateful, and write in strong terms of the assistance in their work they derive from its pages. They are striving, amid many difficulties, not the least of which is that of their own defective knowledge, to lead their brethren to Christ and help them to live godly lives. The hints and helps contained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are of great service to them, and their congregations share in the benefit. Thus every dollar becomes a means of *blessing to many families*. Last year more than two hundred ministers were thus gratuitously supplied, through the liberality of our friends. Every name we have to drop from our list means a disappointment to some. We trust those names will be few. Among the subscriptions to the fund received last week were *five dollars* from W. S. M., of Philadelphia. Other subscriptions were acknowledged by mail.

The Cure of Two Ladies at Norwalk, Conn., by faith and prayer, has been effected through the agency of Miss M. M. Hutchins, of Brooklyn, who was herself cured of spinal disease by faith, as narrated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 19th. Miss Hutchins went to Norwalk two weeks ago to visit friends, and among others was a Miss Mattie Moore. This young lady has been confined to her room more than four years, the result of a fall on the ice. Her mother was also an invalid, and for five years has been in bed, and not able even to turn herself over. Miss Hutchins visited the mother and daughter on Sunday, August 17th, at their residence on Plymouth Avenue, and prayed with them that they might be healed. Mrs. Moore began at once to feel returning strength, and the same afternoon sat up for a few moments. On Monday she walked about the room, and on Thursday went out for a walk, which she has continued to do since. Miss Moore has also received healing, and was so far recovered before Miss Hutchins left that she accompanied her friend to the garden gate as she departed. Both ladies are confident of complete recovery.

Seventeen Missionaries for China Expect to sail from San Francisco early in October. They are being sent by the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Among them are Miss Laura Haygood, sister of Dr. Atticus G. Haygood, Dr. Young J. Allen, and Rev. W. A. Bonnell, President of Covington College. Miss Haygood will act as superintendent of all the women's work of the Southern Methodist missions in China, which comprises seven day schools for elementary pupils, boys and girls, taught by the missionaries, and a number of Bible women, who read Scriptures to those who will hear them. Miss Haygood also hopes to organize a girls' high school, of which she will have oversight. This is to be a boarding-school for native girls. Mr. Bonnell will organize and teach a boys' high school. Dr. Young J. Allen, of Georgia, is head of the Chinese mission of the Southern Methodist Church, and is a mandarin in Shanghai.

The Dedication of a Reform Club Building at Plainfield, N. J., on August 19th, was made the occasion of a Temperance demonstration, which for enthusiasm and extent was unprecedented in New Jersey. The city was resplendent with decorations, and the insignia of forty reform clubs, which had gathered to celebrate the dedication of the new Reform Club building. About two thousand delegates were present from all parts of the State. Ever since Messrs. Mabee and English concluded their work in Plainfield, last February, the Temperance cause has progressed, until now the Plainfield Reform Club numbers eight hundred and fifty members, and about five thousand signatures to the pledge have been obtained. Besides this, the women of all the churches, except the Catholic, have a strong organization in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in active sympathy with the Reform Club. The necessity for a large meeting-room has been apparent for some time, and finally efforts to secure one culminated in the purchase of the Second Baptist Church building, at the corner of Second Street and Central Avenue, which was specially fitted up at a cost of about $8000, all paid. This is an illustration of the permanent character of the work of Messrs. Mabee and English.

A Bird's Curious Mistake has Caused Some amusement at Leominster, Mass. A child in that city placed in the garden a small piece of looking-glass in an upright position, and for a week a sparrow has spent three hours each day capering in front of it. It will stand and peck away at its reflected self until it gets thoroughly excited, then run back and forth along the fence, then return to its attack, and continue it until it falls exhausted and apparently dead. On recovering it flies away, only to return at the same hour the next day and renew the contest. The sparrow evidently supposes that in fighting its own reflection it is doing battle with some deadly foe. Human beings never make such mistakes, though we often hear of men being their own worst enemy. Such men, looking back on a misspent life, will wish that at the commencement of their evil courses they had seen themselves in a true light, and had entered on a struggle with themselves, ending in the annihilation of self and the exaltation of Jesus as Ruler of their lives (Rom. 7 : 18, 25).

A Peculiar Lawsuit has been Commenced in New York against the West Shore Railroad Company. It appears that for some time past passengers have been allowed to board express trains on that line which go past the stations they wish to stop at. In all cases the passenger suffers double loss; he has to pay for every mile traversed beyond his station, and when he alights he has to pay his fare back. One of these sufferers is suing the company to recover the extra fare. The company insist that he ought to have inquired before the train started how far it would go before stopping. It would be well in other matters if that practice were adopted. It often happens that people who "want to see life" mean to go only a little way on the dangerous road, but not to go so far as to contract injury, and they find they are unable to stop. The fascination, the strength of temptation, and, after a time, the force of habit carry them far beyond the point where they meant to stop, and they never do stop until they lie in the grave of the drunkard, or the gambler, or the victim of the passions. The only safe course with regard to sinful indulgence is that prescribed by the wise king (Prov. 4 : 14, 15).

"Morphine Laura" is the Sobriquet Acquired by a girl whom Jere McAuley is trying to rescue from a life of shame and from the habits engendered by it. She was anxious to be saved, and went to the Cremorne Mission, attracted by the knowledge that women such as she had been reclaimed through God's blessing on Mr. McAuley's work. In her case, the way to peace was impeded by her habit of using morphine. It has become a favorite drug of fallen women. When conscience and shame disturb them, and they become depressed in spirits, they use morphine to make them cheerful. Small doses of a quarter of a grain have that effect at first, but with its continued use larger doses are required. When "Morphine Laura" went to Cremorne she was taking *sixty-four grains a day*. Mr. McAuley dare not insist on the practice being suddenly stopped, lest she should lose her reason or her life. He therefore tried to obtain admission for her into a hospital. Strange as it may appear, his application failed at all the three large hospitals of the city. The fact proves the urgent need existing for some special institution for the benefit of this neglected class. Mr. McAuley hopes, if subscriptions continue to come in, to have his Home for Fallen Women established this fall. If he can get it started there is a prospect of his obtaining orders for needlework from dry goods houses in the city, which will make it, to some extent, self-supporting.

THE GLORY IN THE REAR.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And the angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them."—EXODUS 14 : 19, 20.

"The glory of the Lord shall be thy rearward."—ISAIAH 58 : 8.

"For the Lord will go before you; and the God of Israel will be your rearward."—ISAIAH 52 : 12.

The Uses of the Pillar in the Desert—God Still with Them who are with Him—I. The Divine Presence Removed—When They Needed it Most—Always a Day of Trouble—Wrongly Accounted for—Trouble not Always Chastisement—II. The Divine Presence Still Near—A Guard Instead of a Guide—Seen by Looking Back—III. The Presence Revealed—A Trial of Faith—Taught their Best Guidance—God's Word Unpleasantly Laid Home—Why the Cloud Went behind—IV. A Future Clearer Revelation—All-Surrounding Light—Looking for Christ's Coming—V. The Twofold Aspect of the Presence.

WHEN the Israelites left the place of their bondage and came to the edge of the wilderness, a visible token of the Lord's presence and leadership was granted to them. They saw high in the air a pillar, which by day might be compared to rising smoke, but at night became a flame of fire. Such displays on a small scale were usual in the march of armies, but this was of supernatural origin. Where it moved the people were to follow; it was to be their companion, that they might not be alone; their conductor, that they might not go astray.

We have become familiar, by accounts of our own soldiery in Egypt, with the extreme danger of the Oriental sun when men are marching over the fiery sand: this cloud would act as a vast umbrella tent, covering the whole of the great congregation, so that they could march without being faint with the heat. By night their canvas city was lighted up by this grand illumination. They could march as well by night as by day, for we are told at the close of the previous chapter that by night tne Lord went before them "in a pillar of fire, to give them light; *to go by day and night.*" Might they not have said, "The Lord God is a sun and shield?" Did they not realize

THE FULFILMENT OF THE PROMISE

not yet spoken in words, "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night?" This sacred symbol of the divine presence must have been a very great solace to them in those early days, when their pilgrim life was novel to them, and their newly-found liberty was darkened by a terrible fear of recapture.

Beloved friends, *God is always with those who are with Him.* If we trust Him, He hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." There is a special and familiar presence of God with those who walk uprightly, both in the night of their sorrow and in the day of their joy. Yet we do not always in the same way perceive that presence so as to enjoy it. God never leaves us, but we sometimes think He has done so. The sun shines on, but we do not always bask in his beams; we sometimes mourn an absent God—it is the bitterest of all our mourning. As He is the sum total of our joy, so His departure is the essence of our misery. If God do not smile upon us, who can cheer us? If He be not with us, then the strong helpers fail, and the mighty men are put to rout.

It is concerning the presence of God that I am going to speak this morning. You and I know how joyous it is. May we never be made to know its infinite value experimentally by the loss of it. If we see no cloud or flame, yet may we know that God is with us, and His power is around us. In that sense we will pray,

"Cover us with thy cloudy shrine,
And in thy fiery column shine."

Or in more familiar words we will sing,

"Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through."

I. In considering the subject of the Lord's

abiding with His people, I shall first call attention to

THE DIVINE PRESENCE

mysteriously removed. According to our text, "The angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed." The chosen of the Lord may lose the manifested presence of God; and, indeed, often they may miss it in the particular form in which they have been accustomed to enjoy it.

The symbol of God's presence removed from where it had usually been. From the day when they entered upon the desert, they had seen the fiery, cloudy pillar well to the front; but now suddenly it wheeled about, and left the van comparatively dim, because the glory had departed. Those who looked forward saw it no more. So has it been with us at times; we have walked day after day in the light of God's countenance, we have enjoyed sweet fellowship with Jesus Christ our Lord, and on a sudden we have missed His glorious manifestation. The prospect is darkened, the clouds return after the rain, and our soul out of the darkness cries, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!"

Moreover, they missed the light from where they hoped it would always be. They had been given to understand, I do not doubt, that the Lord would be always with them; and yet now, as they looked forward, the bright light was gone from its place of leadership. They looked for it as their guide, and, behold, that

GUIDANCE WAS GONE!

The pillar might be behind them, but it was not before them; they could see nothing ahead to lead them into the land flowing with milk and honey, which the Lord had promised them. Sometimes you also may imagine that God's promise is failing you; even the Word of God which you had laid hold upon may appear to you to be contradicted by your circumstances. Then your heart sinks to the depths, for "if the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" If ever the Word of God becomes a subject of doubt, where can any certainty remain? Where any hope for the future?

The pillar of fire also removed from where it seemed more than ever to be needed. Now *they were in a cleft stick;* how could they possibly escape? Pharaoh was behind them, with all the horsemen of Egypt. They could hear the noise of the chariots, and the neighing of the horses, and the shouts of the armies, eager for the prey. Before them rolled the Red Sea in its might. How could there be a way in the mighty waters? Now, if ever in their lives, they must have looked anxiously for the symbol of the divine presence. What could they do if Jehovah did not lead their van? Yet the token of His presence was not there.

Even thus is it with you, dear friend, who once walked in the light of God's countenance; you perhaps have fallen into temporal trouble, and at the same moment the heavenly light has departed from your soul. Is the track quite gone? Does the sea seem shut in with an iron-bound coast without a harbor? Does he

"See every day new straits attend,
And wonder where the scene will end"?

Then let him trust; but he will need all the faith of which he can be master. Oh, my Lord, if ever Thou dost leave me, forsake me not in the day of trouble. Yet what have I said? It is a day of trouble when Thou art gone, whatever my condition may be. Yet, brethren, our Lord said, "Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter." Pray that if you must for a while bewail the Lord's absence from you, it may not be in a time of dire and dark necessity.

Thus it did seem a mysterious thing that the Covenant Angel should no longer direct the marchings of the host of God, and I dare say that some of them began to account for it by a reason which their fears would suggest. Naturally there was only one way of accounting for this removal of the guide, and that way was a wrong one, but one to which the Lord's people often refer their trials. I should not wonder that, if they had been asked why the blazing pillar was no longer in the van, they would have replied, "Because of our murmurings against the Lord and His servant Moses. God will not go before us because of our sins." Now, it is true, and does happen, that the Lord often hides His face behind the clouds of dust that His own children make by their sins; but this is not always the case. But in this case God was not punishing them for their sins, as He did on after occasions. There was

NOT A TOUCH OF THE ROD

about this withdrawing of His presence from the van, not even a trace of anger; it was all done in loving-kindness and tender mercy, and no sort of chastisement was intended by it. So, dear child of God, you must not always conclude that trouble is sent because of wrath, and that the loss of conscious joy is necessarily a punishment for sin. All trouble is not chastisement; it may be a way of love for your enriching and ennobling. Upon the black horse of trouble the Lord sends His messengers of love. It is a good thing for us to be afflicted; for thus we learn patience, and attain to assurance. There are a thousand precious uses in this adversity. Yet it is a mysterious thing when the light of the future fades, and we seem to be without a guide.

II. Now, secondly, all this while the divine presence was still near. The angel of the Lord had removed, but it is added, He "removed and *went behind them,*" and He was

JUST AS CLOSE TO THEM

when He was in the rear, as when He led the van. He might not seem to be their guide, but He had all the more evidently become their guard. He might not for the moment be their Sun before, but then He had become their Shield behind. "The glory of the Lord was their rearward." The Lord may be very close to thee, dear child, when thou canst not see Him, perhaps closer than ever He was when thou couldst see Him. The presence of God is not to be measured by thy realization of it. When thou canst not tell that He is with thee at all, and thou art sighing and crying after Him, those very sighs and cries after Him are the holy fruit of His secret presence.

Note in the text that it is said the pillar went, and "stood behind them." I like that, for it is a settled, permanent matter. The Lord had removed, but He was not removing still. He would stay as long as was needful where He then was. It is glorious to think that the Lord stood there, and the furious enemy was compelled to halt. Even thus the Lord remaineth with the dear child of God. Thou canst not see anything before thee to make thee glad, but the living God stands behind thee to ward off the adversary. He cannot forsake thee.

What is more, these people had God so near that they could see Him if they did but

LOOK BACK.

Earnestly I desire you to think of this. If you cannot see the Lord bright before you, and you are very dull and heavy, then, I pray you, look back and see how the Lord has helped you hitherto. Sit not down with your eyes shut, but look back! Steadily observe the past! What see you there? Loving-kindness and tender mercy, and nothing else. The fountain will not fail; it has flowed too long for us to raise the question. If there be no light breaking in the east, behold, it is lighting up the western sky.

III. Thirdly, let us see the divine presence

WISELY REVEALED.

That the symbol of God's presence should be withdrawn from the front and become visible behind, was a wise thing. Observe, there was no fiery pillar of cloud before them, and that was wise; for the going down into the Red Sea was intended to be an act of lofty faith. The more of the visible the less is faith visible. The more you have of conscious enjoyment the less room there is for simple trust. Faith performs her greatest feats in the darkest places. These Israelites were to do what after all was a grandly glorious thing for them to do—to march right down into the heart of the sea. You and I would have needed great faith to have gone down into such an abyss as that; but they descended without fear. I have seen children cosseted into the grave by their fond mother; and I suppose that a great many more will follow in the same way; but God never spoils His children. He educates them for nobler ends. He takes visible guides away from them that they may exercise faith in Him. Why, Job would have been nobody if he had not lost everything. Who would have heard of the patriarch of Uz? Where the word of King Solomon was there was power, but nothing to equal the power of Job's word when he blessed the God who taketh away. Solomon spake many proverbs, and wrote many songs; but none of them attained unto the glory of that saying—"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Here was a triumph of faith! Beloved, you and I lose the enjoyments of religion and the comforts of hope in order that we may walk by faith and not by sight, and may the more greatly glorify God.

Moreover, let us mark that the cloudy pillar was taken away from the front because the Lord meant them simply to accept His Word as

THEIR BEST GUIDANCE.

The Lord said to Moses, "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." That word was sufficient guide. Suppose they had said, "Lord, we will go forward if the fiery pillar leads us forward, but not else." What then? Why, they would have been rebels. We are to obey God's Word as God's Word. I heard a brother say some time ago that he should be baptized when it was *laid home to him.* I thought of what a father would say to his boy if he said, "Father, I shall obey you if it is laid home to me." In all probability the child would have it laid home to him more feelingly than he desired. There are some disobedient children in the Lord's family who, if they do not mind, will have Scriptures laid home to them in a way they do not quite reckon upon. What have you and I to guide us but the word of the Lord?

"Well," says one, "I guide myself by outward providences." Do you? You will get into a terrible maze one of these days. Jonah wanted to flee from the presence of the Lord, and therefore he went down to the seaside, and lo, he found a ship going to Tarshish. Might he not have said, "I must be in the way of duty in going to Tarshish, for no sooner did I go down to the wharf than I found a ship starting immediately, and a cabin vacant for a passenger. I paid my fare, and walked on board at once. I had not to go off to the shipping-agent's, and wait for the next liner, but all was prepared for me. Was not that a providence!" Yes, but if you get following providence, and turning aside from the Word, you may soon find yourself in the sea, and *no whale prepared for you.* Our way is clearly set before us in the Word of God, and that most sure word of testimony should be followed.

I have known a brother wanting to go abroad to preach the Gospel to the heathen, but a great many difficulties have been thrown in his way, and therefore he has said, "I can see that I am not called to go." Why not? Is no man called unless his way is easy? I should think myself all the more called to a service if I found obstacles in my way. The course of

TRUE SERVICE

never did run smooth. I should say, "The devil is trying to hinder me, but I will do it in spite of all the devils in hell." You are not worthy to be a soldier of Jesus Christ at all if you look for ease. Go home! Has not the Lord spoken? Who shall ask for plainer guidance?

Moreover, God was teaching them another lesson, namely, that He may be near His people when He does not give them the usual tokens of His presence. Who shall say that God was not in the van of Israel when they went down into the sea? Truly the Lord was there,

triumphing gloriously. No cloudy pillar was seen across the waters as Israel looked forward to the shore; but yet the Lord was there majestically; and you may have but little comfort of the Lord's presence at this time, and yet God may be with you wondrously. Do not so much set your heart upon comfort, but rejoice in the fact which gladdened Hagar in the wilderness: "Thou, God, seest me."

Let me whisper to you one word more. After all, the host of Israel did not require any guide in front when they came to the sea. "How is that?" say you. Why, beloved, there were no two ways to choose from; they could not miss the way, for they must needs march through the sea. No room for wandering remained; their road was walled up, and they could not miss it. So when men come into deep trouble, and cannot get out of it, they scarcely need a guide; for

THEIR OWN PLAIN PATH

is submission and patience. Tried child of God, you have to bear your trouble, and when that is quite clear your way is no longer doubtful. Cast all your care on Him who careth for you, and in patience possess your soul.

What they did want was the pillar of cloud behind them, and that is where they had it. What was that cloud behind them for? Well, it was there for several reasons; the first was to shut out the sight of their enemes from them. May I ask you just to try and use your eyes a little now? There are your sins; will you look back on them for a minute? Look steadily. They are quite as dreadful as the Egyptian horsemen and chariots. I have looked intently, and I cannot see a sin remaining. "What, have you lived such a live that you have never sinned?" Ah, no, beloved, I have to mourn over many offences; but I cannot see one of them now, for my sin is covered.

"Ah," saith one, "I know that my sins are forgiven, but I am troubled about my circumstances." Will you now look back with all your eyes? How about the circumstances you have passed through? Do you see anything wrong about them now? Oh, no, say you, they were all right. As you look back you can only see the glory of God;

THE LORD HATH LED YOU

by a right way. Very well; learn to look at your circumstances through the light God hath set between Israel and the Egyptians.

The cloudy pillar went behind for another reason, namely, that the Egyptians might not see them. Their enemies were made to stumble, and were compelled to come to a dead stand. "The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them." Why does he halt? Why does the lion pause when about to spring? He is blindfolded. He shivers in the dense blackness, bethinking him of that former day when all the land of Mizraim quailed beneath a darkness that might be felt. Be calm, oh child of God; for the Covenant Angel is dealing with your adversaries, and His time is generally the night. You will hear by-and-by of what He has done.

IV. Now, beloved, I must draw toward a conclusion by observing that the divine presence will one day be more gloriously revealed. I have been speaking about the Lord being the rearward of His people, and so explaining my second text: but I must now refer you to my last text, in the fifty-second of Isaiah—"The Lord will go before you; and the God of Israel will be your rearward." This is the condition into which the Lord brings His people when they depart from Babylon, and are no more conformed to this present evil world. I trust He has brought many of us into this

ALL-SURROUNDING LIGHT

at this good hour. The Lord is behind us, we know; our sins and iniquities are covered, our past mistakes are all erased, we are accepted in the Beloved. But we have not to look forward and say, "The angel of God has removed." Oh, no; we can see the bright light before us still. Our ways are ordered of the Lord, and none of our steps shall slide. We glory in tribulations also, believing that we shall glorify God in them. We look forward to the time of old age, believing that to hoar hairs He is the same, and that in our days of decline He will carry us. We

LOOK FORWARD TO THE ADVENT

of our Lord with delight; or, if that may not be in our day, we look to falling asleep upon the bosom of our Saviour. Before us we see the resurrection morning and all its splendor; we anticipate the risen body, that glorified fabric in which our pure and perfect spirits shall dwell forever. A few more months, a few more years, and we shall be in the land of the unclouded sky. What will it be to be there! What will it be to be there forever!

"Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in."

How willingly would I fly away and be at rest! I feel my wings; they are not strong enough, as yet, to bear my soul away; but they will be. God is making His children ready to depart, and He will only have to beckon them, and they will cry, "Here am I," and then they shall be with Him forever. Yes, the glory of the Lord is above us and beneath us, on the right hand and on the left, without us and within us. We depart not from it, though it is behind us; we are going ever into the glorious light, for it is before us, too. The Lord shall be a wall of fire around about us, and the glory in the midst.

V. But now I have a sorrowful word to say, and with that I have done. This divine presence has

A TWOFOLD ASPECT:

that same glory which lit up the canvas city, and made it bright as the day, darkened all the camps of Egypt. They could see nothing, for the dark side of *God* was turned to them. I am afraid it is so with some of you. Oh, dear friends, is it not a dreadful thing that to some men the most terrible thing in the world would be God? If you could get away from God, how happy, how merry, how jolly you would be! You want to depart from Him; you are departing from Him. One of these days Jesus will tell you to depart. "Keep on as you were," says He, "you were always departing from God; keep on departing. Depart from me, ye cursed!" That will be the consummation of your life.

The Word of God has a dark side to sinners. I will tell you what they say; they say, "We do not understand this Book, it is so full of mystery. We find it full of dark sayings, and hard things, and things difficult to be believed. It is all knots and snarls." Just so; you are an Egyptian, it is dark to you. Let me call up the smallest babe in grace, and say, "Dear child, is that what the Bible is to you?" "Oh, no," he says, "it is my joy and my delight. I may not understand it all, but I love it all, and I feed on it all."

Now look at *the Gospel* itself. Why, there are many that sit and hear the Gospel, and they say, "I do not understand this believing, this atonement, and so on." No, I know you do not; you are an Egyptian, it is dark to you.

Why, even the blessed *Lord Jesus Christ* has

A DARK SIDE FOR SINNERS.

If He were to come here this morning, oh, how gladly would I stand back to let Him come forward and show His surpassing beauty. Why, some of you would think it heaven if you could but see Him here and look into His pierced hands and side, and mark that blessed, marred, unutterably lovely visage. Yes, but it could not bring any joy to you who do not love Him. You do not trust Him; and if the news were given out, "Christ has come," why, you would swoon with fear in your pews, for you would say, "He has come to judgment, and I am unprepared. He that is not my Saviour will be my judge, and sentence me to everlasting woe." There is a dark side in the Mediator to the Egyptians while there is a bright side to Israel.

Oh, that ye would believe in Jesus Christ! Oh, that ye would "kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little," for "Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him." You can come and be numbered with Israel, for the door into Israel is Christ Himself. If you come to Christ you have come to His people, you have come to safety, and henceforth "the Lord will go before you; and the God of Israel will be your rearward." Amen.

REV. THOMAS SPURGEON.

(*See portrait on page 556.*)

THOMAS SPURGEON and his twin brother Charles were born on September 20th, 1856, and are now twenty-eight years old.

Their first appearance in *public* life was at a meeting of the United Kingdom Band of Hope, which was held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle in January, 1865. They were then only nine years of age. They at this meeting declared themselves total abstainers, and received each a silver medal as a memorial of the event. They did not on that occasion sign the pledge, for they have been *total abstainers* all their lives.

They first left the parental roof for the purpose of completing their *education* in 1868. The seminary chosen was Camden House School, Brighton, where they remained until 1874, when they came home in order to prepare themselves to the professions which they had selected for pursuit in after life.

Thomas very early showed indications of a love for art and its surroundings, and he chose the profession of

AN ART ENGRAVER.

To his love for his art he added much industry, and with such assiduity did he apply himself to his work that he became proficient.

The two brothers early gave evidence of their *conversion*, and were baptized and admitted to Church fellowship. We find them seeking some *work for the Lord*, to which they could apply their time and energies, for a year or more before they had completed their technical education.

Their first *fixed sphere* of usefulness was found in a densely-populated neighborhood off Wandsworth Common, near Clapham Junction. This was a mission work in a cottage which had been carried on for some years by an aged servant of the Master, named Rides, but which needed to be extended, and, if possible, to be consolidated and formed into a Christian church. The two brothers relieved the evangelist of his voluntary charge, which allowed him to commence operations elsewhere, about the latter end of 1876.

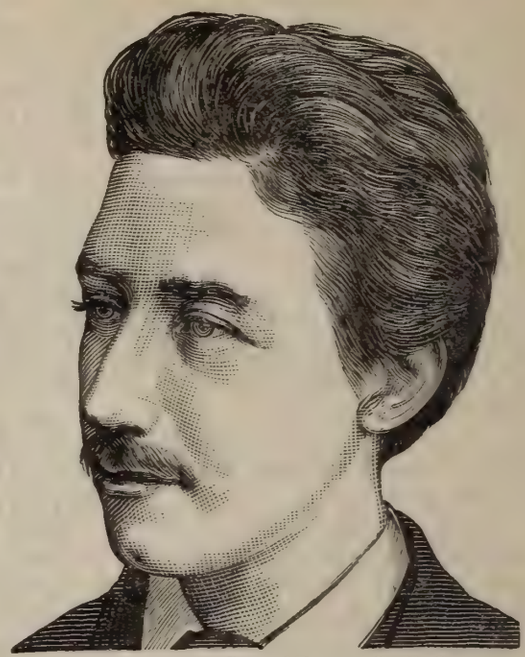
Finding the room in which the meetings had been held had become too strait for the increasing congregation, they essayed to build a permanent chapel. This step had their father's countenance, and he acted as their treasurer. They ventured to purchase a piece of land in Chatham Road, Wandsworth Common, and at once obtained the use of various neighboring chapels for the purpose of holding meetings and engaging the sympathy of their congregations on behalf of the souls in the neighborhood in which they had commenced to labor.

Their advocacy brought the effort they had espoused to a successful termination, at least financially. The opening of the books at the last great day will alone reveal the *spiritual* results of their loving teaching in the neat little chapel they established. In 1878 *Charles* decided to enter the Pastors' College as a *student* for the ministry, upon the completion of his training in the city for business life. *Thomas*, at the same time, had completed his college course, and as his health was far from satisfactory, a trip to the Antipodes was projected for him.

HIS VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

For this purpose he sailed in the Lady Jocelyn for Australia on June 14th, 1877. There he was not to be idle, for while he himself set out in search of temporal health, he desired the spiritual health of his fellow-voyagers and the crew of the ship. Captain Jenkins, an esteemed friend

Moravians in the Steerage in a Storm.



Rev. Thos. Spurgeon, Son of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

of Mr. Spurgeon, who commanded the ship, requested him to *conduct* the religious *services* on the Sabbath. The experience through which the young man had to pass in prosecution of this duty was certainly novel.

He says, concerning it: "The second Sunday on board was anything but a pleasant day, as far as the weather was concerned; the sea was very rough, and the rain fell constantly. The bell for church commenced to ring about half past ten, and, not having far to travel, the audience soon arrived. It was not an easy task to stand, but after a while I succeeded in *wedging* myself between the table and the back of a seat, and presently forgot circumstances and inconvenience in the glory of my subject. Unfortunately many of my hearers were not so successful, for their white faces grew whiter every moment, and at last they were compelled to leave. It was no easy to sustain the thread of the discourse, for swinging trays and an audience 'moved' in anything but a desirable way are not conducive to retention of ideas or expression of thought."

His father remarks on this: "Evidently God was teaching his youthful hands to war and his fingers to fight, in anticipation of *future battles*. Three months' preaching to the same audience amid the rolling of the sea is an admirable preparation for addressing crowds on shore."

RECEPTION AT MELBOURNE.

He *landed* at Melbourne on August 28th, 1877, and his reception was most gratifying and enthusiastic. On the pier a crowd of friends awaited him, almost vieing with each other as to who should claim the young stranger as their guest. "I seemed to keep on shaking hands," he says, "and which of the many offered will be my home I cannot tell, but God seems to be arranging everything most graciously."

He was fêted and made much of, and treated in quite a princely fashion—doubtless as the representative of his honored father. He spent his *twenty-first birthday at Geelong*, a famous place in the early days of the gold-digging mania. He arose on that auspicious morning to find a new Union Jack waving in the breeze from the next house, and over a fence upon the other side hung a bunch of freshly-gathered violets for the son of "John Ploughman." A public dinner and tea—and, in fact, a general gala, in which the exuberance of the rejoicing did not exceed the sincerity—took place, and in the evening Thomas was presented with a gold watch in memory of the event.

At the conclusion of his travel into the interior of Australia, which occupied nearly eleven months, he sailed from Melbourne for Sydney, where he remained ten days. Hence he passed on to Brisbane.

On the 19th of September, 1878, he

SET SAIL FOR ENGLAND.

"Right glad was I," he writes, "when forty-three days had gone, and a note at Plymouth told me that my dear mother had been spared." (He had hurried homeward on account of the critical condition of his mother's health.) His arrival in England was to him a *new epoch* in his life. He had, in the varied experience he had passed through in Australia, acquired confidence and learned many lessons which admirably fitted him to occupy a conspicuous position which was thrust upon him in the Tabernacle.

His father, within a few days after his arrival home, was suddenly *laid aside* by an attack from his old malady, rheumatic gout. He still clung to the hope that he would be able to preach to the great congregation in the Tabernacle even so late as Saturday evening. But on the Sunday morning this hope had proved delusive, and Thomas at once

OCCUPIED HIS FATHER'S PLACE

on Sunday, November 10th, 1878, much to the pleasure of his father as well as of the congregation. Mr. Spurgeon had announced that the seats of the Tabernacle would be free to all comers upon that Sunday evening. To this great but strange congregation Thomas preached a second sermon that day. He has subsequently preached on several occasions in the Tabernacle.

Not long afterward the condition of his health required that he should again visit the Antipodes. The providence of God directed him finally to New Zealand, where, in the city of Auckland, he has for the past few years found a happy and successful sphere of labor for Christ, and has been the means of gathering a large congregation, of which he is the pastor. A new tabernacle is in course of erection for him, and during its progress he is taking a holiday, and arrived in England on July 8th.

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon has more manliness and vigor of speech than has his twin brother Charles who visited this country recently. Physically, however, he is not so robust, and it was remarked by those who were present at the Orphanages at the recent celebration when he made a brief speech that he was looking ill and bore on his face traces of suffering. He is, however, earnest in his work, and intends collecting in England sufficient money to pay the balance still owing on his Tabernacle, so that he may open it on his return free of debt.

MORAVIANS IN THE STEERAGE.

(*See Illustration.*)

"Let your light shine" is an injunction too often forgotten at times when its observance might be of lasting benefit to the unconverted. At no time is it more likely to be a blessing than in seasons of danger. When terror is filling every breast, and sudden death seems imminent, the spectacle of men and women standing calm and unmoved, not by reason of natural strength, but sustained by their faith, moves men to ask what that faith must be to have such power. One such case, so operating, has become historical.

On board the ship in which John Wesley sailed for Georgia there were a number of German Moravians. During the voyage a tremendous storm arose. Wesley was greatly alarmed, feeling unprepared to die. The lively faith of the Moravians he admired, which in the midst of danger kept their minds in a state of tranquillity to which he and the English on board were strangers. While the Moravians were singing, at the beginning of their service, the sea broke over the ship and split the mainsail in pieces, the water pouring in between the decks as if the great deep would swallow them up. The English were greatlty terrified, and screamed with fear, while the Moravians were unmoved, and calmly sang on.

Mr. Wesley asked one of them afterward if he were not afraid? He answered, "I thank God, no." "But were not your women and children afraid?" He replied, mildly, "No; our women and children are not afraid to die."

THE JOINER'S BEREAVEMENT.

(*See Illustration on page 557.*)

It was a poor little home Samuel Ware had—only four rooms in a large house, which had once been the home of an aristocratic family, but had now, in its old age, lost caste, and was divided off into residences for several families. Ware was a joiner, and not a very prosperous one, or he would have been able to provide better accommodation for his wife and children. He was a steady man—in fact, a good Christian man—but somehow he was never considered a good workman. One employer who discharged him used to say, "He could never hold anything tight—things dropped out of his hands—he'd no back-

bone, sir, that's the reason I got rid of him. 'Reliable?' oh, yes, he was reliable—that is, he always came regularly to work; but if you wanted a real good job made, you couldn't rely on Ware unless you stood by him to see he made everything firm. He never took any pride in his work—always seemed to be thinking of something else."

So Ware did not get on, but always had some work chiefly such as required no thought and was the worst paid of all. He was often reproached on this account by his wife, who had more than her share of spirit and temper as her husband had less than his share of each. But he never resented his wife's hard words. "Poor girl!" he would say, "she has a hard life of it, and she might ha' married some one who'd ha' done a deal better for her." So he only replied in kind words, which confirmed his wife's opinion of him as a mean man, with no courage in him.

To-day the joiner's home is more dull and depressing than usual. Gloom sits on every face; even the three little children have not their usual vivacity. All are thinking of yesterday, when a little coffin was carried out of the home, containing all that remained of a little girl, the prettiest and brightest of the family. Mrs. Ware, in her new black dress, sat cowering over the open fire, having made no attempt to clear up, but seeming to derive comfort from having the room in disorder as being more appropriate to her feelings. On her face discontent, almost resentment, sat rather than sorrow. "Why was her little girl taken of all the children in the house? There were the Jones's on the same floor, with ever so many sickly children and one a cripple, yet they were living, while her little Nellie, who had never had a day's illness, and was so bright and pretty, caught the fever and died. All the ill-luck came to her and her husband."

The Joiner's Declaration of Unmoved Faith.

A knock at the door disturbed her in her repining mood. One of the children opened it, and admitted two ladies. One of them was little Nellie's Sunday-school teacher and the other a district visitor. Both had heard of the affliction, and intent on giving comfort to the afflicted family started out to visit them, and by accident met at the street door.

"I heard of your loss, Mrs. Ware, this morning; I am so sorry for you," said the district visitor.

"Ah! we're getting used to trouble," said the woman; "we ought to, we have plenty of one kind or another."

"Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," quoted her visitor. "God's word recognizes that fact, and that is why its consolations are always so suitable."

"I don't find them suitable to me. Samuel is always reading it, and he don't get on any better, nor so well as men who aren't pious. It seems to me his religion is no good to him. I suppose you'll say the same as he does, that troubles are sent for our good; but you'll never make me believe that. You can't make me think as it wouldn't ha' been better to ha' kept our little Nellie."

"She was a dear child," said Miss Brown, speaking for the first time; "I was her Sunday-school teacher. I do not wonder you grieve over her death. It is hard to feel resigned in parting with so sweet a child, but you cannot forget how happy she must be now. This is a hard life at the best. She is spared many sorrows in going into Jesus' presence so young."

"You are right there, miss," said the mother. "None knows better than I do how hard life is, and it seems to get harder. I don't see any hope of things getting better."

"Nellie is in a place where they are better. She loved Jesus with all her sweet simplicity, and now she sees Him, and is enjoying the bliss He promises. The hope of the same happiness, and of seeing her again, would make *your* troubles easy to bear. Perhaps, your despair comes from not having that hope."

"Perhaps so; I have not had time to think of such things; there is always so much to do and so many things to think of! Samuel is always talking about religion, but he is a man, and when he has done his work, it is done. Mine is never done."

"But now that little Nellie is in heaven you will think more of it, and ask Jesus to take you there when you die."

At that moment the joiner came home to his dinner, but seeing two ladies in the room would have retired had not his wife, recognizing his step, called him back, without turning her head. He glanced at his apron and working clothes as if in apology, and came forward, standing with his hand on the back of his wife's chair. The man's helplessness and nervelessness were revealed in his face, as were also his good-humor and honesty. Tears stood in his light blue eyes as Nellie's name was mentioned. "It is the Lord's will," he said; "the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away." There was a slight quiver of the lip, and then he added, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

"You find your faith supports you in this trial?" asked the district visitor.

'Madam," he said, solemnly, raising his hand, "that child was the light of my home. If I had not faith to believe that God had taken her, I should die of grief; but 'I know in whom I have believed.' She has gone to be with Him, and when the Lord has no further need of me here I shall go to Him and I shall see Nellie, too." There was a distant, far-away look in his eyes as he spoke, which suggested the thought that his spiritual vision could almost take in that place of bliss to which he looked forward, and could see his child there. Sorrowful as his face was, the ghost of a smile played around his mouth as he spoke.

The two ladies, knowing that the midday meal must be had, and their presence in the crowded quarters might be inconvenient, rose to leave. To their surprise, but to none so much as to the joiner, Mrs. Ware said to Nellie's teacher: "Will you come and see me again? You have made me think better of religion than I ever did."

The promise was given and kept. Many visits were paid, until at last the woman, to whom religion had been a hateful subject, was rejoicing in Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life."

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page* 543.)

A Hiding-Place for Rose.

AT breakfast, with lowered eyelids and a voice which betrayed her intense anxiety, Hester made her request to John Morley.

"I met a poor woman last night at chapel," she said, "a stranger in the town, without friends. She has been a lady's maid for some years, but she is now in great destitution. She thinks of getting her living by needlework, but she can scarcely do more than earn bread by that. I wish we could help her, father."

"It is very little that we can do," he said.

"Yes, we can do a great deal," she answered; "what she dreads most is associating with drunken and ignorant poor people."

"What can we do for her then, Hester?"

"There is the old nursery in the yard," she said, with a feeling of desperate resolve; "it is only filled with rubbish now, but there is a good grate in it, and the roof is whole. If a few panes were put into the window, and I found some old furniture for it, it would be quite a home for the poor creature. We might even ask a small rent for it, if you thought that was best."

"Hester!" ejaculated her father, in a tone of reproach.

"Then I may do it," she answered, eagerly; "oh! you will never repent it, dear father. She will never come into your way, poor thing! You will never see her, I am sure; for she is afraid of being seen. She has been very unhappy in her marriage, and she is afraid of ever meeting her husband again. No, you will never see her."

Hester was speaking to herself rather than to him, in a manner which might well have excited his suspicions. But John Morley saw nothing of

her agitation; he was plunged into more personal and more perplexing contemplations.

"Hester," he said, "I am in sore need of money. We must raise near upon £200 ($1000) before the beginning of next week. I have some heavy bills to meet."

For some years past John Morley's method of conducting his business had been by drawing bills, which always came due so long before he had the money to meet them. Hester had been very early initiated into these anxieties.

"How can we do it?" she asked, with some natural disquietude at the mention of a sum so large.

"There is but one way that I can see," he answered; "we must mortgage the house. Yet it is the only property I could leave to you if I died; and it came to me with your mother. Everything has gone wrong with me since I lost her. I would not do anything with it without your consent, Hester."

"Don't think of me, father," she said, "and don't trouble about me. If that is the only thing we can do, let us do it at once. Who would lend us the money upon the house?"

"I don't know," he replied, with a helpless shake of the head.

"Father," she continued, with a beating heart, "I know who would do it, and it might be kept a secret, so that all the town may not talk about it. Will you let me tell the person I am thinking of?"

"Who is it?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Mr. Waldron," answered Hester.

"Mr. Waldron!" he repeated; "I could not receive any favor from him. It would be like taking money for my— Oh, Hester, life is very hard!"

She understood his half-uttered sentence perfectly; and her heart ached for him and the broken-spirited, desolate woman hidden away from his sight.

"It would be no favor," she said, earnestly; "we should pay the interest of the money, or he should have the house. You should not see him yourself, but I will in your place. You could write to him, you know, and I will take your letter, and explain everything to him. He would not think he was doing you any favor; I will take care of that. Then nobody would know except ourselves and him."

"I cannot make out how the business has fallen away so much," sighed John Morley.

Any one seeing his melancholy and abstracted face, and hearing the mournful tones of his voice, would very easily have understood why customers were few and their visits brief in John Morley's shop. No one chooses to do his shopping where he meets with a face and voice adapted to a house of mourning. Hester understood it better than her father, but she could not make it plain to him. She knew, too, that he tacitly agreed to her plan, and she said no more about it. For the rest of the day she was busy over the more pressing duty of getting Rose's refuge ready before night-fall. When it was over, she lit a fire in the grate, so long empty and cold.

The nursery looked but a poor place after all her care. The walls were discolored and stained, and the rafters of the sloping roof were black with age. There was a little bed in one corner, with the softest mattress and pillows off Hester's own bedstead. Two chairs stood one on each side of the narrow fire-place, with a small round table between them. It all looked bare, dingy, and forlorn. In the solitude of her long lonely hours, the occupant of this room would have time for repentance; but there seemed no place for atonement and reparation. What could she do in this poor refuge and hiding-place? In the dusk of the evening Hester led her stepmother to the only home she could provide for her. Rose stood motionless in the centre of the little room, looking about it with searching and troubled eyes.

"It is the best I can do," said Hester, anxiously; "we are very poor."

"Poor!" echoed Rose.

She said no more, and her face grew paler and more troubled; but afterward there rested upon her worn features an expression of solemnity amounting almost to dignity, such as had never been seen upon them in her bright girlish days.

"God bless you, Hetty," she cried; "you are better than a daughter to me. This is the place where I am to die, seeing you to the last; and your father. He cannot be relentless, when you are so good. Oh, my darling, my darling, you are like an angel from heaven to me!"

She flung herself on her knees and threw her arms around Hester, with tears of profound anguish, and sobs such as might be wrung from tortured lips.

When Hester quitted the old nursery, Rose waited for some minutes without stirring, in the attitude of one who listens eagerly. Then very cautiously she stole to the door and opened it a little way to look out into the yard. The house opposite seemed to tower above her very high and very black in the darkness, with one window lighted up in the highest story of the gable to the right, and another on the ground floor of the gable to the left. She knew their meaning well. Lawson was still at work in his attic, and her husband was sitting in his old place with his books about him. She could remember him so well; the thick brown hair just catching a tinge of silver, and the studious handsome face which had been wont to brighten with a smile as sudden as a flash of lightning when he met her eye—a rare smile, reserved exclusively for her. She wondered to herself whether he had ever smiled so upon his daughter.

Since she had seen Hester, she had felt a little more comforted about her husband, and a little less remorseful. He had not been so deserted or so lonely as she had pictured to herself. He had watched his child growing up at his side. There came a pang, an unreasonable pang amounting almost to jealousy, at the thought that he had grown forgetful of her and her sin in the companionship of Hester. In the brief space of her married life she had fostered a profound jealousy of Hester's mother. And now, as she looked down into the yard toward the lighted window behind which he was sitting, an unconquerable longing seized her to steal down the crazy staircase, and in among the blackened stems of the lilacs and the dwarfed laburnums, to look once more upon her husband whose love she had bartered for the boyish passion of Robert Waldron.

She listened again, but there was no movement, no sign of life in the yard below. On the other side of the house lay the street and the busy world of which she had taken her last farewell. For to venture out into these streets and to show her familiar face among the townspeople would be to banish herself forever from the home *where she had come to die*. Was she positively come to die here? Was she never more to sleep on any other bed but this until she fell into the last awful unbroken sleep? Were these walls and this narrow court the only spot of the wide world on which her eyes were ever to look again?

She stretched out her arms and raised her bent figure to its fullest height. She felt no pain, nothing but the feebleness, often worse than pain, which is the result of long mental suffering. The London physician had perhaps been deceived by her symptoms, which, possibly, she had exaggerated to him. She might live many years yet. But to live—what was that? To die was dreadful; but she could not choose to live. She tried to send back her thoughts to the time when she fancied she had loved another better than her husband; but it was in vain. The thought of John Morley was there quick and poignant in her inmost soul; but Robert Waldron was forgotten. She must see her husband.

Still she lingered and listened, watching the gleam through the uncurtained window, and the black naked boughs of the trees standing out clearly against its feeble light. She turned back and looked at her own faded face in a small glass which hung against the wall, over a little toilet-table. If her husband could only see it and read in it the story of her bitter repentance, would he not forgive her? But how much would his forgiveness mean? Was it possible that he could be reconciled to her? That he could receive her again? Call her his wife, and restore her to her forfeited place? No, no; that could never be. He might look upon her again, and pardon her if she was in the hour of death. But if life were strong within her, and many years lay before her, would he not spurn her from him, and refuse to lay his finger to her burden of shame?

At length she hurried down the steps and into the dreary little garden. She crept stealthily toward the window, lest she should enter into the revealing light, and her husband should lift up his eyes and see her standing without in the chill of the wintry night. Her face, wan, faded, and withered, approached cautiously the uncurtained panes. The room—she had seen that last night, with its ten years of added dinginess and decay. But *who was this aged man*, with a head bowed and white with years, who was bending over her husband's desk, and turning, from time to time, anxiously, to the great account-books she had hated years ago. Her husband could not yet be fifty years old, a man in the full vigor and strength of life. The lamp beside him was covered with a shade which cast a gloom over the rest of the room, while it threw a full light upon him. The thin, shrivelled hands, the rounded shoulders, the gray and hollow features, the white hair—Rose saw them as in a dream. He got up at last, pushing away his books, and took his stand upon the hearth, with his back to the fire and his full face turned toward her. She drew back with a creeping thrill of terror.

"Hester," she heard him say, "I have finished my letter to Mr. Waldron. But if it were not for your sake, I would sooner let things take their course than ask him to lend me money. Ay, I would sooner die!"

Rose waited to hear no more. She cast one terrified glance at her husband, and then she fled back in a panic of fear to her hiding-place.

"Oh, what have I done?" she cried, in a frightened whisper, speaking as if some one was near enough to hear her; "he was a good man and a prosperous man! I did not know what I should do. God forgive me! He never will; but God, in His great mercy, forgive me!"

She counted no more upon her husband's forgiveness. What there was in his face she did not know, but it had cast out all hope from her heart. For the first time, looking into the deep gulf of her husband's wrongs, she knew that it must be forever fixed between her and him. Perhaps in the last hour he might lay his hand in hers, and let her feel its warm forgiving clasp as she went down into the dark valley of separation. But only in that supreme moment of death. Life, if she lived, must be a perpetual banishment from his presence.

The next morning, Hester, with her father's letter in her hand, wended her way slowly across the park to Aston Court. She felt a natural reluctance to the merest chance of meeting Robert Waldron, toward whom her feelings had undergone a great revulsion. Until now he had claimed from her an undefined and rather pleasant pity, mingled with admiration. If Carl had not come into her narrow world, her sentiment for Robert would have bordered upon a girl's first love for a seeming hero; and her heart, free and tender, might have centred in him its interests, and possibly its affections. But with Rose at home, with this dark sad shadow at her side, she recoiled from the idea of seeing him again for the first time. To her infinite relief she just caught a glimpse of him leaving the park on horseback by another route. Mr. Waldron then would be alone, and she could ask him not to let his son know of the transaction.

She quickened her steps, and took the nearest way to the room where he was generally to be

found in the morning. It led past the window of the breakfast-room, where Hester saw a vision of Miss Waldron sitting near the fire, and Carl in close conversation with her. She nodded to Carl, whose face was turned toward the window, and hurried on. Mr. Waldron was at that moment walking along the farthest end of the terrace, and Hester started to run after him. The color which this exercise brought to her pale cheeks gave her the beauty she lacked; and as Mr. Waldron turned sharply round, he acknowledged to himself that Robert's love had sufficient excuse. To Hester's extreme astonishment, he drew her into his arms, and imprinted a solemn kiss upon her glowing face. She had not the faintest idea that he was saluting her for the first time as the daughter of whom he had fondly dreamed these last two years.

"My dear," he said, drawing her hand upon his arm, and covering it with his own, "I was just thinking of you. You are often in my thoughts, Hester—how often you would be surprised to know."

No opening could be more propitious. In a few incoherent sentences Hester stammered out the purpose of her visit, as she walked down the terrace, leaning upon his arm. He opened the folding doors of his room, and led her into it, seating her in a chair close to his own, and regarding with delight her downcast face and her long eyelashes now beaded with tears. Nothing could have pleased him more; no overture could have come more opportunely. At the very moment when he was planning some mode of approach to John Morley, he had himself sent Hester to ask his help.

"Hester," he said, "your father has given me the greatest pleasure I have known for a long while. I am right glad he did not go to anybody else. What! are we not brothers? Have we not been members of the same Church these thirty years? He has acted like a Christian in coming to me. I will return at once with you to your home. This is the right thing. I find great pleasure in this."

(To be continued.)

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 7, Ps. 27. Golden Text, verse 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Two Psalms Contrasted—David's Protestations of Innocence—His Dependence upon God—Fear Sinful—Repeated Injunctions against it—The Fear of Man—The Snares it Brings—God's Infinite Resources Pledged—Fear of Pain—Men of One Desire—A More Glorious Dwelling—God in the Place of Parents—Responsible for Education—Jesus as the Way—The People who See God.

THE contrast is very striking between Psalms 26 and 27. The one is full of self, the other full of God; the one is a cry of David's, his eye on himself and his circumstances; the other a shout of victory, because his eye is upon God. In the one *self* is the centre, and *I* is prominent. In the other *the Lord* is the central thought. In the 26th David says: "*I* have walked in mine integrity: *I* have trusted also in the Lord, *I* shall not slide. . . . *I* have walked in Thy truth. . . . *I* have not sat with vain persons. . . *I* have hated the congregation of the wicked. . . . *I* will wash mine hands in innocency. . . . *I* have loved the habitation of thy house." In the 27th "*the Lord* is my light and my salvation. . . . *The Lord* is the strength of my life. . . . *The Lord* will take me up . . . wait on *the Lord*." In the 27th David is satisfied with God; he is not content with pious aspirations, but his soul goes out to his God *present* with him.

David strengthened himself in God. "The Lord is my light and my salvation;

WHOM SHALL I FEAR?

The Lord is the Strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" Fear is one of the most common of Satan's temptations. Few look upon fear as sinful, or see what it really means—*that God perhaps will fail us.* About ninety times in the Bible we are taught to fear not or not to be afraid. God's repetitions are never "vain repetitions;" when He says a thing twice over, it is because it needs saying. Nothing opens the door to Satan so much as fear. "I feared a fear, and it came upon me," said Job (chap. 3 : 25, margin). Any child of God who gives a moment's thought to the subject, must remember that when temptation has come, and he has *feared* that he should fall, he always did fall. Why? He was giving that consideration to the temptation itself which he should have given to the Lord, his Deliverer. Every moment in which we are occupied in considering how often we have fallen in such and such circumstances, we are looking away from the Lord, who is "the Strength of our life;" how then can we but fall? "But," you say, "*I must* seek to understand how I came to fall, that I may provide against a recurrence." You came to fall by having your eye off God, and by attempting to manage your own spiritual life. If you are wholly given over to God in true consecration, let Him have the care and keeping of you, as much as the pardon and cleansing; and let yourself go into His hands. Then you will be able to say of all your enemies, when they came upon me, "*they* [not I] stumbled and fell."

Many there are who are afraid of man;

"THE FEAR OF MAN

bringeth a snare" (Prov. 29 : 25). Some are afraid of losing the good opinion of man—they live before others; these cannot say, "The *Lord* is my light," for they walk in the light of men. None are such slaves as these; their whole time, strength, money, influence is spent in standing right with their fellow-creatures, many of whom have no regard for them whatsoever. These have no independence of thought or of speech, and these are they who cannot have any actual communion with God. If their opinion is asked upon anything, they will say what somebody else has said, or defer their opinion until somebody else speaks, and then they join in with the majority. In clothing they must be in the fashion, however inconvenient or unhealthy it may be. Their whole life is spent in finding out what is "the thing," and then doing it. And such are full of fears. Oh, how hard it is for such to come face to face with God; they believe they are converted if somebody else thinks they are; they seek to get into the kingdom of heaven hanging on somebody else's skirts; for to them God is neither Light nor Salvation, nor the Strength of their life.

We may be tempted to fear a stronger will than our own, or we may fear the opposition of another mind; we may fear one who is determined to harm us or to defame our character. But if in very deed the Lord is our Salvation, then He is so on this particular point, and is pledged to save us just there. If *He* is the Strength of our life, then God's resources must break down if we fail. Although everything may look like defeat, yet the Lord's guarantee of victory is on our side. "Fear not; for *I* am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness" (Isa. 41 : 10), "Whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil" (Prov. 1 : 33).

FEAR OF PAIN

is another form by which Satan tempts us. And oh, how true it is in this also, "I feared a fear, and it came upon me." If one who is very sensitive to cold thinks, "I am sitting in a draught, I am sure to catch cold," the very fear opens the door to it. How often has infection in fever, cholera, etc., come just upon those who most feared it! For such as have taken the Lord for their Healer, God is indeed a Refuge, and we may say, "The Lord is the strength of my life; of *what* shall I be afraid." While we fear, we are counting the temptation, the enemy, the person, the circumstance, the sickness to be stronger than God. David was so strong in his confidence that he could say, "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear;" for he matched God's resources against any host, and knew, "They that be with us are more than they that be with them" (II Kings 6 : 16); "Greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world" (I John 4 : 4).

Really persuaded that God *has* taken our cause in hand, we become like David,

POSSESSED OF ONE DESIRE;

"One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord." Blessed be God, we have a more glorious dwelling-place still; for "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him (I John 4 : 16). To dwell in God, and not in circumstances, in God, and not in people, in God, and not in self—this is joy and victory all the day long. Thus dwelling, David says: "In the time of trouble He shall hide me, . . . He shall set me up upon a rock. And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in His tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord." Whenever we see things from the *Lord's* side we can triumph. Our loving heavenly Father loves our sacrifices of joy more than any other, because they flow out of our appreciation of Him. While we are occupied with our own experience, with what *we are*, and what we *ought* to be, we may be filled with the most pious aspirations; but we are expecting, and not *accepting* and possessing, the present power, joy, and holiness of our God.

David was in blessed communion. "Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me." David could not do without an answer; one-sided communion could not satisfy him. "When Thou spakest I answered Thee; I said, 'Thy face, Lord, will I seek,' and now answer me. Hide not *Thy* face far from *me;* put not Thy servant away in anger." God was not likely to do so, and He must have told him so, for he says, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord *will* take me up." Already he had the assurance which he wanted. If God was to take the place of his father and mother, then God became responsible for his education. Thus David says,

"TEACH ME THY WAYS,

O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of those which observe me" [see margin]. Thank God, He has answered this prayer in the New Testament by giving Jesus to be *the* Way at all times and under all circumstances; *the* Way into every blessing, the Way out of every difficulty. *How* is Jesus the Way? Oh, so simply; by our turning over everything to Him, and letting Him have it. An impossible circumstance arises in our business, in our family, in our souls, or in our bodily health. There seems no way out of it. Refer it to the Lord, and let Him extricate you. He knew how to make a way in the sea for His people. Only trust Him completely, fearlessly, and

HE CANNOT FAIL YOU.

The Psalmist does not dwell on his own goodness or his own integrity in this Psalm; it is "the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." Any eye really opened to see God, cannot but see His goodness, "The pure in heart . . . *shall see God*" (Matt. 5 : 8); they who have yielded themselves to Him and been cleansed from all sin in the blood of Jesus, and whom the Lord is keeping day by day. These, not having to look after and study themselves, are at leisure to study God; and they "understand the lovingkindness of the Lord" (Ps. 107 : 43). The Psalmist recommends his God to others, and says, "Wait on the Lord"—that is, that we may count on Him; "be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord." If the Lord is to be trusted, and we esteem Him so, we shall be of good courage; fear comes from suspecting God of unfaithfulness.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

War between France and China Commenced on August 23d, with the bombardment of Foo Chow. The *Herald's* correspondent cables that the French commander, Admiral Courbet, opened fire at two P.M., and the Chinese replied almost simultaneously. The dockyard arsenal fired immediately, but with only partial success. The eleven vessels forming the Chinese fleet were mostly light river and coast transports, and were really toys. The French had eight heavily armed ships. Several Chinese gunboats maintained bravely a desultory fire for about a quarter of an hour, when the survivors of their crews leaped overboard. The combat was practically finished in seven minutes. The superior French artillery made the contest, after disabling the Chinese vessels, no fight. *It was a massacre.* The sight is described as "sickening." Wounded men and corpses floated down the river. Several lives were saved by English ships, the crews of which flung out lines to the drowning men as they floated by. On Sunday the French recommenced firing, directing their shots against the Pagoda. It is surmised that the object of the renewed attack is to entirely obliterate the place. The French transports afterward shelled the villages which occupy the heights around the arsenal.

The French Premier, M. Ferry, Announces that he intends to confine the war to the chastisement of China for duplicity and to seizing a pledge for the payment of an indemnity. The *Republique Française* defines the programme explicitly. It is to destroy the forts and arsenal at Foo Chow, to occupy the ports of Formosa, and to sweep the Chinese flag from the sea. War, however, cannot be "confined" by the intentions of any one man or of a nation, and in this case there are indications that if not ended by mediation, it will assume large proportions. China has made many sacrifices to avert war; now that the sword is drawn, she may try to revenge herself for her useless humiliations.

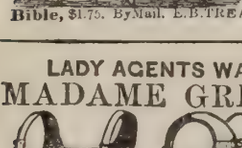
The Cholera Panic is Spreading in Italy and Switzerland. At present there have been about three hundred cases in Italy, but the fear is based not on the number of cases, but on the condition of the towns in the course the plague is taking. Some of them are in that filthy condition which invites the disease and renders its attacks most fatal. If it reaches Naples, the scenes of Toulon and Marseilles will be repeated, for Naples has a bad eminence as one of the foulest cities in Europe. The total number of deaths from the disease recorded in France from its first appearance to the close of last week was 3952.

German Interests in Africa have Come in conflict with those of England. The German press is now urging the summoning of a congress for the discussion of affairs on the Congo and of sanitary and other international questions. Advices from West Africa state that Dr. Nachtigall, the German Commissioner, has appeared in a gunboat in the rivers Cameroons and Bimbia, Upper Guinea, and hoisted the German flag. In addition to this is what seems to be an act of German aggression at Bageida. The British authorities from Quitta recently visited Bageida, on the Gold Coast, and at the request of the inhabitants hoisted the Union Jack, indicating English protection. Shortly afterward the German warship Moewe arrived there, and the crew went on shore, *cut down the flagstaff* and removed the flag, and then hoisted the German colors.

The Marquis of Lorne, ex-Governor-General of Canada, has written a new book, entitled "Canadian Pictures, Pen and Pencil." It is non-political, and gives a glowing account of the resources of Canada. The writer, in inviting emigration to Canada, is enthusiastic over the democratic institutions of the Dominion. "Canadians," he says, "know that no political agitation, however successful, could enlarge their freedom, and there is nothing to disturb their perfect peace and satisfaction."

The World's Convention of Young Men's Christian associations has been in session during the past week in Berlin. The representatives from the United States were: Mr. R. R. McBirney and Mr. Thomas H. Cree, of New York; General O. O. Howard, of Omaha Neb.; Mr. John Field, of Philadelphia, and the Rev. A. J. Gordon, of Boston. There were also forty delegates from the United States in attendance. The session, which began on the 20th inst., was the tenth triennial International Conference of the young men's associations of all lands. The last triennial conference was held in Exeter Hall, London, in 1881, when one hundred and fifty-five associations were represented. The object of these conferences is to promote the common cause of the associations the world over and to bring about an interchange of methods, the aim of each association being to advance the general welfare of young men. On Thursday last Mr. James L. Houghteling, of Chicago, and Mr. Charles K. Ober, of Boston, presented to the Berlin Conference an interesting paper giving the salient points in the management of American Young Men's Christian associations. The paper was printed, and will be widely circulated.

The Marquis of Salisbury, the Leader of the British Conservatives, has adopted the tactics of the late Lord Beaconsfield. In a speech he delivered last week he advocated a more radical settlement of the Franchise question than that proposed by Mr. Gladstone. He would introduce for Great Britain the American plan of electoral districts on the basis of population. Under the present system there are many anomalies. In Warwick one member of Parliament is elected by a population of 5000, while in Birmingham only one member is elected by a population of 136,000. The most significant feature of the news is that the change to the American system should be advocated by a Conservative whose party has generally resisted change.



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MRS. REANEY, THE AUTHOR AND TEMPERANCE PHILANTHROPIST—Scenes in Her Work.

MRS. REANEY,

Temperance Reformer and Authoress.

Early Days with "Nursie"—The Girl Student—Her Long-Standing Sympathy with Temperance Work—Canon Wilberforce's Remarks upon the Power of Women—Mrs. Reaney's Style of Address—A Village Cottage Meeting—Great Secret of her Wide Influence—Old Jonathan's Fellowship with Christ—A Visit to "Happy Betty" at the Poorhouse—Little Meggy's Home—A Typical Transformation.

ISABEL REANEY, *whose portrait appears on our frontispiece*, is the wife of the Rev. George Sale Reaney, a Congregational minister, now laboring at Stepney, in the East of London, but formerly, and with great success, at Warrington and at Reading. Both husband and wife have been long well known by their vigorous efforts on behalf of the spread of temperance among all classes of society, but especially perhaps among those whose education and wealth make their social influence of no ordinary value to any movement with which they connect themselves.

Mrs. Reaney has written several charming books, in one of which, entitled "Waking and Working; or, From Girlhood to Womanhood," she more than hints that the story she tells may be regarded in the light of an autobiography. In the preface to this volume she writes: "Having myself passed from girlhood to womanhood, with all its life awakenings, longings, and prospects, I yearn with great sympathy and love over those just entering upon an age so full of earnest questionings and solemn thought; and out of that yearning has grown this little volume. To my younger sisters everywhere I dedicate my heart, thoughts, and,

IN PART, MY LIFE'S HISTORY."

This book appeared first in 1873—a fourth edition is now published. Concluding that the experiences of the "May Percival" she so vigorously and gracefully depicts to be in large part her own, we have an interesting glimpse of her early days, upon which in one chapter she lovingly looks back: "In her earliest childhood's recollections were twined memories of those glorious sunsets—ay, as far back as the days when dear old nursie (in heaven now) stood with her by the nursery window, and told her sweet stories of the better land, tracing the pathway thither through the clouds twined with the golden light of the setting sun; strangely intermixing with this wild fairy tales—dark lands a long way off, huge monster giants, the terror of little children—Light, the good spirit always coming at the right moment to befriend the needy."

"Then came schoolroom days, and the quiet 'study hour,' when, with her elbows on the table, and forehead tightly clasped with her hands, she would repeat over and over to herself the lesson before her—a French verb, a page from Taylor's Class-book, or Slater's Dates, history, geography, or spelling—when all would suddenly be put to flight by a glance through the window at the setting sun."

It would seem that from an early period the woes which ever follow in the wake of intemperance had made a deep impression upon her mind and heart, and that, constrained by a glowing love to Christ, she determined to do what she could, by example and teaching, to strengthen that increasing

BAND OF HEROIC DEVOTED WOMEN,

who of late years have done such good service in the spread of temperance principles. Of course, as a minister's wife, Mrs. Reaney would have her own special duties in connection with her husband's pastorate, but the performance of these did not prevent her from casting in her lot with those who were working to stamp out the dark sin of drunkenness from her professedly Christian land.

At a recent meeting of the British Women's Temperance Association, *Canon Basil Wilberforce* said that the evils of drinking were spreading throughout the whole of the society of the land, not only among the working people, but among the very highest classes of society, and that at the present time matters had arrived at such a crisis as to threaten national decadence. At the same time the eloquent Canon found something to relieve the shuddering darkness of the picture which truth compelled him to draw.

He said: "I am happy to see throughout the whole length and breadth of the land the temperance movement is spreading. Among the numerous bright lights that I see dawning on the eastern sky, and heralding the era of temperance reformation in the country, I think there is not one that looks better at this moment than the fact that there are gathered together here English women who are coming boldly to the front on this great question. When women thus act there is no end to the power which they may wield if they choose. The great men of the world have almost invariably been

MOTHERS' CHILDREN, NOT FATHERS'.

They take their cue from the mother. They draw the first food that nature gives them from the mother, and if the temperance reformers can only persuade the women of England that they can, with perfect safety to their own health, resist the persuasion of medical men to make them take a little drink for their strength, there will soon be a nation freed from the *hereditary* taint of intemperance, and they will be able to sweep this withering curse from the nation."

That these are the convictions, not only of Canon Wilberforce, but also of Mrs. Reaney, is evident from the fact that she cheerfully devotes so much of her time and strength to the public advocacy of the cause of temperance, both in town and country.

HER STYLE OF ADDRESS

is singularly natural and effective, and it has led more than one well-known advocate of the movement to say that the speaking of Christian ladies at temperance gatherings, where they can command the necessary nerve and self-possession, will undoubtedly prove of invaluable service. Certainly those who have had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Reaney unanimously and most heartily indorse this opinion. So intense is her interest in the cause she has so much at heart, that all thoughts about self are put to flight, and she is chiefly desirous of turning a valuable opportunity to the best and highest account.

It is to be regretted that many of her addresses on the question in which she takes so deep an interest have not been reported beyond the length of a brief newspaper paragraph, and those who have read her books must be left to form their own idea of her cheery and fascinating style of speaking from her vivid and picturesque style of writing.

Reverting again to her book, "Waking and Working," we find described therein one of her earliest efforts for the Saviour's glory, and which we have endeavored to illustrate in *our frontispiece picture No. 2*. It was a *cottage-meeting*, which she and her friend, Grace Sullivan, were wont to hold in a country village. Upon their arrival one Sunday afternoon they found the humble room already full, and received a most kindly greeting. They took their seats near the window, where a table had been placed for them. Upon the table was a glass of water and a bunch of flowers. Mr. Hartley, a sunburnt man of four and five and forty, dressed in a clean smock—a healthy-looking agricultural laborer—glowed all over with delight as he is thanked for the flowers—his gift. Rough and uncultivated as he was, he had a large soul for flowers; nothing so rejoiced him as to find them sincerely appreciated by others.

But the service begins. A well-known hymn is given out, and in a minute that little cottage is full of

HOLY SONG, TO WHICH ANGELS LISTEN.

Young and old join in it with a zest and earnestness that are unmistakable. Then a few words of simple, earnest prayer, another hymn, and a loving Gospel address. "Many a hardened drunkard, who had been induced to come out of respect for the young lady, had felt his first impulse to give up the drink and be a better man at these little meetings; many a Bible neglecter had first learned to love the Word there; many a sorrowing one had there first found where to take his sorrow and be comforted; and many now took their seat in church Sunday after Sunday, whose Sabbaths were once frittered away in public-houses and loitering about the fields and lanes, with companions as giddy as themselves."

Mrs. Reaney is pre-eminently characterized by her unforced and unfailing sympathy for the poor and sinful, and it is this which constitutes the golden key to unlock their hearts, and win their love both for herself and the Divine Lord whom she serves. Let us now depict, with the aid of "May Percival," a visit which she paid one evening to a pious cottager called Old Jonathan. Putting on her sun hat, she started on her mission of benevolence (*see frontispiece picture No. 3*). She carried a little basket with her, in which were some fruit and a small pudding for the poor man she was going to see. He was very aged, and almost deaf, but she usually managed to make herself heard by putting her mouth close to his ear. The cottage at length is reached, and as soon as she enters she hears Old Jonathan's voice in prayer upstairs. Sitting down on the lowest step, she waited until he had ceased. Very touching was his talk with God and after meditation: "Oh, my blessed Jesus, did not the soldier thrust his spear into thy poor side, as Thou hung upon that accursed tree, dying for me, a poor vile sinner, that I might be saved from my sins? Oh, blessed Jesus, what would have become of me if Thou hadst not died; and, blessed Lord, my precious Jesus, praised be thy name!" And in this strain he continued for some time in hallowed communion with God. The kindly visitor felt that she would not like to break in upon the placid and hallowed calm which would follow such a prayer, so placing the contents of her basket upon the kitchen table, she quietly left the cottage.

VISITING "HAPPY BETTY."

Mrs. Reaney's girlhood days of helpfulness were much brightened and helped by the genial companionship of three friends, whom she calls by the names of Grace Sullivan, and Alice St. George, and her brother, Mr. St. George. One bright September afternoon they drove together to Gotthelby Workhouse, to visit the inmates, and to take them flowers and some cheerful, profitable reading. At last they reached their destination, and entered the gloomy-looking, barrack-like building, where they found many radiant faces ready to greet them. They went first to the hospital wing, where one *old lady, crippled in every limb from rheumatism*, but with a face so sunny and peaceful that it seemed as if encircled by a halo, spoke in a clear, sweet voice when addressed, ending all she said with, "By the mercy of God." She was called "Happy Betty" by the other women, and the nurse whispered to the visitors that all the time she had been in the house—and it was nearly four years now—she had never seen her murmuring or angry. Others became fretful, and occasionally lost their temper, and quarrelled among themselves, but "Happy Betty" was always the peacemaker.

In scenes such as we have all too briefly described, Mrs. Reaney received her training and equipment for her after work of life, which, though arduous, she loves so well. Many homes in Warrington, Reading, and Stepney have been made bright by her sisterly presence, and their once sinful and unhappy occupants made wise unto salvation through her affectionate instrumentality. Her books also have been a means of blessing to thousands. Among her smaller but invaluable productions, perhaps "Sunbeam Willie, and Other Stories" shows as well as any that she has written, her power as a descriptive writer and her ability to seize upon salient points of character. The following extract is from her touching little story of

"LITTLE MEGGY'S HOME."

"In the mean time, with a sad, sad heart and heavy step, little Meggy trudged back to the dreary home, thinking out dreary thoughts, which often puzzled her sorely. 'Why don't good people prevent other people being so cruel? Why should they let Mr. Cuttel make people drunk? Why didn't the squire do something? Wasn't he a great man? Didn't everybody bow to him and mind their manners? Even that cruel Mr. Cuttel always touched his cap to him. Couldn't *he* do something to prevent the people making the wicked beer?

"'But then *his* wife didn't get drunk, and *his* little children didn't have to go without their food, so perhaps he didn't think how other folks suffered! Then there was Parson Meredith; people said he was a good man. It could not be true, though, or he wouldn't say *he* didn't see any harm in people drinking beer, as he said at the school feast last year, when he gave a glass to all the old people there. Of course he didn't want people always to take too much; but weren't there dozens like mother, who if they touched a drop couldn't stop there? Oh, wasn't there anybody would come and do something? Oh, if everybody had only little babies who cried all day long because they had got nothing to eat! If everybody knew what it was to chop up the chairs (leastways, those that hadn't gone to the pawnshop) for firewood in the bitter cold days, and have nowhere to sit but on the cold, cold floor; if everybody knew what it was to feel shivering in every limb, and so, *so* hungry, and to go to the cupboard and find it empty; if everybody knew what it was to have no warm bed to lie in, and only an old bit of a blanket to cover ourself up with, while the wind howled in the chimney, and blew through the broken window like anythink—and all because of the dreadful, dreadful drink—oh, folk couldn't be so wicked as to let anybody make more!'"

FRONTISPIECE PICTURES 5 AND 6 illustrate a home such as Meggy's when ruined and darkened by the drink fiend, and the change which takes place when temperance principles are adopted; and the love of Christ, the Saviour of the lost, gains admission into the heart. And to multiply such noble transformations as this, both Mrs. Reaney and her husband have consecrated their lives. In the midst of their labor may they increasingly enjoy the consciousness of their Master's smile, and finally reap a rich and abiding reward in heaven.

INCIDENTS OF FOREIGN MISSIONARY WORK.

The Baptist Missionary Society has Secured from the International Association of the Congo a deed granting perpetual tenure instead of the seven years' lease of land held by the former at Stanley Pool, and fresh grants at a nominal rental made for new stations in the interior. These arrangements will tend to increased facilities for work on the part of the mission. It is one of the principal objects of the Association to bring about the formation of a Free State, embracing the whole region of the Congo, in which free trade and full religious liberty shall be secured to all, independent of race or sect. Such a State, recognized by the United States and the European Powers, would be a happy solution of a difficult problem.

A Noble Confession in a Cloud of Smoke.—Mr. Gilmour, *whose portrait* appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of October, 1883, is once more among the Mongols. A recent communication describes a journey made by him since his return to Pekin. Travelling on foot, he found rest one evening in the tent of the mandarin of the district. Friends and neighbors, hearing of his arrival, soon came. "In a little while," he says, "I had round me a representative from nearly every family in the village. Among the others came my two servants—the priest and the layman who had driven my oxcarts for me. Escorted by these I went to another tent, rested there a while, and then moved into a mud-built house. The priest was busy lighting a fire, which would do nothing but smoke, and the room was soon full. Finding him alone, I told him that I had come to speak to him and my other friends about the salvation of their souls, and was pressing him to accept Christ when the layman entered. The priest related the drift of our conversation to the layman, who, tongs in hand, was trying to make the fire blaze. Whether the priest would join him or not, his mind was made up, he would trust the Saviour. By this time a cloud of smoke filled the room. I was lying flat on the platform, and the two men were crouching on the floor—I could just see dimly the bottom of their skin coats—but the place was beautiful to me as the gate of heaven, and the words of the confession of Christ from out the cloud of smoke were inspiriting to me as if they had been spoken by an angel from out of a cloud of glory." This was the first Mongolian convert.

How Two Missionaries were Enlisted.—The Rev. Dr. Valentine, medical missionary of the Presbyterian Church, says: "I have been connected with medical missionary work for the last twenty-three years. In 1869, when following the Maharajah of Jeypoor, whose private physician I was at that time, I delivered a lecture at Simla. There were two lads present listening to me, and, after the lecture was over, their father came and said they had been deeply impressed with what had been said about medical work, and were resolved to give themselves to the work, if they only knew how they might be led into it. That gentleman who came to me was William Carey, the great-grandson of dear old Carey, of Serampore. I had great pleasure in reporting to the Secretary of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society the desire of those two young men, and after some correspondence they were admitted into the Society. Scholarships were obtained for them, and in 1875 I had the great pleasure of seeing those two young men graduate in the University of Edinburgh. It has pleased God to take one of them to heaven, but there is one still at work, and that is William Carey, the medical missionary at Delhi."

Progress All Along the Line.—Dr. Valentine, concluding his address, said: "There is progress in India all along the line. Eighty years ago, in the principal towns of India, the fires of the suttee, upon which were tied the living widow to the dead body of her husband, and both reduced to ashes, were burning. Eighty years ago the Car of Juggernaut might have been seen crushing living bodies to shapeless masses. Of those things that disgraced India eighty years ago, not one single case is now to be found, and in that great work your own missionaries have done pioneer and pre-eminent service."

A Pundit's Conversion.—The Bishop of Saskatchewan relates the following incident: "In a town I visited I received a number of merchants, headed by a Pundit, an intelligent old man, who was regarded by them as a saint, and who invited us to explain the principles of the Christian religion to them and to discuss them with their leader. We accepted the invitation, and we were very attracted by the earnestness, the sincerity, and the intelligence of the old man Govindappa, and soon got to respect and love him. At the second meeting I put a copy of the New Testament into the old man's hands, and, turning to the Sermon on the Mount, asked him to read it and explain it to the company. He did so, and made various comments upon it. The Spirit of God got hold of him, and he made some most apt remarks, and gave some most striking illustrations in explanation of what he read, appealing to me every now and then. I listened to his explanation, so fresh and clear, with delight, and when the gray-headed old man waxed warm, and with sparkling eyes and earnestness of manner dilated upon the teaching, I could not but feel that the Spirit of the Lord was resting upon him. He never afterward gave up the Bible, and when I last visited him he said, with all the simple earnestness of a believer, 'I have no fear; my hope is in the love of the Father. I believe in Jesus. I am dying a Christian man.'"

A Well-used Bible.—"About Twelve Years ago I remember selling a Canarese Bible to a villager in my district, who had shown great interest in the truth of Christ. He said, 'I have heard you preach; I believe what you say, but I want to know more about it,' and he asked me to sell him a Bible. 'But,' I said, 'you cannot read,' and I knew there was no member of his family who could read, so I asked him what was the use of him taking the Bible. He replied: 'There are people in my village who can read, and I shall get them to read to me as often as possible.' We sold him the Bible, and we did not see him again for many years. Eighteen months ago I went to the village and I inquired for the Bible. I saw it had been well used, and I asked if it had been read. A little man, a clay potter, came forward and said: 'I have been reading this book regularly to Basappa, and the words are very precious to me.' I examined him, and I found that the book had been well used, and that he had obtained a very correct and true view of the Gospels. A few months ago, when I again went to the village, Basappa asked me to baptize him and his household, and it was my privilege and my pleasure to welcome ten persons into the Church of Christ, and this was simply the result of the circulation of the Bible."

How the Missionaries' Work is Hindered.—Mr. Jones, of Agra, India, says: "All the difficulties we meet do not arise from the Hindoos and Mohammedans. Many come from those who are called Christians, those who have gone out from Great Britain, but who are a disgrace to the name of Christ. The Hindoos and Mohammedans say of an Englishman, 'Oh, he is a Christian,' no matter what his conduct is. The Englishman who gets drunk, as many do in India, is with them a Christian, and when I say that, do you wonder, friends, that *I put on the Blue Ribbon? I was the first to put on Blue Ribbon in Agra*, and I would put on any number of ribbons if I could convince those in India I am really a Christian. At that time, and for the sake of the Mohammedans, I gave up eating pork, and if it will help me in my work with the Hindoos I will give up beef. These people wondered I was a Christian when I said I did not drink liquor. They have an idea that, when a man becomes a Christian, the missionary makes him drunk, and compels him to eat pork or beef."

Not Afraid of Being Beheaded.—Sir William McArthur, in a course of a recent speech, said: "When travelling from California to New Zealand I was accompanied by two missionaries who were going to Japan. These missionaries told me that a number of years before a young lad in Japan met with a tract (it was the first time he ever heard of Christianity), and this tract awakened his curiosity to know what this Christianity was. So intense was his desire that he got himself smuggled on board a ship sailing for Boston. The captain took an interest in him, and told a merchant in Boston about him, who sent him to school, and then to college. The young man was ultimately converted to God, and was actuated by a great desire to go back to his own country. He was told, 'If you go back to your own country you will be beheaded;' for the law was that any one going back to Japan having embraced Christianity should be beheaded. He said, 'I may, but I have gone to the Lord Jesus, and I have asked Him to have that law altered, and He will have it altered.' Strange to say, next year the law was altered through the influence of the American Ambassador. The young man went back to Japan, and is now at the head of a large institution, where there are upward of a hundred men training for the Christian ministry."

SUNLIGHT INTERCEPTED.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."—JOB 37 : 21.

The Storm Portents Observed—Few Looking for Sunshine—A Delightful Habit—Making the Best of Everything—I. Of Financial Misfortunes — A Sick Cardinal's Infatuation — The Burial-Places of Heirs—II. Of Bereavements —Dead Children Delivered from Trouble — Children Gone to Perpetual Festival—Friends in Heaven—Welcomes Waiting—III. Of Sickness—Four Afflicted Heroes—The View from the Sick-Room Window—IV. Of Life's Finality—Blossom Week—Two Springtimes in One Year—Vacation Coming—The Body not Lost.

WIND east. Barometer falling. Storm-signals out. Ship reefing maintopsail. Awnings taken in. Prophecies of foul weather everywhere. The clouds congregate around the sun, proposing to abolish him. But after a while he assails the flanks of the clouds with flying artillery of light, and here and there is sign of clearing weather. Many do not observe it. Many do not realize it. "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds." In other words, there are a hundred men looking for storm where there is one man looking for sunshine.

My object will be this morning to get you and myself into the delightful habit of

MAKING THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.

You may have wondered at the statistics that in India, in the year 1875, there were over nineteen thousand people slain by wild beasts, and that in the year 1876 there were in India over twenty thousand people destroyed by wild animals. But there is a monster in our own land which is year by year destroying more than that. It is the old bear of melancholy, and with Gospel weapons this morning I propose to chase it back to its midnight caverns. I mean to do two sums—a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition—a subtraction from your days of depression and an addition to your days of joy. If God will help me I will compel you to see the *bright light* that there is in the clouds, and compel you to make the best of everything.

I. In the first place, you ought to make the very best of all

YOUR FINANCIAL MISFORTUNES.

During the panic a few years ago you all lost money. Some of you lost it in most unaccountable ways. For the question, "How many thousands of dollars shall I put aside this year?" you substituted the question, "How shall I pay my butcher, and baker, and clothier, and landlord?" You had the sensation of rowing hard with two oars, and yet all the time going down stream.

You did not say much about it, because it was not politic to speak much of financial embarrassment; but your wife knew. Less variety of wardrobe, more economy at the table, self-denial in art and tapestry. Compression; retrenchment. Who did not feel the necessity of it? My friend, did you make the best of this? Are you aware of how narrow an escape you made? Suppose you had reached the fortune toward which you were rapidly going? What then? You would have been as proud as Lucifer.

How few men have succeeded largely in a financial sense and yet maintained their simplicity and religious consecration! *Not one man out of a hundred.* There are glorious exceptions, but the general rule is that in proportion as a man gets well off for this world he gets poorly off for the next. He loses his sense of dependence on God. He gets a distaste for prayer-meetings. With plenty of bank stocks and plenty of Government securities, what does that man know of the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread?" How few men largely successful in this world are bringing souls to Christ, or showing self-denial for others, or are eminent for piety? You can count them all upon your eight fingers and two thumbs.

One of the *old covetous cardinals*, when he was sick, and sick unto death, used to have a basin brought in—a basin filled with gold, and his only amusement and the only relief he got for his inflamed hands was running them down through the gold and turning it up in the basin. Oh, what infatuation and what destroying power money has for many a man! Now, you were sailing at thirty knots the hour toward these

VORTICES OF WORLDLINESS—

what a mercy it was, that honest defalcation! The same divine hand that crushed your storehouse, your bank, your office, your insurance company, lifted you out of destruction. The day you honestly suspended in business made your fortune for eternity.

"Oh," you say, "I could get along very well myself, but I am so disappointed that I cannot leave a competency for my children." My brother, the same financial misfortune that is going to save your soul will save your children. With the anticipation of large fortune how much industry would your children have?—without which habit of industry there is no safety. The young man would say, "Well, there's no need of my working; my father will soon step out, and then I'll have just what I want." You cannot hide from him how much you are worth. You think you are hiding it; he knows all about it. He can tell you almost to a dollar. Perhaps he has been to the county office and searched the records of deeds and mortgages, and he has added it all up, and he has made an estimate of how long you will probably stay in this world, and is not as much worried about your rheumatism and shortness of breath as you are.

THE ONLY FORTUNE WORTH ANYTHING

that you can give your child is the fortune you put in his head and heart. Of all the young men who started life with forty thousand dollars capital, how many turned out well? I do not know half a dozen. The best inheritance a young man can have is the feeling that he has to fight his own battle, and that life is a struggle in which he must throw body, mind, and soul, or be disgracefully worsted.

Where are the burial-places of the men who started life with a fortune? Some of them in the potter's field; some in the suicide's grave. But few of these men reached thirty-five years of age. They drank, they smoked, they gambled. In them the beast destroyed the man. Some of them lived long enough to get their fortunes, and went through them. The vast majority of them did not live to get their inheritance. From the gin-shop or house of infamy they were brought home to their father's house, and in delirium began to pick off loathsome reptiles from the embroidered pillow, and to fight back imaginary devils. And then they were laid out in highly upholstered parlor, the casket covered with flowers by indulgent parents—flowers suggestive of

A RESURRECTION WITH NO HOPE.

As you sat this morning at your breakfast-table, and looked into the faces of your children, perhaps you said within yourself, "Poor things! How I wish I could start them in life with a competency! How I have been disappointed in all my expectations of what I would do for them!" Upon that scene of pathos I break with a pæan of congratulation, that by your financial losses your own prospect for heaven, and the prospect for the heaven of your children, is mightily improved. You may have lost a toy, but you have won a palace.

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." What does that mean? It means that the grandest blessing God ever bestowed upon you was to take your money away from you. Let me here say, in passing, do not put much stress on the treasures of this world. You cannot take them along with you. At any rate, you cannot take them more than two or three miles; you will have to leave them at the cemetery.

Attila had three coffins. So fond was he of this life, that he decreed that first he should be buried in a coffin of gold, and that then that should be enclosed in a coffin of silver, and that should be enclosed in a coffin of iron, and then a large amount or treasure should be thrown in over his body. And so he was buried, and the men who buried him were slain, so that no one might know where he was buried, and no one might there interfere with his treasures. Oh, men of the world, who want to take your money with you, better have three coffins!

II. Again, I remark, you ought to make the very best of

YOUR BEREAVEMENTS.

The whole tendency is to brood over these separations, and to give much time to the handling of mementoes of the departed, and to make long visitations to the cemetery, and to say, "Oh, I can never look up again; my hope is gone; my courage is gone; my religion is gone; my faith in God is gone! Oh, the wear and tear and exhaustion of this loneliness!" The most frequent bereavement is the loss of children. If your departed child had lived as long as you have lived, do you not suppose that he would have had about the same amount of trouble and trial you have had?

If you could make a choice for your child between forty years of annoyance, loss, vexation, exasperation, and bereavement, and forty years in heaven, would you take

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF CHOOSING

the former? Would you snatch away the cup of eternal bliss and put into that child's hand the cup of many bereavements? Instead of the complete safety into which that child has been lifted, would you like to hold it down to the risks of this mortal state? Would you like to keep it out on a sea in which there have been more shipwrecks than safe voyages?

Is it not a comfort to you to know that that child, instead of being besoiled and flung into the mire of sin, is swung clear into the skies? Are not those children to be congratulated that the point of celestial bliss which you expect to reach by a pilgrimage of fifty or sixty or seventy years, they reached at a flash? If the last ten thousand children who have entered heaven had gone through the average of human life on earth, are you sure all those ten thousand children would have finally reached the blissful terminus? Besides that, my friends, you are to look at this matter as a self-denial on your part for their benefit. If your children want to go off in a May-day party, if your children want to go on a flowery and musical excursion, you consent. You might prefer to have them with you, but their jubilant absence satisfies you. Well, your departed children have only gone out in a May-day party, amid flowery and musical entertainment, amid joys and hilarities *forever*. That ought to quell some of your grief, the thought of their glee.

So it ought to be that you could make the best of all bereavements. The fact that you have so many

FRIENDS IN HEAVEN

will make your own departure very cheerful. When you are going on a voyage, everything depends upon where your friends are—if they are on the wharf that you leave, or on the wharf toward which you are going to sail. In other words, the more friends you have in heaven the easier it will be to get away from this world. The more friends here, the more bitter good-bys; the more friends there, the more glorious welcomes.

Some of you have so many brothers, sisters, children, friends in heaven, that I do not know hardly how you are going to crowd through. When the vessel came from foreign lands, and brought a prince to our harbor, the ships were covered with bunting, and you remember how the men-of-war thundered broadsides; but there was no joy there compared with the joy which shall be demonstrated when you sail up

the broad bay of heavenly salutation. The more friends you have there, the easier your own transit. What is death to a mother whose children are in heaven? Why, there is no more grief in it than there is in her going into a nursery amid the romp and laughter of her household. Though all around may be dark, see you not the bright light in the clouds—that light the irradiated faces of your glorified kindred?

III. So also, my friends, I would have you make the best of

YOUR SICKNESSES.

When you see one move off with elastic step and in full physical vigor, sometimes you become impatient with your lame foot. When a man descries an object a mile off, and you cannot see it at all, you become impatient of your dim eye. When you hear of a well man making a great achievement you become impatient with your depressed nervous system or your dilapidated health. I will tell you how you can make the worst of it. Brood over it: brood over all these illnesses, and your nerves will become more twitchy, and your dyspepsia more aggravated, and your weakness more appalling. But that is the devil's work, to tell you how to make the worst of it; it is my work to show you *a bright light in the clouds*.

Which of the Bible men most attract your attention? You say, Moses, Job, David, Jeremiah, Paul. Why, what a strange thing it is that you have chosen those who were physically disordered! Moses—I know he was nervous from the clip he gave the Egyptian. Job—his blood was vitiated and diseased, and his skin distressfully eruptive. David—he had a running sore which he speaks of when he says, "My sore ran in the night and ceased not." Jeremiah had enlargement of the spleen. Who can doubt it who reads Lamentations? Paul—he had a lifetime sickness which the commentators have been guessing about for years, not knowing exactly what the apostle meant by "a thorn in the flesh." I do not know either; but it was something sharp, something that stuck him.

I gather from all this that physical disorder may be the means of grace to the soul. You say you have so many temptations from bodily ailments, and if you were only well you think you could be a good Christian. While your temptations may be different, they are no more than those of the man who has an appetite three times a day, and sleeps eight hours every night.

From my observation, I judge that invalids have a more rapturous view of the next world than well people, and will have higher renown in heaven. The best view of the delectable mountains is through the lattice of the sick-room. There are trains running every hour between pillow and throne, between hospital and mansion, between bandages and robes, between crutch and palm branch. Oh, I wish some of you people who are compelled to cry, "My head, my head! my foot, my foot! my back, my back!" would try some of

THE LORD'S MEDICINE!

You are going to be well anyhow before long. Heaven is an old city, but has never yet reported one case of sickness or one bill of mortality. No ophthalmia for the eye. No pneumonia for the lungs. No pleurisy for the side. No neuralgia for the nerves. No rheumatism for the muscles. "The inhabitant shall never say, I am sick." "There shall be no more pain."

IV. Again, you ought to make the best of

LIFE'S FINALITY.

Now, you think I have a very tough subject. You do not see how I am to strike a spark of light out of the flint of the tombstone. There are many people who have an idea that death is the submergence of everything pleasant by everything doleful. If my morning subject could close in the upsetting of all such preconceived notions, it would close well. Who can judge best of the features of a man—those who are close by him, or those who are afar off? "Oh," you say, "those can judge best of the features of a man who are close by him!"

Now, my friends, who shall judge of the features of death—whether they are lovely or whether they are repulsive? You? You are too far off. If I want to get a judgment as to what really the features of death are, I will not ask you; I will ask those who have been within a month of death, or a week of death, or an hour of death, or

A MINUTE OF DEATH.

They stand so near the features, they can tell. They give unanimous testimony, if they are Christian people, that death, instead of being demoniac, is cherubic. Of all the thousands of Christians who have been carried through the gates of Greenwood, gather up their dying experiences, and you will find they nearly all bordered on a jubilate. How often you have seen a dying man join in the psalm being sung around his bedside, the middle of the verse opening to let his ransomed spirit free!—long after the lips could not speak, looking and pointing upward.

Some of you talk as though God had exhausted Himself in building this world; and that all the rich curtains He ever made He hung around this planet, and all the flowers He ever grew He has woven into the carpet of our daisied meadows. No. *This world is not the best thing God can do*; this world is not the best thing that God has done.

One week of the year is called

BLOSSOM WEEK—

called so all through the land because there are more blossoms in that week than in any other week of the year. Blossom week! And that is what the future world is to which the Christian is invited—blossom week forever. It is as far ahead of this world as Paradise is ahead of Dry Tortugas; and yet here we stand shivering and fearing to go out, and we want to stay on the dry sand, and amid the stormy petrels, when we are invited to arbors of jessamine and birds of paradise.

One season I had *two springtimes*. I went to New Orleans in April, and I marked the difference between going toward New Orleans and then coming back. As I went on down toward New Orleans the verdure, the foliage, became thicker and more beautiful. When I came back, the further I came toward home the less the foliage, and less and less it became until there was hardly any. Now, it all depends upon the direction in which you travel. If a spirit from heaven should come toward our world, he is travelling from June toward December, from radiance toward darkness, from hanging gardens toward icebergs. And one would not be very much surprised if a spirit of God sent forth from heaven toward our world should be slow to come. But how strange it is that we dread going out toward that world when going is from December toward June—from the snow of earthly storm to the snow of Edenic blossom—from the arctics of trouble toward the tropics of eternal joy!

Oh, what an ado about dying! We get so attached to the malarial marsh in which we live that we are afraid to go up and live on the hill-top. We are alarmed because

VACATION IS COMING.

Eternal sunlight, and best programme of celestial minstrels and hallelujah, no inducement. Let us stay here and keep cold and ignorant and weak. Do not introduce us to Elijah, and John Milton, and Bourdaloue. Keep our feet on the sharp cobble-stones of earth instead of planting them on the bank of amaranth in heaven. Give us this small island of a leprous world instead of the immensities of splendor and delight. Keep our hands full of nettles, and our shoulder under the burden, and our neck in the yoke, and hopples on our ankles, and handcuffs on our wrists. "Dear Lord," we seem to say, "keep us down here, where we have to suffer, instead of letting us up where we might live and reign and rejoice.

I am amazed at myself and at yourself for this infatuation under which we all rest. Men you would suppose would get frightened at having to stay in this world instead of getting frightened at having to go toward heaven. I congratulate anybody who has a right to die. By that I mean through sickness you cannot avert, or through accident you cannot avoid—your work consummated. "Where did they bury Lily?" said one little child to another. "Oh," she replied, "they buried her in the ground." "What! in the *cold* ground?" "Oh, no, no; not in the cold ground, but in the *warm* ground, where ugly seeds become beautiful flowers."

"But," says some one, "it pains me so much to think that I must *lose the body* with which my soul has so long companioned." You do not lose it. You no more lose your body by death than you lose your watch when you send it to have it repaired, or your jewel when you send it to have it reset, or the faded picture when you send it to have it touched up, or the photograph of a friend when you have it put in a new locket. You

DO NOT LOSE YOUR BODY.

Paul will go to Rome to get his, Payson will go to Portland to get his, President Edwards will go to Princeton to get his, George Cookman will go to the bottom of the Altantic to get his, and we will go to the village churchyards and the city cemeteries to get ours; and when we have our perfect spirit rejoined to our perfect body, then we will be the kind of men and women that the resurrection morning will make possible.

So you see you have not made out any doleful story yet. What have you proved about death? What is the case you have made out? You have made out just this—that death allows us to have a perfect body, free of all aches, united forever with a perfect soul free from all sin. Correct your theology.

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

Why, it means that moving-day is coming, and that you are going to quit cramped apartments and be mansioned forever. The horse that stands at the gate will not be the one lathered and bespattered, carrying bad news, but it will be the horse that St. John saw in Apocalyptic vision—the white horse on which the King comes to the banquet. The ground around the palace will quake with the tires and hoofs of celestial equipage, and those Christians who in this world lost their friends, and lost their property, and lost their health, and lost their life, will find out that God was always kind, and that all things worked together for their good, and that those were the wisest people on earth who made the best of everything. See you not now the bright light in the clouds?

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are Announced to commence the season's work by a short series of services in St. Louis, by invitation from the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Moody desires that a misstatement cabled here from England during his work there should be corrected. He writes: "I am very sorry to learn that a statement has been widely circulated in the public press, in which I am represented as having announced that Mr. Sankey was so broken down, physically, that his restoration to health was entirely improbable, and that his voice, which had so often led thousands of assembled worshippers in the songs of Zion, would probably never be heard again in our services. As much sympathy has been expressed, and many inquiries made, I would be glad to have the statement in regard to Mr. Sankey's health corrected. Mr. Sankey was not quite well during the latter part of our long stay in London, but I never looked upon his illness as permanent, neither did I make the statement attributed to me in the newspaper article referred to. I am glad to know that the short season of rest taken by Mr. Sankey has already restored him to health again, and we are looking forward to the time when we shall be allowed the privilege of working together again in this country, which, we trust, will be at no distant day."

THE PARTICLES IN PROPHECY.

By Wiley Jones (*in The Restitution*).

Who are the Promisees—What is Promised—The Land of Canaan Understood—What Eternal Inheritance Includes—The Reference to the Seed—Not to be Dispensed with—The Importance of the Particles—The Circumstances in which Paul Wrote—The Eternal Title.

FOR the sake of analyzing this verse (Gal 3 : 16), let us look at it in three sections:

(1) "Now to Abraham and his seed were the promises made; (2) He saith not, And to seeds, as of many; (3) but as of one, And to thy seed, which is Christ."

In the first section Paul refers to the promises in the historical style, using the pronoun in the third person—"his." Then, wishing particularly to explain one clause, he is very exact about it, reminding us, in the second section, how that clause does *not* read. Then, in the third section, by quoting *verbatim* and strictly from the sacred record without varying a single letter, he shows us how it *does* read, and explains who is meant by the last word ("seed") of that clause.

Now, as Paul's explanation shows

WHO ARE THE PROMISEES—

namely, Christ and Abraham—so the immediate context from which the clause "And to thy seed" is quoted, shows *what* is the thing promised—namely, the land.

In the history of Abraham, according to the Septuagint or Greek version of Genesis, the following are its *only* occurrences:

"For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it *and to thy seed* forever" (Gen. 13 : 15).

"Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it: for I will give it unto thee *and to thy seed* forever" (Gen. 13 : 17).

"And I will give unto thee, *and to thy seed* after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan for an everlasting possession; and I will be their God" (Gen. 17 : 8).

"Unto thee *and to thy seed* I will give this land" (Gen. 24 : 7).

I have not here noted the occurrences of this phrase in the history of Isaac and Jacob, but only in that of Abraham, because Paul makes special mention of him in Gal. 3 : 16.

As now many believers read only the English common version, so it is highly probable that in the Apostolic age many Christians read only the Greek, and could not read the Hebrew. When those early Christians turned to the Greek version of Genesis and saw the connection in which the words "And to thy seed" occur, must they not, beyond a doubt, have concluded that Paul was referring to the promise of "*the land of Canaan?*" And was not this perfectly logical conclusion confirmed by the fact that in verse 18 he calls it "*the inheritance*," and that in Heb. 11 : 8, 9 it is called "the *land* of promise" and "*the place* which he should afterward receive for an *inheritance?*" Could they not see also that Stephen refers to the same "*inheritance*" that Paul does, and applies it to the land, even "*This land wherein ye now dwell*," as he said to the Jews then living upon it? (Acts 7 : 4, 5.) Surely, then, the testimony of two such witnesses as he and Paul must be conclusive that *the land* was the thing promised to Abraham and his seed.

The third of Galatians is well worthy of careful study. At its conclusion Bishop Ellicott, as quoted by Alford, says, "the declaration verse 7 is substantiated by twenty-two verses of the deepest, the most varied, and the most comprehensive reasoning that exist in the compass of the great apostle's writings." And Alford himself, on verse 18, defines "*the inheritance*" as "the general term for all the blessings promised to Abraham, as summed up in his Seed who was to inherit the land—in other words, for the kingdom of Christ."

Taking only the common English version and the original Hebrew we find in Abraham's history according to Genesis, that "And to thy seed" occurs but three times—once in Gen. 13 : 13 and twice in Gen. 17 : 7, 8.

Two out of these three occurrences are connected with

THE PROMISE OF THE LAND;

one is connected with the promise that the Lord will be a God to Abraham and to his seed. Now, is it for a moment to be supposed that Abraham discredited and rejected the repeated "promises" of the land, and accepted only the promise that the Lord will be a God to him and to his seed? surely, he must have believed with an equal faith all three of these promises, and so should we. For whether we follow the Greek or the English version of Genesis, or whether we drop both of these and appeal only to the original Hebrew, the promise of the landed inheritance to Abraham and his seed is something that we dare not dispense with. That land is the primordial territory of the saints' inheritance when the kingdom is established upon it that will afterward extend over the entire "world" or *kosmos* (Rom. 4 : 13; Ps. 2 : 8; Zech. 9 : 10).

Paul himself, guided by divine inspiration, has included

THE PREPOSITION AND CONJUNCTION

in his quotation, and therefore we have no right to drop them out, leaving only the words "Thy seed," to build on. It would be very unsafe building erected by such a process, for prepositions and conjunctions are the cements and ligaments of speech, and to drop them out of a language would be like dropping the cement or mortar from between the bricks of a house, causing the whole edifice to tumble into confusion and ruin. A very accomplished linguist has said, "Much more than any of us is aware depends upon the import of the particles of language. These are the cement of speech and the connectives of thought. They give all the meaning which the principal words in language possess, in their various acceptations."

The fact that the originals of the two words, "And to" have been translated and retranslated, still retaining all their force in each language, does not in any way weaken their authority, but rather confirms and strengthens it by the laws of comparative philology; so that these words, in this connection, are perfectly "safe to build a doctrine on."

To understand the masterly argument in Galatians we must remember that Judaizers insisted on circumcision and its train of ceremonial observances as essential to salvation (Acts 15 : 1). But Paul shows that circumcision, in the sense that they were contending for it, renders one "a debtor to do the whole law" (Gal. 5 : 3). Hence, if they rested their plea and hope of salvation on such perfection of legalism they would be disappointed, for none of them did "the *whole* law" (Jas. 3 : 2), and none can be justified by the law unless he keep it wholly (Gal. 3 : 10). Therefore, while the *moral* law, at least, is to be observed as *a rule of life*, yet we are not to rest the hope of salvation on the grounds of perfectly keeping that law.

He then shows them the true way of justification, as exemplified in Abraham, who, long before the law, was called out from the Gentiles, promised an eternal inheritance of Canaan, and had his *faith* counted to him for righteousness. On the same grounds *we*, called out from Jews and Gentiles, have the promise of the same eternal inheritance covenanted to Abraham, are justified by *faith*, and blessed with him.

Gentiles have been permitted to occupy Canaan and other parts of the earth much more than a thousand years, without invalidating the promise that "*the meek* shall inherit the earth" (Matt. 5 : 5), and the fact that the Jews, in a subordinate condition, are to occupy Canaan during the Millennium does not invalidate

THE ETERNAL TITLE

to it, for *that* title belongs primarily to Christ, and secondarily to the saints as joint-heirs with Him. For thousands of years the saints, as a persecuted and downtrodden class, have dwelt on the same earth with the wicked; is it unreasonable, then, that as a triumphant, immortalized, and reigning class they should dwell there one thousand years with mortal inhabitants, especially when we consider that the mortal inhabitants during that age are to be restrained greatly from their wickedness, and made almost as harmless as the saints now are?

Where the righteous will dwell is plainly settled by many such testimonies as this—"The righteous shall *inherit the land* and dwell *therein* forever," or, as Bagster's version reads "The righteous shall inherit the earth, and shall dwell forever upon it" (Ps. 37 : 29). That they may not be taken "out of the world," but kept "out of the evil" is the Great Redeemer's prayer (John 17 : 15).

A NOTEWORTHY EXPERIENCE.

By the Rev. Charles F. Deems, LL.D.

A YOUNG gentleman of sincere character, a member of the church of which I am pastor gave me the following experience:

He said that, to the best of his knowledge, not a drop of any sort of intoxicating liquors had ever passed his lips. He knew it had not so far back as he can remember in his childhood. He has, therefore, no temptation to drink—from either a strong habit, or a love for the taste of wines and other liquors—and yet he maintains a daily warfare with the appetite. He never passes a saloon without a strong inclination to enter. He has to rein himself up, and draw himself away, not to enter and take his first drink. This is not an occasional or spasmodic feeling; it is the one regular daily conflict of his life.

My friend gave graphic descriptions of one or two such pitched battles, when the desire became almost strong enough to overpower his will.

I did not ask him about his father, but I did say to him: "Was your grandfather addicted to drinking?"

He said: "No, neither he nor my father; but my great-grandfather was an habitual drunkard."

I desire the young men who may be among my readers to ponder these facts, not in the light of religion, but under the illumination of science. Observations, scientifically conducted, have demonstrated the doctrines of heredity pointed out in the Bible. Hereditary traits often leap a generation. An insane man's son may be perfectly sane, and the insanity break out in his grandson. In the crossings of marriage that tendency to insanity may be weakened, and by and by entirely disappear, just as any taint or stain in the blood may be largely purged out in the course of generations where marriages happen to bring better blood into the family. I say "happen," because, alas! so few marriages are ever formed with any view whatever to the improvement of the race.

In the case of my young friend it leaped two generations. If he become a father, his son may not be afflicted with this great trial to which he is perpetually subjected; but his grandson may, and, if not he, almost surely his great-grandson will. If he should give way and become a drunkard, it will spring up again in some of his descendants. But if he should successfully resist to the end, and should marry a woman in whose family the poison of strong drink has never come, the desire in the next descendant who has it will be much feebler than in the case of my friend. And so it may finally be purged out of the blood.

Every manly man, of noble impulses and high character, who takes upon himself the responsibility of parentage, must have a profound interest in the fate of his descendants. A feeling of reverence which men have for ancestors shoots out a branch in the direction of descendants. If I honor my grandfather, who was a hero, and my great-grandfather, who was a saint—neither of whom I have ever seen—I will naturally desire that my great-grandchildren,

although they may never have seen me, will, if they do not honor my memory, at least have no occasion, in the despair of their inability to fight against an inherited evil, curse my name and curse my existence as the fountain of their sorrows.

Setting aside all the teaching of the sacred Scriptures, with all other ethical considerations, one's honorable self-love should keep one in purity of living, not simply for one's own sake, but for the sake of those for whose existence in the world he is responsible.

I ask the young men among my readers to go back and ponder the experience of my friend. Upon reflection I am inclined to think that it is extraordinary only in the perfect resistance which he has made to his strong inclination, up to this date. There are probably tens of thousands who, under other circumstances, have fallen. Nothing is more absurdly against the truth of nistory than the statement that "such a man is only his own enemy."

CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

In a recent letter from Mr. Charles H. Judd, a missionary in China, he gives the following incidents, which illustrate the superstitious credulity of the people, and the great need there is for a wider publication of the Gospel of Christ's salvation. The first story refers to

A CHINAMAN SURPRISED.

Two days ago Mr. Broumton and myself were in the street preaching. A Chinese gentleman stood and listened. He asked some questions as to who Jesus was, which I answered. He then followed us home some half a mile, and we sat and talked together for about an hour. "Oh," said he, "your doctrine is very much like ours, for we have some wonderful stories about persons doing miracles." "But," I said, "Jesus is a Saviour." "Oh, yes, we Chinese have a saviour, too," he replied, "the compassionate and merciful goddess of mercy, saviour of the world." "No," I said, "there is a great difference. The father of the Lord Jesus Christ was *God;* the father of your goddess of mercy was only a man. Jesus died for our sins and rose again, and went up to heaven, and His own disciples *saw* Him ascend."

At this the man seemed somewhat surprised. I then read with him part of Acts 1 about the Saviour's ascension and the promise of His coming again. "Now," I said, "no one ever saw your idols rise from the dead nor do any of your books say that any one ever saw them go up to heaven; but the Lord's disciples wrote what they had *seen*. Beside which, I see that many thousands of the followers of Confucius, of Buddha, and of the goddess of mercy are still no better than other people; they lie, they cheat, take opium, and commit all kinds of sins; but we find that the Lord Jesus changes the heart and is able to save us from sin."

"What," he said, "do you mean that your Saviour really changes your hearts?"

"Indeed I do, for He has changed mine. Once I loved bad things; now I love God and good things, and therefore I know in my heart that Jesus lives."

This seemed to surprise him. He bade us farewell, and promised to come again. His home is many, many miles away, so that we may never meet here again.

PREPARING FOR A GHOST'S RETURN.

A few days ago, on passing our landlord's house, I saw that the windows were closed and boarded up, the doors all shut, and papers pasted upon them, with the words, "Don't enter." A ladder made of reeds was leaning over the front door, and a number of pieces of paper, made into artificial money, hung upon the ladder. The house floors were covered with dust from the stove. The family had all gone to spend a day and night in a neighbor's house, not to sleep, but to watch. What did it all mean? Why just this. One of the family had died a few days before and was buried. The Taouist priests had told them by calculations that on a certain day and hour the ghost of the dead person would be led into the house by the god of vengeance, and then taken back again into the dark regions. The ladder of reeds was for the man's spirit to enter the house The paper money was for his use in the unseen world. The feast spread out in the house was to feast the god of vengeance and his prisoner. The dust spread on the floor was put there to see if he left any footprints, and to show whether he had been or not, for they say he comes in the shape of either a fowl or a cat, and as cats and fowls often get inside these empty houses, it is not difficult to find their footprints and to believe that the god of vengeance has been.

After the time appointed by the heathen priests is passed over, a number of crackers are let off to drive away the god and all his evil influences. Of course the priests are well paid for their craft. Poor souls! Deceived and deceiving one another. They know nothing of God, whose name and nature is Love, and yet who alone can say "Vengeance is mine." They never love their gods, but dread them, and well they may, for most of them are hideous figures. The highest of all Chinese worship is to worship heaven and earth; they know of nothing beyond. All the gods they worship (besides heaven and earth) are ancient men and women of renown. Oh then, let your hearts and ours swell with the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light, and hath washed us in the precious blood of Christ.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Only Three Steps to Heaven!—At a Recent meeting the Rev. Mr. Lee related: "A young man on his way to an evangelistic meeting was stopped by an infidel, who rudely asked him, 'Is it a long way to heaven?' 'No,' was the quiet, incisive reply; 'there are only three steps to take, and you are there; first, out of self; second, into Christ; third, believing in Christ.' I do not know what the infidel thought of this answer, for he said nothing, but looked considerably surprised and nonplussed; but it is just the way the truth is put in the Bible, and I cannot make it plainer."

Rebuking the Gamblers.—The Rev. Leslie Murray related: "Whitefield was staying in an inn along with a pious friend. In the room next to theirs a company of gamblers were gathered; their language and oaths were so fearful that Whitefield could not get any sleep. He rose from his bed and went into the gamblers' room, and spoke very faithfully to them of their danger, and then returned to his bed. There was no apparent effect made upon them, and Whitefield's friend said, 'What good did you do?' 'I have got a soft pillow,' was the reply. Faithfulness in duty always gives us ease of mind, and though to be loyal to God's call to serve Him may under some circumstances be painful at the time, yet the pain is invariably mixed with joy, arising from a sense of the divine approval."

A Foul-Mouthed Butcher's Wife.—In Corunna, Spain, was one of the most wicked persons in that very wicked place. The usual Spanish oaths are vile, but her delight was to invent new and viler ones. Some freak induced her to attend an evangelistic meeting which was held in the town. Next day the priest called, and said, "You have been to the meeting of heretics?" "Are you against them?" she inquired. "Yes," the priest answered. "Then I will attend them regularly after this," was her reply. She was as good as her word, and attended simply to spite the priest. But soon she was convicted of sin by the Holy Spirit, and surrendered to Christ. She saw her husband did a great business on Sundays, but the first Sunday after she had found Christ, they agreed to shut the shop up on that day for the future. This action caused great surprise among the customers, who thronged about the door, wondering what was the matter. On Monday and Tuesday the place was crowded by people, eager to know the reason of the shut door on Sundays. The woman told them the story of her salvation over and over again, and is now proving the truth of the promise, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you;" for they do more business now on Mondays and Tuesdays than they formerly did all the week before, Sunday included.

From Gloom into Glory.—The Rev. Mr. Soresby said: "I knew a man who, though a Christian, was always depressed in spirits. He was attentive to his duties, and regularly took advantage of the means of grace, but if you spoke to him about spiritual matters, and gave him a chance of replying, he spoke in a most disheartening way. I studied his case carefully, and thought that I might reach him by a little plain speaking. 'Friend,' I said to him, 'I have studied your case, and think that your depression of spirits comes from physical causes.' 'No, sir, it does not,' he answered, 'it comes from my moral depravity.' I then felt from his tone that I could not reach him. One day a gentleman called, and said, 'Our friend is ill, and I believe he is dying; I am going to see him; will you come?' 'Certainly,' I replied. On entering his room I asked, 'How are you?' 'All is bright! all is bright! all is bright!' was the cheerful reply. Light was sown in darkness, and as eternity opened up to his sight, through the riches of divine grace given unto him, the clouds were rolled away by the brightness of its glory."

A Pharisee's Confession and Change.—The following testimony was given at a recent meeting: "For years I coveted the smiles of my friends and neighbors by appearing to be a Christian. I went to church every Sabbath, taught a Sabbath-school class, and, in fact, actually thought that I was 'a bright and shining example to those who did not do as I did.' But all the time I was a pharisee, deceiving myself and friends, and I only discovered it lately. In one of Mr. Moody's meetings a friend put his hand on my shoulder, and asked, 'Are you a Christian?' Rather rudely I answered, 'Of course I am.' Immediately I began to fear, and got very anxious; then I thought, 'Why should I fear; am I not a Christian, as good as any of them?' 'No,' said conscience, 'you are not, for if death were to come now where would you be?' My whole life began to rise up before me, and I trembled; my self-righteousness fell off me, and I saw myself a sinner in the eyes of God. In my trouble a Christian friend pointed me to Isaiah 53:5: 'He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. Rest came to my soul simply by believing on Him."

A Spanish Priest Converted and Imprisoned—Mr. Graham related: "I met a Scotchman in the north of Spain, whence I have just returned, who told me that he was converted in Glasgow, and that immediately he got out to Spain he began to work for Christ. One day he got into conversation with a Roman Catholic priest, and made Christ the subject. The priest got much interested, and they made arrangements to read and study the Bible together. This was attended by the usual result, and the priest found himself compelled to write to his Archbishop on the subject of his doubts. The reply was that the Archbishop wondered that a sensible man like him troubled himself about such things. The priest again wrote, saying that he was actually converted to Christ, and intended leaving the Roman Catholic Church. This made a great turmoil, and the Archbishop visited him personally, when, finding that he was grounded on the rock, Christ Jesus, he had the regenerated priest put into prison, where he was kept six months, till the Scotchman got some people in power to let him out. Now these two men have gathered together a living Church of true believers in Christ and His Word of about one hundred persons."

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

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NOTICE.

THE announcement made, in this place, in the last two issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that the size of the paper would be increased on the first of January next, must be qualified. The paper will be enlarged, but the date of the alteration has not been fixed. The promise made was, therefore, premature. The enlargement will involve a large outlay, but it will be made as soon as there is a sufficient increase in the circulation to justify it. The steady growth that has taken place in the subscription list this year encourages us to hope that the paper may be enlarged on the date mentioned, but it is as yet too early to make a definite promise to that effect.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Prohibition Candidates, Ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, and the Hon. William Daniel, of Maryland, were formerly notified of their nomination on August 25th, at Cuba, N. Y. A temperance camp-meeting was being held there, and an audience of nearly three thousand persons listened to the speeches of the committee and the candidates. Ex-Governor St. John, in the course of his remarks, said: "There are more political parties in the field to-day than there are political issues. Upon the great question as to what should be done with the traffic in intoxicating liquors as a beverage, both the Democratic and Republican party are united in favor of making the traffic permanent, while the Prohibitionists demand that it shall be forever placed under the condemnation of the laws of the land. Thus an issue is clearly made, and I think it safe to say the only one to-day that really reaches the heart and consciences of the citizen. Upon this issue we go to the people, the source of all political power. Let us appeal to reason rather than to prejudice. Let those resort to personal abuse and scandal who have nothing better to uphold their cause. The Prohibition party was not organized as a mere threat or menace. It is the outgrowth of a rapidly increasing and crystallizing sentiment against the great evil of the age—an evil that the old parties dared not attack, but against which this young party of the people, in defence of the homes of the nation has entered upon a warfare that shall never cease so long as the flag of our country waves its protecting folds over legalized dram shops." St. John is the only one of the four candidates for the Presidency whose private character has not been assailed.

The Irish Vote in the Approaching Election appears to be a matter of paramount concern to the politicians of both parties. During the past week Republican and Democratic journals have devoted a considerable portion of their space to an effort to prove that the candidates, whose election they respectively advocate, are entitled to the Irish vote. What Mr. Blaine did or did not do to effect the liberation of Irish suspects from English prisons under the coercion law; what Mr. Cleveland would have done and what General Butler advised, have all been exhaustively discussed, as if the whole question of capacity for the Presidential office turned on the holder's disposition to protect Irishmen who cross the Atlantic for lawless purposes. It is one of the most suggestive and humiliating features of this remarkable campaign. If the Irish vote can be gained only by giving pledges to protect dynamiters when they go abroad, it will be dearly purchased, and such pledges may alienate other citizens, who judge of a candidate's fitness for the office by his character, intelligence, and knowledge of national concerns.

The Work of Raising Money for the Republican Campaign Fund is being cautiously conducted. Congress intended to prevent a repetition of the Jay Hubbell scandal, and the law it passed to protect the Civil Service employés from assessments has apparently been carefully studied, so as to avoid the enforcement of the severe penalties attached to a violation of its provisions. The National Committee contains no person holding office under the Government, so that embarrassment from one section of the law will be avoided. Complaints have, however, been made that the spirit of the law is being violated while the letter of it is being observed. Voluntary contributions are invited, and the clerks are perfectly well aware of the consequences that may ensue if the invitation is declined. The Civil Service Reform Association has appointed a committee to watch the proceedings of the Republican Finance Committee, with instructions to report any evasion of the law. It is time that assessments, direct and indirect, should cease. When the Government clerks have performed the work for which they are paid, their obligations to the Government are discharged. It is unjust to require partisan services and payments from them.

Further Disclosures in the Grant & Ward affairs may be expected. Mr. Ward has been held in prison as if he were the only culprit in the case, and he is, besides, being sued by several parties. He threatens now to make a full exposure of the whole business, with names and dates. It may be hoped he will do so. No one supposes that Mr Ward had all the proceeds of the business, and it is generally believed that the people who benefited were aware of the character of the transactions from which their "profits" were derived. Mr. Ward cannot do a better service to the public than to put it on its guard against those who are now shielding themselves behind him.

A Holocaust in a Railroad Car is Reported from Colorado. A train of seventeen cars, containing a circus, was proceeding, on August 29th, from Fort Collins to Golden. When nine miles beyond Greeley the engineer saw fire and smoke proceeding from the car next the engine, in which about sixty men lay asleep. He at once reversed his engine and blew the whistle. Only one of the doors of the car could be opened, and as the fire was burning close to it, there was neither entrance nor egress by it. Two men climbed into the car through a small window and passed a pipe in connected with the engine tank. It was, however, evident that there was no hope of extinguishing the fire. Most of the inmates of the car were stupefied with the smoke, and it required almost superhuman exertions to carry them to the window and pass them through. Several limbs were broken in endeavoring to save the insensible men. At length axes were obtained, and a way was cut for those who could move to get out, but it was too late to save many lives. Some were carried out dreadfully burned, only to die in the open air. Others—it cannot be learned how many—were utterly consumed. Seven men were taken to the hospital at Denver, all of whom were badly burned. The scene during the burning is described as horrible beyond description. The shrieks of the burning men, the roars of the wild beasts on the train, and the howls of the wolves on the prairie added to the horrors of the spectacle. A number of the rescued agree that in the cars were two barrels of gasoline, which exploded either from sparks from the engine or from the naked torch with which the men were accustomed to light themselves to bed.

Disastrous Tornadoes Visited Several Western States and Dakota on August 29th. Evansville, Ind., suffered severely, and cities in Minnesota, Tennessee, and Kentucky report heavy losses. At Evansville hundreds of houses were injured, roofs torn off, walls blown down, and hundreds of shade trees destroyed. Several were injured by flying timbers, and a negro was killed below the town, being struck by a falling wall. The spire of the Lutheran Church was blown down, and a schoolhouse which cost ten thousand dollars was demolished. The steamer Belmont, plying between Evansville and Henderson, Ky., was capsized, and fourteen persons on board were drowned. Huron, D. T., felt the full force of the cyclone, which there presented the form of three gigantic funnels travelling in a south-westerly direction and destroying everything in their path. Many lives were lost by falling walls.

The Prohibition Amendment in Maine will be submitted to the vote of the people on September 8th. Persistent and untiring efforts are being made to carry it by a large majority, thus giving permanence to the prohibitory law. Miss Frances E. Willard is actively engaged in the campaign, and three hundred speakers are laboring in the same cause in various parts of the State. Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, the President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, is organizing and managing the woman's work. A telegram from Portland states that a majority of 50,000 is expected for the amendment.

The Spread of Mormonism in Arizona has aroused public sentiment in that territory. The United States Grand Jury has found seven indictments for polygamy, the first ever found in Arizona. A brief telegram by the Associated Press states that great excitement prevails, and both Mormons and "Gentiles" are watching the proceedings with profound interest. It has been one of the favorite projects of the Mormon leaders to establish colonies outside Utah, and they have succeeded to some extent in Idaho and Nevada. It may be hoped that this action of the Grand Jury will prevent a settlement in Arizona.

Three of Mr. Moody's Boys were Drowned at Gill, Mass., on August 25th. Two of the boys were picked up in England by the evangelist during his recent campaign, and the third came from Stamford, Conn. They were all about thirteen years old. They were staying at the Boys' School during the vacation, when it is the practice to allow those who are homeless or a long way from home to remain at the school. They went out to bathe in the Connecticut River, and never returned. Search was made, and an Indian boy discovered the bodies the following day. Appearances indicated that one of the English boys had been seized with cramp in the river, and that the others had lost their ives in trying to save him.

A Convention of Christian Workers will begin on Tuesday, September 9th, at the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, New York, of which the Rev. A. B. Simpson is pastor, and will continue until the following Friday. The principal topics to be discussed are: "The Christian Life: Its Spirit and Power;" "Christian Work Among the Masses," and the "Evangelization of the World." *Mr. and Mrs. Henry Grattan Guinness*, the founders of the Training Institute for Home and Foreign Missionaries, at East London, England, and of the Congo Mission, are expected to be present. The object of the Convention is to quicken Christian faith and life and arouse Christians to the neglected work of our time; and, in some sense, to reproduce in this country the best features and results of the well-known Mildmay Annual Conference in London.

Another Arctic Expedition is Said to be in preparation. A Press Association telegram from Washington says that Chief Engineer Melville, who was on the Jeannette Arctic expedition, will shortly apply for a leave of absence from the navy for two years, in order to take command of a new Polar expedition, which, it is said, will leave in the fall of next year for the purpose of trying to reach the pole by way of Franz Josef's Land. Cyrus W. Field, Jr., has said that he will furnish one half the money needed to fit out such an expedition, and the members of the New York Yacht Club have volunteered to subscribe the remainder.

Mrs. Mary Clemmer Hudson, the Popular writer, died at Washington, August 18th, of hemorrhage of the brain. A few years since she was thrown from a carriage, and received serious injuries about the head, from which she has never fully recovered. She recently took a European trip, however, and since her return has appeared to be nearly well. But a few weeks ago she was taken ill, and it now seems probable that she had a slight attack of apoplexy. Mary Clemmer was born in Utica, N. Y., in 1830, but in early years her father moved to Massachusetts, and she was educated mainly in the Normal School at Westfield. She began to write at the age of fourteen; and has been known chiefly by her newspaper letters from Washington, though she has written several books. She was twice married, first to Rev. Mr. Ames, and afterward to Mr. Edmund Hudson, editor of the Washington *Capital*, but has always been known as Mary Clemmer, and has occupied a very prominent place among her sex as a woman of letters.

Montreal was Last Week the Scene of an illustrious gathering. The British Association for the Advancement of Science opened its sessions in that city on August 27th, when its President, Lord Rayleigh, delivered his inaugural address. The meetings are usually held in Great Britain, but this year, chiefly through the exertions of Captain Bedford Pim, an Arctic veteran, the Association has met in Canada. Over eight hundred English scientists have crossed the Atlantic to attend the meetings, and many distinguished Canadian and American scholars are also taking part in the proceedings. Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, Mass., was the chief speaker in the economic section, and the Canadian scientists have charge of the department of geology. Lieutenant Greely received a special invitation from the association, and his address on August 29th excited much enthusiasm. He said, in the course of his speech, that one of the most interesting results of his observations at Lady Franklin Bay will be a comparison of the swinging of the pendulum at the furthest point north reached with that at Washington. He explained that, although most of their instruments had to be abandoned, the pendulum apparatus, which weighed ninety pounds, was brought back, and has been sent to Washington, where it has been reswung, and where comparisons will be made, he remarking, with evident pride, that he had told his party that the pendulum was a very important instrument, but if one man of the twenty-five complained, he would immediately abandon it. None would hear of this, and an important comparison is thus rendered possible. Speaking of the observation of temperature, he stated that the lowest temperature ever recorded was experienced in February last, when the mean temperature was 50° below zero.

Living Like a Prize-Fighter is a Recommendation to Christians, given by Ben Hogan the evangelist, who knows by experience how prize-fighters live. The trainer insists on cleansing and purifying, and the Christian can have that process through the blood of Christ; the weight has to be reduced, and Christ relieves him of the burden of sin; he must have a fighting suit; that too is provided (Eph. 6: 13–18); and he is cautioned never to look behind him, which is precisely his duty in his Christian struggle (Phil. 3: 13).

A Scrub-Woman's Work and Earnings are preferred to ease and luxury, as the product of vice, by a lady recently converted at the Cremorne Mission. *Jerry McAuley's Newspaper* relates that a woman who had been keeping two houses of bad repute was induced to visit Cremorne. While there the Spirit of God convicted her of sin. Feeling that her mode of gaining a livelihood was not compatible with the Christian profession, she relinquished her two houses, and *gave up her pictures and decorations*, saying that she had done with them. Work was obtained for her in the employ of a sewing machine company, where she earned $6 a week, "just what I have been accustomed to pay my washerwoman," she said. After some little while she obtained a sewing machine for herself and supported herself by its use. When she was asked if she wanted to go back to the old life, she replied: "*I would rather scrub* than leave my religion."

A Revival has Taken Place in Anderson, S.C., under the preaching of the Rev. J. De Witt Burkhead, evangelist of the Presbytery of Eastern Texas. He commenced a series of services in the Presbyterian church, which continued during twelve successive days, with increasing tokens of the divine blessing. It became necessary to obtain a larger building, and the Baptist church was placed at the disposal of the evangelist. Although that is a large building, it has been found necessary to hold overflow meetings. The number of those making a profession of faith through God's blessing on these services is very large, and all the churches of the city are receiving additions.

The Annual Meeting of the National Prison Association will be held in Saratoga from the 6th to the 10th of September. The annual sermon and discussion of the following subjects form the chief features of the programme: "Christianity and the Criminal;" "Interstate Extradition;" "Prison Labor;" "Progressive Sentences," and others of vital interest. On Tuesday afternoon, September 9th, a joint meeting will be held with the American Social Science Association, with a discussion on the topic, "Industrial Art Education in Prisons." Among those announced to make addresses and present papers during the Convention are Professor Francis Wayland, ex-Governor Henry M. Hoyt, of Pennsylvania; Walter Browne, Esq., of London; Professor N. A. Wells, of Syracuse, and Z. R. Brockway, of Elmira. This association, which is doing a very important work, is organized to improve the condition of our county jails; to assist ex-convicts who are struggling to reform, and yet who find the forces of society opposed to them and the ranks of labor closed to them; to counsel and otherwise assist families who are, by the criminal course of some supporting member, left to the bitter struggle of poverty and the added burden of disgrace; to provide wholesome reading matter to prisoners, and to secure proper spiritual and moral instruction in the penal institutions, where it does not exist already. Mr. W. M. F. Round, 65 Bible House, New York, will supply further information.

"RETURN, RETURN, O SHULAMITE; RETURN, RETURN!"

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee. What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies." —SOLOMON'S SONG 6: 13.

Christians Watched by the World—Voices Calling to Them—Pleading for Them to Return—I. The Lower Voices—Whence They Come—Old Companions—Old Joys—Old Cares—The Devil's Welcome for Returning Runaways—Why the Voices Come—The Wise Answer—II. The Higher Voices—Calling toward Holiness—Nearness to Christ—To First Love—An Instructive Call—The Humble Answer—What Christ Sees in Those He Calls.

THE translation into the word "Shulamite" is unhappy; it is unmusical, and misses the meaning. The Hebrew word is a feminine of "Solomon." "Solomon" may stand for the bridegroom's name, and then the well-beloved bride takes her husband's name in a feminine form of it, which is Shulamith, Salome, or perhaps better "Solyma." The King has named His name upon her, and as Caius has his Caiia, so Solomon has his Solyma. He is the Prince of Peace, and she is the Daughter of Peace. Aforetime she was called "the fairest among women," but now she is espoused unto her Lord, and has a fulness of peace. Therefore is she called the Peace-laden, or the Peace-crowned. You know how truly it is so with the justified in Christ Jesus. Because the sound is sweeter, and the sense is clearer, permit me to read the text thus—"Return, return, O Solyma; return, return, that we may look upon thee. What will ye see in Solyma? As it were the company of two armies."

A soul redeemed by blood, and brought by the Holy Spirit into loving, living, lasting union with the Well-Beloved, cannot remain unnoticed. Voices will cry after the bride of Christ. "Return! Return! Return! Return!"

A PILGRIM

bound for the Celestial City cannot go through the world, even through the worst part of it, such as Vanity Fair, without being noticed, and questioned, and sought after, and if possible ensnared. Do not think, thou who hast been made a living man by the quickening of the Holy Ghost, that thou canst glide through this world as the spiritually dead can do, for they may be quietly borne along to the place of corruption; the life within thee is too strange, too operative to be overlooked. Thou art a wonder unto many, and thou mayest well be so, for God hath wrought great marvels in thee and for thee. Oh, saints of God, you are never unobserved; you are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, and none of these witnesses are indifferent to you; they all watch you with steady gaze to see how you run your race. The good are intent that you should so run as to obtain; and there are evil ones who long for your defeat. Solyma is addressed by urgent voices, who plead with her to return to them. For good or evil,

MULTITUDES OF TONGUES

cry to her, "Return, return, O Solyma; return, return."

Will you kindly notice from the connection of my text what state Solyma was in when these calls came to her? She was in her glory and beauty. In admiration the question is asked, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?" As fire reveals itself, so also will grace. A bundle of lavender proclaims its own whereabouts by its fragrance, and so does the life of God in the soul. You may be sure that if the Lord of Hosts is with you, and in you, you will assuredly arouse the animosity of some, and the admiration of others. I pray that you and I may be in a bright, clear, forcible condition, as the bride was in this part of the Canticle; then shall we be sought after, and inquired about.

It appears that the Church in her beauty had gone down to attend to her work. A diligent life is an attractive life. Do thou, like an ant, work in thy season, carrying thy due burden upon the ant-hill, and if thou doest this for love of Jesus thou doest nobly. Plod on without courting approbation, and rest content to do thine utmost for the common weal. In fellowship with thy Lord humbly do thy day's work in thy day. Seek not great things for thyself. Ask not to rule in the court, but be willing to work in the field; seek not to recline on the couch, but take thy pruning-knife, and go forth among the vines, to fulfil thine office, and in that self-forgetting service thy beauty shall be manifested, and

VOICES SHALL SALUTE THEE,

crying, "Return, return."

It appears, too, that while she was thus engaged, she was the subject of a great stir and emotion of heart. Perhaps she had felt dull and dreary till she entered on her work, but while she was busy with her pomegranates and her nuts, she cries, "Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Ammi-nadib." She felt that she could hasten like the chariots of a willing people, who rush to the fight from love of their prince. She felt as if she could run after her Beloved; she could leap, she could fly. Like a chariot that is drawn by Pharaoh's swiftest coursers, her spirit left all behind. Thus vigorous and active, she was watched by many eyes, and soon

SHE HEARD

voices coming from the four quarters of the universe, crying, "Return, return, O Shulamith; return, return."

I speak to you who are the beloved of the Lord, to you who labor in holy service, to you who are quickened with a high degree of spiritual life, and feel your souls within you stirred with sacred enthusiasm. You are worth addressing; may the Holy Spirit make my address worthy of your attention! Let us use our text in two ways; may each one be profitable!

First, she hears the lower voices that cry, "Return, return, O Solyma; return, return," and she answers them with most conclusive negatives. Read the text another way, and in the second place, she hears voices from above, which cry, "Return, return, O Solyma; return, return," and she answers them by her actions as well as by her words.

I. Let us listen for a minute or two, but only with our ears, not with our hearts, to

THE LOWER VOICES.

Whence come these voices? There are voices from the vasty deep of sin and hell, voices from the tombs which we have quitted, voices from the Egypt from which we have fled. They are crying evermore, like unquiet ghosts, "Return, return." Especially do they call to young souls, who are newly wedded to Jesus, in the hope that they have not as yet forgotten their own kindred and their father's house. When we have gone a long way in the divine life, the world feels dubious of our return, and almost gives us up, preferring rather to accuse than to invite. After many years of faithful service, and of resolute nonconformity to the world, many temptations which assaulted our youth are unknown to our maturity.

The devil is not altogether a fool, although he is great in that direction; and therefore he does not continue forever to use nets which have failed to entangle the birds. If he finds that cajolery will not ensnare us, he leaves his old tactics and tries other methods. When "Return, return" will not woo us, he puts on his lion form, and roars till the mountains shake. Upon young believers he very commonly uses very powerful inducements to go back. In the hope that he is dealing with Mr. Pliable, he exhibits the hardness of godliness and the pleasantness of sin, and draws the moral that they had better retrace their steps. To them he calls as sweetly as his cruel voice can tone itself, "Return, return, O Shulamith; return, return." By

OLD COMPANIONS

he does this. They say, "You have left us all, we do not know why. You have turned a fanatic; you have joined with gloomy Christian people, and you are not half the good fellow you used to be. Are you not getting a little tired of those dreary ways? Are not the rules of Christ too precise and Puritanic? You were a jolly fellow before you took those blues, and turned so squeamish; come, shake it off, and be yourself again." How winningly they put it! How cleverly they mimic the tones of true friendship! One would think they sought our good, and were anxious to be our guardian angels. Sometimes the desires of nature come to their help, and the tender passion is enlisted on the side of evil. Bright eyes and gentle lips speak to the natural heart, and plead with it to return. The tender love of women has thus played the tempter, and so has the strong affection of men. Courtesy and amiability cry, "Why do you fight so shy of us? See how much more free we are than they; do not live by rule and order; return to the liberty of sin." Thus do her former comrades cry, "Return, return, O Solyma."

THE OLD JOYS

sometimes, in moments of weakness which will come upon us, revive upon the memory, and attempt to mislead us. I have known the young Christian remember what he once thought were joys, and though he has clean left them, and hates them, yet in the distance which lends enchantment he does not notice so much of their shallowness, baseness, and brevity, and he thinks to himself, "In those days I laughed away the hours right merrily; life was light as a feather; in its froth and foam I saw rainbows of delight. Shall I try these things again? Was I not too hasty in renouncing them?" All the while the voices cry enchantingly, like the songs of the Sirens, "Return, return, O Solyma; return, return." They bring out their most melodious music, and omit all discordant passages from the sonnet of life. They would have us hark back to what was once our joy. Oh, brothers, 'tis a wretched temptation, and yet some fall before it.

THE OLD CARES.

Do you not know how the world will even call us back to our *old cares?* We used to fret and worry until by God's grace we were led to try walking by faith, and then the Lord helped us to rest in His love, and wait patiently for Him, and now perhaps for years we have had no burdens, for we have cast them on the Lord: we have gone in the morning, and told Him the fears of the day, and at night we have had little else to do but to bless Him for the mercy which has averted all those fears. We have lived in sweet content, rich in joyful expectation, and not poor even in present felicity; and now perhaps the world says, "You have spent too much of your money on religion; why did you not save it? Return from generosity to selfishness, from holy zeal to worldliness and prudence. Seek that which all the nations of the world seek after, that which thou canst see with thine eyes, and enjoy with thy mouth." Many are these calls; I need not go into details, you will hear them soon enough. The Sirens are a numerous and ensnaring sisterhood

WHEN DO THESE VOICES COME?

Their sound is heard full often. "Return, return, return, return"—four times over the text hath it. They come so often that the word in the epistle to the Hebrews is more than justified, "And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned." These opportunities come in our way everywhere, and at all times. If you wish to leave off being a Christian, if you wish to follow the world in its pleasures or in its labors, the doors are always open. It is a wonderfully forgiving world if you will but quit your protest against it. If we run away from our old master, and wish to return to his service, his yoke is always ready for our neck; he will never deny us employment, even though it be to feed swine. Only too glad is the devil to pardon runaways. He is not ashamed to return with seven others to the house which he aforetime quitted. Often, often the child of God in his early days hears the entreaties of destroyers, as with all subtlety they plead, "Return, return, O Bride of Solomon; return, return."

At times these voices come from quarters to which our hearts lie open. Many a man hath been wooed from the ways of holiness by her that lay in his bosom. Samson had his Delilah. Oftener still, the professing Christian woman has been solicited to forsake her Lord by him who should have helped her in her noblest aspirations. Children have been misled by parents, friends by friends; for Satan hath many servitors, and many who do his bidding almost unwittingly. It is a fight to reach to heaven, and few there be to help us in it; but the path to hell is downward, and multitudes thrust out their hands to urge us to the infernal deeps. These cries are borne to us by every gale, in tones both loud and gentle, "Return, return."

Notice that our text goes on to say

WHY THEY WISH US TO RETURN.

"Return, return, that we may look upon thee." And is that all? Am I to be a traitor to my Lord, and quit His holy ways, and forfeit heaven, to be made a show of by thee, O Satan? or by thee, O world? Is this a full reward for treachery—"that we may look upon thee?" Why, their looks are daggers. As the eyes of basilisks are the eyes of the ungodly world; as malignant stars that blast the soul. Whenever you long for ungodly men to see your piety, your piety will wither beneath their glance. Trust a wolf at your throat sooner than worldly men in religious matters. They cannot mean you good, nor do you good should they mean it. They will draw you out and then expose you; they will entice you into sin and then report your faults. When the world loves the holy man it is the love of the vulture for the sick lamb. Fear you the worldling, even when he bears you gifts.

Now hear

SOLYMA'S WISE ANSWER

to her tempters. She says, "What will ye see in Solyma?" Dost thou ask me, O world, to come back and show myself to be thy friend? Listen, O blind world, while we tell you what you would see if we did come to you. "What will ye see in Solyma?" You would see—we grieve to say it—a conflict within us: "As it were the company of two armies." You would see two things in us; and yet neither would give you satisfaction. There is sin in us; but inasmuch as it grieves us to have it there we will not show it you. You would see in us a nature like your own; but it is mortified, kept under, and laid under condemnation. It would give you no great pleasure to see it, for we reckon it to be dead. The dead are poor company. There is in us, it is true, a capacity for all your worldly joys; but the world is crucified to us, and we are crucified unto the world. There is in us a capacity for all your merriment, but our nature that is like your nature is put under restraint, and dies daily, and its expiring groans would be sorry music in your ears. Then, do you know we have another army in us? We have a life beyond you and above you, into which you cannot enter. We are sorry for you that you will not receive the heavenly life which is in Christ Jesus, but as you have it not, we cannot make you our confidants or associates. You would grieve us, and we should provoke you; and therefore we are best apart. You say, "Return, return, O Solyma; return, return, that we may look upon thee," and our only answer must be, "What would ye see in Solyma?" Nothing but that which would rebuke and anger you; you would see a company of two armies, both fighting against you.

Come, young brothers and sisters, you that have been tempted to go back; you cannot even tolerate the thought. You have burned

your boats behind you, and must conquer or die. Go back! It were to renounce heaven and all its glories; it were to choose a terrible death-bed, with a guilty conscience ringing the knell of your soul; it were to choose eternal banishment from the presence of God, and from the glory of His power. You cannot return; you cannot even look back. If thou art a true Shulamith, thou wilt not even deliberate for a moment about it, but flinging thyself into the Beloved's arms, thou wilt cry, "Lord, to whom should I go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." God help you so to do, for Jesus' sake. That is the first part of our subject.

II. Now we turn to listen, not with our ears only, but with our hearts too, to the call of

THE HIGHER VOICES

which cry, "Return, return." Brethren, to go to heaven, to go to Christ, to go toward holiness, is a return to God's people; for God's people are originally His children. Though they are prodigals, and have gone into a far country, they always were His children; even when they spent their substance in riotous living they were still His sons, and each of them could speak of "My Father's house." To come to Christ, and holiness, and heaven, is to return.

To return, I think, means this—come nearer to Christ, nearer to God, nearer to holiness. You are saved; seek to be like your Saviour. You did enjoy splendid days at first, in the love of your espousals; return to them; walk always in the light as God is in the light. You were once in the banqueting-house, and the banner over you was love: return to that house of fellowship. Every day seek to lose yourself more in Christ, to live more completely in Him, by Him, for Him, with Him. Return, return, to greater heights of holiness, to deeper self-denial, to braver service, to intenser love, to more burning zeal, to more of the Godlike and the Christlike. Return, return. The holiest and

THE BEST CALL US

that way. Every saint in heaven cries, "Return;" every child of God on earth who is full of the inner life entreats us to return; and chiefly, that dear voice, which once for us cried "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" is always calling to us, "return, return." These are the higher voices.

Notice that in the text that word "return" is put four times over. Is it not because it is of the highest importance that every child of God should keep returning, and coming nearer to the Father's house? Is it not because it is our highest joy, our strongest security, our best enrichment, to be always coming to Christ as unto a living stone, and getting into closer fellowship with Him? As He calls four times, is it not a hint that we are slow to come? We ought to come to Jesus not only at His first call, but even at the glances of His eyes, when He looks as though he longed for our love; it ought to be our rapture to think only of Him, and live wholly to Him; but as we fail to answer to first pleas, He cries four times, "Return, return, O Solyma; return, return."

I have shown you why the call is so oft repeated. Do you not think it is a very instructive call? Permit me to put it thus: "Return"—that is, to your first simple faith. If you have risen to greatness of conceit and pride of knowledge, return to your humble thoughts. Shrink to nothing again in the presence of your God. Come to the cross as you came at first, saying:

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

I beg you to observe what the spouse has to say to this when she is thus called upon to return to the Lord. The Lord saith to her, "Return, return, that we may look upon thee." Is not that

A REASON FOR COMING BACK?

The Lord says, "That I may look upon thee." He desires your society, and seems gently to hint that you have kept aloof from Him. He seems to say—"You have not been much with me alone lately, you have neglected the reading of the Word, and the hearing of it; I have scarcely seen thy face; therefore return, that I may look upon thee." Cover your face and say, "Lord, why shouldst Thou look on me? I am full of sin;" but then draw near to Him, that His look of love may bring thee to repentance, and cause thy sin to pass away. Remember He hath power in His eyes to look thee into purity and beauty. Come and say, "Look upon me, Lord; search me, try me, and know my ways." Return, that with infinite pity thy Beloved may see what aileth thee, and then with His dear pierced hand may perform a divine surgery upon thee, and make thee well again.

"RETURN, THAT WE MAY LOOK

upon thee." I think I may use the phrase to express also that intense satisfaction which Jesus has in every believer. With what pleasure the mother looks upon her child; she remembereth no more the travail for joy that a man is born into the world; but with infinitely greater satisfaction doth Christ see of the travail of His soul in every believer. You ought to show yourselves to Jesus, you have cost Him so much; He has loved you even to the death, and loves you still; you ought to abide with Him. Return to Him that He may look upon you.

Did I hear you bashfully say, "What will ye see in Solyma? If Jesus looks on such a dead dog as I am, what will He see in me? I am so full of evil." He will see in you that which delights Him. He will see His own work there; yea, He will see Himself there. Did you never see the sun reflected in a little splinter of glass? The mirror was scarcely an inch in diameter, yet you saw the heavens in it. Have you never looked upon a bubble blown by a school-boy's pipe, and seen a thousand rainbows in it? When the Lord looks on His people, He sees the reflection of Himself. Be not

ASHAMED TO RETURN

to your Lord, for He lovingly urges thee to do so. Let your heart and your flesh, like two armies, welcome Him; let all your inward conflict aim at coming nearer to Him. Rest not till, like Jacob's two bands, you are altogether under the blessing of the covenant angel.

I will turn my text about a little, and give you another rendering, which will suit the heart which is welcoming its Lord. Our Mahanaim, our meeting of hosts, shall not be for war, now that the Lord invites us, like Jacob, to return to the land of milk and honey; but the companies shall be as musical as they are martial. There are within our experiences companies of

SINGING SOLDIERS,

choirs of camps. The text exhibits the warring soul, triumphant in her Lord, and meeting Him with timbrel and harp.

"Spouse of Christ, in arms contending,
Though thy battle-course must run;
Yet with prayers for help ascending,
Shout thy praise for triumphs won."

Oh, if my Lord will come and meet me, He shall see in me whole choirs of songsters! My heart, like Miriam, shall take a timbrel, and all my powers, like the daughters of Israel, shall follow, dancing and singing with glad accord. On the high-sounding cymbals my heart shall play, singing—"His own right hand and His holy arm have gotten Him the victory. Glory! Glory! Where He cometh glory dwelleth." When shall I come into His presence, and behold my God, my exceeding joy? Then will I praise Him with body and soul, with heart and with voice. His coming with all His perfections, and my coming with all my desires, shall make a Mahanaim; and the two hosts, once met, shall encamp together, guarding the King's pavilion, which glitters in the midst. Then shall the warriors become minstrels, and the soldiers shall be singers, as in the valley of Berachah, where all the people triumphed, and they returned to Jerusalem playing upon harps, and psalteries, and trumpets.

Here I leave you in the joyful presence of the King. We cannot cease speaking at a higher point. The Lord keep us in His presence, for His love's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

"THOU SHALT NOT COVET."

(*See Illustration on page 572.*)

MRS. BALFOUR, in her "Plain Thoughts," relates the following incident: "In 1853 I knew a young girl whose great besetment was a love of dress. She looked pale and wretched whenever she saw any one among her companions better dressed than herself. She always lamented she was too poor to buy fine clothes. It happened that her aunt kept a lodging-house at a watering-place, and this girl lived with her as a servant. A lady from a distant city went down to lodge in their house, and on the very night of her arrival she was seized with the worst form of cholera, and died in a few hours. The clothes the lady had on when she was attacked with the disease the doctor ordered should be burned, for fear of infection. There had not previously been a case of cholera in the town, and the authorities were anxious to take very vigorous measures, if possible, to stay the pestilence.

"Now, the lodger had worn a very handsome silk gown. Jane noticed it with covetous eyes when the poor lady came. She heard the order given that the clothes should be burned, to which, of course, the lady's friends made no objection, and Jane's aunt threw out a large bundle from the window into an iron pot in the yard, in which there was some lighted tow. But Jane managed to get away the silk gown. She did not consider that she stole it, because it was condemned to the flames. She coveted it, and yielded to the temptation. Now, some people think that cholera is not infectious, and I cannot venture to say whether it is or not; but I know that no one shared the poor lady's fate but Jane. Ten days elapsed; she took an opportunity to wear that gown when she went to see her mother, and was taken ill with it on, and died after three days' illness, apparently from cholera. 'Thou shalt not covet.'"

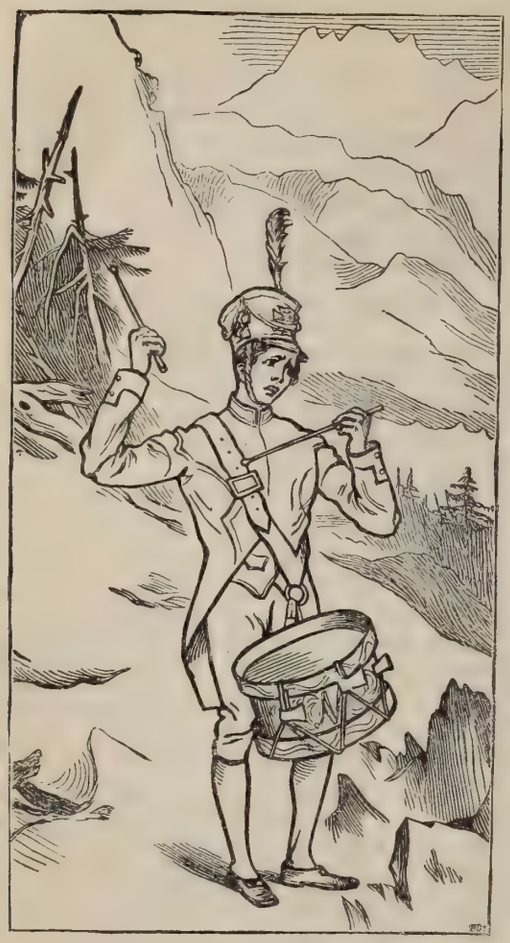
THE LOST DRUMMER.

(*See Illustration on page 572.*)

WHEN Napoleon was leading his army across the snowy Alps, the drummer of Macdonald's corps was suddenly shot off by a descending avalanche of snow into a frightful gulf. He must have sunk some hundreds of feet, and yet he still lived. For some hours he kept sounding his drum at intervals, to let it be known he was there and alive in the bottom of that abyss. The roll of the drum as they moved on awoke pangs of desire in his old comrades' hearts; but he was far beyond the reach of their help, and they were obliged to leave him to perish, far from home, friends, and country.

Is it possible a soul may know that it is in a lost state, be deeply affected by this consideration, bewail it, seek to escape from it, and yet perish after all? Quite possible—as possible as that this drummer should perish, in spite of his awful feeling of the gulf around him, and his most earnest advertisement to his fellows of his hourly approaching doom. You may be full of convictions; you may desire, day and night, to be delivered; you may yourself beat the drum, crying day and night for mercy, and you may ask the prayers of others—and yet you may perish.

Conviction is not salvation. Desire is not faith. Seeking is not the same as finding. Knocking is not opening. Sore crying out about your sin is not believing. All this is but



The Lost Drummer.

A Cholera Victim's Dress Snatched from the Flames.

the roll of the drum, while you realize the horrors of the crevasse through which you have sunk.

But think what would have saved that poor soldier. He needed some one to descend, or to let down means of rescue. And so you need help like that—One from above to lay hold on your soul. In all real conversion the Holy Spirit does this by sending in the Gospel to the sinner's soul. Has the Gospel of Christ taken a firm grasp of you?—as firm as your convictions—as really as your sense of danger? Has not Christ's glorious work for sinners, finished on Calvary, stirred your soul? Then it seems you are still at the bottom of the abyss. How awfully forlorn! And crying out about your guilt, your corruption, your lost state, will not save you. You must listen with open ear to Christ's cry, "Look *unto* me" (Isaiah 45 : 22).

THE STONE-BREAKER'S SERMON.

(*See Illustration on page 573.*)

By every rule of the world's philosophy, William Dodd ought to have been a miserable, discontented man. He was very poor, to begin with. Many a man with a brown-stone house and horses and carriages has said he was poor, and when he compared his position with the Vanderbilts and Goulds and Stewarts of the world, he has really believed he was poor. But William Dodd's poverty was a real thing. He had to work hard all day and every day except Sunday, and his wages were very little more than enough to buy necessaries of the most necessary kind. Then he had lost his wife, who had been at his side for twenty years, but whom he had buried now, with many tears, nearly twelve years ago. His sons were gone away to seek their fortunes, and his daughters were married. All had ties of their own, and William seemed to be forgotten. Then, too, he had no pleasures. You never saw William in the grocery sampling the liquors, or with a pack of cards, or playing bowls. His life seemed nothing but work, except, on Sunday. So, being poor, and solitary, and having no pleasure, he ought to have been discontented. But he was not; he was a cheerful, happy man. A brief conversation with the great landowner of the county explains this strange fact.

Mr. Baron, the landowner in question, came upon him one morning as William sat on a mossy bank eating his early dinner beside the heap of stones he was breaking. Mr. Baron was on horseback, and his dog looked up at William, snuffed at his dinner, and appeared to compare it unfavorably with that he had eaten in his kennel that morning. Mr. Baron looked at him almost enviously, for the man's face wore a smiling, contented expression.

"Good-morning, Dodd," he said; "you look happy, as usual. I believe you are happier than many of us who have more to make us happy."

"Like enough, sir," Dodd answered. "The poor have fewer cares."

"You are quite a philosopher, Dodd; you put the whole thing in a nutshell. I should not be surprised if that is the secret. The more one has, the more chances there are of being harassed. But we have one advantage over you, we do not have to worry about what we shall do in old age or sickness. We are provided for; you would have to go to the poorhouse. I wonder that does not trouble you."

"Not a bit, sir. I never look forward to that. Years ago, my old woman and I, we agreed never to look ahead. We just did our duty, the best we knew, and left the future to the Lord. We found it a good plan, sir—saved us a pile of worry."

'Do you think the Lord will look after you in your old age, Dodd? I'm afraid you'll find, as many others have done, you'll end in the poorhouse."

"Well, sir, mebee; I'm not particular. If that's the Lord's way of providing for me, I'm agreeable. I don't despise money; it's a very useful thing, but I can get along as I am."

'I said you were a philosopher, Dodd, and you are proving it. There's many a rich man who could not show the same spirit."

"Ah, sir, it ain't philosophy; leastways, that ain't my name for it. A richer man than any about here found out a long while ago that money and houses and lands were a vexation to the spirit. Something more than that is wanted to make a man happy, and if he has that he'll be happy, whether he is rich or poor. Excuse my saying so much, sir, but you seem as if you envied me, and I tell you my secret gratis."

"Well, call it what you like, Dodd, it is sound philosophy, and your cheerful face proves it is so. I hope it will support you all through. I wish I had it," Mr. Baron added, with a sigh.

"It will support me, sir, I don't doubt, not only all through, but beyond that. Plenty beside me have tried it, and it never failed. Excuse me, sir, but if you wish you had it, why don't you; it's free enough. The Lord takes all who come, rich or poor."

"I cannot answer your question better than in the words of an Authority you will respect. 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God.'"

"Then, sir, I'm glad I'm poor, and if you'll take a poor man's advice, I'd say if it's a hard job to you, hows'ever hard it is, *I'd tackle it.*"

It was a rough sermon, and Mr. Baron was not used to such. Nevertheless, he was not offended at Dodd's plainness. He could not help admitting that even if there should be no life beyond the grave—and sometimes he was in doubt about that—the poor laborer had the best of it in this life. "A contented mind is a continual feast," he quoted to himself as he rode on. But even in so quoting he knew he was evading the real issue. His pious mother, whose memory he reverenced, though he had learned to doubt the foundations on which she rested, had taught him when a boy that the words "a contented mind" did not express

fully the faith that sustained such men as Dodd. "He is a poor, ignorant fellow," he said to himself; "it is a good thing religion has that effect on such men, or it might be worse for us if they were intent on a more equal distribution of property." But he was in a meditative mood, and he could not help reflecting that Dodd's poverty and ignorance did not discredit the faith. He knew rich men who were Christians, and he knew some who would, he thought, if put to the test, prefer to lose all their property than their faith. He knew learned men, too, who held the faith in quite as high esteem. What was his knowledge compared with that of the president of the college where he studied in his young days! Yet that old man, so profoundly learned, so acute a logician, so keen a disputant, was a firm believer, and he was not a man to hold to a delusion. Strange that a faith like this should attract men so wide apart as that college president and a common day laborer, like Dodd.

"William Dodd sat upon a mossy bank eating his early dinner."

Mr. Baron had much business to attend to that day. He was president of a bank and a director of a railroad, and his time, until night, was fully occupied; but, like a colored thread running through the strands of a rope, the thought of Dodd's sermon was never quite out of his thoughts. As he rode home at night his mind reverted to it. The Holy Spirit had applied the man's rough words to his soul, and he was conscious of a yearning for this simple faith, such as he had never before experienced. Day after day it increased. He was reading the New Testament, which he had not opened for years, except in church, and its sweet simplicity, its penetrating force amazed him as he read with opened eyes. At length the light broke upon him, and like a child he knelt and asked God to accept him and all he had for Jesus' sake. Then, and not until then, his troubled spirit was at peace. It was on a Sunday morning, and as he left the church afterward the words "the peace that passeth understanding" sounded like new music in his soul. "Yes," he said, "it passeth understanding."

The next day he went to the cottage where Dodd lived. He was at his work, the people there told him; but finding where that work was, Mr. Baron soon heard the clink of his hammer on the stones.

"Dodd," said Mr. Baron, "I want you to come and work for me. You understand gardening I can see by your own little plot, and I should like you to come to my place. I have a cottage empty that will suit you."

Dodd looked up, too much surprised to express the astonishment that shone in his eyes.

"You have read about the camel going through the needle's eye, have you not, Dodd?"

"Yes, sir; the Saviour said it was harder than that for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."

"Yes, it was hard, but I thank God it's not too hard for the man God helps. I have entered, Dodd, and I owe it, under God, to your words that morning. I want to have you near me always, and I want to fulfil God's promise to you as long as you live. You shall never go to the poorhouse, as I told you you would."

There was something like a tear in Dodd's eye as he looked up and said, "Thank God, sir, you will know peace now."

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page* 559.)

An Insulting Gift.

THE reader, who is in the secret, knows why Mr. Waldron welcomed Hester's appeal for assistance so gladly. Having promised his son to help him to win Hester for his wife, he saw in her request an opportunity to render her an important service, which would make her grateful to him and dispose her to grant him the boon he longed for. Mr. Waldron was conscious that he did long for it quite as eagerly as his son did. He wanted to see Robert settled in life, abandoning his idle, vagabond habits, and devoting himself to the duties of a country gentleman, perhaps after a time entering Parliament. Robert was grieving him every day by his apathy, indolence, and carelessness. Perhaps if he married such a pure, good girl as Hester he would amend.

Neither Mr. Waldron nor Robert realized the enormity of Robert's sin. They were well satisfied with the world's rule in such matters. Society has settled with itself that when a wife leaves her husband's home, at the solicitation of a man, and lives in sin with that man, *she alone shall bear the punishment.* Her betrayer casts her off when his passion is satiated, and returns to his home to find society ready to welcome him, without making any demand upon him for repentance or contrition. He is received into the houses of his friends as if he had done nothing wrong, and ladies who ought to turn from his presence in loathing show no resentment for the wrong he has done their sex. They call him "the naughty breaker of hearts," and speak lightly of his foul crime. For her, the partner in his sin, the victim of his lust, they have no mercy. There is no place of repentance for her, though she seek it carefully and with tears. She is an outcast, and the way to rehabilitation, so easy for him, is for her blocked by insurmountable obstacles. That is the world's way, and Mr. Waldron so far accepted it as to seek to ally to Hester the foul leper, his son, who had manifested no sign of repentance.

He rubbed his hands heartily, looking down upon Hester with a smile of approbation. Already he was thinking of what house would be near enough to Aston Court, where he could bask a little in the freedom and gentleness of her presence whenever he grew slightly weary, as he did sometimes, of his daughter's piety.

"I was very much afraid of coming," said Hester, with a sigh of relief, and raising her eyes to his with a smile that enchanted him. His daughter-in-law promised fair to become his idol.

"Afraid of me!" he repeated, his austere face beaming with pleasure; "whatever could make the poor child afraid of me? Am I so very terrible to you, Hester?"

"Oh, no!" she said; "but you are the greatest man I ever have to speak to; and I don't know anybody else who would have been bold enough to come to you as I have."

"Bold!" cried Mr. Waldron; "she calls herself bold! And asks simply for two hundred pounds! I wish it was two thousand, and you should have it at once. Come, let us go to your father, and set this business to rights. But as for a mortgage on his house, that is all nonsense."

"We must not go to him," said Hester, earnestly; "and he will never consent to take any money from you except upon a mortgage, for which he will pay interest. I know my father, and he will not listen to any other proposal. He would put his affairs into some lawyer's hands immediately."

"But what then does he want me to do?" asked Mr. Waldron, disappointed.

"He has written to you," she answered, "and given a fair statement of his debts. What I want is to ask you to advance any sum of money you think will bring us through our difficulties; though I am sure I don't see how they can end."

She spoke very dejectedly, and Mr. Waldron longed to tell her what a brilliant lot lay at her feet for her acceptance. But he dared not do it yet. He opened John Morley's letter, and read it carefully, seeing from it far more clearly than the writer how complicated his embarrassments were. He determined to avail himself of the new confidence established between him and Hester, in order to advance the happiness of his son.

"I must deliberate over this," he said, "and I shall want you to come up again several times I dare say. You may take the money home with you at once; but still there will be papers to draw up, and I should like to know more about your affairs, as far as your father chooses

to confide them to me. You will not dislike coming several times?"

"Oh, I shall like it!" she said, frankly; "I would spare my father any trouble that I could bear for him."

There was a fond and truthful devotion in Hester's manner which penetrated to Mr. Waldron's heart; and a treacherous doubt crossed it as to whether *his* daughter was really as devoted to him.

"And you are very poor, Hester?" he said.

"Very poor," she answered, gravely.

"You would like to be rich?" he asked.

"Dearly," she answered; "I should like to be as rich as you are, Mr. Waldron. I like a house as large and grand as this, and I think I could spend my money like any lady in the land."

"Like any other lady," he corrected.

"No," she said, "I am no lady. I belong quite to the working-class."

If she belonged to the working-class, Mr. Waldron wished that all the other ladies of his acquaintance, including his daughter, did the same. When the interview came to an end, he insisted upon taking her to see Miss Waldron, and himself conducted her to the breakfast-room, where she still was, though she was alone, Carl having taken his departure. Hester was not sorry to see Miss Waldron, as a new interest centred in her, now that she had to regard her as Carl's possible future wife. She was received with a distant condescension intended to keep her in her place, which Miss Waldron was afraid of her forgetting, since she had been invited to dinner at Aston Court. More than this, there was rankling in her mind a suspicion almost amounting to conviction about Robert's meetings with her in Madame Lawson's garret, in spite of that old lady's denials. Her father also seemed disposed to make too much of John Morley's daughter. It was one of the greatest disadvantages of their denomination that *social distinctions* were apt to be overlooked among the members of a church. Both Mr. Waldron and Hester seemed to ignore them; and it was high time to set her down a little. At the bottom of all lay a terrible doubt of Carl, who did not go on exactly as she wished, and who had never once set her heart beating by calling her Sophia.

"I am very much occupied with a bazaar," she said, after a freezing salutation; "and I have no doubt you can assist me in the plainer work. I will give you some to take home with you."

"I am afraid I shall have no time," she answered; "though, indeed, I thought of asking you if you could not find me some sewing to do at home. I mean for payment. I shall want a little money soon, and I cannot ask my father for any."

Her thoughts were running on the fresh burden she had added to the charge of their household expenditure. Rose would have all her time unoccupied; and Hester knew well how pacifying it is to a woman's spirit to have woman's work in her fingers. Besides, so far as her strength would permit, it would be only right for Rose to do something toward earning her own living. Hester had grown up in the practical school of poverty; so she asked Miss Waldron for work, and the payment for it, quite naturally, and with no overweening sentimental emotion.

"I intend to ask Mrs. Grant as well," she continued; "but I am afraid she will not have much to give me, as she has all her wedding clothes still unworn. But perhaps she will know of somebody else. I shall want a constant supply," she added, reflectively, "and it will be beautifully done."

To Miss Waldron an acknowledgment and request like these were a confession of immeasurable inferiority. She almost wondered to see Hester comfortably seated in her presence; and she cast a cold, supercilious eye upon her dress, which was plain and worn, but, in some manner, in perfect keeping with the sweet face of the wearer. She answered in a tone of stiff patronage, which marked the vast distance between them.

"I will see what I can do to assist you, Hester Morley," she said; "I have no doubt this is sent for your good, to humble you and prove you. I trust you are profiting by this discipline."

"I hope I am," she replied, simply. "I should be very miserable indeed if I did not believe that God sent all my troubles to do me good in the end. As to being poor, I dare not murmur at that, for Christ was poorer than I am."

Miss Waldron held her peace for a moment, and felt disquieted. If poverty were no inferiority, what advantage had she over Hester?

"You are only a child yet," she said, after a brief pause; "you are but a babe in spiritual things, and must still be fed with milk."

"Do you consider poverty milk for babes?" asked Hester, with a smile.

"I cannot jest upon solemn subjects," answered Miss Waldron, sternly; "but I will see what I can do to assist you, and I will send you a parcel by one of the servants to-morrow. You must excuse me now, for I am very busily engaged."

Thus dismissed, Hester took her leave. Miss Waldron felt happier and more reassured. She had not quite known the extent of John Morley's poverty; but now it had assumed a magnitude sufficient to form an insurmountable barrier between Carl and Hester. Very few young pastors, without private means, could afford the luxury of a portionless wife. But it was quite necessary to make Hester feel her position, for there had been a freedom in her manner which, more than ever, grated upon Miss Waldron's dignity now.

She retired to her dressing-room, and ordered her maid to bring out the summer dresses which she had cast off, with sundry articles no longer suitable for her own wear. The selection she made was not such as to excite the silent resentment and envy of her attendant. They would convey, she thought, a valuable lesson to Hester. To do her justice, she was not in the least aware of the full measure of her impertinence; for to her Hester was still only a young girl, and the daughter of one of their trades people who had solicited her for work. But she was quite willing to humble her and bring down her pride. Having completed her selection, she ordered her maid to make them up into a parcel and to convey them to Miss Morley the next time the carriage drove into Little Aston.

Unfortunately for Miss Waldron, it happened that when the Aston Court coachman handed her parcel out to Hester's little servant, who carried it up-stairs to her small sitting-room, Annie Grant was there, eagerly discussing with Hester how she could find some suitable work for her. They opened Miss Waldron's packet at once, and regarded its contents with astonished and incredulous eyes. Instead of the sewing they expected, they found, first, an old brown terry-velvet bonnet, of a fashion which had prevailed several years before; below that a soiled and tumbled dress of some thin material, and a white muslin pelerine which had been a good deal mended. In addition to this munificent gift there were several scraps of ribbons, some very large old collars, an odd flower or two, and a pair of black silk mittens. A note accompanied them, expressing Miss Waldron's hope that Hester Morley would find these articles of clothing useful to her.

Annie Grant possessed sufficient penetration, and had seen enough of Miss Waldron, not to accord to her quite as unhesitating an admiration as the general public of Little Aston. She was of a quick, fiery disposition, and not at all disposed to submit tamely, either for herself or others to the insolence or assumption of any one. When she saw the tears start to Hester's eyes, and her lips tremble with words she would not speak, her own indignation broke out.

"Never!" she exclaimed; "I never saw or heard or dreamed of such a thing in my whole life! What does the woman mean? How dare she do such a thing? Hester, what is the meaning of it?"

"I asked her for some sewing," said Hester, her lips quivering still, "and she has sent me this."

"Oh," cried Annie, "I only wish she had brought them herself! I wonder how she could venture to do such a thing! But she counted upon you never telling anybody else; upon no one hearing of it."

"I never should," said Hester.

"I am glad I was here," continued Annie; "very glad! I only wish her father and brother knew! Marry Carl, indeed! No, not if she had ten times her money—the mean, insolent, purse-proud creature! Hester, you shall give them to me. It would only aggravate you to keep them in your own sight. Let your girl carry them up to our house at once."

"Don't you think we had better keep it a secret?" asked Hester.

"Keep it a secret!" responded Annie; "I could not keep it. James will know, and Carl. I should like him to hear what his grand friend has done. I shall take them away with me; they don't belong to you, for I suppose you won't keep them as a gift. Just look at them, Hester."

She turned over the things strewed upon the table, with gestures and exclamations of indignant excitement. The insult rankled in her mind the more for the outward composure of Hester's manner. She wished to hear her speak with some of her own vehement resentment; but she was quiet, wounded to the quick, perhaps, but so silent that Annie could not rouse her to utter any words of reproach.

Very shortly Annie went home, followed by the servant bearing Miss Waldron's parcel. She was burning for some opportunity of making manifest her anger to the author of it, and she possessed too little worldly prudence to conceal it upon any ground of expediency. Carl was not at home, nor her husband. She carried the parcel into her own room, and contemplated the contents afresh. A vindictive thought struck her, and she immediately resolved to put it into execution.

Without a moment's pause for consideration, Annie arrayed herself in the cast-off finery which Miss Waldron had selected for conveying a useful lesson to Hester. She put on the shabby and crumpled dress, too short for her, and, in consequence, much too short for Hester, who was taller than either of them. Over that she threw the yellow and darned muslin tippet, with one of the largest collars, which reached to the tip of her shoulders; and she fastened to it the scraps of old ribbon and the odd flowers. Upon her head she placed the long poked bonnet, which almost concealed her face; and then she drew upon her hands the lace mittens. A more singular apparition than her own reflection in her glass had never met her eyes, and she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter at the sight of it. The distance between their own house and the park-gates was but short, and she was about to make a call upon Miss Waldron. If either Mr. Waldron or Robert should happen to be present, she would say nothing, and leave Miss Waldron to explain as she could the remarkable figure she presented; but if she should be alone—why then—

Annie sped along quickly toward Aston Court, escaping all observation till she came to the park-gates. Once within them she considered herself safe, and she could walk more quietly. What would she say to Miss Waldron if she found her alone? Annie did not feel as if she should be at any loss for words; but then what would be the end of it? Very likely Miss Waldron for her own sake would keep the secret, but there could never be any cordiality or friendliness between them again. Not that she shrank from this mode of revenge in the least. She could not help laughing out aloud

as she imagined Miss Waldron's consternation and chagrin upon recognizing her valuable gift to Hester coming up to view again in so unexpected a manner. Would it not be best to say nothing at all, and leave her dress silently to rebuke and confound the impertinence of the giver? It was possible that it would be the most effectual and the most pardonable mode of reproof.

Her mind was busily discussing the subject, when she saw, not very far off, her husband and Robert Waldron coming to meet her. There was neither time nor a way for retreat. Grant, catching sight of a singular person coming toward him, with a figure and carriage like his wife, arrested his progress for a moment, with an exclamation of doubt and surprise. Robert Waldron, whose sight was longer and keener than his, recognized Annie perfectly.

"It is Mrs. Grant," he said, quickening his steps.

"But what is the matter with her?" asked Grant; "she does not look like herself."

She was so unlike herself, that, as she came nearer, Robert could scarcely restrain the ejaculation of surprise which rose to his lips. Grant did not attempt to restrain his.

"Annie!" he exclaimed, "is it really you? Where are you going to? What in the world has happened to you?"

"I am going to call upon Miss Waldron," she answered, with an hysterical laugh. For an instant a wild doubt crossed her husband's mind as to whether she had not lost possession of her reason; and he looked steadily into her excited face.

"Annie," he said, "what is the matter?"

This simple question was put by him so gravely, that Annie was more and more hysterically affected. He drew her arm into his own, and led the way toward the lodge.

"We had better go in," he said to Robert; "we can get water for her there, and the lodge-keeper will leave us her room for a few minutes."

(To be continued.)

WAITING FOR THE LORD.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 14. Ps. 40. Golden Text, Ps. 37 : 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Patience Based on Certainty—Confidence from Experience—God Spoke when David was Silent — Continued Pleading Unnecessary — A Standing Place Needed—Goings to be Established—Difference between Agents and Instruments—New Songs from New Experiences—The Influence of the New Song on Others—Freewill Slaves—Complete and Full Surrender.

DAVID in this Psalm gives a testimony to his personal experience. "I waited patiently for the Lord." What is it to wait patiently for the Lord? "Be silent to the Lord, and wait patiently for Him" (Ps. 37 : 7, margin). It is *certainty* which makes us still in waiting. At a railway station it is easy to see which of the passengers are acquainted with the line, and which are not. Some come on to the platform, sit down, and take a paper. Two or three trains may pass, but they do not stir. When, however, their *own* train comes, they ask no question, but quietly get into it. They are silent, they "wait patiently," because experience of the line has given them

CONFIDENCE.

Others there are who scarcely sit down at all; they ask first one official, then another, which is the right train, and when told, they look and listen suspiciously, as though, perhaps, it might be a mistake. These are *not* silent, they do *not* wait patiently. Unacquainted with the line, and having lost their way before through being misdirected, they lack confidence.

It is just so with God's children in their dealings with Him. Some who know Him well put their request into His hands, and then are silent to Him. They do not go on pleading with and, as it were, worrying God; they do not suspect Him of inattention, but give Him credit for hearing them all the time, without anything in themselves to prove they are heard. Others pray, and then expect from *themselves* some feeling or assurance that their prayer has prevailed with God; and they are quite ready to repeat it, or to urge it in different words, if that will answer better. Their expectation is from *themselves* and *their prayer*, more than from God and His faithfulness.

When David was silent, God could speak. "He inclined unto me and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet

UPON A ROCK,

and established my goings." Thank God, with Him to hear is to answer and to undertake, however terrible may be our position. As lost sinners, many of us have known the horrible pit and the miry clay. But when a child of God falls under the power of temptation—when envy, jealousy, hard thoughts, unkind words, uncleanness, self-indulgence get hold of him, oh, how horrible is the pit in which he finds himself! His feet have no hold, he slips all ways, and cannot keep his balance. Struggling only makes him sink deeper, like Bunyan's pilgrim. Only one hand—the hand of Jesus—can bring us out; and when a man learns to be silent to God, to leave off urging and urging his petition, and learns to accept the answer of God, he is quickly set upon a rock. He finds the "Rock of Ages" beneath his feet. It is strange how long it takes to empty us of all our self-help. God's Word is full of the nothingness of man, yet often in our very prayers there is a great mixture of self-reliance.

David found that it was not enough to be saved from the horrible pit and the miry clay, and to find a standing place; he had learned that

HIS GOINGS MUST BE ESTABLISHED;

and his cry was heard in this thing also. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps" (Jer. 10 : 23). And yet how persistently we take the direction into our own hands! There is an immense amount of work for God among most earnest, hard-working, self-denying, devoted Christians, where man is really at the head. God's counsel is sought, and then the committee, instead of being silent to God until He has declared His mind, do the best according to their own judgment. But this would never have answered for the bringing of the children of Israel out of Egypt. What wisdom of man would have devised a way in the sea? Who could have made the heavens rain bread, or brought water out of the rock? Men would have chosen another way, much fighting would have been the result, and the commissariat department would probably have run the nation heavily in debt.

SANCTIFIED COMMON-SENSE

is a very favorite expression; but Moses, David, Paul, and the holy man of faith speak nothing of this—they were "silent to God," and God made their intellectual powers receptive for His thoughts, which are higher than ours. Thus, instead of being agents *for* God, they became willing, intelligent, loving instruments, through whom God worked as He could not through such as are self-reliant. The advocate of sanctified common-sense is God's ally; the man of faith is consciously God's habitation.

Was it too humbling to David that the reins were thus taken out of his hands, and that he was treated as a child? Far from it; he says, "And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." A man does not grieve over what he sings about. The Word of God often speaks about *a new song;* new experiences make new songs. David says, "Many shall see and fear and turn to the Lord." See what? A man who was in the mire, sour, ill-tempered, dissatisfied with himself, now shining with joy, and liberty, and peace! Men *see* new songs in the face, manner—everything of those who have "been with Jesus." And it is the new song which leads them to trust in the Lord. A few are converted through fear; but by far the greater number of conversions are traceable to the new song of some one whose changed life speaks the reality of Christ.

"Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies." None are so independent as those who really make the Lord their trust. Men may seek to defame them, injure them, slander them, but they *know* that their reputation is safe with Him, and that He cannot betray the trust. If our object at all times is to be right with God, and the care of all we are and have, and also of His work in our hands, is left with Him—why "have respect," or take any notice of those who would injure us? God may have permitted them to say hard and untrue things, just on purpose to remind us that they need our prayers; thus we can lovingly bear them before Him.

David was filled with wonder at the wonderful works and the thoughts of God toward us, His unworthy creatures; he declares that "they are more than can be numbered." No wonder David had a new song to sing. The wonder is we are not singing all day long, for we never really commit anything to God, but we find He has been thinking about it beforehand, just as a parent has food ready provided against the time the children shall be hungry.

Fairly overcome with the love of God, David's thought was, "How reward such love?" what acknowledgment can I make? "Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire," alluding perhaps to the word spoken regarding Saul. "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt-offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams" (1 Sam. 15 : 22). "Mine ears hast Thou opened" [margin "digged"]. The Hebrew slave who would not go out free, but so loved his master as to be

A FREEWILL SLAVE,

had his ears bored through (Ex. 21 : 5, 6). David's heart said, "I love Thee, I will not go out free;" "Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart." It was no hardship to Jesus to do His Father's will; He *lived* to do it, for His own will was entirely renounced. David was in the same spirit when he wrote this Psalm; and this is the blessed privilege of all who will live a life yielded entirely up to God, and trusting implicitly in Him. Those who hold out tenaciously on any point of will are just keeping themselves in misery, and making it impossible for God to assume control over them; for He will have no divided throne, nor share the government with them.

Our blessed Lord said, "I can of mine own self do nothing." It was His glory to be led by His Father, and to carry out His plans and purposes. He is our Example, that we should follow in His steps (1 Pet. 2 : 21). God never created us to take the lead, but to do as our Lord did, "always those things which please Him" (John 8 : 29). As long as the question is unanswered, "How far shall I go in God's service? how much of my time shall I give Him? what proportion of my money shall I set apart for Him? it is clear that there is still the idea that we belong to ourselves, and there is something like putting God under an obligation to us by our devotion. When we see our true relative position with regard to Him, and He breaks our hearts with His love in saying,

"ALL THAT I HAVE IS THINE"

(Luke 15 : 31), there is no other reply possible than one—all that *I* have and am is *Thine*. In the light of His love we see the obligation on the other side; it is a wonder of wonders that our loving God will own us and ours, or be willing to use such instruments in His service. All becomes easy to a soul which is "silent to God," which gives God His true place. Life becomes one glad song, for the will which is in harmony with God's cannot be crossed; the child who is willingly led by Him cannot go out of the way; it is one sweet experience that He careth for us.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Reports from the Cholera-Infected Districts last week showed that the plague is spreading in Italy and in the mountainous districts of France. The villages of the Pyrenees are now the worst sufferers. Fifteen villages were added during the week to the infected district. In Marseilles and Toulon the improvement continues. The total number of deaths in France from the disease since its first appearance to the close of last week was 4376. The correspondent of the *Times* cables that in Italy the situation is alarming, and it is made doubly so by the brutal ignorance of the peasantry, who stone the doctors in the streets and refuse to go to the hospitals. It seems probable that the epidemic will make terrible havoc in Italy before the year closes.

The Work of Destroying the Fortifications of Foo Chow was completed last week by the French fleet. The torpedoes in the river, upon which the Chinese based their hopes, were fished up, and the guns in the batteries were exploded with gun-cotton. The loss to China is serious, Foo Chow being the chief arsenal of the country. The government buildings, arms, and ammunition destroyed cost forty million dollars. The next step in the French programme has not yet been indicated. It is, however, thought probable that negotiations for the payment of the indemnity of sixteen million dollars, demanded by France, will be resumed, and that China will pay, to avoid further disasters. War has not yet been formally declared by either party.

The Angry Attitude of France Toward England is maintained. It manifests itself in the press, but there are indications that it is not shared by the government. The resentment about the Egyptian business has been increased by the unfavorable criticisms which the English papers have published on the bombardment of Foo Chow. The French are indignant because the London *Times* published a detailed report from its correspondent of the bombardment and its attendant horrors. The French admiral was probably not aware that his proceedings were being watched by a trained newspaper correspondent, who published to the whole world the story of the firing on the sinking vessels and the defenceless villages. The French newspapers reply to the English strictures by retorts on the bombardment of Alexandria. Public opinion in Europe, especially in Germany, Austria, and Russia is on the side of France in the quarrel. That there is justice in the English view of the war is, however, manifest, for General Millot, the commander of the French forces in Tonquin, admits the attack on Lang-son ought not to have been made. He states, in his official report, that the French colonel in command acted precipitately, and that China was probably under a misapprehension as to the date on which the treaty went into operation. That, too, is the Chinese version of the difficulty, which has involved the war.

The Expedition for the Relief of General Gordon will be led by General Lord Wolseley. It is understood that the change of commanders is caused by the opposition of the generals in Egypt to the plan of the campaign sketched by Lord Wolseley. Acting under his advice, the government ordered the expedition to proceed by the Nile route. General Stephenson, who is in Egypt, declared that the route was impracticable, and advised that the expedition go by way of Suakim and Berber. Under those circumstances General Wolseley expressed his readiness to lead the expedition by the Nile route, and the government, realizing the necessity for prompt and decisive action, promptly seized the opportunity of sending England's best general to the scene of action. The failure of the Conference and the animosity displayed toward England throughout Europe has aroused the Gladstone administration to unwonted vigor. Ten thousand English soldiers are already in Egypt, and five thousand more are on their way there.

The Agitation against the British House of Lords is being vigorously pressed. Mr. Gladstone has gone to Scotland to address his constituents. His tour there is expected to equal in its effects his famous campaign before his present advent to power. Edinburgh gave him an ovation on August 30th of a most enthusiastic character. The city was lavishly decorated for his reception, and a meeting of five thousand citizens gathered to welcome him. Mr. Gladstone there defined his attitude on the Constitutional question now prominent. He said he hoped the House of Lords would listen to reason and end the conflict. He was reluctant to enter upon the question of reform in the House of Lords until it was found to be absolutely necessary. The Franchise bill sufficed to engross his whole attention. He was not averse to the admixture of hereditary principle in the constitution, but those placing it in direct conflict with the elected Chamber were its worse enemies. He strongly denied the right of the House of Lords to decide when to appeal to the country. The admittance of such a principle was treason to British liberty. He would rather abandon his share in the Franchise bill and with it his share in political life than to sanction such an innovation.

An Important Proposal is Awakening Much interest in England. It is advocated by several prominent statesmen, and is received with favor by politicians not usually friendly to radical changes. Lord Rosebery, who is an intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone, has recently returned from Australia, where he was impressed with the necessity of closer relations being formed between England and her colonies. He gave expression to his views, and suggested the scheme of granting the colonies representatives in the Imperial Parliament. A meeting was held in London recently to consider the question, when prominent members of both the political parties spoke favorably of the scheme. A resolution was passed declaring that federation was "indispensable to avert disintegration and secure the unity of the empire."

Christian Tourists Intending to Visit Europe may be interested in learning how much good is being done by the distribution of the Bible and religious literature there by visitors. A clergyman writes that a friend of his while at a fair in France fell in with a giddy and dissipated young man, in whose hand he placed a Bible. The young fellow not only read his Bible, but studied it and became a new creature. Now he has opened a mission hall, where such a thing was formerly unheard of; and who knows where the results of this simple action of presenting a Bible will end? A farmer, who had become a convert through the same humble means, had his house burned down. In building a new dwelling, he went to the expense of adding to it a hall wherein his neighbors may assemble to listen to the truths he himself has found so precious.

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CAPTAIN CYRUS STURDIVANT, THE TEMPERANCE PRISON PHILANTHROPIST.

CAPTAIN CYRUS STURDIVANT.

THE PRISONERS' FRIEND.

His Favorite Work—Not a Financial Success—Rescue of Eminent People — Early Life—A Drunkard's Staying-Place—First Temperance Prayer-Meetings—First Jail Service—A Violent Prisoner—A Convict Father—A Dishonest Lover—Mighty Glad to Die—A Kiss in Payment — A Temperance Marriage — Still at Work.

CAPTAIN CYRUS STURDIVANT, whose portrait appears on the first page, is a man who has taken literally the injunction to go into the prisons with the message of the Gospel. Much of his Gospel temperance work has been done in churches and halls and schoolhouses, for he is ready to speak anywhere and everywhere the glad tidings of the Gospel, and the hope that total abstinence brings to the slaves of liquor. But the prison is his favorite sphere. He has spoken in the corridors, the chapels, or the separate cells as he could gain permission, and many a man now living a godly, socially respectable life, working for Christ and leading others to Him, dates the turning-point of his career to a day when Captain Sturdivant, entering the jail where he was confined, grasped his hand, called him brother, and told him there was hope before him. Many and many a time, before some large audience, some man, well-dressed and intelligent, has walked to the platform, and, seizing the captain's hand, has said, in a voice broken with tears, "I was in prison and you visited me."

THE PRISON SPHERE

is not an inviting one. It is not a sphere in which fortunes can be made; the converts have no cottages to give away; the worker in that sphere has no opportunity of making lucrative contracts of so many dollars for so many speeches, and it is no use taking up a collection at the close of the meeting; but it is the sphere, above all others, in which Gospel temperance is needed. There may be found not only "the burnt children who dread the fire," but those who are thankful to be taught how to avoid the fire for the future. It is a work rich in spiritual results, but a very barren field for all who make the dollar an important object of their labors. Dollars are scarce in the prisons, but Captain Sturdivant and his friends have found jewels there, which through their pleading and prayers will one day glisten in the Saviour's crown. Captain Sturdivant, at sixty-five, is still comparatively a poor man; men who do the kind of work he has done, are generally poor; but he is rich in the gratitude of the rescued and in the blessings of those who were ready to perish when he found them, and pointed them to the Friend of sinners, whose example he has tried to follow.

Captain Sturdivant has been the means of rescuing many slaves of liquor who have since become famous in temperance work, and who have been very successful. Among the most prominent of these is *Mr. Francis Murphy*, the prosperous temperance lecturer, who is well known in New York and other States, and who made a successful campaign on the other side the Atlantic. Mr. Murphy was in a prison in Maine when Captain Sturdivant visited him and taught him the value of total abstinence. His portrait and a sketch of his life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of February 7th, this year.

EARLY YEARS.

Cyrus Sturdivant was born at Cumberland, Me., in 1819, sixty-five years ago. His father was captain of a small cutter in the United States service, and was a man of that kind, frank, generous disposition which frequently characterizes sailors. The boy was fifteen years of age when, attending a revival service, he was converted, and joined the church under the pastorate of the late Rev. Joshua Taylor. His father was anxious that he should have a good education, and sent him to Kent's Hill Seminary, where tuition was at that time of the best in New England. But the boy was pining for a seafaring life, and how could a sailor's heart refuse him the boon he craved? After two terms at Kent's Hill, Cyrus hadhisway; he entere don the life of a sailor as

CABIN-BOY

in the vessel his father commanded. His experience of the sea is best told in his own simple, unaffected words: "Serving as cabin-boy on board this small vessel for several years increased my desire for a sailor's life. After my father resigned his position as master of the cutter I went on board a packet schooner, plying between Portland and Boston, and continued for a few years, serving in the position of deck-hand and mate. My father, seeing my bent of mind, purchased for me a vessel suitable for the packeting and coasting business, and put me in command, procuring for me the services of an experienced man for mate.

"I continued in command of several sailing vessels and packets until I was invited by a new steamboat company to take charge of a propeller steamer; and I continued in command of this propeller, the Commodore Preble, for seven years, plying between the cities of Portland and Boston. When the California gold fever first broke out, the Commodore Preble was sold to parties in New York to take passengers to that new country, and our steamboat company purchased a side-wheel steamer, the John Marshall, and put me in command of her. In the summer season, on the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts, we have considerable foggy, although moderate, weather; but in the fall and winter and spring we often have severe gales and rough weather. I have been in trying and critical positions several times, when it would seem almost impossible to ride out the gale in safety. But He who holds the winds in His fists was our friend and deliverer, and we were brought out of trouble and danger.

"I continued as master of different steamers belonging to the Portland Steam Packet Company for several years; but, finding the life was producing unhealthy symptoms in my constitution, I was advised by my physician to engage in some other kind of business; and as soon as a good opportunity presented itself for business on shore, I availed myself of it."

Being now in business in the city of Portland, Me., CaptainSturdivant joined aChristian church and sought opportunities of usefulness. The one to which he now looks back with the greatest pleasure was

THE ALLEN MISSION.

The church with which he was connected took the work in hand of starting a mission Sunday-school of their own. Having at this time a pastor named Charles F. Allen, who favored the work, they named the new organization the Allen Mission. The first service was held in a small hall on Franklin Street, which was furnished and fitted up by the Sunday-school, and dedicated to the home mission work. After the expiration of only a few weeks from the dedication, the terrible fire of 1866 occurred at Portland, commencing July 4th, in which the Allen Mission Hall was burned. But the work was not abandoned. A tent was erected for the services, and afterward, when winter came on, the chapel of the jail was placed at the disposal of the workers, and service was held for two hours on each Sabbath afternoon.

"After occupying the chapel of the jail for a few months," says Captain Sturdivant, "the school increased in numbers so rapidly that it was thought advisable to purchase or lease a lot of land, and to erect thereon a suitable chapel for our mission services and work. In a short time these plans were carried into effect, and a chapel was erected, which would seat comfortably about five hundred persons, and it was dedicated and called the Allen Mission. I was made superintendent and treasurer. God has made the Allen Mission the birthplace of many souls; and poor and hungry and ragged children, and also men and women have been here clothed and fed, and started on the way to sobriety and religion. My heart beats with gratitude to God when I look back and see all the way He has led us in our work at the Allen Mission. To Him be all the glory and honor.

"Among the many children who were there helped was

A LITTLE GIRL,

eleven years of age, who had a father cursed by intoxicating drinks, who said himself that he had seen but few days for nine years when he was free from the power of strong drink. This daughter of his seemed delighted with the Sunday-school and her teacher; but in a few weeks she was taken ill (not dangerously), and I learning the fact, called one stormy Sunday to see her. She was sitting in a chair as we entered the *staying-place* of this drunkard's family. We had taken with us some fruit and other articles suitable for the invalid girl, and made known the purpose of our visit to the father, who was then under the influence of strong drink. After a little conversation we asked for the privilege of praying before we left. The father replied: 'You can pray, if you like; we are not used to that business here.' We bowed before God, and earnestly besought His blessing upon the sick girl, and upon the other children, and upon the mother and father also, and, before we left, the father and mother both promised to start in a new and better life; and ere the week closed, the heretofore inebriate father signed the Allen Mission total abstinence pledge, and he, with his wife, came to the altar, and by true repentance sought and found the pardon of their sins, and commenced a life of sobriety and religion. This brother for several years has taken care of the mission chapel, and has also been an active member in the Portland Reform Club, and its chaplain for several terms.

"The conversion of these parents, and their increasing happiness consequent thereon, gave us new courage in our home mission work—and from that time forward we had very much to cheer us—the numbers of attendants to our Sunday-school and other religious services constantly increasing, so it was thought best to have more frequent services; and in our work and visits among the poor and the outcasts, we were convinced more than ever before that the curse and evil of intemperance was producing more poverty and distress, degradation and sinfulness, than all other evils; and that God alone could give the needed wisdom and strength to help us in our efforts in 'rescuing the perishing and lifting up the fallen.' We arranged a temperance pledge, to which in a few months we procured about four thousand signatures. The pledge was introduced into *all* our religious services as an important part. This temperance interest increasing, we deemed it best to appoint a Gospel temperance meeting, this being the first one of the kind we had ever heard of. At our first Gospel

TEMPERANCE PRAYER-MEETING

we had only *eight* persons in attendance. Those meetings in a few weeks became quite notorious in the community, and scores and hundreds came to them to sign the pledge, and many of them were found at the altar seeking the pardon and blessing of God.

"In September, 1870, the sheriff or warden who had the oversight of

OUR COUNTY JAIL,

situated not far from our mission chapel, came to me and desired to know if I was willing to conduct some religious services at the jail on the afternoon of each Sabbath, he being convinced that such services might result in good to the inmates; he desiring me, also, to choose such associate brethren and sisters as I might deem best. After a little time for reflection and consultation with those earnest co-workers, I agreed to assume the responsibility, and trust in God for results. During the intervening week we took from our mission chapel a number of settees, to be placed in the corridors of the jail for the accommodation of the prisoners as they came out of their cells to join with us in our worship; and on the following Sabbath we were at the jail at the hour appointed, 5 P.M. Our services were social—reading of the Scriptures,

prayer, and song, with short relations of Christian experience, and earnest and warm-hearted appeals to the prisoners to seek after the pardon and love of Christ. Near the close we presented the total abstinence pledge, and then gave the opportunity for any who desired to be prayed for, to manifest it by rising up. At this first service about one third of the prisoners present (all the prisoners in the jail did not attend this service) arose and stood upon their feet, after which we all bowed in prayer, and the services were closed. It was during these services and in this prison that Francis Murphy was induced to quit his drunken habits.

A VIOLENT PRISONER.

"While the services were in progress in this prison we found a man among the inmates of the jail by name of Plunkett, who had been committed for abusing his wife while under the influence of intoxicating drink, and he having become so violent, it was thought best, for the real safety of his wife and children, thus to commit him for the term of sixty days. He came into our religious services on Sabbath afternoon, and was struck under conviction, on account of his sins, bowed his will to the will of Christ, and was truly converted to God. He remained in jail for several weeks after his conversion, and took part in the religious exercises, and gave good evidence of a real change of heart. After having served out his time in the jail he returned to his home, erected at once a family altar, and took his children to Sunday-school and to church, and soon became a member of the church, taking active part in all church work. He put glass in the window frames, where old hats and rags had poorly supplied its place; put new hinges on the doors of the barn and other buildings; and the yard in front of his house was re-fenced, and the general appearance of his house was wonderfully improved, the former *staying*-place of the drunkard became the happy *home* of the Christian, and the fearful wife and children became the happy inmates of a God-renovated *house*.

A CONVICT FATHER.

"Among the prisoners at the county jail who found his way there through the terrible effects of intemperance, was a young man of more than ordinary ability. He had a beautiful and accomplished wife and a sweet little daughter, four years of age. But the habit of using strong drink had fastened upon him its terrible grasp, and made him abusive and cruel to her he promised to love, cherish, and protect. So cruel he became, that his wife's father took her and her little daughter to his own home; but while this young man was paying his penalty for transgressing the law, he was induced to sign the total abstinence pledge, and became a better man; and after coming out from his prison, he lived such a correct life that his wife consented to live with him again. Our Mission helped them to start anew in housekeeping; and, accordingly, one evening, made them *a surprise call*, and took with us articles of furniture and other things useful in housekeeping; and the occasion was one of real pleasure to the givers as well as the recipients.

A CONVICT LOVER.

"One other young man was in the jail for the theft of a yoke of oxen. He was only a *moderate drinker*, but it took all his spare money to maintain this habit. He had fallen in love with a young lady, and wished to makes her some valuable present. But having no money, and with brain turned bad by strong drink, he took a neighbor's yoke of oxen and sold them to obtain money to purchase the desired present. He was arrested and put into jail. After being in prison a while, as his father thought long enough to punish him sufficiently, he was released by his father paying the bill for the stolen oxen and other expenses. This young man, while in jail, signed the total abstinence pledge and became a converted man.

'MIGHTY GLAD TO DIE!'

"One day I was riding near the suburbs of the city, and when near to a cross-road that led to a shipyard, I discovered two small girls coming toward me, each with a basket of chips which they had gathered for fuel. One of the girls belonged to our Mission, a very bright and intelligent Scotch girl, whose father was a drunkard. I offered the children a ride to the city. The little Scotch girl's mother had been ill for a long time; consequently, my first inquiry of Rosa was:

"'How is your mother to-day?'

"Looking me sorrowfully in the face, she quickly replied:

"'Mother is dead, and was buried yesterday.'

"I said: 'You surprise me; how did she feel about dying, Rosa?'

"She replied. 'Oh, she was *mighty glad to die!*'

"'Well, what did she say about leaving you, Rosa?'

"'Mother said the Lord would take care of me.'

"What a world of misery was revealed to my mind in that pregnant reply, 'She was mighty glad to die!'"

The year 1877 was a year of many business changes in all the States. Those who had been rich became poor, and many who were struggling for a bare living became dependents on charity. Even the most prosperous were crippled in their financial resources. Captain Sturdivant early in the year found that all his savings were gone and it was necessary to begin life anew. While he was looking around for an opportunity, he thought he might be doing some work for Christ and the cause he loved. Temperance meetings were in progress in Philadelphia, and he went there to render what assistance he could. Francis Murphy was there, and his connection with Captain Sturdivant made the latter an object of interest at once, and he soon took a prominent part in the meetings.

A KISS IN PAYMENT.

A touching incident occurred in Philadelphia, which the captain thus relates: "One morning a drinking man left his home in Camden, N. J., to come to Philadelphia to seek employment. His wife had been dead for some years, his daughter living at home; and as her father left the house she said to him:

"'Pa, I hope you won't come home intoxicated to-night.'

"The father came across the ferry. The appeal of his daughter touched him. He called at several places, asking for employment, and was unsuccessful. He thought he would try for employment in a drinking saloon, as in former years he had been a bartender. Here he received an offer, the man giving him ten dollars in advance, and he was to commence his services the next day. He had a friend and old comrade in the Post-office, whom he called to see, to ask advice about accepting the offer to tend bar. That friend had gone to the temperance meeting at the Annex. The Camden man went to the Annex meeting, and hearing Francis Murphy and others talking about the joys of total abstinence, and the power of God's grace to save and to keep, went forward with others and took the pledge.

"That evening the man returned to his home, and on his way called at the saloon and told the barkeeper he had signed the total abstinence pledge, and could not serve him, handing him at the same time the ten dollars which was advanced to him in the morning. Arriving at his home, he was met by his affectionate daughter, who asked him if he had procured any employment, and answered, 'No, daughter; but I have got something better—I have the pledge, and have signed it, and by God's help I will never break it.' The motherless girl expressed her joy as best she could, while her father told her of his eventful visit to the temperance meeting, and said, 'I saw Mr. Murphy and shook hands with him, and I also saw the man who, under God, encouraged Mr. Murphy to start in his new life.' The little daughter replied: 'I would like to see Mr. Murphy and the man who befriended him.' Her father was at the Annex meeting the next day, and said to me: 'My little daughter would like very much to see Brother Murphy and yourself (she has no clothes suitable to come over here to meeting at present); *she wants to give you a kiss.*' Mr. Murphy's duties kept him so closely at the Annex meetings he could not leave; but as it had been already announced for me to speak at Camden, I told the father I would be at the church early, and would be glad to see his little daughter and receive the proffered kiss.

"Arriving at the church in good season, I found the father, with his little daughter by his side, ready for an introduction to me, and before the introduction was fairly finished, I received a warm kiss upon my lips, not from a little girl of six years, as I supposed her previously to be, but from *a young lady of eighteen* summers, who thus expressed her gratitude to God for having made me the means of helping Francis Murphy to a better life under God, and he influencing her dear father to become a good man. This reformed man at once entered the Gospel Temperance field as a speaker and laborer, and is still doing good service for poor fallen humanity."

A TEMPERANCE MARRIAGE.

From Philadelphia Captain Sturdivant went to Pittsburg and Allegheny City. "During these series of meetings," says Captain Sturdivant, "a man, who had been separated from his wife for several years—they both being in the habit of drinking to excess—came forward and signed the total abstinence pledge. He soon began to realize that he had some manhood left, and became more strong in his will to keep the pledge and also convinced his help must come from God. He thought of his wife, and told me a few days after his conversion that he would find her, if possible, and persuade her to come to the meetings and sign the pledge. One evening soon after, as I was about among the audience, inviting persons to come forward and sign the pledge, I discovered this man, and speaking to him, asked if his wife was present. He replied, 'Yes, this is her.' I being introduced, asked her if she would sign the pledge. After hesitating a moment, she with her husband and myself, standing in front of the table on which lay the pledges, tremblingly took the pen and affixed her name to the pledge. I then said to them: 'Is it your desire and determination, each of you, by God's help, to keep these vows as long as you live; and do you also desire to live together again as man and wife? If so, please join hands.' I will assure you they were not long in joining hands, and I hope hearts also, and we bowed at once before Almighty God and asked Him to seal these vows thus made in the presence of His people, and to keep them both unto the end of life free from the curse of strong drink. During that novel renewal of marriage vows hundreds of handkerchiefs in the congregation were in use, arresting the falling tears."

Captain Sturdivant in this work, with characteristic self-forgetfulness, overlooked his primary object in travelling to Pennsylvania. He went there to find an opportunity of engaging in business; but in the work of saving souls and in rescuing and raising the fallen, his own interests were forgotten. They do not appear to have ever been remembered since. From that time to this, applications for his services have flowed in upon him, and he has been continually engaged in his beloved work. It may be well to state, for the benefit of temperance societies, that as he is travelling from place to place, he is not easily found by people seeking him. He has therefore arranged to have his letters sent to 805 Broadway, New York, whence they are forwarded to him wherever he may be.

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ORDINARY PEOPLE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning, September 7, 1884.

[Dr. Talmage preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on Sunday morning last for the first time after his summer vacation. Although many of the members of the congregation have not yet returned from the country, the usual immense throng filled the church, numbers of strangers making up for the lack of regular attendants. The building has been undergoing repairs, and some important mechanical improvements have been made in the great organ, which increase its volume of sound. Dr. Talmage looked as well and vigorous as ever.]

"Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia."—Romans 16 · 14, 15.

Religion Needed for Ordinary People—The Cares of a Household—The Tax on the Brain—Importance of the Culinary Department—A Battle Lost through Indigestion—Education in Dough—Ordinary Business Men—Their Worries—Aged at Forty—Clock out of Gear—Grace Needed by Small Traders—Heroes and Heroines Unrecognized—God's Minute Knowledge of Trials—Ordinary Farmers—Grace for Catching Weather—A Tired World—Ordinary Physicians—Ordinary People to Thank God—Miseries of Conspicuous People—Sugar before Aqua-fortis—A Deaf-and-Dumb Girl's Example.

Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes, Adam Clark, Thomas Scott, and all the commentators pass by these verses without any especial remark. The other twenty people mentioned in the chapter were distinguished for something, and were therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors; but nothing is said about Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia. Where were they born? No one knows. When did they die? There is no record of their decease. For what were they distinguished? Absolutely for nothing, or the trait of character would have been brought out by the apostle. If they had been very intrepid, or opulent, or hirsute, or musical of cadence, or crass of style, or in any wise anomalous, that feature would have been caught by the apostolic camera. But they were

GOOD PEOPLE,

because Paul sends to them his high Christian regards. They were ordinary people, moving in ordinary sphere, attending to ordinary duty, and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States 55,000,000 people, there are certainly not more than 1,000,000 extraordinary; and then there are 54,000,000 ordinary, and we do well to turn our backs for a little while upon the distinguished and conspicuous people of the Bible and consider in our text the seven ordinary. We spend too much of our time in twisting garlands for remarkables, and building thrones for magnates, and sculpturing warriors, and apotheosizing philanthropists. The rank and file of the Lord's soldiery need especial help.

The vast majority of people to whom this sermon comes, either by voice or type, will never lead an army, will never write a State constitution, will never electrify a Senate, will never make an important invention, will never introduce a new philosophy, will never decide the fate of a nation. You do not expect to; you do not want to. You will not be a Moses to lead a nation out of bondage. You will not be a Joshua to prolong the daylight until you can shut five kings in a cavern. You will not be a St. John to unroll an Apocalypse. You will not be a Paul to preside over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary to mother a Christ. You will more probably be Asyncritus, or Phlegon, or Hermas, or Patrobas, or Hermes, or Philologus, or Julia.

Many of you are women at

THE HEAD OF HOUSEHOLDS.

This morning you launched the family for Sabbath observance. Your brain decided the apparel, and your judgment was final in all questions of personal attire. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of the household is in your dominion. You decide all questions of diet. All the sanitary regulations of your house are under your supervision. To regulate the food, and the apparel, and the habits, and decide the thousand questions of home life is a tax upon brain and nerve and general health absolutely appalling, if there be no divine alleviation.

It does not help you much to be told that Elizabeth Fry did wonderful things amid the criminals of Newgate. It does not help you much to be told that Mrs. Judson was very brave among the Bornesian cannibals. It does not help you very much to be told that Florence Nightingale was very kind to the wounded in the Crimea. It would be better for me to tell you that the divine friend of Mary and Martha is your friend, and that He sees all the annoyances and disappointments and abrasions and exasperations of an ordinary housekeeper from morn till night and from the first day of the year to the last day of the year, and at your call He is ready with help and re-enforcement.

They who provide the food of the world decide the health of the world. One of the greatest battles of this century was lost because the commander that morning had a fit of indigestion. You have only to go on some errand amid the taverns and the hotels of the United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact that a vast multitude of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Though a young woman may have taken lessons in music, and may have taken lessons in painting, and lessons in astronomy, she is not well educated unless she has taken *lessons in dough!* They who decide the apparel of the world and the food of the world decide the endurance of the world.

An unthinking man may consider it a matter of little importance—the cares of the household and the economies of domestic life—but I tell you the earth is strewn with

THE MARTYRS OF KITCHEN

and nursery. The health-shattered womanhood of America cries out for a God who can help ordinary women in the ordinary duties of housekeeping. The wearing, grinding, unappreciated work goes on, but the same Christ who stood on the bank of Galilee in the early morning and kindled the fire and had the fish already cleaned and broiling when the sportsmen stepped ashore chilled and hungry, will help every woman to prepare breakfast, whether by her own hand, or the hand of her hired help. The God who made indestructible eulogy of Hannah, who made a coat for Samuel, her son, and carried it to the temple every year, will help every woman in preparing the family wardrobe. The God who opens the Bible with the story of Abraham's entertainment of the three angels on the plains of Mamre will help every woman to provide hospitality, however rare and embarrassing. It is high time that some of the attention we have been giving to the remarkable women of the Bible—remarkable for their virtue, or their want of it, or remarkable for their deeds—Deborah and Jezebel, and Herodias and Athalia, and Dorcas and the Marys, excellent and abandoned—it is high time some of the attention we have been giving to these conspicuous women of the Bible be given to Julia of the text, an ordinary woman, amid ordinary circumstances, attending to ordinary duties, and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

Then there are all the

ORDINARY BUSINESS MEN.

They need divine and Christian help. When we begin to talk about business life we shoot right off and talk about men who did business on a large scale, and who sold millions of dollars of goods a year; and the vast majority of business men do not sell a million dollars of goods, nor half a million, nor quarter of a million, nor the eighth part of a million. Put all the business men of our cities, towns, villages, and neighborhoods side by side, and you will find that they sell less than fifty thousand dollars worth of goods. All these men in ordinary business life want divine help. You see how the wrinkles are printing on the countenance the story of worriment and care. You cannot tell how old a business man is by looking at him. Gray hairs at thirty. A man at forty-five with the stoop of a nonogenarian. No time to attend to improved dentistry, the grinders cease because they are few. Actually dying of

OLD AGE AT FORTY

or fifty, when they ought to be at the meridian. Many of these business men have bodies like a neglected clock to which you come, and you wind it up, and it begins to buzz and roar, and then the hands start around very rapidly, and then the clock strikes five, or ten, or forty, and strikes without any sense, and then suddenly stops. So is the body of that worn-out business man. It is a neglected clock, and though by some summer recreation it may be wound up still the machinery is all out of gear. The hand turn around with a velocity that excites the astonishment of the world. Man cannot understand the wonderful activity, and there is a roar and a buzz, and a rattle about these disordered lives, and they strike ten when they ought to strike five, and they strike twelve when they ought to strike six, and they strke forty when they ought to strike nothing, and suddenly they stop. Post-mortem examination reveals the fact that all the springs, and pivots, and weights and balance-wheels of health are completely deranged. The human clock has simply run down. And at the time when the steady hand ought to be pointing to the industrious hour on a clear and sunlit dial the whole machinery of body, mind, and earthly capacity stops forever. Greenwood has thousands of New York and Brooklyn business men who died of old age at thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five.

Now, what is wanted is grace—divine grace for ordinary business men, men who are harnessed from morn till night and all the days of their life—harnessed in business. Not grace to lose a hundred thousand, but grace to lose ten dollars. Not grace to supervise two hundred and fifty employés in a factory, but grace to supervise the book-keeper, and two salesmen, and the small boy that sweeps out the store. Grace to invest not the eighty thousand dollars of net profit, but the twenty-five hundred of clear gain. Grace not to endure the loss of a whole shiploa of spices from the Indies, but grace to endure the loss of a paper of collars from the leakage of a displaced shingle on a poor roof. Grace not to endure the tardiness of the American Congress in passing a necessary law, but grace to endure the tardiness of an errand boy stopping to play marbles when he ought to deliver the goods. Such a grace as thousands of business men have to-day—keeping them tranquil whether goods sell or do not sell, whether customers pay or do not pay, whether tariff is up or tariff is down, whether the crops are luxuriant or a dead failure—calm in all circumstance and amid all vicissitudes. That is the kind of grace we want. Millions of men want it, and they may have it for the asking. Some

HERO OR HEROINE

comes to town, and as the procession passes through the street the business men come out and stand on tiptoe on their store step and look at some one who in Arctic clime, or in ocean storm, or in day of battle, or in hospital agonies did the brave thing, not realizing that they, the enthusiastic spectators, have gone through trials in business life that are just as great before God. There are men who have gone through freezing Arctics, and burning torrids, and awful Marengoes of experiences without moving five miles from their doorstep. Now, what ordinary business men need is to realize that they have the friendship of that Christ who looked after the religious interests of Matthew, the custom-house clerk, and helped Lydia, of Thyatira, to sell the dry goods, and who opened a bakery and fish-market in the wilderness of Asia Minor to feed the seven thousand who had come out on a religious picnic, and who counts the

hairs of your head with as much particularity as though they were the plumes of a coronation, and who took the trouble to stoop down with His finger writing on the ground, although the first shuffle of feet obliterated the divine caligraphy, and who knows just how many locusts there were in the Egyptian plague, and knew just how many ravens were necessary to supply Elijah's pantry by the brook Cherith, and who, as floral commander, leads forth all the regiments of primroses, foxgloves, daffodils, hyacinths, and lilies which pitch their tents of beauty and kindle their camp-fires of color all around the hemisphere—that that Christ and that God knows the most minute affairs of your business life and however inconsiderable, understanding all the affairs of that woman who keeps a thread-and-needle store as well as all the affairs of a Rothschild and a Baring.

Then there are all the

ORDINARY FARMERS.

We talk about agricultural life, and we immediately shoot off to talk about Cincinnatus, the patrician, who went from the plough to a high position, and after he got through the dictatorship in twenty-one days went back again to the plough. What encouragement is that to ordinary farmers? The vast majority of them—none of them will be patricians. Perhaps none of them will be Senators. If any of them have dictatorships it will be over forty, or fifty, or a hundred acres of the old homestead. What those men want is grace to keep their patience while ploughing with balky oxen, and to keep cheerful amid the drought that destroys the corn crop, and that enables them to restore the garden the day after the neighbor's cattle have broken in and trampled out the strawberry bed, and gone through the Lima-bean patch, and eaten up the sweet corn in such large quantities that they must be kept from the water lest they swell up and die.

GRACE IN CATCHING WEATHER

that enables them, without imprecation, to spread out the hay the third time, although again and again and again it has been almost ready for the mow. A grace to doctor the cow with a hollow horn, and the sheep with the foot rot, and the horse with the distemper, and to compel the unwilling acres to yield a livelihood for the family, and schooling for the children, and little extras to help the older boy in business, and something for the daughter's wedding outfit, and a little surplus for the time when the ankles will get stiff with age, and the breath will be a little short, and the swinging of the cradle through the hot harvest-field will bring on the old man's vertigo. Better close up about Cincinnatus. I know five hundred farmers just as noble as he was.

What they want is to know that they have the friendship of that Christ who often drew His similes from the farmer's life, as when He said: "A sower went forth to sow;" as when He built His best parable out of the scene of a farmer's boy coming back from his wanderings, and the old farmhouse shook that night with rural jubilee; and who compared Himself to a lamb in the pasture field, and who said that the eternal God is a farmer, declaring: "My Father is the husbandman."

Those *stone masons* do not want to hear about Christopher Wren, the architect, who built St. Paul's Cathedral. It would be better to tell them how to carry the hod of brick up the ladder without slipping, and how on a cold morning with the trowel to smooth off the mortar and keep cheerful, and how to be thankful to God for the plain food taken from the pail by the roadside. *Carpenters* standing amid the adze, and the bit, and the plane, and the broad axe need to be told that Christ was a carpenter, with His own hand wielding saw and hammer. Oh, this is

A TIRED WORLD,

and it is an overworked world, and it is an underfed world, and it is a wrung-out world, and men and women need to know that there is rest and recuperation in God and in that religion which was not so much intended for extraordinary people as for ordinary people, because there are more of them.

The healing profession has had its Abercrombies, and its Abernethys, and its Valentine Motts, and its Willard Parkers; but the

ORDINARY PHYSICIANS

do the most of the world's medicining, and they need to understand that while taking diagnosis or prognosis, or writing prescription, or compounding medicament, or holding the delicate pulse of a dying child they may have the presence and the dictation of the Almighty Doctor who took the case of the madman, and, after he had torn off his garments in foaming dementia, clothed him again, body and mind, and who lifted up the woman who for eighteen years had been bent almost double with the rheumatism into graceful stature, and who turned the scabs of leprosy into rubicund complexion, and who rubbed the numbness out of paralysis, and who swung wide open the closed windows of hereditary or accidental blindness, until the morning light came streaming through the fleshly casements, and who knows all the diseases, and all the remedies, and all the herbs, and all the catholicons, and is monarch of pharmacy and therapeutics, and who has sent out ten thousand doctors of whom the world makes no record; but to prove that they are angels of mercy, I invoke the thousands of men whose ailments they have assuaged and the thousands of women to whom in crises of pain they have been next to God in benefaction.

Come, now, let us have a religion for ordinary people in professions, in occupations, in agriculture, in the household, in merchandise, in everything. I salute across the centuries Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus, and Julia.

First of all, if you feel that you are ordinary,

THANK GOD

that you are not extraordinary. I am tired, and sick, and bored almost to death with extraordinary people. They take all their time to tell us how very extraordinary they really are. You know as well as I do, my brother and sister, that the most of the useful work of the world is done by unpretentious people who toil right on—by people who do not get much approval, and no one seems to say, "that is well done.' Phenomena are of but little use. Things that are exceptional cannot be depended on. Better trust the smallest planet that swings in its orbit than ten comets shooting this way and that, imperilling the longevity of worlds attending to their own business. For steady illumination *better is a lamp than a rocket.* Then, if you feel that you are ordinary, remember that your position invites the less attack.

CONSPICUOUS PEOPLE

—how they have to take it! How they are misrepresented, and abused, and shot at! The higher the horns of a roebuck the easier to track him down. What a delicious thing it must be to be *a candidate for President* of the United States! It must be so soothing to the nerves! It must pour into the souls of a candidate such a sense of serenity when he reads the blessed newspapers!

I came last week into the possession of the abusive cartoons in the time of Napoleon I., printed while he was yet alive. The retreat of the army from Moscow, that army buried in the snows of Russia, one of the most awful tragedies of the centuries, represented under the figure of a monster called General Frost shaving the French Emperor with a razor of icicle. As Satyr and Beelzebub he is represented, page after page, page after page. England cursing him, Spain cursing him, Germany cursing him, Russia cursing him, Europe cursing him, North and South America cursing him. The most remarkable man of his day, and the most abused. All those men in history who now have a halo around their name, on earth wore a crown of thorns. Take the few

EXTRAORDINAAY RAILROAD MEN

of our time, and see what abuse comes upon them, while thousands of stockholders escape. New York Central Railroad has 9265 stockholders. If anything in that railroad affronts the people all the abuse comes down on one man, and the 9264 escape. All the world took after Thomas Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, abused him until he got under the ground. Over 17,000 stockholders in that company. All the blame on one man! The Central Pacific Railroad—two or three men get all the blame if anything goes wrong. There are 10,000 in that company.

I mention these things to prove it is extraordinary people who get abused while the ordinary escape. The weather of life is not so severe on the plain as it is on the high peaks. The world never forgives a man who knows, or gains, or does more than it can know, or gain, or do. Parents sometimes give confectionery to their children as an inducement to take bitter medicine, and the world's sugar-plum precedes the world's *aqua-fortis*. The mob cried in regard to Christ, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" and they had to say it twice to be understood, for they were so hoarse, and they got their hoarseness by crying a little while before at the top of their voice, "Hosanna!" The river Rhone is foul when it enters Lake Leman, but crystalline when it comes out on the other side. But there are men who have entered the bright lake of worldly prosperity crystalline and came out terribly riled. If, therefore, you feel that you are ordinary, thank God for the defences and the tranquillity of your position.

Then remember, if you have only what is called

AN ORDINARY HOME,

that the great deliverers of the world have all come from such a home. And there may be seated, reading at your evening stand, a child who shall be potent for the ages. Just unroll the scroll of men mighty in church and state, and you will find they nearly all came from log cabin or poor homes. Genius almost always runs out in the third or fourth generation. You cannot find in all history an instance where the fourth generation of extraordinary people amount to anything. In this country we had two great men, father and son, both Presidents of the United States; but from present prospects there never will be in that genealogical line another President for a thousand years. Columbus from a weaver's hut, Demosthenes from a cutler's celler, Bloomfield and Missionary Carey from a shoemaker's bench, Arkwright from a barber's shop, and He, whose name is high over all in earth, and air, and sky, from a manger.

Let us all

BE CONTENT

with such things as we have. God is just as good in what He keeps away from us as in what He gives us. Even a knot may be useful if it is at the end of a thread.

A DEAF MUTE'S ANSWER.

At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb asylum one of the children wrote upon the blackboard words as sublime as the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the "Divina Comedia" all compressed in one paragraph. The examiner, in the signs of the mute language, asked her: "Who made the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The examiner asked her, "For what purpose did Christ come into the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The examiner said to her, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I hear and speak?" She wrote upon the blackboard: "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Oh, that we might be baptized with a contented spirit! The spider draws poison out of a flower, the bee gets honey out of a thistle; but happiness is a heavenly elixir, and the contented spirit extracts it not from the rhododendron of the hills, but from the lily of the valley,

THE GOSPEL AMONG AUSTRALIAN NATIVES.

THE Rev. J. R. Gribble has just told the story of the Warangesela Mission to the aborigines of New South Wales, in which heroic and successful work God has abundantly blessed him. The following are interesting incidents which he gives referring to those who are "fallen asleep in Jesus."

ELIZA NELSON, A PURE ABORIGINAL,

was, when I found her in the camp, a most pitiable object; but under Christian training she soon exhibited some most attractive traits of character. First of all she was led to see herself a lost sinner. She showed every sign of a true repentance, and then there followed a simple trust in Christ, which she never again lost. I saw from the first that she was very delicate. Consumption, the dread enemy of our blacks, claimed her, and she rapidly declined. A few days before she died her sister came to me to say that Eliza was very ill, and would like to see me. I found her surrounded by weeping friends. She was having a hard struggle for breath. I said: "You are very weak, Eliza. Have you any fear of death?" She replied: "No, because Jesus is with me."

"The Lord Jesus," I said, "is always near those who put their trust in Him, and especially those who, like you, are passing through the dark valley." Clasping her hands, and with a look full of meaning, she said: "I know that, sir, I know that." On the night of her death she sent for me. I hastened to her bedside, and found that she was indeed passing away. She was unable to speak, but enjoyed perfect calm and peace. Her little boy stood by her side, and to him she had just said before I arrived: "Harry, I am going away from you to Jesus; I want you to be a good boy. Give Jesus your heart, serve Him, and then when you die you will meet me in heaven."

THE STORY OF ROWLEY.

He was one of the young men whom I had brought to the station from the distant Namoi River. He had been a most wicked young fellow, drunkenness being his chief failing; but from the time he joined the mission an entire reformation set in. He freely gave up the use of all intoxicating drink, and it was soon seen that the preaching and teaching of God's truth was working powerfully on his mind and heart. He was most regular at the various religious services, and appeared to drink in the water of life greedily. By and by he expressed an earnest desire for Christian baptism. He humbly and sincerely professed his faith in the Son of God, and then followed a beautiful request to be admitted to the Lord's table. Not long after this he was laid low by consumption, but all through his period of weakness and pain there was cheerfulness and resignation. When at length he felt that he must die, instead of sorrow and dread, he manifested quite a spirit of gladness at the prospect of being so soon with Jesus. His end was perect peace—"peace in believing."

JOHANNA, A LITTLE BLACK GIRL,

about twelve years of age, came with me to the mission station from a place called Cootamundra, about one hundred and fifty miles away. Though her skin was very black, her heart seemed pure and tender, and soon yielded to the touch of the Saviour's love. Very earnestly she listened to "the old, old story," until the love of Jesus became to her a great reality. She opened her heart to Him; He entered, and dwelt there. One evening, after service, I was walking to the mission-house, when I heard the familiar pattering of bare feet behind me. Looking round I saw the little girl. "Well, Johanna, what is it?" With a great deal of native shyness she replied: "I would like you to baptize me, sir." "Why would you like me to baptize you?" I said.

"BECAUSE I LOVE THE LORD JESUS,

sir, and I want to show my love to Him before my friends." Tears came to my eyes at these touching words, and I said, "All right, Johanna, I will baptize you;" and one Sunday shortly afterward the dear girl came forward, in the presence of the whole of our mission community, and in the rite of Christian baptism made her profession of faith and love. Only a few weeks afterward Johanna's pure and loving spirit passed away from "our home of mercy" to join that "great multitude" before the throne.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

By the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.

Expected by the Apostles—And by the Early Church—Mistakes about it—He will Come to Reign—What the Gospel will not Accomplish—Unfounded Expectation that the Millennium will Precede the Advent.

MANY Christians who rejoice in the First Advent are little influenced by the Second, which is often the creed of the intellect rather than of the heart. They look backward rather than forward. But the apostles and early believers, accepting the First Advent as an accomplished fact, looked forward, longing for what was yet future—the return of their Lord in glory.

The Second Advent of Christ to us is sometimes confounded with our going to Him at death. His promise to the disciples: "I will come again and receive you unto myself," has hitherto been fulfilled only at their decease. All believers may rejoice that it is not the last enemy, but their divine Friend, who bids them leave this life, and that "to depart" is to "be with Christ," which is "far better" than remaining in a world of sin. But this is not identical with the other truth that the Lord will come again to dwell with His people on the earth.

The Second Advent is also confounded with the general Resurrection and the final Judgment, which are supposed to occupy a very short space of time. In this case the Advent would not be a coming of Christ to a kingdom on earth, but a brief visit for the purpose of removing His saints to the kingdom in heaven.

The entrance of the soul at death to the presence of Jesus is one article of faith; the general Judgment is another; but these should not absorb and take the place of another revealed fact, that

CHRIST WILL COME TO REIGN

with His saints, to perfect His Church, to cause His kingdom to come and His will to be done on earth even as in heaven; and thus to accomplish all the predictions with which the Bible teems respecting the universal triumph of truth and righteousness in this long distracted and sin-polluted world.

The early Church did eagerly and lovingly anticipate such an Advent. They were "looking for that blessed hope;" not the hope of going to heaven, but of Christ coming to earth. They were patient in tribulation, believing that "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." They were "looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God." They were characterized as those who "love His appearing." In this confident expectation they were encouraged by apostles filled with the Spirit of the Lord.

The lack of practical belief in the Second Advent as an event to be in our day hoped and prepared for, has arisen from the opinion that the Millennium is to precede the Advent, and be preparatory to it. If by present instrumentalities the Gospel is to triumph over all error and wickedness,

THE RATE OF PROGRESS

seems so small that our hope of the Advent must be indefinitely postponed, at least beyond our own term of life.

The Gospel has been preached during more than eighteen centuries; yet the great majority of mankind are still ignorant of it. Hundreds of millions are still sunk in heathenism; hundreds of millions more are devotees of the False Prophet. In regions professedly Christian tens of millions divide their homage of Christ with that of the Virgin and saints; while the human priest is to them practically more than the one Mediator, the one High Priest of the Church. Among Protestants there are multitudes who ignore the supernatural element in Christianity; and others who, if they are right in worshipping Christ as God, are wrong in fundamental doctrine. Among nominal Christians many are so little under the influence of the truth that they habitually neglect public worship; while, of those who are found regularly at church, many, it is to be feared, have not yielded their hearts in loving obedience to the Saviour.

If we glance at the conduct of professedly Christian nations, we see little difference between them and others. Ambition, tyranny, selfishness, anger, revenge, seem too frequently to be considered necessary, and therefore right, in politics. Millions of men are always being trained in the arts of wholesale slaughter, preparing for war while professing peace; and many a battlefield has been reddened in our own day by the blood of thousands who have invoked the Prince of Peace to aid them in mutual destruction.

If the millennial reign is simply spiritual and to be brought about by present agencies, its very commencement seems to be hidden in the haze of the dim distance; and if it is to last during any period long enough to justify the figure of a thousand years, and if it is only at the completion of such period that Christ will personally come, it is not surprising that an event so distant should, as a motive, be practically powerless.

It is important to inquire whether Scripture warrants us in placing

THE MILLENNIAL AGE

prior to the Advent. Does it represent our earth as becoming the abode of righteousness in order to be prepared to welcome its King? Or does it represent its King as coming to establish the reign of righteousness by His personal influence?

Can Bible-students find any passage describing the millennial age as preceding judgments on the wicked? On the contrary, are not such descriptions constantly connected with those judgments as precedent, and executed by the Lord Himself at His coming?

We often quote, in relation to the Millennium, the promise in Ps. 2: 8, "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." But the very next verse declares, "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." From this it seems plain that

WHEN CHRIST COMES

to take possession of the uttermost parts of the earth, there will be daring rebels whose overthrow must clear the way for the Kingdom. If so, we are not to postpone our hopes for the coming of the Kingdom until such rebellion is subdued by the preaching of the Gospel.

In another millennial Psalm, the seventy-second, we have a lovely picture of the time when "the mountains will bring peace to the people," under the sway of Him who will "come down like rain on the mown grass; in whose days the righteous will flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth;" when "all kings shall fall down before Him, and all nations shall serve Him." But this will not be without judgment on the wicked, for in this sweet idyll of peace we are told that "He shall break in pieces the oppressor" (verse 4). We are not, therefore, to postpone our hope of His coming till all oppression is first put down. He will come to "vindicate the poor of the people, and to save the children of the needy," because He will come to "break in pieces" their enemies.

The New Testament confirms the earlier revelation. St. Jude gives apostolic authority for the fact that Enoch linked the Advent with judgments on the wicked then living. Thus we are to expect that there will be outrageously

WICKED PEOPLE ON THE EARTH,

compared to "raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame;" the silencing of whose

blasphemies will not precede but follow, the coming of the Lord with "ten thousands of His saints" (Jude 13-15).

St. Paul warns the Thessalonians that "a falling away," and a revelation of the Man of Sin will precede the day of Christ; who, when He comes, will be "revealed from heaven in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ;" when "He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe" (II Thess. 1 : 6-9; 2 : 1-3). Here again we are led to expect, not that all disobedience is first to be overcome by the preaching of the Gospel, but that He will find many still living, guilty of such hardened rebellion as to deserve fiery vengeance.

We read in the book of Revelation: "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him" (Rev. 1 : 7). There will be many living on the earth to whom His Advent will be a terror. This is in harmony with His own words in the parable of the tares (Matt. 13 : 41-43).

Nothing can be clearer than the command to preach the Gospel to all mankind throughout the world, indiscriminately; to every creature, to all ranks and all conditions; but it is nowhere said that every individual will embrace it prior to the Advent. Our Lord said, "This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world *for a witness* unto all nations; and *then* shall the end come:" not when all nations have obeyed the summons, but when in every region the trumpet has been blown.

If this is the testimony of Scripture, we are not to regard the great hope of the Church as so distant that it cannot possibly take place in our own day, and therefore cannot exercise any motive power on heart and life. The coming of the Lord draweth nigh! In all regions of the earth the Gospel has been proclaimed.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Passing Away in the Dark.—At a recent meeting Mr. Reid related: "In a house not far from this hall, a young man lay dying. When in health and vigor he laughed at death and the future, and despised the offers of Christ's salvation; but on his death-bed he could have told you what darkness really is. To all words of comfort or direction given him, his only reply was, 'It is dark! It is dark! It is dark!' In this condition he passed away into the outer darkness. Take warning to-night, and get into the light of Christ's countenance, which will lead you into the glory of eternal day."

A Good Staff to Lean Upon.—The Rev. Mr. McLachlan said: "I went to visit a young girl who was dying of consumption. I said to her, 'You are very weak.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'my body is very weak, but my soul is not. I am leaning on the sure staff that will not fail me.' I spoke to her for a little about the unfailing love of God in Jesus Christ, and then she repeated those precious words from Isaiah 41 : 10, 'Fear not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee.' When I was taking my leave of her, she put her thin white hand into mine, and said, 'I shall never see you again in this world, sir, but I will look for you in the next.'"

A Drunkard's Conscience Aroused.—At a Mizpah Temperance meeting recently, an aged man said: "It is two years ago since I went to the evangelistic meeting after the new year's holidays. During that carnival I had taken all the drink I could buy for money, and when that was spent I got as much as possible on credit. My family was sitting at home doing the best they could, singing God's praises, and praying for me, while I, an old man, their father, was lying in bed, suffering the horrors of hell from the effects of the liquor I had drunk. For a long time my wife prayed for me, and when it seemed as though God had given me up, He answered her prayer; for when I rose from my bed I went to the meeting, but was still so stupid that I do not know anything in particular that was said or done; but when I left the hall, I felt sure that 'no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.' As I walked home I made up my mind to turn to the Lord for help to get power over my besetting sin, for I could not conquer it nor keep it under, unless He came to my help. The Lord, with much sweetness and grace, has now taken from me all desire for drink. As a lost sinner I found mercy and forgiveness through the precious blood of Christ, my Saviour, and I believe He will keep me to the end."

An Urgent Demand of a King.—The Rev. Dr. Bonar said: "In the days when Rome ruled the greater part of the world, one of the Cæsars sent an ambassador to the King of Egypt to obtain a declaration of peace or war. At an audience with the Egyptian king, the messenger delivered his message, and demanded an answer at once. In the Eastern way, the king desired to put him off for a time, but the ambassador sternly replied, 'No, I must have an immediate answer.' Then drawing a circle round the throne, he continued, 'Before you pass that line you must say whether it is to be peace or war.' He was a faithful messenger, representing a mighty power, which would, he knew, support him if he fulfilled his duty faithfully. In a similar manner every Christian worker should remember that God, for whom he works, will keep His promises to those who serve Him, and uphold and guide them in times of difficulty, if only they are faithful in the discharge of the duty committed to them."

Rebuking a Blasphemer.—Mr. McLachlan, speaking to young men from the parable of the prodigal son, of their faithfulness to Christ, said: "I was travelling at one time on the Continent of Europe, and had to put up at a hotel for a few days. Going into the public room, where a good many gentlemen were assembled, talking on different subjects, I observed a rough-looking Englishman sitting at the fireside, taking part in the conversation, while every sentence was prefaced by an oath. Looking at him for a minute, and putting my hand on the bell at the same time, I said, 'Now, you or I will have to leave this hotel to-night; I will ring and ask the proprietor to expel you, or I will leave.' The gentleman at once apologized, and refrained from using any more profane oaths, at least while I was in the room. The company present thanked me for putting an end to the great annoyance which had been inflicted upon them. 'A word in season, how good is it!'"

Snatched from a Suicide's Doom.—Mr. Robert Simpson related: "In one of Mr. Moody's meetings at Stratford, one of the Christian workers spoke to a man, whose appearance proclaimed him to have fallen from a higher social level than he then occupied. He was in deep distress about his soul, and it was long before peace calmed his breast. At one time this man was in a large way of business, employing many hundred hands, but gradually he lost control of himself, and then his business fell off through his own indulgence in drinking. He became so miserable in body and wretched in mind, that he determined to destroy himself, and thus, as he thought, put an end to his hopeless condition, forgetting that he had to appear before God, and give an account of the deeds done in the body. Standing on the brink of the pond, where he had intended to drown himself, he remembered that there was nothing on his person to identify his body when it was found. Searching his pockets for a bit of paper to write his wife's name and address on, he pulled out a small bit of paper which some person had given him in the street. As he unfolded it to write the address his eye caught the words, '*Where will you spend eternity?*' For the first time he began to think on this phase of life, and he went off to spend the night behind a hedge, where he was found in the morning by a member of a newly-formed Mizpah Band, who spoke to him of Christ; but not then, nor for days afterward, did the light of salvation illumine his dark soul; but at the meeting I have spoken of it flashed in upon him, and he is now rejoicing in the midst of his poverty, because Jesus has saved him from the guilt, pollution, and power of his sins."

A Father Robbing His Daughter.—"I Never knew a liquor-seller's money to stay in his family a generation, however much the man may have made by his trade. I once knew a publican who had a large fortune made through selling whiskey. He became a confirmed drunkard, and his fortune soon vanished, and he was glad to get an allowance of a pound a week from his friends. He had one daughter, an invalid, who, through the kindness of some friends, was living at the coast, and was supported by some Christian ladies. After it came to her father's knowledge that she received money from these ladies, his visits were very frequent. He would go over to her bedside on pretence of speaking to her, and put his hand under her pillow where he knew the money was kept, and always succeeded in carrying her little store away with him. When drink gets the mastery over any one, it makes its slave regardless of doing any dishonorable and heartless act."

Half for God and Half for the World.—"While sitting in my room one day, I heard some of my children coming down-stairs, and a little girl of three or four years of age said, 'I shan't and I won't do it.' As she passed my door I called her to come in. She stood nervously near the door to hear what I had to say. I asked her what she would not do, and upon hearing, I told her she would have to do it. She folded both her little arms, and, putting her head on one side, said, 'I suppose I must.' I pointed out to her that her father's will was that she should be first good and then happy, and told her there was nothing I liked better than to see my little girl quite happy. I am afraid there are many half-hearted Christians who look up into their Father's face, and say, 'I suppose I must,' instead of finding it their highest pleasure to do His will. It is better not to be half-hearted, giving only half ourselves to God, and having a longing after the pleasures of the world, saying, 'May a Christian do that?' or, 'Can a Christian go there?' If you want to be miserable, be half for God and half for the world."

A Marriage which Ended in Murder.—Mr. Jack relates: "I once knew a young girl who was a very bright Christian. She became acquainted with an engineer who was in very sad circumstances through indulgence in strong drink. His friends were very anxious that he should marry this girl, for they thought her influence would do him good; and in an evil day she consented to become his wife. Instead of getting better he grew worse. His poor wife became very downhearted; she felt she had no power at all over him. Her father, who held a good position in Edinburgh, pleaded with his daughter to return to her comfortable home, and leave her husband in Glasgow. She refused his offer, always living in the hope that her husband would turn from his evil ways. But he sank lower and lower, until at last he murdered that patient, loving wife, that had tended and prayed for him so long. One night she had gone out for the purpose of seeking and bringing him home, and found him in a state of intoxication. That night he took her life away. With her last breath she testified of Jesus, and commended her husband to His love. This hard-hearted man only escaped from being hanged through some of his friends interposing in his behalf. He is now in penal servitude for life. This is another illustration of the need to obey the divine injunction, 'Not to be yoked together with unbelievers.' Children of God should never think of marrying with the children of the devil. 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.'"

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Startling Decrease in the Value of our exports during the last fiscal year has set economists studying and analyzing the details of the reports. The shrinkage was $83,000,000 as compared with 1882–83, and of $162,000,000 as compared with 1880. The *Financial Chronicle*, after a minute examination of the items, says that it was well known that breadstuffs went abroad less freely, but it is startling to compare exports of them, amounting to $157,000,000, against $283,000,000 four years previously. And it is also surprising to find cotton marking as large a decrease ($50,000,000) as breadstuffs when the comparison is between last year and its predecessor. Among breadstuffs corn has held its own, and rye has grown from under 1,000,000 bushels to over 6,000,000. In other words, the decrease in breadstuffs is *almost wholly in wheat*, which reached its greatest export, at $190,000,000, in 1879–80, and fell to $73,000,000 in 1883–84. Since 1877–78 there has been no smaller total. A comparison extending over a series of years shows that the amount of exports is determined not by the yield in America, but by the European demand.

Secretary Folger's Death on Thursday, September 4th, caused general regret throughout the country. The Secretary was a man whose honesty and conscientious devotion to duty won for him the respect of all whose business brought them in contact with the Treasury, while citizens of this State, who have known him in other capacities, held him in high esteem. The news of his death was unexpected; it was known that he was unwell, but it was stated that he was *only* suffering from *prostration, caused by overwork*, and the popular idea of that ailment is, that a few days' rest will cure it. Secretary Folger continued his work at Washington after he had clear intimation that his powers were overstrained, and finally, when he was no longer able to attend to his duties and retired to his home in Geneva, N. Y., to recuperate, his symptoms had already become alarming. He continued, however, to attend to his mail and dictate letters to his secretary until the day of his death. His mind continued clear to the last. His children were not summoned to his dying-room, but several personal friends were with him when he died. His physicians state that his death was wholly due to his conscientious devotion to his public duties, some of which a less careful man would have left to be performed by subordinates. Judge Folger was *in his sixty-seventh year*, having been born April 16th, 1818. Before President Arthur invited him to enter his Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury he had filled successively the offices of Judge of the Ontario Court of Common Pleas, Master and Examiner in Chancery, State Senator four terms, United States Sub-Treasurer in New York, and Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals. The President has ordered the Treasury to be draped in mourning, to be closed on the day of the funeral, and all the sub-treasuries throughout the Union to be draped as a sign of respect to his memory.

The Election in Vermont on Tuesday, September 2d, had this year unusual interest as being the first practical indication, since the national conventions, of the state of political feeling and the extent to which the Independent bolt was affecting the people. The result is not very gratifying to either party. The Republicans were victorious, but the plurality did not reach the line of past elections. It was 21,413 over the Democratic ticket, while in 1880 it was 26,569, and in 1876 it was 23,735. The Republican vote sank from 47,814, in 1880, to 41,917. At the same time the Democratic vote was 19,838, while in 1880 it was 21,245. Various reasons are assigned for the shrinkage in the vote on both sides, which, to a considerable extent reduced its significance. It is, however, stated by impartial observers that there is little enthusiasm for Mr. Blaine in Vermont, and that there has been a sore feeling produced in the State by the attacks of the Blaine newspapers on Senator Edmunds, whose influence there is very powerful.

The Attempt to Indirectly Assess the Office-holders by asking for voluntary contributions for the Presidential campaign is being closely watched by the Committee of the Civil Service Reform League. The committee is sending out a circular letter to the Federal office-holders, in which it explains by citation of the statute of January 16th, 1883, how they will become liable to fine or imprisonment, or both, if they pay these assessments "directly or indirectly." "The National Civil Service Reform League," says the circular, "proposes to bring the matter to the attention of the Attorney-General and other prosecuting officers of the United States," and federal office-holders are warned that the circular inviting them to contribute is an attempt to inveigle them into a criminal liability punishable by law.

A Long Letter from Frederick Douglass on the Presidential election was published September 6th. It is mainly devoted to an effort to prove that the Prohibitionists ought to vote for Mr. Blaine rather than Mr. St. John. He describes the Prohibition party as one of "the political forces of the hour, characterized by irrational individualism and *a rampant tendency to faction* which threatens not only the stability of political parties, but popular government itself, reducing society to a condition of chaos." The party, he contends, is making "a mistake full of mischief and possible disaster," its course being "based on the assumption that there is no longer a Southern question, and that the mission of the Republican party is ended." He holds that the Prohibitionists ought not to vote a separate ticket because "a party to succeed must not only have ideas, but numbers. A few men, combined together, may work mischief by depriving a good party of power and putting a bad party in power." Such a statement was not expected from Frederick Douglass. The letter has produced an unpleasant impression in the North by its violent language and by its denunciation of the Prohibitionists and the Independent Republicans, who, he says, are "masquerading in the sham of independence." The sentiment called forth is that Mr. Douglass was perfectly justified in urging his race to vote the ticket he supports, but he should have done so without condemning, with an offensive assumption of superiority, men of character and intelligence who on this question differ from him in opinion.

The American Association for the Advance-ment of Science held its sessions this year at Philadelphia. It assembled on September 4th, and its concluding session is to be held to-day. It derived special interest from the fact that many of the well-known Englishmen of science, who have attended the Montreal meeting, were present. In this respect, therefore, it was one of the most important assemblages of scientists that has ever gathered in this country. The project of founding an international association has long been favored by eminent scientists on both sides the Atlantic, and it is thought that this united conference may tend to the realization of the scheme. Captain Bedford Pim, the English Arctic explorer, caused much amusement by declaring that, as it had been shown that the West Indian Islands were at one time a part of the American continent, the United States were welcome to them, and he thought they might have Ireland too if they wanted it.

The Death of Bishop George F. Pierce, Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, occurred at Sparta, Ga., on September 2d. Dr. Pierce had been suffering from illness for several weeks, but had been able to attend Culverton Camp-Meeting, where he preached with more than his usual vigor and unction on August 13th. Soon after his return he was stricken with fever, and gradually sank. His weakness was extreme, but his faith was unshaken. Shortly before his death, turning to his physician, he said, "*How long shall I have to wait?*" "Not long," was the answer, and he smiled his avowal that the intelligence was welcome, and quietly turned away to wait for the end. He was seventy-three years of age, having been born in Greene County, Ga., on February 3d, 1811. His father was Bishop Lovick Pierce, whose portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 1st, 1880.

A Disastrous Fire Broke Out in Cleveland, Ohio, on Sunday night last, and for some hours threatened the city with utter destruction. The fire started about seven o'clock in a lumber yard. Whether it was the work of incendiaries, of boys playing with matches, or was caused by the sparks from a tugboat is not determined. All three theories are broached. The locality of the fire is known as the Cuyahoga Flats, and is one particularly exposed. It is hemmed in by the windings of the Cuyahoga River, and is difficult of access. The entire tract is covered to the water's edge with lumber. As soon as the flames spread beyond the lumber tract, across the river, there was left no means of fighting the fire. The destruction of the lower part of the city became only a question of the direction of the wind. An extensive candle factory stood on the other side of the river, and when the flames caught that they derived new strength. The intense heat drove back the firemen, and three engines, becoming surrounded, had to be thrown into the river to save them. A whirlwind, induced by the heated air, swept over the burned district, throwing large timbers two hundred feet into the air. Telegrams were sent to other cities for assistance, and special trains soon arrived with four engines from Toledo and two from Youngstown and Painesville. At one o'clock on Monday morning the fire was still burning fiercely, but it was believed to be under control. As most of the telegraph wires had been destroyed, reliable intelligence was difficult to obtain. It was estimated that at midnight on Sunday the loss of property exceeded two millions. Five firemen are reported killed, but in the confusion existing it is hoped that there may be an error in the statement.

Gambling on the High Seas will, it may be hoped, receive a check from the protest handed to the Anchor Line. About one hundred ladies and gentlemen who came from Europe in the steamship City of Rome, which arrived here last week, signed a protest complaining that during the voyage one room was incessantly used for gambling purposes, and that sometimes two rooms were so used. The library was one of those rooms, and ladies were also practically excluded from it by its being used as a second smoking-room. The prevalence of gambling caused much dissatisfaction from the commencement of the voyage, but for prudential reasons no complaint was made to the captain. When, however, quarantine was reached a protest was passed around and signed, one copy of which was handed to the captain and the other to the managers of the line. It will be a good thing if the action of these passengers leads to a reform of this nuisance. Many a young man has been ruined during an ocean voyage by skilful players, who invited him to while away the tedium of the journey with a game at cards. On this voyage a professional gambler won $1000. The steamship companies should take measures to protect their passengers.

An International Dispute has been Developed at Pittsburg, Pa., by the conduct of the chief of police in that city. On the birthday of the Emperor of Austria-Hungary the consul from that country in Pittsburg hoisted his national flag to do honor to the day. He was waited upon by the chief of police, who peremptorily ordered him to take the flag down. The consul declined, and the flag remained untouched all day; but a suit has been commenced against him by the policeman for violating the city ordinances. The Austrian minister having received a report of the affair appealed to the Secretary of State, who requested Governor Pattison to have the prosecution stopped and an explanation made to the consul, he having a right, under treaty, to hoist his flag. After some delay Mr. Frelinghuysen's request has been complied with.

The Strength of the Prohibition Amendment in Iowa is to be tested in the courts. On September 4th petitions in equity were filed at Dubuque, praying for injunctions to restrain seventeen saloon-keepers of the city from maintaining and continuing nuisances in the form of saloons. The complainant is the Law and Order League. The attempt is a new phase, being a civil and criminal suit. The cases are brought under the section of the law passed last winter providing that any citizen of a county where a saloon is situated may maintain an action in equity to abate and perpetually enjoin the keeping of a place for the sale of intoxicating liquors contrary to law. The cases will be tried at the coming term of the District Court, which meets the 15th inst. It is said that petitions against twenty more saloon-keepers will be filed in a few days.

A Scene of Lawless Violence was Witnessed on Sunday, August 31st, on board an excursion barge in the bay of New York. The employés of the Empire Steam Laundry Company planned an excursion, and hired the barge and a tug to tow them to Linden Grove, S. I. There were nearly five hundred people on the barge, and just as it was about to start, fifty roughs, who infest the Ninth Ward, boarded the boat and announced their intention of going to the picnic, though they had no tickets. No sooner had the barge put off than the roughs commenced stealing liquor from the bar on board. Having emptied three kegs of beer they became violent, attacked *the keeper of the bar, and killed him*, and then commenced fighting and maltreating all on board. The fight was furious, and the roughs being madly drunk many serious injuries were inflicted. The fight continued all down the bay, and the captain, being afraid to land, turned his flag union down, and returned to New York. Efforts were made to have a platoon of police ready at the pier to arrest the rioters, but the police did not arrive until the party had dispersed, after having a free fight on the pier. The scene on the barge during the fight is described as appalling, and when it was cleared of people the decks were littered with broken plates, fragments of clothing, blood-stained sticks, and other evidences of the struggle. The employés of the laundry say it was their first Sunday picnic, and will be their last. To be confined to a barge on which a gang of men mad with liquor were fighting desperately and committing murder was an experience not likely to be forgotten. "*It was a perfect hell*," was the declaration of one of the spectators, and he was probably more nearly right than he supposed. One of the most appalling conceptions of the abode of the lost is that it implies unavoidable companionship with beings utterly abandoned (Rev. 22 : 15).

A Novel Service at the Opening of a Saloon is reported by *The Christian Woman*. A drinking and gambling saloon, splendidly fitted up, was to be opened with liberal hospitality and merriment. Several hundred people were present, and drinking, gaming, and music were at their height when a clergyman and a few friends presented themselves. The proprietor courteously received them, and granted their request to hold a short service of fifteen minutes in his new place. They sang a hymn or two, offered a short prayer, then the clergyman, lightly springing on the keno-table, said, in a clear, distinct manner: "We are praying for, and our faith claims, that this business shall not prosper; that the owner of the building shall not make any money out of the investment when the premises are used for such purposes; that the trade at the bar shall be unprofitable, and that intoxicating liquors shall not be sold; that ruin of men shall be averted, and that all parties concerned will be redeemed with an everlasting salvation, or be removed, so that good may be done, and not evil." The fifteen minutes having expired the little party retired, singing, while the saloon-keeper and his guests looked at each other in amazement. This scene occurred two months ago at Carson, Nev.

An Extensive Cave-in Near Wilkesbarre, Pa. occurred on September 5th. The Enterprise Colliery has been for some time in a dangerous condition, and on Friday morning the watchman of the mine noticed that "the roof was working," showing symptoms of coming down. He at once gave an alarm, and a few minutes afterward the roof fell and the air was expelled from underneath with terrific violence. It rushed along the works and up the shaft with the violence of an explosion. Loaded cars were hurled from the track like showers. Bracing work and ventilating doors were broken into kindling wood. Happily the men in the mine took warning and escaped before the crash came, but the mules had to be abandoned, and all of them perished. The magnitude of the cave-in is shown by the fact that *over one hundred acres* of surface was affected. A strip about three hundred yards wide by half a mile long, directly over the cave-in, sank from three to five feet. The whole of this surface is seamed with fissures and cracks from two to eight and ten inches wide. This strip is crossed by the main line of the Lehigh Valley Road, and all traffic was stopped until near noon. The rails were twisted and wrenched out of place, and the telegraph poles thrown out of perpendicular. The cave-in was caused by the pillars of coal left to support the roof having been cut away. It is strange that the miners whose lives are imperilled by a cave-in should themselves destroy the pillars supporting the roof; but miners are notoriously careless of danger, and do not think much of the consequences of their actions. The same excuse does not avail for certain philosophers who are trying to eliminate faith and religion from the structure of society, an effort which, if it could succeed, would involve general catastrophe (II Pet. 2 : 1).

PLEADING AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God: and not that he should return from his ways, and live?"—EZEKIEL 18 : 23.

"For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God: wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye."—EZEKIEL 18 : 32.

"As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?"—EZEKIEL 33 : 11.

A False Idea of God—The Conception of Him as Implacable—One of Satan's Devices—Leads to Unrestrained Sin—God's Declaration of Readiness to Pardon—As a Question—As an Assertion—By Solemn Oath—I. The Assertion—A Libel on God—His Judgments Rare—Averse to Punishment—II. No Alternative but Repentance or Death—Else there would be Injustice—The Innocent Suffer in Lawless Times—III. God has Pleasure in Men Turning—IV. His Exhortation and Argument.

SIN having a thorough possession of the human heart, intrenches itself within the soul, as one who has taken a stronghold speedily attends to the repairing of the breaches, and the strengthening of the walls, lest haply he should be dislodged. Among the most subtle devices of sin to keep the soul under its power and prevent the man's turning to God, is the slandering of the Most High by misrepresenting His character. As dust blinds the eye, so does sin prevent the sinner from seeing God aright. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God;" but the wicked only see what they think to be God, and that, alas, is an image as unlike to God as possible! They say, for instance, that God is unmerciful, whereas He delighteth in mercy. The unfaithful servant in the parable was quite sure about it, and said most positively, "I knew that thou wast an austere man;" whereas the nature of God is as opposite to overbearing and exaction as light is from darkness.

When men once get

THIS FALSE IDEA OF GOD

into their minds they become hardened in heart; believing that it is useless to turn to God, they go on in their sins with greater determination. Either they conceive that God is implacable, or that He is indifferent to human prayers, or that if He should hear them yet He is not in the least likely to grant a favorable answer. This is one of Satan's most mischievous devices to prevent repentance. As in the old times of plague they fastened up the house-door, and marked a red cross upon it, and thus the inhabitants of that dwelling were sealed unto death, even so the devil writes upon the man's door the words, "*no hope*," and then the sick soul determines to die, and refuses admission to the Physician.

No man sins more unreservedly than he who sins in desperation, believing that there is no pardon for him from God. When a man believes that there is no hope for him in the right way, he determines that he will get what he can out of the wrong way; and if he cannot please God, he will, at least, please himself. If he must go to hell, he will be as merry as he can on the road, and, as he puts it, he will "die game." All this comes of a mistaken view of God. He is a God ready to pardon, and by no means hard to be moved to forgiveness; why do men stand off from confessing their wrong, and finding mercy? He is not a God who taketh pleasure in the miseries of men; why do they think so ill of Him? His ear is not dull to the cry of sorrow, His heart is not slow to compassionate distress; on the contrary, He waiteth to be gracious, "His mercy endureth forever." He delighteth in mercy; why will men run from Him? Part of our business as ministers of Christ is to bear witness to the lovingkindness of the Lord against the falsehood with which sin dishonors His goodness. I desire to do so this morning, and to do it in right down earnest, in the hope that those of you

who are convinced of sin may this day be able to rest in the mercy of God—even that exceeding mercy which He has revealed in Jesus Christ, His Son.

I have been very much struck with several letters which I have this week received from deeply-wounded souls. God is at work among us with the sword of conviction. I have felt a great degree of joy in receiving these letters; painful as they are to their writers, they are very hopeful to me. I am sorry that any persons should be near despair, and should continue in that condition; but anything is better than indifference. I am not sorry to see

SOULS SHUT UP

in the prison of the law, for I hope they will soon come out of the prison-house into the full liberty of faith in Christ.

I can see in several who have written to me that their main idea is erroneous; that they have fallen into a wrong notion about God; they do not conceive of Him as the good and gracious God which He really is. This error I am eager to correct. Listen to me, ye mourners. I desire to tell you nothing but sober truth. God forbid that I should misrepresent God for your comfort! Job asked his friends, "Will ye talk deceitfully for God?" and my answer to that question is, "Never." I would not utter what I believed to be falsehood concerning the Lord, even though the evil one offered me the bait of saving all mankind thereby. I have noticed in certain revival meetings a wretched lowering of the truth upon many points in order to afford encouragement to men; but all such sophistry ends in utter failure. Comfort based upon the suppression of truth is worse than useless. Lasting consolation must come to sinners from the sure truth of God, or else in the day when they most want it their hopes will depart from them, as the giving up of the ghost. I will therefore speak to you the truth in its simplicity concerning the blessed God, whose servant I am.

Notice, that in each one of my texts the Lord declares that He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but in each following passage

THE STATEMENT

is stronger. The Lord puts it first as a matter of *question*. As if He were surprised that such a thing should be laid to His door, He appeals to man's own reason, and asks, "Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God; and not that he should return from his ways, and live?" Oh, souls, can you really think that God desires your damnation? Can you be so demented as soberly to believe such a calumny? Will such a theory hold water for a single minute? After all the goodness of God to multitudes of rebellious men, can you allow such a dark thought to linger near your mind, that God can have pleasure in men's being sinners, and ultimately destroying themselves by their iniquities? Your own commonsense must teach you that the good God is grieved to see men sin, that He would be glad to see men of a better mind, and that it is sad work to Him to punish the finally obstinate and impenitent.

But then, in the next place, in our second text, God makes *a positive assertion*. Knowing the human heart, He foresaw that a question would not be enough to end this matter, for man would say, "He only asked the question, but He did not give a plain and positive statement to the contrary." He gives us that clear assurance in our second text: "I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, said the Lord God: wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye." When the Lord speaks He is to be believed, for He is God that cannot lie.

But still, as if to end forever the strange and ghastly supposition that God takes delight in human destruction, my third text seals the truth with the *solemn oath* of the Eternal. He lifts His hand to heaven, and swears; and because He can swear by no greater He swears by Himself—not by His temple, nor by His throne therein, nor by His angels, nor by anything outside of Himself; but He sweareth by His own life. Jehovah that liveth forever and ever saith, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live." The man who dares to doubt the oath of God will be guilty of an arrogant presumption which I would not like to impute to one of you.

I invite your earnest consideration of this utterance thus given in the form of a question, an assertion, and a solemn oath.

I. And I notice, first, the assertion that God finds no pleasure in a sinner's death. Really, I feel ashamed to have to answer

THE CRUEL LIBEL

which is here suggested; yet it is the English of many a man's doubts. He dares not come to God and trust Him because he darkly dreams that God is a terrible Being who does not wish to save him, who is unwilling to forgive him, unwilling to receive him into His favor. He suspects that God finds some kind of terrible delight in a soul's damnation. That cannot be. I need not disprove the falsehood. God swears to the contrary, and the falsehood vanishes like smoke. I will only bring forward certain evidence by which you who are still under the deadly influence of the falsehood may be delivered.

First, consider the great paucity of God's judgments among the sons of men. There are people who are always talking of judgments, but they are in error. If a theatre is burned down, or if a boat is upset on the Sabbath, they cry, "Behold, a judgment!" Yet churches and meeting-houses are burned, and missionaries are drowned when upon the Lord's own business. It is wrong to set down everything that happens as a judgment, for in so doing you will fall into

THE ERROR OF JOB'S FRIENDS,

and condemn the innocent. The fact is there are but few acts of divine providence to individuals which can definitely be declared to be judgments. There are such things, but they are wonderfully rare in this life, considering the way in which the Lord is daily provoked by presumption and blasphemy. If judgments for Sabbath-breaking had been commonly dealt out, this city of London would have been destroyed like Sodom and Gomorrah. But God reserveth His wrath till the day of wrath; for a while He winketh at man's obstinacy, for this is not the place of judgment, but of forbearance and hope. The fewness of visible deeds of judgment upon ungodly men in this life proves that God takes no delight in them.

And then, secondly, the length of God's long-suffering before the Day of Judgment itself comes proves how He wills not the death of men. The Lord spares many guilty men throughout three-score years and ten, bearing with their ill-manners in a way which ought to excite our loving gratitude. Youthful folly is succeeded by manhood's deliberate fault, and that, by the persistence of mature years, and yet the Lord remains patient! Some of you have rejected Christ after having heard the Gospel for many years; you have stifled your conscience when it has cried against you, and you have done despite to the Spirit of God. You have rebelled against the light, and have committed greater and yet greater sin, but God has not cut you down. If He had found pleasure in your death, would He have suffered you to live so long?

Furthermore, remember the perfection of the character of God as the moral Ruler of the Universe. He is the Judge of all, and He must do right. Now, if a judge upon the bench were known to take delight in the punishment of offenders, he ought to be removed at once, for it would be clear that he was thoroughly unfit for his office. A man who would take pleasure in hanging, or imprisoning, would be of the foul breed of Judge Jeffreys, and other monsters, from whom I trust our bench is forever purged. But if I heard it said that a judge never pronounced the sentence of death without tears, that when he came home from the court, and remembered that some had been banished for life by the sentences which he had been bound to deliver, he sat in a moody, unhappy state all the evening, I should say, "Yes, that is the kind of person to be a judge."

AVERSION TO PUNISHMENT

is necessary to justice in a judge. Such an one is God, who taketh no pleasure either in sin, or in the punishment which is the consequence of sin; He hates both sin and its consequence, and only comes at last to heavy blows with men when everything else has failed. When the sinner must be condemned, or else the foundations of society would be out of course, then He delivers the terrible sentence, but even then it is with unfeigned reluctance, and He cries, "How can I give thee up?" The Great Judge of all seems to descend from the glory of His judgment-seat, and show His more familiar face to you in the text, as in effect He cries, "I have judged, and I have condemned, and I have punished; but, as I live, I find no pleasure in all this, my pleasure comes when men turn unto me and live."

If any further thoughts were necessary to correct your misbelief, I would mention the graciousness of His work in saving those who turn from their evil ways. The care which the Most High has taken to produce repentance, the alacrity with which He accepts it, and the abounding love manifested to returning prodigals, are all evidences indisputable that God finds no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but in their salvation. To prevent the death of the wicked the Lord devised a plan of salvation before all worlds; and those who

ACCEPT THAT PLAN

find that the Lord has provided for them a Substitute in the person of His own dear Son, who is indeed His own self; and that in His person God Himself has borne the penalty due to sin, that thus the law might be solemnly honored, and the divine justice vindicated. God has proved Himself in multitudes of ways to be not the Destroyer, but the Preserver of men. "He that is our God is the God of salvation." "Salvation belongeth unto the Lord."

Thus would I try to vindicate the ways of God to men. When men are to be tried for their lives, if their friends are able to do so, they come to them in prison, and say, "It is a very hopeful thing for you that it is not Judge So-and-So, who is terribly severe; you are to be tried before the kindest man on the bench." Many a prisoner has plucked up courage at such news; and oh, poor sinner, you who dare not trust God, let me chide you into hope by reminding you that Love sits embodied on the throne of judgment this day; and that He who must and will condemn you, if you turn not from your sins, nevertheless will find no pleasure in that condemnation, but will be loath to make bare the axe of execution. Will you not turn to Him and live? Do not His compassions beckon you to make a full surrender, and find grace in His sight?

II. But now, secondly, God finds

NO ALEERNATIVE

but that men must turn from their wicked ways, or die. "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live." It is one or the other: turn or burn. God, with all His love to men, cannot discover any third course: men cannot keep their sins and yet be saved. The sin must die or the sinner must die.

Be it known to you, first, that when God proclaims mercy to men upon this condition, that they turn from their ways, this proclamation is issued out of pure grace. As a matter of bare right, repentance does not bring mercy with it. Does a murderer receive pardon because he regrets his deed? Does a thief escape from prison because at last he comes to be sorry that he was not honest? Repentance makes no available amends for the evil which is done; the evil still remains, and the punishment must be executed. It is of grace, then, that I am

permitted to say, "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways." It is because at the back of it there is a great sacrifice; it is through an all-sufficient atonement that repentance becomes acceptable.

Note, next, that if there be no repentance men must be punished, for on any other theory there is an end of moral government. The worst thing that could happen to a world of men would be for God to say, "I retract my law; I will neither reward virtue, nor punish iniquity; do as you like." Then the earth would be a hell indeed. The greatest enemy to civil government among men is the man who preaches universal salvation—salvation apart from a change of heart and life. Such teachers are a danger to national order, they remove the foundation of the commonwealth. They practically say, "Do just as you like; it may make a slight difference to you for a little while, but it will soon be over, and villains and saints will share an equal heaven." Such talk is damnable! I can say no less.

Yes, my hearers, sin must be punished; you must turn from it or die, because

SIN IS ITS OWN PUNISHMENT.

When we talk to you of the fire that never can be quenched, and the worm that dieth not, we are supposed to mean those literal things; but indeed these are figures—figures representing something more terrible than themselves; the fire is the burning of a furious rebellion in the soul, and the worm is the torture of a never-dying conscience. Sin is hell. Within the bowels of disobedience there lieth a world of misery. God has so constituted us, and rightly so, that we cannot long be evil and happy; we must, if we go wrong, ultimately become wretched; and the more wrong we are, and the longer we continue in that wrong, the more assuredly are we heaping up sorrow for ourselves throughout eternity.

I believe that every man's conscience bears witness to this if it be at all honest. There are consciences of a very curious kind about at this time—abortions, and not true consciences at all. I find men deliberately acting upon crooked policy, and yet they talk of truth and holiness. Yet every conscience that is not drunken with the mixed wine of pride and unbelief, will tell a man that when he does evil he cannot expect to be approved; that if he neglects to do good he cannot expect to have the same reward as if he had done the good—that, in fact, there must be, in the nature of things, a penalty attached to crime. Do you hear this? Oh, that you would let it sink into your heart, and work repentance in you!

III. This leads me on to the third point, which is a joyful one: God finds

PLEASURE IN MEN'S TURNING

from sin. Read the passage again: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live." Among the highest of the divine joys is the pleasure of seeing a sinner turn from evil. God delights in those first thoughts which men have toward Himself, when being careless heretofore they on a sudden begin to reflect upon their ways, and consider their condition before God. When yet the good work is only in the twilight, God is as pleased with it as watchmen are pleased with the first beams of morning light, ay, He is more glad than they that watch for the morning. When at last you come to prayer, and begin to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," God is well pleased; for here He sees clear signs that you are coming to yourself and to Him. His Spirit saith, "Behold, he prayeth!" and He takes this as a token for good. When you unfeignedly forsake sin God sees you do it, and He is so glad that His holy angels spy out His joy.

I am sure that God watches the struggles of those who endeavor to escape from old habits and evil ways. When you try to conquer vile thoughts, when at the end of the day you sit down and cry over the day's failures because you did not get as well through the day as you hoped to do, the Lord observes your desires and your lamentations. Just as a mother tenderly watches her child when it begins to walk, and smiles as she sees it toddling from chair to chair, and puts out her finger to help it, so doth God take pleasure in your early attempts after holiness, your longings to overcome sin, your sighings and cryings to be delivered from the bondage of corruption. God saith, "I taught Ephraim to go, taking them by their arms," and in the same way He is teaching you.

I will tell you what pleases Him most of all, and that is when you come to His dear Son, and say, "Lord, something tells me that there is no hope for me, but I do not believe that voice. I read in thy word that Thou wilt cast out none that come unto Thee, and lo, I come! I am the biggest sinner that ever did come, but, Lord, I believe thy promise; I am as unworthy as the devil himself, but, Lord, Thou dost not ask for worthiness, but only for childlike confidence. Cast me not away—I rest in Thee."

IV. Lastly, since He hath pleasure in men's turning to Him, God therefore exhorts to it, and adds

AN ARGUMENT.

"Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" He perceives His poor creature standing with his back to Him, looking to idols, looking to sinful pleasures, looking toward the city of destruction, and what does God say to him? He says, "Turn!" It is a very plain direction; is it not? "Turn," or "Right about face!" That is all. "I thought," saith one, "I was to feel so much anguish and so much agony." I should not wonder if you do feel it, but all that God says is, "Turn." You now face the wrong way; "Turn," and face the right way. That turning is true repentance. *A changed life is of the essence of repentance;* and that must spring from a changed heart, from a changed desire, from a changed will. God saith, "Turn ye." Oh, that you would hear and obey!

Notice how He puts it in the present tense—"Turn ye, turn ye," not to-morrow, but now. Nobody will be saved to-morrow; all who are saved, are saved to-day. "Now is the accepted time." "Turn ye." Oh, by the infinite mercy of God, who will enable you to turn, I do pray you to turn from every evil, from every self-confidence, unto God. No turning but turning to God is worth having. If the Lord turn you, you will turn to Himself, and to confidence alone in Him, and to His service and His fear.

"Turn ye, turn ye." See, the Lord puts it twice. He must mean your good by these repeated directions. Suppose my man-servant was crossing yonder river, and I saw that he would soon be out of his depth, and so in great danger; suppose I cried out to him, "Stop! stop! If you go another inch you will be drowned. Turn back!

TURN BACK!"

Will anybody dare to say, "Mr. Spurgeon would feel pleasure if that man were drowned"? *It would be a cruel cut.* What a liar the man must be who would hint such a thing when I am urging my servant to turn and save his life! Would God plead with us to escape unless He honestly desired that we should escape? I trow not. Every sinner may be sure that God takes no pleasure in his death when He pleads with him in these unrivalled words, "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?"

Then He finishes up with asking men to find a reason why they should die. There ought to be a weighty reason to induce a man to die. "Why will ye die?" This is an unanswerable question in reference to death eternal. Is there anything to be desired in eternal destruction from the presence of the Lord, and the glory of His power? Can there be any gain in losing your own soul? Can there be any profit in going away into everlasting punishment? Can there possibly be anything to be wished for and desired in being cast into hell, where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched? Oh souls, be not unreasonable! Do not neglect this great salvation. It must be the most awful thing in all the world to die in your sins; why do you choose it? Do you desire shipwreck? Why hug that rocky shore, and tempt destruction? Will you eat the poisoned dainties of sin because they are sugared with a little present pleasure? In the end, the gall of bitterness will fill your bowels.

Oh, that you would trust in the Lord Jesus! Repose in Him and in His finished work, and all is well. Did I hear you say, "I will pray about it"? Better

TRUST AT ONCE.

Pray as much as you like after you have trusted, but what is the good of unbelieving prayers? "I will talk with a godly man after the service." I charge you first trust in Jesus. Go home alone, trusting in Jesus. "I should like to go into the inquiry-room." I dare say you would, but we are not willing to pander to popular superstition. We fear that in those rooms men are warmed into a fictitious confidence. Very few of the supposed converts of inquiry-rooms turn out well. Go to your God at once, even where you now are. Cast yourself on Christ, now, at once; ere you stir an inch! In God's name I charge you, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, for "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

(*See portrait on page* 588.)

THE arrival in New York last week of this eminent clergyman, *whose portrait appears on the next page,* is not like the advent of a stranger. Mr. Hall has made several visits before this to the United States, and holds a high place in the respect and esteem of his Christian brethren here. He was *born* at Maidstone, England, on May 22d, 1816. His early education was received at Totteridge School, but having been early converted to Christ, he decided, with the approval of his parents, to devote himself to the ministry of the Congregational denomination, and therefore entered Highbury College for the appropriate training.

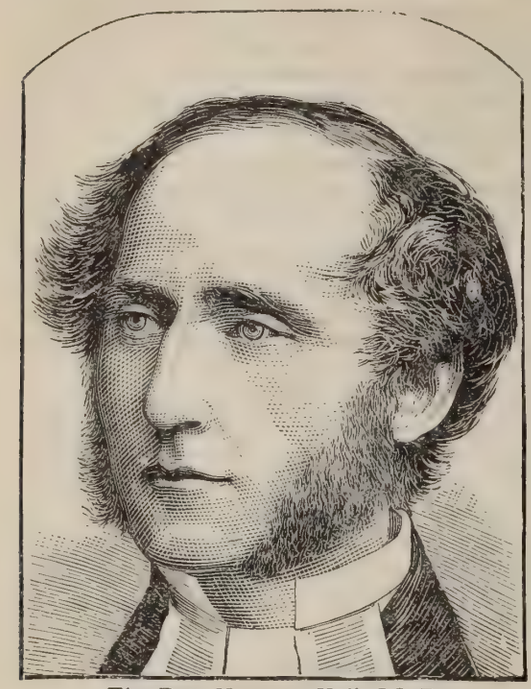
His college career was brilliant, and terminated in his taking the B. A. degree at the London University. Thirteen years later, and when he was one of the most busy and popular men in London, he took the higher degree of LL.B., and won a valuable law scholarship at the same time.

In the year 1842 he was called to the important pastorate of Albion Congregational Chapel, Hull, as his first ministerial appointment. His career there was eminently successful, but it had painful associations for him. He became acquainted at Hull with a lady whom he married. The marriage proved an unhappy one, and ultimately the lady sinned so deeply that Mr. Hall, finding her incorrigible, and having scriptural sanction for his course, procured a divorce from her.

After twelve years of successful ministration at Hull, he removed to London in 1854, where he occupied the pulpit of Surrey Chapel, a building famous throughout the world as the centre of the evangelistic and pastoral labors of the Rev. Rowland Hill. For twenty-one years Mr. Hall labored so assiduously that Surrey Chapel became the focus of Gospel and philanthropic work, which extended its beneficent operations over a large and populous district of the British metropolis.

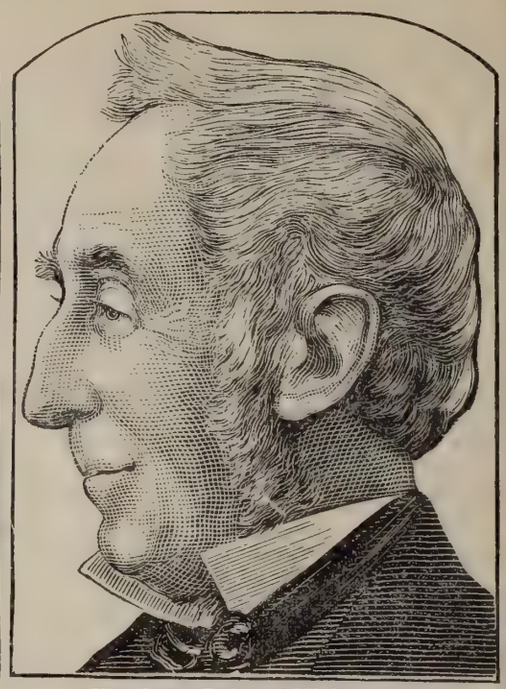
He has made two extensive tours in the United States. On both occasions he was well received, and on the latter of the two visits, when in Washington, he was invited to open the business of Congress with prayer. He also preached before the House of Representatives, and the next day he delivered an address on "International Relations," when President Grant and many members of both Houses of Congress were present.

Christ Church, the name by which Mr. Hall preferred to designate the cathedral-like edifice in which he preaches, was opened on July 4th,



The Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.
Now visiting America.

The Late Senator Anthony.
Died Sept. 2, 1884.



The Late Duke of Wellington,
Son of the Waterloo Victor.

1876. It is a magnificent structure, and will hold three thousand persons. The total cost, including lecture-hall, schools, and site, was $310,000. The service is that of the Episcopal Church, with some slight modifications.

Mr. Hall, who is a most eloquent evangelical preacher, has acquired some fame as a writer of devotional treatises, one of which, entitled "*Come to Jesus*," has reached a circulation of *upward of three millions*, and has been translated into more than twenty foreign languages.

Mr. Hall is a firm believer in the doctrine of our Lord's personal reign on the earth, and he is among those who are looking for His Coming as an event near at hand. *An article on the subject from his pen is printed on page* 582.

THE LATE SENATOR ANTHONY.

(*See Portrait on this page.*)

Henry B. Anthony, the "father" of the United States Senate, died at his home in Providence, R. I., on September 2d. Senator Anthony had been in failing health for a long time. Several years ago he was unfortunate enough to be afflicted with blood poisoning, caused by partaking at Baltimore of partridges which had fed on the poisonous berries of the kalmia, or American laurel. This brought on a severe illness, and the evil effects lingered long in his system. He often complained, in fact, that he never made a thorough recovery. For the past few days, however, he had been unusually well, and his death was sudden and unexpected.

Henry Bowen Anthony was born at Coventry, R. I., on April 1st, 1815; he was, therefore, in his seventieth year when he died. He commenced public life as a newspaper man. He first became favorably known to his fellow-citizens as the editor of the Providence *Journal*.

In 1849 he received the nomination for Governor, and was elected. At the end of his term he was again nominated and elected, and the nomination was pressed upon him for a third term. This, however, he felt it his duty to decline. But his fellow-citizens had no intention of allowing him to retire into private life or to return to editorial labor. He was chosen to succeed Philip Allen, the Democratic Senator from the State, and took his seat in 1859. Since that time he has been regularly re-elected In 1864, in 1870, in 1876, and again in 1882 he received the honor of re-election. Twice he occupied the honorable position of President, *pro tempore*, of the Senate, and but for the fact that not being at the close of the Forty-seventh Congress technically a Senator, his term having expired, he would have been then elected to the position. When, however, he had taken the oath and his seat, Senator Edmunds resigned, and on January 13th he was again elected President, *pro tem.* He felt, however, that his ill health would prevent his fulfilment of the duties of the position, and Senator Edmunds was re-elected, that being the first time in its history that the Senate elected two Presidents in half an hour.

Senator Anthony was a tall man, of dignified carriage, with ruddy face and luxuriant white whiskers. He was popular with both parties, though always voting steadily with the Republicans. He spoke rarely, but when he did, especially during the exciting times of 1860-61, his words were uniformly in the interest of peace and a pacific settlement of pending questions. He was careful to express his convictions clearly and forcibly; but when he had to speak of his opponents, or to give utterance to sentiments which must give pain to some of his hearers, he endeavored, with the instinct of a true gentleman, to give as little pain as possible. So few people have that disposition that it is right that the memory of one who had, should be honored on that account.

THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(*See Portrait on this page.*)

This nobleman was the elder of the two sons of the Duke of Wellington, who vanquished Napoleon at Waterloo. He died suddenly, while waiting at a railroad depot for his train, on August 13th last. He was born on February 3d, 1807, eight years before the famous battle. At that time his father was plain Sir Arthur Wellesley. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and entered the army, where he rose, by favor, not by merit, to the rank of Lieutenant-General. On the death of his father, in 1852, he succeeded to the hero's titles, pensions, estates, and his seat in the House of Lords. But his career was undistinguished; he was an inconspicuous figure in politics, and, in spite of his great place and name, exercised no influence on public affairs.

As the portrait accompanying this sketch shows, he inherited some of the characteristics of his father's countenance. The great Roman nose is notably there, and the same forehead; but when we look for the Iron Duke's square, massive jaw, we see instead, in the son, a weak, indecisive, receding chin, expressive of effeminacy of character. That feature exactly indicated the Duke's nature. He had none of his father's ability, vigor, and firmness. He was a nonentity, and all that can be said in his favor is that he did not disgrace the name which Europe honored. Even that merit is something in an age when great names are dragged in the mud by degenerate sons.

The agitation against the House of Lords now in progress in England is a reasonable one, and the recently deceased Duke of Wellington was a conspicuous illustration of the anomalies against which the agitation is directed. Under our more enlightened system we do not give the members of the Upper House of our Legislature a longer term than six years; but in England they are not only chosen for life, but their seats *descend of right to their heirs*. Thus, as in the case of the great Duke of Wellington, there is always the risk of a distinguished statesman passing on the rights he won by his splendid abilities to a son utterly unfit to use them. Under such a system the private and personal evil that oppressed the spirit of Coheleth becomes a national evil, and the nation has reason to lament that a legislator in the House of Lords leaves his right to make laws for the people "to the man that shall be after him. And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? Yet shall he have rule" (Eccles. 2 : 18, 19).

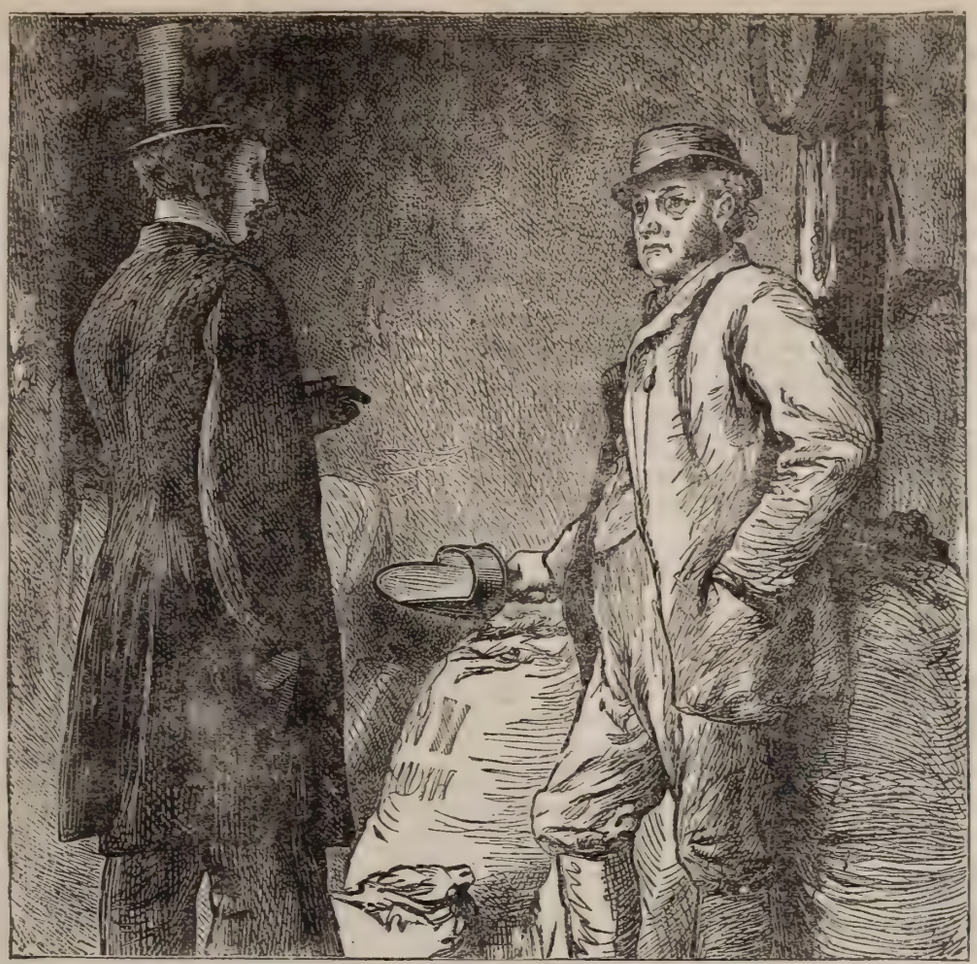
MR. LYON'S VISIT TO THE MILLER.

(*See Illustration on page* 589.)

"Look there, sir," said Deacon Fletcher to the young clergyman who was walking by his side to the church, on the Sunday morning which commenced his pastorate, "I call that a disgrace and an outrage in a Christian community." The deacon pointed to a large mill which, in spite of the sacred day, was in full swing. The Rev. Timothy Lyon looked at the offending mill with an expression of surprise, and asked who was its owner.

"His name is Robert Weston, and he is one of the richest men in the county," said the deacon. "He has no need to keep his mill going on Sunday nor, for the matter of that, on any other day. He has plenty of money, and he has only one son. He came here as a laborer, and worked in this very mill. The owner then was a good Christian man, but he had no capacity for business. Everything went wrong with him, and he lost money every year. He always sold at the wrong time, and a rising market always found him with no stock and a

falling market with the place crammed to the roof. He never ought to have been in business. He was too fond of books. He had a fine library, with some very rare and old volumes that he was always studying. He was a high Calvinist, and sometimes when he and the minister got into discussion he would talk by the hour, and then you could see how he had studied and read. But that did not help him in the mill, and he got poorer every year, until at last the mill was sold, and all the library and everything, and the poor fellow died of a broken heart. Weston got some one to buy the mill who made him manager, with a part interest in the business, and in a few years he managed so well for himself that he owned the whole place. He is a coarse, irreligious fellow, and he said that praying and preaching had ruined the old mill once, so he meant to have none of it. He commenced by running the mill every day of the week, and he works now, as he did at first, whenever the mill is going. As I say, he has made a pile of money, and it often puzzles me. Providence seems to favor him in the very place where a good man was bankrupt."



"That is a strange notion to me, Mr. Lyon. What do you mean?"

"I do not see anything mysterious in it," said the minister. "Christ never promised prosperity to His followers. Indeed, He distinctly warned those who came to Him that in this world they would have tribulation. We often speak vaguely of Providence, and when we come to sift our ideas about it to the bottom, we find that it is a hazy idea that God will save a good man from the consequences of folly. But it is a mistake. A man who does a foolish thing in business or who neglects his business must suffer, whether he be a good or a bad man. The probabilities of business success are all in favor of the irreligious man, because he makes success his object in life, and works for it with no other thought. That kind of work generally succeeds; but a godly man does not make money his principal object, and therefore it often happens that he is distanced in the race for wealth. But his life is not a failure. At its close he enters on an inheritance which he esteems better than wealth. He gains his object, and a man who does that does not fail."

"That's so," assented the deacon; "but Weston's success does harm. Young men see it and say that's the way to get on. I wish we could stop this open defiance of God's law."

"I will call on Weston to-morrow,' said the minister, quietly, "and hear what he has to say."

"You!" the deacon exclaimed, with wide-open eyes. "You don't know him, Mr. Lyon. He'll swear at you, and he has threatened to set his dog on any man who goes to talk religion to him."

"Oh," said Mr. Lyon, smiling, "I'm not afraid! These men are not so terrible as they seem. I shall not be hurt."

The next day Mr. Lyon quietly strolled into the mill, and with easy self-possession shook hands with the miller. He said he was the new minister at the church over there—a new-comer into the county, and being a sociable man liked to know the people. It seemed a remarkably well-managed mill, and he would like to look over it and know the miller and his family. It would have amazed Deacon Fletcher to have seen how well the miller received the young minister and showed him around, answering his sensible questions fully. The minister went all over the mill, and Weston talked glibly about the improvements he had made and his plans. Finally, he invited Mr. Lyon into his house to see his wife and stay supper. After which, the miller having occasion to go again to the mill, Mr. Lyon accompanied him. They were about to part in the lower room when Weston said:

"I am glad to see you, sir. I have enjoyed your visit. You have more sense than your cloth generally has. I would ask you to come again, only I expect you won't like to come when you hear what your church people say about me."

"I have heard all that, Mr. Weston," said Mr. Lyon, smiling, "but I will come again as you invite me. There is no compulsion on you to be a religious man, you know, because you know a minister. We clergymen are commissioned to offer men the greatest and best treasure in life, but they are free to refuse it if they are so minded. There need be no quarrel on that account."

"That is an independent way of putting it," said the miller. "Clergymen generally threaten men like me with hell fire."

"No, we do not threaten. It is our duty to tell them that rejecting God's offer involves that. That is kindness, Mr. Weston. If I saw that you had left a kerosene can where it might explode and set fire to your mill I should run to your house and tell you of it, and I'm sure you would thank me. You would not abuse me for looking after your interest. I see a time coming when you will wish you had accepted God's offer of eternal happiness, when you will be indescribably wretched, and my business is to tell you of it and show you the way to happiness. You do not blame me for that, do you?"

"That's a strange notion to me, Mr. Lyon," said the miller. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you must die and leave all this, and after death God will judge you. I want to show you how the punishment you deserve has been already suffered by One who loves you, and that you may escape if you will only believe it."

"Well, that is the strangest idea of religion I ever heard," said Weston. "I'll come and hear you preach. I am not a happy man in spite of my success. I should like to know more about this. I'll shut up the mill next Sunday and come to your church."

But the miller did not come. His day of grace was past. Two days after Mr. Lyon's visit he lay, crushed beyond all recognition, under the wheels of one of his own wagons, where he had stumbled and fallen, and the heavy wheels had ground his life out of him. He had gone to the judgment-seat of Him who calls all men to account for the deeds done in the body.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 575.*)

An Avowal.

BEFORE long, Annie had recovered her composure, and sat, feeling very much subdued, on the settle in the lodge, while her husband and Robert Waldron waited for her complete recovery.

"I was going to see Miss Waldron," repeated Annie, at last, as soon as she could command her voice.

"But in these rags!" said Grant; "my dear Annie, do control yourself, and satisfy me that you are in a sound mind."

"You will never believe me," cried Annie, all her indignation reviving; "but she positively sent these old things this morning as a gift to Hester Morley."

"Hester Morley!" echoed Grant, while Robert's face grew dark.

"Hester!" he said; "I can scarcely believe what you say. Why, Hester is to be my wife, if I can win her by any means; and you tell me these things were sent to her by my sister!"

"Your wife!" exclaimed Annie.

"Yes," he answered, curbing a little his passion. "You know her, both of you; what is there to surprise you in the fact that I love her?"

"Oh, nothing!" they both answered in one breath; and then all three were silent, none of them looking at the others. Annie was quite calm now, and ready to submit to any of her husband's directions. He said, gravely, she must give up her intended visit to Miss Waldron, and that she could wait where she was, while he fetched her one of her own hats and cloaks.

Robert stayed behind with her, but Annie did not enter into conversation with him; and he felt embarrassed by her silence. Very few words passed between them before Grant's return, but he shook hands heartily with her before she left.

"I like you, and I thank you very much for what you had intended to do," he said, and he turned his steps homeward, while Grant accompanied Annie back safely to her own house.

Carl listened in silence to the story of Annie's escapade, but it touched and made to vibrate painfully many cords in his nature. His friend Miss Waldron had been gradually losing some of the brightness of the halo with which she had crowned herself; but this impertinence toward Hester appeared to show him the shallowness of her heart. Those who demand little homage for themselves, require the whole world to acknowledge the superiority of those they love. He was too deeply wounded by her conduct to speak of it, even to his sister, but he could ask a question about Hester.

"Are they so very poor, then?" he said.

"So poor," answered Annie, "that she asked Miss Waldron and me if we could give her any work to do."

"Yet Hester has just taken in a poor woman," observed Grant, "and fitted up a little out-building at the back of the house for her. She asked me to go to see her yesterday. A poor creature. I found her almost frightened to death by some London fellow, who told her her lungs were almost gone. I don't believe it. I dare say it is she who wants the sewing, for she must live."

"But why should not Hester tell us so?" asked Annie.

"There is some mystery about it," he replied; "the woman has evidently been an educated woman. I asked her age particularly, and she said she was thirty-four. She seemed oppressed by a peculiar kind of fear which I could not account for. I have my suspicions."

"What are they?" asked Carl, looking up eagerly.

Grant leaned over the table toward him, and lowered his voice to a whisper which would have been inaudible to the keenest ear outside the room.

"That this woman is no other than John Morley's lost wife," he said. "Mark you, it is no more than a suspicion, and it must be sacred with us. But if it be so—"

"Then God bless and help Hester!" cried Carl, rising suddenly, and making his escape to his study.

Miss Waldron heard no more of her gift to Hester. By one common consent, arrived at by different processes, all those who had become acquainted with the circumstance permitted it to drop into apparent oblivion. Hester knew nothing of Annie's plan of revenge which had been prematurely nipped; and as she never mentioned Miss Waldron's present again, Annie did not care to speak of it. She could not but acknowledge that her husband and Carl were right when they said that the whole thing must be suffered to pass, and that it would be dangerous to make an enemy of Miss Waldron. But she was glad Robert knew—exceedingly glad. She had no doubt it would come out some day or other from his lips, and cover his sister with confusion. In the mean time it was very difficult to maintain a pleasant and cordial demeanor toward her, when she came to see Carl so often.

This action of Miss Waldron had thrown difficulties into the paths of all. To Hester it made it a far from easy task to go to Aston Court, as she felt herself compelled to, in order to finish the business arrangements with Mr. Waldron, who had insisted upon advancing a sum of £500 instead of £200, which would set John Morley clear from his liabilities for about twelve months to come. Robert, on his part, found it so hard to keep this secret, and restrain his wrath, that he was not sorry when some pressing business demanded his presence in London; though it prevented him seeing Hester upon her rare visits to his father.

But for Carl the difficulty was tenfold. He had now been pastor of the church at Little Aston for more than six months, and Miss Waldron began to be impatient at the slowness of his comprehension with respect to the marks of preference she showered upon him. She had become at last aware of a growing coldness in Annie Grant's manner, which was at once unaccountable and unpardonable, seeing that both Grant and Carl were under the patronage of her family. She could not brook any caprices in her inferiors, but it was necessary to overlook those of Annie Grant, on account of Carl, whose study she could not invade if she had any serious disagreement with his sister. Her attachment for the young, handsome, and eloquent minister was growing into a folly, for the sake of which she was ready to sacrifice any pique, or endure any coolness from Annie. She fostered a hope, gathering strength every day, that Carl would at length take courage to woo the wealthy and eminent daughter of his patron.

On his part, Carl, without Annie's aid, perhaps, would have been no slower than any other young man to understand her tokens of preference; but they were no pleasure to him. How to act he did not know. He was most anxious to put an end to them; but he did not at all see how it could be done. His delicate reverence for womanhood, and his dignified sense of duty as a pastor, imposed upon him the task of setting her to rights as soon as possible. He felt that their present intercourse hampered and fettered him in many of his duties; and he waited with impatience some opportunity for gently and considerately dispelling her illusion. The opportunity arrived at last.

"You regard me as a sister, Carl," she said to him one evening as they crossed the park together in the dusk, after she had stayed so long at Grant's house as to be afraid to return home alone. She had of late relinquished her strong-mindedness.

'Certainly," answered Carl, somewhat absently.

"Then you ought to tell me of my faults," she said, plaintively; "I know I have so many faults, and by this time you must have discovered them. Poor dear Mr. Watson used to say he could not see any; but you have keener sight than he had, Carl."

She dropped her eyes, and half turned away her face, lest Carl's keen sight should read her thoughts too plainly.

"How I would conquer any fault you pointed out!" she continued, with effusion. "Oh, this would be true friendship! I should like you to tell me *all* you think of me. Could you not tell me all you think of me, dear Carl?"

"I am afraid I should offend you," said Carl, in a low voice, the tone of which she misunderstood.

"Oh, no, you could not offend me," she replied; "it would be impossible! O Carl, you don't know how I should love the truth from your lips. Sometimes while you are preaching I wonder if anybody can attain to the standard you set before us. Do you know anybody who is even striving after it, Carl?"

"Yes, one," he answered.

"And who is that one?" she asked, with a beating heart; "is it yourself, dear Carl?"

"Not even myself," he said, gravely; "I think my standard is simply this: 'If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.' I dare not say that I have attained to this forgetfulness of self, this daily cross."

"But who, then, is the one that does?" demanded Miss Waldron.

"Hester Morley," answered Carl, with a secret exultation and great gladness of spirit.

Miss Waldron felt herself pierced through with this poignant shaft. She half withdrew her hand from Carl's arm; but he, with an involuntary sympathy for the pain he had inflicted, pressed it closer to his side; and with a fresh hope she laid it again more firmly and heavily upon its resting-place.

"I can tell you," he said, rapidly, "what I can say to no one else, with what delight I have watched Hester. She is more than what I once dreamed of women in my college days. My dreams were poor and vague. I did not know then what a woman's heart is."

"And you love her?" murmured Miss Waldron.

"Yes," he answered, lifting his hat from his head, with an instinctive gesture of reverence, "I love Hester as I love all that is good and true and lovely. I should be blind and foolish if I could do otherwise."

"And you have proposed to her!" she exclaimed. "You are engaged to her?"

"No," he replied; "I do not know that I shall ever tell her that I love her. She has another suitor, far above me, who has perhaps won her love. If Hester is not tempted by your brother's riches, I shall ask her to share my poverty."

"My brother!" ejaculated Miss Waldron.

"Yes," he said; "you told me yourself that he met her clandestinely. I know that he formed an attachment for her many months ago."

"Do you suppose that Robert Waldron, of Aston Court, could ever marry John Morley's daughter?" she asked, bitterly.

Carl did not answer, and she walked beside him for some minutes in silence, striving to keep down the passion which would fain have found vent. She could not conceal from herself the reason of this confidence reposed in her before he had owned his love to Hester herself. He had detected the sentiments which she had cherished for him. He, the unknown, penniless, friendless student, chosen by herself put into his pulpit by her hand, had discovered that she loved him—and rejected her! She knew very well that she had not attempted to hide her affection for him; but her mortification was none the less bitter.

"I do not ask you to keep my secret," said Carl, gently. "I do not know that I wish it to be a secret. If it were not that I have promised to leave Hester unbiassed; if my honor was not pledged to do so, I should have asked John Morley for his daughter before this. Not that we could marry at present; we are both young. But that I might have the right to help her, that we might help each other, to bear the sorrows of life."

His voice, which had been calm at first, faltered as he uttered the last sentence, and fell into such a tone of tenderness that Miss Waldron felt as if she could not bear to hear him speak another word.

"You have taken me a little by surprise," she said; "yet now I come to think of it, nothing could be more natural. You recollect I predicted something like this. Hester is of your own age, and your own rank in life; you could not look much higher. She is the only girl in our congregation who is your equal by birth and education; the others, no doubt, are somewhat beneath you. I wish, for your sake, that John Morley was not so greatly involved in difficulties."

"I know they are poor," said Carl.

"Worse than that," continued Miss Waldron. "After your confidence, I feel justified in telling you all I know. John Morley is in imminent danger of bankruptcy and disgrace. In fact, but for my father he would have been a bankrupt already."

It was Carl's turn to feel a painful contraction of the heart. If John Morley had surrendered his ancient resentment so far as to suffer himself to be saved from bankruptcy by the Waldrons, could it be anything but a sign of what must be in the end?

"Miss Waldron," he said, after a long pause, "I do not suppose I shall ever tell Hester of my love. It seems to me as if she will never belong to me. But I shall never love any other woman as I love her. If John Morley were

branded for the vilest of crimes in the face of the whole world, she would still be the woman I love."

"It is an infatuation!" muttered Miss Waldron, between her teeth.

"Perhaps so," he answered, calmly; "but it is an infatuation sweeter than any pleasure I ever tasted."

"You are not the devoted servant of God I thought you," she said, austerely.

"I trust I am His servant," replied Carl, with increasing calmness; "and I hope that every day will find me more devoted to His service. But He does not require me to be b'ind. If He should give Hester to me, I will take her as His truly precious gift. But if not, what else can I do but submit myself to His will?"

Miss Waldron did not answer, but she withdrew her hand finally from his arm. Carl understood the significant action, and felt sorry for it; but he fancied that her good sense, if not her religion, could at least restore peace between them in the course of a few days. It was most desirable that he should continue to be on friendly terms with the most influential woman belonging to his church. He believed firmly in her goodness still, though he had sounded the shallowness of her mind; and it did not occur to him that she might nurse her jealousy and disappointment into revenge. In silence they completed their walk; and when Miss Waldron dismissed him coldly, without asking him to go in, he turned away a little sorrowful for her, but not in the least apprehensive for himself.

(To be continued.)

A SONG OF PRAISE.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 21, Ps. 103. Golden Text, ver. 2. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

David's Appeal Implies Purity—The Benefits to be Remembered—Physical and Spiritual—Confession Necessary to Forgiveness—Joy and Peace Produced—A Steamer Providentially Missed—Deliverance Assured—A Precious Promise.

"BLESS the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name." David must have been sure that all within him was right with God, or he could not have made such an appeal to his soul. A man living in sin could never say, "All that is within me, bless God's holy name." Who could say, "Temper, bless God's holy name; impurity, lying, self-indulgence, vanity, envy, evil-speaking, ye inhabitants of my heart, bless God's holy name?" No; David had gone to the Lord for cleansing and for keeping; the Lord had answered his prayer, and in the depth of joy which belongs to a heart right with God, he could say, "*All* that is within me, bless His holy name." He was not conscious of a thought or feeling which did not praise the Lord. David was not dwelling on his own faithfulness to God, all his joy sprang out of what God was to him, and thus he cried, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and

FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS!"

What benefits were they which demanded praise from the man's entire soul? "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." David praised his God for healing of soul and body. In Ps. 32: 1–5 he tells of his *spiritual* healing, and cannot but sing, "*Blessed* is the man whose iniquity is forgiven, whose sin is covered. *Blessed* is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile." In Ps. 30: 2 he sings of *bodily* healing, "O Lord my God, I cried, and thou hast healed me. O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave: thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit." Again and again in the Word of God we find spiritual and physical healing side by side. "And the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick; and the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity" (Isa. 33: 24). "Behold, I will bring it health and cure, and I will cure them, and will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth" (Jer. 33: 6). "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him" (James 5: 15). Before David's sins could be forgiven

HE MUST CONFESS

them. "I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sins" (Ps. 32: 5). Before he could be healed he must hearken to God and obey Him. "If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought upon the Egyptians; for I am the Lord that healeth thee" (Ex. 15: 26). David had freely confessed when he was wrong, and received conscious pardon; he had listened to the voice which called him to attention through his sickness, and now, like a bird set free, he rejoiced in the glorious consciousness of liberty, and his happy soul could not but praise God. He had no longer any anxiety about soul or body; both were in the hands of his loving, faithful God, who would not fail to do all for him. David was satisfied, not with himself, but with his God; and thus he sung His praises, not from a sense of duty, but because he could not help it; his only fear was lest he should forget any of the numberless benefits he had received and was always receiving from his God. Some people

NEVER FORGET THEIR TROUBLES;

they are always on the lookout for them; they always see them on ahead, and go more than half way to meet them, and so entertain them by anticipation, make the most of them while they last, and then tell about them so often that they grow larger, even after they are past, so that in memory they are greater and heavier than when they were present. These are the people to whom it never comes easy to praise God; to them He is a God far off.

David does not speak a word of his troubles in all this Psalm, but he speaks of God's benefits as continual things. He does not say, "Who *once* forgave me" or "*once* healed me," but "who *forgiveth all* thine iniquities, who *healeth all* thy diseases." There is a repose of joy in this Psalm; it is like a lifeboat in the midst of the waves, a fortress in the midst of a besieging host. "Who redeemeth thy life from destruction." How could David fear accident or injury; how fear pestilence or sickness? At hand was the God who redeemed him from all these things; his God was a Shield placed between him and evil. "Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies." Not one word of merit can David plead; he does not attempt it, but he sees himself crowned, loaded with lovingkindness and tender mercies. Was he better off than others? Some might think that Saul, the chosen of the nation, the handsome man of stature, was crowned with mercy and lovingkindness more than David, whose life was full of such vicissitudes. But David's eyes were open to see the loving hand of his God; and while Saul was full of complaints, David saw lovingkindness and mercy all around him, so that he could say, "*All* the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies" (Ps. 25: 10). Whatever we take from the hand of God He makes blessed to us; the same hand which made five loaves and two fishes food enough for five thousand men can also change the most trying and impossible circumstances which are yielded up to Him into loving kindness and tender mercy. A Christian man going out to America

LOST HIS STEAMER

at Liverpool by a delay of the train. At first he could not understand it, for time and money were lost; but he committed the matter to God. He went by the next steamer, and the one he wanted to catch was lost, and all hands on board The delay was loving kindness and tender mercy.

The Lord cares for His children's food, "who satisfieth thy mouth with good things so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." Can the hand of love do more? Yes. "He executeth righteousness and judgment for all them that are oppressed." How senseless, then, is it for any of God's children to attempt for a moment to fight their own battles! "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." Could a loving father see his own children oppressed and not right them? And will not *our* Father, who has all the resources of the universe at His command, right His own beloved ones? Yes, it is

HIS CUSTOM

so to do, except we hinder Him by taking the matter into our own hands. Joseph was oppressed by his brethren, and later on by Potiphar. The Lord executed judgment for His child, and made him ruler over Egypt. Job was oppressed by Satan; the Lord executed judgment, and when Job had learned the needed lesson He made Job the intercessor for his friends, and gave him double what Satan had taken from him. Peter was oppressed by Herod; the Lord executed judgment. He sent His angel to waken Peter, strike off his chains, and lead him out of the prison gates, leaving the soldiers to whom he was chained asleep behind him, while soon after Herod, his persecutor, "was eaten of worms and died" (Acts 12).

It is a safe thing and a glorious thing to have our cause in the hands of God. He is merciful, gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy, but never weak, never unjust, never making light of sin. Truly "He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him." How is it shown? "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." How? Where to? To "His own body on the tree" (1 Pet. 2: 24), and thence "into the depths of the sea" (Micah 7: 20). Praise God for the complete separation between us and our sins, if we are the Lord's own believing and obedient children! They are an immeasurable distance from us.

Here again we have

HIS CARE FOR SOUL AND BODY.

Not only hath He so removed our transgressions from us, but "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust." Just as an earthly parent knows how to measure exactly his child's capacity of endurance, both physically and morally, so is it with God. Trusting Him, we need never fear to be overdriven. He will never give work for which He does not provide the strength, wisdom, and time necessary. All our overwork comes from taking responsibilities which God does not lay upon us, or from self-will in letting our zeal lay upon us what the will of God has never called us to. His yoke is easy, not difficult; His burden is light, not heavy. So often we think that *we* know our frame, and we attempt to manage our own bodies, but we always miss it somewhere. He wants Himself to be our great study while He makes us His.

Man is but as a flower of the field, over which the wind passes and it is gone. "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children, unto such as keep His covenant, and remember His commandments to do them." Praise God for this promise! Man cannot hold his own soul in life, but, taking his true position of dependence on the Lord, his own life of soul and body and his children's also, is guaranteed. And He who made known His ways unto Moses, makes them known unto those who willingly learn of Him and keep His covenant. Oh, the wondrous, unspeakable mercy and love of our God! Even here in the Old Testament it is inconceivable. But if we add that He gives Jesus to dwell in us as our Life, Health, Righteousness, Sanctification, Wisdom, Redemption, oh, how beyond all language does it become! "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name!"

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Second Bombardment of Kelung by the French fleet is reported from Hong Kong. It is reported that the attack on Kelung was prompted by the desire to obtain possession of the coal mines, which would prove extremely useful to the French in case war was declared and the neutral ports closed. The Chinese frustrated this scheme by flooding the mines and destroying the pumping machinery. The Chinese Government has become more warlike in its attitude. Tien-Tsin advices state that six members of the Chinese Foreign office who advised the government to make peace with France have been dismissed, and that persons who advise the payment of the indemnity demanded by France are threatened with punishment. Rumors that American mediation had been invited were again circulated last week, but were not confirmed.

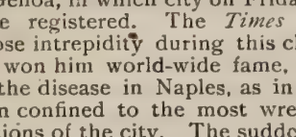
The Cholera is Working Terrible Havoc in Italy, and its fatality is increased by the panic into which the people have been thrown by its approach. A correspondent says a veritable panic prevails among the populace in some of the districts infected with the cholera. In many instances physicians in attempting to minister to cholera patients have been brutally maltreated, and in some cases wounded with knives. The persons making these assaults labor under the delusion that the doctors are engaged in poisoning the people. The desire of the populace to prevent the spread of the infection has led them in some instances to offer armed opposition to railway traffic. As was intimated at the first outbreak of the disease in Marseilles, it would be extremely fatal if it reached Naples, that city being in a worse sanitary condition than any other in Europe. It was so bad that it invited the cholera. Two deaths occurred in Naples on Monday, September 1st; the next day there were sixty, and by Friday the deaths from the disease reached ninety-eight. Twelve other cities are affected, the highest death rate next to Naples being that of Genoa, in which city on Friday, thirty deaths were registered. The *Times* correspondent, whose intrepidity during this cholera epidemic has won him world-wide fame, reports that so far the disease in Naples, as in Marseilles, has been confined to the most wretched and dirty sections of the city. The sudden outbreak was doubtless due to *a state of general intemperance* on the 31st of August, which was a fête day. It has been especially noted in Italy that there has been a great increase in this disease after each heavy rainfall, favoring Dr. Koch's moisture theory. Fortunately, at Naples live some of the finest physicians and men of science in the world, and discoveries in treatment are therefore likely—such, in fact, as will be of vast benefit.

The Expedition under Lord Wolseley for the relief of General Gordon is the subject of anxiety. The gradual subsidence of the Nile is one of the chief causes, as it will be difficult, if not impossible, for the vessels to pass the cataracts if the river continues falling. The *Herald's* London correspondent reports that Lord Wolseley was so impressed by an interview with Mr. Henry M. Stanley that he immediately offered the famous explorer an appointment in connection with his staff. Mr. Stanley asked if such an appointment implied employment in the Queen's service, and General Wolesley assured him that it did. Mr. Stanley thereupon obtained permission from the King of the Belgians, the president of the African International Association, to accept this new honor, and will start immediately for Egypt.

Lieutenant Greely's Reception at Montreal, on September 2d, by the British Association for the Advancement of Science, was of a most enthusiastic character. The distinguished scientists manifested no jealousy at being outstripped by the American explorer. Lieutenant Greely, in a brief speech, put the question whether the furthest northern point attained by his assistant, Lieutenant Lockwood, was nearer the pole than the most northerly point reached by the English Captain Markham, at once beyond all doubt, by stating positively that Lieutenant Lockwood reached the parallel of 83° 24′ north latitude, being several miles nearer the pole than the English went. To make the matter doubly sure, he described the astronomical observations by which the fact was determined, and, moreover, showed that Cape Britannia was some miles further south than the British maps had placed it. Nearly *a hundred miles of coast line*, he said, had been added to the maps beyond the furthest point ever seen before. A striking contrast of opinion was developed between Lieutenant Ray and Lieutenant Greely upon the problem of the existence of an open polar sea. Lieutenant Ray, basing his conclusions on his experience at Point Barrow, expressed his decided belief that there is no such sea. Lieutenant Greely, on the other hand, looking at the results he obtained from his explorations, reached the conclusion that there is such a sea. Several of the members of the Royal Geographical Society, who spoke after Lieutenant Greely was through, coincided in his opinion that there is an open polar sea. Captain Bedford Pim, of the Royal Navy, who rescued McClintock in his search for Sir John Franklin, in 1853, and who himself came near dying of starvation in the Arctic regions, spoke in warm praise of the American lieutenant's work, and declared, amid applause, that it should be pushed on until man had reached the pole. *A letter*, signed on behalf of the British Association by Lord Rayleigh, Sir William Thomson, Professor James Glaisher, Sir James Douglas, Captain Bedford Pim, Sir J. H. Lefroy, and the Bishop of Toronto, was handed to Lieutenant Greely as a memento of the occasion. They expressed, on behalf of many warm friends and admirers, their appreciation of the courage and devotion which had characterized Lieutenant Greely's conduct during the trying circumstances of his late services. They united in the hope that his health might soon be restored, and that he would long be spared to render valuable and devoted services to his great country which had already placed him among the foremost of the scientific explorers of the age.

The Red Cross Congress, in which America is represented by Miss Clara Barton, the heroine of the civil war, opened at Geneva on September 2d. Only four French delegates were present. The number of German delegates was thirty-six. Three speakers addressed the Congress and spoke in German. The French delegates complained of this, as the rules of the Congress prescribed French. The German delegates, however, continued the discussion in German. The Empress Augusta, of Germany, sent a donation of $1000.

Mr. R. T. Booth, the American Temperance orator, contemplates spending a lengthened period in Temperance work in the Australian colonies. "A sufficient sum has been subscribed," says the *Southern Cross*, "to warrant Mr. Booth in sending for his wife and family from America. We are founding a new nation, and now is the time to grapple earnestly and effectively with the curse of strong drink."



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MRS. H. G. GUINNESS.

THE MISSIONARY COLLEGE, Founded by MR. and MRS. GUINNESS, who are now visiting America.

MR. AND MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

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IN compliance with the wishes of its friends THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week reproduces the portraits of the two devoted servants of God who have come to our shores in the interests of His cause. The presence of Mr. and Mrs. Guinness in our midst has quickened anew the interest in them and their work, and those who have had the privilege of listening to them during the past few days, especially, desire to know all that is to be known about them. An apology for the reproduction is due to our old subscribers, but they will doubtless pardon it for the sake of the large number whose names have been added to our list since the portraits appeared, two and a half years ago.

The Rev. H. Grattan and Mrs. Guinness have gained a world-wide reputation for their concentrated enterprise and untiring zeal in the service of Christ. Mr. Guinness is a man who puts his work forward rather than himself; so it happens that very little is known of him otherwise than as a public man, except the fact that he is a cousin of Sir Arthur Guinness, the well-known Dublin brewer. He became first known to the Christian public about twenty-five years ago, at the time of the first appearance of Mr. Spurgeon in London. Mr. Guinness preached to great crowds in London, and in the North of Ireland. Afterward, in 1859, he made an evangelistic tour in *Canada and the United States*, and attracted large audiences. He also turned to profitable account a tour of study and observation which he made in Egypt, Syria, and Turkey.

THE BIBLE CARRIAGE.

To Mr. Guinness the honor belongs of being one of the first to overcome the difficulty of proclaiming the Gospel in the chief cities of France, when, under the Empire, the sale of Bibles at bookstalls and open-air preaching were both forbidden. With characteristic ingenuity and energy he procured a cart and horse, and travelled the streets with a stock of Bibles for sale. Large crowds were attracted by that novel way of doing business, and as the Bibles were accompanied with a few words of earnest exhortation, the way of salvation was communicated to multitudes who were shut out from it by the laws of the country. Subsequently he made Bath, in England, his headquarters, where Mrs. Guinness wrote a most interesting biography of Mrs. Henry Dening (Miss Geraldine Hooper), the well-known and successful lady preacher.

Mr. Guinness has prepared an enduring monument to his name in his great book, "The Approaching End of the Age," which in four years passed through two editions in England and has been published in this country. It is one of the most elaborate works on the subject of prophetic Scripture that has ever been written, and has attracted a larger measure of attention than an uninterested public usually accords to that vast and important branch of Bible knowledge. The author shows in that book an exceptional power of taking a comprehensive view of a subject as well as an exact view, and deals exhaustively with facts and figures, the least fascinating of all descriptions of literary work. Page after page commands the reader's admiration for the clear head and unwearying industry that have produced the book, which, moreover, was written during no period of leisure, but when Mr. Guinness was daily occupied with the trying and varied responsibilities of his Missionary Institute, a picture of which forms part of the frontispiece in this number.

Mr. Guinness received efficient help in the preparation of "The Approaching End of the Age," from his *accomplished and faithful wife*, to whom he pays this tribute in the preface: "There remains to the author the grateful task of acknowledging the very considerable help he has had in writing and revising this volume from the practised pen of his beloved wife, for many years the sharer of his toils in various efforts to spread in different lands the knowledge of saving or of sanctifying truth. The part which, in spite of much wearying labor by day, and often by night, as Honorary Secretary of the East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions, she has cheerfully taken in the task of preparing this work, however others may regard the result, will endear it to him while memory endures."

Mention has been made in the preceding paragraphs of

THE MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

This College has a history replete with interest, whether regard be had to its inception, its mode of work, or its grand success. Its origin took place in February, 1873, at No. 29 Stepney Green, London, England, and its originators and first Directors were Mr. H. Grattan Guinness and Dr. Barnardo, who prayerfully conferred upon the subject, and in their energetic hands the scheme soon assumed a practical shape. But, the question may be asked, "What made these two brethren think of training and helping forth missionaries?" In the first place it may be answered, that they both originally themselves contemplated becoming missionaries; Mr. Guinness intended to join the mission begun by Captain Gardiner in Terra del Fuego, and Dr. Barnardo had dedicated himself as a medical missionary to China.

MAN PROPOSES BUT GOD DISPOSES.

The Lord had other work in store for His servants, and by His Providence unmistakably indicated to each that he was to take a different path. Both were to be missionaries, they had not mistaken their vocation, but both were to be *Home* missionaries; one itinerant, the other local. Dr. Barnardo founded, and has for many years conducted, the important East End Juvenile Mission and Homes, which now contain more than one thousand boys and girls, at a cost of $2500 a week.

Mr. Guinness's and Dr. Barnardo's experience of mission work, and their interest in the foreign field not having in anywise cooled by the fact that they were personally unable to labor in it, the desire very naturally arose in their hearts, to help in the same direction younger and freer men, who might do what they themselves had longed and intended to do—preach Christ among the heathen.

Mr. Guinness's frequent evangelistic tours brought him in contact with many such young men, and Dr. Barnardo's varied missionary operations in Stepney seemed to afford a most suitable sphere for a Training Home. Believing the thought to be of God, they resolved, after prayerful consideration, to do what they could. The Home was opened in 1873 and, at once, applications were made by *one hundred young men* who wished to consecrate themselves to the service of Christ among the heathen; and, after the most careful selection had been exercised, *thirty-two* were received, and entered on a suitable course of training. They were from different denominations.

MRS. GUINNESS

was installed in the post of honorary secretary, which she has filled since the origin of the Missionary Institute, and has endeared herself to all who love the Master, by her lofty conscientiousness, noble self-abnegation for the good of others, and untiring industry in furthering the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. She is a very able speaker and writer.

THE AIM IN THE STUDIES,

to which, from the very first, the attention of the young men has been directed, is rather to ground them well in general knowledge than to perfect them in any one branch. It is felt that *a missionary should know something of everything*, geography, astronomy, navigation, botany, *medicine, physiology and surgery*, and should also be enough of a practical mechanic to know how to supplement physical power by the use of the mechanical forces. He may, if he be a pioneer missionary, have to build his house, to make his furniture, to till his garden, to cook his food, to make his clothes and mend them, as well as to work the printing-press, etc.

But, above all it is with the truth of the Word of God that a missionary's mind should be thoroughly furnished, and in the Biblical studies pursued at Mr. Guinness's Institute, a special effort is made to teach the students to understand the Bible *as a whole*, and its doctrines in their variety and harmony; equipping the young men at the same time to silence the foolish objections of adversaries and to answer the questions of sincere inquirers as to the grounds on which it is concluded that the Bible is authentic and divine.

The *measure* of culture which the students receive varies in each individual case, according to his abilities, previous training, and the length of the period he can devote to study. As to the last point, Mr. Guinness does not require any particular time, but looks for special guidance from God as regards each of His servants. They are mostly young men without means, and are therefore *maintained and educated gratuitously*.

EVANGELISTIC WORK

occupies much of the time of the students, and this is found to be attended with many solid advantages. It tests and develops their fitness for missionary labors, and benefits the ignorant and ungodly in whose midst they reside. They, therefore, visit from house to house, teach the young in Sunday and week-night schools, engage in open-air preaching, and hold frequent meetings in halls and chapels both in and around London. In their visiting they have been brought into contact with multitudes of the wretched and depraved of various classes, with street vendors, beggars, tramps, outcasts; with infidels, Romanists, Jews; with French, Germans, Hindoos, and Asiatics of all races; and have gained access to low lodging-houses and to more respectable dwellings in the miles of narrow, ill-ventilated streets which stretch around London in every direction. In this way they have engaged in conversation on the things of God, with people plunged in ignorance and vice, and pointed them with the happiest results, to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

THE FINANCES.

This great work was begun without any funds in hand, or any promises of support, but with the conviction that if it were of God, and for His glory, He would send the needful funds. And God has been the Helper of the Institute, and inclined the hearts of His stewards to aid generously with their substance. Yet the faith of God's servants has often been exercised, and the treasury often empty. On one occasion, after the payment of some heavy expenses, *nothing was left in hand*; and prayer for daily bread for the large household went up more earnestly than usual, for not only had the current outlay to be met, but some needed additions in prospect required at least $500. This was in the first year of the Institute's existence. One of the two directors had to leave London for a week's special services in a distant city; he carried the burden with him, and laid it daily before the Lord. Going down one evening to the hall where he was to preach, a telegram from his colleague awaited him. "Good news! I have received $1000 for the Institute; praise the Lord!" He *did* praise Him; and preached His faithfulness all the more fervently from this fresh illustration of it.

HARLEY HOUSE, EAST LONDON,

was taken for the work of the *second* year, the house at Stepney Green having been altogether outgrown by the necessities and demands which had arisen. The extension of Dr. Bernardo's work rendered it impossible for him to continue his practical co-operation, and so he withdrew

and we are unanimously of opinion that the only thing to do is to supply certain villages with police carbines and ammunition, and endeavor to persuade the villagers to attempt to kill these beasts themselves, giving the usual reward of one hundred rupees (a rupee is worth thirty-eight cents) for an ordinary tiger, and a special reward of two hundred rupees for the well established death of a man-eater. I think it likely that this unprecedented human slaughter may arise from an unusual dearth of firearms in the country.

It is clear to me that if something is not done to stop these ravages *the country side will be gradually depopulated.* I should say that at least six villages have been abandoned quite recently from this cause, and this means that lands have fallen out of cultivation, that the people try to live on jungle produce, and failing that, go off elsewhere. It is horrible to contemplate the feelings of a poor laborer going out for his day's work to a field a few hundred yards from his house, with the knowledge about him that there is an even chance of his being carried away from the side of his plough, or that his wife may be seized when she is bringing him his mid-day meal.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Veteran's Testimony.—Mr. McCarthy, of the China Inland Mission, speaking at a recent meeting, said: "I am glad to give my testimony that according as I have been faithful in preaching the Gospel, not only in Christian lands, but also in heathen countries, where there was no other Christian among thousands of heathen, I have had my own soul refreshed and made strong. Many think that we get closer to Christ when we are in the midst of a meeting of Christians; but my experience is, that when alone in the heart of China, surrounded with worshippers of idols, I have had greater joy in Christ, and closer communion with Him, than I ever had in a meeting of Christians."

The First Arrival at the Meeting.—"I was much impressed by a word of Mr. Moody's once at a very crowded meeting. There were thousands present, and there was perfect stillness in the vast concourse when Mr. Moody said, 'Do you know who was the first person to enter this building to night?' If one's eyes had been shut one would have thought the place was empty so intense was the silence during the slight pause ere Mr. Moody answered his own question. He then said, 'It was the devil!' In every meeting the devil has an emissary trying to destroy the work of the Holy Spirit, and endeavoring to hurry men down to perdition."

A Mill Girl's Trophies for Christ.—Mr. Porter said: "It is not only in mission halls, churches, or at open-air meetings, that the work of the Holy Ghost in saving men is seen. Some time ago I met a young woman who works in a mill for her daily bread. She had been blessed in the after-meeting in a hall, and set to work to win souls for the Master in the mill. Going on in faith, she got twelve souls gathered in, and they are now banded together to win others during meal hours; and so the work of the Lord goes on quietly, little streams filling up the big rivers, and the rivers flowing to the ocean of His love, which will one day sweep over the wide world, till all men shall know and serve Him."

The Good That Came of a Broken Arm.—Mr. Simpson related, at a recent Mizpah meeting, an instance of the good work being done in London through the power of sacred song. In one of the lower districts there lived a husband and wife who were hard drinkers, and reckless of their home. In fact, they were thoroughly debauched by drink and sin. One day the woman fell down-stairs, breaking one of her arms in three places. She was carried to the hospital, where her arm was amputated. While she lay there she got time to become sober, and with sobriety came reflection. As she pondered over her past sinful life, she thought, 'If this is all the devil can do for me it is *time I changed masters.*' The first thing she did on leaving the hospital was to go to a meeting, where she was converted to Christ. She immediately told her husband, who was enraged and refused to let her go again. One night, her husband said, 'I am going to the meeting to-night; I don't care for Moody and his rubbish of talk; but I am told that Sankey sings a good song, and I want to hear him.' He went to the meeting, and was converted that same night, and one can easily imagine the joy of that household when he went home and told them that now he was a changed man, saved through faith in the atoning blood of Christ."

Daft Meggie's Song.—An Interesting Incident is related by Mr Pittendreigh: "A half-crazy woman in Dundee was converted to Christ, and as she went about the streets she was always singing 'Jesus Loves Me.' One day a gentleman stopped her, saying, 'Meggie, you are aye singing "Jesus Loves Me."' 'Aye, sir, I *am* aye singing because I have a light heart.' 'Why don't you sing "I Love Jesus" sometimes?' 'Ah, sir, my love is no worth singing about.' It would be a good thing for us all if we just took as lowly a place as poor daft Meggie, losing sight of ourselves, and totally enraptured with the love and beauty of the Lord Jesus Christ."

A Scotch Whiskey-Seller's Conversion.—Mr. Clyde said that in some meetings recently held in James Morrison Street, Glasgow, he met a young man who was in charge of a whiskey shop, where he got good wages for filling people with drink. "The Holy Spirit of God works in strange places sometimes, and He was working in that man's breast behind that counter. The man's wife was also much troubled about her soul, and they were both induced to come to the meetings, where they were converted to Christ, and decided there and then to cast themselves upon the Lord for bread, and to give up the trade of ruining the souls and bodies of men. The man is now working hard for half the sum he earned before, and he tells me that there are many men in the trade who would gladly give it up if they could only trust in God for food. Pray, for them, dear friends."

A Timid Woman's Mistake.—The Rev. Mr. Edgar said: "Confession of our faith in Christ is an absolute necessity, if we would grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord. I remember the case of a very timid woman who was truly converted, but refrained from making a public or even a private confession of Christ, because she thought that she should wait until her husband was converted. The quiet joy of knowing and having intimate fellowship with Jesus left her, and many gloomy thoughts disturbed her soul. She consulted her minister, who said, 'I think you are acting wrongly; come right out for Christ, and sit down at His table; it may be the means of your husband's conversion.' 'I did not think of that. I will do it now,' the woman answered. The husband was converted almost immediately, and so encouraged was his timid wife that she invited a party of all her friends, and boldly told them of her conversion to the Saviour. There and then they began to praise God and pray for a revival in their midst."

A Lighted Candle in a Quart Bottle.—The Rev. Mr. Somerville related: "A question was put by a youngster of ten years, which, I think, many children of older growth have often been puzzled with. It was, 'What is the difference between a light to our path, and a lamp to our feet?' I think I can answer it. When I was in California, I had to travel from one mining camp to another. The way was difficult and the night was dark, so my friends directed me to keep a certain light in my eye all the time. Now that direction was very good, but then there were many hard bits on the road, and besides, I did not want to fall in a disused mine shaft, so I got a 'cariboo' lamp, which consisted of a quart bottle, empty, with the bottom cleverly knocked out, and a candle fixed in the neck, inside the bottle, and holding the bottle by the neck, I got light for my feet. The main light of our path is the Lord Jesus, toward whom we keep our faces; but we require a lamp for daily guidance. That we get in Scripture; and by daily, nay, momentarily placing ourselves in the hand of God, to lead us even in the dark."

A STOLEN BIBLE

SCEPTICS have frequently ridiculed the narrative of the idol Dagon falling down before the ark of the Lord (1 Samuel 5). That in common with other miracles recorded in God's Word has been placed by the learned men who in our day are revising and expurgating the Bible in the category of "*the legends of the child race.*" It is no part of our duty to defend the literal truth of the Bible records. They have stood unmoved against the assaults of men and devils through the ages, and will stand impregnable though attacked by open enemies, and subject to the treachery of men who wear the garb of their defenders. It may, however, strengthen the faith of some wavering ones to know that in our own day miracles more wonderful are being performed. As Christ speaking of the man sick of the palsy (Matt. 9 : 5) intimated, the spiritual is greater than the material miracle. That in the presence of the captured ark, a stone image should fall down, is not so wonderful as that the idols of a man's soul should be overthrown by the truth contained in a stolen Bible. Such an incident is related by the Rev. J. L. Lyons who received the narrative from the subject of the miracle.

"I know a man," says Mr. Lyons, "who was converted to the Christian faith by means of a Bible which he had stolen. I met him living in a little Arab village on Mount Lebanon, where, alas! the light that once shone there is now extinguished amid errors and superstition of false religion.

"'How was it,' I inquired of this converted Arab, 'that you became a Christian while all your neighbors still remain in ignorance and degradation?' 'I will tell you my experience in a few words,' he replied; 'I was a conscript in the Turkish army. On one occasion my company made a raid into an adjoining district and plundered the houses of the inhabitants. On returning to camp I found in my share of the booty an old soiled volume, which on examination proved to be a Bible. I afterward took it home, and though I could read but little, I was bent on studying it and I did so alone for some time. I learned much, though there was much I could not understand, I prayed to the God of the Bible for light and after a time obtained instruction. I found that I was a poor lost sinner, and that there was no help for me but in Jesus. I had the happiness at last of knowing that my sins were forgiven for the sake of Jesus and that I might rely on Him for strength to live a new life.'

"Then the good man related to me how severely his neighbors persecuted him on account of his religion. They denounced him as a heretic and a renegade; they insulted him by day and harassed him by night; they cut down his fruit trees and destroyed his vineyard, and drove him, at length, an exile from his home. He returned, however, and to encourage him I took up my abode for a short time in his house, and employed him for several weeks as my teacher in the Arabic tongue. His kind Christian deportment so won upon those who had been his enemies that it produced a marked change in their conduct toward him. Two years or more have passed away since I last saw that man, but were you to go there today, you would find in that remote Syrian village, on one of the lofty heights of Lebanon, an evangelical Christian church, of which that persecuted convert is the pastor, and those who persecuted him are the church members; and all this the result of one single Bible, providentially thrown into the hands of a poor half-civilized peasant."

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Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

Inquiries have been received respecting the terms on which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be supplied to persons desiring to introduce it to their friends. In response to this kindly project of our subscribers, we will mail the paper every week from October 3 to the end of the year to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of twenty-five cents. The same offer made in former years has been singularly blessed. The paper sent by Christian people to unconverted acquaintances has, in a large number of cases, been the means of blessing. The low price at which it is offered for the three months will, we hope, encourage many to avail themselves of the opportunity of introducing the paper to families in which Christian literature is needed.

CURRENT EVENTS.

As the Returns in Maine Come in, it is Evident that the Republicans have carried the State by a plurality of over twenty thousand. At the close of last week only seventeen towns remained to be heard from. The 479 towns which had sent in their returns gave Governor Robie a plurality over Redman, the Democratic candidate, of 20,151, and an absolute majority of 17,253 over all. The total vote cast exceeds 142,000. There has been much disputing as to the election, with which this ought to be compared. It would be manifestly unfair to compare it with the year of the last Presidential election, because then there was a fusion ticket in the field, and the Republicans were beaten. It will, however, sufficiently show the progress made, if this year's figures are placed beside those of the last election in a Presidential year when there was no fusion between the Democratic and Greenback tickets. That was in 1876. Then the total vote was 136,290 and the Republican majority 15,444. The Republican vote was 75,867 ; this year it is 79,013. Allowing for accessions of Greenback votes, it would appear that the Republicans have gained since 1876 some two or three thousand votes, which the Democrats have lost. The population of the State has not materially increased. *The Prohibitory Amendment* was carried by a large majority, which, when all the returns are in, is expected to reach *forty thousand*. Mr. Blaine voted the Republican ticket, but cast no vote either for or against the amendment.

Tammany Hall has Formally Decided to accept the candidacy of Governor Cleveland. A general meeting of the Tammany Committee of thirteen hundred was held on September 12th to consider the invitation of the New York County Democracy to unite in a ratification meeting. There was plenty of the usual Tammany excitement and vituperation, but ultimately it was decided, by an overwhelming majority, to accept the invitation and work for Cleveland. John Kelly himself, in spite of his often-expressed determination to oppose the Democratic candidate, voted with the majority. Grady and one or two others, who have personal reasons for disliking the governor, announced that they should vote for Butler. The general feeling, however, was that there was a prospect of Cleveland being elected, and if he should be, it would be a bad thing for Tammany if its members had voted against him. The significance of this decision consists in the fact that the vote of New York will probably determine the success of one of the candidates, and the Tammany voters are no inconsiderable part of the New York constituency. There has, however, been so much Tammany treachery in the past, notably in 1880, that it is possible the tickets may be bunched again this year, as they were last Presidential election. All that is certain about it is, that Tammany has given a public pledge to vote the regular Democratic ticket.

The Funeral of the Late Secretary Folger took place at the First Presbyterian Church, Geneva, N. Y., on Tuesday, September 9th. There was a large number of representative men present, and people poured into Geneva from every part. The railroad trains came loaded with people, and at noon more than ten thousand people were in the village hotels. During the afternoon all business was suspended. The national colors were hung at half mast on the buildings, while the fronts of stores and private houses were heavily draped with black. President Arthur and all the members of the Cabinet, Governor Cleveland and staff, the judges of the Court of Appeals, the officials of the Treasury Department, a large number of Congressmen, the bar, and citizens attended the ceremony. Citizens of both political parties united in showing respect for the memory of the dead statesman. The Cleveland and Hendricks banner was heavily draped. The subtreasuries throughout the States were closed, and the federal offices also, wherever it could be done without causing public inconvenience.

A Tragical Prominence in the Long List of this year's financial calamities has been given to the suspended National Bank of New Jersey, at New Brunswick, by the suicide of its chief officials. It appears that the usual mode of conducting the regular examination of the bank's affairs was for the examiner to call over the list of assets, and the cashier would hold up a package, which was passed without an examination of its contents. One of the directors became dissatisfied, and declared that at the next examination he would insist on every package being opened and its indorsement verified. The cashier heard of this determination, and committed suicide the day before that appointed for the examination. A panic ensued, and when the directors went to the safe for the securities, they found that many of the packages were made up of blank paper. Over $200,000 was missing. The president of the bank was so unnerved by the discovery and by the suspension of the bank, which was rendered necessary by the defalcation, that on September 8th he also committed suicide. It is believed that the capital of the bank is but slightly impaired, and that it will resume. The cashier was a heavy loser by the panic of May last, and it is supposed that, in the hope of retrieving his position, he speculated in Wall Street with disastrous results. The overmastering eagerness to get rich, which is the curse of the country in our day, is responsible for the death of these two victims. Young men who are making riches the supreme object in life will do well to consider such warnings as these.

The Long-Pending Dispute between the Government officers and the steamship lines respecting the pauper immigrants ought to be settled by the instructions given last week by the Acting Secretary of the Treasury. He directs the Collector of the Port to place on each steamer an officer, whose duty it shall be to prevent immigrants from landing until their condition under the law shall have been determined by examination. The steamship companies may, however, avoid the delay and annoyance of the examination on shipboard by giving an undertaking to receive back any immigrants whom the Commissioners examine at Castle Garden and decide to reject. The recent sad spectacles witnessed at Castle Garden and at the slips ought not to recur under this arrangement.

A Destructive Tornado Passed through Wisconsin and Minnesota on September 10th. Clear Lake, Wis., was left almost in ruins, and three persons were killed. Houses and barns were torn bodily from their foundations and carried like straws before the storm. At White Bear Lake, Minn., the buildings suffered severely ; windows were blown in and trees blown down. Several persons were injured at Stillwater, Minn., by branches of trees, fragments of buildings, and other missiles which the tornado bore on its way. Cattle and horses, too, were hurt by being driven against the wire fences, which cut deeply into their flesh. The loss of property is estimated at more than a quarter of a million. On the following day there was a flood in Wisconsin, which swept away two hundred buildings and six bridges. The bridges alone cannot be replaced for $300,000. The Chippewa River *rose thirty feet*, which is five feet higher than any previous flood. There is widespread destitution and suffering. Relief committees have been organized, and hundreds of people are being fed in the Court House and Gospel tent of the Young Men's Christian Association, while the most destitute are being taken care of in private houses.

Enthusiastic Temperance Meetings were held at Madison, Wis., on September 4th and 5th. A subscriber in that city writes that at the State Convention, when an address was given by Mr. William Daniel, the Prohibition candidate for the Vice-Presidency, there was a display of zeal altogether surpassing any previous manifestation. It took practical form in a subscription to found a Prohibition journal to be printed at the State capital. The Good Templar's Grand Lodge has also been holding sessions in Madison, and passed resolutions recommending "total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the State." Wisconsin, our correspondent predicts, will make a good showing for Prohibition in November.

Advice to Prohibitionists is Tendered by the Methodists of Iowa. They believe that the true way to success is to keep the liquor question clear of politics, and work for a constitutional amendment, as they have done in Iowa. A resolution recently adopted by the Conference in that State closes with these words : "We earnestly recommend the friends of Prohibition everywhere to adopt the Iowa method—that is, work to have the question submitted to a non-partisan vote ; thereby we may expect votes from men of all political parties ; that, believing our methods in Iowa have been wise and successful, and as the formation of a separate political party founded on the one idea of prohibition is in conflict with our successful methods, therefore we deprecate the formation of such a party, and hereby express our fear that it may set prohibition back many years."

A Significant Change in the Attitude of Religion and science is noted by the New York *Tribune* in connection with the recent conventions. "One of the most remarkable features," it says, "of the scientific conferences at Montreal and Philadelphia is the marked change of feeling respecting religion. The leaders of these associations are, with few exceptions, *men of profound religious convictions*, and the prevailing sentiment at each meeting is in sympathy with the broadest and most progressive utterances of the Christian pulpit." That is a gratifying fact, which shows that the scientists recognize the essential truth of the Bible; but another remark in the same article may well cause uneasiness. The *Tribune* says: "Ten years have witnessed a remarkable change both in the relations of science to religion and of religion to science." It will be a very serious matter if preachers modify or explain away Bible utterances to make them fit in with scientific hypotheses.

The Twenty-Seventh Anniversary of the Fulton Street daily prayer-meeting will be observed by special services in the Middle Reformed Church at the junction of Lafayette Place and Fourth Street, on September 23d, from 12 to 1 o'clock. Mr. Lanphier, who conducts the meeting, recently celebrated his own seventy-sixth birthday. He states that during the whole twenty-seven years the meeting for prayer has been held without omission on every week day since September 23d, 1857. Christmas, New Year's, Fourth of July, Evacuation Day, etc., do not prevent the meeting being held from noon to one o'clock in the Fulton Street chapel.

Patients Rendered Insane by Liquor are Increasing in number at the hospitals. A visitor to Bellevue Hospital recently was astonished by the record there. He says: "So large is the number of persons taken to Bellevue Hospital who have been made insane through intemperance, that the insane pavilion may well be named after this class of patients. From five to ten persons are taken to the hospital every day for examination, and of these the majority are the outcome of intemperate habits. So far as appears, the insanity so produced is not a form of delirium tremens, which is more or less temporary in its nature, but a loss of reason, which may be as permanent as from any cause whatever. What is still more serious, this class of sufferers has doubled within a year, and is five times as great as it was five years ago. No wonder that one of the officials at the hospital remarked that it was the strongest and most practical kind of temperance lesson that he knew of."

Practical Evidence of Sincerity was Recently given by a converted man and his wife. They resided in Canada, but purposed settling in the United States. They were engaged in an occupation inconsistent with the Christian profession, but on arriving in New York they visited Jerry McAuley's Cremorne Mission. There they were led by the Holy Spirit to give themselves to the Lord. Their first act on reaching home after the service was *to break up and destroy* all the apparatus and paraphernalia they used in their business, and to seek a new opening in a different line. It is gratifying to learn, from a statement made by the converted man, that they soon found such an opening.

The Christian Convention held last Week in the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle, New York, was largely attended. Mr. and Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness were unable to be present, the former having been prostrated by the heat just as he was starting from Boston to New York. The proceedings commenced on Tuesday, September 9th, and were continued until Friday, three sessions being held each day. On Tuesday the subject of consideration was "Spiritual Power," when Dr. Wilson, of St. George's Protestant-Episcopal Church, opened the discussion. On Wednesday the subject was "Christian Life," led by Dr. Clift, of Washington, D. C. On Thursday the Convention considered the subject of "Christian Work, with Special Reference to Neglected Fields and Classes at Home." On Friday addresses were delivered by Mr. William E. Blackstone, of Chicago, and Rev. George F. Pentecost, of Brooklyn, on the Lord's coming. A brief report of these we hope to publish next week. The afternoon session was devoted to the testimonies of those who have received healing from Christ. Several of these testimonies are printed on page 604 of this number. It is hoped that the success which has attended this Convention will encourage the friends to make it an annual gathering.

A New Tract-Room has been Opened at the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle for the sale of pamphlets and books on the subject of faith-healing. The works of the Rev. A. B. Simpson, pastor of the Tabernacle, on the subject, are placed there on sale with other literature, including Miss Carrie F. Judd's *Triumphs of Faith*. A few works on prophecy, such as "The Appproaching End of the Age," by Mr. H. Grattan Guinness, are also kept in stock. Catalogues and further information may be obtained by addressing *Mrs. Henry Naylor*, who has kindly undertaken the supervision of the room.

Mrs. M. F. Shipman Sailed for England in the Egypt on August 30th. She hopes to have three months for rest and recuperation, returning to America at the end of November. Large fields of labor are open before her, and already invitations to labor here have been extended to her which, if accepted, will cover many months. In a note received from Mrs. Shipman on the day of her sailing the editor is asked to tender to the readers her thanks for the courtesy and Christian kindness with which she has been received.

A Family Starving in the Midst of Plenty was discovered recently in Ohio. The head of the family was once a popular and wealthy citizen of the State, but he met with reverses, and finally died of starvation. He had a wife and a large family of little children, but they were too proud to beg or ask for help, and bore their distresses in silence. Although sickly, the husband attempted to work, and for the last week of his life gathered boulders from the river. But being without food for several days he finally sank to the ground from exhaustion, and was taken home to die. To those who visited them at his death the wife and children told a sad tale of want and misery, having had but one loaf of bread to eat within a week. There are few men who have so much pride that they would lose their lives rather than confess their poverty; but all Christian workers know that multitudes lose their souls because they are too proud to accept salvation as a free gift.

A Disgusted Immigrant Returned to Europe last week. An old man with gray hair and whiskers and a weather-beaten countenance was among the immigrants who arrived on the Inman steamship City of Montreal. His face wore a gloomy expression when he first caught sight of America. When quarantine was reached he sniffed the air with a look of disgust, and when the Montreal reached her dock the old man announced that he thought America was a disgusting country. "What's wrong about it?" he was asked. "Oh, the air don't agree with me. It's not what I looked for. I'm going right back to the old country." The old man was duly inspected by representatives of the Commissioners of Emigration, and was obliged to go to Castle Garden. But he stubbornly refused to penetrate the country any further. He went to Clerk Glynn and stated that he was anxious to return home by the City of Montreal, and gave him money for a return passage ticket. The old man decided to live in the Garden during his stay in America, and he stated that he would not venture outside the Castle walls. The immigrant, as we know, was too hasty in forming an opinion of the air of America from the air of New York, but the same tendency is often exhibited in matters still more serious

CONCERNING SAINTS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O LORD; and thy saints shall bless thee."—PSALM 145: 10.

Praise from All Creatures—Special Praise from Saints—A Clear Distinction between the Two—I. God has a People—Called Saints—Not Dead—The Continuous Life—To be Met at Home—What it is to be a Saint—Not Perfect People—Self Satisfaction a State of Death—A Painter's Despair—How Saints May be Known—By their Holy Life—Holiness Never Imputed—II. Saints in the First Rank—What will Become of Gen. Gordon—III. They Render Special Homage.

DO not throw yourselves back in your seats, and say, "This will be a sermon for saints, and therefore we may be excused from attending to it." Do you not see that the first clause gives you a fair word and a kindly hint? "All thy works shall praise thee, O Jehovah." Through this you may enter, as by an open door, for if you are not Jehovah's saints you are His works, and are bound to praise His name. In these days of harvest and full summer-tide, every created thing appears to praise God by its very existence. Insect and fern, pebble and rippling brook, star and cloud, wind and dew—all reflect the wisdom and goodness of the Most High.

Many a man's works are no credit to him, and even in cases wherein men have wrought well, and produced much which is to their honor, yet certain of their works are not to their credit, but deserve to be plunged in darkness. It is never so with a single work of the Eternal; all His works are perfect. He puts

NO BAD WORK

into them, He uses no base material, He never makes up with paint and varnish for grievous deficiencies. Set all His works in the sunlight, ay, put them all under the strongest magnifier, and they tell no tale against Him, but they all publish Him as the best of workers, the grandest of thinkers, the most complete of designers.

All God's works also praise Him by a sort of intent, they make praise His glory as of set purpose. We are speaking of the inanimate creation—we say inanimate, but in this matter they seem to be all alive to the glory of the Lord. The worlds that roll through space, and the motes that dance in the sunshine, the firebolt that levels the tower, and the snow-flakes that dance in His wintry courts, the yeast of the foaming sea, the pollen of the ripening flower, and the cleavage of the crystal, all vie with one another in proclaiming the greatness of the wisdom and the goodness of the Lord. Not alone are the heavens telling the glory of God, and the firmament showing his handiwork, but the earth and the air, the sea and all deep places, the hill-side and the cottage garden, are all emulating each other in the blessed work of praising Jehovah.

Arouse thee, then, my friend! Thou art a creature, if not a new creature in Christ Jesus. Adore thy Benefactor if thou dost not know thy Saviour. Hast thou nothing for which to praise the Lord? Is not thy body a specimen of His handiwork? Are not the organs of nutrition, and the supplies which are given to them, proofs of His goodness? Thy deliverance from fever, and a hundred other deaths, is something worthy of a song. All thy domestic hopes, and joys, and longings, though they reach not to eternal things, and are but draughts from the nether springs, yet do they come from the same Hand as the higher boons; and they may lead thee home, for the prodigal, who came back to his father, was sweetly tempted thither by the remembrance of the bread in his father's house, of which there was enough and to spare.

Yet I confess that there is in the text much that is special for a chosen people; it speaks to those who dwell within the inner circle, who by position, character, and privilege are elevated to the highest form of service. Praise is high as heaven, and lasting as eternity, and yet there

is something that is better, for it is written—"Thy saints shall bless Thee."

Everywhere throughout the word of God you see kept up a very

CLEAR AND SHARP DISTINCTION

between those that fear God and those that fear Him not—between the two seeds, the seed of the serpent and the seed of the woman—between those that are living in sin, and those that have been delivered from it, and so are made saints unto God. Two peoples there are, and ever will be while the present dispensation lasts, and the difference between them is great and vital. At the very beginning we shall have to remind you that the text suggests this. We are all God's works. "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves"; but we are not all "His people, and the sheep of His pasture." Divide yourselves by a scriptural judgment. "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves." Rest in no neutrality. Dream not of communion between Christ and Belial. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." You are either with God or against Him, and the sooner you know your true position the better. I shall never preach to you as if you were all alike, for I know you are not.

I shall want you carefully to notice three things. The first is, that *God has a people whom He calls His saints:* of these we read in the text. Secondly, *these are placed in the first rank;* for while it is said, "All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord," the saints occupy a special position, and they are spoken of by themselves, and put before all others—"and Thy saints shall bless Thee." Thirdly, *these people render a special homage.*

I. Come, then, to our work. May the Holy Ghost help us! First,

GOD HAS A PEOPLE

whom he calls His saints. Who are they? Are they all dead? It is supposed so; for the usage of the Popery around us is to call men saints who have been long in their graves, but living men are not regarded in that light. I notice, even among those who call themselves Protestants, a great many relics of the old harlot of the seven hills, and among the rest this nonsense of dead saintship. Somebody wrote me the other day about his "sainted mother." What did he mean? Had the Pope canonized her? Or did she become a saint by dying? Does death, which came in through sin, bring sainthood with it? Assuredly not. If men are not saints before death, they certainly cannot be made saints after death.

When the apostle Paul wrote letters to the churches, he called the members of them saints. They were living men and women of whom he thus spake. They were ordinary men and women like ourselves; poor in rank, greatly deficient in education, and often without house or home. In some respects they were even inferior to ourselves; for their former conversation had been so exceedingly lax that they ignorantly tolerated sins which in these days would not be endured for a moment. I believe that the church of God at this day, taken as a whole, is better than the Church at Corinth was. For instance, there is no church that I know of, worthy to be called a church of Christ, that would tolerate in its membership one who had been guilty of incest. We should be quite sure to deal with such an open and crying crime as that. We have many faults to-day, and they had a great many faults then, for the apostle had to write to some churches twice over to warn them of certain very apparent evils; and yet, for all that, there were saints in those churches, and Paul was accustomed to address those who were joined together in any one place as those who were called to be saints. These saints

ARE TO BE MET WITH

in our own country. Many persons have a high esteem for ministers whom they have never seen, who labor in exceedingly remote districts. Of course these good men and their churches must be absolutely perfect: a race of saints. Distance lends enchantment to the view. For my part, I love to believe in the holiness of those who are round about me, in the sanctity of my fellow-laborers, and in the fervent devotion of those who hold up my hands, from day to day, in my work of faith and labor of love. There are as many saints in England as there are in America. I am not inclined to look to the Plymouth Church, or the Romish Church, or the Greek Church, or any other church, for my saints: I find them in the Tabernacle.

WHAT IS IT TO BE A SAINT?

Some people do not want to know, for with them it is a term of contempt. They say, "Oh, he is one of your saints!" They lay the emphasis on the word "saints," as if it were something very disgraceful; or, at least, despicable and hypocritical. Whenever I have that said to me—and it has happened more than once—I take off my hat out of respect to the title. I had rather be a saint than a Knight of the Garter. Sometimes I have said, "I wish you could prove your words"; for surely nobody need be ashamed of being called a saint unless he is afraid that he cannot maintain the name; but if you really are saintly, and men apply the title to you in scorn, wear it upon your sleeve as your honor, and make no attempt whatever to conceal the soft impeachment. I have sometimes heard of the "Latter Day Saints." I do not know much about them, but I greatly prefer the "Every Day Saints." Those people who are saints anywhere and everywhere are truly saints; and he that is not a saint everywhere is not a saint anywhere, for this is a thing that cannot be put off and on like our Sunday dress. Holiness must be a part of ourselves; it must be our nature to be saintly.

Who, then, are saints? Some will tell us that they are persons who are totally free from sin in thought, and word, and deed; but where will you find these marvellous beings? I have never met with such. I have seen a few

HARE-BRAINED ENTHUSIASTS

who said that they were perfect, but you had only to watch them for a single day to discover their defects; but a man absolutely free from all tendency to sin I have never seen on earth, nor have you: I thought we were all sinners, and I have not altered the opinion. I should not think he was much of a saint who did not confess that he was somewhat of a sinner still. I should be afraid that he did not know himself, and that his standard of saintship was not as high as it ought to be. When a man is so good that he cannot be better, I perceive that in some respects he is so bad that he could hardly be worse; for instance, in the matter of pride, he has gone *some few degrees beyond Lucifer* himself. When a soul is thoroughly saturated with the belief that it can be no better, it will be no better. That holy restlessness which makes a man lament his imperfections, and pine after something more Christlike, is part of the force by which we move upward toward higher degrees of spirituality and grace. Self-satisfaction is the death of progress, and at the same time the discovery of falsehood. The very power to become sanctified has departed from the man who boasts that he is so.

A certain great painter had been accustomed to perform great feats with his brush, but one day, having finished a picture, he laid down his palette, and said to his wife, "My power to paint is gone!" "Oh," said she, "how is that?" "Well," he answered, "up to this day I have always been dissatisfied with my productions; but the last picture I have painted perfectly satisfies me, and therefore I am certain that I shall never be able to paint anything worth looking at again." As long as ever a man is dissatisfied with himself, he will be capable of great things; but when he feels that he has attained, and is perfectly satisfied, depend upon it nothing will come of him during the rest of his life. He has lost the very faculty of progress.

Oh, brothers, if we know ourselves and our God, every idea of our being absolutely perfect will make us sick to the death; we know we are nothing of the sort. Still, we also know that sin has not dominion over us, and that we are holiness unto the Lord; and in this we do and will rejoice, and bless the Lord our God. Taking all that into consideration, we again ask the question, who are saints?

Saints, in the first place, are those whom God has set apart for Himself. He chose them to be his own portion from before the foundations of the world. He gave them, as men whom He had set apart for Himself, into the hands of the Lord Jesus Christ. They are the people whom Christ speaks of when He mentions "those whom thou hast given Me." These are the saints. These people being thus God's own, by His electing love, are in due time called effectually by His grace. Having been redeemed by blood, they are in due time redeemed by power.

But who are the saints, again?

HOW SHALL WE KNOW THEM?

Well, they are known, next, by their holy life. They are not only dedicated to God, but they are made meet for God's use by the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit. Forget not all I have said about our imperfections; but, for all that, God's people are a holy people. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." A man is described in Scripture, not by his infirmities, but by the general run and current of his life. We say of a river that it runs to the south, although there may be eddies along the banks which run in an opposite direction to the main stream. Still, these are an inconsiderable matter. The main stream of the Thames is running constantly toward the sea, and we speak not amiss or untruthfully when we say that it is so. And the main stream and set of the current of the life of a child of God runs toward that which is right, true, and holy, both toward God and toward man. If it is not so with you, dear friend, I make very short work of it: *you do not know the Lord.* You have need to be born again, and to be delivered from the power of sin. "His servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness."

"Holiness is imputed," says one. It cannot be imputed, say I. The *righteousness* of Christ is imputed to us; but *holiness* is quite another term, and you never find in the word of God mention made of an imputation of holiness. That cannot be. David says, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath

CLEAN HANDS

and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully." These are actual qualities, not imputations. God's saints are not drunkards. God's saints are not liars. God's saints are not dishonest. God's saints are not ungenerous and unloving. God's saints are not a people that take delight in iniquity, and follow after the wages of evil, like Balaam of old. God's people are a people that follow after holiness, and will never be satisfied till sin is exterminated from their hearts, root and branch. In fact, they will never get to heaven till they get that holiness, and when they get that they will be in heaven, for they will awake in the likeness of the Lord. These, then, are the distinguishing marks of the saints of God.

"Where shall we find these saints?" says one. Slander says, "Nowhere," but truthfulness affirms that there are many of them to be found. They are the ornaments of our households, the pillars of our churches, the delights of our communion, and the glory of Christ. Oh, that we might be numbered among them!

II. Well, now, secondly, I want you to notice that these are placed

IN THE FIRST RANK,

and the reason is of God's grace and mercy, because he has done the most for them. "All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord," but "thy saints shall bless thee," because they are in a very peculiar and remarkable manner God's

works. God has created all things; but He has *twice created* His saints. He brought the world out of chaos, but He brought His people out of the land of darkness and of the shadow of death, from under the power and domination of every evil thing; yea, even from death, and from hell itself. For them He wrought

A CREATION AND A RESURRECTION.

But, again, God's works of grace are not only created by His own power, but in great favor they stand, in a *covenant relation* with Himself. Behold, He has made the covenant of day and night, which shall not be broken, and He has made the covenant with the earth that He will no more destroy it with a flood, and He has covenanted that while the earth endureth seed-time and harvest, and summer and winter, shall not cease. After the same fashion has He made covenant with His own redeemed, that He will not be wroth with them, nor rebuke them, world without end.

Further than this, God's tenderest consideration is given to His saints. He cares for all the works of His hands. Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without being noticed by our Father. God cares for every fish of the sea; and even such fish as never see the light, but dwell in black pools, in the monster caverns of the earth, are not forgotten of Him. But as for His children, what care He gives to them! No farmer has as much care for his barn-door chickens as he has for his own little chicks indoors. The Lord cares for all those countless multitudes that wait upon Him; but there is the tenderer care of the Father for all those who are allied to Him by nature, and are heirs with Him by grace.

Let us look back, and think how God has loved us long before we thought of Him, and how He has thought of us when we have forgotten Him. One said to me, the other day,

"WHAT WILL BECOME OF GORDON?"

I answered, "He is safe enough, I believe; for he has given himself into the hand of God, and He will take care of him." To this the questioner replied, somewhat flippantly, "It may be so; but, you see, he is so dashing that he gives God a great deal to think of and to do." I did not like the expression, but still it is exceedingly applicable to many of us; for the office of "Preserver of men" is no sinecure in the case of the Most High. Even a quiet life at home is crowded with the most spiritual, minute, and tender thoughts of God. The Lord's guardian care extends to everything, and to every particle of everything, so that nothing in the whole of life is left to chance, or regarded as a trifle.

And what a position you have as to

GOD'S VISITS!

"Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water." But the visits of God to creation—what are they compared with his visits to us, his own redeemed! When He came to Bethlehem, He did so visit us that He took our nature, and became bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. And He wears that nature still. God is still incarnate.

"He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified."

To none of His other creatures has He paid such a visit as that. Even now, to-day, you who are humble and contrite are nearer to God than kings and princes. God in His visitations of men astounds us. "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" Yet He will come to your cottage, come to your chamber, come to your sick bed. "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." "Thou hast granted me life and favor, and Thy visitation hath preserved my spirit."

You see, the saints have the first seats all along, and they hold them to the end of the chapter, for *they shall be crowned* with glory and honor. The earth hath its coronation; but what is the coronation of the saints? "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season;" or, if it be not so with thee, thou shalt behold thy Lord coming here to receive thee, for He hath said it, "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."

There is a glory yet to come to the whole of creation; for its groans and travail will lead up to its new birth. What a zodiac of glory will flame from the new heavens above the new earth at the latter day! But what of that? The greatest glory is for us to be fashioned, as we soon shall be, in the image of the Son of God, and then to dwell at His right hand forever. Between God and man there seems to be an infinite distance; yet when you see the God-man, Christ Jesus, you perceive that God has made His creature, man, near of kin unto Himself.

III. So I finish by noticing, dear friends, that as God has a people called saints, and as He has put them in the front rank, they render

A SPECIAL HOMAGE

to Him. This homage is true praise, and yet it has a certain difference of principle in it, so that it is instructive to say, "All thy works shall *praise* Thee, O Lord," but "thy saints shall *bless* thee."

Praise is a very proper thing to render to God; and in common with all His works we do render it. But praise has not in it those elements of warmth which belong to blessing God. For instance, you can praise a man, and yet have no kind of regard for him. I suppose that when Wellington defeated the French at Waterloo, there could hardly be found in all the ranks of Napoleon's army men who did not praise Wellington. They said, "He must, indeed, be a marvellous warrior to have annihilated such an army as ours." They could not help praising him, but they could have no love for him, and would no doubt have been heartily glad if he had never existed.

Cold-blooded philosophers have written of God as if He were some far-off abstraction, and they have allowed words to fall from their pens, like masses of ice, which, when we have dissolved them, have been fragrant with reverence. Such men stand like the Israelites outside the bounds, and gaze at the fire and smoke of Sinai, awe-struck and trembling. As for us, it is our delight to come up unto God, even within the thick darkness, and to commune with Him as a man communeth with his friend. Others may praise God, but it is ours, with our whole hearts, to bless His name. "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

Praise is a form of worship in which we cannot attain to communion with God of the highest order; for that we must ascend

ANOTHER STEP,

and learn to bless Him. I never read that God praises men. It may be true that in some sense He does so when He says, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" but I do not find the expression used in Scripture. God blesses men. Everybody knows that; and therefore when we bless God we enter upon a singularly happy fellowship with Him. He blesses us, and we bless Him; and herein is communion. I grant you, that between the two blessings there is a very great disproportion; but it is the same word, with much of the same meaning.

We cannot reach half way to our desire, and so we have to wind up by saying, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" Go in, dear hearts, and sit like David before the Lord, and cry, "Whence is this to me?" Then go out, and talk about Him to your friends, and say great things and choice things concerning Him. Make Him a glorious God in their ears. Tell them there never was such a friend, or helper, or Saviour, or father, or brother, or husband, as your God has been to you. Make them hear it—that you are the happiest of men because you have found the blessed God. Make all to know it—that you are the most contented of men because you have chosen the good part, which is to sit at the feet of Jesus.

Do bless Him in secret: and then bless Him with the few that are your daily companions, and if God has given you the tongue of eloquence, bless His name before the crowds, and never be ashamed. Tell them that there is no life like life for God; there is no joy like joy in Christ, no riches like the riches of God's grace, no heaven like the heaven of dwelling forever with Him. Oh, speak well of Him, and when you have spoken your best of Him, then wish to begin again, and speak better; and when you have reached to that, and said your best things, then say, "These are nothing compared with what He deserves. I will try again, and yet rise beyond the loftiest conceptions of the present."

CONVERSION OF A CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLER.

See Illustration on page 604.

AMONG the most interesting cases of conversion in the records of missionary labor is that of Mr. Sing, the native preacher at Shing-hien. He had been *an astrologer and fortune-teller*, and held a good and conspicuous position in the city temple of that place, where he daily plied his art. He had purchased a copy of St. Luke's Gospel from a colporteur, but the cares and anxieties of life choked whatever good impressions he received from it. At last he was instructed by Mr. Yen, a native helper, in charge of the Gospel work at Shing-hien, that in order to understand the Scriptures aright he must pray to be enlightened by the Holy Spirit. He did so, and soon began to have some sense of the divine meaning of Luke 15. With increasing light he saw that his profession was unlawful, and that he was in fact, fast in the snare of the devil. Resolving to tamper with evil no longer, he pulled down his sign, made a fire, and burned his books.

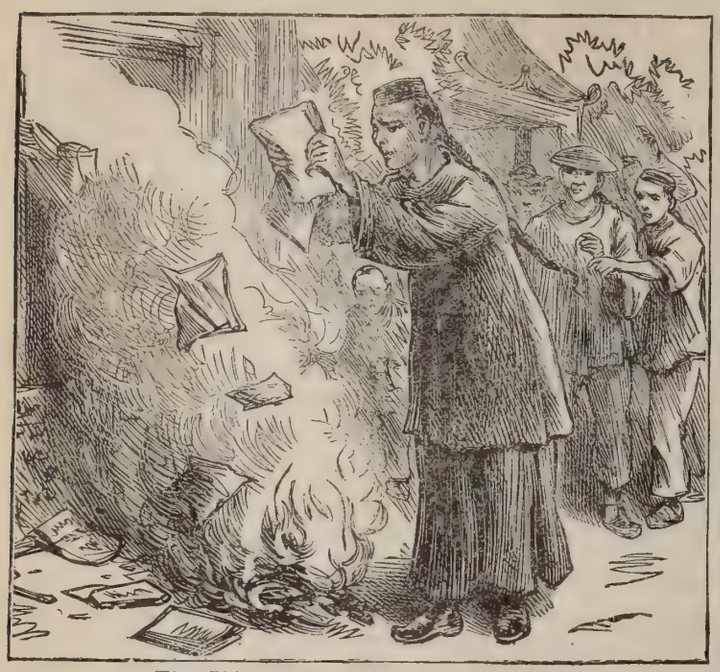
He was now consciously washed from his pollutions and made a new man in Christ. He immediately followed Mr. Yen, preaching the doctrine of the Cross. "Some fancied," he says, "that I had grown suddenly richer by preaching Jesus than by telling fortunes, and so had given it up. Some friends tried to provoke me and to induce me to make good speed to quit that way. Some grossly slandered me and tried to frighten me, and some threatened to take my life and stamp the Gospel of Jesus out of Shing-hien City. The adversaries were very much divided in opinions and guesses about me; but by God's grace I was enabled boldly to preach Jesus, the Lord. I was not afraid of their faces, and I held fast to the peace which I was unwilling to lose."

TEMPLE OF FIVE HUNDRED IDOLS.

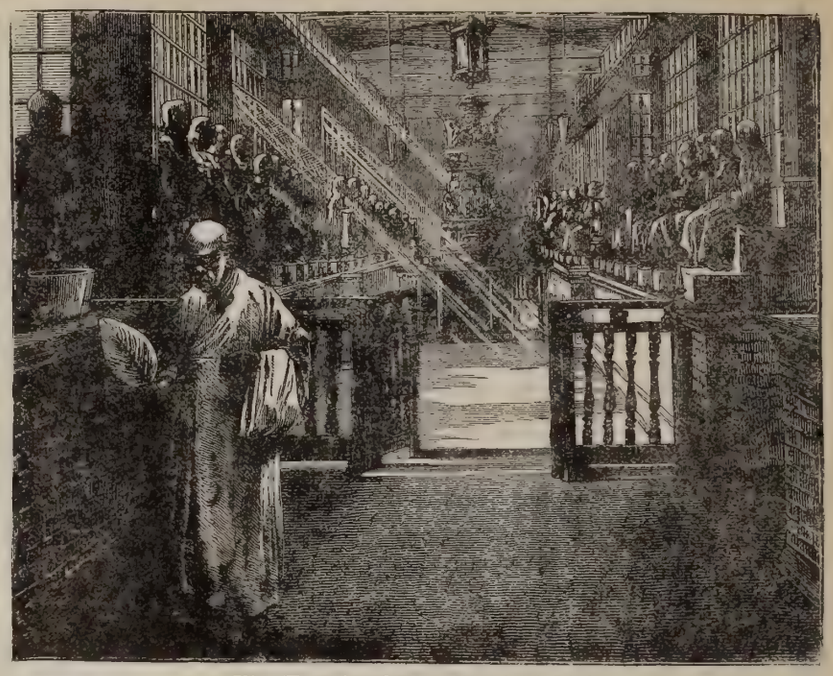
(*See Illustration on page 604.*)

THE idol temples of Canton, in China, contain an immense number of idols. The one illustrated on page 604 is called "The temple of five hundred idols." The Kuângheaou-tse, or temple of "Resplendent filial duty," is one of the largest, and stands within the walls, near the north-west corner of the city. It is endowed with a large extent of land for the support of its priests or inmates, who number two hundred. It is said to have been built as long ago as the period of "The Three Kingdoms," A.D. 250. The Buddhist establishment at Canton is about three quarters of a mile north of the Foreign Factories, in the suburb beyond the city walls. It contains about one hundred priests. The temple, with its grounds, occupies some acres of land, and has several spacious halls. In one part of the temple is a large image of Buddha, and in another an idol of Kuan-yin, "the goddess of Mercy," who is said to "regard the cries of mortals," and to assist them. She is worshipped chiefly by women.

A visitor, Mr. Bennett, says: "The entrance to the temple or temples, and extensive grounds about them, is close to the landing place. Passing some miserable fruit-and eating-stalls, we noticed a clean, open place planted with trees, and having in the centre a broad pavement of



The Chinese Wizard Burning his Books.



The Temple of Five Hundred Idols.

granite kept very clean. The quietness that reigned within, formed a pleasing retreat from the noise and bustle without. This paved way brought us to the first portico ; here we beheld, on huge granite pedestals, a colossal figure on each side, placed there as guards of the entrance to the temple of Buddha ; the one on the right in entering is the Warrior *Chin-Ky*, and on the left is *Chinloong*.

"After passing these colossal guards, we entered another court, also planted with trees, with a continuation of the granite footpath, which led through several gateways to one of the temples. At this time the priesthood were assembled, worshipping, chanting, striking gongs, arranged in rows and frequently performing the Ko-tow, in adoration of their gilded, senseless deities."

UNCLE ANTHONY AND HIS NEPHEW.

(*See Illustration on page* 605.)

"UNCLE ANTHONY, do you know the minister is dead?" said a lad of some sixteen years of age, as he entered the garden of a laborer's cottage, where an old man sat reading the Bible.

"No, Tom ; I knew he was ill, but I had not heard he was dead. Who told you?"

"Deacon Brown ; he said the dominie died this morning, and it was the peacefulest death he ever saw. It was like a going to sleep."

"Ah! my boy," said Uncle Anthony, "the minister was not likely to be afraid to die. It was like going home to him. He preached Christ, and he trusted in Him for himself."

Tom had received a religious education, and liking to stand well with his uncle, thought a Bible quotation would be in point here, so he said, solemnly, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

But the quotation had not the desired effect. Uncle Anthony turned on him almost fiercely. "Never let me hear you say that again, Tom," he said.

"Why not, uncle? It's in the Bible," said Tom.

"Ay! ay! I know that, but there's a deal in the Bible it is not proper for us to say. 'Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice' is in the Bible, but we should never say such a thing ourselves. The wicked King of Egypt said it to Moses and Aaron."

"But ain't it right to wish to die like a good man, uncle?"

"Not if you are not living a good man's life, Tom. It was Balaam who said that first. He was so anxious to stand well at court and please the king that he tried to curse the people of God. A man who is willing to do wrong to get on in the world ought not to want to die the death of the righteous. He is a mean man who wants to have all the good of this life and then to repent just in time to get all the good of the next life. If you want to die the death of the righteous, Tom, when your time comes, you must give your heart to Christ while you are young, and work for your Saviour afterward. Don't forget that, Tom."

Tom said he would not ; but, in truth, he stood in need of the lecture. The good old man who had so earnestly admonished him had noticed the bent of the boy's mind—his readiness to adapt himself to his company and to talk glibly of religious things to religious people and appear worldly-wise to worldly people, trying to stand well with both—and he was glad to have the opportunity of giving him a reproof and a warning.

Tom left school soon afterward and entered into business, so his pleasant visits to his uncle's cottage were interrupted. That was not a good thing for him, for the old man's bluntness would have been a good discipline for him. He soon forgot his uncle's lecture, and as he lived in that most dangerous of all circles of society—the worldly-religious—the natural tendency of his mind developed with terrible effect.

Two years after Uncle Anthony's lecture, Tom paid him another flying visit. It was the last time Tom ever saw the old man alive. As he stood in the lane outside the familiar cottage, himself unseen, he saw his uncle, as he had seen him scores of times, sitting on the low settle outside his door, reading his Bible. The old man was intent on the Word of Life, and his face showed how absorbed he was. He had not changed his working dress, and Tom, who was well dressed, rather looked down on Uncle Anthony in his poverty.

The visit was paid, good advice given, and Tom said the last "good-by" he would ever say to his kind, faithful old friend. He went his way, and lived on in the same life. He heard of his uncle's death, and almost involuntarily uttered the same wish he had used years before, but his uncle's lecture recurred to his memory, and he could not but acknowledge that he had practically forgotten it. He thought, however, of the old man as he saw him last, and congratulated himself on his prospect of having a better provision for his old age than his uncle had.

Tom's self-congratulations were a little premature. He trifled so long with religious principles that they ceased to govern his life altogether. Such a man is the easy prey of Satan, and when temptation came to him it was a very short and feeble struggle he made before taking his employer's money for a speculation that promised well, but ended disastrously. His uncle's warning seemed to Tom like a prophecy when he was wearing stripes in the penitentiary and when his way back to respectable society seemed hopelessly barred against him. Uncle Anthony s position as he sat, in his poverty, in his old age, reading his Bible, unaccused by his conscience, seemed to him then a position most enviable.

TESTIMONIES AT THE CHRISTIAN CONVENTION IN NEW YORK.

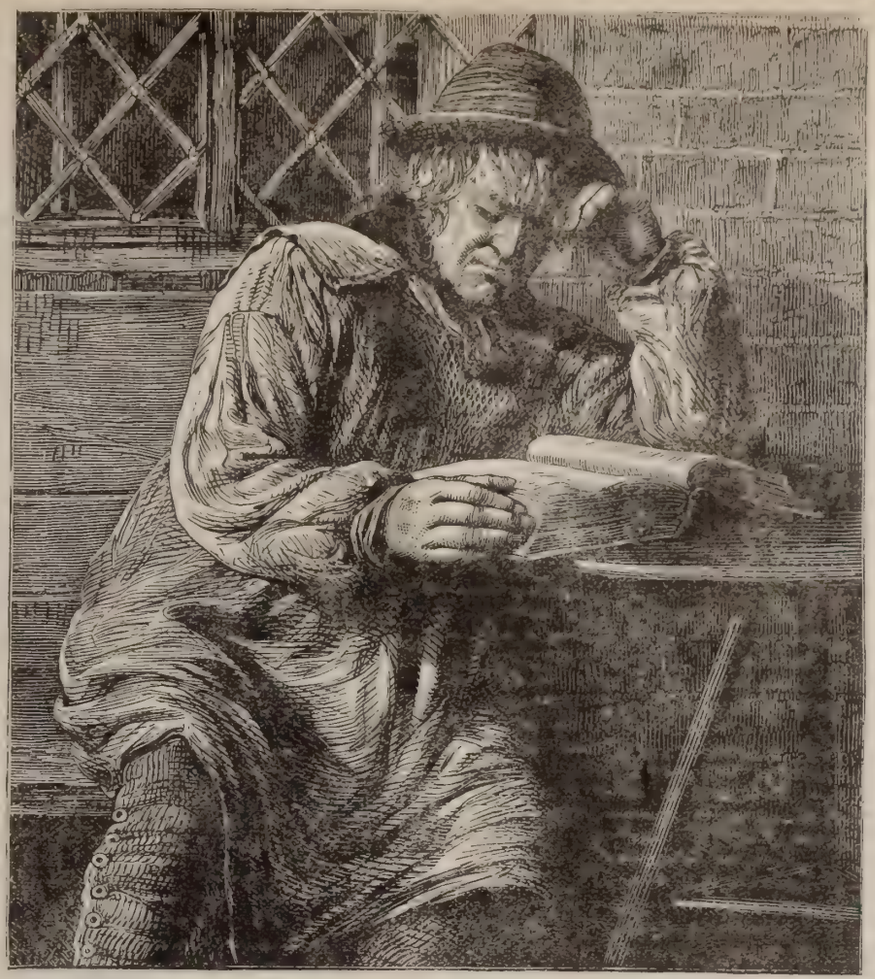
THE afternoon session of the Christian Convention, held in the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle on Friday last, was devoted to the subject of faith-healing.

Dr. Simpson, the pastor of the church, invited any who had experienced the Lord's healing power to testify, *limiting each testimony to three* minutes. One after another, for over an hour, without a moment's interval, ladies and gentlemen in different parts of the building rose spontaneously to describe their healing. They were persons of education and intelligence, and not one had the appearance, or manner, or mode of expression which indicates fanaticism. Each spoke clearly and briefly of the disease and the recovery, and in each case ascribed the cure to Christ alone. When the time allotted to the purpose had expired, and others were still desiring to speak, Dr. Simpson asked for a silent testimony, and immediately over a hundred persons rose to acknowledge that God had, in their individual cases, been to them a God "who healeth all our diseases." Among the many testimonies given, we select a few of the most remarkable.

An old lady, who told the Convention she was *eighty-four*, and whose face, lined and marked by time, confirmed her words, was the first to testify. She related how, through the power of Jesus, she had been raised from a bed she did not expect to leave until death came to her relief. From being a bedridden old woman He had changed her into a woman whose activity was beyond her years. The old lady actually leaped an inch or two from the floor, as if she were a school-girl, as she declared what her Saviour had done for her.

Another lady, whose beautiful features, glowing with perfect health, confirmed her statement,

said she was now quite well. She had been suffering for eight years from *a febroid tumor*, and had vainly sought relief from the best physicians in this country and in Europe. No hope was given her, except that if she would submit to a painful operation her life might be saved. Even that was doubtful, for there was lung trouble and an affection of the heart. Having an abundance of means she travelled from one European capital to another, consulting specialists and trying "the cures" for which the various watering-places are noted. Finally, at Lucerne, in Switzerland, an eminent surgeon gave it as his deliberate opinion that her life could not be prolonged beyond three months at the furthest, and that an operation would be of no avail. She returned home to die, but in studying God's Word and in reading the testimonies of those who have been healed through faith, she was enabled to cast her burden on Christ, and, abandoning all medicine and medical advice, went to Dr. Cullis, and asked him to pray for her and with her. She slowly but surely recovered. Since then, at various times, she has experienced other manifestations of Christ's healing power—once in diphtheria and once in congestion of the lungs.



Uncle Anthony's Study.

The case of a child about nine years of age was mentioned by the same lady. She was an orphan, whom the lady has recently adopted. The child was suffering with a catarrhal affection, and minute directions were given by her former attendant, at the time of her adoption, for the cleansing of the ear. Mrs. Naylor, the lady who adopted her, did not purpose carrying out the instructions, but submitted her case to the Great Physician who had healed herself. The cloths were removed from the child's head, and she was treated as if well. To the amazement of the child, though not of Mrs. Naylor—her own experience having prepared her for the result—the loathsome discharge wholly ceased, and her recovery was assured.

Dr. J. W. Clift, of Washington, said that thirty years ago he became a Christian. He did not commence preaching the Gospel, as he should have done, but devoted himself to the study of medicine. The Lord suffered him to graduate with honor at Harvard and to obtain a position of honor and responsibility as a surgeon in the army. Afterward he settled at Savannah, Ga., and prospered. But there God cried "halt." He laid His hand upon him. His beloved wife of seven months was taken away by death. He suffered the loss of office and property, and lastly, by a sunstroke, he lost the use of the brain of which he was proud. Ten years he suffered, knowing well, as a surgeon, by the symptoms he observed in himself, that softening of the brain was in progress. His senses of hearing, sight, smell, and touch were failing him, and often having commenced a sentence, his mind failed him, and he was unable to complete it. In this state, the horrors of which only a man of education and intelligence can fully realize, a friend went to him at his home, 1117 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C., and urged him to give his case into the hands of Christ. As a surgeon, Dr. Clift was startled at the thought; but as a Christian, his faith prompted him to comply. He went to Christ, and besought Him to heal him, and in three days he was well mentally and physically. That was June 18th, 1882. He is now able to read fine print without spectacles, to hear distinctly, and can lift a hundred pound weight in each hand. The doctor said he had asked the Lord to renew his youth, and he believed that he was in all physical respects a younger man than his age by eighteen years.

Miss Carrie F. Judd testified that since her cure [with the circumstances of which our readers are familiar], five years ago, she has been working without cessation in the Lord's service, and it has been all done in the power of the Lord. She said that the Lord's keeping power was as remarkable as His healing power, and during the five years of renewed health and vigor she had fully tested it.

Mr. Oliver, the noted evangelist of South Carolina, rose as Miss Judd sat down to add his testimony to those already given. For seventeen years he had been afflicted with a chronic malady, the pain of which was so excruciating that he had often prayed that God would take his soul out of his body. One year ago he made the discovery that provision had been made by God for the body as well as for the soul. He prayed, and was healed. Since then he had had sicknesses, but he *treated them as he did temptations*. He took them to the Saviour, and was delivered. He testified also that the physical healing had in his case been accompanied by a marked spiritual blessing.

Mrs. Brodie, the young wife of a wealthy merchant in British Honduras, briefly described her healing of a painful malady which had been pronounced incurable. She had been for some time a helpless invalid, able to live only in cold climates, and there only in great suffering. She had been an opponent of the doctrine of faith healing, and both in England and America had expressed emphatically her incredulity of the professions of those who were healed. She was, however, led to trust in Christ for healing, and was cured. Since that time she has labored for her Saviour in British Honduras, and has testified to His power in America and England.

Testimony was also given by a gentleman who had been completely cured of deafness and of a rupture, being now able to walk about and work without a truss, though had he attempted to do so before his cure through faith and prayer, he would have fallen helpless to the ground. *A lady* who was going around on crutches a few weeks ago told how thankfully she took them home one day recently and left them there as useless incumbrances. Another lady held up her hand, opening and closing it in sight of the audience, and told how a short time ago it hung helpless at her side, paralyzed, but had been restored on the day she placed her trust in Christ. Another lady described how she had agreed to submit to a painful surgical operation in order to save her life, and the preparations were all made for it to be performed. But the night before, as she lay awake, thinking of the next day's ordeal, she prayed. Instead of asking for strength under the surgeon's knife she said to the Lord that she could trust in His power better than in the surgeon's, and would give herself into His hands. When, the next day, the surgeons came to perform the operation they found their work unnecessary. The cure was perfect and complete.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 591.*)

Retribution Begun.

MISS WALDRON was doomed to receive a second blow the same night, almost as severe as the first. Before she had time to yield to the passion which Carl's confession had awakened, her father entered the room, where she was still sitting, with her bonnet and shawl on, in an apathetic state of bewilderment.

"My dear," he said, "it is probable that Robert will at last consent to marry. It is what we have both desired for years. You have never given me a moment's uneasiness; but for him I am still anxious. To marry a religious woman might be the means of salvation to his soul. "Robert," he continued, "is in love with Hester Morley; and he has my full approbation and consent. It will heal old wounds, and make atonement for the past. You know Hester well; she has been almost like your own child. You will give her a sister's welcome, Sophia."

"Never!" she exclaimed; "if you are become a fool, and Robert an idiot, I shall retain my sense of what is fitting and right. Never will I consent to look upon Hester Morley as my sister."

She shuddered at the bare mention of such a thing; and casting a frown upon her father which filled him with dismay, she sailed out of the room with an air of dignity that concealed how crushed and wounded her spirit had been that day.

Opposition had always been congenial to Mr. Waldron. But his daughter's positive and active antagonism to his scheme made him

feel vexed and unhappy. He did not think for a moment of giving it up; but he had reckoned upon Miss Waldron's feminine penetration, and upon the interest and affection of long-standing which he supposed to exist between her and Hester. He was very far indeed from divining the mixed motives which were at war in his daughter's mind.

Miss Waldron herself, with all her long practice in analyzing her own inner life, could not dissect her present feelings, but for a time gave herself up to uncontrolled passion. Her closet, that night and the next day, could have told of a very different scene to the usually calm and self-complacent devotions of its inmate. The whole circle, Hester, Carl, Grant and his wife, were her dependents and inferiors, yet she had no power to punish them. Had she no power? She would think about it.

Miss Waldron's naturally proud spirit had not been wholly eradicated by her conversion, and being fed by the homage she received from friends of a lower station than herself, it grew. She committed the perilous fault of unwatchfulness. Toward Hester, it had especially developed, owing to the loan advanced to Mr. Morley by Mr. Waldron.

John Morley had received this loan from Mr. Waldron upon a mortgage, and had spent a portion of it at once in paying the most pressing of his creditors; but the tide of debt was still mounting, and would soon overflow this feeble breakwater. Secretly it was upon John Morley's poverty that both Mr. Waldron and Robert built their hopes: a more sandy foundation than either of them expected. The future to be offered to Hester was so dazzling compared to her present lot, so far beyond anything her most daring girlish fancies could have dreamed, that they counted upon awakening her ambition. It was incredible that a position which would be eagerly snatched at by many a well-born and wealthy family could be rejected by the daughter of a man hopelessly involved in buisness embarrassments. Looking at it in this light, Mr. Waldron felt satisfied that Hester would gladly become Robert's wife. Going round to the other side, and regarding the projected marriage with the purged and enlightened eyes of a Christian man who knows this world to be no more than a training-school for eternity, a chilly doubt crept over him that she could not be tempted by all the grandeur and ease they could offer her.

Robert Waldron was growing hungry for a sight of Hester. Strange to say, though he had haunted old Madame's garret, to his own imminent danger and her uncontrollable terror, for Lawson had begun to dart in home at all sorts of unexpected moments, he had never happened to come across Hester. He had found it impossible to stay long away from Little Aston, and since his return not a day had passed without his paying a visit to Madame. But the little one did not come to see her so often, said Madame; on the contrary, she sent to invite her to visit her in her own home, which was much more *triste* than her little garret.

But the chance came at last; the hour so long waited for. The very morning after Miss Waldron's defiance of her father's wishes, Hester felt obliged to pay her last visit to Aston Court—a visit of gratitude rather than of business. She had still no special desire to avoid meeting Robert. Her large, girlish heart embraced him, as it did her father and Rose, in a warmth of pity and sorrow which could never make her feel indifferent to him. They were all three lost in a labyrinth, where they wandered solitarily and in toilsome paths; and she, looking on with tearful eyes longed to lead them back to a resting-place.

She found Mr. Waldron, as she had hoped, alone, and she uttered her thanks in few but expressive words. She told him that the sum he had advanced would meet their expenses for the next half-year.

"And what after that?" asked Mr. Waldron, in a tone of anxiety.

"I can scarcely tell," answered Hester, with a smile faltering between fear and courage, "I am not afraid, not very much afraid, at least. Something may happen before then."

"You would do anything for your father's sake, Hester?" he said.

"Anything," she repeated, fervently; "only show me what I can do, and I will do it."

Mr. Waldron took both her hands into his, and looked with a marvellous gentleness for him into her pale face with its faint smile.

"My dear child," he said, "I have a plan in my mind for you which would set your father free from his difficulties, and place you both in a position above care of any kind. You are a brave good girl, and I love you like a daughter. You could trust yourself in my hands, Hester?"

"Yes," she answered, lifting her eyes to his, inquiringly.

"Stay here a few minutes," he added; "I am not quite ready to tell you my plan yet."

He went away, leaving her in the room which she rememberd to have first entered with Rose. The great life-size portraits of Luther and Melanchthon gazed down steadily upon her from the wall, as they had done when she looked up wonderingly to them as a little child. The recollection was more vivid and sad than usual, for she had left Rose in a paroxysm of vain remorse in her poor refuge. She recalled their meeting with Robert in the park the first time she had ever seen him; and the light, gay, air of happiness which to her eyes had surrounded both him and Rose. Hester's face had assumed again the pallor and care which had almost vanished from it for a little while; and she looked once more like a blanched and frail flower which has grown up without sunshine. When Mr. Waldron left her, she leaned back in her chair, and closed her eyes with a languor to which she would not yield in any one's presence; and so absorbed did she grow in her melancholy thoughts, that she did not hear the opening of the door, as it turned almost noiselessly upon its hinges.

It was Robert who entered, having been found by his father, and sent to learn his fate. He was disquieted and troubled, and he stole forward with the quietness of a mother who fears to disturb the slumber of her child, or with the caution of a naturalist who snatches a glance at some rare wild denizen of the woods, which will take flight at his approach. He had not seen Hester since the evening she had spent at Aston Court—that happy evening which had seemed to him an omen of good both to himself and John Morley. But how changed she was in her attitude of sorrowful languor! What lines of new care and anxiety were upon her beautiful face! He would give the whole world to comfort her and to shield her from every breath of adversity in the future. How should he let her know how much he loved her?

"Hester!" he whispered after a while, in a low tone, but one which aroused her from her reverie and sent the color flushing swiftly to her cheeks and forehead. She had not known that he was at home; and this was the first time she had met him since she had found her father's wife, *a wretched and broken-hearted woman*, in the streets. A peculiar tempest of emotion swept across her. She had pitied him with a very true, a very deep, a very tender compassion; and this pity still lived in her heart. But the sense of his sin had increased tenfold since Rose also had been cast directly upon her compassion and mercy. She supposed he had repented of it, and his repentance had bound her to cover it with the same charity which she extended to Rose. But there was an expression upon his grave face which made her eyelids quiver, though she would not lower them, and sent *a chilly dread of him* shivering through her. He felt that it would be best to cast himself precipitately upon her agitation and tremor. He did not know what adverse shadow stood between them.

"Hester," he said, drawing near to her, but not daring to touch her hand, which hung motionless at her side, "my father has sent me to you; I come here by his wish to tell you now what I have longed to tell you a thousand times. I love you, and have loved you from the first moment I saw you. Hush! Let me speak first, I beseech you. If you would only believe me, I have loved you from the moment when I first saw you as a little child, from the time you first let me hold you in my arms. It is very long ago; but, if it had not been for one false step, I should have asked you long before this to be my wife. My father loves you already as his daughter. You have power over me, Hester; you can mould me to your will. With you beside me, I shall become whatever you wish to make me. It is my soul I commit to you; I implore you to lead me to all that is good and Christian. I love you most of all because I believe you will help me to work out my salvation."

He had spoken with profound earnestness, and with long pauses between the sentences, as if waiting for some token from her. He knew that it was better to appeal to her religious sympathies that to expatiate on his own passion. He saw the color fade away from her face, and be followed by a deadly paleness; but this was the only change. He did not know whether this immobility augured good or ill; but he resumed his broken speech with a more pathetic passion.

"Do you hear me, Hester?" he asked. "I tell you it is my soul I commit to you to do what you will with it. I know myself well. If I loved any other woman, as I love you, she might ruin me body and soul, if she chose. But you would save me. Is there anything I can say which would prevail with you more than this? If you consent to be my wife, I can be a real Christian. I shall be sure that God has pardoned my sin; cast it, as you would say, like a stone, into the depths of the sea, to be remembered against me no more forever. I have asked this of Him, as a sign of His forgiveness. For God's sake, Hester, do not drive me to despair. Let me have God's love and yours."

He knew well that he must not kneel at her feet, or take her hand into his; but he drew so near to her that he could almost whisper the words into her ear. Still she did not move or speak or raise her eyelids, which had sunk at last. He only felt more than saw, that she was trembling a little.

"Ah!" he cried, with a ring of bitterness and self-reproach in his voice, "I know what keeps you silent. But even she, if she were living, would bid you forgive and listen to me."

"Is she then not living?" asked Hester, her lips white and quivering, so that she could scarcely utter the question.

"I believe not," he answered hurriedly. "I have many reasons to believe it. The past can die now and be buried. Think what we could do for your father; how I could make atonement to the utmost. How rich we could make him—how happy yet among his books! In a little time he must come in contact with fresh troubles, perhaps disgrace. I would shield him from every care; and he is growing old. What will become of you when he is old and very poor, my darling? Let me make this atonement for his sake. Think of him."

"I do think of him," murmured Hester; "and for his sake I should say, No, even if I loved you as you wish—if I loved you as much as you say you love me. *You have never fairly looked at what you have done.* You have never repented of your sin."

"Not repented!" echoed Robert.

"You do not know what repentance is," cried Hester, her gray eyes flashing with a light he had never seen in them. "Oh, if you had repented, you could never ask me to be your wife! Me! Is it possible that you, or your father, could ever think of me? No. You have borne no punishment for your sin; and it is not in your nature to repent without punishment."

"Borne no punishment!" he repeated. "What then do you call the ten years of exile which banished me from my home?"

"They were years of pleasant travel in foreign lands," she answered. Have you not told me of them? You had everything you could wish, and you enjoyed the time fully. When you began to yearn for home again, you returned to it. I will tell you who has borne the punishment: My father, who has never smiled since you sinned; and she who has no home and no friends, who has been an outcast in the world, despised and broken-hearted. If you could see her now, would you dare to ask me to be your wife?"

To Hester the image of Rose was very present; but to Robert it was a memory of so many years past, and so unwelcome an intruder, that he could not summon it readily to his mind. As he had told Hester, he felt assured that she was dead, for such lost ones seldom live without giving some sign of their existence. But there was something in Hester's tone and face which made his heart die within him. It was not that she was indignant or impassioned. There was rather a tranquil yet intense pity for him, which placed her at an immeasurable height above him.

"O Hetty," he cried, "little Hetty, is it quite impossible for me to win your love?"

"Why do you ask me?" she said, in a troubled voice. "It is impossible; you must know it to be impossible. Oh, why did you ever think of such a thing? How could you ever think of it?"

(To be continued.)

GOD'S THOUGHTS AND OURS.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 28, Isa. 55 : 8-9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

What Are God's Thoughts? — To have Men Come to Him—Man's Thought of Ingratiating Himself—Mistakes of Seekers—Seven Years Praying—The Means Failing—God will Undertake—Satan's Device to Prevent Consecration Causes of Failure in Healing—An Unlimited Invitation.

"FOR my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

A DEAR BOY,

religiously brought up, and having true conception of what a Christian *should be*, said the other day, "How can I be a Christian? I don't like meetings, I don't enjoy reading my Bible as much as story books, I don't find God answers my prayers, I know I *ought* to be a Christian and like good things, but I can't." His real thought was "God is hard, He exacts impossibilities, He asks me to love what I have no taste for. He is not really love, but He is harsh and unjust." Such are man's thoughts about God, whether they are spoken out as frankly or not.

WHAT IS GOD'S THOUGHT?

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; (Matt. 11 : 28). I will undertake and make all the wrong things right." It is just the cherishing of hard thoughts about God which hinders so many from coming to Him. Satan makes the suggestion, "Hath God said?" (Gen. 3), and he it is who sows in man's heart the seed of unbelief. But in the Lord's "Come unto Me" we have a perfect refuge from all his malice. Once entertaining *God's* thought to come with Him and put the whole matter into His hands, to let Him explain Himself, and reveal Jesus the Saviour, then, the poor distressed soul is at rest. "But," said a young girl one day, "I don't know how to feel my sins, I can't feel sorry for them as I ought." The idea was to work herself up to an intense emotion about her past sins as a kind of propitiation to God for them. What is *His* thought? "Come unto Me." He wants to have us face to face with Him; one look at the heart of God, one conception of His wondrous love who took on Him our very flesh, and suffered the penalty for the breaking of His own law, and all thoughts of His harshness and exacting are gone at once. Man's thought, suggested by Satan, is to propitiate God by bringing Him a heart and life changed by self-effort, constraint and force. God's thought is to have personal intercourse with His erring child, and to break his heart by a love which provides instant and perfect pardon, instant and perfect remedy for every evil. Man's thoughts are impossible; God's perfectly easy. Man's way is toilsome and burdensome, God's way is instant, glorious relief and freedom.

"I *do* want to work for God," said

A YOUNG CHRISTIAN,

"but I don't feel that constraining love to souls which I want to feel, I don't know anything which holds me back, but it seems as though I *could* not speak, and as though I were not half in earnest." Her thought was to be filled in herself with a kind of impetus which should carry her forward involuntarily, and which would at all times sweep souls into the Kingdom of God before her. She little knew her own heart. If such an idea had been realized, she would have felt independent of God, and would have thought *she* was something in herself. Probably she would have been as puffed up as Paul was in danger of being, when God permitted a messenger of Satan to buffet him, that he might learn to live only by the faith of the Son of God, instead of by the power of a self made holy. What was God's thought about this girl? He led her to present her body a living sacrifice, to be wholly and absolutely at the disposal of her God, moment by moment. Then He filled her with the Holy Ghost, and called for her work as *He* needed it. By the Spirit of God, she was taught to know His voice, and taught to work for Him—not haphazard, not putting facts upon methods which had answered before—but receiving from the Spirit herself what she gave to others afterward.

"I have been seven years praying for a baptism of the Holy Ghost," said

AN EARNEST CHRISTIAN WORKER.

What was his thought? To receive a power, *subject to him*, which should enable him to do the work *for* God which *he* devised and initiated. Thus, in point of fact, the Holy Ghost was to work under his direction, of course, only for God. Unconsciously to himself he wanted to be the Holy Ghost's master. What was God's thought? That instead of being the *master*, he should become the *servant* of the Holy Ghost, yielding his members as "instruments of righteousness" under the direction of the Spirit. (Rom. 6 : 13); becoming himself the "habitation of God through the Spirit" (Eph. 2 : 22), the temple of the Holy Ghost, who should be Lord in His temple.

"I do wish I could be sure I was *truly sanctified*," says one, I got a blessing at a convention, but it did not last, I got it again at another convention, but again it did not last, I have been down to the penitent form at the Salvation Army Holiness Meeting, and I thought I got a clean heart; but still there is something that I want; I don't come up to my ideas of what a Christian should be; what shall I do?" "*I* have done this and that, I have been here and there," but what has *God* done all this time? *His* thought is to undertake the whole case if you will let him have it. If instead of holding the reins in your own hands, you will really let the government be upon *His* shoulder, and let Him be responsible to make you holy, and *believe* He takes the responsibility, it will be unto you according to your faith. If you are real in *your* consecration, He will surely be equally real in accepting that consecration, for the Altar sanctifies the gift. And if there has been anything *deficient* in your consecration, and you honestly trust Him to show it you, He will do so, if in very deed, you commit the matter to Him. Give God credit for being as true to His side of the transaction as you are to yours. By this means you give God the opportunity of educating your conscience, showing you as you are able to bear it, those things which grieve Him, and cleansing you not only from all known and recognized sin, but also from all your sins of ignorance. While you are occupied with *your* thoughts of sanctification, you are continually dwelling on your own side of the question, whether *you* have done *your* part, whether *your* consecration is perfect, and all the time Satan is tricking you out of the joy and power which comes from having the matter fully settled with God. Satan knows that a Christian who is fully sanctified, and living in the power of the Holy Ghost, damages his kingdom more than five hundred ordinary Christians and thus he endeavors to keep devoted Christians occupied with their *own* thoughts about these questions rather than God's thoughts. Real sanctification should produce full

REST IN THE LORD,

because it should lead us out of ourselves and our own life into it, and His life, out of our thoughts into His, out of our plans and devices, into His, so that our life becomes one long reckoning upon His faithfulness. It is impossible for us to retain any anxiety about anything while we are counting upon God's faithfulness about it. What causes anxiety about Christian work? It *cannot* be where a Christian has given up *his* thoughts. When Moses, the future deliverer of Israel, was in his *own* thoughts, while he bore the responsibility himself, he accomplished the murder of one Egyptian, drew on himself contempt from his own people, and made himself a fugitive. When however, he came into *God's* thoughts, and instead of undertaking to manage God's work, he became a simple instrument in His hands. Moses had but to lift up his rod at God's command, and all Egypt was forced to feel the power of the hand of his God, and that again and again until the Egyptians cried that Egypt was destroyed. He had but to lift his hand at God's command, and the very sea opened and made a way for God's redeemed ones to pass over. In answer to his prayer, when he prayed as an instrument in God's hand, the heaven gave bread and the rock gave water. But in all this, it was not God who carried out the thoughts of Moses, but Moses who carried out the thoughts of God.

"I have tried

FAITH HEALING,

and it does not answer for me," say some who have come with their own thoughts about it, and then have brought God in guilty of failure to answer their expectations. "I have prayed," they say, "and been annointed, and left off medicine, and even accepted healing by faith, but I am not healed." Without knowing it, they have been in their *own* thoughts. They have expected something from *their* faith, *their* prayer, etc. and they have not entered into the thought of God who can only deal with us in soul or body *through Christ*. They have not seen their sins and sickness laid on Jesus, and themselves free from condemnation to sin and sickness in Him. Their hearts are not knit to Him in loving gratitude for what He has already done, and thus they are not healed. They are on the human side; and it is only as we drop over from the human to the divine that we get to the place of power, of liberty, and of joy. Disappointment is impossible while we are in God's thoughts. Patience may be exercised, faith may be tried, but nothing is doubtful or uncertain because our God is true. It takes us from second to first causes when we yield our thoughts to God. Things, circumstances, people may bring us into impossible positions, we may see no exit, but there *is* one, and God knows it; why then be troubled? God is on our side (Ps. 118 : 6). The one simple path for us is to look on the God side of everything and refer all things to Him at once. "Come unto Me" is an unlimited invitation. He means us to accept it under every circumstance and then puts almightiness at our disposal.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Ravages of the Cholera in Italy, and especially in the city of Naples last week, surpassed the worst reports from France when the epidemic was at its worst. Last Friday there were four hundred and thirty deaths from the disease registered in twenty-four hours in Naples alone. There were eight hundred and nine fresh seizures. In other parts of Italy, on the same day, there were only sixty-seven deaths from cholera. The European correspondent of the New York *Times*, whose intrepidity at Marseilles won him distinction, has gone to Naples. He cables that many of the poorer streets of Naples are as silent as death. Even the cafés are closed, and the only sign of life is the joiners hammering the rough coffins together. In some of these streets absolutely everybody is either dead or is sick. In one street—the Via Duchessa — thirty cases occurred in a single house. The smell of burned sulphur is everywhere, and the wretched people of the poorer classes are either stupefied or frantic. The King of Italy has displayed heroism of an extraordinary character for a king. He has not betaken himself to a safe place and sent the sufferers copies of his "life in the mountains" to assuage their woe, as the monarch of another country did recently, but he has gone to Naples and lived in the midst of the danger, setting an example to the other kings and queens of Europe. He visits the sick and supervises the efforts to check the spread of the disease. He is accompanied always by his brother Amadeus. He has visited all the hospitals and the afflicted quarters, scattering money and kind words right and left. He was with difficulty dissuaded from exploring the Fondaici, containing probably the most hideous human habitations in Christendom, with its narrow courtyards, its houses eighty feet high, the sunlight and air excluded, and the filthiest rooms, each with a dozen or fifteen inmates of both sexes. There is no water there to wash with; the place is alive with vermin; it is a literal sink of pestilence, and contains fully one fourth of the whole population of Naples. In Spain, where the disease has also appeared, there have really been over one hundred and fifty deaths from cholera, and these in the Province of Alicante. There are no means of telling how many deaths have occurred in the northern Province of Lerida. The people of Madrid have been scared out of their wits by the few cases that have appeared in that city. The disease will probably break out there during this week. Madrid is in a bad sanitary condition, and certainly its people can be trusted to furnish the other important requisite of fear.

A Vigorous Prosecution of the French War in China was ordered on Saturday by the Council of Ministers. Prime Minister Ferry telegraphed to the French admiral to resume operations at once, and promising him large re-enforcements. The Chinese Government last week published its reply to the French ultimatum. It "deplores the refusal of France to accept America's offer of mediation, and says China is willing to submit her case to any friendly Power." China is contemplating fitting out privateers to prey on French commerce. A French newspaper, noticing the fact, remarks that if China enters upon privateering, France, also with the right of search of neutrals, warns both European and American nations that a privateer vessel, not under the command of or manned by the subjects of China, will be treated as a pirate, and the crews, if captured, will be hanged to the yardarm. That is probably an idle threat. France is not yet so reckless as to exasperate friendly Powers by such an outrage.

The Visit of the Czar of Russia to Warsaw has been paid without any attack being made upon him. Extraordinary precautions were taken to insure his safety. Arrests were made freely; every one who was suspected of disaffection was locked up. Over one thousand persons were arrested in connection with the visit. The shop-keepers were ordered to decorate their places of business, and a dismal attempt to get up some show of enthusiasm was made with small results. The Polish nobility showed their disaffection by absenting themselves from the entertainments given in honor of the Czar's visit.

An Enthusiastic Reception to Lord Wolseley and Lord Northbrook was tendered them on their arrival in Egypt on September 8th. Lord Wolseley was to start on his journey to Khartoum on September 15th. Orders have been issued in Cairo which point toward an intention to use the desert route from Debbeh to Khartoum in case the Nile route fails. Agents are scouring Upper Egypt, buying camels. Over thirty thousand of these animals will accompany the expedition. General Wolseley declares that he has as yet perfected no plan of operations, and will require a couple of days to look about and consider the situation before definitely deciding upon a course of action. Lord Northbrook, British High Commissioner to Egypt, had an audience with the Khedive. The Khedive was very cordial, and expressed himself as highly satisfied with the declarations of Lord Northbrook.

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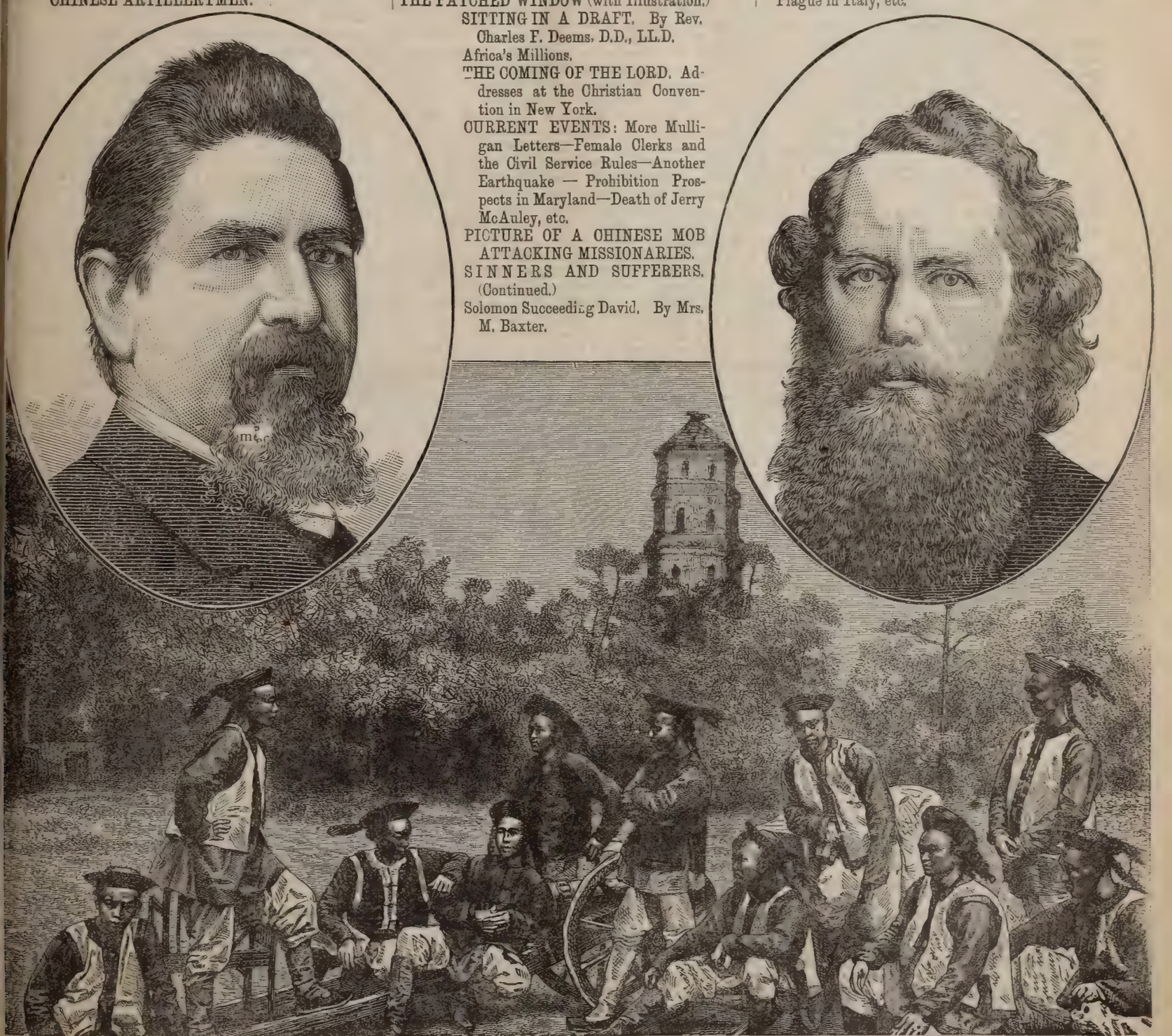

The Revs. GRIFFITH JOHN and J. HUDSON TAYLOR—A Group of Chinese Artillerymen.

THE FRANCO-CHINESE WAR.

Events from 1802—French Aggressive Expeditions from 1862—The Last Three Years—What the French Want—"The Langson Treachery"—Capture of Keelung—Bombardment of Foochow on August 23d.

So prominent a place has been given in the daily press to the events now taking place in China, that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will doubtless welcome a brief résumé of the circumstances which have led to so much bloodshed and threaten to bring about serious peril to our missionaries and fellow-citizens in that land. We therefore briefly recapitulate those events, and on our first page present a curious picture of a group of Chinese artillerymen, and the portraits of the two men who, under God, have done much to spread abroad in China the knowledge of the Prince of Peace.

No less than one thousand Chinese soldiers and sailors are said to have been killed in the French attack upon the Foochow Arsenal and forts. The bombardment of Foochow which took place, on August 23d, is the outcome of a long series of complicated events. In 1802 the country of Tonquin—or Ton-King—was subjugated by King Nguyen, of Cochin China, with the aid of four French officers sent by Louis XVI., at the instance of Bishop Adran, since which time Tonquin has been called, "The Kingdom of the North" by the Annamese. In 1862 Cochin China was occupied by the French, and in 1868–9 and 1873 further aggressive expeditions were undertaken, in which General Garnier lost his life in the last-named year, and a treaty of peace was signed in 1874.

In 1881 twelve and a half million dollars were voted by the French Government for

A "FLOTILLA OF OBSERVATION"

on the river Songkoi. Under this quickening influence events moved rapidly. In May, 1882, the Hanoi citadel was bombarded by the French. Consequently the Chinese Governor of Saigon sent seven gun-vessels, with a small force fully equipped, to Tonquin. The French were defeated, and Commander Rivière was killed. A vote was then passed by the French Chamber for *an expedition*, and troops were dispatched as quickly as possible. Several towns were taken, Hué submitted, and the King of Annam executed a treaty, resulting in a temporary and delusive cessation of hostilities.

It was soon understood, however, that the difficulty lay not with Annam, but with China. Without going into the subject of French ambition in Indo-China, of which Tonquin is a part, it may be stated that the object of the French occupation of Tonquin is to secure

THE TRADE OF SOUTHERN CHINA

and Laos for France. The contour of Tonquin is very irregular, and the frontier, especially next China, is not well defined. A belt of territory, debatable land, exists between the two countries, narrow in the north, but widening out to 115 miles in the north-west. *It is this neutral zone which China regards with the most jealous eyes.* Though the Chinese are willing to allow the French to retain Annam, yet for the security of their frontier they require that the whole of Tonquin, including the river Songkoi, shall constitute neutral territory. This claim the French pronounce impracticable. This was the state of things in October, 1883, and a desultory warfare was carried on in which the French were victorious, but in which they were taught the need of caution by two severe repulses.

THE LANGSON TREACHERY,

as it is termed, which has led to the breaking out of the present phase of the war between France and China, and the storming of Foochow, came about in this way:

On the opening of the French Parliament in May last M. Jules Ferry set forth the negotiations culminating in the Treaty of Tientsin, made at the beginning of 1884, and after referring to the exploits of the troops, said: "Our winter Session had hardly terminated when the capture of Hong Hoa, crowning the brilliant efforts of our Expeditionary Corps, marked the term of this fine campaign, which had been illustrated by the capture of Sontay and Bac-Ninh. The military operations were over. But from a diplomatic point of view the situation still continued dark. Our relations with the Court of China were infrequent, and marked by considerable tension. The Treaty of Tientsin stipulated that *the Chinese should immediately evacuate Tonquin within the whole extent of its natural frontiers.* Moreover, China promised to cause to be respected, in the present and in the future, all treaties existing and that might be subsequently concluded between France and the Court of Annam, solemnly undertook to open to free traffic with France and Annam, the whole of the southern frontier of China bordering upon Tonquin."

There was a considerable party, however, in the Chinese Court at Pekin, who were by no means satisfied with the terms of the Treaty of Tientsin, and as a consequence no hurry was shown to carry them out. When, therefore, the French commander appeared before the citadel of Langson and demanded its surrender, the Chinese general said that he had no orders to surrender it, and must therefore hold it until such orders arrived. Thereupon the French general stormed the fort, and the Chinese poured upon the attacking force a well directed fire under which many fell. This resistance was regarded by the French as a violation of the Treaty of Tientsin, and therefore they demanded from the Chinese an indemnity of 250,000 millions of francs, which was reported to have been reduced to 80,000,000 francs, *i.e.*, $16,000,000.

The French bombarded the town of Keelung on the island of Formosa, which island is 250 miles long and 80 miles wide, and is, next to Java, the gem of the Eastern Seas. Keelung is in the immediate neighborhood of the only coal mines which are worked in the Chinese Empire. These mines supply the Chinese war vessels, as also the great Arsenal of Foochow on the Chinese mainland, less than a hundred miles from Keelung. The seizure of Keelung by the French Admiral was very promptly effected. As the Chinese even then still refused to pay the indemnity, the French proceeded to bombard

THE ARSENAL OF FOOCHOW

on August 23d. Admiral Courbet opening fire, the Chinese returned it promptly from the Arsenal. But it soon became evident that the duel was a very unequal affair. For about fifteen minutes, indeed, several of the Chinese gunboats kept up a desultory fire, after which the survivors of the crews leaped overboard. But the combat, according to the London *Times* correspondent, was virtually over in seven minutes. The superior artillery of the French made the contest simply a massacre. Out of the eleven ships forming the Chinese fleet, only two, it is believed, escaped. No surrender was allowed to the sinking and disabled vessels, and even when their guns were silenced, they were shelled for hours. The shore batteries ceased firing about an hour after the French commenced the attack, but the ruthless bombardment of not only the Arsenal, forts, and barracks, but *even of villages*, was continued for two hours longer. The Chinese loss is estimated at *one thousand killed*, and *three thousand wounded*; while the French loss was given out by the French authorities, who are notoriously untrustworthy, as only *seven killed* and *fourteen wounded.*

THE SCENES ON THE RIVER

as the dead and wounded men floated by, are said to have been terrible. Many of the wounded were rescued by the English ships in the river, the crews of which were also busily engaged in fending off the burning gunboats and fire-junks. On the following day the French recommenced firing upon the barracks and camps, although no resistance was offered. The bombardment of the forts on the Min River was continued on Tuesday. Nothing but the capture of Pekin, the Chinese capital, will, it is believed, now end the war.

It is now generally acknowledged that the Chinese form excellent material for soldiers, but that they are a mere mob without European drill and officers. Since the time of the Taeping rebellion, when "Chinese Gordon" and other officers were employed in their forces, the Chinese have recognized the value of European leaders, but they do not appear to have secured them. They are able to put in the field at very short notice, an army of 200,000 men.

THE REV. GRIFFITH JOHN,

The Apostle of Hankow, China.

Born at Swansea in 1832—His Conversion—Begins to Preach—Enters Brecon College in 1850—Removal to Bedford—Equipment for Foreign Missionary Work—Set Apart for the Preaching of the Gospel in China in 1855—His Arrival at Shanghai—Transferred to Hankow in 1861—Gambling and Opium-Smoking—Visiting the Dens.

THE Rev. Griffith John, of the London Missionary Society, *whose portrait appears on the first page*, was born at Swansea, in Wales, on December 14th, 1832, and is therefore now in the fifty-second year of his age. At a very early period he appears to have been the subject of the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit, owing, doubtless, to the godly life and example of his parents, who, though in humble circumstances, were people of unassuming and exemplary piety, and highly respected by their neighbors.

BEGINS TO PREACH.

While still a boy he began to preach the Gospel which he had embraced. From the very first he gave unmistakable evidence of possessing oratorical gifts of the highest order; and, without being ostentatiously dramatic, he could touch the secret springs of the deepest emotion, and retire from the platform or pulpit, leaving his audience overwhelmed with the majesty of his theme, and subdued to tears by the penetrating and irresistible power of his pathos.

HIS ACADEMICAL CAREER.

It having been pointed out to him that his future usefulness might be more extended and abiding if he received the educational advantages of a college curriculum, he began to prepare himself for an academical course by a diligent study of the English language, and in 1850 in the eighteenth year of his age, he entered Brecon College. After studying with unqualified success in this institution for rather more than three years, he removed to Bedford, where, under the supervision of an experienced minister, nominated by the London Missionary Society, he devoted his attention more fully to Biblical and theological themes, and concentrated all his efforts upon efficiently preparing himself for foreign missionary work.

SET APART FOR WORK IN CHINA.

At last in April, 1855, when he was twenty-three years old, Mr. John was solemnly set apart and dedicated to the work he ardently loves, in the Congregational Church at Swansea, where he first made a profession of faith, and of which the Rev. Dr. Rees is now the pastor. A month after his consecration to missionary work in China, Mr. John set sail, and after a voyage extending over several months, he arrived at Shanghai. Here he remained until 1861, studying the language and learning the Mandarin dialect—the dialect of educated men, courtly ceremony, and official life, and exceedingly difficult to acquire—as well as the *patois* or dialect of the province—the language of the illiterate and commonest people—and in this way laid a firm and solid foundation for future work among all classes of the natives. At the same time he preached frequently in the city itself, and in various parts of the province. The Rev. W. R. Thompson, foreign secretary of the London Missionary Society, asserts that so earnestly did Mr. John study, and with so rare an aptitude for the acquisition of the language had God endowed him, that "when he had only been

en or eighteen months in the country, he ld preach in Chinese so well as to command unqualified admiration of an English Con- r officer who was well acquainted with the guage."

REMOVES TO HANKOW IN 1861.

ut all this was preparatory discipline, school- and equipping him for the wider and more cult sphere of Christian enterprise at Han- , with which Mr. John's name is now indis- bly associated. Hankow is one of the est inland cities of China, and is linked to great Yellow Sea by the river Wangpoo or sung, which is navigable for the largest mers all along the six hundred miles, by ch Hankow is distant from the sea. Mr. n was the first missionary employed in Cen- China, and so well had he utilized the od of his stay at Shanghai, that he was able ommence the work of preaching Christ on very day on which he arrived at his new ion.

rom this point as a centre, he has caused to ate on every hand the light and knowledge alvation. His labors have been indefati- e, and the spiritual results are among the t valuable in the history of Christian mis- s. He has travelled, chiefly on foot, over e portions of *nine out of the eighteen prov- s* of the Empire, and was the first to preach Gospel in four of them. The records of the ety show that in 1868 he spent four months n extended missionary campaign, in the se of which he travelled over *three thou- l miles*, and penetrated into regions where glad tidings of salvation had never been d before. In 1880 a similar expedition was ertaken by him through the provinces of eh, Kiangsi, and Hunen. His first visit e was in 1870, after an absence of fifteen s, and he paid a second visit in February, , rendered necessary by the illness of his , whose devotion is only second to his own.

GAMBLING AND OPIUM SMOKING

he universal vices of China, the former be- practised in a variety of ways, and strangely d up with their most commonplace and t sacred observances. In their temples toss *the prognosticating sticks*, in the hope inning a good omen from some favorite In the public streets the costermonger his gaming-table, where he does an exten- business even with the poor. The mission- tell us that so enslaving is this vice, that Chinese when they have gambled away ey and home will *gamble their wives and ren*, and finally themselves into bondage.

MR. JOHN VISITS THE DENS

great frequency, where the gambler and opium-smoker reside, for the purpose of ching "liberty to the captive" and salva- through Christ. Only those who live in a can realize what a terrible curse the use pium is throughout that broad land, how it lens the intelligence and hardens the heart e reception of the message of the Gospel, stands as a serious barrier in the pathway issionary work.

THE REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR,

Founder of the China Inland Mission.

n in 1832—Conversion—Early Interest in ina—Dangers Encountered on His Travels—turns to England—Founds China Inland ission—Serious Illness and Manifold Labors.

HN HUDSON TAYLOR was *born* at Barnsley, orkshire, England, in the year 1832, and is fifty-two years old. He was consecrated od from his birth, and at a very early age it evident that a work of grace was begun in eart. When but a boy the spiritual needs claims of China took hold of his mind, and ar never to have left him.

hen, at the age of fifteen, after a period of tual declension, he regained a sense of the e favor, the need of that vast empire erfully affected him, and from that time he began to direct his attention and studies to the subjects which would best fit him for missionary work in that land. So decided was he upon going to China, that he said he would go if he had to work his passage out as a common sailor. He gained some knowledge of medicine in the shop of his father, who was a chemist and druggist, and afterward, prosecuted medical studies in Hull and London, during which time he also availed himself of opportunities for Christian work.

In September, 1853, he

SAILED FOR CHINA

as a missionary in connection with the Chinese Evangelization Society. After three or four years' residence in China, he was led by a combination of circumstances to resign his connection with this society, and to pursue that life of faith in God for temporal supplies which he has since continued. In 1858 he was *married* at Ningpo to a lady of remarkable devotedness to mission work, and of uncommon mental ability, Maria Jane, second daughter of the late Rev. Samuel Dyer, of the London Missionary Society.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY IN CHINA.

Most interesting details of his mission work during these early years in China are given in his pamphlet on "China: its Spiritual Need and Claims."

In April, 1855, in company with the Rev. J. S. Burdon, of the Church Missionary Society, now Bishop Burdon, he visited the island of Tsung-ming, and the north bank of the Yang-tse-Kiang, for the purpose of preaching the Gospel and distributing copies of the New Testament. As narrated in that pamphlet, they both narrowly escaped with their lives, being arrested by the Chinese police and followed by a howling mob, and at last only released through the friendliness of a Mandarin. But this was only one of the many perils encountered by Mr. Taylor.

HIS RETURN TO ENGLAND.

In 1860, broken down in health by incessant labors, he was compelled to return to England. Oppressed by the spiritual destitution of China, which at that time had not an average of one missionary to three millions of its people, he was anxious for more laborers to go out. The following extract from a letter written in January, 1860, when read in the light of subsequent experiences, has a special interest. He wrote to a friend in England thus:

"Do you know of any earnest, devoted young men, desirous of serving the Lord in China, who, not wishing for more than their expenses, would be willing to come out and labor here? Oh, for four or five such helpers! They would probably preach in Chinese in six months. In answer to prayer the means would be found."

"Throughout our voyage," he says, in the pamphlet already referred to, "our earnest prayer to God was that He would overrule our return to this country for good to China, and make it instrumental in raising up *at least five helpers* to labor in Ning-po and the province of Cheh-kiang." These simple extracts reveal to us

THE ORIGIN OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION,

though the mission was not formally inaugurated till 1865. What was the result of these prayers? Several young men offered and were sent out. Let Mr. Taylor tell the story in his own words:

"Coming home to England, with little hope of ever returning—being told that it was improbable that I should ever be able to return there—I was occupied for some time in the preparation of an edition of the New Testament for the British and Foreign Bible Society in the vernacular of that part of China in which I have latterly labored—Ning-po. And while engaged in that work, spending day after day with a beloved and honored friend of the Church Missionary Society in the work of revision and translation, the Lord laid more heavily upon my heart than ever before the need of the *whole* Chinese Empire.

"At the end of the year 1864 and the beginning of 1865 I found that there were only 97 missionaries in China. There had been as many as 115, but they had gone down to 97; and surely there could be no question that there was a needs-be for some further effort on behalf of China. I found that in eleven of the eighteen provinces there was

NOT A SINGLE PROTESTANT MISSIONARY;

and I felt that, without interfering with the work of those existing agencies which God was then and is still largely blessing, there was abundant room for additional effort, and not only abundant *room*, but a *loud call* for it. And recognizing that God means what He says—that He loves to hear and answer prayer—I was led, after a good deal of prayerful conference with some friends interested in China, to sketch out the plan of the China Inland Mission, and to attempt its formation, and not without success.

"There was a little difficulty attending it. I was very anxious that what we did should not appear for a moment to conflict with the work of any of the older societies, and still more that it should not actually divert any help of any kind from channels already existing, because that would have been no gain to China or to the cause of God; but that we should have such a method of working given to us as should draw out *fresh* laborers, who probably would not otherwise go, and should open *fresh* channels of pecuniary aid which otherwise, perhaps, would not be touched.

"After a good deal of thought and prayer, I was led, in addresses on China to lay its needs before the hearts of God's children as I was able, in England and Scotland and Ireland, and to make it known that I should be glad to enter into correspondence with any persons desirous to go out to labor in an

EVANGELICAL AND UNDENOMINATIONAL

mission in China, and who were prepared to go out *without guaranteed support*. For having no single denomination at our back, and being anxious not to interfere with existing channels of communication, I felt it best just to leave one's self open to receive such remittances through the mail as God might lay on the hearts of His children to send; in this way interfering with no collections in places of worship, nor with any collections made in other ways.

"Well, forty or fifty persons entered into correspondence with us, and fifteen or sixteen were selected and came up to London from various parts of the United Kingdom, and had a short period of preliminary testing—testing rather than training—training in some measure, but rather testing than training. In the May of 1866 we found ourselves in this position, that we had full confidence that there were men and women who desired to go and

LIVE AND LABOR FOR GOD;

leaning on Him for grace and strength and support, and prepared to trust to Him indeed, in whatever circumstances they might find themselves.

"But, of course, their going out involved a considerable outlay. There were matters of outfits and passage-money to be met, and we saw that not less than a couple of thousand pounds ($10,000) would be needed to launch the mission." Mr. Taylor then tells how in answer to prayer, the sum of £2000 was sent in without appeals for money, and before the paper stating that so many persons were ready to go, which he had prepared, was received from the printer.

In February, 1879, Mr. Taylor returned to China where, in the mysterious dispensations of Providence, he was destined to undergo a prolonged and painful illness. Through the mercy of God, he ultimately rallied, and has been enabled to render invaluable service in the supervision of the work of the mission, and in the encouragement of laborers beset with difficulties. He is now, in the present month of September, 1884, seeking additional missionaries to go out to China.

INCREASE OF SUICIDE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, September 21, 1884.

"He drew out his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm."—ACTS 16 : 27, 28.

The Sheriff Accountable—Preference for Suicide over Execution—Suicide in the Olden Time—Considered a Proof of Courage—Napoleon's Attempted Suicide—The Conscience Lacking Tone—Demented Suicides—Hugh Miller's Disordered Brain—A Poet's Suicidal Intention Foiled—The Suicide's Certain Doom—How God Looks at the Crime—The Rogues' Picture Gallery—The Cause of Increasing Suicides—Infidelity—Always Apologetic—Appendices to a Bad Book—Sentence on Infidelity—The Sorrowless World.

HERE is a would-be suicide arrested in his deadly attempt. He was a sheriff, and according to the Roman law a bailiff himself must suffer the punishment due an escaped prisoner; and if the prisoner breaking jail was sentenced to be endungeoned for three or four years, then the sheriff must be endungeoned for three or four years; and if the prisoner breaking jail was to have suffered capital punishment, then the sheriff must suffer capital punishment.

THE SHERIFF

had received especial charge to keep a sharp lookout for Paul and Silas. The government had not had confidence in bolts and bars to keep safe these two clergymen, about whom there seemed to be something strange and supernatural.

Sure enough, by miraculous power, they are free, and the sheriff, waking out of a sound sleep, and supposing these ministers have run away, and knowing that they were to die for preaching Christ, and realizing that he must therefore die, rather than go under the executioner's axe on the morrow and suffer public disgrace, resolves to precipitate his own decease. But before the sharp, keen, glittering dagger of the sheriff could strike his heart, one of the unloosened prisoners arrests the blade by the command, "Do thyself no harm."

IN OLDEN TIME,

and where Christianity had not interfered with it, suicide was considered honorable and a sign of courage. Demosthenes poisoned himself when told that Alexander's ambassador had demanded the surrender of the Athenian orators. Isocrates killed himself rather than surrender to Philip of Macedon. Cato, rather than submit to Julius Cæsar, took his own life, and after three times his wounds had been dressed tore them open and perished. Mithridates killed himself rather than submit to Pompey, the conqueror. Hannibal destroyed his life by poison from his ring, considering life unbearable. Lycurgus a suicide, Brutus a suicide. After the disaster of Moscow, Napoleon always carried with him a preparation of opium, and one night his servant heard the ex-emperor arise, put something in a glass and drink it, and soon after the groans aroused all the attendants, and it was only through utmost medical skill he was resuscitated from the stupor of the opiate.

Times have changed, and yet the American

CONSCIENCE NEEDS TO BE TONED UP

on the subject of suicide. Have you seen a paper in the last month that did not announce the passage out of life by one's own behest? Defaulters, alarmed at the idea of exposure, quit life precipitately. Men losing large fortunes go out of the world because they cannot endure earthly existence. Frustrated affection, domestic infelicity, dyspeptic impatience, anger, remorse, envy, jealousy, destitution, misanthropy are considered sufficient causes for absconding from this life by Paris green, by laudanum, by belladonna, by Otheilo's dagger, by halter, by leap from the abutment of a bridge, by firearms. More cases of *felo de se* in the last two years than any two years of the world's existence, and more in the last month than in any twelve months. The evil is more and more spreading.

A pulpit not long ago expressed some doubt as to whether there was really anything wrong about quitting this life when it became disagreeable, and there are found in respectable circles people apologetic for the crime which Paul in the text arrested. I shall show you before I get through that suicide is

THE WORST OF ALL CRIMES,

and I shall lift a warning unmistakable. But in the early part of this sermon I wish to admit that some of the best Christians that have ever lived have committed self-destruction, but always in dementia, and not responsible. I have no more doubt about their eternal felicity than I have of the Christian who dies in his bed in the delirium of typhoid fever. While the shock of the catastrophe is very great, I charge all those who have had Christian friends under cerebral aberration step off the boundaries of this life, to have no doubt about their happiness. The dear Lord took them right out of their dazed and frenzied state into perfect safety. How Christ feels toward the insane you may know from the kind way He treated the demoniac of Gadara and the child lunatic, and the potency with which he hushed the tempests either of sea or brain.

Scotland, the land prolific of intellectual giants, had none grander than *Hugh Miller*. Great for science and great for God. He came of the best Highland blood, and was a descendant of Donald Roy, a man eminent for piety and the rare gift of second-sight. His attainments, climbing up as he did from the quarry and the wall of the stonemason, drew forth the astonished admiration of Buckland and Murchison, the scientists, and Dr. Chalmers, the theologian, and held universities spellbound while he told them the story of what he had seen of God in the old red sandstone.

That man did more than any being that ever lived to show that the God of the hills is the God of the Bible, and he struck his tuning-fork on the rocks of Cromarty until he brought geology and theology accordant in divine worship. His two books, entitled "Footprints of the Creator" and the "Testimony of the Rocks" proclaimed the banns of an everlasting marriage between genuine science and revelation. On this latter book he toiled day and night through love of nature and love of God, until he could not sleep, and his brain gave way, and he was found dead with a revolver by his side, the cruel instrument having had two bullets—one for him and the other for the gunsmith who for the coroner's inquest was examining it and fell dead. Have you any doubt of the beatification of Hugh Miller, after his hot brain had ceased throbbing that winter night in his study at Portobello? Among the mightiest of earth, among the mightiest of heaven.

No one ever doubted the piety of

WILLIAM COWPER,

the author of those three great hymns, "Oh, for a closer walk with God," "What various hindrances we meet," "There is a fountain filled with blood." William Cowper, who shares with Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley the chief honors of Christian hymnology. In hypochondria he resolved to take his own life, and rode to the river Thames, but found a man seated on some goods at the very point from which he expected to spring, and rode back to his home, and that night threw himself upon his own knife, but the blade broke; and then he hanged himself to the ceiling, but the rope parted. No wonder that when God mercifully delivered him from that awful dementia he sat down and wrote that other hymn just as memorable:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

While we make this merciful and righteous allowance in regard to those who were plunge into mental incoherence, I declare that tha man who in the use of his reason, by his ow act, snaps the bond between his body and hi soul goes

STRAIGHT INTO PERDITION.

Shall I prove it? Revelation 21 : 8 : "Mu derers shall have their part in the lake whic burneth with fire and brimstone." Revelatio 22 : 15 : "Without are dogs, and sorcerers, an whoremongers, and murderers." You do nc believe the New Testament? Then, perhaps you believe the Ten Commandments: "Tho shalt not kill." Do you say all these passage refer to the taking of the life of others? The I ask you if you are not as responsible for you own life as for the life of others? God gav you a special trust in your life. He made you

THE CUSTODIAN OF YOUR LIFE

as He made you the custodian of no other life He gave you as weapons with which to defen it two arms to strike back assailants, two eye to watch for invasion, and a natural love of lif which ought ever to be on the alert. Assass nation of others is a mild crime compared wit the assassination of yourself, because in the la ter case it is treachery to an especial trust, it i the surrender of a castle you were especially ap pointed to keep, it is treason to a natural la and it is treason to God added to ordinar murder.

To show how God in the Bible looked upo this crime, I point you to

THE ROGUES' PICTURE GALLERY

in some parts of the Bible, the pictures of th people who have committed this unnatura crime. Here is the headless trunk of Saul o the walls of Bathshan. Here is the man wh chased little David—ten feet in stature chasin four. Here is the man who consulted a clai voyant, Witch of Endor. Here is a man wh whipped in battle, instead of surrendering hi sword with dignity, as many a man has done asks his servant to slay him; and when the se vant declines, then the giant plants the hilt of th sword in the earth, the sharp point sticking up ward, and he throws his body on it and expires the coward, the suicide. Here is Ahithophe the Machiavelli of olden times, betraying hi best friend David in order that he may becom prime minister of Absalom, and joining that fe low in his attempt at parricide. Not gettin what he wanted by change of politics, he take a short cut out of a disgraced life into the su cide's eternity. There he is, the ingrate!

Here is Abimelech, practically a suicide. H is with an army, bombarding a tower, when woman in the tower takes a grindstone from it place and drops it upon his head, and with wha life he has left in his cracked skull he command his armor-bearer, "Draw thy sword and sla me, lest men say a woman slew me." There i his *post-mortem* photograph in the Book c Samuel. But the hero of this group is Juda Iscariot. Dr. Donne says he was a martyr, an we have in our day apologists for him. An what wonder, in this day when we have a boo revealing Aaron Burr as a pattern of virtue, an in this day when we uncover a statue to Georg Sand as the benefactress of literature, and i this day when there are betrayals of Christ o the part of some of His pretended apostles— betrayal so black it makes the infamy of Juda Iscariot white! Yet this man by his own han hung up for the execration of all the ages Judas Iscariot.

All the good men and women of the Bible le to God the decision of their earthly terminus and they could have said with Job, who had right to commit suicide if any man ever had— what with his destroyed property, and his bod all aflame with insufferable carbuncles, an everything gone from his home except the chie curse of it, a pestiferous wife, and four garru lous people pelting him with comfortless tal while he sits on a heap of ashes scratching h scabs with a piece of broken pottery, yet cryin out in triumph, "All the days of my appointe time will I wait till my change come."

Notwithstanding the Bible is against this il, and the aversion which it creates by the thsome and ghastly spectacle of those who ve hurled themselves out of life, and notwithnding Christianity is against it, and the argunts and the useful lives and the illustrious aths of its disciples, it is a fact alarmingly tent that suicide is on the increase.

WHAT IS THE CAUSE?

I charge upon Infidelity and Agnosticism this hole thing. If there be no hereafter, or if that reafter be blissful without reference to how live and how we die, why not move back the lding doors between this world and the next? nd when our existence here becomes troubleme, why not pass right over into Elysium? ut this down among your most solemn reflecons, and consider it after you go to your omes; there has never been a case of suicide here the operator was not either demented, and erefore irresponsible, or an infidel. I challnge all the ages, and I challenge the whole niverse. There never has been a case of selfstruction while in full appreciation of his imortality and of the fact that that immortality ould be glorious or wretched according as he cepted Jesus Christ or rejected Him.

You say it is business trouble, or you say it is ectrical currents, or it is this, or it is that, or is the other thing. Why not go clear back, y friend, and acknowledge that in every case it the abdication of reason or the

TEACHING OF INFIDELITY

hich practically says, "If you don't like this e get out of it, and you will land either in nihilation, where there are no notes to pay, o persecutions to suffer, no gout to torment, you will land where there will be everything orious and nothing to pay for it. Infidelity ways has been apologetic for self-immolation. fter Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" was ublished and widely read there was a marked ncrease of self-slaughter.

A man in London heard Mr. Owen deliver his nfidel lecture on Socialism, and went home, t down, and wrote these words: "Jesus hrist is one of the weakest characters in hisory, and the Bible is the greatest possible eception," and then shot himself. David lume wrote these words: "It would be no rime for me to divert the Nile or the Danube om its natural bed. Where, then, can be the rime in my diverting a few drops of blood from heir ordinary channel?" And having written he essay he loaned it to a friend, the friend ead it, wrote a letter of thanks and admiration, nd shot himself. Appendix to the same book. Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Montaigne, under ertain circumstances, were apologetic for selfmmolation. Infidelity puts up no bar to peole's rushing out from this world into the next. hey teach us it does not make any difference ow you live here or go out of this world, you ill land either in an oblivious nowhere or a lorious somewhere. And Infidelity holds the pper end of the rope for the suicide, and aims he pistol with which a man blows his brains ut, and mixes the strychnine for the last swalow. If Infidelity could carry the day and peruade the majority of people in this country hat it does not make any difference how you go ut of the world you will land safely, the Hudon and the East rivers would be so full of orpses the ferry-boats would be impeded in heir progress, and the crack of a suicide's pisol would be no more alarming than the rumble f a street car.

I have sometimes heard it discussed whether

THE GREAT DRAMATIST

vas a Christian or not. I do not know, but I now that he considered appreciation of a uture existence the mightiest hindrance to elf-destruction:

For who could bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will.

Would God that the coroners would be brave in rendering the right verdict, and when in a case of irresponsibility they say, "While this man was demented he took his life," in the other case say, "Having read infidel books and attended infidel lectures, which obliterated from this man's mind all appreciation of anything like future retribution, he committed self-slaughter!"

Ah! Infidelity, stand up and take thy sentence! In the presence of God and angels and men, stand up, thou monster, thy lip blasted with blasphemy, thy cheek scarred with lust, thy breath foul with the corruption of the ages! Stand up, Satyr, filthy goat, buzzard of the nations, leper of the centuries! Stand up, thou monster Infidelity! Part man, part panther, part reptile, part dragon, stand up and take thy sentence! Thy hands red with the blood in which thou hast washed, thy feet crimson with the human gore through which thou hast waded, stand up and take thy sentence! Down with thee to the pit and sup on the sobs and groans of families thou hast blasted, and roll on the bed of knives which thou has sharpened for others, and let thy music be the everlasting *miserere* of those whom thou hast damned! I brand the forehead of Infidelity with all the crimes of self-immolation for the last century on the part of those who had their reason.

My friends, if ever your life through its abrasions and its molestations should seem to be unbearable, and you are

TEMPTED TO QUIT

it by your own behest, do not consider yourselves as worse than others. Christ Himself was tempted to cast Himself from the roof of the temple; but as He resisted, so resist ye. Christ came to medicine all our wounds. In your trouble I prescribe life instead of death. People who have had it worse than you will ever have it have gone songful on the way. Remember that God keeps the chronology of your life with as much precision as He keeps the chronology of nations, your death as well as your birth, your grave as well as your cradle.

Why was it that at midnight, just at midnight, the destroying angel struck the blow that set the Israelites free from bondage? The four hundred and thirty years were up at twelve o'clock that night. The four hundred and thirty years were not up at eleven, and one o'clock would have been tardy and too late. The four hundred and thirty years were up at twelve o'clock, and the destroying angel struck the blow, and Israel was free. And God knows just the hour when it is time to lead you up from earthly bondage. By His grace make not the worst of things, but the best of them. If you must take the pills, do not chew them. Your everlasting rewards will accord with your earthly perturbations, just as Caius gave to Agrippa a chain of gold as heavy as had been his chain of iron. For the asking—and I do not know to whom I speak in this august assemblage, but the word may be especially appropriate—for your asking you may have the same grace that was given to the Italian martyr, Algerius, who, down in the darkest of dungeons, dated his letter from "the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison."

And remember that this brief life of ours is surrounded by a rim, a very thin but very important rim, and close up to that rim is a great eternity, and you had better keep out of it until God breaks that rim and separates this from that. To get rid of the sorrows of earth, do not rush into greater sorrows. To get rid of a swarm of summer insects, leap not into a jungle of Bengal tigers.

There is

A SORROWLESS WORLD,

and it is so radiant that the noonday sun is only the lowest doorstep and the aurora that lights up our northern heavens, confounding astronomers as to what it can be, is the waving of the banners of the procession come to take the conquerors home from church militant to church triumphant, and you and I have ten thousand reasons for wanting to go there, but we will never get there either by self-immolation or impenitency All our sins slain by the Christ who came to do that thing, we want to go in at just the time divinely arranged, and from a couch divinely spread, and then the clang of the sepulchral gates behind us will be overpowered by the clang of the opening of the solid pearl before us. O God, whatever others may choose, give me a Christian's life, a Christian's death, a Christian's burial, a Christian's immortality!

A TYPICAL FRIEND.

A REPORTER of the New York *Herald*, who attended Jerry McAuley's funeral on Sunday, September 21st, was approached by a shabby old fellow, who had been lounging on the outskirts of the crowd and furtively watching the ingoers.

"'Beg pardin, gents,' he said, 'but seein' as you were kinnected here and seein' as how I ain't posted on ways and things, I thought I'd ask you for a favor.'

"Both of the listeners were turning away expecting an untimely appeal for alms. But the other said: 'I've heard it's the right thing to send flowers and sich to put on the coffin of any one who's bin good to you. Well, I don't know, gents, whether I've got the rights of it or not. But there's somethin' here for Jerry.'

"He took off his tall, battered hat as he spoke, and felt in it with trembling fingers. 'It ain't any great shakes,' he said, and he took out a little bunch of white flowers. Then looking up, as though to read in the faces of the listeners approval or disapproval, he went on, apologetically: 'They're no great shakes, I allow, and I 'spect they mayn't set off the roses and things rich people send. I'm a poor man, you know, but when I heard Jerry was gone I gets up and says to myself, "Go on and do what's fash'nable, that's the way folks do when they want to show a dead man's done a heap for 'em." So there they are.'

"The usher took them.

"'And when you drop 'em with the rest, though they ain't no great shakes,' he added, with the old apologetic look, 'Jerry, who was my friend, 'll know,' and his voice trembled. 'he'll know they come from old Joe Chappy.'

"'What did he do for you?' the reporter ventured.

"'A great deal,' the old man replied. 'But it's long ago now. My gal had gone to the bad, and was dyin' without ever a bite for her to eat. I got around drunk, but it sobered me, and I hustled about to hunt up some good man. N. G. They asked if she went to Sunday-school and all that. O' course she didn't. How cud the poor gal? Well, they called her names, sed she wus a child o' wrath, and I went away broken-hearted, when I come across Jerry, and he went home with me and comforted me, and he sed that Almighty God wouldn't be rough on a poor gal what didn't know no better. She died then, but I ain't forgot Jerry.'"

"The poor old wreck could not be prevailed upon to enter, and the crowd was so great that the little bunch of flowers could not reach the casket. But the reporter thought, as he saw the floral emblems there, that none of them would be sweeter to the dead than that simple offering."

Mr. H. M. Stanley Declares himself Satisfied with his African work. He expresses his belief that the Congo Free State would soon be recognized by the whole world. The State proposes to give open commerce to all nations, and expects to become a great federation of native chiefs under the control of a European and American commission. Mr. Stanley states that he will shortly visit London and convert the English to his projects.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Text that Stuck to a Sailor.—A man said at a recent noon prayer-meeting: "'Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength' (Isaiah 26 : 4), was the only verse of the Bible I ever read before I opened that precious Book to read it regularly for myself on my conversion to Christ. Six years ago, when I was at sea, I got a little bit of paper with this text printed on it, and read it without thinking much about it, but *it stuck to me*, and I became anxious to read the rest of the chapter. Finding a Bible, I read and read till I saw that Jesus had died for me, and I just laid myself down at His feet, and He has kept me ever since then in safety and peace.

"**A Very Timid Sailor was on his First** voyage. When well out of sight of land, he saw a great, heavy cloud in the sky, and went up to the captain, and said, 'Do you think we are going to have a thunder-storm, sir?' 'Oh!' replied the captain, 'are you afraid?' 'I am rather afraid,' he answered. 'Well,' said the captain, 'don't you see the storm is behind us; it cannot touch us now, because we are before it.' So it is with the Christian; there may be clouds both of great and bitter grief and divine anger, but they are all behind our back. We may now exclaim, 'Oh Lord, I will praise thee, for though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away from me, and now thou comfortest me.'"

A Sceptic Led into Light.—A Christian gentleman relates: "God is blessing the work in James Morrison Street Hall, Glasgow. There was one case I was wonderfully struck with. A man who professed to be a sceptic came night after night to the meeting. I often spoke to him of the love of Jesus, but he always went away unmoved. Last Thursday night, as he was going out, I said to him, 'How is it to-night with you, my friend?' 'Oh, the road is bright and clear; I see the way now,' he answered, and continued: 'For twenty years I have been under a thick cloud, but God has removed it, and I am fully trusting in Him now, and accept Jesus as my Saviour.' I heartily thanked God for that man's wonderful deliverance out of darkness into His marvellous light."

Silly Jamie's Capture of a Man.—Mr. Ferry relates: "When the Rev. Mr. Riddell was at Dundee, holding evangelistic meetings, he said, 'It is necessary that we have larger meetings. Now, if every one here would bring another person it is clear they would be doubled.' This appeal had a powerful effect upon the mind of one in the audience. On Sunday evening the church was crowded with people, and Mr. Riddell was alarmed to see two men just inside the door struggling violently together. Before anyone could interfere, the stronger of the two, 'Silly Jamie,' ran the other down the aisle by main force to the foot of the pulpit stairs, and looking up to Mr. Riddell, he said, 'Here's my ane, at ony rate!' Silly Jamie was so determined to bring his 'ane' that he brought him by force, as he could do no other. There is no need for sane people to use force but if they were as earnest as Silly Jamie our houses for worship and prayer would soon be crowded."

Led to Christ on Board Ship.—Mr. W. Millar relates: "On one occasion while on my way to Ireland, in the boat near to me I heard two people, an old man and a young one, conversing together upon religious matters. The old man was talking very earnestly to the other, and, as I listened, it struck me that what the old man said was very hurtful to any young person. Stepping forward, I joined in the conversation, and spoke of Jesus, and Him crucified, as the only hope of salvation. After a little the old man went away, and I then strove to lead that young man to Christ. To show him what faith was I gave him the familiar illustration of a house on fire and a person in the top story with no means of escape, to whom a ladder is put up, and he is requested to trust himself to the only means of safety. I endeavored to show him that the act of faith was in trusting to that ladder. Then I said, 'Throw your arms about Christ, and never let Him go; keep clinging to Him, and He will never put you away from Him; keep hold of Him through life and still hold to Him in your dying hour.' When I had finished, looking up with a beaming face, he said, 'I see it now; you have made it *so* plain,' and then he rose and went away. I never saw that young man again, nor do I believe I ever shall see him in this world; but I know I shall see him at Christ's right hand in the judgment day."

The Best Doctor in Belgium.—M. Poinsot, the devoted Protestant Scripture Reader at Charleroi, has been much blessed in his arduous and heroic work for Christ. He says in his journal: "I visited a poor woman of seventy-six years of age, alone, poor, and ill. I said to her, 'The nights must seem very long to you, being always alone?' 'If I were alone,' she replied, 'I should have been dead long ago, but I have a Friend who never leaves me day nor night; I commune always with Him, and His Word comforts me.' 'But,' I said, 'if you became worse in the night?' 'He would take care of me,' was the reply; 'He is the best Doctor in Belgium.'" Even in bigoted Belgium, the seed of God's Word, where faithfully sown, is springing up, and bearing fruit to His glory. Many of the people are tired of the priests, and of the formalities of the Church of Rome, and are thirsting for the Bread of Life, which alone can satisfy the craving of their souls.

A Man's Fatal Craze.—Mr. Pittendreigh says: "I once heard of a man who took a craze to have all the old iron and pieces of cloth he became possessed of hung round him, until he was scarcely able to go about. One night in winter he was travelling over a moor with his heavy burden. Arriving at the door of a poor shepherd's house, he begged shelter for the night. 'Come in, and welcome,' was the reply. But the door was small, and the man could not get in with his bulky load. The shepherd asked him to put off some of the iron, and leave it outside till next morning; but he would not be persuaded; he only turned away from the offered shelter, lonely and weary. Three days afterward his lifeless body was found lying on the moor. So it is with a great many sinners; they will not give up their easily besetting sins and pet sins for the shelter, and warmth, and refreshment of the love of Christ; they turn away from Him, and continue to walk the wide, wild moorlands of sin, until death overtakes them, and they sink into hell."

A Lady Artist's Search for Rest.—The Rev. Mr. Ross says: "A young lady went to Rome to study art. Having a great liking for it she soon became one of the first modellers in the city. While she was busy at work one day, a companion called to see her, and began to give a long description of a ball to which she had recently been, and talked of dresses, jewelry, flowers, etc. The young lady turned, and looking at her friend, said, 'Be done; I am sick and tired of it. I have gone through and experienced it all myself.' And then she added, 'Oh, if you could only tell me where I might get rest.' Her companion, a little taken by surprise, hastily left. The young artist sat there wondering where she might find rest. She had secured the praise of man, but that did not satisfy her, she was looking for something higher; and shutting herself into her room that night, she began to think, and as she was thinking a bright thought entered her mind. She rose and brought forth a little Testament which had been lying untouched since a kind friend had given it to her, with these words, 'Now, mind, if ever you are in trouble, or weary, just open this little book and read, and you will find rest.' And now she thought: 'I will see if I can find the rest she promised.' After she had looked a little her eyes fell on these words in Rom. 5 : 1, 'Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Her eyes rested long on th verse, until at last she found Christ as her Sa our, and obtained rest in Him."

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

Addresses Delivered at the Christian Conventi in the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle, N York, on September 12th.

THE Rev. George F. Pentecost, of Brookly delivered a lengthy speech in opening the pr ceedings. In the course of it he said: "T doctrine of the Lord's Second Coming as t hope of the Church needs to be taken out of t sentimental and put into the practical depa ment. If the Church measured its importan by the frequency with which it is mentioned Scripture, it would be in the forefront of a A doctrine that stimulates to watchfulness a faithfulness must be practical.

"It is the stimulating effect of this doctri which produces enthusiasm heated to the poi that the world calls fanaticism that Sat dreads, and which he seeks to defeat.' He h succeeded in getting the Church almost abandon the doctrine, first by caricaturing and then by diverting attention from it errors as to time and circumstance. He has l men to believe that the descent of the Spirit Pentecost was the Second Coming, thou nearly all the promises of the New Testame save those of Christ Himself were written aft Pentecost; then he has represented the event at an immense distance, and therefore out of t range of present expectation; and he has l people to regard death as the Second Comir although it would seem impossible to associa the idea of death with an event that in all aspects is one of life-giving power. The Lor coming is like an overdue train, that may be e pected at any moment; not that the Lord slack in keeping His promise, but that a tra already due is probably near at hand."

Mr. William E. Blackstone, of Chicago, re Titus 2 : 11–13: "Teaching us that, denyi ungodliness and worldly lusts we should li soberly, righteously, and godly in this prese world; looking for that blessed hope, and t glorious appearing of the great God and o Saviour Jesus Christ." He said: "This is or one text out of very many in the Scriptures which reference to the Lord's coming is ma as

A MOTIVE FOR RIGHT LIVING.

Do you not see how practical this makes t doctrine? If you take a new Bible and with pencil mark all such passages, you would surprised to see what a marked Bible you wou have. But in spite of these frequent referenc the expectation of the Lord's coming does n exercise the influence in the Church, whi properly belongs to it.

"To some Christians the Lord's comi means simply their own death, others, who thi that He will come in person, believe that H coming will not be for a long time, until t whole world is converted and the thousand yea of the Millennium have passed away. Thus t event fails to exercise the influence over them would exercise if they realized that it may ta place at any moment. One of the causes this prevalent indifference is that they fail see

HOW VAST A DIFFERENCE

there is between the Lord's coming for H waiting people and His coming in glory to a si burdened world. There is a vast difference the two, not only in purpose, but in time. Th is evident from the frequent injunctions watchfulness. Can you be watching for event which is separated from you by an inte val of more than a thousand years? The Lo would never have enjoined watchfulness in su circumstances. Nor must we expect that t world will be converted before He comes. W are simply told that the Gospel must preached

AS A WITNESS,

in all nations before the end come, not that th Gospel will be accepted. The process is ever

where described as a taking out of a people from among the nations. Oh that the Church had been faithful to that command! the work would soon have been done. The Church has been expecting that the whole world would be converted and the Millennium brought about by the preaching of the Gospel. But it is an error. I wonder that Satan has been able to blind so many eyes with such an idea. We have to realize that at any moment the Lord may come. The proper attitude for us to hold is that we may turn away from what we may be doing, whatever it may be and say, "Yes, this is the Lord whom I have been waiting and watching for," and look up gladly to receive Him.

"This doctrine of the Lord's speedy coming sheds such

A LIGHT ON ALL PROPHECY.

From a child I have loved the prophecies of God's Word, but they were enveloped in a mist to me, I could not get order out of them. I have often sat down pondering over them and mourning at the

SLOW PROGRESS

the Gospel is making in the world, and grieving that we must wait so long for the end of strife and sin and intemperance and all the world's woes, which I supposed must come before the Lord could return to the earth. For days and days I sought the blessing of the Spirit to show me the meaning of these things. It was in showing me the nearness of the Lord's coming that He came to me. He simply took of the things of God and showed them unto me. I saw that the Gospel was to be preached as a witness and for the taking out of the people; and I think that after the Church has been taken out of the world the Gospel will still be a witness, for we read that John saw an angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the *everlasting* Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth (Rev. 14 : 6). With the acceptance of this truth and expectation of the coming of the Lord as

THE NEXT EVENT,

for which I must look, the prophecies became clear to me as when a light shines into a dark place. Now as I rise in the night, as I often do and look from my window at the stars that gem the sky, I think of my Lord's coming there. And as I see the morning star shining as the herald of the approaching day, I think of His Word, "I am the bright and the Morning Star," and know that when He comes the day of Millennial glory will be at hand.

"It is of the utmost importance that you keep distinctly separate in your minds these

TWO STAGES

of the Lord's coming. His coming in judgment and in the glory of heaven may be far away, but His coming for His people to take them to Himself may be very near. It is this difference that makes the thought so weighty and so comforting to us. He will come for His own and will take them away and the world will wonder where we are gone. That may be soon, oh that He may find us ready, all our affairs with the world fixed, and we ready to go as those who have received the word of warning and are prepared and waiting for the summons. If we have that expectation we shall not recoil with horror from the thought of Christ's coming as some Christians do. As we sometimes see them start back when we speak of that day we can but think that they are not ready for the summons.

"Then what an influence this should exercise on our lives. At the commencement of my Christian life I found that it was as easy for me to get rich as for other men if I would given my mind to it. And I gave my mind to it until it pleased the Lord, by His Spirit to take hold of me, and show me that 'every man that hath this hope in him

PURIFIETH HIMSELF'

(1 John 3 : 3). This precious hope has enabled me to become a sealed vessel in His service. I signed a deed before Him as when we convey a landed estate to another we describe the property, and say that in consideration of so much money paid we give the property away forever, so in consideration of the love wherewith He loved me and that He died for me I give myself, my wife, my family and all that I have to Him signed and sealed. I never could have done it by myself, but I just trust Him that He has taken possession of the property, and that He is doing business there. I pray God there may never be on my part any retraction of that conveyance.

A LITTLE BOY

was placed by his father in rather a hard place where he was kept continually on foot, from morning to night. He had to go here and go there, carrying heavy bundles, and work with all his might. It was very dull for him and he often thought of his home and his father. He wrote home that the work was too heavy for him and that he was weary, but his father thought it was best that he should remain and work on. But at last his father wrote him that he would come himself soon and fetch him home. In the meantime he must be patient and work well. The boy took new heart then, and though his work was no less hard he did it with a will, thinking it would soon be over. And every day he was looking out for his father and saying to himself, 'Perhaps father will come to-day.' As he swept out the store in the morning he would take a peep down the road to see if his father was coming. So he watched day after day and day after day, until one morning looking out as usual, sure that some day his father would come, he saw his father's buggy coming, and he dropped his broom and ran out to meet him, saying, 'I am so glad you have come.' So the Christian, looking up to his Father's abode, cries, 'Even so Lord Jesus, come quickly.'"

SITTING IN A DRAFT.

By Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D.

WE must all have noticed a certain difference in the physical capabilities of our acquaintances. One man can take his seat at any time, anywhere, regardless of any current of air. He never "takes cold," as we say. Another man is so apt to be affected by a draft that he cannot sit in any current without beginning very soon to exhibit catarrhal symptoms. The person in the first case may have real or only apparent immunity. It may be so that it never does him any harm to have the air blow on his back or on any part of his person. But this may only be apparent safety. He may be receiving physical injury without exhibiting the usual signs thereof. But our other acquaintance presents a plain case. He is never so well after sitting in the draft.

If these cases involve any question of morals, and if it be really a man's duty to have concern for the welfare of his fellow-men, the proprieties in this case are manifest. *The susceptible man must not sit in drafts.* He must not put himself voluntarily in a perilous position, nor must he yield to the solicitation of his more fortunately constituted friend.

In the other case, it may be that the man may sit where it pleases him, draft or no draft. He certainly may, if he be assured that he can have no more real than apparent injury. But one thing is perfectly plain—it would be both foolish and wicked in him to insist upon his friend imperilling his health and life in order to keep the robust man company. There would be something exceedingly foolish in his saying. "Why, come sit down here. Don't be childish. Don't mind this draft. It never hurts me. I sit here every day, and don't you see what health I have?"

His weaker friend would be a foolish coward to sit in that draft every day when he knew that every moment it was injuring him. To him it would be no question what the effect was upon the other man. He would know that it was peril to him, and that it is a sin in any man to put himself under any circumstances in peril unnecessarily.

We have cited a case in which we suppose that there can be no difference of opinion among intelligent people. Indeed, the unanimity is so universal that it were a waste of time to make the above statements without an ulterior object.

There is a case whose ethical standing is precisely that which is stated above, but the peril is immeasurably greater. Wider results follow, and certain social customs are connected, and for these and perhaps other reasons there is such an obfuscation on a plain moral question as has destroyed the health and the happiness of hundreds and thousands, not only of individuals but of families. The case involves the social custom of "treating."

In many polite circles it is considered indicative of cordial regard to offer wine and other drinks to one's friends and even casual acquaintances. In this way what is called the custom of treating has sprung up. When gentlemen meet in places of business or pleasure, in Wall Street or Newport, a drink is tendered. We leave it to others to discuss other phases of this question. We confine ourselves in this article to the line laid down in the preceding paragraphs. Whether I shall drink wine or not is a question which I must settle with my own conscience. But whether I am to offer wines to others involves consideration of their welfare.

Suppose I could satisfy myself that both I and a certain friend could take wine at the daily meal or casually upon meeting, and I felt no scruple in offering it to him, ought I not to make myself perfectly sure in regard to all others to whom I may offer wine? Now, because it is utterly impracticable for me to have such assurance, is it not safer that I should not offer wine at all? If my own comfort is promoted by sitting in a draft, and I may be willing to have another friend sit with me who has a constitution like mine, ought I not to *consider the danger* is generally to people of ordinary constitutions in such exposure to a sudden change of temperature? And if a hundred friends of mine, in the course of years, with impunity sat with me in my place of comfort, and my insisting upon receiving all my friends there should issue in the death of one of them by pleurisy, and another by pulmonary consumption, would not the remorse I should naturally feel for my sin against them more than counterbalance all the pleasure I could have in the society of all my other friends?

This is the point which seems to me ought to be made in regard to the custom of treating. If any reader of this article is accustomed to ask his friends at times to take a drink, let him remember that he cannot know what the ultimate effect of that one drink is to have upon any of his associates. Let him remember that the worst effects will come to the best of them; that among them are men his superior in every high particular of intellect, of heart, and of social power, and that these men may be destroyed by yielding to the invitation to drink. The foolish idea that it is impolite to refuse a drink leads many a lovable man into absolute ruin.

If such men would only put this case on the ground of the case of sitting in a draft, their difficulties might immediately vanish. If it be injurious to me to sit in a draft, I will simply tell my friend so, and if he insist upon sitting there, he must do so without my company, for he is a man whose principles as well as whose manners ought to be repugnant to me. Every gentleman in such case would immediately change his position, and say, "Certainly I will come out of the draft and sit where it will be best for you." It is so in the social custom of drinking. Every gentleman, as soon as he finds one of the gentlemen imperilled, will say, "No, we will close the window. No, we will put aside the wine."

We submit to all those who are accustomed to offer or take wine in company, whether what is said above is not in accordance with commonsense and the plainest principles of ethics.

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Inquiries have been received respecting the terms on which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be supplied to persons desiring to introduce it to their friends. In response to this kindly project of our subscribers, we will mail the paper every week from October 3 to the end of the year to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of twenty-five cents. The same offer made in former years has been singularly blessed. The paper sent by Christian people to unconverted acquaintances has, in a large number of cases, been the means of blessing. The low price at which it is offered for the three months will, we hope, encourage many to avail themselves of the opportunity of introducing the paper to families in which Christian literature is needed.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Another Series of the Mulligan Letters Appeared in the daily journals on September 15th. Ten of the letters were written by Mr. Blaine to Warren Fisher, one was written by him to Mr. J. Caldwell, and the others were Fisher's replies to Mr. Blaine. They belong to the period 1869–72, to which also belonged the series with which the public is already familiar. They were given to the press without comment by Warren Fisher and James Mulligan. Very little fresh information is contained in the letters, but the evident object in publishing them now is to discredit the effort being made by the advocates of Mr. Blaine to prove that his connection with Fisher and Caldwell was an innocent one, and also to show that Mr. Blaine prevaricated respecting his dealings with Colonel Scott, in his testimony before the House during the investigation eight years ago. In addition to those matters there is a statement by Mr. Blaine that if the Little Rock people wished to start a bank at Little Rock, it would be in his power to "cast an anchor to windward" in their behalf, if they so desired. Mr. Blaine does not deny that the letters are genuine, but contends that they do not prove him to have been guilty of corruptly using his office as Speaker of the House. He expressed his desire that every voter in the United States might read the letters for himself and not form his judgment from editorial misrepresentation in partisan journals. "There was not a word in the letters," Mr. Blaine added, "which was not entirely consistent with the most scrupulous integrity and honor." He hoped that every Republican paper in the United States would publish the letters in full. It is evident, however, that the publication of the letters has tended to alienate wavering voters from the Republican ticket, especially in New York. One influential journal, usually Republican, now urges its readers to vote and work for ex-Governor St. John.

The Action for Libel Instituted by Mr. Blaine against the journal which accused him of immorality will not, it appears, be tried in time to prevent the charge being used against him during the critical weeks immediately preceding the election. He has, therefore, published a statement of facts in the shape of a letter to Mr. William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey. He states therein that he was secretly married to his present wife on June 30th, 1850, in Kentucky. Subsequently he had misgivings that the marriage, which would have been legal in Pennsylvania, was not so in Kentucky, where the law rendered the certificate of the County Clerk necessary to a valid union. Mr. and Mrs. Blaine therefore travelled to Pittsburg, Penn., in March, 1851, and there had another marriage service performed. Mr. Blaine has doubtless acted wisely in publishing these facts, as the charges made against him might have operated against his election; but the charges which are really dangerous to him, and on which the Independent Republican movement is based, did not include this, but are founded only on the transactions to which the Mulligan letters refer. Thousands of Republicans who have reluctantly decided to vote against him in November would gladly give him their votes if he published a similar statement effectually disposing of those charges.

A Full Prohibition Ticket is to be put in the field in Maryland. At a conference held at Baltimore on September 16th it was resolved to nominate prohibition candidates for all vacant offices and to recommend the various Congressional districts to at once put in nomination candidates for Congress. The Hon. William Daniel, the Prohibition candidate for the Vice-Presidency, was present, and took an active part in the proceedings. A vigorous temperance movement has been prosecuted in Maryland during the past few years by Major George A. Hilton and a few other devoted workers.

The Chances of Women Obtaining Employment in the civil service are said to have been reduced by the new reform rules. As a matter of fact, out of 331 appointments made under the rules, only thirty-two have been of women. A letter by the Hon. John M. Gregory, of the Civil Service Commission, was published last week with the object of vindicating the Commissioners and the new law from the charge that there was any unfriendliness toward the appointment of females. Mr. Gregory says: "It is already generally known that the civil service examinations for clerkships are open alike to men and women; that all applicants are examined alike, marked by the same rules, and placed, if they pass, on common registers for certification to the appointing officers, the heads of departments. When notices of vacancies are received by the commission, the four names graded highest are sent without regard to sex." Thus the paucity of appointments of females is not due to prejudice on the part of the Commissioners. As to the future, Mr. Gregory predicts that "the new civil service system must inevitably favor the future employment of women—first, by bringing to the notice of appointing officers the high qualifications shown by female applicants in the examinations, and, second, by introducing to the offices a class of women whose capacity, industry, and good conduct will prove to any doubting chief of a bureau or division the sterling value of a true woman's service."

Jerry McAuley Died Suddenly on Thursday last, September 18th, of hemorrhage of the lungs. He has suffered for many years from this trouble, and recently was ordered to Florida, in the hope of obtaining relief. After his return he seemed much better, and a few days before his death he told the editor of this journal that he was feeling strong and well. He was full of energy, and was looking forward with sanguine hope to the realization of his cherished design, of opening a home for fallen women. On Wednesday he was actively engaged at his mission, and when he had completed his work he went with his wife for a walk in Central Park, to invigorate himself for the evening meeting. He returned about five o'clock, and was almost immediately attacked with hemorrhage. His physician was called and remedies administered, but he did not rally. He lingered until the following day, when he died peacefully. A few minutes before he passed away, he raised his hand toward heaven, and with a quiet smile said: "*It's all right.*" He never spoke afterward. He was forty-five years of age; his portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 5th, 1883. Few men so circumstanced as he, have been so widely blessed. Since he was discharged from prison a converted man he has labored unceasingly for the rescue of the depraved, and now there are men in every State of the Union and in almost every country of the world who owe their conversion to God's blessing on his work. The Water Street Mission has a world-wide fame, and Cremorne, to which he removed two years ago, has been the spiritual birthplace of many men and women who have been rescued from vicious lives.

A Slight Earthquake Shock was Experienced in several States on September 19th. The telegrams reporting it showed that the tremor extended from West Virginia to Iowa, and from Kentucky to Canada. There were three shocks in a little less than a minute. They were distinctly perceptible, and caused general alarm, but did no actual damage. The tremor was accompanied at all points by a noise resembling thunder. Tall buildings were perceptibly shaken, and plaster shaken from the walls. College students, school children, and prisoners were frantic with alarm at many places, and people rushed out of their houses and stores. At *Cleveland, Ohio*, many large buildings swayed slightly to and fro, and hundreds of people rushed into the streets anxiously inquiring the cause of the sudden vibration. At the large freight station of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railroad *chairs were displaced and gas fixtures swayed violently* from west to east. Three attachés at the Signal Service station felt the shock—three short and distinct vibrations of the earth's surface. The first one was timed at 2.47, local time, and the other two followed in quick succession. At *Cecil* goods were thrown from shelves in the depot, and the employés rushed out, thinking a train had struck the building. It was also violent at *Defiance, Ohio*, where the swaying of buildings created much consternation. The people hastily abandoned their houses, and the Methodist Conference, in session at one of the churches, immediately adjourned, and the people rushed to the streets. A meeting of the Ladies' Missionary Society, in progress at the time, was also quickly dismissed. Glass was broken in a number of buildings, but no serious damage was done. There was much alarm at *Columbus, Ohio*. In high and large buildings the shock was felt the worst. In the upper stories of the State House, City Hall, and asylums the occupants got out as quickly as possible. At the Insane Asylum one chandelier was swung so much as to cause it to fall and break in pieces. An arch in a church in course of construction was jarred so that it fell.

Miss Laurie McLatchie, the Famous Scotch evangelist and lecturer, whose meetings in Great Britain and the Islands of Jersey and Guernsey have attracted immense audiences and have resulted in an incalculable amount of good, is on her way to America. An English journal states that she contemplates an extensive tour through this country. Miss McLatchie is a singularly gifted speaker and preacher of rare eloquence and spiritual power. God has widely blessed her efforts on the other side the Atlantic, and we earnestly pray that her visit here may be productive of much good. Letters for her may be sent to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

All the Jewish Congregations in New York will hold special services on October 25th, at four in the afternoon, to celebrate the hundredth birthday of Sir Moses Montefiore, the eminent Jewish philanthropist. At the meeting held in this city last week to arrange these services an invitation to Christians to co-operate in them was cordially extended. "The Old Man Benevolent" has not confined his benefactions to members of his own faith, and Christians who know what he has accomplished and how nobly he has labored would, it was naturally supposed, feel a pleasure in rendering honor to the occasion.

Dishonesty, the Abuse of Trust, and Defalcation, as the sins of the times, were pressed on the attention of an assembly of clergymen at Saratoga, N. Y., recently by several clergymen and laymen, who urged the preachers to deal earnestly with those in danger of falling into those sins. Dr. G. H. Smyth, of New York, in considering the question why this epidemic of dishonesty prevails, said the chief cause was loss of faith in the old doctrines of the Gospel as they were preached by the Puritans and believed by the people. The pulpit has largely ceased to preach them. Scepticism has spread over the land, and with it men have ceased to have fear of God and a sense of the evil nature of sin. Moses is disbelieved in and Darwin is the prophet. Men who cannot understand Isaiah believe in Spencer. Thus the conscience is annihilated, and the law of God has lost its power over the life and conduct of men.

A Notorious "Rum Hole" in Portland, Me., is probably the only rum-hole in the country that total abstainers delight to frequent. Dr. Mulchmore, of Philadelphia, who visited Portland recently and made inquiries as to the working of the Maine law, was conducted to the basement of the City Hall, in the rear of which is the orifice in the pavement into which are always poured the liquors of all sorts which are seized and condemned under the prohibitory law. "This," said his friend, "is Portland's most noted *rum-hole*. In another part of the basement was a vast assortment of barrels, jugs, bottles, pails, tin cans, and nondescript vessels of every imaginable kind, all held in custody, and soon to be sent to the aforesaid all-receiving *hole*. In the past nineteen months 48,225 gallons of distilled liquors were so seized and destroyed, and the venders, beside losing the liquor, paid fines aggregating $11,900.

At the Faith Convention Held at Intervale Park, N. H., under the presidency of Dr. Cullis last month, there were many remarkable testimonies given of healing through faith and prayer. One who attended the Convention writes: "No record was kept of such testimonies; but it was to be observed that two ear-trumpets disappeared from use during the meetings, and that one man left his crutches behind him when he departed. One individual told of being cured after forty-five years' endurance of a nervous affection. Another had been healed of diabetes when given up by physicians. Another had a badly sprained ankle suddenly restored." In the course of one of his addresses Dr. Cullis remarked that he had seen cases of every kind of disease healed, except, possibly, small-pox, which he had not come in contact with. A question was often asked with regard to *broken bones*. A minister was off at a convention, when his little girl fell and broke her arm. The mother wrote to Dr. Cullis to know what to do, and he said, "Send for a surgeon at once." Mechanical injury is not disease; the bones should be set right, and the Lord trusted to heal the injury. Teeth should be properly filled. The promise is for the *sick*. Here people fall into fanaticism. No person ever walked the earth so full of common-sense as the Lord Jesus. He rested when He was tired, and it is not right to work on and never rest. Do be sensible. Do not say of a man, "He performs miracles," but, "He believes God's Word." The cures are simply answers to prayer. James does not say it is a miracle. David says, "He healeth diseases." Keep it there, and there will be no confusion.

The Year Book of the Young Men's Christian Association for 1884–5 has been issued. It is a pamphlet of 187 pages. It contains reports of ten international secretaries, of forty corresponding members, a list of 388 paid agents of American and Canadian associations, tabulated reports of 834 associations on this continent, a list of association buildings valued at over $3,400,000, and other matters of interest, including some particulars of 1800 foreign associations. The book is a manual for association workers, who can obtain it from the International Committee, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The Revised Version of the Old Testament is to be published, if possible, early next year. The Rev. Dr. Chambers, one of the members of the American Committee, recently said to a reporter that while nothing has been authoritatively communicated as to the character of the changes made, it is tacitly understood among all parties that the revisers have been much more conservative than their colleagues were in preparing the New Testament, in the main confining themselves to such changes as were deemed indispensable, rather than extending them to all cases where they might seem desirable."

The Mormon Boast that Utah is the only place in the United States where there is no unchastity is explicitly contradicted. Kate Field, in the course of a long letter to the New York *Tribune*, publishes an appalling indictment of Mormonism. Among other facts cited by her in proof of her charges is the statement that sixteen Mormon girls, being educated in the Brigham Young Academy, have been ruined there, and they were recently removed from the Academy without completing their education. It is well known that Christian visitors to Utah have returned less strongly opposed to Mormonism, their opposition having been weakened by the argument which Miss Field thus shows is a false one.

A Remarkable Discovery at an Autopsy was made recently at Hartford, Conn. A boy only twelve years old, the son of a physician, died suddenly in excruciating pain on September 6th. As it was the first illness the boy had ever experienced, and as his death followed so suddenly, it was decided to hold an autopsy. This was done by four surgeons. They found an immense cancer surrounding the heart. It had its formation in the thymus gland. The heart had been compressed into one half its normal size, and the left lung was badly crushed. It is believed that the action of the cancer was the severest toward the end. Hence the pain the boy suffered. The physicians were greatly surprised at the result of their autopsy, as the presence of a cancer was wholly unexpected. On consulting the highest medical authority no similar case could be found. The cause for surprise is that the cancer should have grown to so large a size without its existence being suspected. Usually a disease so terrible makes its presence felt by the sufferer, and the physician is informed of it. Clergymen and Christian workers who deal with spiritual malady often meet with similar cases. They learn that some secret sin is crushing the life of an inquirer and keeping him back from salvation (Ps. 19 : 12).

HOW TO MEET THE DOCTRINE OF ELECTION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But He answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Then came she and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, help me."—MATTHEW 15 : 24, 25.

The Saviour's Apparent Harshness—A Secret Need for it—Sore Things Often Salutary—Infants' Prepared Gospel—The Woman Discouraged by the Doctrine of Election—Why Jesus Told her—Lest She Should Hear it at Second-hand—I. The Discouraging Word—Election a Bugbear—Should not Discourage the Seeker—The Woman's Cause for Discouragement—The Subject Must be Dealt With—The Worry it Causes—II. The Woman's Commendable Act—She Came to Jesus—How She Came—Her Prayer—Strangers in the Chosen Line.

YOU that know the loving heart of our Lord Jesus are quite sure that He would never needlessly discourage a soul in coming to Him. Yet in this case "He answered her not a word." Is Jesus dumb when misery entreats a word from Him? The Friend of Man is usually all attraction, encouragement, drawing, and welcoming, and yet the eager woman cries in vain to Him for her tormented daughter! We are not disquieted about this. We know our Lord too well to suspect Him of a want of love. He is not sporting with a wounded bird. He is in

NO FIT OF BITTERNESS.

He would not even seem to discourage any heart that beat within a human bosom, unless there had been some great necessity for it, some gracious end to be served thereby.

Nobody will have the impudence to accuse our divine Lord of undue harshness to a soul that sought His help. The world might suspect some of His ministers of being hard and cold, like yon *pulpits of marble* which have in these chill times been exalted among the people. They might think some of us more touchy than tender; for are not some of us, great stone creatures, almost without feeling, and not easily to be approached? You may suppose hard things of *us*, who are His servants; the supposition may be true, it may be slanderous; but you cannot suppose anything of the kind concerning the Lord Jesus Christ; He is so evidently loving, gracious, cordial, that you could not have the heart to suspect *Him*. If Jesus has ever received *you*, you have had in that fact unquestionable proof of His tenderness, and you are, and will be henceforth, confident in His compassion. Yet He did discourage this woman. Not only the disciples did so, but the Master did so, too. Therefore, I say that there must have been

A SECRET NEED

for so doing; there must have been a motive for her good which moved the tender Lord to answer her with words so hard, and with speeches so dispiriting.

I believe that we, dear friends, the humble imitators of the Lord Jesus Christ, are bound to encourage all in whom there is any hopefulness. Whenever we see a wandering soul turning its face homeward, we should be ready to lend a hand to direct its tottering footsteps. Still, if we imitate our Lord, we may be led to say sore things which, like the faithful wounds of a friend, are as sharp as they are salutary. Love's lips do not always drop honey. Flattery charms with her dulcet periods, but a wise affection full often uses tones most harsh and cutting. There is a tendency among certain goody-goody people to comfort too much, and to keep back important truths for fear they should be misunderstood. Glorious doctrines which made our fathers strong are left in the shade, for fear they should become stumbling-blocks to unsettled minds. We are coming to be rather overdone with

INFANTS' PREPARED GOSPEL;

they are putting the flour through so many sieves that there will not be an ounce of bone-making material left in it. If it were always wise to comfort and encourage, the Master

would have kept to that line of things; and, since He did not do so, I assume—and I think that none will dare to contradict me—that men require something else beside encouragement. We have not only to console, but to correct; ours is the edification which deals frequently with pulling down dilapidated bits of wall, in order to the security of the whole fabric; and hence we occasionally seem to be destroyers where we are really builders together with God. Our Lord knew that plain speech upon a certain truth would weed out His disciples. Did He therefore preserve a discreet silence? Not He. In due time He delivered His soul, and we read "from that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him."

Come we now to consider why the Saviour spake to this woman in this way. Why did He announce to her a fact which could not possibly assist or strengthen her faith? We may learn the answer as we proceed.

Our Lord Jesus virtually discouraged the Syrophenician woman with the doctrine of election. I grant you that there is a difference between the election of the nation of Israel and the election of individuals; but into that we are not going to-night. The point is this: it was the doctrine of election which the Saviour threw in this poor woman's way. He said to her, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." This was

ENOUGH TO DAMP HER SPIRIT,

surely, and yet the Saviour put it before her there and then.

Why? I think He did so, first, at that time, that it might come from Him rather than from the disciples. If you feel it needful that a person should be somewhat sharply rebuked, you conclude to do it yourself. You say to yourself, "If I send that message by the best friend I have he will inflict more pain than I intended; therefore, I will communicate the unacceptable statement myself." The Saviour knew that by and by this woman would hear that the mission of the Christ was only to Israel; and she might hear it in such a way as would much more depress her spirit than if He personally told it to her himself. So He Himself said to her, "I am not sent to Tyre and Sidon. I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." That is to say, Christ's mission as a prophet while He was here in the flesh was to Israel; and to Israel He usually restricted His labors throughout His life. He told her that Himself, I think, lest she should hear it at second hand.

It will be wise for us, when we find poor souls hopefully coming to Christ, to manifest thought and prudence, and introduce them to the deeper truths of our theology; because they will hear of them one way or another; and they had better hear of them first from loving, tender-hearted Christians, than from hard, careless, loveless spirits, whose delight is found in mere terms and phrases. You cannot keep these young people in a conservatory; why should you wish to do so? It is poor policy to try and conceal truth. It has a little of a Jesuitical look about it. Why should this particular truth be concealed? Are we ashamed of it? If so, let us revise our creed; but in the name of common honesty let us

HIDE NOTHING WHICH WE BELIEVE.

Again, I think that He brought that truth before her mind just then because she might hear of it otherwise, when she was in a worse condition for the receiving of it. Now, this woman was desperately set on getting a blessing from Christ. Her whole heart was awake; her spirit was on fire; her whole nature was eager for the blessing. If she could stand repression at any time in her life, it was just then. His mission to the house of Israel was one of the truths which the Saviour saw this poor Canaanitish woman would have to learn, and therefore He communicated it to her when she had faith enough to press over all discouragement, and obtain the blessing upon which her heart was set. These two things should prove instructive. Now I go on to deal with souls who are somewhat in this woman's case.

I. First, then,

THE DISCOURAGING WORD

that came to this woman. It was, as I have said, a certain form of the doctrine of election; the unquestioned truth that God designed to bless the seed of Israel by the personal labors and testimonies of His Son Jesus, and that these blessings were not at that time sent to the people of Tyre and Sidon.

The doctrine of election has been made into a great bugbear by its unscrupulous opponents and its injudicious friends. I have read some very wonderful sermons against this doctrine, in which the first thing that was evident was that the person speaking was totally ignorant of his subject.

Nobody ever believed the doctrine of election as I have heard it stated by Arminian controversialists. I venture to say that nobody out of Bedlam ever did believe that which has been imputed to us. Is it remarkable that we are as eager to denounce the dogmas imputed to us as ever our opponents can be? Why do they earnestly set themselves to confute what no one defends? They might as well spare themselves the trouble. Our friends abhor the doctrine as it is stated by themselves, and we are much of their mind; though the doctrine itself, as we would state it, is dear to us as life itself. They suppose that we never preach the Gospel freely to sinners, which thing we never fail to do with a freeness which none can excel. If we will keep simply to what the Word of God says, we shall find in it

TRUTHS APPARENTLY IN CONFLICT,

but always in agreement. On every subject there is a truth which is set over against another truth; the one is as true as the other; the one does not take away from the other, nor raise a question upon the other; but the one ought to be stated as well as the other, and the two set side by side.

Did a sinner really know the doctrine of the choice of grace he would not run away from it, but he would be inclined to run into its arms. Yet to many it does seem to be as that black side of the cloud which the Lord turned upon the Egyptians; and therefore I am going to notice the discouragement as Christ put it before this woman. He said to her, first, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." "I am sent," he seemed to say, "to the Jews. I am sent to the house of Israel, but I am not sent to you." Jesus lets her know this hard truth at once, so that it may not worry her afterward. When she did obtain the cure of her daughter, he would have her know that it was given openly and aboveboard, and not by a blunder of pity, or an oversight of charity. She was to be once for all assured that the Lord Jesus had not forgotten Himself—that He knew all about the limitation of His commission during His mortal life, and that in overstepping it He

KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING,

and had not been wafted beyond Himself by the impetuosity of His spirit.

Now, there is such a thing as the choice of God. The Lord has a people who are redeemed from among men. The Lord Jesus has a people of whom He has said, "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me." Some are ordained unto eternal life, and therefore believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Does this fact discourage you? I do not see why it should. Why should not you be among that number? "But suppose that I am not?" says one. Why do you not suppose that you are? You do not know anything about it; therefore why suppose at all? The Lord has chosen a people to be saved, and I feel glad to think that He has done so, for none can prove that I am not of the number. If there are some whom God will save, then I know also who they are, for He tells me that they are such as repent of sin, confess it, forsake it, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. These same things would my soul desire to do, and when I do so, I know that I am of the chosen number, and shall be saved. What is there in this to discourage a soul? Yet it does discourage some. When people are in the dark they are afraid of anything, everything! nothing!!

Our Lord put before this woman something worse than the positive fact of the choice of Israel. He declared the negative side of the sacred *choice*. He said, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." It is very little that you and I who are ministers of the Gospel have to do with preaching about what Christ is not sent to do. Poor penitent hearts, there is nothing in the divine decree to shut out one of you from hope. "The Lord hath not spoken in secret, in a dark place of the earth; He hath not said unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain." Nevertheless, the Saviour did distinctly turn the blackest side of the doctrine to the woman, and say, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

What was worse in her case was that she knew that this election, as far as Christ had stated it, must exclude her; for He told her that He was not sent save to the house of Israel, and she well knew that she did not belong to that house. The poor Canaanitish woman might very logically have ended her pleadings, saying, "What more can be done? I cannot go against the word from Christ's own lip." Yet she did not so; but like a true heroine she pressed her suit even to the joyful end. You see her cause for discouragement was much

WORSE THAN YOURS

can ever be, for you do not know that you are shut out; there is nothing in your race or city which excludes you. Moreover, Christ has never told you that you are shut out. I do not think that any minister has ever told you so; and if you have ever gathered from any ministry under heaven that there is no hope for you, you have no right to come to such a conclusion. But if you have copied out bitter words, and have come to wretched conclusions, then I would urge you to be as sensible and as brave as this woman was, who, when she had not gathered it from ministers, but had received it from Christ Himself that He was not sent to such as she was, yet nevertheless persevered, and pressed forward, and came to Him and worshipped Him saying, "Lord, help me."

Some may say to me—"Why talk about this difficulty at all?" I talk about it because it exists.

IT FRETS AND WORRIES

many minds. Many are troubled, and the servants of God must deal with their trouble. Gladly enough would I let these fears alone if they would let my people alone. The stern fact of predestination meets most men somewhere or other; even in the paths of philosophy it is not escaped; and when it comes darkly over truly gracious souls, much of its power for mischief will lie in the ignorance of the person assailed. If we were better instructed we should probably find no mystery where all is mystery now. Men forget that the ordination of God deals with everything; not only with the spiritual, but quite as certainly with the natural world. Yet they never allow it to interfere with their labor for bread, their struggle for wealth, or their race for fame. They cannot understand that divine plan which interferes with no will of man, and yet secures the will of God; nor can they see how everything proceeds by the free agency of the creatures as much as if there were no God, and yet God ruleth over all.

I wish that this subject did not vex men, but it is idle to wish. It has vexed them from the beginning, and will vex them even to the end. As we cannot alter facts we must deal with them. Dear troubled souls, Jesus would have you come to Him without fear. He invites you to trust in Him; yea, more, He commands you to believe on His name. Nothing he has

thought, or ordained, or purposed, or predestinated has any tendency to drive you from him. Whatever predestination may or may not be, this one thing is sure—"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Everything beckons toward His cross, and Himself. Come, and let nothing hinder you even for a single hour.

II. Now, observe

THE COMMENDABLE ACT

of this woman. In considering what she did, we shall come to the practical part of the subject. And I notice that she did not attempt for a single moment to deny what Jesus had said. She did not assert, as some have shamelessly done, that God should deal with one as with another, or else He would be a respecter of persons. All that kind of thing, which we have heard so often, was far from her mind. She was silent and submissive as to the Saviour's speech. She did not even argue that surely, in her solitary instance, she might be permitted to break through the regulation. She did not argue at all. She left the truth, which to her was dark, in the keeping of Him whose name is light. She sees the black cloud, but she passes through it, feeling that it cannot be anything more than a cloud, and so she comes to the Saviour's feet, and cries "Lord, help me. I do not understand this. I am all in a fog, and all in a muddle. Lord, help me. Lord, I do not ask to understand, but I do cry for help. Enable me to believe, and to receive the blessing, let the dark truth say what it may."

SHE CAME TO JESUS,

and did not go round about. She came not to Peter, or James, or John, but she came to Jesus. She did not stand still and cry, as she had done before from a distance, crying unto Him; but she came to Jesus, drew nigh to Him, grasped Him, I do not doubt fell at His feet as though she would have held Him. She came to Jesus. Now, from everything beneath the heavens, poor soul, fly you to the living, personal Christ. In Him your hope lies. "Which way shall I go?" say you. If it were a matter of physical coming, I know that if the road were long and dreary, you would start upon it to-night without delay. But it is a mental coming. You are to come to Jesus, not with feet and legs, but with mind and heart. Remember that there is such a Person. Consider Him. Think of Him. Believe Him. Reverence Him, for He is the Son of the Highest. Trust Him, for He is "mighty to save." This is coming to Him.

The woman came to Jesus immediately that He uttered this word of discouragement. We read in the text, "*Then* came she." "Then came she and worshipped Him." What *then?* When He seemed to drive her away? Then? Why, He had just told her that He was not sent to her. "*Then* came she." He had just uttered a most mysterious and discouraging truth, but "Then came she." Our poor friend who was buffeted by our Lord's Word was secretly upheld by the sight of His person. What can a word be compared with a person—compared with such a person as that of Jesus, the Sinner's Friend? She believes *Him* rather than His way of speaking. He says that He is not sent, but there He is. He says that He is not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel; and yet *there He is.* He has come here where there are none of the house of Israel. She seems to say to herself, "Whether He was sent or not, here He is. I am sure that He has all power given to Him to heal my daughter; and here He is. I do not know about His commission, but I do know Himself, and I shall still plead with Him." So she came to Jesus there and *then*, and why should not you?

But now notice

HOW SHE CAME.

"Then came she *and worshipped Him.*" I wish I could picture the scene. She did not stop to work out the difficult question with which He posed her; but she looked at Him, and she came to Him, and when she got near to Him she did the best thing she could—she worshipped Him. Down she went on her face before Him, and when she did look up it was with a look of reverent awe and childlike confidence. Blessed be His name, if we cannot understand Him we can worship Him.

Now, you have been thinking about yourself, and the more you do this the more you will despond and despair. No possible comfort can come to you by that road. If I were you, I would give up that task, and now begin to think about Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of men. "Oh, but I am such a sinner!" Yes, and He is such a Saviour. "Sir, I am so black!" But He is able to make us whiter than snow. Behold Him then upon the cross removing human sin, and see if you cannot copy the woman's example—"Then came she and worshipped Him."

Then, notice

HER PRAYER.

"Lord," she says, "help me." My dear hearer, do that, and do it *now.* No doctrine will trouble you long: I am sure it will not. On the contrary, you will inquire why you did ever let it trouble you. Do you ever let predestination trouble you in the matter of your daily business? To-morrow you hope to make a few shillings at your daily calling, but it may be that you will not, you may lose it. Why do you not say to yourself, "It may be that the providence of God has arranged that I shall not earn anything to-morrow; therefore I shall stop at home and do nothing?" Why, you are not such a fool. Let the providence of God do what it may, your business is to do what you can. So is it with a poor seeking soul; that soul's business is to let the Lord do what He wills, but meanwhile to cry, "Lord, help me." Wholly submissive, but heartily adoring, lie at Jesus' feet and believe that this divine Saviour must and will save every soul that hangs upon Him. This is the way of wisdom; follow it. God help you to do so, and to do so at once.

I do not think that I need to say anything more by way of comforting you, for that may well suffice, if the Lord shall incline your heart to seek His face at once. Remember this, however, that there never was a soul yet that came to Christ and Christ did cast it away. Remember, again, that there never can be such a soul, for He has said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Remember, again, that every soul that ever did come to Christ came because the Father drew him, and that every soul that came found out afterward that there was an election of grace that encompassed Him, and that He was in it. Even this poor woman turned out to be one that Christ was sent to bless.

Although, as a general matter of fact, in His lifetime He came to the seed of Israel, just as the prophets came to Israel, yet there always appeared an exception about the prophets, and therefore it was no marvel that there should be exceptions in the case of their Lord. Many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, but unto none of them was the prophet sent save to a woman of Sarepta, who belonged to the very city out of which this woman came. Many lepers were in Israel in the days of Elisha; yet none of them were healed save Naaman the Syrian. Naaman did not belong to the favored race at all, but was a far-off stranger, and yet he received the blessing of healing from the Lord God of Israel. The election of God as to these temporal things did seem to exclude all but the seed of Israel, but it was only in seeming; there were always some

STRANGERS IN THE CHOSEN LINE;

and so that particular form of election which consisted in our Lord s personal ministry being only to the Jews did not cause the exclusion of this poor believing woman. To her Jesus Christ had manifestly come in the chosen line, for *there He was!* He was outside His own boundary! He had come to her! Now, at this moment, whatever you may think about this doctrine or that, *Jesus Christ has come to you.* I have preached to you His truth, and you have heard it. Ay, and you have felt something of its power. Yield to it, I beseech you. If you yield to it, and come to Him and trust Him, then rejoice that the lines of electing love have encompassed you. You are His. You could not and would not have come to Him in prayer and simple faith, if it had not been so. Your coming to Him proves that His eternal love of old went after you. Go home, O woman of a sorrowful spirit, and be no more sad. The Lord bless you, for Christ's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors in America and England, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and for its weekly circulation of more than 250,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

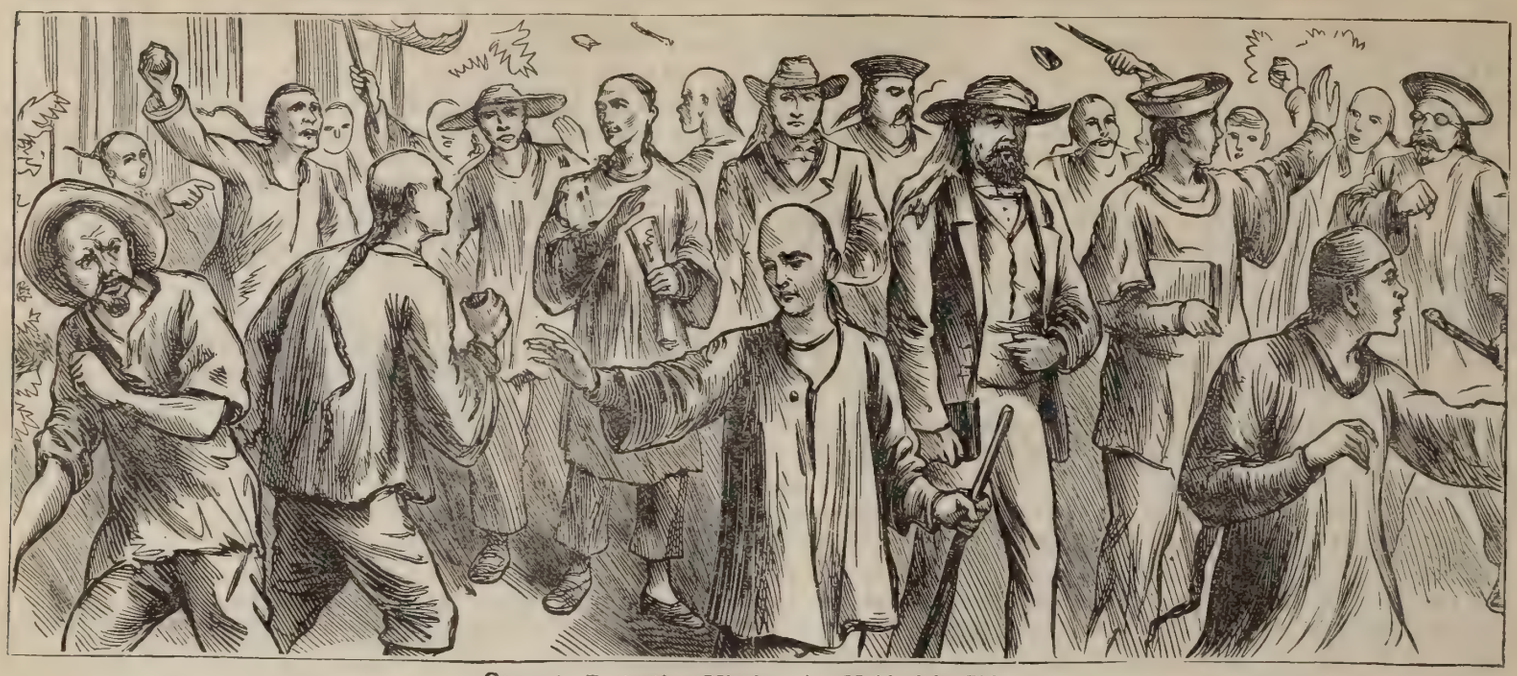
MISSIONARIES MOBBED IN CHINA.

(*See Illustration on page 620.*)

As we read of the courage and heroism of the early Christian converts, and of the intrepidity of the Protestant martyrs who gave their bodies to be burned rather than abjure their faith, and then look around at the character of Christians in our own land, serious and distressing thoughts are aroused. We naturally ask ourselves, is this the same faith for which men have died. Would these church members who are of the world worldly, who will not deny themselves for the sake of Christ and their perishing fellowmen, any pleasure, who join in worldly sports and amusements, drink wine, and attend theatres and balls—would such men if confronted with the alternative of abandoning their religion or suffering death, prove true to their faith? Is Christian heroism extinct in the world?

It gives some encouragement when beset with apprehensions like these to turn to the narratives of missionaries in heathen lands, and from them to learn that the faith in Christ is somewhere held dearer than life. In no land is this more conspicuous than in China. There the protests of the missionaries against idolatry, opium-smoking, and gambling arouse combined opposition. The priests and religious men oppose them on religious grounds while the vicious are maddened by the denunciation of their sins. It is easy in such circumstances to stir the passions of the mob, and to render popular fury a most dangerous tide to stem. Yet not only do the missionaries, strengthened by their faith, brave it, but the new converts who are only just learning of the love of Jesus are eager to put themselves in the front of the conflict. Such an exhibition of Christian courage is described by Mr. Griffith John, whose portrait appears on the first page this week. The scene is depicted on page 620.

Mr. John says, on one occasion he was in great peril from an infuriated band of half drunken desperadoes of the most reckless description, to whom, at an earlier hour of the day, he had been pointing out the wickedness of their course, and the way of deliverance both from the impurity and power and consequences of sin. As by a preconcerted arrangement they rushed yelling toward him, and hurling at his head missiles and filth of a most disgusting character. The few Chinese Christians who accompanied him, without saying a word, or giving a look of angry deprecation, quietly surrounded Mr. John and another missionary who was on a visit to Hankow, and formed a complete body-guard around them, and though there were several very 'ugly rushes' from the mob, which were not only animated by bitter hostility, but also evidently determined to inflict serious injury on the missionary, neither Mr. John nor his friend received the slightest harm, though several of the brave defending company were somewhat seriously hurt."



Converts Protecting Missionaries Mobbed in China.

AFRICA'S MILLIONS.

Bishop Taylor's Plans.

FEW people are aware of the immense population of the "Dark Continent" that are still outside the influence of the Christian missionary; yet one region alone in Central Africa has a population of at least *seventy-five millions that never heard the name of Christ!* This region covers about two million square miles, and is bounded on the north by the Livingstone or Congo River, on the south by the Zambesi, on the east by the great lakes, and on the west by the river Quanza and the Atlantic Ocean. This is the most fertile and best-watered country in Africa.

The Pogge-Wissmann expedition of 1881–83 found out many new tribes and nations, extending from the Kasai River to Nyawgwe on the Lualaba, a distance of seven or eight hundred miles. This expedition started from Loanda on the west coast, and proceeded for six hundred miles toward the Muata Yamvo's kingdom, but were, on account of war, obliged to go to the northward, and after forty-four days' travel reached Ki-Karsa on the Kasai River, entering a region never before explored by a white man. Here the travellers came into the country of the Tushilanges, a remarkable people, who dwell in well-built villages, till the soil, raising manive, maize, millet, and beans. They are peaceable and friendly, and received the travellers as "the spirits of departed chiefs" come back to revisit "the glimpses of the moon," and many people were introduced to them as claiming kindred.

The country is undulating, hilly, and abounds in rich pasture land; but only goats, pigs, and a few sheep are kept. Palm trees flourish, and from the fibre of one the natives weave a beautiful fabric, closely resembling silk. The climate, though hot, is healthy and salubrious; the expedition was encamped here one month, and not a case of sickness occurred. One of the princes, Mukenge, offered his services as guide to Nyangwe, seven hundred miles distant, and offered to take *fifty of his wives as carriers!* Carriers being scarce, the offer was accepted. The travellers proceeded on their journey, and discovered a lake two thousand two hundred and thirty feet above sea-level, then entered the Basonge country. They had been previously struck with the numbers of Tushilange, who flocked about them in thousands, but the Basonge were even more numerous. These people were very far advanced in the industrial arts. They live in fine large houses, in clean villages, surrounded by palms and bananas. Lieutenant Wissmann brought home splendid specimens of their basket work, ornamented weapons, carved ivory, iron and copper utensils, and beautiful *inlaid wares.*

Leaving these interesting people and the fertile plains they inhabit, which Lieutenant Wissmann compares to the best-watered countries of Europe, the travellers proceeded through virgin forests to the Lubilash, where, to cross the stream, they were obliged to frighten the King of Koto, a venerable sorcerer called Kachichi, by setting off fireworks. They then entered the country occupied by the Batua, a dwarfish, pigmy race, no doubt allied to the Akka of the north and the Bushmen of the south.

They next entered the Beneki kingdoms, where the villages formed perfect models. The people are agriculturalists, many of them well-to-do. The villages were thickly populated and well arranged. Many of them took four and five hours to march through, and one took a whole day, and must have a hundred thousand inhabitants. From here the travellers marched through Kalebue and Milebue, also densely populated ports, then across a salt swamp to Nyangwe, when they were once more on travelled ground. Here the travellers wished to pay off Mukenge and his wives, and when they asked their indebtedness Mukenge declared he would be well satisfied with *a musical box* the next time the travellers visited his town!

Dr. Pogge returned with Mukenge, determining to return home the way he went; Lieutenant Wissmann returned home via Zanzibar, lectured before several scientific societies, was then engaged to head another expedition under the International African Association, re-entered the "Dark Continent," and met Dr. Pogge two hundred miles inland, then proceeded to the Congo basin. Dr. Pogge returned to Loanda, and died there on the 17th of last March.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE

for these teeming millions? The Lord has wonderfully opened up this region, and He certainly intends it to be occupied. Yes. Who was not struck by that remarkable and spontaneous action of the Methodist Episcopal Conference when they elected William Taylor, the world-known organizer of self-supporting missions, to the office of missionary bishop for Africa? The Lord's hand was in it all. The Bishop was brought into communication with a man who had studied this field and had presented it before two missionary societies, but they were unable to undertake any new work. The Bishop saw that here would be a good field to test the principles of the "great commission" given by Jesus, so immediately entered into arrangements for its occupation.

HIS PLANS

are now matured, and contemplate the following points: 1. That a chain of fifteen to twenty mission stations be established, extending from Loanda to Lake Tanganyika. These stations to be occupied by self-supporting, heart-consecrated missionaries. 2. That to this end two parties enter the continent—one from Loanda on the west, the other from the Zambesi on the east—each party consisting of fifteen to twenty missionaries, the western party to be under the personal direction of the Bishop and the eastern party under the Rev. W. R. Summers, M.D. These parties to approach each other, establishing stations on the way, and leaving two missionaries in charge of each, and so on until the leaders meet in a certain region in the interior, having completed a band of Gospel light across the "Dark Continent." Both parties are to enter Africa in the beginning of 1885. This work, though in harmony with, will be independent of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Board, neither the Bishop nor his missionaries receiving a cent from the missionary society. *No salaries whatever will be paid*, the missionaries depending upon God to supply their needs from the indigenous resources of the country.

A fund for "building, outfit, and transit" expenses has been started, the treasurer being Mr. Richard Grant, 181 Hudson Street, New York. The Lord has providentially opened the way, provided a leader, and is quickly sending the men needed, and the "transit fund" will not be behind-hand. Hasten the day, O Lord! hasten the day when the inhabitants of that land shall no longer grope their way in darkness, but when all shall know Thee, from the least to the greatest. For Christ's sake, Amen!

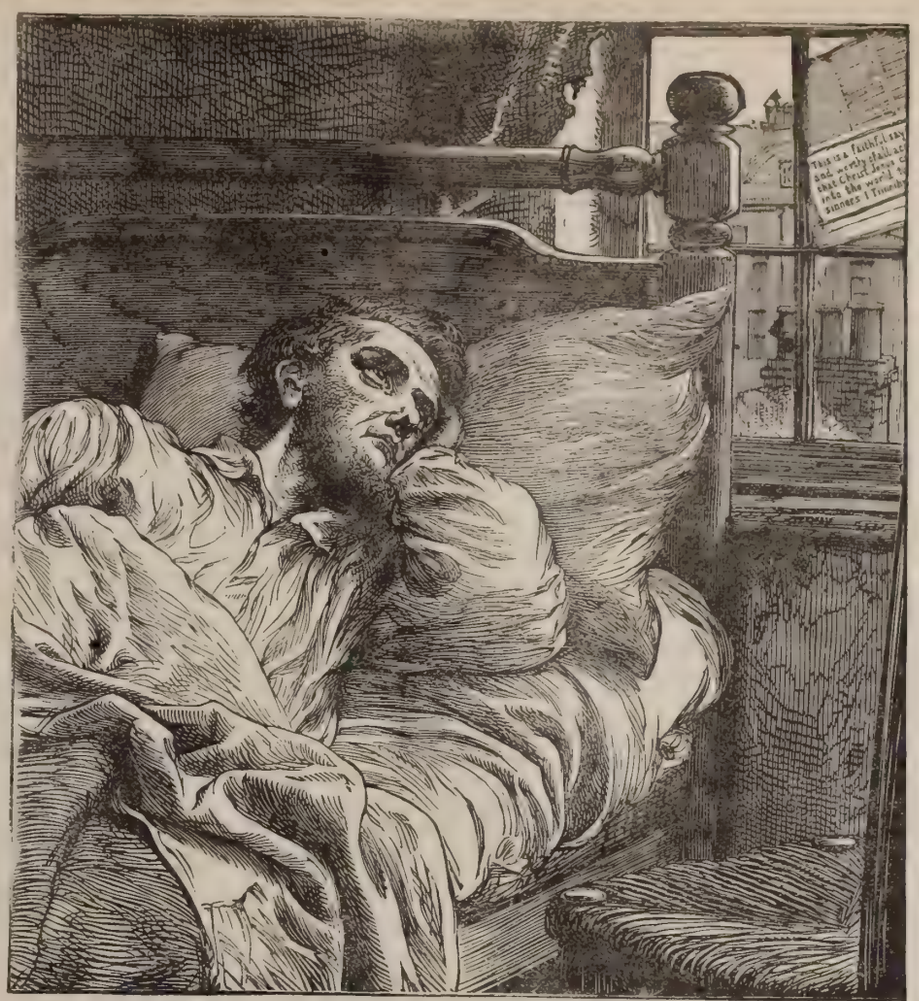
THE PATCHED WINDOW.

(*See Illustration on page* 621.)

To be poor and solitary and sick in a great city is perhaps the most miserable lot a man can endure. In the country, friends are sure to miss a man absent from his usual haunts, and will come and see him and render little services, or, in any case, will cheer him by their presence. But in a busy city there are so many faces that one is not missed when it drops out of the crowd. Some one may wonder where the man is, but there is no

time for speculating on such subjects; his vacant place is soon filled, and he is forgotten. Meanwhile the man may be lying in that debatable land in which he does not know whether to-morrow will find him in this world or the next. If he has funds he can command the services of doctors and nurses; or if he be poor it may be that he has a wife or mother or sister who will watch by his bedside, smooth the tumbled pillow, administer the medicine, and speak words of encouragement; but if he is poor and solitary and sick in a great city he is a miserable man.

George Gower was in that plight. He was a carpenter by trade, but he was out of work. A long spell of dulness in building was upon his own locality, and he went to the nearest city in the hope that work of some kind might be had. He did find some at good wages for a time, but the dull time followed him there, and soon he found himself again unemployed. Day after day he sought employment, but returned at night to his miserable lodging without success.



A Gospel Message on a Patched Window.

It was a poor place, a mere closet, hardly large enough to hold the bed and leave a narrow passage at the side. The window was small, one of the panes was cracked, and it was so close to the houses opposite that very little sunlight could enter by it. The ceiling was low and discolored with the rain that penetrated between the loose shingles. A dreary room even in summer and when its occupant was in good spirits; but to lie there ill!—it was enough to make one shudder to imagine such a thing. Yet Gower was ill. He felt sure of it. Strange shiverings ran through his body. He was thirsty, and his skin was dry and hot. A drenching rain, which wetted him to the skin some days before, must have given him a bad cold. He scarcely recognized his room when he reached it. That was certainly the chair he sat upon this morning, but it seemed to him to have taken on a fantastic shape, and the bed—was that a bed?—his bed, it looked to him like a hearse. Was he in his own room, or was he on a journey? He was bewildered and excited, and finally flung himself on the bed without undressing and tried to sleep. The horrors of that night Gower never forgot. He seemed to travel over vast distances, to fall from enormous heights, to struggle from under huge weights, to be held by strong chains, yet to be under the imperative necessity of hastening on some urgent business. It was a dreadful night.

The next morning he was delirious. It was no one's business to look after him. He only rented the one room he used, and did not board in the house. Happily for him, his rent was overdue; so his poverty served him a good turn for once. The janitor, coming up to his room to collect the rent or give him a warning to quit if the rent was not forthcoming, found Gower tossing about restlessly and muttering indistinctly and incoherently at a great rate. The janitor did not stay there long. The bloodshot, flaming eyes and the flushed face of the sick man frightened him. Hurrying down the dark and narrow staircase without any definite idea of what it was best to do, he ran against a man going up. He knew him, and congratulated himself. He was a city missionary, and the janitor quickly told him about the man up-stairs. Even men who despise religion have an instinctive idea that a religious man has in him more than the average share of human kindness, and is the right man to have around in time of trouble.

"I will go up and see him," said the missionary. "Has he any friends?"

"None that I know of," said the janitor. "I never spoke to him except about his rent, and that is in arrear now."

The missionary climbed the stairs and entered the room. His practised eye told him at once that the illness was serious and might be fatal. It was useless to ask questions, so he gave the man a drink of water, and hurried away to report to his employers. He returned a few hours later with a doctor and a nurse, and Gower was undressed and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

It was a serious illness, and for a long time it seemed as if it would be a fatal one; but one day the missionary found, when he paid his usual morning visit, that the crisis was past and that Gower was sleeping naturally and peacefully. The next day, though still weak, he was able to talk, and asked who were the good people who had cared for him. The missionary told him, and in return heard his sad story. It was the story, only too common, of a lad piously brought up, but falling into temptation. A life of carelessness, sometimes of vice, and then poverty and sickness. The missionary prayed with him, and, fearing to say more in the weak condition of the patient, left him. On his next visit he found the man who the day before had been sad and despairing much brighter and more hopeful. The missionary talked to him of Jesus, and Gower said, "Yes, let me hear more of Him. Look there; I scarcely took my eyes off that after you left yesterday," He pointed to the cracked window, over which the nurse had pasted a piece of paper torn from a religious journal. The missionary looked and read, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Timothy 1 : 15).

"That is the greatest truth ever given to the world," said the missionary.

"Yes, sir," Gower answered, "but you need to be such a sinner as I have been to value it. My mother taught me that text, but I had forgotten it, and yesterday when I had been thinking of my past life I looked up, and it seemed like a message from my poor dead mother to her wandering boy. That is just what she would say to me if she could speak to me now."

"We will pray to God to enable you to realize it still more," the missionary said, and he knelt down by the bed.

They had many talks after that, and when Gower was able to rise from his sick-bed he was not only made whole in body, but had within him a new heart and a right spirit, and was conscious that God had accepted him through Christ. In after years and in more prosperous circumstances he blessed God for the sickness and poverty that had come upon him to stop him in his sinful course and for that day when the glad message of the Gospel spoke to him from the cracked window.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 607.*)

Another Sufferer.

NOTHING could be more compassionate than Hester's tones as she told Robert Waldron how hopeless was his suit. Tenderness, sorrow for him, deep regret—all mingled in her voice, but there was not a tone of faltering.

They stood for a minute or two in silence, her calm, compassionate eyes shining upon him from across the great gulf between him and her. "Besides all this," said a voice in his inmost soul, "between us and you, there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence."

"Hester," he cried again, "have pity upon me! This is my punishment indeed."

"I am very sorry for you," answered her pitiful voice; "but you ought to have felt at first that it would be impossible. My father would rather go down to the very depths of poverty than see me here. Good-by. I can never come again."

He had thrown himself upon a chair, and hidden his face from the steady, reproachful compassion of her look, and she lingered for a minute, looking sorrowfully at him and around the room she should enter no more. This life of wealth and ease would have been very pleasant; even the brief snatches she had seen of it had been an enjoyment to her. She was growing a little weary of the long daily struggle and the sordid cares of poverty. If things had been different, what a glory it would have been to John Morley to see his daughter the mistress of Aston Court! But it was impossible now.

Robert Waldron heard her murmur good-by once more, but he did not raise his head. She lingered, as if searching for some word to comfort him, but there was none which her lips could utter. He listened to her footfall across the floor to the glass-doors opening upon the terrace, but he could not believe that she was going to leave him. He raised his head in time to catch a last glance of her pitying face, and her gesture of farewell; and then Hester was lost to him. He did not thing of following her. Eleven years ago, he had bartered for the pleasures of sin for a season, the happiness he craved in vain to-day.

Hester had spoken truly, he did not even now understand repentance. He was sorry that he had done the wrong for he now felt that he had by doing it deprived himself of more happiness than he had gained in committing it, but of the fact that he had sinned against God he thought nothing. Like a whipped child he grieved over his present pain and lamented the fault that had brought punishment upon him. There was no real repentance in him.

It is impossible to describe the disappointment of Mr. Waldron, when, after an hour's absence, he returned to the house, and found Robert alone and Hester gone. Robert told him of his rejection with a suppressed mournfulness which troubled his father's heart more than the most vehement expressions of grief. Mr. Waldron felt a little mortified that Hester's conscience should be more sensitive than his own. If he, a deacon of the church, had considered his son's early error atoned for, and consigned to oblivion, why should this young girl set up her childish judgment against his? Yet in his heart of hearts he knew that she was right. Robert, even in the first shock and agony of his disappointment, acknowledged the same. It was in truth a greater shock to him than it ought to have been; for in spite of all his doubts and hesitations, there had really been a well-grounded assurance in his mind that Hester would not reject him, with all his advantages; but she had now done it in such a manner as to pluck up every root of hope. She had said it was impossible with such utter decision, blended with an inexpressible pity — a pity which he felt keenly could never grow into love—that he knew he must never again approach her, or address himself to her on this subject. He loved her more passionately than before, but a dull despair had joined itself to his passion. Those pangs of punishment without which, she had said, he could not repent, had already come upon him.

This state of mind, a novel one to Robert Waldron, might have proved salutary, but for the intervention of his sister, who while rejoicing that Hester had declined the honor offered her, could not forgive her for its rejection. When Mr. Waldron announced to her that Hester had positively refused her brother, she could not refrain her tongue from a spiteful little speech, uttered in Robert's hearing.

"Don't talk to me about Hester Morley's scruples," she said; "I know her too well. It is because we have chosen a handsome boy for our pastor that she has said No to Robert."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Waldron, whose chagrin was only second to his son's.

"I mean," she answered, "that Carl Bramwell is in love with her, and she with him. I have suspected it for some time; and he confessed it to me only the other evening. If we had invited David Scott to the church at Little Aston, Hester Morley would have been only too proud to accept Robert."

Neither Mr. Waldron nor Robert felt quite sure of this, yet the poisoned shaft entered into their hearts. Mr. Waldron's thoughts turned with regret to the day when among the seventy students at the college he had selected this polished and scholarly young man to become the successful rival of his son. He could not help being fond of Carl, and he had had in the beginning, a scheme for furthering a love-match between him and his favorite, Hester. But that was before he had ever thought of her as his own possible future daughter, and now he could only be sorry that he had chosen him for the pastor of their little church.

As for Hester, she retraced her steps homeward, after her interview with Robert, in a strange mood of bewilderment and conflicting feelings. The fine old park, fresh clothed in the beauty of spring, lay around her; and she could scarcely realize the fact that she had just refused to become mistress of it, and of the great mansion belonging to it, which was the grandest place she had ever seen. The larch-trees were fringed and tasselled with green leaflets, with a crimson cone here and there among them; and the noble smooth-limbed beeches were white with their satin leaf-buds. The scent of violets hidden about the roots of the trees, and of cowslips nodding among the grass, was wafted past her upon the soft breeze. High over head rose the sky, higher and serener than in winter, and a few cool gray clouds floated across it. How different was all this from the close street, and the gloomy walls, and the dusky windows of her home! Hester sighed heavily, and there was a multitude of regrets in her sigh. Alas! for the time that had gone by, and the ineffaceable sin which had been stamped upon it forever.

She knew by the deep trouble of her own heart, that she could have loved Robert Waldron; and for the sake of the love which might have been, a fine, sweet sense of tenderness softened her spirit toward him. The days came back to her vividly when she had loved him with the full-hearted ardor of a child; and if he had only remained good and true, so would she have loved him now. She began to see the nature of his punishment; and to feel something of its weight.

She had no one to tell of what had befallen her that morning—of the vision which had opened suddenly to her, but from which she had turned steadfastly away. It would be impossible to speak of it to her father, and still more so to Rose. She had not seen much of Annie lately, and this was not a secret to tell to a woman whose husband and brother shared every thought. So she was obliged to hide it away.

It was impossible for Carl not to see upon Hester's face a deeper shadow than that which had rested upon it for some time before the evening, now several weeks ago, which they had spent together at Aston Court. He had not been so often at John Morley's house of late; but Grant told him that something was amiss with Hester, and that if she did not rally quickly, she would have to leave home, which she had never left before, for change of air. He had said the same to Hester herself, and given her a great dread. For how could she leave home now above all other times, when Rose was a pensioner upon her? Carl therefore felt that as her pastor he ought to seek her confidence, her ill-health as the doctor hinted, being probably caused by mental worry and anxiety of some kind. Accordingly one day when he was visiting the sick he called on Hester.

"I have been thinking much of you lately," he said as he sat down opposite to her. "You were committed to my charge. I have a right to speak. You are in great sorrow. When I look down upon you in chapel, your face is pale and sad. You do not sing as you used to do. I know your life is lonely, and very full of cares. But God has ordained it, and He is infinite Love. We also love you, Annie, and Grant and I. Why are you so cast down and disquieted? Is it anything you can tell to me? I might be able to help you. Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Oh! I have been very miserable," said Hester, with a sharp accent of pain in her voice.

"There will come a change," answered Carl; "'though heaviness may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning.'"

"The morning is very long in coming," she said, sighing mournfully.

"It may seem so," he continued, "it may even be so, but it is coming surely and steadily. You are weary now, till your heart faints within you, but it will not be forever. Cannot you tell me your new trouble?"

"Yes," answered Hester, acting upon a sudden impulse to confide in him though she had resolved to bear her burden alone. It was growing too heavy for her now, and her spirit was beginning to fail. "Yes, I will tell you, and you can help me. Do you see the door and window opposite? There is a little room there, and some weeks ago my father gave me his permission to let a poor woman come and live in it. She is very poor and very ill. Mr. Grant has seen her."

"He told me so," said Carl.

"He believed she was not likely to recover at first," continued Hester, "but she is getting better now; not so strong that she can ever go away, and yet not so ill that she is near death. What am I to do? She has no friend in the world except me; not a creature to care for her or help her. But we are so poor, and I am afraid sometimes that we shall be obliged to leave this house altogether; then what is to become of her?"

"You are meeting trouble half-way now," he answered cheerfully.

Hester drew closer to him, with a frightened face, and whispered her next few sentences.

"Hush! it is Rose Morley, my father's wife. You have heard of her? My father never sees her; she runs no risk of him seeing her. If I had not known she would be safe, I never dare have taken her in. She was utterly homeless and friendless, and I brought her here to die, as we both thought. You know my father nearly killed Robert Waldron at our own door? But now we know she may perhaps live years and years; think what that means. Did I do right to take her in? Ought I to have turned her away into the world ill, even dying as we thought? Do you think my father will not be glad at last, when he comes to know?"

"God bless you, Hester," cried Carl, laying his hand upon hers which still rested upon the table, as if she needed that support to keep her from trembling too greatly.

"You don't know what it is like to go from my father's presence to hers," resumed Hester. "Sometimes I wonder why God lets such things come to pass, and I have hard thoughts of Him. That is the worst of all. She is very penitent; really, truly penitent, and bears her punishment well; but she is solitary and very sorrowful. Will you sometimes come to see her? You can come as a minister without any one being surprised; but you must not be too harsh to her. Will you help me by doing this for her?"

"Help you!" said Carl, "I am very glad to help you."

Once more he saw the pale face behind the dim casement opposite. Hester also saw it, and the tears stood in her eyes.

"No one knows it but me, and now you," she said. "It has been too heavy a burden for me to bear alone. I am not very old yet, but I feel old, older than almost any one I know; a great deal older than Lawson's mother. I suppose it is the anxiety; and now I have more than ever. Mr. Grant said I must leave home; but how can I ever leave home? There was my father first, and now there is Rose as well. You must come and see her for yourself."

"We will go at once," he answered; yet he lingered, and looked into her face with the color mounting upon his own, and an expression of utter anxiety coming across it. He had a word or two to say, which, left unspoken, would make this interview, sought by him, altogether unsatisfactory and incomplete. He hesitated and stammered, then reproached his coward courage, and spoke hastily.

"I am your pastor, your soul is committed to me. You spoke sympathetically just now of Robert Waldron. Do you know that he loves you?"

"Yes," she replied, the crimson flush mantling her cheeks as well as his, "he told me so; but Rose is living near me. What could I say to him? I could never, never become his wife."

"Thank God!" cried Carl.

Carl followed Hester down-stairs, and across the court, which seemed dark to him, for the glass in the window of the old nursery was scarcely transparent, and shed but little light on the outside staircase leading up to it. Hester opened the door quietly, and Carl had time to see Rose before she was aware of their entrance. She was leaning languidly back in a cushioned and padded chair by the fire, the light of which fell upon her worn and colorless face, and the thin fair hair pushed back carelessly from it. Her eyes were shut, and the whole aspect of the wan woman was one of complete dejection and of banishment from every gladness in life. At the sound of voices she sprang up with a glance of terror which showed how she lived in hourly dread of discovery. There was something inexpressibly forlorn in the peculiarity of her circumstances, which touched Carl's heart to the core. He clasped her emaciated hand in his own, and pressed it with a warmth and heartiness which he had not ventured to bestow upon Hester's.

(To be continued.)

SOLOMON SUCCEEDING DAVID.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 5, 1 Kings 1 : 22-35. Golden Text, 1 Chron. 28 : 9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Child of Repentance and Restoration—Chosen of God—Appointed by David—Adonijah's Discontent—His Rebellion—Secret Dealing Implies Impurity—Bathsheba's Appeal for her Son—David Orders Solomon's Succession—Adonijah a Self-Appointed King—The Adonijah Spirit—Solomon Solemnly Inducted—His Father's Charge—The Banquet Broken up.

DAVID'S son Solomon was God's choice for the kingdom. At the time of his birth the Lord loved him, and even sent the prophet Nathan to give him a name, Jedidiah, "Beloved of the Lord." This was all the more precious because it was such a seal to God's entire forgiveness of David's sin with Bathsheba, Solomon's mother. True the child of sin, which Bathsheba bore him, must die; but Solomon the son of repentance and restoration was peculiarly dear to God. In taking the injured mother as his wife before all Israel, and in honoring her as such till his dying day, David made all the reparation possible under the circumstances, and Solomon, the fruit of that union was therefore God's beloved. But God had also given him the name Solomon, even before his birth when he said to David, "Behold a son shall be born to thee, who shall be a man of rest; and I will give him rest from all his enemies round about: for his name shall be Solomon, and I will give peace and quietness unto Israel in his days" (1 Chron. 22 : 9).

David fully understood the mind of God on this matter. His own favorite son Absalom was dead, whom he might otherwise have been tempted to choose, on account of his beauty and his popularity. The king spoke of God's choice of his successor as a settled matter. "The Lord God of Israel chose me before all the house of my father, to be king over Israel forever. . . . And of all my sons (for the Lord hath given me many sons)

HE HATH CHOSEN SOLOMON

my son to sit upon the throne of the kingdom of the Lord over Israel" (1 Chron. 28 : 5). Consistently with this, David had sworn to Bathsheba that her son Solomon should reign after him.

But there are always some who do not will with God. David had older sons than Solomon, and according to the birthright reason would give the throne to one of them. Truly Amnon the eldest was dead; of Chileab or Daniel we hear nothing but the fact of his birth, and probably he died in infancy, Absalom the third son was dead also. Thus it happened that Adonijah, David's fourth son, was the oldest of his living sons (II Sam. 3 : 2-4). Without doubt Adonijah was a man of the world, governed by reason and common-sense, with self-interest as his ruling principle without any regard to the mind and will of God. Following the example of his brother Absalom, he formed a conspiracy against his father, although he "had not displeased him at any time, saying, Why has thou done so?" Oh how truly was God's Word to David fulfilled, "I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house" (II Sam. 12 : 11).

No doubt Satan was at the bottom of it, as he is at the bottom of all sin and evil, no doubt he represented to Adonijah that his father did him an injustice in choosing Solomon, and that it was but a righteous thing that he should assert his priority of birth, and lay claim to the throne. But the enemy of souls would be sure to keep back the fact that God Himself was the first King over Israel (1 Sam. 8 : 7), and that He who is King of kings has a right to appoint whom He will to reign as His representative. Adonijah, whose external appearance was probably far better than Solomon's, for he was "a very goodly man," conferred with Joab and Abiathar, so that he might have partisans in the army and in the priesthood; but he did *not* confer with God, nor yet with David, his father. Had his cause been a right one he could have inquired of the Lord about it, and he would not have feared to come openly forward and claim his rights from his aged father. It is always a bad cause which

CANNOT BEAR THE LIGHT,

"He that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reproved" (John 3 : 20). Whenever a young person is reading a book and closes it hastily when any one comes near, it is very clear there is something in that book which cannot bear the light. When two people are talking together, and at the sound of a footstep instinctively leave off, it is almost sure that something was said too unkind or too impure for other ears to hear.

Joab, who had been faithful to David until now, turned aside after Adonijah. It may be this rough, abrupt man of the world prided himself on his integrity, and compared himself with David to the king's disadvantage, because he himself made no profession of religion. The faithful old Nathan, the man who never appears upon the scene except as the messenger of God, became aware of the rebellion, and instructed Bathsheba to go in and apprise the king; reminding him of his promise to her that Solomon should be his successor. Bathsheba followed his directions, and at once when the king's attention was gained reminded him of his promise to her, and then told the facts of Adonijah's rebellion, and how Joab and Abiathar were with him. Then she made appeal, "And thou, my lord, O king, the eyes of all Israel are upon thee, that thou shouldst tell them who shall sit on the throne of my lord the king after him. Otherwise it shall come to pass, when my lord the king shall sleep with his fathers, that I and my son Solomon shall be counted offenders." Bathsheba had not finished speaking when Nathan entered, and said, "My lord, O king, hast thou said, Adonijah shall reign after me, and he shall sit upon my throne?" And then he gave even a fuller account of the insurrection than Bathsheba had given, showing how all the king's sons except Solomon, and also the captains of the host, with Joab and Abiathar, were feasting and saying, "Let King Adonijah live." And Nathan's appeal was as strong as Bathsheba's, "Is this thing done by my lord the king, and thou hast not shewed it unto thy servant who should sit on the throne of my lord the king after him?"

It was enough; the old king saw that strong and immediate measures must be taken. He called Bathsheba, and ratified to her the promise which he had made with an oath, that Solomon should reign after him, and declared that it should be done *that day* Then he sent for Zadok the priest, Nathan the prophet, and Benaiah, one of his mighty men of valor, as the representative of the army in the place of the insurgent Joab, and commanded them, "Take with you the servants of your lord, and cause Solomon, my son, to ride upon mine own mule, and bring him down to Gihon: and let Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anoint him there king over Israel; and blow ye with the trumpet, and say, God save King Solomon."

Adonijah was

A SELF-APPOINTED KING,

the Lord's anointing was not upon him: he is the type of self. Self-assertive, self-reliant, self-directing, endued in no way with power from on high; while the anointing of Solomon was a token that he was set apart to be *God's king*, separated to His service, representing Him, and carrying out His thoughts and purposes. In our own lives, there is a great deal of the Adonijah spirit. His name means, "God is my Lord;" his actions said "I am my own master." Whenever self-assertion or self-reliance take possession of us, we are manifestly not under the anointing of the Holy Ghost, which always makes us feel so small and so absolutely nothing. Where God *is*, He outshines and outdazzles ourselves and other men.

The king also gave orders regarding Solomon, "that he may come and sit upon my throne; for he shall be king in my stead; and I have appointed him to be ruler over Israel and over Judah." And Benaiah, the godly officer said, 'Amen: the Lord God of my lord the king say so too. As the Lord hath been with my lord the king, even so be He with Solomon, and make his throne greater than the throne of my lord King David." What a contrast from the action of Adonijah, in which no mention of God is found! These men, the godly priest, the godly prophet, and the godly officer went to carry out the king's command. Zadok anointed King Solomon, and they blew the trumpet. The Lord, who has the hearts of all men in His hand owned the carrying out of His own purpose, and He widened the hearts of the people so that they all said, "God save King Solomon." And they were supremely happy. There is always joy in doing the will of God from the heart, His ways are ways of pleasantness; great joy have those who love His law, and nothing can offend them. "All the people came up after him, and the people piped with pipes, and rejoiced with great joy, so that the earth rent with the sound of them." But better to Solomon than all the joy of the people, was

HIS FATHER'S CHARGE

to him, "And thou Solomon my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve Him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind; for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts; if thou seek Him, He will be found of thee; but if thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off forever" (1 Chron. 28 : 9). First *know* God. None can serve or love one whom they know not, then *serve* with a perfect heart and with a willing mind. When we *do* know Him, it is perfect freedom to serve Him with a heart-whole service, commensurate with our knowledge of Him.

Very different from the holy joy of David's servants in the anointing of Solomon, was the revelry at the feast of Adonijah. The guilty Joab heard the noise, and his once valorous heart must have quailed when Jonathan, the son of Abiathar the priest, brought in the tidings that the anointed Solomon sat upon the throne of the kingdom, and *that* by the king's command. Fear came upon them all, the feast was broken up, and the would-be king fled to the horns of the altar in fear for his life. So come to naught man's plan and purposes, *so* are God's purposes established.

FOREIGN TOPICS.

The Chief Event of the Week in Europe has been the meeting of the three Emperors at Skierniewice, in Poland. On September 15th the aged Emperor of Germany, accompanied by the Emperor of Austria-Hungary, visited the Czar of Russia at that ancient castle. The three Ministers—M. de Giers for Russia, Prince Bismarck for Germany, and Count Kalnóky for Austria—were also there. Their presence shows that the emperors did not meet merely to shake hands, but to pledge their words as a more judicious way of sanctioning ministerial arrangements than putting them on paper. The imperial potentates hunted, banquetted, dined, and reviewed the troops, but the three diplomatists were engaged in serious conference. The party broke up on the 17th. Nothing is known of the deliberations or the object of the meeting. If the conjectures favored in Europe have any basis of truth, the result of the conference will be a closer alliance between the three nations, directed to the crushing out of domestic conspirators, and the arrangement of an anti-English policy, which Russia will adopt on the borders of India, and Germany in South Africa.

The French Press was Occupied last Week in reviling America and American newspapers. Its ire was kindled by the outspoken criticisms by American newspapers, of the bullying and blundering policy France has adopted toward China and Madagascar. *Le Paris*, in an article entitled "Our Good Friends, the Yankees," says: "All that hateful malice can dictate to scribblers in delirium has found its way into their columns. It is a pity Frenchmen are unable to read the diatribes and understand the folly of their fanaticism for their American friends. France never received from England, her traditional enemy, or Germany, her enemy of yesterday, a more undeserved or odious outrage than those with which the Americans, whom she has always treated with affection, have covered her." The French editors seem utterly incapable of comprehending that American journalists are in the habit of expressing their opinions fearlessly, without regard to the feelings of those whom they may hurt.

The Cholera in Italy and France Continued its deadly work last week. The *Times* correspondent thus describes the situation at the close of the week: "The dread disease still remains in the rural districts of Southern France, where little hamlets have been suddenly stricken with the epidemic after it had apparently left the department. Some fifteen new villages have been visited during the week. In the larger cities there have been only occasional deaths. The total number of deaths in Italy up to date is 6328, or about a thousand more than the total for France. Americans must not be deceived by temporary fluctuations in the death rate in Naples into supposing that the epidemic is on the decline. Probably a month will elapse before it is mastered, or it burns itself out. Further ravages in the smaller cities may be expected. In Spain there has been a total of 282 deaths, of which number 241 occurred in the Province of Alicante and the rest in two Pyrenees Provinces—Lerida and Tarragona. Friday's great local fête of St. Januarius in Naples drew out one of the largest throngs ever seen in the city, and though the police kept the cafés closed, it is feared that the mere fact of the assemblage will produce grave results in spreading the disease."

Rumors of Negotiation between France and China are again current. M. Patenôtre, the French Minister to China, has asked Prime Minister Ferry what attitude to assume in case China makes proposals of peace directly to him, and has been informed that the Chinese overtures should be received with extreme caution, as it is not believed that they are earnest, but are only manœuvres for the sake of gaining time. It is, however, asserted that France is disposed to entertain definite and serious proposals for mediation in the Chinese question. It is announced that Prime Minister Ferry, in behalf of the French Government, is willing to forego pressing the indemnity claims upon China, provided the latter government shall cede to France for ninety-nine years the port of Kelung, the present treaty port of the island of Formosa.

A Destructive Inundation has Desolated a large tract of country in China. The steamer San Pablo, which arrived at San Francisco on September 15th, brought news of a frightful inundation in the province of Kiangsee. The news is dated at King-Tak, the chief centre of the pottery manufacture, and one of the four great markets of the Empire. The floods lasted four days, and the entire country was submerged to the depth of sixty feet, and whole houses were swept away. It is believed that fully seventy thousand persons perished. It was feared that a pestilence would follow. Cholera has broken out at Amoy. The number of deaths is not given. It has been declared to be an infected port.

A Canadian Contingent to Assist General Wolseley in his attempt to rescue General Gordon from Khartoum sailed from Quebec on September 15th. Lord Landsdowne, the Governor-General of Canada, and Lady Landsdowne went on board the vessel on which the contingent sailed, to bid the men farewell. They shook hands with all the petty officers. Before leaving the Governor-General amid loud applause addressed Major Denison and the other officers and men at some length, wishing them good luck on their expedition and a safe return. Their presence with the regular forces, he said, would show that the English Empire did not consist merely of the British Isles. It was complimentary to the abilities of the Canadians that, though the imperial government could turn to either of the four quarters of the globe for men to man the boats conveying the troops up the Nile, it should turn its eyes to the Dominion of Canada. Lord Wolseley had not forgotten the experience he had gained on his Red River expedition, nor how the Canadian voyageurs who then accompanied him surmounted all difficulties. Some of the men in this expedition served under Lord Wolseley on the Red River. The contingent numbers three hundred and ninety men.

Emigration to the United States is Urged by the Earl of Roseberry, who, speaking at Aberdeen recently, denounced the government's emigration scheme, which has for its object the sending of emigrants to the colonies and diverting the tide of emigration from the United States. He said that the government's scheme was fraught with the greatest danger, as he feared that as soon as the colonies became thickly settled they would become more independent of the home government, and finally sever from the mother country and establish a government of their own. "Besides," the speaker said, "the government will gain nothing from attempting to divert the attention of emigrants from the United States, as, in my opinion, that country is *the greatest blessing mankind had ever bestowed* upon them, and England has more interest in the United States than in Canada, because more of her people emigrate thither."

News from Ashantee Painfully Illustrates the truth that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." The country is in a disturbed state, owing to the death of the King. Small-pox has been raging in and around Coomassie, and among the victims was the King, Quacow Duah, who died very suddenly. At the funeral three hundred of his subjects were killed. Immediately afterward Coffee Calcalli, who was King of Ashantee at the time of the war in 1873, and was subsequently deposed, was found dead in his bed, having been murdered, as was generally believed, although it was given out that he died from apoplexy. The successor to the throne will, it is supposed, be Meniah, who was King up to a few months ago, but who was deposed on account of his barbarous cruelties.

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The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) for September may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, N. Y., *price six cents*, postage paid. This number contains, among other articles: "The Great Question Answered," by Mrs. Fielder; "An Independent Interpretation of the Prophet Daniel's Seventy Weeks;" "Ethiopia: Past, Present, and Future," by the Rev. E. J. Hytche; "A Call to the Unconverted in Connection with the Speedy Coming of Christ," by G. B. T; "The Three Frog-like Unclean Spirits of Revelation;" "Jewish Ideas of the Future Life," by Christlieb, "The Object of the Second Advent of Jesus Christ," by the Rev. Daniel Bagot, D.D., Dean; Passing Events from a prophetic standpoint. The numbers of the *Prophetic News* for 1883 may be had, *neatly bound in cloth*. Price, $1.

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Single Copies, Three Cents. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1884. No. 40.—New Series.

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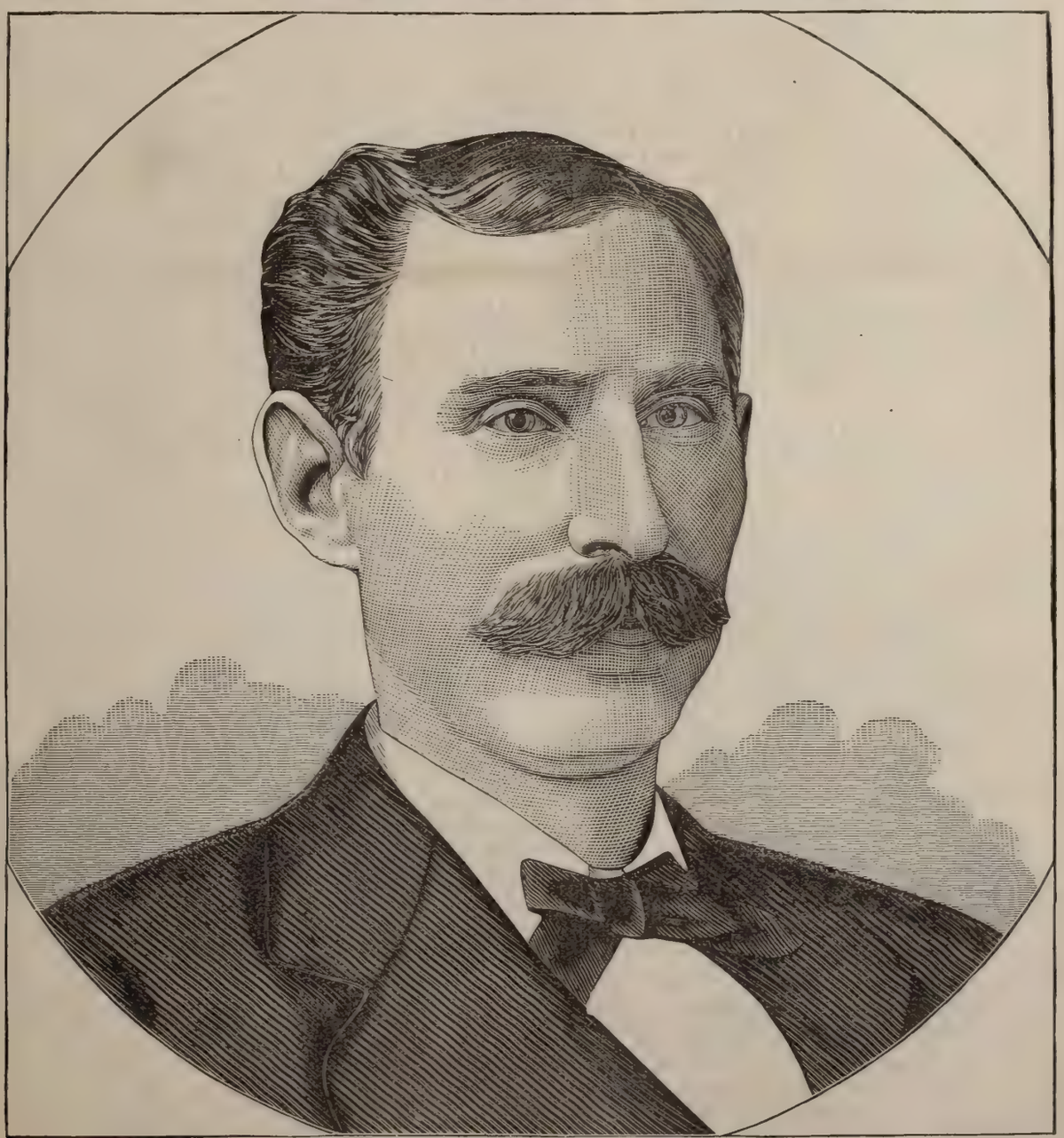

The Late JERRY McAULEY, the Evangelist of the Slums.

THE LATE JERRY McAULEY,

The Evangelist of the Slums.

A Memorable Scene—The Miracle of Grace—A Young Thief—The Terror of the Fourth Ward—Accused of Crime—Wrongfully Convicted—Sentenced to Fifteen Years in Sing Sing—Awful Gardner—A Night Conflict in the Cell—Backsliding—Narrow Escapes from Death—Shot at by a Captain—Half Drowned in the East River—A Friend in Need—Offered the Proceeds of a Pawned Coat—Work for the Perishing—The Mission in Water Street—The Work at Cremorne.

[A PHILANTHROPIST writes us that in his prison visitations he has found no literature so frequently blessed of God to the conversion of the depraved prisoners as copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and especially of that number in which, some time ago, appeared the portrait and life of Jerry McAuley. Finding that God was using it so extensively, he bought for distribution every copy of that number we had in stock. We republish that portrait and life in the hope that it may be still more widely used, and are having an extra number printed, that we may be able to supply any Christian workers who may wish to distribute them in places where they may do good.]

Many were the inquiries made on Sunday, September 21st, by people on Broadway, New York, near Thirty-fourth Street, of the meaning of the scene there witnessed. Six stalwart policemen guarded the doors of the Tabernacle, and around them surged a vast crowd, vainly begging and pleading for admission. Beyond, stretching across the wide space made by the junction of Sixth Avenue with Broadway, the multitude pressed and jostled until a platoon of policemen arrived to clear the car-tracks and release the blocked cars. It was

A STRANGE CROWD.

There were hardened roughs from the Fourth Ward, and there were bankers and brokers and merchants; there were women with scanty clothing and faces bruised by the hands of drunken husbands; there were women whose painted cheeks and flaring attire denoted the "strange woman," and there were ladies who had arrived in carriages half an hour before the time appointed, only to find the large building filled to the last niche.

Inside the Tabernacle, the Doctors of Divinity on the platform looked into the faces of two thousand people, as strangely blended and as representative of all ranks of society as the crowd outside. A brief service was soon over, and then the lid of a coffin placed at the foot of the platform was raised, and the vast crowd filed past and out of the doors, and made room for the crowd outside, which for three hours poured in a steady stream past that cold, still face in the casket. It was a scene never to be forgotten—that file of countenances changing every moment. Few eyes were tearless as they rested on the casket, and of the women not a few leaned over and kissed those white lips closed in the silence of death.

Who was this man whose funeral obsequies had power thus to move the heart of a great city? Who was he, who, dropping out of the mass of a million and a half of living beings crowded in one city, had left a void in so many hearts, and whose memory could draw tears from the eyes of men hardened in sin, familiar with the interior of the Penitentiary, and women whose lives, miserable as they are, rarely move them to weep? That man was *a notorious river-thief*, the terror of the police and of his neighbors, a man who, when his heart was bent on murder and his body clothed in the stripes of the convict, the Lord took and transformed into an instrument for His use. If any witness of that funeral scene doubted the power of the Gospel he must have been convinced then. The drunken, disreputable, thieving loafer, whose death a few years ago would have been the occasion of rejoicing to the city, had in a few short years so worked for Christ, had rescued men and women from misery and sin in such numbers, had comforted and encouraged such hosts of the lost and despairing, that a great city mourned his loss, and looked around in dismay to find if, in the million and a half of its inhabitants, there was one man capable of filling the place his death had made vacant. The power that had worked such a change in heart and life was the same power which once seized the leader of a band of persecutors on the way to Damascus, and caused him afterward to say: "By the grace of God I am what I am."

The Jerry McAuley, the evangelist of the slums, whose death the city mourned, was the ragged, desperate "tough" miraculously transformed by the same Almighty power. *Dr. Charles F. Deems* rightly characterized Jerry's life as

A ROMANCE OF PROVIDENCE.

In recounting it we use, as far as possible, the words of its hero:

"I was born in Ireland [about the year 1836]. Our family was broken up by sin, for my

FATHER WAS A COUNTERFEITER,

and left home to escape the law before I knew him. I was placed at a very early age in the family of my grandmother, who was a devout Romanist.

"At the age of thirteen I was sent to this country, under the care of a married sister in New York City. Here I ran errands in the family and assisted my brother-in-law in his business, and soon, by the practice of little tricks, became well used to dishonesty, and was as great a rogue as one of my years could be. After a while I felt I could live by my own wits, and left my sister's home to take care of myself. I took board in a family in Water Street, where were two young men with whom I associated myself in business. I earned what I could, and that not being sufficient to supply my daily wants, I stole when I had opportunity.

"We had a boat, by means of which we boarded vessels in the night, stealing whatever we could lay our hands on. Here I began my career as

A RIVER THIEF.

"In the day-time we went up into the city and sold our ill-gotten goods, and with the proceeds dressed up, and then spent our time, as long as our money lasted, in the vile dens of Water Street, practising all sorts of wickedness. Here I learned to be *a prize-fighter*, and by degrees—rapid degrees—sank through all the grades of vice and crime, till I became a terror and nuisance in the Fourth Ward.

"I was only nineteen years of age when I was arrested for highway robbery—a child in years, but a man in sin. I was innocent of the criminal act which was charged to my account; but the rumsellers and inhabitants of the Fourth Ward hated me with good reason, and were glad to get rid of me. So they swore the robbery on me, and I couldn't help myself. I had no friends, no advocate at court (*it is a bad thing not to have an advocate at court*), and though not guilty of that crime I was sentenced to fifteen years in the State prison. I burned with vengeance; but what could I do? I was handcuffed, and sent in the cars to Sing Sing.

IN PRISON.

"When I arrived at the prison I was put to the carpet-weaving department, and for two years not a word could be said against me. All the keepers and guards spoke well of me. I minded my work, and was quiet and orderly. I tried to learn to read and write, and improved very much, more especially in reading. Then I got cheap novels and read, to pass away the time.

"I had been in the prison four or five years, when, one Sunday morning, I went with the rest to service in the prison chapel. I was moody and miserable. As I took my seat, I raised my eyes carelessly to the platform, and who should I see there beside the chaplain but a man named Orville Gardner, who had been for years one of my confederates in sin. '*Awful Gardner*' was the name by which I had always known him. Since my imprisonment he had been converted, and was filled with desire to come to the prison, that he might tell the glad story to the prisoners. I had not heard he was coming, and could not have been more surprised if an angel had come down from heaven.

"He told them it was only a little while since he had taken off the stripes which they were then wearing; and while he was talking his tears fairly rained down out of his eyes. Then he knelt down and prayed and sobbed and cried till I do not believe there was a dry eye in the whole crowd. Tears filled my eyes, and I raised my hand slowly to wipe them off, for I was ashamed to have my companions or the guards see me weep; but how I wished I was alone, or that it was dark, that I might give way to my feelings unobserved! I knew

THIS MAN WAS NO HYPOCRITE.

We had been associated in many a wicked deed and sinful pleasure. I had heard oaths and curses, vile and angry words from his mouth, and I knew he could not talk as he did then unless some great, wonderful change had come to him. I devoured every word that fell from his lips, though I could not understand half I heard. One sentence, however, impressed me deeply, which he said was a verse from the Bible. But that was a book I had never read.

"I went back to my cell. What I had heard was ringing in my ears, and the thought possessed me to find the verse which had so struck me. Every prison cell is supplied with a Bible; but, alas! few of them are used. Mine I had never touched since the day I entered my narrow apartment, and laid it away in the ventilator. I took it down, beat the dust from it, and opened it."

The impression made upon McAuley's mind by the change in "Awful Gardner" was apparently more powerful than the sermons and teaching he had heard. The miracle of conversion was before him to examine for himself.

A lady visited the prison about this period, whom Jerry describes as Miss D—, who took an interest in him and read the Bible and prayed with him. Eventually, Jerry was induced to pray for himself, and as he prayed his convictions and desire for pardon increased. One night in an agony of seeking he resolved to pray until he found peace. He threw himself on the stone floor of his cell, and wept and prayed there, determined that he would not sleep until God had forgiven his sins. In the night

A SINGULAR EXPERIENCE

occurred, which to the last Jerry professed himself unable to pronounce real or imaginary. He seemed to feel a hand laid on his head and heard a voice saying: "Thy sins which are many are forgiven." At that time he evidently believed in its reality, and accepted it as an assurance of acceptance; for he rose from his prostrate position and commenced praising God. The guard pacing the corridor was astonished by hearing in the dead of night the cell echo with shouting and the noise of hands clapping and the prisoner jumping about. He was alarmed, and opened the door to ascertain the cause. Next day Jerry was reported for disorderly behavior. But it was the only time. Jerry was a changed man, and as long as he remained in the prison he continued steadfast.

The joy and happiness that filled his soul could not be hidden. Jerry commenced work among his fellow-prisoners. He knew little of the Bible, less still of theology, but he could tell the men working out their punishment of a power which had renovated him and filled his heart with joy. Several of those men were converted, others of them, of whom Jerry had hopes, fell away after their release, but he kept track of them, and after he was liberated and at work for God he had the happiness of seeing them all restored. Jerry had by this time served seven years and six months—half his sentence. The prison officers reported favorably of him, and he received

A PARDON FROM THE GOVERNOR.

Outside the prison walls Jerry encountered a trying ordeal. He knew the consequences of

going back to his old haunts in the Fourth Ward, and as he wandered about, not knowing where to go, he was sufficiently cautious to abstain from going there. "I wanted to do right," Jerry says; "I wanted to please God. I inquired for a prayer-meeting. I was told of one; but when I got to the door I was afraid to enter. I had never been to a Protestant place of worship, and nobody invited me in. Most unfortunately the only friend I found directed me to a lager-beer saloon to board. Lager beer had come up since I went to prison, and I did not know what it was. They told me it was a harmless drink, wholesome and good, and simple as root-beer. I drank, and that began my downfall. My head got confused. The old appetite was awakened. From that time I drank it every day, and it was not long before I went from that to stronger liquors.

"The night I stopped praying I shall never forget. I felt as wretched as I did the day I went to prison. And now began a career of sin and misery which I cannot fully describe. Satan got completely the upper hand of me. The dear Saviour who had been so gracious and so precious to me in the prison I let go. How I wonder now that He did not let me go! But He did not.

"From this I became *a river-thief*, boarding vessels at night and doing the stealing myself. And oh, how many

NARROW ESCAPES

from death have I had while engaged in this wicked business! One or two instances will serve as specimens.

"One night we were out on the river in our boat, looking for chances. We had been disappointed in some of our plans at Greenpoint, but at Brooklyn we stole a rope-fender off a ship, the whole cost of which was not more than a dollar and a half, and yet for that we ran a fearful risk. *The captain of the vessel saw us, and seizing his revolver fired at us, once, twice, four times.* The balls came so close that I could feel them as they whizzed past my head, but they did not hit.

"All the time I was prosecuting this business, in my sober moments I had a longing to be a better man, to lead a sober life; but I felt that after all the joy and peace I had before had, I never could come to God again.

"One night we went over to Brooklyn on a plundering expedition. I was very drunk. There was a certain vessel at the wharf which we had our eye upon, but I was too intoxicated to do my share of the work, so I stayed in the boat while my partner boarded the ship. By some mishap

I FELL INTO THE WATER.

"The boat went one way, and the eddy carried me in another direction, and out from the wharf. I went down and touched bottom, and rose to the surface. Again I sank and rose. The third time, the thought came to me, 'This is the last, and now you are lost—you are drowned.' Hell seemed opening under my feet, and I fancied I could hear the wails and shrieks of the lost. Then something said, 'Call on God.' But how could I? I felt it was too mean; I had sinned too fearfully. But I did call, and the Lord heard me. I seemed to be lifted right up to the surface of the water, and the boat which had drifted off in another direction was brought right to me, so that I could get hold of it. I can't tell how it was, but *it always seemed to me*

A MIRACLE.

"The John Allen excitement had just commenced in Water Street, and the good Christian people were going through the ward to bring in the sinners to the meetings. I was sitting in my room one of these wretched days, when I heard a stranger in the hall below. The landlady was ill up-stairs, and the person who had entered came up. Just outside my door I heard a pleasant voice say to her, 'Do you love Jesus?' That voice—those words! It seemed like long-forgotten music. It recalled the past happy days and my heart was deeply touched.

"I went out and waited on the landing till he came down-stairs. He saw me; but I was a frightful looking object, and I think he was a little timid at facing me. However, I accosted him, and he told me to come down-stairs and he would talk with me. I had a colored shirt on, an old pair of pants, and my hair was cropped pretty close. I think now I must have been a formidable-looking object. I don't wonder the missionary didn't want to talk with me on the landing, but preferred to have me below on the pavement.

"We walked out together, up the street, till we came to the New Bowery. As we approached the Howard Mission he invited me in. I didn't know until then that there was such a place. A gentleman there met us, and spoke to me very kindly. They both said that if I would

SIGN THE PLEDGE

they would see what they could do for me. The idea struck me as it never had done before, that a drunkard like me couldn't get work, and there was no hope of decent employment unless I did reform. So I signed it. But I told them I shouldn't be likely to keep it, that I had taken it before, and broken it. I wanted to be honest, but I knew I couldn't keep it. 'Try it again,' they both said, 'and ask God to help you.' 'Well, to please you, I will,' I said.

"I went right home from there and told my partner what I had done. How he laughed! 'You take the pledge?' he said. He had a bottle of gin in his hand at that moment, and turning out a glass offered it to me. 'Tom,' said I, 'I have just taken the pledge.' But I drank it; and as I put down the glass, I added, 'Now, this is the last drink I shall ever take.' 'Yes, till you get the next,' said he.

"Just at that moment in walked the missionary. I kept as far away from him as I could, lest he should detect it in my breath. I think if he had asked me I should have honestly confessed what I had done. But he did not. He only invited me to go out and walk with him. I went; and as we walked I told him I was going out on the river that night, for we were dead broke, I was hungry, and money we must have. He looked sad and troubled. 'Jerry,' said he, 'before you shall do that, *I'll take this coat off my back and pawn it*, and give you the money.' I looked at the coat and saw it was worn and old, and I was touched to the heart. It was as much as I could do to keep the tears out of my eyes. 'Here's this good man,' I said to myself, 'poor, as I know he must be, willing to take the coat off his back and pawn it to keep me from doing wrong.' I don't know as he saw the effect of his words, but I hung my head. Then he went away, and in a little while he brought me fifty cents. I got something to eat, and we did not go out boating.

"Day after day my new friend followed me up, and so closely that I could get

NO CHANCE TO DRINK.

Soon after this we were invited to the missionary's house to tea. He lent me a coat to wear. After tea they had singing and prayer. I cried and cried. Oh, the joy and excitement of that evening! I shall never forget it. These good people had come down into the Fourth Ward to labor among the very lowest of low and wicked men and women, and God had given them a trophy in me, one of the hardest cases in the ward. How their faith was strengthened! After that the missionary used often to walk round with me, his arm in mine. This was a great help to me, for all my old companions had heard of my conversion, and it was such a strange event that they would shout after me. So it was a protection to be with some one whom they truly respected."

Through the influence of the missionary, work was procured, and for some time Jerry was enabled to live. He obtained a situation in the Custom House at four dollars a day, and then he married one of the converts at the mission who, like himself, was striving to leave the ways of sin and to follow Christ. From that day forward Mrs. McAuley was a true helpmeet to her husband, helping him to lift the fallen, and encouraging him in all his labors in the cause of the Saviour. The origin of

THE WATER STREET MISSION

is thus described by Jerry McAuley: "One day I had a sort of trance or vision. I was singing at my work, and my mind became absorbed, and it seemed as if I was working for the Lord down in the Fourth Ward. I had a house, and people were coming in. There was a bath, and as they came in I washed and cleansed them outside, and the Lord cleansed them inside. They came at the first by small numbers, then by hundreds, and afterward by thousands.

"Before I came out of this vision, I was in tears. Then something said to me, '*Would you do that for the Lord if He should call you?* Would you do it for Jesus' sake?' And I answered, 'Yes, Lord, open the way, and I will go.' I felt that I could go down there where I had always lived. I was used to the filth and misery, the drunkenness and Romanism, and I felt no reluctance to contend with it.

"A little while after that my health gave way, and I took a vacation. I went with my wife to Sea Cliff to attend the camp-meeting. All the time the thought of this work was pressing upon me, and I prayed God to open the way for me to present the subject. He gave me the opportunity. From there I went to Sing Sing camp-ground, and presented it, and afterward to Ocean Grove. Many were interested in the proposed work, and gave me in larger or smaller sums, until I held in trust four hundred and fifty dollars.

"Then the Lord opened the way for me to begin the work in a small way at 316 Water Street, next door to where the John Allen meetings had been held. The house was in the hands of an aged missionary, but the evening meetings were very small. The City Mission and Tract Society, at the suggestion of one of their friends, put the house at our disposal."

From that time to the present, the Water Street Mission has been open day and night, and every evening a meeting has been held there, in which Jerry McAuley was assisted by Christian friends in the three cities, who volunteered or were invited to aid him in the work. Hundreds of souls have been converted there, and some of the most wonderful changes of life and character that the history of Christianity in America can show, have commenced there.

A little more than two years ago Jerry McAuley was enabled to establish

THE CREMORNE MISSION

in Thirty-second Street near Sixth Avenue. He had the assurance that the Water Street Mission would not be neglected, and his heart yearned to do a work for Christ among sinners of another class. Near the Cremorne are hundreds of houses devoted to the practice of vice. Abandoned women and profligate men meet in the neighborhood to drink and to gamble, and at night the scene in that locality is one that makes the Christian's soul tremble, lest the vengeance of God, which destroyed Sodom, should fall on a city in which such scenes can be witnessed.

Jerry spoke of his desire to labor in the midst of that scene, and friends who had watched the work God had enabled him to do in Water Street encouraged him. A notorious haunt of profligate persons happened to be in the market, and by the liberal contributions of wealthy Christian friends Jerry was enabled to secure it. It was fitted up comfortably and opened. Since that day there have been heard every night, right in the midst of the roar of drunkenness and debauchery, the songs of the Lord's house, and night by night the Gospel of the Saviour has been preached, and sinners, sunk in depravity, have been told by one who was himself rescued from the same pit, of Him who came to seek and to save the lost. God is blessing the work, and many women have been led to abandon lives of sin and return to the path of virtue, and many wicked men have been converted through the blessing of God on this enterprise.

PILATE'S WASH-BASIN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, September 28, 1884.

"He took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it."—MATT. 27: 24.

The Prisoner and the Governor — A Startling Contrast—The Message from Pilate's Wife—Pilate Bullied by the Priests—His Surrender—The Water Sent for—An Empty Ceremony — Useful as a Symbol—In Pilate's Case a Dead Failure—Hands Still Stained—The Power of Conscience — Historical Instances — A Converted Farmer's Restitution—A Poor Preacher's Debts Paid — A Converted Rum-seller's Stock Destroyed — Converted Cash-Boxes — Conscience at the Judgment — What Moral Purification is — The Laver of the Gospel — The Laver in the Temple—A Universal River —A Blind Child's Eyes Opened.

AT about eight o'clock in the morning, up the marble stairs of a palace, and across floors of richest mosaic, and under ceilings dyed with all the splendors of color, and between snow-banks of white and glistening sculpture, passes a poor, pale, sick young man of thirty-three, already condemned to death, on His way to be condemned again. Jesus of Nazareth is His name.

Coming out to meet Him on this tessellated pavement is an unscrupulous, compromising, time-serving cowardly man, with a few traces of sympathy and fair dealing left in his composition—Governor Pontius Pilate. Did ever such opposites meet? Luxury and pain, selfishness and generosity, arrogance and humility, sin and holiness, midnight and midnoon.

PILATE AND JESUS.

The bloated-lipped governor takes the cushioned seat, but the prisoner stands, his wrists manacled. In a semicircle around the prisoner are the Sanhedrists, with flashing eyes and brandished fists, prosecuting this case in the name of religion, for the bitterest prosecutions have been religious prosecutions; and when Satan takes possession of a good man he makes up by intensity for brevity of occupation. If you have never seen an ecclesiastical court trying a man, then you have no idea of the foaming infernalism of these old Jewish Sanhedrists. Governor Pilate cross-questions the prisoner, and finds right away He is innocent, and wants to let Him go. His caution is also increased by some one who comes to the Governor and whispers in his ear. The Governor puts his hand behind the ear so as to catch the words almost inaudible. It is

A MESSAGE FROM CLAUDIA

Procula, his wife, who has had a dream about the innocence of this prisoner and about the danger of executing Him, and she awakens from this morning dream in time to send the message to her husband, then on the judicial bench. And what with the protest of his wife, and the voice of his own conscience, and the entire failure of the Sanhedrists to make out their case, Governor Pilate resolves to discharge the prisoner from custody.

But the intimation of such a thing brings upon the Governor an equinoctial storm of indignation. They will report him to the Emperor at Rome. They will have him recalled. They will send him up home, and he will be hung for treason, for the Emperor at Rome has already a suspicion in regard to Pilate, and that suspicion does not cease until Pilate is banished and commits suicide. So Governor Pontius

PILATE COMPROMISES

the matter, and proposes that Christ be whipped instead of assassinated. So the prisoner is fastened to a low pillar, and on His bent and bared back come the thongs of leather, with pieces of lead and bone intertwisted, so that every stroke shall be the more awful. Christ lifts Himself from the scourging, with flushed cheek and torn and quivering and mangled flesh, presenting a spectacle of suffering in which Rubens, the painter, found the theme for his greatest masterpiece.

But the Sanhedrists are not yet satisfied. They have had some of His nerves lacerated; they want them all lacerated. They have had some of His blood; they want all of it, down to the last corpuscle. So Governor Pontius Pilate, after all this merciful hesitation, surrenders to the demonaical cry of "Crucify Him!" But the Governor sends for something. He sends a slave out to get something. Although the constables are in haste to take the prisoner to execution and the mob outside are impatient to glare upon their victim,

A PAUSE

is necessitated. Yonder it comes, a wash basin. Some pure, bright water is poured into it, and then Governor Pilate puts his white, delicate hands into the water, and rubs them together, and then lifts them, dripping, from the towel fastened at the slave's girdle, while he practically says: "I wash my hands of this whole homicidal transaction. I wash my hands of this entire responsibility; you will have to bear it." That is the meaning of my text when it says, "He took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it."

Behold, in this, that *ceremony amounts to nothing*, if there are not in it correspondences of heart and life. It is a good thing to wash the hands. God created three quarters of the world water, and in that commanded cleanliness; and when the ancients did not take the hint He plunged the whole world under water and kept it there for some time. Hand-washing was

A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY

among the Jews. The Jewish Mishna gave particular direction how that the hands must be thrust three times up to the wrists in water, and the palm of the hand must be rubbed with the closed fist of the other. All that well enough for a symbol, but here in the text is a man who proposes to wash away the guilt of a sin whch he does not quit and of which he does not make any repentance. Pilate's wash-basin was

A DEAD FAILURE.

Ceremonies, however beautiful and appropriate, may be no more than this hypocritical ablution. In infancy we may be sprinkled from the baptismal font, and in manhood we may wade into deep immersions, and yet never come to moral purification. We may kneel without prayer, and bow without reverence, and sing without any acceptance. All your creeds, and liturgies, and sacraments, and genuflections, and religious convocations amount to nothing unless your heart-life go into them. When that bronzed slave took from the presence of Pilate that wash-basin he carried away none of Pilate's cruelty, or Pilate's wickedness, or Pilate's guilt.

Nothing against creeds; we all have them either written or implied. Nothing against ceremonies; they are of infinite importance. Nothing against sacraments; they are divinely commanded. Nothing against a rosary, if there be as many heartfelt prayers as beads counted. Nothing against incense floating up from censer amid Gothic arches, if the prayers be as genuine as the aroma is sweet. Nothing against Epiphany, or Lent, or Ash Wednesday, or Easter, or Good Friday, or Whitsuntide, or Palm Sunday, if these symbols have behind them genuine repentance, and holy reminiscence, and Christian consecration. But ceremony is only the sheath to the sword, it is

ONLY THE SHELL

to the kernel, it is only the lamp to the flame, it is only the body to the spirit. The outward must be symbolical of the inward. Wash the hands by all means, but, more than all, wash the heart.

Behold, also, as you see Governor Pontius Pilate thrust his hand into this wash-basin, the power of conscience. He had an idea there was

BLOOD ON HIS HAND—

the blood of an innocent person, whom he might have acquitted if he only had the courage. Poor Pilate! his conscience was after him, and he knew the stain would never be washed from the right hand or the left hand, and until the day of his death, though he might wash in all the lavers of the Roman Empire, there would be still eight fingers and two thumbs red at the tips.

Oh, the power of conscience when it is fully aroused! With whip of scorpions over a bed of spikes in pitch of midnight it chases guilt. Are there ghosts? Yes, not of the graveyard, but of one's mind not at rest.

"And thus Brutus, amid his slumbering host,
Startled with Cæsar's stalwart ghost."

Macbeth looked at his hand after the midnight assassination, and he says:

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one red."

For every sin, great or small, conscience, which is the voice of God, has a reproof more or less emphatic. *Charles IX.*, responsible for St. Bartholomew massacre, was chased by the bitter memories, and in his dying moment said to his doctor, Ambrose Parry: "Doctor, I don't know what's the matter of me; I am in a fever of body and mind, and have been for a long while. Oh, if I had only spared the innocent, and the imbecile, and the cripple!" *Rousseau* declared in old age that a sin he committed in his youth still gave him sleepless nights. *Charles II.*, of Spain, could not sleep unless he had in the room a confessor and two friars. *Cataline* had such bitter memories he was startled at the least sound. *Cardinal Beaufort*, having slain the Duke of Gloucester, often in the night would say, "Away! away! why do you look at me?" *Richard III.*, having slain his two nephews, would sometimes in the night shout from his couch and clutch his sword, fighting apparitions. *Dr. Webster*, having slain Parkman in Boston, and while waiting for his doom, complained to the jailor that the prisoners on the other side of the wall all night long kept charging him with his crime, when there were no prisoners on the other side of the wall. It was the voice of his own conscience.

From what did Adam and Eve try to hide when they had all the world to themselves? From their own conscience. What made Cain's punishment greater than he could bear? His conscience. What made Ahab cry out to the prophet, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" What made the great Felix tremble before the little missionary? Conscience. What made Belshazzar's teeth chatter with a chill when he saw a finger come out of the black sleeve of the midnight and write on the plastering? Conscience, conscience.

Why is it that that man in this audience, with all the marks of worldly prosperity upon him, is agitated while I speak, and is now flushed and is now pale, and then the breath is uneven, and then beads of perspiration on the forehead, and then the look of unrest comes to a look of

HORROR AND DESPAIR?

I know not. But he knows, and God knows. It may be that he despoiled a fair young life and turned innocence into a waif, and the smile of hope into the brazen laughter of despair. Or it may be that he has in his possession the property of others, and by some stratagem he keeps it according to law, and yet he knows it is not his own, and that if his heart should stop beating this moment he would be in hell forever. Or it may be he is responsible for a great mystery, the disappearance of some one who is never heard of, and the detectives were baffled, and the tracks were all covered up, and the swift horse or the rail train took him out of reach, and there are only two persons in the universe who know of it—God and himself. God present at the time of the tragedy and present at the retrospection, and conscience—conscience with stings, conscience with pincers, conscience with flails, conscience with furnaces, is upon him; and until a man's conscience rouses him he does not repent. What made that

FARMER CONVERTED

to God go to his infidel neighbor and say: "Neighbor, I have four of your sheep. They came over into my fold six years ago. They had your mark upon them, and I changed it to my mark. I want you to have those sheep, and I want you to have the interest on the money, and I want you to have the increase of the fold; and if you want to send me to prison, I shall make no complaint"? The infidel heard of the man's conversion, and he said: "Now, now, if you have got them sheep you are welcome to them. I don't want nothing of those things at all. You just go away from me. Something has got hold of you I don't understand. I heard you were down at those religious meetings." But the converted man would not allow things to stand in that way, and so the infidel said: "Well, now, you can pay me the value of the sheep and six per cent interest from that time to this, and I sha'n't say anything more about it. Just go away from me." What was the matter with the two farmers? In the one case a convicted conscience leading him to honesty, and in the other case a convicted conscience warning against infidelity.

Thomas Oliver was one of John Wesley's preachers. The early part of his life had been full of recklessness, and he had made debts wherever he could borrow. He was converted to God, and then he went forth to preach and pay his debts. He had a small amount of property left him, and immediately set out to pay his debts, and everybody knew he was in earnest; and to consummate the last payment he had to sell his horse and saddle and bridle. That was conscience. That is converted conscience. That is religion. Frank Tiebout,

A CONVERTED RUMSELLER,

had a large amount of liquor on hand at the time of his conversion, and he put all the kegs, and barrels, and demijohns in a wagon and took them down in front of the old church where he had been converted, and had everything emptied into the street. That is religion. Why the thousands of dollars sent every year to the United States Treasury at Washington as

"CONSCIENCE MONEY"?

Why, it simply means there are postmasters, and there are attorneys, and there are officials who sometimes retain that which does not belong to them; and these men are converted, or under powerful pressure of conscience, and make restitution. If all the moneys out of which the State and the United States treasuries have been defrauded should come back to their rightful exchequers, there would be money enough to pay all the State debts and all the United States debt by day after to-morrow.

Conversion amounts to nothing unless the heart is converted, and the pocket-book is converted, and the cash drawer is converted, and the ledger is converted, and the fire-proof safe is converted, and the pigeon-hole containing the correspondence is converted, and his improvement is noticed even by the canary bird that sings in the parlor, and the cat that licks the platter after the meal, and the dog that comes bounding from the kennel to greet him. A man half converted, or a quarter converted, or a thousandth part converted is not converted at all. What will be the great book in the Day of Judgment? Conscience. Conscience recalling misimproved opportunities. Conscience recalling unforgiven sins. Conscience bringing up all the past.

ALAS! FOR THIS GOVERNOR,

Pontius Pilate. That night, after the court had adjourned and the Sanhedrists had gone home, and nothing was heard outside the room but the step of the sentinel, I see Pontius Pilate arise from his tapestried and sleepless couch, and go to the laver and begin to wash his hands, crying, "Out, out, crimson spot! Tellest thou to me, and to God, and to the night my crime? Is there no alkali to remove these dreadful stains? Is there no chemistry to dissolve this carnage? Must I to the day of my death carry the blood of this innocent man on my heart and hand? Out, thou crimson spot!" The worst thing a man can have is an evil conscience, and the best thing a man can have is what Paul calls a good conscience. But is there no such thing as

MORAL PURIFICATION?

If a man is a sinner once must he always be a sinner, and an unforgiven sinner? We have all had conscience after us. Or do you tell me that all the words of your life have been just right, and all the thoughts of your heart have been just right, and all the actions of your life just right? Then you do not know yourself, and I take the responsibility of saying you are a pharisee, you are a hypocrite, you are a Pontius Pilate, and do not know it. You commit the very same sin that Pilate committed. You have crucified the Lord of glory. But if nine tenths of this audience is made up of thoughtful and earnest people, then nine tenths of this audience are asking within themselves, "Is there no such thing as moral purification? is there no laver in which the soul may wash and be clean?" Yes, yes, yes. Tell it in song, tell it in sermon, tell it in prayer, tell it to the hemispheres. That is what David cried out for when he said, "Wash me thoroughly from my sin, and cleanse me from mine iniquities." And that is what, in another place, he cried out for when he said, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." Behold,

THE LAVER OF THE GOSPEL,

filled with living fountains. Did you ever see the picture of the laver in the ancient tabernacle or in the ancient temple? The laver in the ancient tabernacle was made out of the women's metallic looking-glasses. It was a great basin, standing on a beautiful pedestal; but when the temple was built, then the laver was an immense affair, called the brazen sea; and oh, how deep were the floods there gathered! And there were ten lavers beside—five at the right and five at the left—and each laver had three hundred gallons of water. And the outside of these lavers was carved and chased with palm trees so delicately cut you could almost see the leaves tremble, and lions so true to life that you could imagine you saw the nostril throb, and the cherubim with outspread wings. That magnificent laver of the old dispensation is a feeble type of the more glorious laver of our dispensation, our sunlit dispensation.

Here is the laver holding

RIVERS OF SALVATION,

having for its pedestal the Rock of Ages, carved with the figure of the lion of Judah's tribe, and having palm branches for victory, and wings suggestive of the soul's flight toward God in prayer, and the soul's flight heavenward when we die. Come, ye auditory, and wash all your sins, however aggravated, and all your sorrows, however agonizing. Come to this fountain, open for all sin and uncleanness, the furthest, the worst. You need not carry your sins half a second. Come and wash in this glorious Gospel laver. Why, that is an opportunity enough to swallow up all nations. That is an opportunity that will yet stand on the Alps and beckon to Italy, and yet stand on the Pyrenees and beckon to Spain, and it will yet stand on the Ural and beckon to Russia, and it will stand at the gate of heaven and beckon to all nations. Pardon for all sin, and pardon right away, through the blood of the Son of God.

A LITTLE CHILD

that had been blind, but through skilful surgery restored to sight, brought to sight, said: "Why, mother, why didn't you tell me the earth and the sky are so beautiful? Why didn't you tell me?" "Oh," replied the mother, "my child, I did tell you often; I often told you how beautiful they are; but you were blind, and you couldn't see!" Oh, if we could have our eyes opened to see the glories in Jesus Christ we would feel that the half had not been told us, and you would go to some Christian man and say, "Why didn't you tell me before the glories in the Lord Jesus Christ?" and that friend would say, "I did tell you, but you were blind and could not see, and you were deaf and could not hear."

History says that a great army came to capture ancient Jerusalem, and when this army got on the hills so that they saw the turrets and the towers of Jerusalem, they gave a shout that made the earth tremble; and tradition, whether true or false, says that, so great was the shout, eagles flying in the air dropped under the atmospheric percussion. Oh, if we could only catch a glimpse of the towers of this Gospel temple into which you are all invited to come and wash, there would be a song jubilant and wide resounding, at New Jerusalem seen, at New Jerusalem taken, and hosannas of other worlds flying midair would fold their wings and drop into our closing doxology! Against the disappointing and insufficient laver of Pilate's vice, and Pilate's cowardice, and Pilate's sin, I place the brazen sea of a Saviour's pardoning mercy!

AN INCIDENT IN ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

(*See Illustration on page 636.*)

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN made in all four voyages to the Arctic, from the fourth of which he never returned. When he left his native country on that fatal expedition he knew perfectly well the risks he would have to encounter. In all his previous voyages thither he had been surrounded with perils, from which his escape seemed like a miracle. His second voyage especially had been nearly fatal to the whole party.

The expedition embarked May 23d, 1819, on board the sailing vessel Prince of Wales. The vessel passed through Davis Straits July 25th all well, but on the 7th of August they had an earnest of those perils which thickened around them, and almost overwhelmed them at a later period. Their ship struck violently on a point of rock projecting from the Island of Resolution. A gentle swell freed them from their perilous situation, but the current hurried them along in contact with the rocky shore, and the prospect was most alarming. Presently they came into contact with a large iceberg lying aground. Their peril was now more appalling than ever. After their first concussion, the ship was driven along the steep and rugged side of this iceberg with such amazing rapidity, that the destruction of the masts seemed inevitable, and every one expected they should again be forced on the rocks in a most disabled state, a result which must have been decisive. After a three days' contest between the pumps and the leaks, the ship was so far repaired as to be comparatively water-tight.

The Prince of Wales had borne them safely through the dangers of two years, but in August of the year 1821 she was again surrounded and frozen in. Sir John Franklin felt sure that the severe nip she received would so strain her timbers, as that when she was released she would sink, and he therefore took preparatory steps to abandon the vessel. Among others he despatched hunting parties, partly to obtain fresh provisions, but chiefly that he might learn the condition of the ice. The vessel being surrounded by lofty bergs, he could gain no idea of the state of the ice over which they must make their way. Four men were sent with guns and directed to make a careful survey and report on the route. Sir John with his officers awaited their return anxiously. At last they came, and as the men obviously differed in opinion the captain listened attentively as each stated the result of his observations. (*See illustration.*) Sir John and his officers then retired to consult together, and the order was given to prepare to leave the ship.

The place to which Sir John decided to aim was Point Lake, distant 149 miles as the crow flies. The next day they started, each man, including officers, carrying as his share of the load a weight of about ninety pounds. It was not until November 7th, 1821, that they obtained succor. In the mean time they ate all the provisions brought from the ship, all the game they had been able to kill on their way, and even the tops of their shoes and strips of clothing. Six of the party died from cold and hunger.

A VISIT TO AN OPIUM DEN.

Down a narrow street (I give not its name; I dread the merest off-chance of any young reader being led by these lines to visit, and, perhaps, as some now victims to the drug did at first, taste it from prurient curiosity), we came to a shut-up, deserted-looking house. Above the door are two mystic letters, Chinese words, which tell the secret to the initiated. Where have my eyes been? I ask in amaze. How true is it, even in the physical domain, we but see what we have learned to see. I have passed down this street not infrequently, and never have I observed the Chinese sign until now. Further on, over a door, I see in letters I read, but do not understand, *Ye-hop*, and on the window, *Yeung in fat hak*. Translated, the first phrase implies *righteousness* and *harmony*. Oh, dismal parody on the beautiful words! neither can be found in an opium den. The second phrase implies that *opium is sold here*.

Entering, we find ourselves not in a boarding-house for Chinese sailors, but in a simple and unblushing opium den. Stumbling through a narrow aperture, in a wooden partition (the whole house is curiously partitioned into little dens), we find a Chinaman on a platform raised about a foot from the floor, coolly preparing the opium for his pipe. The process is a curious and slow one, and the man who smokes many pipes a day must give much of his time to preparation.

The smoker, lying on his couch or divan, with the pipe, lamp, and other implements on a tray, takes a portion on the point of a wire and warms it carefully over the flame of the lamp. He dips it again in the little jar of opium until the requisite quantity adheres, alternately warming it over the flame and pressing it on the flat bowl of the pipe, turning it over and over and working it carefully on the end of the wire, until it is reduced to the state of a soft solid by the evaporation of a portion of the water. During this process it swells up into a light porous mass from the formation of steam within, and must, therefore, be heated up to the boiling point of water. When the little bolus has been brought to the exact state fitted for smoking, it is worked into a conical-shaped ring around the wire, the point of the wire inserted into the round hole of the pipe, and, by twirling the wire around while withdrawing it, the opium is deposited on the pipe, the hole in it corresponding to the hole in the bowl of the pipe. The stem of the pipe being applied to the lips and the bowl held over the lamp, the heat of the flame is drawn in over the opium, converting into vapor all the volatilizable material in the bolus.

The vapor is inhaled into the lungs, and comes in contact with the immense surface of the respiratory mucous membrane, by which the alkaloids are absorbed into the blood, and thus act upon the whole system.

Notwithstanding the theory of some scientific gentlemen who have paid some attention to the subject that none of the alkaloids are carried by the smoke into the system, it is demonstrated a thousand times a day by every whiff a Chinaman takes of his pipe that *certain constituents of the watery extract of opium are converted into vapor;* and the sallow complexion, stupid visage, and wasted frame of old smokers, and especially the remorseless grip of the craving on every fibre of his nervous system, afford strong reason to believe, if they do not absolutely prove, that every inhalation of the *vapor* conveys a portion of the alkaloids into the victim's blood.

Up-stairs we found more victims; the house can accommodate fifty opium-smokers. It was not full; it often is. The gambling-room was locked; all were engrossed in the pipe; but it is a gambling hell as well as an opium den.

Further down the street we enter another den. Here the men seem of a stronger build and fiercer nature. They were full of some recent quarrel on board ship; and as in their own tongue they told their wrongs to the sympathetic missionary, it seemed to me as if the savage scenes of Canton were about to be re-enacted. We were not, however, in the slightest danger; they regarded us as friends; only in the telling of the quarrel there was a dramatic action and fierce look which to one who knew not what was said seemed threatening. Here again were opium-smokers puffing away; one had succumbed entirely, and was far off in dreamland, soon, however, to awake and greedily grasp the idolized though ruinous opium pipe.

THE RESULTS OF CHRIST'S COMING.

By Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.

Who May See Christ on Earth—Children—Men now in Middle Age—The Preparation for It—Patience—The Earnest Desire—Not a Sign of Weakness—The End of Darkness and Doubt—Of Poverty and Misery—Of Class Distinctions.

To those who realize that Christ's Second Coming is not to be postponed until after the whole world is converted, its expectation becomes a new and real influence in life. Ever present, entering into all our daily plans and thoughts and duties, is the thought that we may in our own day witness it. The children of our households and schools, with a long life before them, may see the Lord Christ on earth. The hope is not confined to children. They who have spent half their days—even they whose heads are silvered with age—may take part in the triumph of the Lord. "Behold, I come quickly." He may be at our door. "The Lord is at hand."

Suppose we are altogether unprepared to meet Him; neglecting the salvation He offers, and refusing the obedience He claims; suppose that coming suddenly, He should find us among the enemies whom He will destroy with the brightness of His appearing! Suppose He should find us simply holding aloof from His cause, though wishing to be saved by His grace; ashamed to confess Him before men, and thus liable to be classed among those of whom the Son of man will be ashamed before His Father and the holy angels!

Rather let us "come behind in no gift, waiting for His coming." Let us

CULTIVATE PATIENCE

in the enduring of trial, and in persevering endeavors after increased holiness. This is the argument of St. James, chap. 5, verses 7, 8, "Be patient unto the coming of the Lord; stablish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." The expectation of His near approach, while ignorant of the exact time of it, should prompt to increased vigilance. "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come" (Matt. 24: 42). "Little children, abide in Him; that, when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming" (1 John 2: 28).

They who trust and love Him must desire His return. Are they inconsistent in desiring it soon? Is it a sign of weakness? St. Paul speaks of the crown which was laid up not for himself only, but "for all those who love His appearing." The Thessalonian converts "turned from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven" (1 Thess. 1: 9, 10). Believers now, as of old, are "Looking for that blessed hope." Loving parents long for their children's return home. Friends look out earnestly for friends. A loyal nation is on the alert to welcome back their monarch. The Church desires the Advent of her Lord. "Behold, I come quickly; even so, come, Lord Jesus."

There are still dark places of the earth full of the habitations of cruelty.

COME!

and they who sit in darkness shall see a great light, and dens of hatred shall become homes of love. Foes of Thine mock Thy promises, defy Thy threats, trample on Thy laws. Come! and infidelity shall be silenced, and rebellion cease. There are mountains which obstruct the progress of the Gospel; deep-seated prejudices, venerable philosophies, tyrannies of caste, Antichristian customs identified with patriotism; and Thy prophets often cry, "I have labored in vain, and spent my strength for naught." Come! and every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill be brought low. Popish superstitions claiming heavenly authority; human priesthoods professing divine efficacy; tradition superseding Scripture; ceremonies substituted for faith; how do such Popish chains after four centuries of reformation, hold captive entire nations, who refuse to listen to the trumpet which proclaims liberty to the captive. Come! and those chains shall be broken, and those scales fall from eyes long closed to the light.

Alas for the dwellers in African wilds, only now discovered by the explorer! Alas for the millions of Chinese, whose venerable history and culture make them so often regard with contempt the teaching of "barbarians" of a recent growth! Oh, come! and a nation shall be born in a day, and the idols shall be utterly abolished; and Thine ancient people shall acknowledge their Messiah; and the fulness of the Gentiles shall be brought in.

Come to thy Church, and cleanse it from all that defaces its beauty. Drive out all false doctrine and unholy practice; all sectarian rivalry, bitterness of controversy, exclusiveness of spirit, worldly expediency, mammon worship.

PURIFY THY TEMPLE

from all vile trafficking; overturn the tables of the money-changers; put an end to frivolous disputes, and make varieties of method only illustrate unity and stimulate love. Come! and Thy prayer shall be fulfilled, "that they may be one even as We are One;" then will Thy Church put on her wedding attire to welcome the heavenly Bridegroom, and shall "look forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

The views of Christians may differ respecting the mode of its development; but who does not long for such a Millennium! that the "bitter cry" of

OUR GREAT CITIES

may cease; and poverty give place to plenty, and sickness to health, and vice to purity, and crime to the love which is the fulfilling of all law; and the drink-curse be driven away, and factories of poison cease their unholy industry, and vendors of it close their doors, and law no longer encourage the cause while punishing the results; that the fire we ourselves kindle may be quenched, and the chasm we open for the destruction of multitudes be filled in; that competition may no longer grind down the trader, and what calls itself political economy no longer goad God's children into slavery and crush them with despair?

Oh for the time when the

RIGHT SHALL REIGN,

and not mere might; and distinctions of station, endowment, nationality, shall not be the destruction of brotherhood; and men shall trust, not fear each other, seeking their own good only in alliance with that of their neighbors; and fortresses and fleets no longer frown defiance; and thrones no longer be symbols of fear and objects of suspicion; and laws no longer be needed to repress crime, but only to aid in common action for the common weal! Oh for the time when holy love shall no longer be debased to brutish lust, nor strength of body and brain be abused to injure and distress; when science shall pour fresh light on religion, and each new discovery evoke fresh hallelujahs to the Creator; when the pen and the press shall not corrupt, nor the tongue utter what is false or unkind, nor music lend its charms to vice: when art shall portray only what is pure, commerce be inseparable from honesty and beneficence, and amusement never stoop to give pleasure by stimulants that enervate the body or corrupt the mind!

AN END OF CLASS DISTINCTION.

Oh for the time when classes shall no longer

be so separated, and interests be so distinct, and the constant accumulation of wealth be so linked with increasing aggravation of want as to threaten *a social earthquake:* when nation shall not strive with nation, but turn their swords into ploughshares and learn war no more; when mankind, reconciled by the Prince of Peace to their Father in heaven, will be reconciled to one another on earth; and the grand ideal be realized of a divine socialism—a universal brotherhood under the One Fatherhood! The wilderness will then rejoice and blossom as the rose, and earth will resemble heaven.

Come, Lord, to earth again;
Come quickly, come and reign;
Lord Jesu, come!
Enthrone the struggling right
Make clear the clouded light,
In victory close the fight,
Lord, quickly come!

Bid war and faction cease;
Bring in the reign of peace;
Lord Jesu, come!
Set every captive free;
Let all men brothers be;
Heal earth's long malady:
Lord, quickly come!

NEW BOOKS.

"GOLDEN THOUGHTS ON MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN" is a collection of choice passages from eminent authors, American and British, relating to those three subjects dear to the heart of every man and woman. Dr. Theodore L Cuyler, in his preface to this collection, says: "The compiler has rendered a most valuable service by collecting into one sheaf these golden gleanings. In order to give his work the greatest richness and variety, he has laid under contribution more than three hundred widely-known authors on both sides of the Atlantic. In the main, his selections seem to have been made with excellent taste, the ruling motive being to choose those things which would be the most practical and the most profitable. Many of them are already familiar to us all; but that very fact proves their value. There are other readers coming on the stage of life who need to know these 'household words,' and one object of this volume is to carry these coined thoughts of standard value into a wide and permanent circulation. . . . It is because this volume contains so many valuable truths for fireside reading—in short, because it is such an excellent *home book* that I have been drawn to it and have written these words of honest commendation. When one has not time enough to read an extended treatise, he may take up this book and find some savory morsel of wisdom, some sweet touch of poetry, some timely hint for the hour, or some rich cluster of truths that shall be like a bunch of grapes from the King's own garden. Into the cleanly pages of my friend's volume 'nothing entereth which defileth.' And there is many a precious truth here which, with God's blessing, may make one wise unto salvation." Such a tribute from a clergyman so highly esteemed as Dr. Cuyler needs no addition from us.

Among the three hundred authors from whose writings these selections of poetry and prose are made are: Rev. John S. C. Abbott, D.D.; James Aldrich, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Horatius Bonar, Rev. Phillips Brooks, William C. Bryant, Thomas Carlyle, Henry Clay, Dr. Charles F. Deems, John B. Gough, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Hon. James Russell Lowell, Dwight L. Moody, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, and John G. Whittier. It contains four hundred and fifty-three pages, and is published, handsomely bound in cloth, at $2.75. Other editions more expensively prepared, at higher prices, may also be had. The publisher is Mr. E. B. Treat, 757 Broadway, New York.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN

is a biography, from the pen of the Rev. George Hughes, of his late colleague, Dr. Walter C. Palmer. Mr. Hughes, probably better than any one else, knew and appreciated the excellences of Dr. Palmer's character. He was with him in his work, co-operated with him in his editorial labors, and saw him almost daily in those circumstances of daily worries which try and test the strength of every man's character. He was, therefore, able to speak with authority respecting Dr. Palmer's life and work. This book is a friend's tribute to the memory of a man well known by his labors throughout America, and whom many will be glad to know still more intimately through the pages penned by one who was his trusted companion and fellow-worker.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Bullet that Missed the Mark.—Mr. Steel said at a recent meeting: "Once John Knox was sitting at dinner in his usual place at the table. There was a small window right at his back. Suddenly he said to his family, 'I am going to change my place at the table, I don't feel quite safe here.' They laughed at him, telling him he was superstitious; but he took his own way, and changed his place. Just as he had done so, the report of a gun was heard, and a ball came right through the little window, falling below the table. Some enemy had done this, knowing where he generally sat, but God preserved him in His own wonderful way, and helped him to continue his wonderful work for the glory of His name."

Reminiscences of Whitefield.—The distinguished evangelist, Whitefield, once asked a glass manufacturer, "How do you make glass?" "Well," replied the glass maker, "it has to be put into the fire and refined before it can be of any use." "That is just what the Lord did to me; He put me into the fire to cleanse and make me pure before I could be of any service to Him," replied Whitefield. So must every one be willing to be put through God's refining fire before they can be of any service to Him.—At another time, Whitefield was walking along the street accompanied by a lady, when a man said to them, "I am a lost man." "I am so glad," replied the lady. Whitefield was rather annoyed at her unfeeling answer, and said, "Why are you glad?" "Because," replied the lady, "Jesus Christ only came to seek and to save the lost."

A Memorable Singing Practice.—Mr. Lockhead says: "I once heard of a Christian man who had gathered a few musical friends at his house to practise some of Mr. Sankey's hymns. They were singing the hymn, 'Around the throne of God in heaven,' and when it was finished he made the remark, 'I wonder how many people are now around that great white throne of God?' The next morning his wife asked him, 'Are you going to see the great review of soldiers to-day?' He replied, 'I would like to go, just to compare it with the great throng that is around the throne in heaven.' He went out in the morning to see the military spectacle, and before mid-day he was dead. He had become one of that great throng about Emmanuel's throne, whom no man can number. May we by prayer and faith be ready for the Master's summons, however suddenly it may come."

An Infidel Becomes an Evangelist.—"It is about eight years since I first came to Christ. I had left home before this. I was at Peterhead when He first spoke to my soul. I tried to make myself believe that there was no God, and no hereafter. I went from place to place thinking to drown the thought that would come into my mind that there is a God. I was putting my nephew to bed one night, a little boy about four or five years of age, when he said to me, 'Me say my prayers first, uncle!' My heart was deeply touched; I became more miserable than ever. Shortly after that I went to Glasgow, and attended some preaching services in the tent on the Green, and there I was led by the Holy Spirit to give myself away to Christ. Previous to that I was a professed infidel. Oh, how wonderful is the forbearance, and how perfect is the forgiveness of God! Jesus is now my All and in All."

A Sad Case of Poverty.—Captain Hatfield remarks: "We are scarcely aware of the suffering that is all around us. The other day I was asked to go and see a man who lives in Brown Street. I entered the house with some difficulty, and when my eyes got accustomed to the darkness, I saw a poor, attenuated, human creature, in the corner of the room, crawling out of his bed. There was nothing but poverty and wretchedness all around. I could see very well that the man was dying, and asked if he had no one to help him. 'Yes,' he said, 'I have my wife, but she has gone to try and get us something to eat.' I repeated a few verses out of the Psalms to him, for I could not see to read, and told him to send up to my office, and I would give him some help. I went away, and as I had the pleasure of helping that family, I thought on our Master's words, 'Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of these, my little ones, ye do it unto me.'"

Heart Disease Cured by Christ.—"A young lady was troubled with palpitation of the heart. She went to her medical adviser about it, and he said her case was a very bad one. She was staying with her sisters who were earnest Christians. They were all very anxious that this sister should be converted to Christ. They took her to church one evening, and at the end of the service she went into the manse, which was very near the church, to inquire more fully after salvation. The minister pointed her to 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' When he had finished speaking the young lady slipped off her chair, and upon her knees besought the Lord to take her to heaven there and then. Accompanied by her sister, she made a second visit to the physician. He was very much astonished. Turning to her sister he said, 'What have you been doing to your sister? She is quite well.' She replied, 'Oh, we did nothing to her, but she has been to Jesus for the healing power, and He has made her heart better.' She had been very anxious before she found peace through faith in the Saviour, but when she accepted Christ her mind at once found rest, and she is still living, a happy, useful Christian."

A Mother's Farewell to her Boy.—A Christian worker narrated the following: "In a quiet rural village a mother lay dying, surrounded by sons and daughters; but her mind was brooding over one son who was not present. A telegram was sent to the absent one, to his place of business, in the great city. He showed the message to his master, who consented to let him go. In two hours he was ascending the hill which overlooked his home, and hurrying down he knocked at the door, which was opened by his sister, who greeted him with a loving smile, amid showers of tears. 'Come in,' she said, 'you are just in time;' and he walked into the chamber of death. The mother, reaching out her withered hand, said, 'I shall meet you in heaven, my darling,' and then she passed away. For a time the impression made upon his mind was deep, and he shunned his old ways and companions; but as he gradually mixed with his friends he sank deeper down than ever into sin, and at last he became an atheist. Passing down a street he heard some men singing, 'Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.' His first thought was, 'It is time those fanatics were put down; one can't stir a step at night but you hear them!' As he listened, he said to his companion, 'It's a good tune they are playing.' 'Yes, it is,' was the answer. They went into the meeting together. No particular impression was made upon the young unbeliever, but he went again to the meeting several times, and one night the chairman asked him to read Isaiah 57. He saw that he was in earnest about his soul. Friends, I was that young man, and in my own room I read the chapter and found rest for my soul that night, through faith in Christ, the crucified one."

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Inquiries have been received respecting the terms on which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be supplied to persons desiring to introduce it to their friends. In response to this kindly project of our subscribers, we will mail the paper every week from October 3 to the end of the year to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of twenty-five cents. The same offer made in former years has been singularly blessed. The paper sent by Christian people to unconverted acquaintances has, in a large number of cases, been the means of blessing. The low price at which it is offered for the three months will, we hope, encourage many to avail themselves of the opportunity of introducing the paper to families in which Christian literature is needed.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The New Secretary of the Treasury is Judge Walter Q. Gresham, who, at the urgent request of the President consented to be transferred from the Postmaster-Generalship to the place made vacant by the death of Mr. Folger. It is known that Judge Gresham accepted the appointment with reluctance, and when the President first proposed it, he declined. The public, however, and especially the business portion of it, heartily approve of the selection. This approval is not limited to any party or wing of a party, but is expressed by men of all parties, who regard Mr. Gresham's unblemished record, and the remarkable ability he has displayed in many difficult positions, as proof of his fitness for his present honorable and responsible office.

The International Conference at Washington, convened to arrange for the acceptance of a common prime meridian from which to reckon longitude, is one of importance to the whole world. Some European countries are using a triple system; we are using a double system; and some countries use a single system differing from each other. France, Denmark, Spain, and Italy are the only countries which altogether ignore the zero of Greenwich; other countries use the Greenwich zero in addition to their own. The result is inconvenience and the possibility of disaster. The Senate Committee which recommended the convention pointed out several of those perils, the chief of which was the liability of mistake when two vessel of different nationalities meet at sea in stress of weather and one vessel asks and receives information as to its position. Congress authorized the President to invite representatives of every power to meet in Washington to fix upon and recommend the adoption of a meridian common to all. England is naturally anxious to have the Greenwich meridian adopted, and has made a concession with the view of advancing that object. It is stated that she has agreed to join the International Commission on the Metric System of Weights and Measures. If that is true, and the Metric Sytem becomes general, it will involve a revolution of a very sweeping character in all trade transactions, and possibly in the coinage.

A Strong Prohibition Movement is Reported from Louisiana. A newspaper correspondent, writing from New Orleans, states that the Prohibition party will put up full Congressional and Electoral tickets, and claim they will cast from 10,000 to 20,000 votes. There is a great deal of sincerity, the correspondent avers, in this movement on account of the increase of idleness and vicious crime on the part of negro laborers, who, from Saturday to Sunday night, gather at cross-roads stores to drink, gamble, and fight, till life at the business centres becomes intolerable. The churches are taking hold of the Prohibition movement, and the preachers, white and black, with the assistance of the women, are promising an active canvass. This is a live issue among the people, who are indifferent to the success of either of the great political parties, who make them the same promises in case of success at the polls.

An Effort to Break up Gang Rule in New York City is being made since the recent exposure in the press. One judge has given notice that he will so far co-operate with the police as to punish the ruffians who belong to the gangs that infest the western water front of the city, if they are arrested and brought before him. They have hitherto been charged with disorderly conduct when arrested, and if convicted have been sent to the city prison, where the influence of a rum-selling alderman could operate to procure their discharge on the very day of committal. Judge Duffy last week announced that he had discovered that the members of the gangs might be dealt with under the vagrant law, and he therefore, under that law, sent one of them to the Penitentiary for six months. The advantage of that course is that the prisoner can be released from that place only by an order signed by a judge of the Supreme Court. Only those who have witnessed the reign of terror established by these gangs can fully appreciate the boon that will be conferred on the city if Justice Duffy's scheme breaks them up.

At the Conference of the Prison Reform Association held recently at Saratoga, N. Y., several prison officials were present, and stated the results of their experience. Mr. Brockway, of the Elmira Reformatory, spoke of incorrigible criminals, whom he divided into three classes: professional, hereditary, and brutes. Mr. Maclaury, of Joliet Prison, had come to the conclusion that out of every hundred prisoners forty were incorrigible and would certainly go back to crime when discharged, thirty-five would probably do so, and only twenty-five would probably be reformed. Other officers of prisons concurred generally in this opinion. Warden Brush, of Sing Sing, who has generally fifteen hundred convicts under his charge, gave it as his opinion that the most fruitful causes of full prisons is *disobedience in the family*. He said: "Some time in life every one must learn to obey, and when I hear a child say to a parent, 'I won't' when told to do something, I see a candidate for prison." Mrs. Johnson, manager of the penitentiary for women at Sherburne, Mass., described the efforts made in that institution for the reformation of the inmates. Among them labor occupies a conspicuous place. They are instructed in the duties of domestic service, baking, cooking, washing and ironing, etc., and she said that *all* the women when discharged are immediately employed in good families at fair wages. Each day the women spend two hours in reading and writing. Mr. W. M. F. Rounds, the indefatigable secretary of the association, received many testimonies of the good accomplished through his labors.

A Resolution to Support Ex-Governor St John was introduced at the Illinois Methodist Conference in session at Carlinville on September 23d. An effort was made to have the resolution tabled as a political matter, with which the Conference had no concern. After considerable discussion, in the course of which several vigorous temperance speeches were made, the resolution was carried with but few dissentients. This decision does not, of course, bind the voters, but it is likely to have considerable influence over such of them as are wavering in their allegiance to either of the regular political parties. In Wisconsin also the Methodists are said to be prominent in organizing and pushing the Prohibition movement.

Two More Large Lumber Fires Occurred in Cleveland, Ohio, last week. One broke out on Sunday, September 21st, and burned over twenty acres, causing a heavy loss, estimated at nearly half a million. A second fire broke out on Saturday, September 27th, in the large yard of the Cleveland Saw Mill and Lumber Company. While the firemen were engaged in an effort to subdue it, news was brought that some one had set fire to a passenger train standing on the main track of the Connotton Valley Railroad. Every engine being engaged at the lumber fire, the cars which had not caught fire were detached and pushed back from those burning, which were allowed to burn out. This series of fires confirms the suspicion that they are the work of incendiaries, and extra police precautions are being taken to catch the offenders.

A Renewal of the Anti-Mormon Disturbances in Tennessee is apprehended. Notices have been posted in Wilson County, warning all Mormons to depart and never to return on pain of death. There are signs of excitement also in Lewis and Hickman counties. It appears that Mormon emissaries have been working in the State for over six years, and have made many converts, chiefly among the poorest and most ignorant of the people. They have not been molested until now, but recently the conduct of the converts, in which they have been encouraged by the Mormon elders, has been such as to arouse popular indignation. Much alarm prevails among the Mormons, many of whom are too poor to travel beyond the State limits. The killing of the elders in Lewis County recently, intensifies the panic.

The North Carolina State Exposition to be opened this week at Raleigh, is expected to be one of the most successful of such efforts. The main building contains one hundred and twenty-five thousand feet of space. Sixty counties have secured from five hundred to two thousand feet each to display their exhibits. There will be machinery from the New England, Middle and Western States. The main building will be lighted with electricity. From the 20th of October to the end of the month there will be an exhibit of live stock from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and other States. The mining interests of the State will be more fully shown than any State has attempted heretofore. In the Department of Agriculture's exhibit from Washington, there will be *a gem parlor*, and the roof will be thatched with mica. There will be *pyramids of gold* and copper ores. Corundum, kaonin and asbestos will be on exhibit in large quantity and of the finest varieties. The fishery exhibit will be the largest outside the Smithsonian Institution, and is put up according to the Davidson process.

The Twenty-seventh Anniversary of the Fulton Street Noon Prayer-meeting was held on Tuesday, September 23d, in the Middle Dutch Church, in Lafayette Place, New York. There were many ministers and laymen in the large audience who had attended the first of those prayer-meetings, more than a quarter of a century ago. Vines of smilax were twined around the pulpit, with roses blossoming among them. The Rev. Thomas Armitage, D.D., conducted the services, reviewing in a brief address the work of the prayer-meetings and their influence, which has extended all over the world. The Rev. Dr. Rudolph H. McKim and Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D., also took part in the services.

The Fifty-eighth Annual Report of the New York City Mission and Tract Society, of No. 50 Bible House, records an extensive variety of beneficent operations. The Executive Committee, headed by the Rev. Dr. John Hall and composed of ministers and laymen of the several religious denominations, is quietly yet vigorously pushing forward the work of city evangelization. It is gradually rebuilding and enlarging the mission chapels, and the new buildings as they are opened are to be called no longer "missions," but are to be known as churches for the people, and the Olivet Church, in Second Street, and the De Witt Church, in Rivington Street, are examples of what is intended by this new departure. A new church for the people is now erecting in Broome Street, near Centre Market. The Executive Committee selects those parts of the city most destitute of churches, so as not to be in conflict with others. The City Mission makes an earnest appeal for funds to continue and extend its valuable work.

A Young Lady was Frozen to Death on the mountains in Colorado recently. She resided in New York, but was visiting in Colorado for the sake of the mountain climbing, of which she was very fond. On September 23d she set out at six o'clock in the morning, accompanied by a young guide named Lamb, to ascend Long's Peak. They safely ascended the peak, but encountered a fierce snowstorm on their return, during which the lady became completely chilled. Young Lamb assisted her in the descent the best he could until about nine o'clock at night, when her strength entirely failed. He then carried her for half a mile, when, finding his own strength failing, he told her the only chance of saving either of their lives was for him to leave her and go to his father's house, seven miles distant, for help. He left her at ten o'clock and returned with assistance at four o'clock the following morning, but found the lady frozen to death. If the facts are as stated, the guide probably took the wisest course in leaving the lady to go for help, though if he had a manly disposition it must have cost him a struggle to desert her. In taking Christ as his guide through life the Christian is assured of safety. That Guide has already laid down His life for men (John 10 : 11, 28).

A Bride at Ninety Years of Age Recently told a visitor the history of her wooing. She had lived nearly all her life at Lexington, Ky., and during most of the time she had been on friendly terms with a gentleman who lived near her, and for more than fifty years attended the same church. She was in her ninetieth year, and her friend was eighty-two, when one day she received a letter from him in which he reviewed their long acquaintance, and proposed that the few remaining days they had to spend should be passed together. She need not go to the trouble of a formal reply, he wrote her; but if the proposal was distasteful she could simply send back the letter. If she retained it, he would understand that she looked favorably on his suit. The next Sabbath when the old lady's carriage drove up in front of the church her wooer stepped gallantly forward and helped her out. "Doctor," she said, "I have received your letter and have kept it." The following Tuesday the aged suitor called, and on the Thursday after there was a wedding. It may be hoped that the union will prove a happy one. If so, both parties will probably wish they had made it earlier in life. That is always the feeling of those who late in life become united with Christ. They regret the opportunities they have lost of serving Him and the troubles they have borne alone, through which His presence would have supported them (Hosea 2 : 19, 20).

A Dangerous Derelict was Reported Last week by the captain of the steamer Caland. She was an abandoned lumber-laden bark, having her mizzen-mast still standing, and she was drifting in the great highway of transatlantic steamers. Calculations have been made of the probable effect on her course of the currents and of the winds, so as to locate as nearly as possible the position of the abandoned ship, and give warning to outgoing steamers. The reason is obvious. There is no one in command or controlling the movements of the derelict, and she may drift across the track of some other vessel, or run into another vessel and do serious damage and put lives in peril. It would be a good thing if some steamer took her in tow or blew her up. In the voyage of life much harm is done by human derelicts—men who drift along carelessly and heedlessly, not intending harm, but, being without God's guidance, going astray themselves and menacing the spiritual safety of others (Eccles. 9 : 18).

The Place Senator Anthony Occupied in the esteem of his fellow-citizens is demonstrated by a fact published since his death. The *Journal* of Providence, R. I., says: "It is a significant fact that when a Rhode Islander spoke of Henry B. Anthony, he called him '*the Governor*.' It is a long time since Mr. Anthony was Governor. He was for many years, consecutively, Senator of the United States, but the Smithfield farmer and the yeoman of the South County thought of him as the Governor; that is to say, as one of the citizens of the State, near and dear to Rhode Island. There was the sense of the personal relation. 'The Governor' was always accessible. He was always one of us." This fact shows that the personal relation always affects us most closely. Senator Anthony, sitting in the United States Senate, occupied a more honorable position and wielded a wider influence than as Governor of the State, but the Governorship involved an identification with the people that endeared him to them. It is in the same way that Jesus as the Son of man, the Saviour, lives in the hearts of His people. As the Great Teacher, as the Creator, and the Judge He commands our reverence; but it is as our Elder Brother and Friend that we love Him (Heb. 4 : 15).

A Clergyman was Recognized by His Lameness some time ago. The *Chronicle* of Charlottesville, Va., says that when James L. Orr was Speaker of the House of Representatives he visited the Warm Springs of North Carolina, where Dr. William S. White was also staying. Dr. White was chaplain of the university at which the Speaker studied, but as they had not met in many years neither recognized the other, though sitting in the same room at the hotel. After a time Dr. White rose and walked across the room with the old-time limp in his gait. Mr. Orr immediately recognized him, and asked him if he were not the Chaplain at the University of Virginia at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. "I was there," said Mr. Orr, "a student at the time, and I knew you by the peculiar limp of your step." "Well," said the doctor, a little severely, "it seems that my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," quickly replied Mr. Orr, "I deem it the highest compliment we can pay a clergyman to say he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation." Mr. Orr's reply showed his ready wit, but it also pointed a further application. The world is so censorious and so little disposed to forgiveness that a flaw in the spiritual walk is seized with avidity and remembered after many excellences are forgotten (Gal. 6 : 1, 2).

SIGHT FOR THOSE WHO SEE NOT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And Jesus said, For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see; and that they which see might be made blind."—JOHN 9. 39.

The Last Judgment Inevitable—An Assize Always Going on—The Gospel as a Separator—Christ's Mission—That those who See not Might See—An Anxious Friend—A Model Blind Man—Knew he was Blind—Wanted Sight—Very Obedient—Owned that he Saw Afterward—Defended his Enlightener—Wanted to Learn—How the Blind Come to See—No Conceit in Them—A Poor Thief—Sham Sinners—A Slave and his Owner—Christ Likes Blessing—Fear a Proper Motive.

THE great day of judgment is not as yet. God in infinite long-suffering waiteth to be gracious, giving men space wherein to repent, and to be reconciled to Him. Jesus has come into the world for judgment, but not for that last and eternally unchangeable judgment which awaits us all. That hour and that advent will arrive; we have the declaration of God's Word for it. Read Matthew 25. "When the Son of man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory: and before Him shall be gathered all nations: and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." There is no question as to this sure fact; even if many more centuries should pass away, the dread assize will be held in due season. "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness." He is full of tenderness and long-suffering, and therefore he tarries; but the vision will come, it will not tarry. Settle this in your minds, and live as in the presence of that august tribunal.

Though the Day of Judgment be not at this hour, yet our Lord Jesus is now carrying on a form of judgment in the world. "His fan is in His hand, and He will throughly purge His floor." He sits as a refiner separating ever and anon his silver from the dross. His cross has revealed the thoughts of many hearts, and everywhere His Gospel is acting as a discoverer, as a separator, and as a test by which men may judge themselves, if they will.

Our Lord's great design in coming into the world is the salvation of men. "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved;" but, in order to that salvation, it is necessary that men should know the truth about themselves, and should take up a truthful position before God; for God will not endure a lie, neither will He save men upon false grounds. He will deal with all His creatures according to truth; if He condemn them it will be because equity requires it, and if He save them it will be because He has found a way by which mercy and truth are met together.

So, then, everywhere throughout the world, wherever Christ comes—comes by His Gospel and the consequences of it—a

JUDGMENT IS GOING ON.

Men are set before the judgment-seat of their Saviour: they are tested, tried, made manifest, and declared. Light no sooner comes into the world than it begins to judge the darkness. Scracely had it been known to be darkness if the light had not revealed the contrast. Where the Gospel comes, some hearts receive it at once, and are judged to be "honest and good ground;" men who are willing to accept the Gospel come to the light that their deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God. Other hearts at once hate the truth, for they are the children of darkness, and therefore "they love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." You see, then, how without its being the main intention of Christ's coming into the world, it yet becomes a secondary effect, and, so far, an incidental purpose of His coming, that His very appearance among the sons of men should judge them. In this

glass they see their own countenances, and discover their spots; by this plummet-line they test their own uprightness, and see how far they lean toward evil.

Now, I want to take you immediately to the text, and I shall dwell upon two points of it if there should be time. If not, I shall keep to one only. The first is enough to begin with: Christ has come that

THOSE WHO SEE NOT

may see. It is a very wonderful thing about the Gospel that it is meant for people who think themselves most unsuited for it, and most undeserving of it—it is a sight for those who see not. *An anxious friend* gave me the other day a description of himself which was enough to make a man stand aghast to hear it. With many sighs and tears, he described to me the condition of a man lost by nature and by practice, and unable to help himself in the least degree. When he had completed his story—I let him finish it, and touch it up with a few extra strokes of black—I took him by the hand, and said, "I am sure that you are one of those whom Christ came into the world to save. You have given me the most accurate description possible of one of God's elect when aroused to see his state by nature before the Most Holy God. You are one of those for whom the Gospel was intended." I spoke boldly, for I felt that I was only stating the truth.

Since Jesus Christ came into the world to open men's eyes, I know that He did not come to open the eyes of some of those around me, for they have bright eyes, which smile on me while I am now speaking, and seem to say—

"NO OCULIST IS NEEDED

here!" I cast my eyes all round the place, and I see nothing for the great Opener-of-eyes to do till I pause at yonder pew, for there sits a blind man. There are one or two here to-night whose natural eyes have for many years been sealed in darkness; and I say of them, if Jesus Christ has come to open anybody's eyes, He has come to open the eyes of the blind. It must be so. Infirmity and disability are needful preparations for the receipt of the blessing of sight. Suppose I heard that Jesus had come to make lame men leap like a hart. Well, I should look round and say that He did not come for that young girl—she can skip like a gazelle, and run like a fawn; He did not come for that young man—I saw him on his bicycle just now, flying over the ground swiftly as a swallow skims the stream. Neither did the healer of the lame come for that strong brother over there, to whom a quick, long walk is quite a pleasure. But just now there limped down yonder aisle a lame man on his crutch. Did you not hear his heavy movement? Well, if Jesus Christ came to heal lameness, that is the kind of person that He had His eye upon.

Now, I want you to consider the blind man of whom we were reading in the narrative just now as a sort of

MODEL BLIND MAN—

the kind of blind man that Jesus Christ delights to look upon, and to whom He rejoices to give sight. This blind man *knew that he was blind.* He never had a doubt about that. He had never seen a ray of light, and yet he believed that he was blind—not quite so easy a matter as some of you may think, for I have met with thousands of blind men who laugh at the idea of sight because they have had no experience of it, and they refuse to believe more than they can understand or feel. This sightless beggar had to be told that there was such a thing as sight; but being so told he believed it, and all his after experience went to confirm the unhappy fact. Under a full persuasion that it was even so he had taken up the proper position for a poor, blind man; he sat by the wayside, and asked for alms. Now, the man whom Christ delights to bless is the man who knows his right place, and is willing to occupy it. He does not conceal his blindness, and talk as if he carried a telescope about with him, and communed all night with the stars.

Many of you unconverted people are a deal too high; you will have to *come down a good many notches* before you will be in your true places. You dream fine dreams in your fond conceit of yourselves, fancying that you have kept the law from your youth up, and that you are abundantly religious, and excellent, and admirable, and all that you ought to be. As long as you think thus highly of yourselves, the blessing is hindered and kept away. You self-exalting ones are not of the kind that Jesus came to bless. He said Himself, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

This blind man not only believed that he was blind and knew it, but he had a sincere desire to be enlightened. It was no grief to him that Jesus had come that he might see. It was an intense joy to hear that Jesus had opened the eyes of other blind men; and, though He may have feared that his case was one quite out of the catalogue—for since the world began it was not heard that any man had opened the eyes of one that was born blind—yet he was pleased to find that

JESUS CHRIST HAD STOPPED

and looked upon him, and was placing clay upon his eyes. He felt a gladness and an alacrity about his heart when he was bidden to go to Siloam and wash; his whole manhood went with the Saviour's act and deed; he gave himself up to the surgery of the Christ with the full consent of his being.

Now, are you hungering after Christ? Oh, soul, if you know your need of Him, and have a strong desire after Him, the heavenly work is begun! If there is within your spirit a burning longing to be reconciled to God by the death of His Son, your cure is already half wrought. Some of you have written me letters lately which show the actings of your hearts; these are blind movements enough, but they all grope after light. Poor souls that you are, what hope I have for you! Specially for him who with broken heart has begged our prayers these many months, and yet has not come out to light and liberty. I am so glad to see the strength, and vehemence, and agony of your desires. Your unbelief grieves me, but your eagerness charms me. Would God you would trust my Lord Jesus Christ and rest in Him!

This man is again, a model to every other blind man because

HE WAS VERY OBEDIENT.

As soon as the Lord said to him, "Go, wash," he went. There was no question with him about Siloam; he had no Abana or Pharpar which he preferred to that pool. He was fully submissive. He stood still, you know, and let the Master put the clay on his eyes. It did not look like an operation that could do him any good, but he believed that Jesus was a prophet, and so he waited, and let Him do whatever He pleased with him. How glad I am when I can see a poor soul offering a full surrender to Jesus. Oh be submissive to the saving hand! When thou art brought into such a state of heart that thou art willing to be anything or nothing so that thou mayest be saved, dear soul, thou art nigh unto the kingdom. The Spirit of God is at work with thee. Thou art very near to Christ. Believe on Him, trust in Him; and live, for He has come on purpose that they that see not might see. Catch at that sacred purpose of amazing grace, and let thy despair fly away. This is our first remark; this blind man becomes our model.

And now notice next, that,

WHEN HE SEES,

this kind of man owns that he does see. He has been so thoroughly convinced of his blindness that, when he gets his sight, he owns it with glad surprise. To him the newly-given light is such a boon that he is overjoyed with it, and gladly cries, "Now I see." Some people do not know whether they are converted or not. I hope that they are saved, but such people are not generally of very much use. We have to spend our time and strength in taking care of them, and comforting them, and enabling them to rise above sheer despair. But the man that has been totally blind, and has known it, when he gets sight is equally sure that he sees. You cannot make such a man doubt the greatness and truthfulness of the change. He comes out and says, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

Again, when the blind man's eyes were opened, he began to defend the man that opened his eyes. He did it well, too. He said, "Herein is a marvellous thing, that ye know not from whence He is, and yet He hath opened mine eyes." On he went with arguments which confounded scribe and Pharisee. When the Lord takes a big blind sinner, and washes him, and opens his eyes, then the man will not have Christ spoken against. He will speak up for his Lord and Master; he cannot help it. You will not find him dumb, as some professors are. Why, some of your genteel Christians do not speak for Christ above once in six months, and then it would be better for them to have held their tongues, for they speak so half-heartedly. Here is a man with an open mouth, and he speaks right from his heart under the guidance of the Spirit of God, and is not ashamed to own what the Lord has done for him. We want many recruits of this sort. The church at the present day wants men and women who are so thoroughly and certainly converted that, when they speak about Christ, they speak positively, and with a power which none can gainsay or resist.

The best thing about this man was that, when his eyes were opened, he

WISHED TO KNOW MORE;

and when Jesus Christ spoke to him, saying, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" he asked, "Who is He, Lord, that I might believe on Him?" When he found that the Son of God was the self-same divine One who had opened his eyes, then we read that at once he worshipped Him. Notice that at the end of the thirty-eighth verse: "And he worshipped Him." He was no Unitarian. In the man who spake with him he saw the Son of God, and he reverently adored Him. If our Lord Jesus had not been God, He would have told the man to rise, and He would have rent his garments in horror at the bare idea of receiving divine worship; instead of which, our Lord instanced this as a proof that the man's eyes were opened, and immediately said that he had come for that very purpose—that those that did not see might see.

Thus I have shown you how this model blind man is the very man to whom the Lord Jesus will give sight, because the results that follow are glorifying to Christ. Are you such a person? Then, be comforted.

But how is it that such blind men do come clearly to see? The reason is sovereign grace, but still there are other reasons. First, there is no conceit in them to hinder Christ. It is not our littleness that hinders Christ; but our bigness. It is not our weakness that hinders Christ; it is our strength. It is not our darkness that hinders Christ; it is our supposed light that holds back His hand. It is easier to save us from our sins than from our righteousness. Our self-righteousness is that hideous boa-constrictor which seems to coil itself round and round our spirit, and to crush out of us all the life that would receive the Gospel of the grace of God. He that thinks that he knows will never learn. He that is blind and thinks that he sees will remain contented in the darkness all his life long. Now, dear friends, if you are in that state that you know that you are in the dark—a darkness that may be felt—if it seems horribly to cling to you, so that you cannot get rid of it, if you seem unable even to obtain a ray of light, then you are just in the right state to receive the eternal light from the Lord Jesus Christ.

The next reason is that such people as this always refuse to speculate. They want certainties. When a man feels his own blindness and spiritual death, if you discuss before him the

fine new nothings of modern theology, he says, "I do not want them; they are of no consequence to me; there is no comfort in them for a lost soul."

A POOR THIEF

was converted some little time ago, and he was taken to hear a certain preacher who is exceedingly broad in his views. When the reclaimed thief came out, he said to a friend that took him, "If what that man said was true, it would be a fine thing for me, for I could have my full swing, and yet get off easy; but I know that it is a lie, and therefore I do not want to have anything more to do with him or his doctrine. A sinner like me deserves to be damned forever, and it is no use for anybody to tell me the contrary; therefore I want a Christ that can save me from eternal damnation. If this man's Christ only saves men from the little bit of damnation that he has preached, He is no good to me." That was a very sensible observation.

We have a lot of sham sinners about, and we have a number of ministers who preach a sham saviour, and a sham salvation; and the sham sinners like to have it so. But if Christ once deals with you—pulls you down to the last course, and digs your foundations up, then you will want a Christ that will begin with you upon no terms but those of free grace, and you will want a power that will work the whole miracle of salvation for you from beginning to end.

Again, people who are thoroughly blind are the kind of people that are glad to lean on God. A man that can see a little does not want to borrow guidance from without. He says, "No, no! I do not want it." Take a homely illustration from myself; I used to be very backward in using spectacles for some time, because I could almost see without them, and I did not wish to be an old gentleman too soon. But now that I cannot read my notes at all without wearing spectacles, I put them on without a moment's hesitation, and I do not care whether you think me old or not. So when a man come to feel thoroughly guilty, he does not mind depending upon God. If you sinners think that you can do a little without God, or can do with just a little help from God, why then you will keep away from the Lord Jesus. But when you come to this, "I must perish if Christ is not everything to me;" why, then you *will* have Him, for He never refused a soul that came to Him in that style.

You may have heard the story of

THE NEGRO AND HIS MASTER

who were both under conviction of sin at the same time. Almost the next evening the negro found joy and peace through believing, but his master was months under conviction. So he said to the negro one day, "Sam, you know we were both pricked to the heart at that meeting, and here are you rejoicing in Christ, and I am still doubting and despairing. What can be the reason of it?" The negro said, "Why, you see, massa, Jesus Christ come along, and bring a fine robe of glorious righteousness, and say to Sambo, 'Here is a robe for you!' I look at myself, and see Sam all rags from head to foot, and I take the robe, and puts it on directly; so glad to have it. Jesus say same thing to massa, but massa say, 'My coat is very respectable. I think I can make it last a little longer. Massa patch up the hole in the elbow, and mend the skirt a little, and he go on with it. Massa's coat too good. If his coat were all in rags, like Sam's, he would not wait, but he would this very day take the glorious robe of righteousness." That is the whole truth of the matter. Some of you are not poor enough to be made rich by Christ.

A man said to me the other day, "Sir, I despair of myself." "Give me your hand," I said; "you are on the right road; but I want you to go a little further. I want you to feel that you are too great a fool even to despair of yourself." When you cry, "I cannot feel my own folly as I should," then I think your folly will be ended. I like to hear a man cry, "I feel unhappy because I cannot feel. I am grieved to think that I cannot grieve. I am in an agony because I cannot get into an agony." You are getting right, my brother. You are the sort of man that God will bless. Now, look away from yourself, agony and all, and just trust in Jesus Christ, who is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him. Own your blindness, and you shall find the light come streaming into your eyes. Because you are content and willing to lean wholly upon God, the Lord will guide you into peace and joy. What a mercy it is when we are brought to our last resort, and are compelled to hide in Jesus because we have no other shelter!

"'Tis perfect poverty alone
That sets the soul at large;
While we can call one mite our own,
We get no full discharge.

"But let our debts be what they may,
However great or small,
As soon as we have naught to pay
Our Lord forgives us all."

Once more, our Lord Jesus Christ does delight to work in those who are thoroughly blind in order to give them sight; it is high pleasure, His royal recreation. I know that a true man is never so glad as when he has helped those who want help. My Lord Jesus Christ rejoices to work among such as you are.

HE LIKES BLESSING

the truly necessitous. What a joy there is in that great heart of His when He can save souls on the borders of hell—when He can stretch out His hand and snatch them like brands from the fire. He knows that you will love Him as much as that woman did who had much forgiven, and therefore stood and washed His feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. He takes delight in you that cannot take any delight in yourselves. To you that are dried up and barren He will bring living water. He will open rivers in high places for the thirsty ones, and fountains in the midst of the desert for them that faint.

One said to me this week, "I am afraid to come to God, for I believe that I am only driven to Him by the mean motive of fear." "Ah," I replied, "it was the devil who told you that; because in the eleventh of Hebrews, among the first of the great heroes of faith we read that Noah, being moved with fear, built an ark for the saving of his house." Fear is not a mean motive; it is

A VERY PROPER MOTIVE

for a guilty man to feel. Where else can such poor sinners as we are begin, except with selfish fear? Do not judge yourself about that; the prodigal went home because he was hungry, yet his father did not refuse him admittance. As to its being mean to fear, it would be meaner still to defy your God. You ought not to say, "It is too mean a motive." Why, what but a mean motive can be expected from such a mean wretch as you are?

A boy has been rebelling against his father, and he has left his home in high passion, swearing that he will never go back. His father sends him a letter, and says, "Return, everything is forgiven; only confess your fault, and I will restore you to the family, and treat you as lovingly as ever." The boy reads this letter, and he says, "It is very kind of my father; I think I will go home;" but a wicked companion says, "Then you are going to eat humble-pie. It will be very mean of you after all you have said about fighting this matter through. Are you going to knuckle under to your father?" Why, it is the very devil tempting the boy, is it not? And so it was the devil who whispered to my friend that it would be mean to turn to the Lord through fear. Fear is a blessed thing; "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" and even slavish fear of God is a great deal better thing than presumption.

Oh, you poor blind one, look to Christ, and live! I was about to say, "Ye dead ones, come;" and I do say it, for God saith it—"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." "What is the use of talking thus to dead people?" says one. My dear friends, I do not suppose that it would be of any use for you to do so, because, you see, you were never sent on such an errand; but I am as much sent to preach to the dry bones to-night as Ezekiel was when he stood in the valley and said, "Ye dry bones, hear the Word of the Lord." In the name of the eternal God, I say, "Ye guilty sinners, fly to Christ, and live." Come along with you, you who are the very worst in your own esteem—you who are all but in hell. The Lord saith, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else." He will not cast you away, but he will receive you now. God grant that you may come, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

MISS LAURIE McLATCHIE,

Our Scottish Visitor.

As was stated in these columns last week, the gifted lady evangelist whose portrait appears on the next page is now visiting this country. As she will doubtless speak in many of our chief cities during her stay, our readers will be glad to know something about a lady whose talents and devotion have won for her a brilliant reputation on the other side the Atlantic. During the past ten years the ties have been drawn far closer which unite us with those who in Europe are engaged successfully in Christian work. They are a part of the same army to which we belong. We have one King, and our hearts beat with theirs in unison, moved by the same Holy Spirit. Though the Atlantic stretches between us, they are our brethren and sisters, and the time is coming when we with them will be gathered in our Father's house.

Those who can read in the face the index of character will be prepared, from the portrait of Miss McLatchie, to learn that she has, joined with brilliant mental gifts, deep spirituality, and that she possesses the power of moving and *swaying large audiences* to a degree seldom witnessed under a female speaker. This God-given power she has been led to consecrate to Him who gave it, and that He has accepted and used the offering laid upon His altar there is abundant evidence in the record of her work. She has devoted herself wholly to God's work, and caring nothing for the admiration and homage of worldly society, which her beauty and grace would have commanded, had she chosen to go into circles where those gifts always secure a high place for their possessor, she has counted herself well repaid by the honor of winning souls for her Master.

Laurie McLatchie was born in the pretty mountain village of Penpont, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, amid the hallowing and elevating influences of a pious home, her parents being conspicuous, even among their Christian neighbors, for their deep attachment to the service of Christ, and their exhibition of those winning graces which constitute the potent charm of His most devoted followers. Her parents' prayers for the salvation of her soul in early years were answered. They were enabled by God's blessing to see that when barely emerged from childhood their daughter had given her heart to Christ.

It was not long before her rare gifts were recognized by Christian people around her, even though the department of usefulness which she had selected as her special field of effort was a very humble and unobstrusive one. It was in 1874, while she was engaged at Glasgow in conducting classes for the culture of young people in Biblical truth, visiting the poor, and addressing mothers' meetings, without a thought of any more exalted sphere, that she received a special and pressing

INVITATION TO PREACH

in the Congregational Church at Greenock. Regarding the summons as an unmistakable intimation of the divine will, she accepted it, and during the month of January, 1875, delivered a series of eloquent and effective evangelistic addresses to a large congregation, upon which God

Miss Laurie McLatchie, the Scottish Evangelist.

A Crisis in an Arctic Expedition. (*See page* 629.)

caused His benediction abundantly to rest, many souls being savingly impressed and added to the Church of God.

With that sagacity in recognizing whatever is intrinsically excellent and practically useful, which characterizes the Scotch people, Miss McLatchie was at once singled out to render more distinguished service in a larger arena, and before immense masses of people. She was invited to preach to that large class of the Glasgow population who do not attend church. She accepted, and from September, 1875, to April, 1876, she preached nearly every Sunday evening in the City Hall, Glasgow, to very large and deeply-interested audiences, the Gospel message being delivered in manifest demonstration of the Spirit and in power.

So brilliant was the success achieved, and so manifold and beneficial the results of her ministry, that without courting an extended publicity, the evangelist's fame spread far and wide, and there was an eager competition among numerous applicants for her services. As a consequence of these invitations, Miss McLatchie visited many towns in England and Scotland. She attracted immense assemblages in various English towns, including Walsall, Frodsham, Middlesbrough, Portsmouth, West Bromwich, Birmingham, etc., and it was no infrequent sight to witness capacious edifices crowded to their utmost limit fully an hour before the time announced for commencing the service.

HER INCREASING POPULARITY.

The continuous strain, however, upon Miss McLatchie's strength—not only in the delivery of her addresses with elocutionary skill and dramatic fervor, but also, and chiefly, in the conscientious and prolonged mental preparation which invested her efforts with their enduring qualities and secured for them universal appreciation and success—occasioned a temporary illness and a six months' rest; but in August, 1877, she once more resumed her work for Christ and souls, by a series of evangelistic efforts in Hengler's Circus, Liverpool. Since then she has conducted an evangelistic campaign in the islands of Jersey and Guernsey. There the local journals say her meetings moved the whole community as it had never been moved before. Converts by the thousand testified that her lectures, sermons, and Bible-readings had been used by the Holy Spirit to their conversion.

In the estimation of persons well qualified to form an intelligent and trustworthy opinion, Miss McLatchie is the peer of the late Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour in power of felicitous illustration, and is undoubtedly her superior in pathos. While the body of her discourses and lectures is invariably arranged with a logical precision springing from intuition rather than from art, and studded with literary gems of a superlative order, her perorations are most glowing, and sometimes overwhelming in their cumulative grandeur. But, better than all, her prayerful and brilliant ministry has resulted in the conversion of hundreds of immortal souls to Christ. We sincerely hope that her sphere of usefulness in America will be a wide one, and will be abundantly blessed. Letters for her may be sent to the office of The Christian Herald, and we will forward them to her.

SAM BARLEY'S TRANSFORMATION.

(*See Illustration on page* 637.)

Among poor houses, small stores where groceries in the smallest quantities were retailed, and dry-goods of the very cheapest kind might be bought, a new paper store was opened. The stock was composed of half-dime novels, boys' story-papers, collections of popular songs printed on single sheets, and the poorest and commonest kind of literature of all sorts. There was a little stationery, too; a sheet of note-paper, an envelope, and a pen could be bought for two cents, and small bottles of ink, containing a good-sized thimbleful of the liquid, were sold for a cent each. Everything indicated that the customers expected were people who had very little to spend.

Barley was the name of the proprietor of the new store, but Barley himself had very little to do with it. Sam Barley was generally to be found at the corner grocery, which he visited the first day his store was opened, and which he continued to visit regularly thereafter. He was a decided acquisition to the company there, for he could sing a good song, though his voice was getting a little cracked and husky; he could tell a good story, and was always ready with some witty repartee. "A real smart man," was the verdict of the customers at the grocery on Sam Barley's character. It soon became known that Barley belonged to "a high family." He imparted the information freely after drinking a glass or two, when he would dwell on his wrongs, and rail at the ingratitude and baseness of his wealthy relatives and friends and the world generally in good, set terms.

"I have not always been what you see me now, neighbor," he would say. "I was a manufacturer once, employed a hundred men, and drove my own carriage. I have helped many a poor fellow in my time over his difficulties, and many's the cheque I've written that's saved a man from bankruptcy; but Sam Barley's nobody now. The men I helped would pass me in the street now. This is an ungrateful world, sir, a wicked, ungrateful world." Then Sam Barley would produce a handkerchief and wipe away a tear. After another glass or two that stage would be passed, and the old fellow would declare that it did not matter "so long as we are happy."

In the main, Sam Barley's autobiographical statements were correct. He had once been prosperous, and generous to a fault. But he was indolent and shiftless, as he always had been. His business simply slipped through his fingers and came to nothing, because he did not look after it, but spent his time in pleasure and convivial society. In his poverty it was impossible to help him, except by supporting him altogether. His friends thought they did enough when they gave him their left-off clothes and sent him a little money occasionally, which he conscientiously spent on himself.

The little paper store, however, was kept open, though Sam Barley affected to despise it, and never attended to it. He had a wife and six children, and how they lived no one knew but themselves. One of the boys ran on errands for a storekeeper a few blocks away; another was a telegraph messenger, and all were earning a little, which, with the small profit from the store, managed to keep bread in the house; but it was seldom that there was much more than that in the larder. It was a dreary, anxious life that the poor mother and her elder children led, and it was not relieved by the father, who did nothing when he was home but repine over his privations. It was only among the loafers at the bar that he could be cheerful.

One day a clergyman called at the little paper store to invite the family to his church. He was a conscientious man, who, hearing that they went nowhere on Sundays, was anxious about their eternal welfare. Sam Barley was at home, and talked freely with the minister, giving him full particulars of his past grandeur. The clergyman's heart was touched, and seeing that the man was well educated, promised to get him employment if possible. The next day Barley went to the grocery as usual for his morning nip, and having lighted his pipe, was wandering listlessly homeward when a bright boy ran

across the street, and, raising his cap respectfully, asked him if he were Mr. Barley. Sam replied, and the boy said, "I am Mr. Carlton's son, the clergyman who called on you yesterday My father told me to give you this (handing a paper). I've been to your house, and they told me I should meet you. Will you please go to that address?"

Sam Barley looked at it, and saw the name of a large business firm, whose office was a few blocks away. He promised to go, and, expecting that he would receive some charitable gift, hurried away at once. Arrived there he found that there was no gift for him, and was disappointed.

"Mr. Carlton tells us," said the principal, "that you want work." Sam assented, though in his heart he was conscious that work was about the last thing he did want, and the principal continued: "I should like to oblige Mr. Carlton, who is one of my dearest friends, and I shall be glad to help you if you will let me. We shall soon find what you can do best; but at first you can copy these entries from the waste-book to the journal, and after a time we can perhaps find you something that will pay better."

Sam Barley Receives a Momentous Message.

Barley was not very grateful, for he had grown to love his idle, easy life; but he accepted, and set to work.

It was a weary task to mould that boneless, pulpy old man into anything better than the lazy, good-for-nothing fellow that he was; but the good men who had undertaken it were men who had faith in the power of God, and were not easily discouraged. The firm who employed him were kind and forbearing, and the clergyman visited the family regularly and spoke cheering words to them all. After a time Barley was persuaded to attend a temperance meeting, and induced to sign the pledge. Then for the first time there seemed hope of him. The struggle to keep away from his old haunt called out all the sleeping strength there was in his character, and gradually he lost the dull, listless look he used to wear. His employers noted the improvement, and encouraged him by advancing his wages and putting more confidence in him. Then he made his appearance at church with his wife and children, and paid close attention to the service. It was evident that a change of character was in progress.

Years passed by, and the little paper store had changed hands. Sam Barley had a neat little cottage on the outskirts of the city. His wife was no longer the weary, anxious drudge she used to be, and Sam Barley was earning enough to keep home comfortable. He looked ten years younger than he was, and was more active and energetic than in his best days. "I owe it all to you, sir," he said once to Mr. Carlton, "that day when your boy came to me in the street I was about as hopeless material as there was in all this city, but you have made a man of me. How came you to try your hand on me?"

"I should have been hopeless of accomplishing anything," Mr. Carlton said, "if I had followed my own opinions; but I learned long ago that the grace of God is not limited by circumstances. It can transform cases worse than yours. With faith in God I never despair of any one."

"Well, sir, I am bound to have the same faith myself, for I knew more of my own nature than any one else, and I never believed it possible for me to be anything better. I am changed by a miracle; it is nothing less."

"Those are the miracles the Saviour loves to work, Mr. Barley."

"Yes, sir, it is just like Him. If He had not loved me so as to send you to look after me I should have died a drunkard's death, and have been buried without hope for eternity. I cannot expect to live long, but I shall praise the Lord all the rest of my life for His undeserved mercy."

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 623.*)

A Disclosure.

THE sinful wife, living by stealth so near the man she had wronged, feeling in all its bitterness the ignominy of her lot, appealed to the clergyman's pity. Carl looked down on Rose's pale face much as his divine Master once looked at a woman who had similarly sinned and suffered. For her sin he had the deepest loathing and detestation. He had seen its consequences in the shadow on the home her misconduct had blighted, on the good Christian man who had fallen under the shock and the shame she had brought upon his name, and who had passed into a region of spiritual darkness more bitter to him than death. Then, too, how Hester had suffered! Her child life had been spent in gloom; she was prematurely aged by the sin of her stepmother and the withering effect it had had on all her surroundings. As Carl thought that the woman before him had inflicted misery on the one he loved, it was hard not to feel resentment; but the example of Christ was before him, and while he hated the sin, he had for the sinner all the pity and compassion that a Christian feels for one of Satan's victims.

"Do you know who I am?" asked Rose, looking him searchingly in the face with her dim blue eyes.

"Hester has trusted me with all your history," he answered. "I am come to see you, and I shall come often, to make your life here less solitary. No one else knows; we alone have your secret."

"I am only afraid of two persons finding it out too soon," replied Rose, drearily — "my husband, and one other —you know who I mean. He was trying to find me, and I felt as if I could do nothing else but come here. Do you think he will ever guess that I am here?"

"Never!" replied Carl, emphatically.

"Hester tells me he has never married," said Rose, a glimmer of satisfaction dawning upon her face. "I am sorry for that. If he had a wife he would not be troubled about me. But even if he did not try to find me, I could not go away from here. I cannot tell you what it is to think of leaving my home again; it is the only home I have, and Hester has promised I shall stay in it. It is more lonely than you think; I am here, day and night, all alone, yet I would not go away for the world. I know my husband will forgive me some time, and be very sorry for me. I have often wished for some clergyman to talk to, for there are hundreds and thousands of questions keep coming into my poor head. I am not very clever, but, perhaps, you will answer some of these questions. Only you are a very young man, and you do not know much of life yet."

"Perhaps not," answered Carl gently; "but I know something of God."

Rose looked again steadily into his face, which wore an air of grave yet tender reverence even for her, a lost and wretched woman. Her heart was sick for some communion with one who had authority to speak of God; that heart sickness, that craving for knowledge wherewith to quiet an accusing conscience, which forms the secret strength of the priesthood in every age. The sinner dare not go to an offended God, but would rather send some one to act as a mediator. It is only when the sense of God's fatherhood, His infinite, inexhaustible compassion, enters the heart that the repenting prodigal says, "I will arise and go unto my Father." Rose had not arrived at that blessed stage yet, and Carl, with his noble and thoughtful face, and his keen eyes bent with unspoken compassion upon her, seemed like a messenger come from God to her.

"I think I could speak better to you alone," said Rose.

Hester left them at once, and Carl, taking the only other chair which was in the little room,

seated himself opposite Rose. She did not seem in any hurry to begin the conversation with him, but sat playing listlessly with her work which lay upon her lap; and he waited patiently for her to ask him some of the questions which troubled her.

"I have something to tell you that I dare not tell Hester," she said at last, her head drooping and her cheeks flushing a little; "she is like an angel almost, as innocent and ignorant. Sometimes I wish she was more like other girls; but she has always been quite alone, and grown up very strange. Oh! she is strange, is Hetty. I suppose I have done something toward it. Are you a friend of hers?"

"To be sure I am," answered Carl, smiling to himself; for she was not looking toward him, but gazing into the fire before her.

"Then perhaps you will know why I feel a very, very long way off from her," she said, wistfully; "I love her more than I can tell, but she is as far away as if she were one of the stars. I can talk to you better than to her. I am afraid to tell her all my secret; yet why I do not know. Why should I be afraid of little Hetty?"

Carl looked again at her with a glance of profound sorrow. He could have told her that it was her own sense of sin and shame which raised the barrier between her and Hester, but he did not. She seemed to catch his meaning from his silence; for she bowed her head, and burst into an agony of weeping.

"Oh! I know, I know," she sobbed, when she had ceased to weep; "but how can I come before God? How can I help being horribly afraid of Him?"

"Because God knows all your life," answered Carl tenderly; "and because His perfect holiness is consistent with perfect mercy. We can only know in part, and forgive in part; but He has that complete knowledge of you, that you can have no thought hidden from Him. Therefore you can go to Him speechlessly; you need not draw back from Him, as you do from Hester."

"Do you think my husband will ever forgive me?" she asked.

"Only in part," said Carl, with deeper tenderness; "you must not hope for more. In this as in everything else, man can only copy God very imperfectly. He will forgive you, it may be, in the hour of his death, or yours; but not before. There is a reproach and dishonor which cannot be wiped away."

"But what is to become of me?" cried Rose, wringing her hands in a paroxysm of grief and despair; "how am I to lead this horrible life? It would be better for me to die; a hundred times better. Oh! you don't know what it is."

"Is it much happier for Hester or your husband?" asked Carl, reproachfully; "and in this matter they have been guilty of no sin."

"No," she exclaimed, turning quickly upon him; "and why does God let them suffer for my folly? Why did not God strike me dead, before I brought all this evil upon them? They have done no wrong, yet they are as miserable as I am."

"I spoke rashly," he said; "they are far happier than you. Hester at least is not unhappy in herself. There is no anguish like the memory of sin."

"That is true," she moaned; "I could bear anything better than that. I remember the time when I did not think myself a sinner. I remember telling Miss Waldron I kept all God's commandments. I was a poor, silly thing then; I know better now."

There was a painfully pathetic mournfulness in this confession, which Rose made in an abstracted and dreamy tone, as if she had lost herself in the recollection of those innocent days.

Carl did not break in upon her thoughts; and the silence prolonged itself for several minutes.

"Do you know I have not quite made up my mind about telling you my secret," she said, when she roused herself to the consciousness of his presence, "I am afraid you will tell Hester, and she will be farther off from me than ever. Do you think she will?"

"Tell me what it is," he answered, gently; "and if I think she will, I will keep it from her."

"Oh!" she said, shrinking and trembling, while her face burned—"I have never told anybody who knows my history. They believe that I am a widow; everybody believed it; and that my little girl is an orphan. I called her Hester because—ah! I scarcely know why—Hester was the name I loved best; and I fancied somehow that she would come home to live with the first Hester. But now I dare not tell her."

"Where is your little girl?" asked Carl in a quiet and soothing voice.

"She was born in France," she answered; "I left Falaise, and went on and on through the country, not caring much, till I came to a little country convent, where there was a hospital for the country people—for the old, and sick and children, something like the poor-houses here; but not quite the same, because the sisters were the nurses; and there my little child was born. They did not want to christen her Hester, but they did it at last, only they added Maria to it; Hester Maria; and they kept us there for six months. It was a very strange six months. I felt happier than I did before, and thought oftener of God, and of His Son, Jesus Christ. But I never told the sisters about myself; and after a while I knew I must do something to get my own living and the baby's. They found me a place as lady's maid, in a Catholic family, and I had to leave my baby at the convent, and go away to Paris. Then I changed into an English family; and after six years, I agreed to come back to England. I saw him, you know whom, once in Paris, but he did not see me, and I felt quite faint. If I'd fainted he would have known who it was. So I came back to England."

"And your little girl?" said Carl again.

"I had scarcely ever seen her," continued Rose's wailing voice, "but then I paid the good sisters for her board, and brought her back with me. She is a pretty little thing; but so quiet, so sage and still. She is like the sisters themselves; you would say she never played or laughed. I was obliged to put her into a school in London, and she could never have any holidays, for I had no home, and neither of us have a single friend in the world. She has never been away from that school for four years, and it is in a close street in London. She does not know what it is to love a father or mother like other children. Oh! why did not God strike me dead? And now her last half-year has not been paid, and they will be cruel to my poor little Hester. I know what many schools are. They won't send her out into the streets, but they will make a drudge, and a victim of her, to bear everybody's faults. Oh! I know how my little one is suffering; but if God would only let me die, I am sure my husband would let Hester have her to live with her. Don't you think he would? He is a good man."

She buried her face in her hands, and broke again into a passion of tears. Carl deliberated for some minutes before attempting to offer her any consolation; and then he laid his hand softly upon her arm.

"Take comfort," he said, "I have formed a plan for your little girl, your Hester. She shall be mine. I will adopt her as my own until Hester herself can take charge of her."

"What is it you said?" asked Rose, incredulously; and raising her tearful face to look at him.

"I will regard your little Hester as my own child," he answered; "I am rich enough for that. You need not trouble yourself any more about her. She shall be my charge."

"But you live here in Little Aston," she said, her face still clouded with incredulity and anxiety, "you cannot bring her here. I would rather she died, the poor little thing, than ever see her father. She believes her father is dead, and in heaven—in heaven! Oh! I could not bear that she should ever know different. No, no; you cannot take charge of my little Hester, living here."

"Has she been happy where she is?" asked Carl.

"Oh! as happy as a little creature can be at school," said Rose, "but not as happy as she was with the good sisters. She has been there four years, and she knows no other kind of life. Only if her bills are not paid, I know what sort of taunts she will have to bear, and that makes me suffer. I earn all the money I can by sewing, but I do not quite keep myself; and how can I get enough to pay for her? And she wants new frocks and other clothes, and shoes. What can I do? Whatever can I do?"

She dropped her face again helplessly upon her hands, while Carl deliberated once more.

There seemed nothing he could do, except engage to pay the expenses of the forlorn, deserted little child, in her dreary school-home in London. It was true that he could not bring her to Little Aston, as in the first moment he had thought of doing, where she could be placed under Annie's care. The secret was not his own; it belonged to the poor mother, who dreaded that the child should ever discover she had a father not in heaven. He did not even know whether it would be well to confide it to Hester; it would only add to her cares and difficulties. There was nothing to be done at present but to pay the debts already accumulated, and to leave the child at school, until he could see more plainly how he could make her life happier.

"I suppose we must leave her where she is," he said, as soon as he had come to this conclusion, "but if you will give me the address I will write to-night, and ask the mistress of the school to send her account to me. You shall see it, and tell me if it is correct, and then you need feel no further uneasiness. I came in order to see if I could give you any comfort, any help. I am very glad to do this."

He spoke in a tone of such heart-felt sympathy, that Rose could not doubt his sincerity. She flung herself on her knees before him, and when he would not suffer her to kiss his hands, she sank down on the ground, crouching at his feet. He raised her up, spoke a few kindly words to her, and then, seeing her, agitation and trouble to be very great, he concluded she would recover more easily if alone, so he left her, and groped his way across the dark court into John Morley's house.

He did not see Hester again alone, for it was teatime, and she was making tea for her father in his gloomy room, which, for this one hour of the day, put on a more home-like aspect than at any other. Carl sat down with them, and lost no movement or glance of Hester's, though his eyes were seldom turned directly to her. A strong current of happiness ran through his whole being. There was a mutual secret and a mutual sympathy between them which must draw them very closely together in the future. John Morley asked him some indifferent question with regard to the poor woman he had been to visit, and he answered at random, his thoughts being fixed upon Hester. A gleam of light, strangely sweet and sad, flashed across John Morley's gray face, as he looked up at hearing Carl's irrelevant answer, and saw him gazing at his daughter. There was no one else, thought the father, to whom he could so confidently confide her future.

John Morley though a Christian man was at this time in darkness. It was with him one of those "moments" when in "a little wrath" God hides His face from His children It was a heavy blow which had fallen on the Christian man. To lose the wife he loved, in a way so disgraceful was a crushing disaster to him, and then had followed the loss of business, which produced that most wearing of all troubles, financial embarrassment. He could not understand his position. It seemed to him that he was bearing his trials with resignation; in reality he was sullen under them and fiercely

resentful. Had he taken them to God, laying them in prayer before Him, he would have found them lightened. As it was, his faith had failed him, and, looking forward to the time when he must die, he trembled for Hester left alone in poverty, and wondered what would become of her. Years ago he would have trusted her to God's care and have been at peace. Now he was nervously anxious to see some human hand pledged to provide for her. It was therefore a relief to him to notice Carl's unconcealed admiration of her.

The meal was concluded almost in silence. Each one of the little party was busy with individual thought, each mental world so different from the other, but each absorbing. It was over at last and Hester rose to go to her hidden stepmother, while John Morley accompanied Carl to chapel, where there was a meeting, and walking side by side with him, put his arm affectionately through his. A rare token of friendship from a man like him.

There were, however, rocks ahead in the hitherto smooth track of Carl's life-voyage. He had been sensitive enough to feel an immediate change in the atmosphere of Aston Court, and he had attributed it to his own confession to Miss Waldron. But there was also rankling in Mr. Waldron's mind the suspicion, introduced to it by his daughter, that Carl had dealt unfairly with regard to Hester and Robert. Without intention, he grew cool toward him, and Carl was not slow in withdrawing from his former familiar intimacy with his patron.

(To be continued.)

DAVID'S CHARGE TO SOLOMON.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 12, 1 Chron. 22 : 6-19. Golden Text, ver. 16. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

David's Old Age—The Peaceful Evening of Life—His Admission to Solomon—Acknowledging Dependence—The Great Need of the Church—God's Dwelling a House of Rest—Christ the Man of Rest—Bearing His People's Distresses—The Authoritative Blessing—A Christian Worker's Acquiescence—David's Regal Preparations—Made in Faith—David's Final Word.

SOLOMON was anointed king when he was about sixteen years old. Two years later, David, his father, who still continued to live, "called for [him] . . . and charged him to build an house for the Lord God of Israel." There is something grand in the

STILLNESS AND QUIETUDE

of David's last days. His confidence that goodness and mercy should follow him all the days of his life (Ps. 23 : 6), was not misplaced. He was probably nearly a hundred years old, his battles were all fought, and God had given him peace. He was a witness that God forgave all his sins, and healed all his diseases (Ps. 103 : 3), but the weakness of old age was upon him, and he was learning that in man is no provision of strength for soul or body; that the *Lord* is our Strength for both. He had learned that in *him* dwelt no good thing, and now in his old age he was practising the lesson which so many fast ripening souls learn—to take everything from God, and willingly let everything be taken out of his own hands. The government was placed in the hands of a lad, but David saw God really in charge. Now he was about to depute Solomon at about sixteen years of age, to carry out his darling purpose of building a temple to the Lord.

"David said to Solomon, my son, as for me, it was in my mind to build an house unto the name of the Lord my God : but the word of the Lord came to me." It was said in all simplicity but what a lesson for the young king. David, the man after God's own heart, the author of the most popular hymns, perhaps the most esteemed man of God on earth at the time, would not undertake

EVEN A GOOD WORK

without the distinct guidance of God about it. It is a painful fact that in our day many Christians are quite sceptical about the close dealings of God with man, which are the very life of other Christians. Alas, *the great lack of the Church*, as well as the world, is a present God : doctrines, churches, sects, Christian work, services, meetings are often substituted for face to face intercourse with God. God wants not our work only—for that is more His loving gift to us than anything by which *we* enrich Him—but *ourselves*. He wants us that He may live in us, express Himself through us, manifest Himself, and shew to a lost world what a loving Father, and what a perfect Saviour they are rejecting.

David told Solomon how the Lord would not permit *him* to build the temple because he had shed much blood ; but He had said, "Behold a son shall be born to thee, who shall be

A MAN OF REST."

In 1 Chron. 28, where David's charge to Solomon was repeated in a large public gathering of all the chief men of Israel, after Solomon's accession to the throne, David speaks of the future temple as "*an house of rest*" (ver. 2). A man of war such as David was could not build "an house of rest!" There is an "house of rest" which God desires, that is our bodies, a living sacrifice (Rom. 12 : 1). But while we are fighting our own battles or the Lord's battles, we are not providing Him "an house of rest." It is as we learn to let our David fight Satan, that we can yield ourselves to the Lord as His dwelling-place.

David and Solomon are both types of Christ, David a type of Christ the Captain of our Salvation, Solomon a type of Christ, the Man of rest, dwelling in our hearts by faith. "I will give him rest from all his enemies round about ; for his name shall be Solomon (peaceable), and I will give peace and quietness unto Israel in his days." This is just like the reign of Jesus in our hearts ; He brings peace and quietness even in the midst of trial, because it is such a reality to transfer difficulties, perplexities, trials, as they arise, to Him. It is such a reality to let all the burden of them drop into His hands and *know* He has undertaken. Even when He lays a burden of the Lord upon us, and opens our eyes to some fearful revelation of sin, of unfaithfulness, of wrong either in ourselves, in others, in the Church of Christ, or in the world—it is such rest to come with it all and put it definitely into His hands,

ASKING AND RECEIVING

an answer of peace. David continued, "Now, my son, the Lord be with thee ; and prosper thou, and build the house of the Lord thy God, as He hath said of thee. Only the Lord give thee wisdom and understanding, and give thee charge concerning Israel, that thou mayest keep the law of the Lord thy God. Then shalt thou prosper, if thou takest heed to fulfil the statutes and judgments which the Lord charged Moses with concerning Israel : be strong, and of good courage ; dread not, nor be dismayed." These words were no mere *wish* on the part of David but

AN AUTHORITATIVE BLESSING.

He had God's Word for it that Solomon should build His house ; and, moreover, as the patriarch of his house, he was king and priest for his family, to "bless in the name of the Lord." Yet David did not forget Solomon's personal responsibility. "Then shalt thou prosper, *if* thou takest heed to fulfil the statutes and judgments." No process of human reasoning can ever strike the line which divides God's sovereignty from human responsibility. It is not meet that man should know it. But this we know, that all the resources of God are at our disposal if we fully yield ourselves up to God, and are at His disposal. *Our* great responsibility lies in our will ; if *that* is yielded to God, and continues subject through all circumstances, we may trust God to give us charge concerning all those circumstances.

David's preparation for the house of his God was very lovely : "Behold, in my trouble I have prepared for the house of the Lord." Had David been allowed full fling to the desires of his heart, it is very probable that he might have prepared very differently ; but kept in check as he was by God, all the preparation was according to God's mind. And thus it must ever be in our great life-work which is to become, and to lead others to become, "an habitation of God through the Spirit."

A CHRISTIAN WORKER

had it in her heart to continue work on the Continent of Europe, where God had considerably blessed her labors ; the mind of the Lord was made known to her that this was not His call, and grace was given to have no longer a will about the matter. At the same time certain places and certain people in Europe were laid on her heart as an intense burden, until the whole was trusted over to God. Then she was brought to complete rest of soul about it, as fully as though she saw the answer to her prayers. Already three fourths of those prayers are answered, although in a far different way from what she had imagined.

David's preparation was indeed kingly, "A hundred thousand talents of gold, and a thousand thousand talents of silver." Each talent of gold was worth $27,375. each talent of silver $937 ; thus the amount of precious metal was almost incalculable. Added to this "brass and iron without weight ; for it is in abundance ; timber also and stone have I prepared ; and thou mayest add thereto." Workmen also were hired ready. We know how, when we have a favorite scheme, nothing seems too much to give to it, but it needed a disciplined heart to give so lavishly to a work which the giver should not see carried out. David was called to walk by faith. If Christian workers had more patience with God, much greater things would be accomplished. So many of us have our eyes set on our own tiny scrap of work, and many are planning and plotting to get men and money for *our* work, while God has mightier purposes to accomplish than our poor little minds can take in.

ONE BREATH OF THE HOLY GHOST

on the day of Pentecost, swept three thousand souls within an hour or two into the kingdom of God, without any begging for money, without any working up of the instruments by man. We are very often hindering rather than setting forward the real progress of Christ's kingdom by the energy of the flesh, which we mistake for holy zeal. The Lord could easily dispense with us and carry on His work without us, we do not need, like Moses in Egypt to "look *this* way or that" (Ex. 2 : 12), but rather to look alone unto Jesus. If all of us learned to cease from ourselves, and to cease from man in every form, and stand aside out of God's way, waiting for His commands, then we should indeed "see the salvation of God."

David's final word to Solomon was, "Arise, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee." When Jesus, our David makes all ready to our hand, there is but one thing to do—to arise and be doing. "David also commanded all the princes of Israel to help Solomon his son, saying, Is not the Lord your God with you? and hath He not given you rest on every side? for He hath given the inhabitants of the land into mine hand ; and the land is

SUBDUED BEFORE THE LORD

and before His people. Now set your heart and your soul to seek the Lord your God." What is this? When enemies are conquered, when we have rest from them, when there is no conflict because the Lord has subdued them, is that the time to set our hearts to *seek* the Lord our God? Yes, the very time! The time to seek Him and find Him as an indwelling God, that the victory may not be transient but perpetual. The more we know of God the more He enlarges our capacity to know Him better. The more we receive of Him, the more room He makes in our being to receive Him more fully. "Arise, therefore, and build ye the sanctuary of the Lord God, to bring the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and the holy vessels of God, into the house that is to be built to the name of the Lord."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A European Warning to England has been indirectly administered. The Khédive of Egypt, presumably acting under the advice of Lord Northbrook, the British High Commissioner, announced that for the present the payments on account of the principal of the Egyptian debt would be suspended. On September 25th the diplomatic representatives of Germany, Austria, France, and Russia called separately upon Nubar Pacha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, and presented an identical note to him, in which the Powers make a formal protest against the action of the Egyptian Government. The note states that the Powers reserve the legal rights of creditors, and declares the suspension of the sinking fund *a flagrant breach of the law of liquidation.* The note also asserts that the Powers will hold the Egyptian Government responsible for the consequences of its act of suspension. It also declares that the letter of the Egyptian Minister of Finance, giving notification of the suspension, is null and void. It is said that Baron de Courcel, the French Ambassador at Berlin, has informed Prime Minister Ferry that Germany, Austria, and Russia have decided to warn the Khédive of Egypt that the stability of his throne will be endangered if he continues to indorse England's financial acts. In that case the Powers might support the restoration of the ex-Khédive, Ismail Pacha, to the head of the Egyptian Government. The situation is regarded as critical. There appears to be no alternative for England but to recede from her position or contend against united Europe.

The Siege of Khartoum has been Raised. Full details of its collapse have not been published, but it is evident that General Gordon is no longer menaced by the Mahdi's troops. One rumor assigns disaffection as the cause of the Mahdi's withdrawal, but another states that he received information of the approach of the British army. The French Consul at Khartoum has telegraphed to Cairo that the siege of that city having been raised the country in the neighborhood of Khartoum is freed from rebels, and the obtaining of food supplies is comparatively easy. He also says that he is on the point of starting for Dongola with Colonels Stewart and Power. General Lord Wolseley has telegraphed to the War Office to stop forwarding troops to Egypt for the present. The Marquis of Hartington, Secretary of State for War, will hold a conference with the chief military authorities, and it is believed that the expedition for the relief of Khartoum will be reduced to a flying column, owing to the favorable news recently received from General Gordon.

There has been no Renewal of the Conflict between the French and Chinese, but a panic prevails among the foreign population in China, owing to the menacing attitude of the Chinese. There are fears that they will vent upon inoffensive merchants and missionaries their resentment against France. A telegram from Shanghai says: "The Chinese are beginning to refuse to discriminate between the French and other foreign residents, and the dislike grows daily. In the event of an outbreak the native Christians will be the first to suffer, and after them the foreigners." Russia has manifested a disposition to interfere actively in the quarrel in the interests of France. The Russian Consuls have been ordered to protect French interests wherever French Consuls leave. The Russian fleet in Chinese waters comprises one ironclad, three cruisers, two corvettes, and six gunboats. Three other ironclads are expected to arrive. This strength, in view of the smallness of Russian interests in China, is considered significant.

A Revolution is Threatened in Belgium. The Roman Catholic party in that country has long been endeavoring to gain absolute control of the public schools, but has until this year been defeated. In the present Parliament the priests have effected a coalition with the Radicals, and have thus obtained a majority over the moderate Liberals. They were able to pass the unpopular measure, and the indignation of the people being aroused they petitioned the king to veto the measure. The king, however, believed it his duty under the Constitution to sign the bill, which he did, and has by so doing incurred the enmity of the people. There were serious disturbances in the streets of the capital on September 23d, the anniversary of the revolution of 1830. The veterans, according to custom, marched through the streets of the city and deposited wreaths on the monument of the revolution. The populace seized the occasion to make a great demonstration against the government. Immense numbers lined the streets along which the procession passed and cheered the veterans enthusiastically. At the monument one of the veterans made a speech, in which he said: "Our ancestors fought to make Belgium free. She is no longer so. Belgians will never be Romanists." A dense crowd followed the procession as it returned from the monument, singing the "Brabançonne" and the "Marseillaise." Troops are being massed in the Capital to preserve order.

Another Encyclical Letter is to be Issued by the Pope. The following summary of its contents is cabled to the New York *Herald* by its correspondent in Rome: "The Encyclical denounces liberalism, but the Pope carefully explains that what is meant by 'liberalism' is that political system where the civil and socal elements rest exclusively upon human agency, having no connection whatever with the supernatural; in other words, the Holy Father means by 'liberalism' all systems where religion is not a prime factor in the practical politics of the State. The Encyclical, however, warmly defends the principles enunciated by Mgr. Dupanloup, Père Lacordaire, M. de Falloux, M. de Broglie, and M. de Montalembert from the attacks of overrigid Catholics, while it most vigorously denounces liberalism in Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland. The Encyclical is intended to draw together and consolidate Catholics all over the world." The specious arguments imputed to the Pope are, as is usual in Papal effusions, to be understood as advocating a government by priests, which has in all countries been disastrous to the people.

A Subscription to Place a Memorial Window to the Duke of Albany in Salisbury Cathedral has resulted in a significant failure at its first reception. The cost was estimated at $2250, but although strenuous efforts have been made to collect the money only $450 have been raised. As the late Duke was said to be the most popular member of the royal family, and as the mourning over his death in the press and on the public platform was somewhat ostentatious, this difficulty in raising so moderate a sum for a memorial of him is regarded as significant of the drift of public opinion on the subject of monarchical government.

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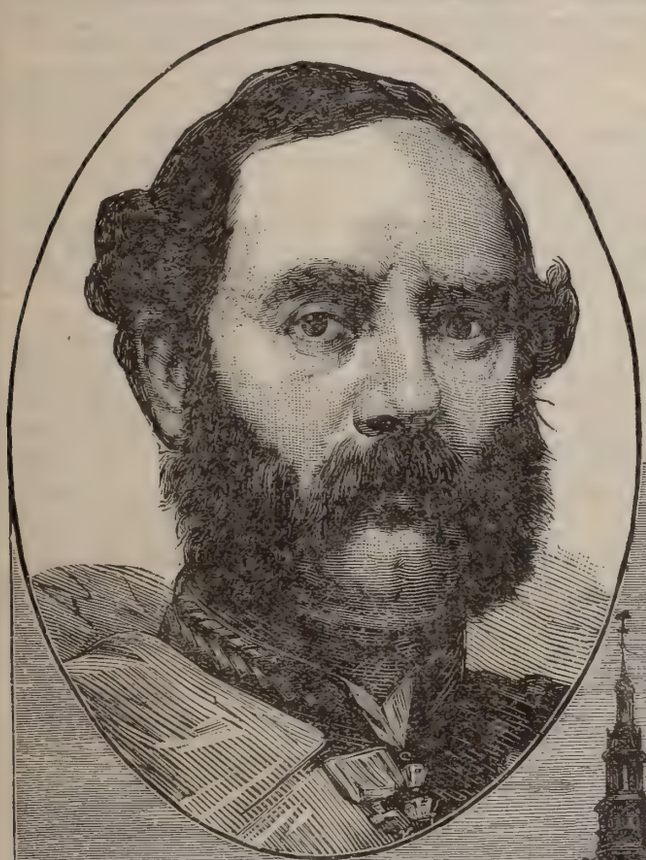

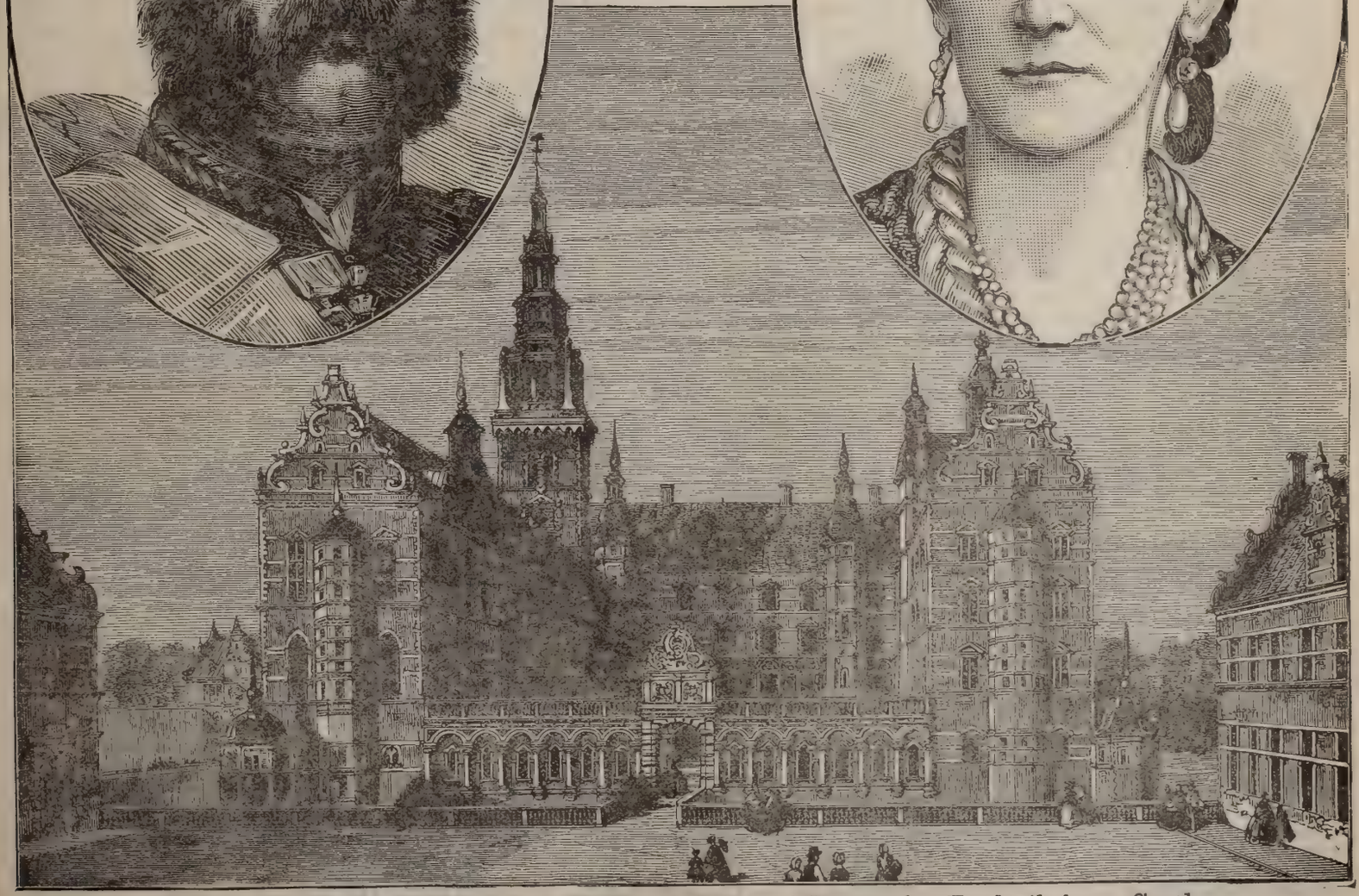

KING CHRISTIAN IX. and QUEEN LOUISA of Denmark—Frederiksborg Castle.

KING CHRISTIAN IX. AND QUEEN LOUISA OF DENMARK.

Parentage — Accession to the Throne — The Schleswig-Holstein Difficulty — Queen Louisa and the Royal Family — The Territories of Denmark—Frederiksborg Castle.

THE general assembly of the Evangelical Alliance was held this year in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. As the American churches were ably represented there, some account of its proceedings will interest the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. With that narrative it is appropriate to give the portraits of the King and Queen of Denmark and a picture of their palace. Their majesties are exceedingly popular in their dominions, and they displayed their interest in the Alliance, and their sympathy with the noble objects it is formed to further, by attending some of the later meetings. It is generally understood that both the King and Queen are sincere Christians. There is no certain information accessible on that point, but the excellent qualities and virtuous, lovable characters of their children, notably of the lady who is the wife of the Prince of Wales, prove that both mother and father must have tried to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and afford presumptive evidence of their own piety.

King Christian IX., of Denmark, was born on April 8th, 1818. He was not the son of his predecessor on the throne. That monarch, King Frederic VII., had no children, and with him ended the Oldenburg line, which had reigned over Denmark since 1448, a period of 415 years. Before his death there was an international conference, which framed the instrument known as the Treaty of London of 1852, by which the succession to the Danish throne was settled on Prince Christian, who was married to a niece of a former King of Denmark. His father was the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein and his mother, Louisa Caroline, Landgravine of Hesse-Cassel. He lived in Copenhagen, and held office in the Danish army as Inspector-General and Commander of Cavalry.

King Frederic VII. died in 1863, and Prince Christian ascended the throne according to the arrangement under the treaty. His accession was the signal for the outbreak of a commotion on a matter which had been

THE GROUND OF QUARREL

for centuries. A large part of Denmark consisted of the two duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. The inhabitants speak German, and a large portion of them disliked their connection with Denmark, and desired either independence or a place in the confederation of German States. In 1848 both Schleswig and Holstein tried to shake off the Danish yoke; but the Danish troops, after a few indecisive engagements, succeeded in suppressing the revolution, and the then King of Denmark agreed to give the duchies a constitution. The leader of the revolt, the Duke of Augustenborg, who was, like the King of Denmark, a descendant of the Oldenburg family, renounced for himself and his heirs all claim to the duchies, and received as compensation a sum of money and a free pardon.

On the accession of Christian IX. a son of the Duke of Augustenborg revived the claim his father had renounced. His claims were supported by Prussia and Austria. The new King would doubtless have peacefully relinquished the duchies when menaced by his two powerful neighbors, had he not been encouraged to resist by the English Government, and by the promises of assistance made to him by Earl Russell, who was at that time at the head of the English Foreign Department. Prussia and Austria sent an army into the duchies, and Denmark was deserted by England. The contest waged between Denmark, single-handed, against the combined forces of Prussia and Austria was soon ended, and the duchies were separated from Denmark. Since then the King has sought to develope the interior resources and popular institutions of his country.

Her Royal Highness,

QUEEN LOUISA,

Princess of Hesse-Cassel, whose *portrait appears* with that of her husband on the frontispiece, was born on the 7th of September, 1817, her father being Prince William of Hesse-Cassel, residing at Copenhagen, and her mother, the Princess Louisa Charlotte, sister to the late King Christian VIII., and aunt to the present King of Denmark. The King and his wife are, therefore, cousins on the mother's side.

Their Royal Highness were married at the Palace of Amalienborg, in Copenhagen, on May 26th, 1842, where they have since resided, and all their children were born there. They have issue their Royal Highnesses Prince Christian Frederick William Charles, born June 3d, 1843; Princess Alexandra, the wife of his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, born December 1st, 1844; Prince Christian Adolphus, born December 24th, 1845, who is now King of Greece by the title of George I.; Princess Maria Dagmar, born November 26th, 1847, now wife of the Czar of Russia; Princess Thyra, born September 29th, 1853; and Prince Waldemar, born October 27th, 1858.

THE KINGDOM OF DENMARK

is the smallest of the Scandinavian States. It occupies an almost insular position between the North Sea and the Baltic. It comprises several islands, the principal of which are Zeeland, Fünen, and Lolland, also the peninsula of Jutland, the outlying island of Bornholm in the Baltic, and the Faroe Islands. Its territories are Greenland, Iceland, and the West Indian Islands of St. Croix, St. Thomas, and St. John. Denmark itself, since it was pared down by the joint efforts of Prussia and Austria, contains only 15,218 square miles—about half the size of South Carolina—and its population in 1880 was 2,096,400, a little less than the population of Missouri. Nearly one half of the people live by agriculture. There are 968 miles of railway in the country, of which the government operates about 650.

The constitution of the country vests the legislative power in a parliament, called the Rigsdag, which consists of two Houses. Both of these are in part elective. The Lower House, called the Folkething, consists of 102 members, elected by universal suffrage for three years. The Upper House is called the Landsthing. It consists of 66 members, of whom 54 are elected by electoral districts for eight years. The other 12 are appointed for life by the King. Denmark has an established church—the Lutheran—but other denominations are tolerated. The country has an excellent educational system, which is compulsory on all citizens, and its results are shown in the general intelligence of the people.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE IN DENMARK.

The Object of the Alliance—The Bethesda Mission House—Introductory Meeting in the Hall of the Copenhagen University—The Blended Trophy—The Delegates—The Address of Welcome—Address of Dr. Hoge of Richmond, Va.

THE eighth general conference of the Evangelical Alliance opened on September 1st, in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. There were 2000 members enrolled, of whom 20 were from America, about 180 from England, 1200 from Denmark, 250 from Sweden, and 100 from France and Germany. The object of the Evangelical Alliance is to promote a spirit of Christian brotherhood among the members of Evangelical churches, so that they may, by recognizing their relationship to one common Head, and through that to one another, forget the shibboleths of sect, and work lovingly together for one common end. By bringing the principles of brotherhood constantly within the view of Evangelical Christians, the Alliance claims to have had some share in the "general sweetening of the Christian atmosphere" which its friends observe with satisfaction. There has been so much competition, so much sectional bitterness rife among the Christian churches for many years, that men have been apt to forget that they were brethren in Christ; in bringing them together and uniting them in common effort, the Evangelical Alliance has achieved results which would not fall within the province of any one church or society.

All the meetings of the conference were held in

BETHESDA MISSION HOUSE

(Missionhuset), a fine building which was erected about two years ago, and is still fresh and bright in appearance, both inside and out. The principal hall, accommodating 1500 persons, is particularly handsome. The walls are decorated in an ornate style. Of color and gold there is abundance. Behind each of the pulpits a picture, painted on the wall, shines in brilliant hues. One (with a background of gold) represents St. Christopher—the "Christ-bearer"—who is in the act of carrying the infant Saviour across the water, according to the ancient legend. On the other side of the pulpit is a painting of the Good Shepherd. Below each picture a curtain droops in graceful folds, but on close examination this proves to be a painting also—a clever imitation only of a curtain. A miniature figure of St. John the Baptist surmounts the pulpit canopy. Below is a reading-desk with the words emblazoned on the front—"*Saeden er Guds ord:*" *i.e.*, "The Seed is the Word of God." For the chief members of the conference 300 seats were reserved near the platform, and nearer still were in readiness ten chairs, covered in crimson and gold, for members of the royal family.

THE INTRODUCTORY MEETING

was held on Saturday evening, August 30th, in *the hall of the Copenhagen University*. Long before the hour of seven, the foreign delegates, and many ladies with them, streamed in at the chief entrance, passing through the vestibule, where fine statues of Apollo and Minerva appear in marble, and then, between the broad staircases, near which the walls are radiant with frescoes on classic subjects. The hall of the University is a palatial apartment, lofty, commodious, and filled, on ceiling and wall, down to the very floor, with the products of pictorial native art, with here and there a peculiar instance of the eccentricities of genius. The body of the hall was crowded with members of the Evangelical Alliance from every European country, and from America. The union they had met to commemorate and to strengthen was symbolized by the flags of their varying nationalities harmoniously

BLENDED IN ONE TROPHY,

which was multiplied fourfold in different parts of the hall. Those members who could not find room below viewed the interesting scene from the lofty gallery, which is within a few feet of the roof. The rostrum bore on its front an inscription in Greek, happily appropriate to the occasion. Translated, the words were, "One in spirit and in truth." In the course of the evening no fewer than sixteen speakers, English, Danish, French, German, Swedish, Swiss, and Dutch mounted the tribune. There was one disappointment, felt severely by the European admirers of royalty, but no reference was made to it by any of the speakers. The seats reserved for royalty were vacant, notwithstanding the announcements in the Danish newspapers that members of the royal family would be present at the reception. The Alliance, however, got along very well without the royal personages. It found, as nations have done which have tried the experiment, that the seats covered with crimson and gold, and set in the place of honor, may stand empty without any harm happening to those around.

AN AUGUST ASSEMBLAGE,

in which were many men whose character, intellect, and culture command the homage of the world, were present, and more than compensated for the absence of kings, who, as a rule, are not strong in those matters. *America* sent, among other eminent representatives, Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D.D., of Richmond, Va., Dr. Wilbur

Watkins and Dr. John Hall, of New York; Dr. James Good, of Philadelphia; Professor Elliott, of Chicago, and the loquacious German, Rev. Philip Schaff. *Canada* was represented by Professor MacVickar, of Montreal. *France* sent as delegates Dr. E. de Pressensè, Pastor Theodore Monod, and Professor Jean Monod. *England* sent Mr. Fowler, who is Lord Mayor of London this year, Sir W. McArthur, Lord Radstock, the Marquis of Ailsa, Principal Cairns, Dr. Boyd, and a large number of other professors and preachers. *Russia* was represented by Dr. Dalton, of St. Petersburg. *Germany* sent Count Bernstorff, Dr. Koegel, and others. Other countries were also well represented.

THE "ADDRESS OF WELCOME,"

from Dr. Kalkar, an ardently devoted friend of the Alliance, was listened to with deep attention. Dr. Kalkar has labored hard to bring about this conference, in spite of his advanced years. Eighty-four years of age, he is, in the best sense, a "grand old man." In the course of his speech, delivered with spiritual fervency and affectionate sympathy, the Rev. Dr. Kalkar said: "The Christian world has often been witness of great assemblies, but none recorded in national or ecclesiastical history could compare with that little community at Pentecost, who met with one accord in one place, and on whom the Spirit of God descended. This was the first awakening of the Church into life. Thank God, the echoes of the first Pentecostal miracle still resound in the Church of Christ.

"It is the hope of all true Christians that such days might arrive when the faithful would come in vast crowds from every country, and with one heart and one voice glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. It was this longing for union among evangelical Christians of all denominations and all nationalities which called into existence the Evangelical Alliance. On behalf of the Danish Committee, and of those whom the Committee represented, I welcome most heartily the excellent friends of that society who have come to the Copenhagen Conference. Looking upon this numerous assembly, I cannot but exclaim, 'God be praised! That which unites is much greater and much stronger than that which separates us.'"

A long line of delegates, representatives of the different nationalities, then came forward and

ACKNOWLEDGED THE WELCOME

—now speaking in English, then in Swedish, some in German, others in French, and so on. All described the religious condition of their various nations, and expressed their desire for a strong manifestation and development of the union which already exists among evangelical Christians. This wish for combined action was all the more emphatically evinced in regard to those countries which more than ever feared the spread of Rationalism.

Speaking for the British Isles, *the Lord Mayor of London* returned thanks for the cordial welcome given by the Danish Committee. Reverting to the names of Bickersteth, Bunting, Raffles, Steane, and others, who were the founders of the Alliance, he said they would, if still alive, have been astonished at the progress the society had made throughout Europe and the world. He anticipated, as one of the results of the Conference, that those who took part in it would be bound together in closer ties of Christian brotherhood. With the assistance of a book of music, in which hymns were printed in three languages, the members severally sang, each in the one with which he was most familiar. This was done without any apparent confusion of tongues, and with vocal harmony. The Lord's Prayer, repeated in Danish, brought to a close one of the most eventful reception meetings in the history of the Evangelical Alliance.

Meetings of the usual character were continued through the week, and on Tuesday, September 2d, the admirers of royalty were gratified by seeing on the crimson and gold seats the King and Queen, the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, the King and Queen of Greece, Prince Waldemar, and other members of the royal family.

Religion in the family was the subject of an

ADDRESS BY DR. MOSES D. HOGE,

of Richmond, Va., which, unpremeditated as it was, and wholly extempore, literally thrilled the distinguished audience. Quoting from a sermon delivered on the previous day by the Rev. Prebendary Anderson, of Bath, England, he said it was perfectly true that men were not so much educated by books as by persons. They derived much knowledge from literature, but men, after all, were their teachers. It was by personal contact, by intercourse of mind with mind, and heart with heart, that character was moulded, giving and receiving impressions day by day; so that every man was as a sculptor, with 10,000 patient touches of his chisel forming the characters of those with whom he had associations, and giving them shape which, perchance, they might wear forever. If they learned more from men than from books, then how forcibly does the remark apply to the influences exerted, not only in society at large, but in the family. No topic discussed in the Conference would be more vital, more practical, or one of more practical power than this in its influence on all the churches.

The influence of a mother was beautifully expressed in the lines of Cowper on "My Mother's Picture:"

"Oh, that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I saw thee last."

Nor have we forgotten the stanza in which he so gratefully embalms the memory of those to whom he owed a debt never to be repaid:

"My boast is not that I derive my birth
From loins enthroned, or rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The child of parents passed into the skies."

Were he to give the call, he had no doubt that, in the audience that evening, a hundred men would rise and repeat those lines.

If they wanted a commentary on the beauty of family religion, they would find it in the "Cottar's Saturday Night." No matter the tune, the music of the family gathering for prayer and praise was in the heart. There was no end to the theme, nor ought there to be; because so long as there was *a church in the house* there would be a church in the State and a church in the world; but when the church in the house ceased to be, the church in the State would no longer exist, and by and by there would be no church in the world. If there was no pious person in the house but one, that pious person ought to be the mother; she it was who first began with the child, and her influence continued the longest. The prayer which the mother taught the child to say at her knee was a good prayer also for a man:

"If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

God bless the influence and the memory of every Christian mother in that audience, in that land, and throughout the world.

FREDERIKSBORG CASTLE.

THIS beautiful building, *a picture of which we give on our front page*, is situated in the well-wooded district of North Zeeland, about twenty miles from Copenhagen, near the small town of Hillerod, which the vicinity of the castle has changed in the course of time from a village to a town. Frederick II. was the first who built a castle here, which was, however, on a smaller scale. His son, Christian IV., who was born here, undertook to rebuild the place of his birth on a larger and grander scale. The rebuilding took place between the years 1602–8, and the King was his own architect, and designed the execution of the work. The castle is built of red bricks, with sandstone angles and joists, and is in the modern Gothic style. It is situated in a small lake, on three islets connected by bridges. There are eleven towers, four courtyards, four vaulted bridges, and six public gates.

THE CORKED BOTTLE.

"NEAR the home of my youth," says a Christian gentleman, "stood a running fountain. It was very ancient, the date 1537 being roughly carved on its stone, and above it hung gracefully a willow tree, quite as old, the records of the city asserting that the archbishop who owned that estate before the Reformation had planted it three centuries ago.

"I loved that spot. There I would come, and resting on the edge of the granite basin, I would watch the little birds receive in their slender bills the drops which dripped from behind the jet.

"One day my father found me there, lost in childish musings. He had in his hand a fastened vial, and, to my surprise, he bids me hold it under the jet.

"'But, father, it is corked; nothing can get into it!'" I exclaimed.

"'And, my child, is not this the very same thing we do, we poor children of men, when we come to the throne of grace and offer petitions without a living faith? The stream is abundant, ever and ever flowing, but they are corked vessels we place under it, hearts hardened and fastened by unbelief. Think of this, my child, and bring to the fountain a vessel *un*closed."

"Years flew by, and I was no more a child, when I witnessed wl at recalled still more forcibly those words, which I never could forget. We were in the high Alps, that wondrous creation of the Almighty, which reminds one continually that his maker found His work 'good.' After having for several days been transported from one enchanting spot to another, till so much glory had become almost painful to behold, one morning we entered a region so wonderful that every pen has failed in attempting to describe it. Our hearts were full; our minds, released prisoners, felt near heaven; at last they breathed their native air; our souls adored and loved so much the more that Father who had left on this earth such an impress of His might.

"Just as we were going down the most beautiful pass, we noticed, climbing heavily, a number of mountaineers, carrying on their shoulders a litter. We dreaded coming near it, as we feared to see stretched there some unfortunate traveller. No; it was only *a man asleep!*—asleep in the presence of what angels would delight to contemplate—asleep when, had he looked, even his clogged-up heart must have been stirred, and have felt a thrill of life. I then remembered the words of my father; for was not this man even as he who did not uncork his vial? Were they not both images of the Christian, who stands surrounded by the fullest of promises, but does not take hold of them? He sleeps—sleeps in indifference, in coldness; sleeps in doubts, when, did he but lift up his eyes, he would behold enough to fill his soul with eternal gratitude."

The Ways of Petty Official Tyrants are Notoriously cruel. It would seem that they are the same across the Atlantic as here, if the facts of a recent case are a specimen. In a poor-house at Exeter, England, some damage was recently done by a baby, *sixteen months old*, for which its mother, supposed to have been negligent, and who was also an inmate of the house, was punished with a bread-and-water dinner; and this on Sunday, of all days, when the ordinary meal is better than usual. Hearing of it, the husband, also an inmate, was about to take her his own dinner; but, for resisting an attempt to prevent him, he was locked up, and kept all night to reflect on his misbehavior in a cell, "with mud and slush two inches deep," without boots or socks, and the next day was dragged before the magistrates for refractory conduct. Happily, the bench took a more humane view of the matter, and dismissed the charge.

THE WHITE HORSE CAVALRY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, October 5, 1884.

"And the armies which were in heaven followed Him upon white horses."—Rev. 19 : 14.

The War Horse of the Past—Not Degenerated by Labor—A Symbol of Strength—The Horse in History—Wellington's Steed at Waterloo—The Horse in Literature—Walter Scott's Tribute—A Symbol of Fleetness—An Emblem of Victory—The Procession of the Redeemed—The Regiment of Martyrs—Scotch Martyrs—English Martyrs—The Huguenots—Christian Philanthropists—The Christian Poor—Christian Invalids—Thomas Stockton's Sermon—A Fatal Operation—The Multitude—The Intense Personal Question.

It is impossible in our age to get any idea of the beauty and glory of the ancient horse. This animal comes down to us through centuries of oppression and bad treatment, which have taken the gracefulness from the limb, and the flame from the eye, and the arch of pomp from the neck. Take the finest horse that prances in any of the parks, and an ancient king would not have been seen riding upon him. The ox and the ass tilled the ground and carried the burdens, and the horse was kept for coronation and triumphal procession. You can, while reading Job's sketch of

THE WAR HORSE,

almost hear the champing of the bits and the clattering of the hoof amid the fallen shields : "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth on to meet the armed men. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

In all languages and in all literatures deference has been paid to the horse, and he is used as a symbol. Mordecai mounted him while Haman held the bit. Miriam clapped the cymbals on the banks of the sea, and said : "The horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea." Patriarchs, and prophets, and evangelists, and apostles seemed to love to stroke his sleek hide and examine his exquisitely constructed hoof.

So it has been in all ages. Wellington would not allow his old war charger, Copenhagen, to be touched irreverently, the horse on which he sat without dismounting for fifteen hours at Waterloo ; and when Copenhagen died he was buried with honors of war and a discharge of musketry over his grave ; and to this day you may find his monument and his epitaph. There is no more beautiful passage in French literature than the description of the death of the old war charger Marchega. Walter Scott paid honors to this animal when, in "St. Ronan's Well," he ordered the girth unfastened and the blanket thrown over the smoking flanks.

So when I see him up and down literature, I am not surprised to find that St. John cries out in the text, "And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses ;" the figure setting forth the strength, the fleetness, and the glory of the redeemed. In all literature the horse is used as

AN EMBLEM OF STRENGTH.

When startled by sudden sight or sound, how he dashes along the highway! The hoofs strike fire, the harness is snapped, and the vehicle hurled over the rocks. With nostril panting, and foam flying in flakes, and head tossing from side to side, in wild triumph, he stops not at the missiles hurled at him, or the great shout of the multitude, "Whoa, whoa!" Away he dashes, irresistible. And here is a symbol of the strength of the redeemed. All their invalidism gone. All their decrepitude gone. Never to be tired and never to be sick. Never again to die. If the strength of ten giants were put into one person, the inhabitant of heaven could wrestle him down. Oh, what a glorious day it will be for you when, putting aside all earthly ailments and all earthly impediments, you shall take hold of the mightiness of celestial health! There will not be anything that you cannot lift, or crush, or conquer.

But the horse in the text is also

A SYMBOL OF FLEETNESS.

The wild horses on the plains at the sight of the hunter make the miles leap under them, and there are whirlwinds of dust rising from the flying feet ; and then far away the horse halts, and looks back upon his pursuer, and neighs in gladness at his escape. Take the fleetness of the horse as a symbol of the speed of the righteous in heaven. Almost all writers agree in saying that heaven is *the centre of the universe.* If that be so, then what must be the speed of a messenger spirit flying this way if he comes to help us in any crisis of prayer or moral struggle.

But the horse in the text and in all literature also is

AN EMBLEM OF VICTORY.

He was not used on ordinary occasions ; but on coronation day and in great processions the conqueror would ride along amid acclaiming multitudes. And am I not right in saying that all the redeemed in heaven are victors? Ay, more than conquerors, through Him that hath loved them. Then let us take our stand for a few moments on one of the avenues of the celestial cities, on one of the boulevards of heaven, and see this great procession of the text pass by. We will not have time to count all the companies, or regiments, or brigades of the redeemed ; but St. John points out a few of them : "And the armies which were in heaven followed Him upon white horses."

You have sometimes stood on the street waiting for some great procession to pass, and you waited hour after hour for it ; but after a while you heard the sound of brazen instruments, and then you heard the shout of the people from the windows and the housetops, and then the procession came up and passed on. You will not have to wait long on this avenue of heaven to see

THE GREAT PROCESSION

of the redeemed. Let the marshals of heaven clear the way. He rides on, the conqueror of earth, and heaven, and hell, on a white horse, and all the armies of heaven following Him on white horses.

Behold this procession of the text, the Commander-in-Chief of earth and heaven passing at the head of the troops, and on His head are many crowns, and He waves the sword of universal victory. Turn out, all heaven, to greet this Conqueror. Strew flowers on the shining way, wave all the banners of light, ring all the bells of heaven! Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest. "And all the armies of heaven followed Him upon white horses."

Notice that

THE FIRST REGIMENTS

are the martyrs. How do I know it? Why, over and over again we find they are nearest the altar and nearest the throne, and they seem to be the divine favorites. And first, notice, in this great procession of the redeemed is the regiment of the martyrs. On earth they were hunted from city to city, they were sawn asunder, they were hurled out of life ; but now they pass in triumph. Eighteen regiments of *Scotch martyrs*—18,000 having perished in one persecution. Escaped from Lord Claverhouse, and Bloody McKenzie, and from the horrors of the Grass Market, now they pass in triumphal line. Grayfriars Churchyard took their bodies, but heaven took their souls. James Renwick, John Knox, Hugh McKail, and a great host, with high cheek bones, and strong arms and consecrated spirits. Some of them went through the glens of Scotland barefoot, and then they clambered upon hand and knees on the crags, and waited. Now they are in triumph. Once their song in the cave discovered them to their persecutors, and they were brought out and suffered agonies untold ; but now they are in the procession. Eighteen regiments! Eighteen thousand Scotch martyrs! Ride on, conquerors of Dunottar Castle, Bass Rock, and Rutherglen, ride on, ride on!

Here is an interreguum in the procession, but only for a moment. Here comes another regiment—ay, five regiments, ten regiments, twenty regiments, whole brigades of

ENGLISH MARTYRS.

Queen Mary against King Jesus was an uneven fight. When the 20,000 chariots of God roll down the sky they roll over any foe. Queen Mary thought she had put the Christians down; she only lifted them up. Here they pass in the regiments on the white horses. Here is Bishop Hooper. Here is Rogers, the prebendary of St. Paul's. Here is Cranmer, who got back his courage in time to save his soul. Here is Anne Askew, who, rather than give up her faith in Christ, submitted to the tortures of the rack, and then after all the bones had been dislocated, she was carried to the stake, and then her last words went up in the flame-prayer for her murderers. A whole regiment of them picked out of the iron fingers of earthly torture and lifted into light. Ride on, great host, ye mounted troops of the English martyrs!

Another interregnum. You have to wait only a moment. Another regiment—ay, five regiments, ten regiments, twenty regiments. Who are they? Look at their sandals, look at their countenances. Tell us who they are. The men who fell on

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY

at Lyons, at Paris, at Orleans, at Bordeaux, while the king looked out of the window and said, "Kill, kill, kill!" As they ride along, you would not suppose that they had ever been pitched out of windows, or dragged through the streets, or mauled and cut, and in every wise insulted, until it seemed as if the cause of God was perishing from the earth, and cities were illumined with infernal joy, and the cannon of St. Angelo thundered at the triumph of hell. Yet these are the very persons whose blood-spattered bodies were thrown into the river Seine, and that were lifted out of a world's shriek into the joy of heaven.

Soldier of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Master's joy.

Ride on, you regiments, you mounted troops of St. Bartholomew's Day! Another interregnum, but you will wait only a moment. Come on, now, the regiment of

THE CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPISTS.

Did I say regiment? Five regiments, ten regiments, twenty regiments of Christian philanthropists. They went down to take care of the wounded on the battle-field. They plunged into damp and mouldy prisons, and plead before God and human governments in behalf of the incarcerated. They preached the Gospel to the besotted in great cities. They took the Bible and took bread into garrets of pain. They attended to most uncomely work for Christ's sake in behalf of the wounded and the suffering ; but in the rivers of heaven they wash off all the loathesomeness of those whom they attended, and now they are on the white horses riding on in eternal triumph.

Ah! that is John Howard, who circumnavigated the earth in the name of Him who said : "I was sick and you visited me." The resolution of the House of Commons and the recognition of all governments were not to him so much as this day of triumph as he passes along on the white horse. I recognize those as the Moravian missionaries. They were told if they went in to take care of the plague-stricken they must never come out of the house again ; so they made all their arrangements, and bade farewell to their friends and went into the plague-struck hospital, and toiled for the sick night and day, and afterward, worn out, lay down beside the dying, themselves to die. Ride on, ride on! That is Elliott, who toiled amid the savages of our own country and walked through the

woods until his feet were bleeding, and said in a letter: "My feet are always wet, but sometimes I take off my shoes and I wring my stockings, and then I put them on again—my chief ambition to endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." There he is in the triumph—not walking now, but riding, a conqueror.

There is Elizabeth Fry, followed by many whom she taught the way up from Newgate prison to glory. Here is Grace Darling of the stout oar and the seabird's wing swooping upon the drowning. Here is the Good Samaritan who put the wounded man on the horse, himself walking, now riding in all the grander triumph because of that earthly dismounting. Hail! heroes and heroines of God, followed by the sufferers whom you healed, and by the abandoned whom you reclaimed, and by the lost whom you found. Ride on, conquerors!

Only a short interregnum. More regiments—five, ten, twenty regiments—regiments of

THE CHRISTIAN POOR.

They never rode before. The only ride they took was in the hearse to the Potter's Field. Poorly fed, meanly clad, insufficiently sheltered. They were jostled out of homes the rent of which they could not pay. They were jostled out of churches where their presence was an offence. From the way they went out of the world you might think they would have no very great reception on the other side. From the poor doctoring, and the rough shroud, and the hastened obsequies. But on the other side a glittering escort met them, and the snow-white chargers of God were brought in, and these conquerors mounted them. They have exchanged poorhouse for palace. They have exchanged rags for imperial attire. They have exchanged the weary walk for a seat on the white horse from the King's stable. Ride on, ride on! Christ waving His pierced hand back toward them, saying: "Ye suffered with me on earth, now be glorified with me in heaven. Follow, follow, on the white horses!"

A brief interregnum. There comes another regiment—ay, five regiments, ten regiments, twenty regiments—the regiments, the whole brigades, of

CHRISTIAN INVALIDS.

These are they who laid upon beds of suffering. From the firmness and exhilaration with which they ride this day you would not suppose they had ever been bent almost double with ailments, and that they had crouched with pain irremediable, and that they writhed in sufferings horrible to the beholders. After twenty-five years of useless prescription, and all surgery had failed, in one moment they recovered. The black groom Death put their one foot in the stirrup and gave them one lift, and they mounted to the white horse, riding on, a conqueror.

I heard Thomas Stockton in Philadelphia preach about the heavenly land, and after he had been preaching a few moments he stopped to cough, and he coughed, it seemed to me, for three or four minutes, and it seemed as if he would never get his breath and could never talk again; but after a while he rallied, and he put his hands upon his lungs and said: "Thank God, there will be

NO COUGHING IN HEAVEN!"

He is well now. Eloquent Thomas Stockton, glorious Thomas Stockton, he is in the procession.

I had a friend preaching the Gospel at the far West. He was seized with a disease which demanded immediate surgery. He must die without it, and the probability was he would expire under the process. But there was one faint hope, the surgeons told him, and for the sake of that one hope and in behalf of his family and his church, he resolved to endure all things. Sabbath morning came, and, standing in his pulpit, supported by a chair, he said: "My dear people, I start to-morrow for New York to submit to some painful surgery, and the probability is I shall die under it; but they tell me there is a hope of recovery, so I take that one hope for my family and my church; and so now I shall preach my farewell sermon." And I have been told by those who were present that suddenly his countenance was illumined with a supernatural joy as he said: "You will find my text in the 4th chapter of 2d Timothy, the 6th and 7th verses: 'For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord shall give me at that day.'" The next Thursday he was well, he was completely well. He had gone to that land where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." Ride on, ye mounted troops of recovered invalids! Ride on, ride on!

But can I give you any idea of

THE MULTITUDE?

We sometimes say it took a procession an hour to pass a certain point, or five hours to pass a certain point. How long will it take this great procession of the redeemed? Since the world was created there have been 144 generations, and that would make 29,000,000,000 of people who have died. Figures beyond all human comprehension, and the vast multitude of them, no doubt, passed up into this heavenly procession, and no one but an archangel, with the arithmetics of eternity, could give any idea of that multitude. All the time increasing. At the beginning of the service we took this position on the boulevard of heaven and not one half of the first division has gone by. Get you up into some tower of heaven and look to the north, and look to the south. Is there any end? No, no! Coming, coming. Company after company, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, host after host. Marching, marching, forever, forever, forever! "The armies of heaven followed Him on white horses."

THE INTENSE QUESTION

for you and me is, "Will we be in that procession?" If we do not belong to the Lord's army here, we will never belong to it there. If we do not follow the King here, we will never triumph with Him there. You must remember that this white horse cavalry had great battles with the black horse cavalry of hell, and the arch demon has gained many a triumph, and he has carried off some who will be captives in chains and in darkness unto the great day. Which side are you on? If on the wrong side, cross over. Put spurs into the flanks of the steed and dash up under the standards of the cross. Though you may have for fifty years rebelled against this King, you may this day become His loyal subjects. Cross over, by the grace of God, cross over.

Of course I take this text as figurative, and yet I do not know but in some sense it may prove after a while to be literal. It has seemed to me inscrutable that horses that were whipped, and scourged, and maltreated by cruel owners should have no place for compensation and no other state of being. My little child said to one still younger: "There will be a heaven for the birds, and there will be a heaven for the lambs, and there will be a heaven for the horses." I had not the courage to correct the defective theology. I would not be at all sorry if I found in heaven there were real horses for the eternal triumph. But until then we must take it all as figurative, meaning the strength, meaning the speed, meaning the victory of the redeemed.

When the armies came back at the close of our late war, among the most wonderful things in

THE SPECTACLE AT WASHINGTON,

as they passed by in review, were the horses on which the generals rode. They had not been in battle many of them. Many of them had never seen hardship, many of those horses had been picked up after the battle, and I am told some of them were picked up unlawfully. But they passed along with rounded limb, and flaming eye, and flying feet, and arched neck. As they bounded to the sound of the drum and the blast of the trumpet, the riders bowed on either side to what seemed an almost interminable "huzza, huzza!" But when our Commander-in-Chief shall come, bringing many sons to glory, when He shall return from His victories, leading all lands, all ages, all centuries, will you and I belong to the white horse cavalry of the redeemed? If so, on that day we will understand better than we ever could in this world what St. John meant when he said: "And the armies which were in heaven followed Him upon white horses."

THE LAST STRAND OF THE ROPE.

(See Illustration on page 652.)

In the year 1836, on St. Kilda, one of the islands of Western Scotland, there lived a poor widow and her son. She trained him in the fear of the Lord, and was rewarded by seeing him grow up an honest, industrious, dutiful lad. The boy was sixteen years old, and longed to be doing more than he had opportunity of doing for his mother's comfort. He therefore welcomed the proposal of some boys about his own age, that they should search the rocks for the eggs of the seagulls.

On the day appointed Ronald set off to the cliffs, having supplied himself with a strong rope by which to get down, and a knife to defend himself with if the birds should attack him. He was joined by his companions, and the party soon stood at the edge of the cliffs.

One end of the rope was fastened securely around Ronald's body and the other was tied around a rock to prevent accident in case of the rope slipping from the hands of those who held it. Ronald was then lowered, until he was opposite one of the fissures in which the birds build, when he gave the signal to his companions not to let him down any farther. He planted his foot on a slight projection of the rock, and tried to take the eggs. Just then a bird flew at him, attacking him with beak and talons. Instantly he drew his knife, and struck wildly upward in defence of his face; but, oh! horrible to narrate, in place of striking the bird he struck the rope, and having severed some of the strands, he hung suspended over that wild abyss of raging waves by only a few threads of hemp. He uttered a piercing cry which was heard by his companions above, who saw his danger, and tried to draw him up. Awful moment! As they drew in each coil Ronald felt the severed threads uncoiling. "O Lord, save me!" was his first agonizing cry; and then, as the rope vibrated with his weight, and he realized his nearness to death: "O Lord, comfort my poor mother!"

Above, the anxiety was terrible. The boys were brave, but they could do nothing to help their comrade but draw in the rope, and none could tell if it would hold out long enough. Every haul seemed to weaken it. Very gently they pulled, so that no sudden strain might snap the few remaining plies, while as Ronald neared the top, two of the boys cast themselves prone on the rock and stretched over to grasp him so soon as he came within reach. Slowly he ascended, and at last, just as his overstrained nerves were giving way, he felt his hands grasped by sturdy fingers, and he was lifted up bodily over the edge of the cliff. He was saved, and he sank on the ground exhausted with excitement and terror. But he was safe, and his mother clasped him in her arms and thanked God.

Over an abyss, far more dreadful, hangs the unconverted man. Should the frail cord of his life break, his condition would be miserable beyond conception. With many that cord has already been injured by sinful excesses, and quivers as if at any moment it might part. Those who are safe on the rock of Christ are stretching out their hands to the rescue, but the imperilled men, careless of their danger, laugh and jeer at those who are trying to save them, and ask to be let alone in their business and their pleasures. Fatal madness! every hour sees some fall who reject the proffered salvation. Christ is still saying, "Ye would not come unto me that ye might have life."

THE FUTURE SEPARATION OF INDIA FROM ENGLAND.

The General Course of Events—A Development of the Ten-Kingdomed Confederacy—England to be the Prime Sufferer—Signs of Coming Events—Ireland to be Independent—Forces of Disintegration in India—The Warning of the London Times.

THE whole tendency of events during the past half century has been in the direction of an arrangement of governments and nations, such as is outlined in prophecy, as the state of the world when the close of this dispensation comes upon it. In 1840 nothing seemed more improbable than the unification of Italy and the depletion of the Turkish Empire, yet we have seen Italy united under one king, and the territory, subjected to Turkish misrule, pared down by successive wars and international conferences. There is much still to be accomplished before the ten-kingdomed confederacy described in the seventh chapter of Daniel is established. It is evident, however, to the student of prophecy that about eight years before the dispensation finally closes

THE CONFEDERACY WILL BE FORMED

and will comprise neither more nor less than the area covered by Cæsar's Empire. How this rearrangement will come to pass cannot be exactly foretold; but the Christian student will as he reads the newspaper, note day by day how events occur which operate in the direction of the predicted end. That England should lose India, Ireland, Canada, and Australia seems to us now improbable; but so the prediction that great Babylon and Nineveh would be so utterly destroyed that men would be in doubt as to their site, must have seemed to those who heard the prophecy. Yet that has come to pass, and so will the prophecies that relate to existing nations. The old Roman world will be again united, probably not under one government, but assuredly so confederated that its head shall be able to direct its united forces and frame its policy.

The effect of these

NECESSARY CHANGES

will be felt most severely by England, because she now exercises control over large nations, which must be wrested from under her sway before the end comes. It is, therefore, to the British Empire, on which it is proudly boasted the sun never sets, that the gaze of the student of prophecy is directed; and in that empire he expects to trace first and most conspicuously the march of events, the issue of which is known to him.

It is only to the unwatchful and the superficial observer that revolutions and great national conflicts come as a surprise. For years before the explosive outbreak which startles the world, the causes that produce the explosion have been at work, and the materials have been drawing together. The sagacious observer notes them, and expects the result. Many years before that terrible revolution which, at the close of the last century, deluged France with blood, Chesterfield visited the country, and though he saw that to all outward appearance everything was calm and peaceful, yet under the surface of society he detected ominous signs of storm. He wrote to a friend: "All the symptoms which I have ever met with in history previous to great changes and revolutions in government now exist and daily increase in France." It was not until thirty-six years after those words were written that the Bastille fell, and the French Revolution was a recognized fact in Europe. Lord Chesterfield, reasoning from the past, expected the event as he read the signs he observed in the present. The student of prophecy has additional assistance; before him lies open the book of the future as well as the book of the past. "Blessed is he that readeth and they that hear the words of this prophecy; . . . for the time is at hand" (Rev. 1 : 3).

With the light of prophecy shining upon us, we see a new significance in the rage, the deadly animosity of

THE IRISH AGITATORS

among us toward the English Government. Neither cruelty nor kindness, neither coercion nor concession affects their deep-seated determination to achieve the independence of Ireland. By any means, fair or foul, brave or cowardly, wise or foolish, they are proceeding steadily toward that goal. And we know from prophecy that in some way they will succeed; Ireland will in the future gain legislative independence. She was not included in the Roman Empire of the past, and she will not be in the ten-kingdomed confederacy when the end comes.

INDIA

must also be separated from the British Empire, and it appears now that forces already exist which are capable of effecting that separation. These forces have not escaped the notice of intelligent Englishman. One of them, in a series of letters to the London *Times*, directs public attention to their ominous existence. Commenting on these letters in an editorial article, the *Times* of September 10th, 1884, reminds its readers that fifty out of the two hundred and fifty million people in Britain's Indian Empire—*i.e.*, one fifth belong to self-governing States, which only nominally acknowledge the supreme authority of the Queen as Empress of India. They are practically almost independent, being governed by native princes called Rajahs, or Maharajahs, or Nizams, etc., who levy what taxes they like, enact their own laws, and maintain armies of their own, distinct from the British army of 190,000 soldiers. These feudatory States, containing only one fifth of the whole population of India, maintain native State armies amounting to about 350,000 men, while the British army for the whole of India consists of only 190,000 soldiers. At the same time many of these Hindoo and Mahommedan 350,000 soldiers are disaffected toward British rule, and would cheerfully fight against the British army in case of civil or foreign war. The *Times* says:

"Few Englishmen realize the existence of vast armed forces in India not under direct British control. A series of letters, of which we publish the last to-day (September 10th), offers a very disquieting view of the military apparatus of the country. It shows a population of 49,050,000 Hindoos and Mahommedans, under princes of their own, guarded by a formidable array of 349,835 troops of their own, with an artillery of 4237 guns. From north to south, from east to west, a chain of States is seen to stretch bristling with foot and horse, with forts and batteries. In all

A WARLIKE SPIRIT

abounds. Horsemen in the pay of Scindiah or Holkar, the fierce retainers of the Nizam, the 100,000 soldiers of the Maharajah of Nepaul, would ask nothing better than to be led to battle, whoever the adversary. The Queen's native army is composed of soldiers drawn from the same sources. In the eyes of Englishmen and of Europe a thin red line of Queen's troops fences from foes our Indian Empire, occupied by two hundred and fifty million souls. But behind the screen is *a tremendous host* of other warriors, far out-numbering the British garrison, and as martial and permanently mobilized as it.

"To the common gaze the 350,000 native soldiers of the native princes and States are invisible, because they have no duties to perform. They fulfil no object but the gratification of personal vanity and love of display. A majority of the taxes wrung from the miserable peasantry is squandered on regiments and ordnance for which there is not any legitimate use. All the public works which an Eastern country needs even more than a Western, are starved, that Maharajahs and Nizams may glory in the possession of armed forces they have neither the right nor [at present] the occasion to wield."

It is evident from this emphatic warning from the chief of British journals that there is ever hanging over British rule in India a prodigious menace. For the present it is undemonstrative; but if it should be powerfully moved, it would be, as in 1857, a terrific factor in the problem. At any hour some cause such as a war between England and Russia, an imprudent enactment, or the call from some man in whom they think they recognize a Messiah, may move this powerful force to enthusiasm, and England may have, if embarrassed with European complications, to abandon all India. In that way, or in some other, India will be lost to the British Crown; the significance of these facts consists in their proof that forces exist sufficiently powerful to accomplish an end that we know must shortly come to pass.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

How a Father was Converted.—At a Recent meeting Mr. Ross said: "A little girl was lying on her death-bed. It was the last night of her short life upon earth. She called her father to her bedside, and, putting her little arms around his neck, said, 'Father!' 'Well, my child, what is it?' he asked. 'Father, what shall I tell Jesus is the reason why you will not love Him?' The poor father's heart was broken; and after a few minutes he said, 'Oh, my child, tell Him that I do love him!' And there and then he surrendered himself to Christ."

A Village Firebrand Saved.—"About Forty years ago, accompanied by a friend, I went to hear William Burns preaching. At the end of the service my friend, who was the very firebrand of the village, asked Mr. Burns how he might obtain salvation. His answer was, 'It is not I who have anything to do with it; go to Jesus and settle it with Him; just tell Him what you have told me, for Jesus Christ is all and in all, and I am nothing.' He did as he was recommended, and in a little time he became as conspicuous for his devotion to the Saviour as previously he had been notorious for evil."

A Collier's Timely Decision.—"Two Colliers in Edinburgh went to one of Mr. Moody's meetings. At the close of the service Mr. Moody asked all who wished to be spoken to about the great matter of salvation to stay behind. One of the colliers was very much impressed with what Mr. Moody had said, and told his companion that he was going to stay and settle this question with Christ. His companion urged him to come away, but he would not be moved. Mr. Moody spoke to him, and as he was hungering after salvation he was eager and ready to listen to all Mr. Moody had to say, and went away from that place fully trusting in God. Next day an accident occurred in the coal mine where he was working. He was taken up fearfully mutilated. As his friends bent over him he murmured, 'Oh, am I not glad that I gave my soul into Christ's keeping yesterday? not a minute too soon.'"

Shut up to One Text.—The Rev. Mr. Ross related: "A minister was once very undecided as to what text he should take for his subject on Sunday. At nine o'clock on Saturday night he had not made up his mind; and at ten o'clock he was in the same condition. The one verse that would always come uppermost in his mind was, 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.' He thought, 'I cannot take that text, 'for there is not an atheist in my congregation.' At eleven o'clock that verse was still ringing in his ears. What should he do? His people would feel insulted if he were to preach from that to them; but something always told him to take that for his text, and reluctantly he made up his mind to take it, and bear the consequences. He returned from preaching very downcast, and while he was sitting meditating, he saw one of the foremost Christians in his congregation coming up the path. 'Here she comes,' he thought; 'it is just what I expected. I had better open the door myself.' 'Come in, Mrs. ——,' he said; 'I know what you are come for.' She said: 'I am come to tell you how much good your sermon

did me to-day. For months back I have been doubting the existence of a God. I have come through so many trials, and have suffered so much, that I argued with myself that if there is a God, and if He is a God of love, why should He see any of His children suffer as He does? But your sermon put all these thoughts out of my mind, and I went home and asked Him to forgive me for all the hard thoughts I had had of Him. He has forgiven me all that, and now I am rejoicing in the full sunshine of my Redeemer's countenance.' "

Recent Trophies of Temperance.—Mr. Parker said: "At an open-air meeting the other night a man came over to me and said that he would like to sign the pledge. One of the workers took him by the arm to lead him into the church. The desire for drink was so deep in that man's heart, that he cried out three different times on his way from the open-air meeting to the church, and it was not a hundred yards distant, Oh, let me away to get my last drop of whiskey!' Another man followed me into the church. We urged him to sign the pledge also. He said he was going to do so, but not yet; some other time would do. We urged him to do it now, telling him that God might not give him another opportunity. He yielded to our urging, after which we asked God to keep and strengthen that man, and he went away, fully trusting in his Saviour to keep him from falling."

Run Over by a Railway Train. — Mr. Maughan said: "I was at the funeral of a young man, a friend of mine, the other day. This young man and a companion went for a day's holiday, and were standing amusing themselves on a bank at the side of a railway, when my friend stepped down on to the rails. A train was coming up at his back which he did not observe. His friend had no time to warn him of his danger, when the train swept over him, crushng him to pieces. A few days before his death I had been speaking to him about his soul, but I cannot tell whether he had given himself to Christ or not. Oh, if he had not, what a dreadful awakening! I shall know some day. Oh, friends, ye who are not in Christ, take warning from this, and turn to Him at once! The Bible says, 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.'"

A Devil's Castaway Saved.—Mr. Daily Related: "George Whitefield, the renowned preacher, was preaching one night in Edinburgh. He took his text from Heb. 2 : 3. It was a wild, stormy night in winter. A poor wretched woman was coming along the road, meditating suicide. The snow was drifting in her face, and as she walked along she noticed the church that Whitefield was preaching in, lighted up, and warm looking. She went inside to get shelter from the storm. He was just at the end of his discourse, and when the woman entered he was saying, 'This salvation is a great salvation; it can save the very worst; God will even take *the devil's castaways*.' This poor woman heard these words, and went home and gave herself to the Lord. While his landlady was serving him with his supper that night, she made the remark, 'I think, Mr. Whitefield, you went too far when you said that the Lord would take the devil's castaways.' 'All right,' he replied, 'we shall see.' The next morning a woman came to the door and asked to see Mr. Whitefield. She said to him, 'Here is one of the devil's castaway's; the Lord saved me last night.' "

An Outcast Reclaimed.—At a Temperance meeting a man testified: "Two years ago in February last I came back to this, the city of my nativity, a wandering outcast, abandoned by all men, and I was going to say abandoned by God. I had no money, and no rag collector would have given a shilling for all the clothing I had in the world. I was a drunkard. Every living creature had given me up but my wife. Nothing would shake her love. I have heard her say, speaking of a family she dearly loved, 'The Frasers prayed for you, and God is engaged to them to save you.' But what did I do? I carried out all our furniture, piece after piece. I took the clothing from my wife and from our infants. Silently she suffered all, only remonstrating on the children's behalf. Yes, she wept, believed, and prayed, and she knew two friends who prayed, and whose prayers she knew brought blessed answers from God. So she worked and wept. And I, brute that I was, struck her. God forgive me. I turned her and my own children out on to the street because they had nothing left I could take from them. I then left the city, and at the end of three months I turned up here again. Day after day I had nothing but drink. Every day I could get some of that. I became cunning, stood by the rumshops, and watched till I saw a person, man or woman, whom by a pitiful story I moved to give me money that I might get more drink. One night I went to my wife's friends, the Frasers, in the hope that for her sake they might give me some money. They took me in, washed, clothed, and fed me, ay, even kept and loved me. I became a child again; I sat down and wept. I threw myself down in the room they had provided for me, and for the first time in my life I spoke to God, and asked Him for Christ's sake to forgive me my sins and snap the fetters of my cruel bondage. He graciously did so, and I became His child. Mrs. Fraser went for my wife and children, and we stayed there until I was able to provide for them."

LONDON LODGING-HOUSE SCENES.

By Rev. J. C. Whitmore.

I HAD agreed to meet a fellow-laborer in one of the vilest localities in London, in order to hold an open-air service on the evening of the Lord's day. But the streets shone brightly with continuous rain, the clouds were low, thick, and gray with silver streaks. The few wayfarers hurried along as speedily as possible, and it was clear to my friend and myself that street preaching was impracticable.

We met, notwithstanding, and the question arose as to the disposal of our time; and it was agreed that, instead of holding our projected service in the street, we should repair to a well-known lodging-house in the locality, and there make an attempt to speak to whoever might be sheltering from the ceaseless rain.

In other years this old house (now the resort of some of the worst of the dangerous classes) was a gentleman's mansion. Passing a back-kitchen door, we push open the front door, and enter unbidden, and

CLEARLY UNWELCOME.

Here are men and women—old and young, lads and girls, washing, cooking, eating, drinking, cursing, swearing, and blaspheming, without the least restraint. Across one end of the room the huge fire of coke sends forth heat almost unbearable. The room is divided by rough partitions into boxes all round the sides; a large unclean table, with benches encircling it, is in the centre. For a moment, as we enter, there is quietude. But brief time suffices to comprehend our character and errand; then the noise of conversation becomes louder than ever, appearing to become more clamorous, as if by that means to show us that we were not wanted.

We commenced singing, accompanied by oaths so hideous and appalling as to render the two a conjunction of

PARADISE AND PERDITION.

It fell to my lot to speak to them when the singing and reading finished, and I commenced by narrating how two men were working at cutting armor-plates for vessels of war. The plate, several inches thick, was in its place, the steam saw urged to its utmost velocity, when it broke in half with a loud report. One portion remained attached to the axis, the other flew toward the men, passed the nearest without touching him, but struck the second so fatally that in a moment he was in two pieces on the ground. There was only time for a look of astonishment to pass over his face before he was dead. One moment he was alive and well, the next he was—*where?*

Profound silence attended the narration, rendering only more audible the awful oaths and cursing in the adjoining kitchen, as I proceeded to urge the uncertainty of life, and the need of preparation for that unending life so swiftly coming. But louder and louder grew the oaths, while the screams of women mingled so fearfully that it was impossible to continue speaking; and several of us passed into the adjoining kitchen, hoping to quiet the tumult and resume the service.

The scene we beheld was simply horrible—the men and women were cursing and swearing with all their might, encouraging one young woman to continue brutal ill-usage to an elder woman who had

REFUSED TO PAY FOR MORE DRINK.

The room was sickeningly heated, and the smell of raw spirits overpowering. As we entered, the elder woman was standing at bay, her dishevelled hair streaming over her face, and a strong, rough knife in her hand. Her antagonist was hurriedly binding her own hair, that she might see to renew the attack. With a yell of execration, the younger woman sprang forward, defying in her madness and drunkenness the uplifted weapon in the hand of her enemy. There was a rush and a struggle, the knife gleamed in the gas glare, descending with fearful force into the breast rushing to meet it; and then the younger woman relaxed her hold, and sank, quivering and bleeding terribly, upon the floor.

A dead, awful silence followed, rendering painfully audible the ticking of the large, old-fashioned clock over the fireplace, and the fall of the knife from the nerveless hand that had clutched it so fiercely a moment before. Quivering and gasping lay the heap upon the ground, as we stooped down and turned it tenderly to the light. To kneel down, to try and force our dry lips to speak, to note the paling, stiffening face, the eyes setting in death, and the limbs shuddering with the last agony—these followed swiftly one upon the other, as in a dreadful dream. Then came spasmodic struggles, a vain attempt at utterance, and silence and death.

It was strange how the majesty of the presence of God's messenger of death had stilled and refined that assembly of the outcast and the vile. Low words, quietly spoken, and gentle, pitying tones replaced the oath and the curse; womanly kindness was substituted for jeers and blows, only occasionally a low word breaking upon the stillness. We remained until a self-elected messenger returned with a surgeon and two policemen. The surgeon laid his hand upon the heart, listened for a moment to the mouth, glanced at the glazing eye, and exclaimed,

"DEAD! STABBED!

who has done this?" Leaving two of the younger women to watch by the dead, we returned to the front kitchen, and there, without any attempt to renew our service in a formal way, we spoke quietly and seriously with those around concerning the awful suddenness of the event that had occurred, and the need of instant preparation for the tremendous eternity that must shortly come upon every one of us. General assent and quiet attention were accorded to our remarks, and drinking, oaths, and curses were banished for the night as by general and willing consent.

So, within the sound of the Gospel, but neglecting it herself, and preventing others from listening to its healing truths, a most unhappy young woman passed from time into eternity. With drink maddening her brain, rebellion and iniquity in her heart, and curses on her lips, she passed suddenly and most unexpectedly into the awful presence of the Judge of all the earth. Without a word of warning or a thought of death she was compelled to face the unknown, unending realities of the eternal world.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Numerous Letters on Politics Continue to arrive at this office. It is impossible to reply to all, especially as many of them are anonymous. It is not, however, right to leave them unacknowledged, as their writers are evidently conscientious and prompted by a sincere desire to promote the prosperity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Our friends in the South write urging us to advocate the election of Governor Cleveland, and so do all we can to prevent the elevation to the Presidency of "the man who wrote the Mulligan letters." Our friends in the East and West want to know why we do not support Mr. Blaine, and denounce the attempt to make a man President "who is a notorious libertine." We do not wish to discourage our friends who desire to help us in the work of editing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Their letters are interesting reading, and we are not distressed even when, finding they do not have any effect, they become abusive. What we are trying to do is to lay all the facts before our readers and to show the significance of them, believing that those for whom we write have sufficient intelligence to decide on their course for themselves. We know that their task will be a difficult one; but that is the fault of the conventions, who had an abundance of men of unblemished reputation to choose from in both parties. It is no part of our duty to tell our readers how they ought to vote. If we did so, they would justly resent our dictation as an impertinence. Neither do we care to discuss the question whether he is a greater sinner who breaks the seventh commandment than he who breaks the eighth, and we are sorry to see clergymen and newspapers exercising their ingenuity upon it. For ourselves, so intense is our horror of the liquor traffic that we would rather see St. John in the Presidential chair than any of the other candidates; but in the present state of affairs that is an impossibility. We know that many of our readers have the same preference, but some will not vote for St. John lest they deplete Mr. Blaine's strength and indirectly aid in electing Governor Cleveland. In the same way, numbers who would prefer to vote for General Butler will not do so through repugnance to doing anything that would promote Mr. Blaine's interest. It is inevitable that men, considering the practical effects of their votes, will arrive at opposite conclusions. All that we are concerned about is, that they consider carefully the situation, seek divine guidance, and then vote according to their consciences, disregarding the dictation of bosses, clergymen, and editors. Also that they refrain from judging, condemning, and vilifying those who differ from them.

A Demand for a Citizens' Ticket for Municipal offices in New York has been aroused. Tammany Hall has put a ticket in the field which excites suspicion of treachery. That suspicion was quickly confirmed by the withdrawal of Mr. Joseph O'Donohue, the Tammany candidate for the mayoralty, who, it is understood, objected to the terms on which alone he could have the Tammany support. It is openly asserted that the tactics of 1880 are to be used, and that Tammany votes for the national ticket are to be traded in return for Republican votes for the Tammany local ticket. The statement has caused considerable excitement, owing to the conviction that in 1880 General Hancock lost the State of New York by a similar bargain. The best men of both the Republican and Democratic parties in New York are contending for a fair vote and a fair count.

The Springer Committee of the House has prepared its report of the results of its investigation of the Star Route frauds. It states that the exact amount out of which the Government was defrauded in the Star Route mail service during the Hayes administration can never be accurately known. A report from Brady's successor, covering forty routes out of the ninety-three in which fraud is charged, estimates the amount stolen from the Government under the forty contracts at $2,172,132, and the Congressional committee says: "The whole amount of which the Government was defrauded in the Star Route mail service during the Hayes administration will exceed *four million dollars.*" A specimen route, probably the worst, is cited by the committee. It is that of the Mineral Park and Pioche route, which was expedited so as to cost about $50,000 per annum. "During thirty-nine days it appeared that not a single letter or paper passed over this route, although the Government was paying nearly $50,000 a year for carrying the mails." Not one of the thieves has been punished. The report is signed by Mr. Springer and the Democratic members of the committee.

Governor St. John's Letter of Acceptance was published last week. It is brief and weighty. It presents some startling facts to the consideration of the people. In the course of the letter Mr. St. John reminds the country that: "There are about 175,000 retail dealers in intoxicating liquors in the United States, each of whom pays to our Government $25, in consideration of which sum they are permitted to carry on their business for a term of twelve months. When we add to this the amount paid by distillers, brewers, and wholesale dealers, we find that the interest of the Government in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors is about $80,000,000 annually. This traffic, sanctioned as it is by the laws of our country, costs the people, at a low estimate, a thousand million dollars a year, not to speak of the destroyed homes, debauched manhood, poverty, heartache, crime, and corruption it produces." Mr. St. John thus concludes his letter: "Our country needs an administration that will rise above mere partisan considerations, and in the selection of public officials make honesty, sobriety, and efficiency and not service to party the test. It should be conducted, not in the interest of any particular section, party, race, or color, but in the interest of the whole people. To accomplish this all good citizens should promptly step to the front and be counted for the right. This is no time for dodging. Moral cowardice will never win, and surely never deserves victory."

Three More Fires in Cleveland, Ohio, were kindled last week, but the fire department was on the alert, and little damage was done. These make an aggregate of nineteen fires in three weeks, which have caused a total loss of over two millions. The impression prevailing in the city is that the fires are all the work of incendiaries, working in organized bands, and that they are stimulated by *the communistic spirit* which has been fostered and concentrated by the speeches of political agitators, whose violent harangues have been directed to setting labor against capital. The chief of the fire department has advised the owners of large buildings to have them guarded by watchmen authorized to shoot any man seen prowling around at unseemly hours. An excitement amounting almost to a panic prevails, and many employers are retiring from business and leaving the neighborhood.

The Prime Meridian Conference in Washington was unable to arrive at an agreement last week. Professor Rutherford, representing the United States, proposed that the prime meridian which the Conference should recommend to the respective governments should be that passing through Greenwich. This resolution was opposed by the representatives of France, and gave rise to an animated and at times heated debate. M. Lefaivre and Professor Janssen, the French delegates, contended that the object of the Conference was merely to discuss the general question of a common prime meridian and not to select and establish such a meridian. This view of the duties of the Conference was opposed by the representatives of the United States, of Great Britain, and of Sweden and Norway, who all considered that the desirability of a prime meridian was settled, and that the business of the Conference was to select the meridian and recommend it to their governments for adoption. If the Frenchmen remain firm, the Conference will probably separate without any result, as the delegates from the United States and Great Britain will not consent to any change from the Greenwich Meridian now in use. The cost of a change, which would involve the alteration of valuable charts, would be to Great Britain five million dollars and to the United States one million. The question is one of convenience only, but the French are making it one of national pride.

Miss Laurie McLatchie, the Scottish Evangelist, arrived in this city on September 30th. The applications received at this office were handed to her, to which she will reply. As she is now making her arrangements for the season, it would be well for any church desirous of securing her services to make an early application. In all the large cities of England and Scotland the largest buildings were found inadequate to contain the crowds which were attracted to her meetings, and the services were continued from week to week at the earnest request of the Christian churches of the cities. Probably no revivalist, with the exception of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, has been so extensively blessed on the other side of the Atlantic. The local press, both secular and religious, described her meetings as extraordinary, both in attendance and results. She has promised to preach in the Brooklyn Tabernacle for Dr. Talmage on October 17.

A Prohibition Campaign Paper is Being published by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, of New York. It will be issued every week until after the election, and will contain news of the movement in all the States, giving names and localities of all Prohibition organizations and the results of the canvass week by week. It will also contain short, concise arguments in favor of Prohibition, which will be useful to speakers in the cause, and will form useful literature to disseminate in localities where citizens need information on the subject. The price for single copies is four cents.

German Testimony in Favor of Prohibition is so rare as to be exceptionally valuable when it is rendered. A German settler in Kansas thus writes of his experience of Prohibition in that State: "Like most Germans I was very much opposed to Prohibition before it was adopted in our State. Indeed, my aversion was so great that I earnestly contemplated selling my farm and turning my back on Kansas. Fortunately for me I could not sell. I say fortunately, because I have since found that I was greatly mistaken. The State, instead of going down, as was prophesied by the liquor party, has experienced the height of prosperity. It was said that immigration would cease if Prohibition was adopted, but the reverse took place. Immigration increases every day, and the price of land has raised in value. *Farmers are in better circumstances than ever before.*

Dr. George D. Dowkontt, of the New York Medical Mission, is making an effort to render aid of a very valuable character to the foreign missionary cause. He is helping young men who have consecrated themselves to missionary work in their medical studies. Experience has proved that medical knowledge is a most efficient aid to the missionary among the heathen; it gives him access to homes otherwise closed against him, and at seasons when the truth of the Gospel is welcomed. Dr. Dowkontt has set apart a floor of his house for the use of students, which he is filling, as means for furnishing are provided by Christian friends. Three young men have offered themselves, and been accepted. One is a young American, whose parents will meet all his expenses. Another is a Waldensian, who has been laboring among the Italians in this city for the past year, and whose expenses will be met by a Christian lady. The third is a native of Switzerland, whose heart has long been set upon mission work, especially in Madagascar; not being possessed of means, he will, for the first year, give lessons in German, Italian, etc., and thus help out his expenses.

An Invitation to Fanatics was Given Last week by a church dignitary. The Rev. Dr. Thorold, Bishop of Rochester, England, who is paying another visit to America, and who is the bearer of a fraternal resolution of sympathy from the Church Temperance Society of England to that of this country, spoke on temperance on September 24th at Grace Church. Religion, he said, must be at the back of all temperance reform, and the first condition of success in this country is that the work be eminently a national one. Added to that must be the creation of a temperance literature that shall be strictly American. *A few fanatics* upon the subject, he said, would be a great help in pushing along the work.

The Cure of an Incurable of Twenty Years is reported from Georgia. The sufferer is the wife of the Hon. John. A. Wimpey, one of the most prominent Republican politicians of the State. For twenty years Mrs. Wimpey has been an invalid, having been confined a great portion of the time to her bed and unable to walk a step. Of late years she was confined to bed entirely, being unable to lift her hands. She is an estimable woman, and bore her afflictions with rare fortitude, hardly hoping that she would ever be well again. She has lived for several years in Norcross, and has tried all remedies known to medical science for relief in vain. Neither change of atmosphere, the healing waters of mineral springs, nor the learning and experience of professors could bring any relief, and she was regarded by all her acquaintances as incurable. Recently revival services have been held at Norcross, and Mrs. Wimpey, being unable to attend, had her bed wheeled into a front room, where she could better hear the singing in the church. Left alone she prayed earnestly, and to her delight felt her strength returning. She rose and dressed, and feeling able to walk, she went to the church. She was recognized by many friends there, and the services were suspended while she related the cure God had wrought upon her. The whole congregation then joined in a song of praise. Mrs. Wimpey walked home unaided, and has gone about her ordinary duties since then, declaring herself permanently cured.

Two Children were Lost in New York Recently by a gentleman from Washington, D. C. They were visiting in this city, and when the time arrived for their return the father came on to conduct them home. They were respectively seven and nine years old, and were not familiar with the city. The father before returning took the children out for a day's pleasure in Central Park. During the day he drank to excess, and in the evening he went to a hotel, where he registered and left the children while he continued his spree. The next day he had lost all recollection of the hotel where he had left the children. In this dilemma he applied to the police, and Sergeant Brooks sent out an alarm, directing search to be made at hotels for the children. They were found at the Astor Place Hotel, in Third Avenue, and the father started at once for Washington with them. Few parents are so utterly reckless as to so grossly neglect their children, but there is reason to fear that many children are being lost for time and eternity by being left to the care of servants while their parents are away taking their pleasure (1 Samuel 3 : 13).

A Desperate Encounter with a Bear is Reported from Toronto, Ont. Two students from Syracuse, who were on an excursion in Frontinac County, saw a bear in the woods behind a fallen tree. One of them fired at it, and, thinking he had killed it, went around the tree to secure the body. The bear, however, was only wounded, and attacked him viciously. He was unarmed, and for more than ten minutes he struggled with the enraged animal to prevent it hugging or biting him. His companion came to his assistance, but was afraid to shoot, as the bear and the man were rolling on the ground, and he was afraid that in shooting at the bear he would kill his friend. At last he found a heavy club, with which he struck the bear and paralyzed it, and the man being then released, the bear was killed by a well-aimed bullet. Such a conflict typifies the spiritual struggle that often goes on in the soul with a besetting sin, like drunkenness or the opium habit. Supposed to be completely dead, it attacks its victim unawares, and seems to have so firm a hold upon him that only at the sacrifice of his life itself can it be eradicated. In such cases it is only by Christ's power deliverance can come (Mark 9 : 25–27).

A Bishop Thrashing Cowboys is the Subject of a despatch from Omaha published in the Troy *Telegram*. It states that last month Dr. Potter, who was recently elected Bishop of Nebraska, was making a tour of the cattle country in company with the Chancellor of his Diocese. At Paxton Branch, on the Ogallala Land and Cattle Company's range, they heard that Wilson, a man who had committed an offence of which the vigilance committee took cognizance, had been caught, and was held prisoner at Blue Creek ranch, sixty miles distant. Bishop Potter drove over there the next day, and learned that Wilson was to be killed at sundown. The Bishop implored the two cowboys who were guarding the prisoner to release him, but they were relentless. After pleading and praying with them for a long time Dr. Potter concluded they were past such influence, and wound up by giving them both a thrashing. This done, he unbound Wilson, who straddled a pony and escaped. It is quite an innovation for a bishop to undertake the duty of administering chastisement in that manner. It may be presumed that the Bishop was satisfied that the prisoner deserved to be set at liberty, and took the only effectual way of securing it. In his episcopal duties he doubtless finds many of the captives of Satan for whose liberation he has to wrestle, before, following his Master's example, he can set at liberty "those who are bound" (Isa. 61 : 1).

"THOUGH HE WERE DEAD."

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Martha saith unto Him, I know that He shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?"—JOHN 11 : 24–26.

Martha a Type of Anxious Believers—Limited the Saviour's Power—Failed to Grasp His Meaning—An Old Couple and their Bank-Note—Setting the Promise at a Distance—Christ's Patience—Folly of Scolding—The Sovereign Cure for Faults—I. A Stream of Comfort for the Bereaved—Christ's Presence Means Life—Christ's Coming the Hope of the Church—Two Sacred Handkerchiefs—Knocking off the Fetters—II. Comfort for all Believers—Faith an Empty-handed Communicator—A Dog-keeper's Folly—The Endless Life.

MARTHA is a very accurate type of a class of anxious believers. They do believe truly, but not with such confidence as to lay aside their care. They do not distrust the Lord, or question the truth of what He says, yet they puzzle their brain about "How shall this thing be?" and so they miss the major part of the present comfort which the word of the Lord would minister to their hearts if they received it more simply. *How?* and *why?* belong unto the Lord. It is

HIS BUSINESS TO ARRANGE

matters so as to fulfil His own promises. If we would sit at our Lord's feet with Mary, and consider what He has promised, we should choose a better part than if we ran about with Martha, crying, "How can these things be?"

Martha, you see, in this case, when the Lord Jesus Christ told her that her brother would rise again, replied, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." She was a type, I say, of certain anxious believers, for she set a practical bound to the Saviour's words. "Of course there will be a resurrection, and then my brother will rise with the rest." She concluded that the Saviour could not mean anything beyond that. The first meaning and the commonest meaning that suggests itself to her must be what Jesus means. Is not that the way with many of us? We had a statesman once, and a good man too, who loved reform;* but whenever he had accomplished a little progress, he considered that all was done. We called him at last "*Finality John*," for he was always coming to an ultimatum, and taking for his motto "Rest, and be thankful." Into that style Christian people too frequently drop with regard to the promises of God. We limit the Holy One of Israel as to the meaning of his words. Of course they mean so much, but we cannot allow that they intend more. It were well if the spirit of progress would enter into our faith, so that we felt within our souls that we had never beheld the innermost glory of the Lord's words of grace.

Martha also had another fault in which she was very like ourselves; she *laid the words of Jesus on the shelf*, as things so trite and sure that they were of small practical importance. Somehow it is almost as bad to *lay up a doctrine in lavender* as it is to throw it out of window. When you so believe a truth as to put it to bed and smother it with the bolster of neglect, it is much the same as if you did not believe it at all. An official belief is very much akin to infidelity. Some persons never question a doctrine; that is not their line of temptation; they accept the Gospel as true, but then they never expect to see its promises practically carried out; it is a proper thing to believe, but by no means a prominent, practical factor in actual life. It is true but it is mysterious, misty, mythical, far removed from the realm of practical common-sense. We do with the promises often as

A POOR OLD COUPLE

did with a precious document, which might have cheered their old age had they used it ac-

* Earl Russell, who died in 1878.

cording to its real value. A gentleman stepping into a poor woman's house saw framed and glazed upon the wall a French note for *a thousand francs*. He said to the old folks, "How came you by this?" They informed him that a poor French soldier had been taken in by them and nursed until he died, and he had given them that little picture when he was dying as a memorial of him. They thought it such a pretty souvenir that they had framed it, and there it was adorning the cottage wall. They were greatly surprised when they were told that it was worth a sum which would be quite a little fortune for them if they would but turn it into money.

Are we not equally unpractical with far more precious things? Have you not certain of the words of your great Lord *framed and glazed in your hearts*, and do you not say to yourselves, "They are so sweet and precious?" and yet you have never turned them into actual blessing—never used them in the hour of need. You have done as Martha did when she took the words, "Thy brother shall rise again," and put round about them this handsome frame, "in the resurrection at the last day." Oh, that we had grace to turn God's bullion of Gospel into current coin, and use them as our present spending money!

Moreover, Martha made another blunder, and that was *setting the promise in the remote distance*. This is

A COMMON FOLLY,

this distancing the promises of the Most High. "In the resurrection at the last day"—no doubt she thought it a very long way off, and therefore she did not get much comfort out of it. Brethren, do not refuse the present blessing. Death and heaven, or the advent and the glory, are at your doors. A little while and He that will come shall come, and will not tarry. Think not that the Lord is slack concerning His promise. Do not say in your heart, "My Lord delayeth His coming;" or dream that His words of love are only for the dim future. In the ages to come marvels shall be revealed, but even the present hour is bejewelled with loving-kindness. To-day the Lord has rest, and peace, and joy to give to you. Lose not these treasures by unbelief.

Martha also appears to me to have made the promise unreal and impersonal. "Thy brother shall rise again;" to have realized that would have been a great comfort to her, but she mixes Lazarus up with all the rest of the dead. "Yes, he will rise in the resurrection at the last day; when thousands of millions shall be rising from their graves, no doubt Lazarus will rise with the rest." That is the way with us; we take the promise and say, "This is true to all the children of God." If so it is true to us; but we miss *that* point.

I beg you to observe how the Lord Jesus Christ in great wisdom dealt with Martha. In the first place, He did not grow angry with her.

HE DID NOT CHIDE

her, though she lacked wisdom—wisdom which she ought to have possessed. I do not think God's people learn much by being scolded; it is not the habit of the great Lord to scold His disciples, and therefore they do not take it well when His servants take upon themselves to rate them. If ever you meet with one of the Lord's own who falls far short of the true ideal of the Gospel, do not bluster and upbraid. Who taught you what you know? He that has taught you did it of His infinite love and grace and pity, and He was very tender with you, for you were doltish enough; therefore be tender with others, and give them line upon line, even as your Lord was gentle toward you. It ill becomes a servant to lose patience where his Master shows so much.

The Lord Jesus, with gentle spirit, proceeded to teach her more of the things concerning Himself. More of Jesus! More of Jesus! That is *the sovereign cure for our faults*. He revealed Himself to her, that in Him she might behold reasons for a clearer hope and a more substantial faith. How sweetly fell those words upon her ear: "I am the resurrection and the life!" Not "I can get resurrection by my prayers," but "I am, myself, the resurrection." God's people need to know more of what Jesus is, more of the fulness which it has pleased the Father to place in Him. Some of them know quite enough of what they are themselves, and they will break their hearts if they go on reading much longer in that black-letter book.

When our Lord said, "I am the resurrection and the life," He indicated to Martha that resurrection and life were not gifts which He must seek, nor even boons which He must create; but that He Himself was the resurrection and the life; these things were wherever He was. He was the author, and giver, and maintainer of life, and that life was Himself. Poor Martha was looking up into the sky for life, or gazing down into the deeps for resurrection, when the Resurrection and the Life stood before her. She had thought of what Jesus might have done if He had been there before; now let her know what He *is* at the present moment.

Now, I am going to speak as I am helped of the Spirit; and I shall proceed thus—first, by asking you to *view the text as a stream of comfort to Martha and other bereaved persons*; and, secondly, to *view it as a great deep of comfort to all believers*.

I. First, I long for you to view the text as

A STREAM OF COMFORT

to Martha and other bereaved persons. Observe, in the beginning, that the presence of Jesus Christ means life and resurrection. It meant that to Lazarus. If Jesus comes to Lazarus, Lazarus must live. Had Martha taken the Saviour's words literally, as she should have done, as I have already told you, she would have had immediate comfort from them; and the Saviour intended her to understand them in that sense. Somebody says, "But I do not see that this is any comfort *to us*, for if Jesus be here, yet it is only a spiritual presence, and we cannot expect to see our dear mother, or child, or husband raised from the dead thereby." I answer that our Lord Jesus is able at this moment to give us back our departed ones, for He is still the resurrection and the life. But let me ask you whether you really wish that Jesus would raise your departed ones from the dead. You say at first, "Of course I do wish it;" but I would ask you to reconsider that decision; for I believe that upon further thought you will say, "No, I could not wish it." There would be serious drawbacks in the return of those whom we have loved best. Do you cry, "Give back my father!

GIVE ME BACK MY FRIEND?"

You know not what you ask. It might be a cause of regret to you as long as they lingered here, for you would each morning think to yourself, "Beloved one, I have brought you out of heaven by my wish. I have robbed you of infinite felicity to gratify myself." For my own part, I had rather that the Lord Jesus should keep the keys of death than that He should lend them to me. My dear ones that lie asleep could be awakened in an instant if the Master thought it best; but it would not be best. It does not seem to me, then, dear friend, that you are one whit behind Martha; and you ought to be comforted while Jesus says to you, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Furthermore, here is comfort which we may each one safely take, namely, that *when Jesus comes the dead shall live*. The Revised Version has it, "He that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live." We do not know when our Lord will descend from heaven, but we do know the message of the angel, "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

THE LORD WILL COME;

we may not question the certainty of His appearing. When He cometh, all His redeemed shall live with Him. The trump of the archangel shall startle the happy sleepers, and they shall wake to put on their beauteous array; the body transformed and made like unto Christ's glorious body shall be once more wrapt about them as the vesture of their perfected and emancipated spirits. Then our brother shall rise again, and all our dear ones who have fallen asleep in Jesus the Lord will bring with him. This is *the glorious hope of the Church*, wherein we see the death of death, and the destruction of the grave. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

Then we are also told that *when Jesus comes, living believers shall not die*. After the coming of Christ there shall be no more death for His people. What does Paul say? "Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." When the Lord comes there will be no more death; we who are alive and remain (as some of us may be—we cannot tell) will undergo a sudden transformation—for flesh and blood, as they are, cannot inherit the kingdom of God—and by that transformation our bodies shall be made meet to be "partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." There shall be no more death then. Here, then, we have

TWO SACRED HANDKERCHIEFS

with which to wipe the eyes of mourners; when Christ cometh the dead shall live; when Christ cometh those that live shall never die.

But further, I have not made you drink deep enough of this stream yet—I think our Saviour meant that even now His dead are alive. "He that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live." Those that believe in Jesus Christ appear to die, but yet they live. They are not in the grave, they are forever with the Lord. They are not unconscious, they are with their Lord in Paradise. Death cannot kill a believer, it can only usher him into a freer form of life. Because Jesus lives, His people live. God is not the God of the dead but of the living; those who have departed have not perished. We laid the precious body in the cemetery, and we set up stones at the head and foot; but we might engrave on them the Lord's words, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." True, an unbelieving generation may *laugh us to scorn, but we scorn their laughing*.

Again, *even now His living do not die*. There is an essential difference between the decease of the godly and the death of the ungodly. Death comes to the ungodly man as a penal infliction, but to the righteous as a summons to his Father's palace; to the sinner it is an execution, to the saint an undressing. Death to the wicked is the King of terrors; death to the saint is the end of terrors, the commencement of glory. Why do we dread the process which gives us liberty? I am told that persons who in the cruel ages had lain in prison for years suffered much more in the moment of the knocking off of their fetters than they had endured for months in

WEARING THE HARD IRON;

and yet I suppose that no man languishing in a dungeon would have been unwilling to stretch out his arm or leg, that the heavy chains might be beaten off by the smith. We should all be content to endure that little inconvenience to obtain lasting liberty. Now, such is death—the knocking off of the fetters; yet the iron may never seem to be so truly iron as when that last liberating blow of grace is about to fall. Let us not mind the harsh grating of the key as it turns in the lock; if we understand it aright it will be as music to our ears. Imagine that your last hour is come! The key turns with pain for a moment; but, lo, the bolt is shot! The iron gate is open! The spirit is free!

II. I leave the text now as a stream of comfort for the bereaved, for I wish you to view it as a great deep of

COMFORT FOR ALL BELIEVERS.

I cannot fathom it, any more than I could measure the abyss, but I can invite you to survey it by the help of the Holy Ghost. Methinks, first, this text plainly teaches that the

Lord Jesus Christ is the life of His people. We are dead by nature, and you can never produce life out of death; the essential elements are wanting. If you are regarded for a moment as separated from Christ, you are cast forth as a branch and are withered. A member severed from the head is dead flesh and no more. In union to Christ is your life. Oh, that our hearers would understand this! If I conjure up an experience over which I foolishly dote, which puffs me up as so perfect that I need not come to Christ now as a poor empty-handed sinner, I have entered into

THE REALM OF DEATH.

I have introduced into my soul a damning leaven. Away with it! Away with it! Everything of life is put into this golden casket of Christ Jesus; all else is death. We have not a breath of life anywhere but in Jesus, who ever liveth to give life. He saith, "Because I live, ye shall live also," and this is true. We live not for any other reason—not because of anything in us or connected with us, but only because of Jesus.

Now, further, in this great deep to which we would conduct you, faith is the only channel by which we can draw from Jesus our life. "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me;" that is it. Why doth the Lord so continually make faith to be the only link between Himself and the soul? I take it, because faith is a grace which arrogates nothing to itself, and has no operation apart from Jesus, to whom it unites us. You want to conduct the electric fluid, and, in order to this, you find a metal which will not create any action of its own; if it did so, it would disturb the current which you wish to send along it. If it set up an action of its own, how would you know the difference between what came of the metal and what came of the battery? Now, faith is an empty-handed receiver and communicator; it is nothing apart from that upon which it relies, and therefore it is suitable to be a conductor for grace.

When an auditorium has to be erected for a speaker in which he may be plainly heard, the essential thing is to get rid of all echo. When you have no echo, then you have a perfect building; faith makes no noise of its own, it allows the Word to speak. Christ puts His crown on faith's head, exclaiming, "Thy faith hath saved thee;" but faith hastens to ascribe all the glory of salvation to Jesus only. So you see why the Lord selects faith rather than any other grace, because it is a self-forgetting thing. It is best adapted to be the tubing through which the water of life runs, because it will not communicate a flavor of its own, but will just convey the stream purely and simply from Christ to the soul. "He that believeth in me."

Now notice, to the reception of Christ by faith there is no limit. "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever"—I am deeply in love with that word "whosoever." It is a splendid word. A person who kept many animals had some great dogs and some little ones, and in his eagerness to let them enter his house freely he had two holes cut in the door, one for the big dogs and another for the little dogs. You may well laugh, for the little dogs could surely have come in wherever there was room for the larger ones. This "whosoever" is the great opening, suitable for

SINNERS OF EVERY SIZE.

"Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Has any man a right to believe in Christ? The Gospel gives every creature the right to believe in Christ, for we are bidden to preach it to every creature, with this command, "Hear, and your soul shall live." Every man has a right to believe in Christ, because he will be damned if he does not, and he must have a right to do that which will bring him into condemnation if he does it not. It is written, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned," and that makes it clear that I, whoever I may be, as I have a right to endeavor to escape from damnation, have a right to avail myself of the blessed command, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and live." Oh, that "whosoever," *that hole in the door for the big dog!* Do not forget it! Come along with you, and put your trust in Christ. If you can only get linked with Christ you are a living man; if but a finger touches His garment's hem you are made whole. Only the touch of faith, and the virtue flows from Him to you, and He is to you the resurrection and the life.

I desire you to notice that there is no limit to this power. Before I was ill this time, and even since, I have had to deal with such a swarm of despairing sinners, that if I have not pulled them up they have pulled me down. I have been trying to speak very large words for Christ when I have met with those

DISCONSOLATE ONES.

I hear one say, "How far can Christ be life to a sinner? How low will the grace of God go? will it descend to summer heat? will it touch the freezing point? will it go to zero?" Yes, it will go below the lowest conceivable point—lower than any instrument can indicate; it will go below the zero of death. If you believe in Jesus, though you are not only wrong, but dead, yet shall you live.

But the poor creature fetches a sigh, and cries, "Sir, it is not only that I have no feeling, but I am become objectionable and obnoxious to everybody. I am a weariness to myself and to others. I am sure when I come to tell you my troubles you must wish me at Jericho, or somewhere else far away." Now, I admit that such a thought *has* occurred to us sometimes when we have been very busy, and some poor soul has grown prosy with rehearsing his seven-times-repeated miseries; but if you were to get more wearisome still, if you were to become so bad that people would as soon see a corpse as see you, yet remember Jesus says, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Ay, if you went so far as to go in and out among men like an unquiet ghost, so that everybody got out of your way, it would not put you beyond the promise, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

To conclude, if you once do believe in Christ, and come to live, there is this sweet reflection for you, "*Whosoever liveth and believeth*

SHALL NEVER DIE."

Our Arminian friends say that you may be a child of God to-day and a child of the devil to-morrow. Write out that statement, and place at the bottom of it the name "*Arminius*," and then put the scrap of paper into the fire; it is the best thing you can do with it, for there is no truth in it. Jesus says, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Here is a very literal translation—"And every one who lives and believes on me, in no wise shall die for ever." This is from "The Englishman's Greek New Testament," and nothing can be better. The believer may pass through the natural change called death, as far as his body is concerned; but as for his soul it cannot die, for it is written, "I give unto my sheep eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." These are not "ifs" and "buts" and faint hopes; but they are dead certainties, nay, living certainties, out of the mouth of the living Lord Himself. You get the life of God in your soul, and you shall never die.

"Do you mean that I may do as I like, and live in sin?" No, man, I mean nothing of the sort; what right have you to impute such teaching as that to me? I mean that you shall not love sin and live in it, for that is death; but you shall live unto God. Your likes shall be so radically changed that you shall abhor evil all your days, and long to be holy as God is holy; and you shall be kept from transgression, and shall not go back to wallow in sin. If in some evil hour you backslide, yet shall you be restored; and the main current of your life shall be from the hour of your regeneration toward God, and holiness, and heaven. The angels that rejoiced over you when you repented *made no mistake:* they shall go on to rejoice till they welcome you amid the everlasting songs and hallelujahs of the blessed at the right hand of God.

Believest thou this? Come, poor soul, believest thou this? Who are you? That does not matter, you can get into the "whosoever." That ark will hold all God's Noahs. What have you done? One said to me the other day, "I should like to tell you some of my sins!" I answered quickly, "I would like you would not; I have enough of my own without being infected with yours." What is any man that he should have the filth of another man's drains poured into his ear? No, no; confess to God, but not to man unless you have wronged him, and confession of the wrong is due to him.

"Ah," said one, "you don't know what I am." No, and

I DON'T WANT TO KNOW

what you are; but if you are so far gone that there seems to be not even a ghost of a shade of a shadow of a hope anywhere about you, yet if you believe in Jesus you shall live. Trust the Lord Jesus Christ, for He is worthy to be trusted. Throw yourself upon Him, and He will carry you in His bosom. Cast your whole weight upon His atonement; it will bear the strain. Hang on Him as the vessel hangs on the nail, and seek no other support. Depend upon Christ with all your might just as you now are, and as the Lord liveth you shall live, and as Christ reigneth you shall reign over sin, and as Christ cometh to glory you shall partake of that glory forever and ever. Amen.

THE LATE MR. JOSEPH LIVESEY.

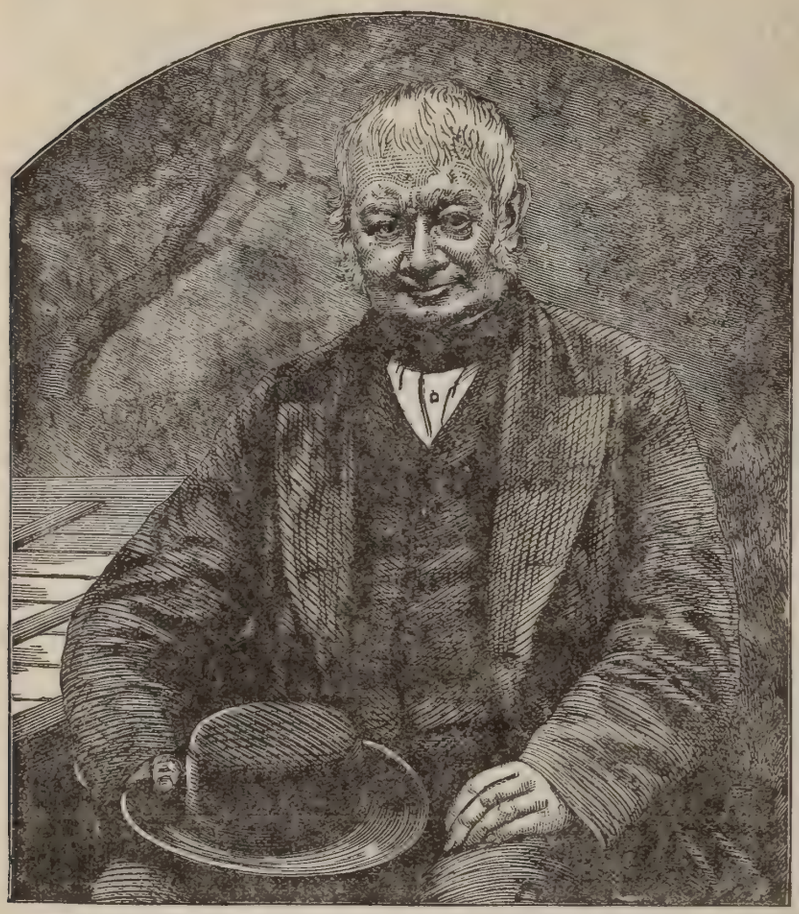
(*See portrait on page 652.*)

THE town of Preston, England, claimed Joseph Livesey, the total abstinence pioneer, as one of its oldest tradesmen, as he had for more than half a century been prominent in every public movement for the benefit of the town, especially those of a benevolent character. But the reputation of Mr. Livesey is by no means local; all over the civilized world his name is honored and loved as one of the most noble men of his age. He is probably best known as the "Father of Teetotalism," for in that cause his prolific pen was engaged for sixty years. On Tuesday, September 2d, after an illness of several weeks, he died, *at the advanced age of ninety years*, and the following Friday he was interred in the cemetery at Preston.

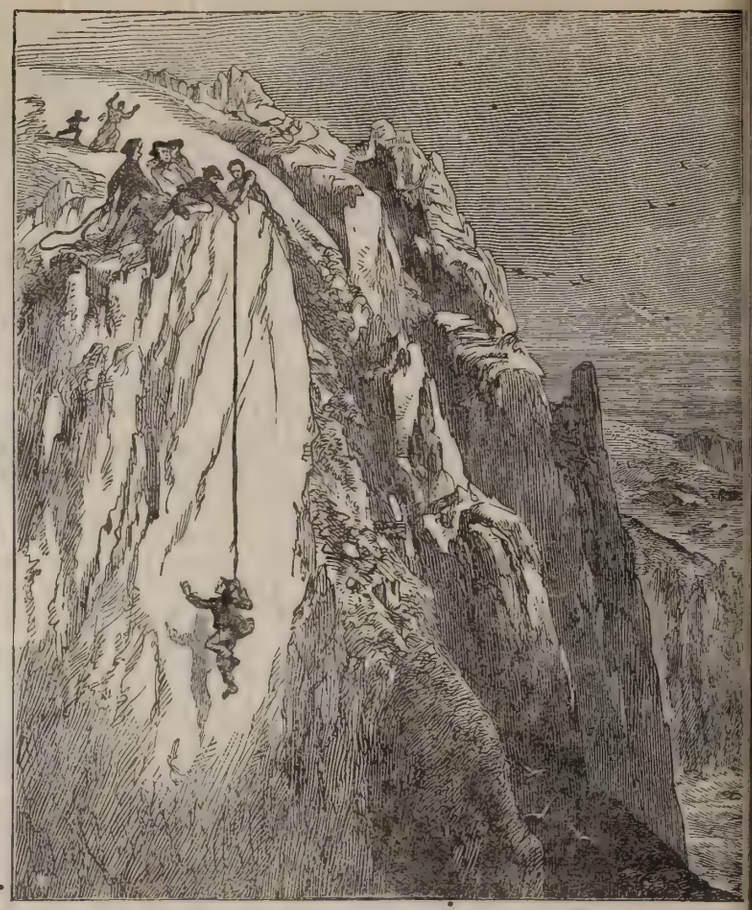
Mr. Livesey was born on March 5th, 1794. His birthplace was the village of Walton-le-Dale, only one mile from Preston; at seven years of age he was left an orphan, and was indebted to his grandfather for a home; the latter, who was a small cotton manufacturer, was plunged by misfortune into poverty, and the orphan lad was doomed to work in a damp and dismal cellar as a hand-loom weaver. In that place he had to earn his daily bread and to educate himself, which he did by fixing the books he managed to procure upon a part of his loom, thus working with hands and feet, and, at the same time, truly acquiring knowledge under difficulties.

His first bookcase, consisting of two pieces of wood suspended by cords fixed to their ends, contained some odd volumes of periodicals and a Jones's "Theological Repository," which he had bought secondhand. "I shall never forget," he tells us, "as I descended the cellar steps, how I sometimes turned back to look at my newly acquired treasure." In 1811 Joseph Livesey joined the little Baptist church then meeting in Chapel Street, Preston, and he took a great interest in the services. When only eighteen years of age he protested against the free use of drink by ministers and members at an ordination service, but was only laughed at for his pains. The inconsistencies of his religious associates sorely vexed and troubled him.

On the 30th of May, 1815, or within three weeks of the battle of Waterloo, Mr. Livesey was married to Jenny Williams, also a Baptist. He



The Late Joseph Livesey, "the Father of Teetotalism."



An Egg-Gatherer's Peril in St. Kilda. (*See page* 645.)

was just turned twenty-one, and she was nineteen and a half. They were married at Liverpool, and made their way to Walton the next morning. By the death of a relative Joseph came into a lgacy worth $150, and with this he furnished a cottage, which he rented at $35 a year. From the first "Jenny" was a helpmeet indeed. Besides attending to her household duties, she wound the bobbins for three weavers —her husband, his uncle, and grandfather; and, Mr. Livesey says, "I soon learned the truth of the old saying, 'In taking a wife you had better have a fortune *in* her than *with* her,' and," he adds, "if men were always guided by this, and the females knew it, we should have happier marriages, and the girls would aim at acquiring substantial instead of artificial attractions."

Becoming a prosperous tradesman, Mr. Livesey did not forget his less fortunate fellows. Their difficulties had been his difficulties. The iron of poverty had entered into his soul. An ardent friend of political reform, a hater of injustice and oppression, he was also a strong believer in self-help. He started a night-school, founded a building society, aided other benevolent associations, and in 1825 published "An Address to the Poorest Classes," which contained much good advice upon household management, and strongly inculcated industry, thrift, and sobriety. The pamphlet commanded a wide circulation.

He published many other original works continuing his business at the same time. When asked on one occasion how he contrived to do so much work, he said: "I am entirely dependent upon my business for support, and when my other engagements are also taken to account, I shall be believed when I say that nothing but the pleasure I felt in the work could have induced me to persevere. You want to know how I find time for all my work; and my answer is, the time which others spend at the pot-house, or in visiting or attending parties, I spend in active pursuits; and, never taking any liquor at home or elsewhere, my head is seldom out of order; I lose no time in the evening to extinguish my reason, or in the morning to try to regain it."

Amid the variety of topics which suggested themselves to the reformer, he often addressed his "dear friends" on temperance. In one of such addresses, he says: "While drinking continues, poverty and vice will prevail; and, until this is abandoned, no regulation, no efforts, no authority under heaven, can raise the condition of the working classes. It is worse than a plague or a pestilence, and the man is no friend to his country that does not lift up his voice and proclaim his example against it. So shocked have I been with the effects of intemperance, and so convinced of the evil tendency of *moderate* drinking, that since the commencement of 1831 I have never tasted ale, wine, or ardent spirits. I know others who are pursuing the same resolution, and whose only regret is that they did not adopt this course twenty years since." Shortly after this, the 1st of September, 1832, Mr. Livesey signed the famous pledge of which he was the author. He continued faithful to it for fifty-two years, and, at the age of ninety, was as earnest a teetotaler as he had been at thirty-five.

FERGUSON'S SECRET.

(*See Illustration on page* 653.)

Some years ago I made the voyage from New York to San Francisco on the sailing vessel Saucy Sadie, Captain Trenhorn. It was my first long voyage, and was taken as a restorative after a long and painful illness. The captain was my old friend and schoolfellow, who, learning that I had been ordered to sea by my physicians, insisted on my accepting his hospitality. The offer proved his kindness of heart, for an invalid landsman is by no means a desirable companion on board ship.

The first few days of the voyage I passed in my berth, suffering the torments of sea-sickness, and the captain and one of the men waited on me by turns, with all the kindness and tenderness of a woman. Gradually I gained strength, and was able to spend most of my time on deck. I soon found that the Lord had work for me there, and that there was no reason why I should be idle when separated from my beloved work at home. Many opportunities occurred for speaking a word for Jesus to the men, who, though a rough lot, in which many nationalities were represented, were uniformly kind and courteous to the captain's invalid guest.

One man especially interested me. He was an able seaman, though, I fancied, not a sailor from boyhood. He was a Scotchman, who on joining the ship gave his name as James Ferguson, but he was known as "Scottie" by the crew. This man was exceedingly reserved, always polite and respectful, but averse to conversation, especially on religious subjects. I was drawn to him by a certain refinement in his manner and by an admission he reluctantly made that he knew Greek, which admission I extracted from him when I found him with a Greek Testament in his hand, he having picked it up from the place on deck where I had laid it down for a few minutes while I went below with Captain Trenhorn.

"Yes," he said, he was considered a good Greek scholar twenty years ago, but it was ten years since he had opened a book in that language. How or where he learned it he did not say, but hurried away to another part of the ship on some duty which I believed to be feigned, to prevent my questioning him further. But my curiosity and interest were excited, for I felt sure that this man was not a common sailor.

I spoke to the captain about Ferguson, but could gain no light on the subject that was perplexing me. The captain knew only that he had sailed with him on several voyages, always did his duty well, had once saved a boy from drowning at imminent risk to himself, always volunteered for any service where there was unusual danger, and seemed reckless of his life. Also, a very unusual trait among men of his class, he would never touch his allowance of

grog, and had adhered to his resolve in spite of banter and hard words.

This threw no light on the mystery I was confident there was in Ferguson's history and which I was anxious to discover, not for the sake of prying into his affairs, but because it seemed to me that he was not in his proper position and place in the world, and was intended for something better than he was now doing. I prayed much and thought much about the man, and was led to the conclusion that some grievous sin, some disgraceful act had banished him from society. This impression grew upon me, and seemed not to have been reached by my own reason but to have been imparted to me, and I felt so sure of it that I gave up my intention of trying to penetrate the mystery, and thought only of how best to present to him the infinite, inexhaustible love and compassion of God.

An opportunity occurred soon. It happened that the captain had found it necessary to make an example of an incorrigible evildoer among the crew by putting him in irons. It had occurred at an early hour of the day, when I was not on deck, and that night I asked Ferguson about it. He thought the captain had acted quite justly, and said he wondered that he had borne so long with the man's faults. Did he think he would be restored to his place in the ship after his term of punishment had expired, I asked. No, Ferguson thought not. He would be disgraced in some way. Taking that as a basis, I spoke to him of Peter's restoration after his denial of the Saviour, and of David being forgiven his heinous sin, and incidentally remarked that no sinner had ever been found who sought forgiveness honestly and failed to receive it. Those only fell hopelessly who were too proud to ask God's mercy.

The Morocco Case Found in Ferguson's Chest.

"Or too humble," added Ferguson.

"No," I said, "that can never be; a man who fancies he is kept back by humility is deceived by Satan. The humble man goes to his Father, no matter how heinous his guilt, and he is welcomed. God is pleased when men, recognizing how vile they are, place so high an estimate on His boundless mercy as to think it is great enough to cover their crime."

"Crimes against light and knowledge are specifically excluded," said Ferguson, in the tone of a man familiar with the subject.

"I am sure they are not," I replied. "I know the passage well to which you refer, but the two instances I mentioned just now prove that the construction you place on it is wrong. David and Peter stood in their respective ages at the very summit of spiritual privilege. They both fell in a way exceptionally disgraceful, and both were forgiven and restored. It was not found 'impossible to renew' them."

"You think, then, there is hope for the vilest reprobates—men whose sin is aggravated by their superior knowledge and privileges?" Ferguson's face as he asked the question I shall never forget. He waited breathlessly for my answer, and his eyes had a strange, unearthly light in them.

"I do not think at all about it," I said; "I am sure a broken, contrite heart was never carried to God yet and rejected, and never will be."

The man forgot my presence; tears rushed to his eyes, he leaned his head against the mast near which we were standing, and sobbed audibly. As I moved away, feeling my presence would be an intrusion at such a time, I heard him say, "I will arise and go unto my Father." I went below soon afterward, but it was long before I fell asleep. More than once I rose and prayed for that man on whom the Holy Spirit was working.

A storm was rising, which before morning became a perfect hurricane. I was too ill to go upon deck during the continuance of the storm, which lasted two days and nights before it blew itself out. Just before the sun rose on the third day the captain came hurriedly to my berth and asked me if I was well enough to see a dying sailor, who earnestly begged me to come to him. I dressed quickly, and followed my friend. I was distressed to find that the man was Ferguson, who had fallen from one of the yards to the deck, and sustained fatal injuries. It was easy to see he had not many minutes to live. He held out his hand to me as I entered, and said: "You will fulfil a dying man's wish?"

"Whatever you want done I will do faithfully to the full extent of my power," I answered.

"Thank you. Write down an address."

I took my pencil and wrote the address of a lady in Scotland, as Ferguson dictated it.

"She is my mother," he said. "It is fifteen years since she heard of me. Write to her when I am gone, and say that I am dead. Do not say how or where—it would grieve her. But say God in His mercy sent you to me as a messenger, and that, led by you, I found forgiveness and died in peace. Send with your letter her portrait. It is in my chest—the captain will give it you—God in heaven bless you for your message." Those were his last words. He died with a smile of peace on his face.

Captain Trenhorn told me Ferguson wished all his clothes and the money he had saved divided among his shipmates. I sat at a distance while the dead man's chest was brought on deck, and the captain portioned out its contents. I looked anxiously at them, and at last saw the sailor who was on his knees before the chest handing the articles to the captain take out an oval morocco case. I felt sure that was the portrait. The man beckoned one of his shipmates, and handing it to him bade him bring it to me. I opened it, and saw the face of an old lady, still beautiful and with a look of wonderful tenderness in her eyes. This portrait I mailed with a brief note, stating exactly what her dead son wished. I refrained from giving her my address, lest she should seek to know from me the details of his death. His secret I never learned, and I never desired to know it. It was sufficient for me that, led by the Holy Spirit, I had been enabled to lead a wanderer back to his Father's house.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 639.*)

Church Troubles.

THERE was a more perilous rock in Carl's course than the darkening of the great man's countenance. It will be difficult to give Miss Waldron credit for conscientiousness in what is about to be narrated, but it is necessary to do so. Like the best and wisest among us, she was self-deceived at times, and saw through the fog of her own feelings. She had loved Carl, had looked up to him with an admiration removed only by a step from worship. But her love for him died when he told her that he loved Hester, who seemed to her far below herself in culture and spiritual attainment. She could not reconcile in her own mind her conception of Carl as the strong, whole-souled spiritual guide with the realization of him captivated by a pretty face and a simple, guileless manner. Her love died, the halo departed, and Carl sank in her estimation to the level of common humanity. He was a weaker man than she had thought him. If he were weak in one thing he would be weak in others. He must be watched. So Miss Waldron thought, and she dropped her rôle of his disciple and became his critic.

At the beginning of the present century the Congregational churches were strongly Calvinistic. From all their pulpits there thundered the essential doctrines which seem to spirits more liberal, harsh and cruel. These latter had not denied the doctrines of election, divine sovereignty and predestination, but held it unnecessary to be continually dwelling upon them.

Time passed and the preachers began to

dwell more upon the infinite love of God and to preach less frequently of the miseries of those whom God had not chosen and elected. Preachers who had read deeply of non-Calvinistic theology, who had been highly educated, did not openly deny the doctrines of Calvin, but they did not preach them so often and were more earnest in proclaiming "Whosoever will, let him come." They were for the most part in city churches, and in churches where the congregations were refined and cultured. In those churches Calvinism still remained ostensibly the creed of the church, but it was gradually becoming obsolete. In the rural churches where the pastors were old men, bred in the old order of things, and where the people still held firmly to the Calvinistic doctrines, those doctrines were taught still in all their bald harshness. Such was Little Aston, where for so long Mr. Watson, a rigid Calvinist, had dwelt with delight on the Calvinism he loved.

Carl, on the other hand, had labored to lead his people to holiness of life, and to that realization of God's love which would enter into every thought, and duty, and occupation of the day, and had let the doctrine of election severely alone. He did not deny that it was true; he scarcely knew as yet whether he held it or not. He was seeking light. At present his duty was that of the "ambassador for Christ," beseeching men to be reconciled to God, and he did it earnestly and with his whole heart. But he had never preached a single sermon at Little Aston on the doctrine which Mr. Watson had made his chief theme.

As Miss Waldron in her disenchanted state watched Carl, she suddenly realized this omission and called her father's attention to it. Mr. Waldron, like the other members of the church had not remarked it; but now that his daughter mentioned it, he too wondered that he should not have observed the omission. The leaven dropped in the flour worked there silently. To one and another member Mr. Waldron mentioned his fear that their pastor was not sound in doctrine, and pointed out the lack of Calvinism in his discourses. Miss Waldron in her classes took care to supply the omission of the pastor by presenting the old doctrines more prominently, and the young people who heard her contrasted her teaching with that of their pastor and wondered which they were to believe. The older and more influential members of the church became increasingly dissatisfied, while the younger grew in love for the young preacher.

Such a condition of affairs could not last long, and at last a church-meeting was called, at which Carl was not present, to consider the matter. Then Mr. Waldron openly stated his fears. For the first time in many years John Morley rose to speak. Since his trouble he had attended all the meetings more from force of habit than from other motive, and had been always silent. Now, however, he felt it his duty to speak.

Deferring to Mr. Waldron, and admitting that his remarks were justified by the absence of Calvinistic doctrine from their pastor's sermons, he appealed to the conscience of the Church. Had not its members grown in grace under Mr. Bramwell's ministry? Had not the young people whom he saw around him been brought to the knowledge of the truth by God's blessing on his labors? The Holy Spirit was owning his efforts, and he, for one, was content with preaching under which Christians grew holier and sinners were brought to Jesus. True, none more than he enjoyed "the strong meat" of Calvinistic theology, but he could dispense with it for the more practical teaching which God was blessing. Finally he urged the church to judge of the preaching by its fruits and to have confidence in their young pastor.

John Morley's speech had its effect on many; but there were others, and they formed the majority of the church, who were not convinced. One said that Calvinism was the distinctive feature of the denomination, and that if Mr. Bramwell was an Arminian he was out of place, and should preach in a Methodist church. Another said that he would not continue his membership of any church of which the pastor dishonored the faith of his fathers by preaching less than a full Gospel, and many more followed on the same side.

The meeting ended in a committee of three being appointed, Mr. Waldron and two others, to wait upon the pastor and expostulate with him, and to demand that in a sermon on some verse of the ninth chapter of Romans he should define his position.

Carl Bramwell received the committee on the following day. He met them courteously, and listened to their remarks with silent attention. As he made no reply, and did not respond to the demand for the special sermon, otherwise than that he would consider it and must have time for thought, one of the committee, a prosperous grocer, who prided himself on his theological learning and his bluff honesty, said:

"It is no use mincing the matter, Mr. Bramwell. We mean business. Either you must prove yourself a sound Calvinist or you must resign. We do not mean to have any man preach heresy in our church."

"I thought it was the Lord's church," said Carl, sadly. "It appears I was wrong; I think I had better resign. But I will think the matter over and try to obtain divine guidance. You shall hear from me in a few days."

One week from that day Carl Bramwell had written his letter of resignation, and had called a meeting of the church to receive it. How much it had cost him to write the letter no one knew. The Little Aston Church was but a small one, and its minister had not so large a sphere for usefulness as Carl had hoped to fill; but he had loved it, and had worked honestly and prayerfully for its good. Now he must leave it. He must step out of his pulpit with the brand of heresy on his brow, and he might even have to leave the ministry, for what Church would invite a pastor rejected by a Church so insignificant as Little Aston? He was sitting, melancholy and depressed, in his study on the evening when the Church was in meeting, debating whether his resignation should be accepted, when the door opened, and John Morley entered and seized his hand in an affectionate grasp.

"I could not stay after your letter was read," said John Morley. "Do you know all that is likely to befall you? Do you know what reports will go out against you to the other churches?"

"I foresee all," answered Carl, with a profound sigh, which was almost a sob.

"Are you prepared to enter some other denomination?" he asked. "You would be welcomed among many; but they would not be the people of your fathers."

"No," he answered, with an aspect of sad resolution. "I cannot change the creed I received from my forefathers. I must remain among my own people, even if I cease to be a minister among them."

"Then what will become of you? how will you live?" asked John Morley.

"God knows," said Carl, solemnly.

"My boy," continued John Morley, sadly, "ten years ago I was comparatively a rich man, and I wish I were so still, for your sake. But I have few possessions now except debts and my Hester. Still, give an ear to me. If you should be put out of the ministry, there could be no occupation more suited to you than mine. You may be a student and a scholar, if you are a bookseller. Nay, you may yourself become a writer of books. Come to me, then. My business was once good enough, and in young hands, like yours, it would thrive again. Do not despise it, Carl. It seems to me as if you might lift me out of my Slough of Despond. But this is only if you should fail in getting another charge. I trust another pulpit will soon be given to you."

John Morley had spoken hurriedly and stammeringly, and Carl had kept silent in amazement. But when he ended, and stretched out his trembling hand to him, Carl caught it eagerly, and bowed down his head upon it to hide his tears.

"Despise it!" he cried, "your home would be like a heaven to me. You love me, then? You would take me as your son?"

"With all my heart, my boy," said John Morley, laying his other hand tenderly upon the young man's head.

"And I accept your offer with all my heart," said Carl, after a brief silence. "You know I believe myself called by God to this ministry; but if He gives me no place in another church, I will return here gladly, as freely to you as to a father. We will confront the world together; and it will go hard with me indeed, if I do not win bread for you and Hester, as well as for myself."

A brighter look was upon John Morley's face than Carl had ever seen there. He asked him to walk home with him, as if he shrank from traversing a second time the streets to which he had been so long a stranger; and Carl accompanied him in a trance of mingled joy and sadness. The dark gables of John Morley's house, standing out against the darkness of the sky, possessed a new beauty for him. Even the dismal sitting-room, with its worn-out furniture, had a glory about it. He could very well pass a blissful life here with Hester. The future was no longer so dreary and blank to him; for if he were compelled to relinquish the lawful ambition of his calling, here would be his happiness as well as scope for his scholarly pursuits. He was already painting the coming years in bright colors, while he watched John Morley light his lamp, when he saw him casting an anxious and nervous glance at the black panes of the uncurtained window.

"Carl," he whispered, as if fearful of being overheard by some one without, "I have a fancy some nights of a face which looks in upon me out of the dark. I have never spoken of it to Hester, lest a child like her should be frightened. But look now at yonder corner."

Carl looked earnestly, and detected in the thick darkness of the night the wan outline of Rose's face, far enough from the casement to be only a dim and indistinct sketch. But it was there, with far-off eyes, gazing in upon her husband. A thrill of dread and compassion for them both ran through him. If John Morley should only resolve to verify for himself the reality of this haunting face, what would happen? He fixed his eyes more keenly upon the apparition, and advanced a step or two nearer the window, and it vanished suddenly into the darker shades of the night.

"You may be a little nervous and fanciful," he said; "you should have a curtain to this window. These fancies are not good for you."

"Nay, I like the night to stare in upon me," he replied gloomily. "I wonder, at times, if it sees any creature as like itself as I am; neither sun nor stars in many days appearing and no small tempest lying on me. No, no. Let that face, as well as the night, stare in to see what sort of a wretch lives here."

He sat down on his own chair, with his gray face half turned from the window, and the full light of the lamp falling upon it. He sank into a long, dreamy fit of reverie, while Carl watched anxiously the black, blank casement beyond him. The pale shadow of John Morley's wife looked in no more; but Carl, before going away, resolved to warn Rose of the risk she ran in thus venturing to gaze in upon the hearth she had forsaken and lost forever.

Mr. Waldron's first action, after having performed the duty of reading to the church Carl's resignation, and writing to inform him that the church accepted it, was to write at once to Dr. Hervey, the principal of the college, and entreat him to do all in his power to procure the young discarded minister a new charge. He found it a very difficult matter to explain his own conduct; but what is there that cannot be explained, almost to satisfaction, when it is a self-explanation which is given? Nothing

would give Mr. Waldron greater pleasure than to see Carl in a position where his active and energetic mind could find more congenial hearers; and if the doctor could hit upon any plan for advancing his interests, he would do anything in his power to further them.

In the mean time, David Scott came down to take Carl's place in the pulpit, and to be patronized by Miss Waldron; while he stood on one side, and saw David drive away in her carriage, and himself only acknowledged by a freezing bow, strangled in its birth. Carl laughed at times, and chafed at times; and then repented of both natural emotions with a sincere effort to gain the mastery over nature. Annie felt the same, and yielded without any attempt at all to conquer herself; she only longed for some opportunity of speaking with feminine fidelity to her former friend. Robert came no more to Grant's house, though he was cordial with Grant himself, when he met him.

It became a question with Carl whether he should not at once accept John Morley's offer. He had so modest an opinion of himself that it did not seem beneath him to condescend to the business of a bookseller; and he spent the greater portion of his time in John Morley's house, with the idea that he was learning something of it. He drew closer to every member of the isolated household. Once again, as she went about the house, Hester sang gravely, but sweetly, songs which stirred his heart with the most delicious tremor. A blessed calm visited the desolate home. Even John Morley's worn face and sunken eyes seemed to catch a reflection of the pervading peace, as if he had at last consented to a truce with his tormenting memories. Carl began to think that his pastorate was there, and that the little flock given into his care numbered only John Morley and Hester and the lost and banished one, hidden from the sight of all men.

(To be continued.)

SOLOMON'S CHOICE.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 19, 1 Kings 3 : 5-15. Golden Text, Prov. 4 : 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Solomon's First Regal Act—An Acknowledgment of his Dependence—A Choice of Blessings—The Same Privilege Offered now—The Hindering Unbelief—Solomon's Response—Diffidence a Sign of Wisdom—God's Answer—Wisdom Given—Promised to Praying Believers.

GOD gave David his choice of *judgments*, but to Solomon He gave a choice of *blessings*. Solomon began his reign well, "The Lord his God was with him, and magnified him exceedingly" (II Chron. 1 : 1). "And Solomon loved the Lord, walking in the statutes of David his father: only he sacrificed and burnt incense in high places." God had commanded that sacrifices should be offered before the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, and that the blood should be sprinkled upon the altar of the Lord, and the fat burned for a sweet savor unto the Lord (Lev. 17 : 1-9). It may be that in this disobedience Solomon was laying the foundation for his sad falling away in after life. But it is blessed to mark how

SOLOMON'S FIRST ACT

as a king was to gather his people together for a national act of worship. He, a young man of eighteen, leading a consecration service, to which he called all the chief civil and military officers, "the captains of thousands and of hundreds," "the judges," and "every governor in all Israel, the chief of the fathers." The young king manifested without delay his confidence that a higher authority and a mightier power than his was over Israel; and he let those in responsible positions, both old and young, know that he acted only as the delegate of God. Solomon gathered these leaders of the people together to the place of sacrifice, the brazen altar which stood before the door of the tabernacle. By his offering of a thousand burnt offerings, Solomon and the people signified the fullest dedication of themselves unto the Lord.

"IN THAT NIGHT

did God appear unto Solomon, and said unto him, Ask what I shall give thee" (II Chron. 1 : 7). Are we awake to the fact that every one of us who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ is in precisely the same position as Solomon was? "Ask, and it *shall* be given you . . . for every one that asketh receiveth" (Matt. 7 : 7, 8); "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them" (Mark 11 : 24). "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain; *that* whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, He may give it you" (John 15 : 16). "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full" (John 16 : 23, 24). Do these words of our blessed Lord's, and many similar ones, *mean* what they say? If so, why are we not asking and receiving that *our* joy may be full, and that we may make the joy of Jesus full by our trusting Him? It is just our miserable, wicked, unworthy unbelief, which hinders our loving God from giving. We do not really give Him credit for meaning what He says.

It was not when Solomon was urging some great request that God so spoke to him; it was when his heart overflowed with God's goodness to him, and he brought the representatives of his kingdom to His feet. He was in the spirit of thanksgiving, not of supplication. Many of us are so occupied with our prayers, and whether they are or are not earnest enough—whether *we* have or have not faith enough, that we have no attention left to give to God. And yet it is when our eye is upon Him, and off ourselves, that we can take in what He has to say to us. There is

SOMETHING STUPENDOUS

in the thought that the God of this vast universe should put Himself at the disposal of such puny creatures as we are, and yet Himself hath said it; and it is no mere figure of speech, but a solid glorious fact, that as soon as we take the place of humble, trustful recipients, He, our God and Father, gives us our heart's desire.

SOLOMON'S FIRST RESPONSE

was thanksgiving for the past, "Thou hast showed unto thy servant David my father great mercy, according as he walked before Thee in truth, and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with Thee; and Thou hast kept for *him* this great kindness, that Thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day." All this Solomon reckoned as the faithful keeping of God's promises to David. Oh, how it strengthens faith when we remember God's faithfulness to us in the past, how impossible we see it is for Him to fail us, and how sure it makes us that apparent failure is only the devil's misrepresentation of our God! "And now, O Lord my God, *Thou hast made* thy servant king instead of David my father." The king sees *God's* hand in his coming to the throne, not David's, nor Nathan's, nor Bathsheba's. "And I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in." It is not often that we hear *a young man* speak thus. Generally diffidence is found among those who are the most advanced. Those who speak the most absolutely about facts of science, history, etc., are frequently those who make the most egregious mistakes. Real knowledge so acquaints us with our own ignorance that we are more ready to learn than to teach. And it is especially so as regards the knowledge of God. He "who of God is made unto us Wisdom," was perfect in diffidence as in all else, and He said, "I can of mine own self do *nothing*" (John 5 : 30). It was already the greatest mark of grace, the

TRUEST SIGN OF WISDOM,

that Solomon could take this low place, nearly down to the level of Jesus Himself. It was the lesson which Paul learned through the buffeting of the messenger of Satan, "When I am weak, then am I strong" (II Cor. 12 : 9).

"And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people, that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude." How different this from David's spirit when he numbered the people! David had in this matter walked after the flesh; Solomon walked by faith, for he used God's own language (Gen. 13 : 16; 15 : 5). "Give therefore thy servant an understanding [or hearing] heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?"

This was virtually to give up the reins of government to God and suffer himself to be guided step by step. It was to take the place which Jesus took as Man, when He said, "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary; He wakeneth morning by morning, He wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned. The Lord God hath opened mine ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away back" (Isa. 50 : 4, 5). It is this "hearing heart" which is the choicest gift we can ask or have, either for our directly spiritual work, our business, our home life, or for our own soul's well-being.

Surely Solomon was "praying in the Holy Ghost;" he let God lead him, instead of taking the lead and expecting God to follow. "And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life; neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies; but had asked for thyself understanding to discern [or hear] judgment; Behold,

I HAVE DONE

according to thy words." How was Solomon to be sure of God's answer? Perhaps he did not *feel* any wiser than before. Very likely he felt more foolish and ignorant, but he believed the word of God which He had spoken, and events proved that he was justified in so doing. How many blessings have we lost, not for want of *asking*, but for want of *taking* our God at His Word, and *believing we received!* Oh, how often have we forgotten the condition, "shall not doubt in his heart" (Mark 11 : 23)! God told Solomon that He had given him a hearing heart, so that there was none like him before or after. And, just like Himself, He had given him what he forebore to ask—"riches and honor," and *conditionally* "length of days."

How can we be sure that Solomon believed in God's fulfilment of His Word? By his acting upon it. When he awoke, and the manifested presence of God was gone, he "came to Jerusalem, and stood before the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and offered up burnt offerings, and offered peace offerings, and made a feast to all his servants." This he would not have done had he been uncertain about the answer to his petition. He did not wait to feel wise, but rejoiced that he *was so*, because God had said it; and when, soon after, he was called to decide a very hard case, the

WISDOM

which God had given him was manifest. "All Israel heard of the judgment which the king had judged; and they feared the king, for they saw that the wisdom of God was in him, to do judgment." Solomon's counsel to us by the Holy Ghost is this, "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding." And the Spirit of God through the Apostle James exhorts us, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and *it shall be given him.* But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For *let not that man think* that he shall receive anything of the Lord."

FOREIGN TOPICS.

A Bombardment of Kelung in China was commenced by the French admiral on October 1st. He telegraphed to his government that he "commenced operations by occupying the height of St. Clement. The Chinese forces, after a fairly warm engagement on Wednesday night, evacuated two of their works westward of the height, which we afterward occupied. I am now fortifying them, and shall operate on Saturday against their works eastward of the height. Our loss was four killed, one missing, and thirteen wounded. The Chinese loss is estimated at from eighty to one hundred killed and from two hundred to three hundred wounded." A serious riot among the coolies occurred at Hong Kong on October 3d. Some of the boatmen refused to convey cargo to the French ships, and a general strike followed, resulting in disorders. The populace maltreated the police, who endeavored to preserve order. The military finally quelled the disturbance. Several natives were killed and a number were wounded. The excitement has subsided. At Shanghai it is reported that the natives in Shangtung have killed an English colporteur named Bagnall. Lord Lyons, British Ambassador at Paris, has been instructed to protest to Prime Minister Ferry against the action of the French fleet in searching the English trading steamers in the Formosa Channel.

The British Naval Department has Heeded the protests of the Radical party in the matter of royal patronage. It, last week, refused to grant Queen Victoria's request to have her cousin, the Prince of Leiningen, made an admiral. The yearly pay of an admiral is $10,950. The prince's most notable exploit occurred when he was in command of the Queen's yacht some years ago, and ran down a vessel in broad daylight. The Naval Department would inevitably have incurred the censure of Parliament, the press, and the public, had it consented to make the prince an admiral.

News that General Gordon has Left Khartoum and assumed offensive operations against the Mahdi was cabled last week. A despatch received by the British Government states that Gordon suddenly appeared with a considerable force before Berber, which some months ago fell, by treachery, into the Mahdi's hands. General Gordon bombarded Berber for some time, effected an entry into the place, and recaptured it. The rebels and the hostile inhabitants fled when the bombardment ceased. The fall of Berber will enable Colonel Kitchener to reach General Gordon from Dongola and to ascertain his wishes regarding the Nile expedition and his opinion as to what necessity there may be for the Nile expedition going to Khartoum. This conference may result in the abandonment of the Nile expedition altogether. On his way to Berber General Gordon stopped at Shendy. He found that place deserted. He nailed to the trees a proclamation offering pardon to all who would lay down their arms. General Gordon's force was in boats, which were towed by four steamers. A document has also been published purporting to be the diary of a resident in Khartoum during the siege. From that it appears that General Gordon held the place with the utmost difficulty, boring mines under the besiegers' position, and fighting almost daily. His troops were disaffected and provisions scarce. General Gordon issued paper money.

The Pope has Excommunicated his Chaplain. Signor Campbello, whose conversion from Romanism was recently mentioned in these columns. He and his associate, Signor Savarese, have opened an Evangelical church in Rome. The Pope's reasons for denouncing the church are that it uses the Italian language in conducting its services, impugns the infallibility of the Pope, sympathizes with Père Hyacinthe, disbelieves in the real presence, refuses to invoke the Virgin, etc. The decree denounces with major excommunication all persons who join or persuade others to join the church.

An Exceptional Honor to Miss Clara Barton was paid by the International Conference of the Red Cross associations at Geneva. Miss Barton attended as a delegate from the Government of the United States; but her personal merits, so well known to the European societies by her work in the Franco-German war of 1870, won her a personal tribute. The Conference ordered that there be entered upon its record the following complimentary notice of the work done by Miss Barton: "*Resolved*, that Miss Clara Barton, President of the American Association of the Red Cross, is deserving of recognition for the humanitarian work she has done." The Conference decided to prepare for the eventuality of war, in order to mitigate some of its horrors. Among other arrangements, it was resolved to organize transportation societies for the wounded, which, in times of peace, should be suitably exercised with a view to test their knowledge and skill and to accustom them to the severity of discipline. At the close of the sessions an interesting exhibit was made of Red Cross work. About two hundred men volunteered to represent the dead and wounded on a field of battle. They were scattered over the great Mall of Geneva, and were picked up and carried away by the Red Cross corps in a most expeditious way. Miss Barton received a warm welcome at the Conference, and her addresses were listened to with close and respectful attention. She is also a delegate from the United States Government to the International Peace Society.

A Disastrous Hurricane in Iceland is Reported. It occurred September 11th, but the account of it did not arrive in Europe until October 3d. The report states that nineteen trading vessels and sixty fishing boats were lost and thirty-two vessels disabled. The most appalling feature of the hurricane was the loss of life. The exact number of those who perished has not yet been ascertained, but it is known to have been very great.

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KING HUMBERT of Italy, whose portrait, with that of his Queen, adorns the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week, has earned for himself an honorable place among the crowned heads of Europe. We, who have the happiness of living under republican institutions, have and hold a supreme contempt for monarchs, as such. They are at best useless and expensive incumbrances, and at their worst they are an intolerable burden on the shoulders of the people, robbing them of liberty and denying them the inalienable rights of man. But those sentiments do not prevent our recognizing nobility of character when it appears under a royal crown, and of paying to it the tribute of homage it deserves. Kings are surrounded by fierce temptations; they are flattered and fawned upon, until they come to regard themselves as a superior order of beings. Their circumstances directly tend to foster and develope laziness, selfishness, and arrogance. All the more credit, therefore, is due to one who has a keen sympathy with the sick and suffering, and who disregards danger to himself when he may help and console the afflicted, and inspire others with courage by his example. That the King of Italy has done, and he is distinguished in Europe, as he will be in the history of his country, by the proud title of King

HUMBERT THE GOOD.

There is no monarch sitting on a European throne who has not cause to covet such a title of honor. Some of them are fiercely hated by their subjects; others are despised for their selfishness and indifference to the public weal; it is gratifying, therefore, to see that at least one among them has a human heart beating beneath the royal purple, and thinks with Solomon that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.

When the cholera appeared this summer in Naples every one who knew anything of the sanitary condition of the city predicted that the visitation would be even more terrible than it had been in Southern France. The prediction was verified; the death rate did not creep up gradually, as it did at Marseilles, but went up by leaps and bounds. The rich were not exempted by their superior advantages, for the streets of Naples reek with the smells which physicians say are the most effective preparation for the plague, and they could not live in the city without inhaling the pestiferous odors. Many of them fled from the city as soon as the plague appeared; but the King no sooner heard of the outbreak than he hastened thither, that he might render all the aid in his power to the miserable people. He remained there, superintending the sanitary improvements, inspecting the hospitals in person, distributing money to the poor, and seeing for himself that every official did his duty. Such conduct deserves the highest praise.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

King Humbert is the eldest son and second child of the late King Victor Emmanuel, his sister, Princess Clotilde, the wife of Prince Napoleon Jerome Bonaparte, being one year older. He was *born* on March 14th, 1844, and is therefore now in the forty-first year of his age. His mother was before her marriage Archduchess Adelaide of Austria.

The kingdom of Sardinia, including the Principality of Piedmont, with the territory of Genoa and the hereditary Duchy of Savoy, as well as the Island of Sardinia, was ruled by Charles Albert, who abdicated in 1849, after the defeat at Novara, in favor of his son, the late King Victor Emmanuel, who was enabled, by the extraordinary events of 1859 to 1870—the result of the genius and devotion of Cavour and Guiseppe Garibaldi—to annex to his dominion all the other parts of Italy. He was proclaimed King of Italy in March, 1861, by a vote of the Italian Parliament at Turin, representing every province and capital except Rome and Venice, which were joined to the kingdom, respectively, in 1866 and 1870. But the work of reorganizing the ancient kingdom of the two Sicilies devolved in large measure on the present King, Humbert.

HIS SERVICES.

In July, 1862, Prince Humbert visited Naples and Palermo, while Garibaldi was at the very zenith of his fame, and shared the popularity of the great Liberator. When, three or four years later, the war between Prussia and Austria was imminent, Prince Humbert was despatched to Paris to ascertain the sentiments of the French Government in reference to the alliance between Italy and Prussia. On the outbreak of hostilities he hastened to take the field, obtained the command of a division of General Cialdini's army, with the title of Lieutenant-General, and was present at the disastrous battle of Custozza on June 23d, 1866, where, it is said, he performed prodigies of valor.

After the seizure of Rome by the Italian troops in 1870, Prince Humbert took up his residence in Rome, which at this time became at last the capital of a United Italy. Formerly the kingdom was composed of the separate kingdoms of Sardinia, the two Sicilies, the Pontifical States, the Lombardo-Venetian provinces of the Austrian Empire, the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, the Duchies of Parma and Modena, and the Republic of San Marino.

KING OF ITALY.

Humbert succeeded to the throne of Italy on the death of his father, on January 9th, 1878, and on the nineteenth day of the same month took the oath of fidelity to the Constitution before the united Senators and Deputies, and subsequently delivered an address in which he declared it to be the "faith of his House and his own strength, that the religious observance of free institutions is the best safeguard against all dangers," and that his only aspiration was to deserve the praise, "He was worthy of his father."

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE HIM.

As King Humbert was making a State entry into Naples on November 17th, 1878, a man named Giovanni Passanante approached the royal carriage and attempted to assassinate his Majesty with a poniard. The King fortunately escaped with a slight scratch, but Signor Cairoli, the Prime Minister, who was riding with him, was wounded seriously in the thigh.

The people of Italy have not been in ignorance until now of the kindness and humanity of their King. Last year, on July 28th, when

THE TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE

desolated the city of Casamicciola, near the bay of Naples, one of the first to visit the scene of desolation was the King. He travelled by the most rapid conveyances available, and arrived at Casamicciola early in the morning of August 1st. He was accompanied by the Premier, Signor Depretis, and two others. He displayed the deepest sympathy with the terrible distress of the people, making a careful examination of the ruins, and, being especially impressed with the awful and most extraordinary havoc that had been wrought, broke forth several times into exclamations of astonishment and grief. The Minister of Public Works urged him to turn back, owing to the difficulty of the ascent; but he replied, "*If others go, so can I. Disaster makes all men equal.*" He listened patiently to the story of all who approached him, and replied with kindly and benevolent words to hysterical complaints of the groups of old people and women and children who remained among the ruins, as if unable to quit the place of their former dwellings.

Most harrowing incidents occurred *en route*. The few survivors encamped among the vineyards met the King with piercing cries for aid, accompanied by frantic gestures. One old woman rolled herself about on the ground almost at his feet, near the Hotel Piccola Sentinella, crying "Thanks, King!" By the King's order excavations were continued wherever there was a chance of persons being still found alive, and he personally superintended the work. The King also visited the tents of the Red Cross Society, and thanked the members of that gallant band for their philanthropic labors.

THE CHOLERA

made its appearance in Italy early in August. By the middle of the month it began to rage with severity in several of the provinces of Piedmont and in Liguria. On the 23d of August it was reported that 58 deaths had occurred in the single province of Cuneo in the two preceding days. There were also many cases in the province of Massa-Carrara, and a few at Turin, Milan, Novara, and other towns of Piedmont and Lombardy. Then came an outbreak of great intensity at Spezzia. In two days there were attacked, in the villages surrounding that place, no fewer than seventy persons, and the malignant character of the disease was shown in the fact that forty-eight of these died within a few hours—in some cases in less than an hour—after they were first prostrated. Next the epidemic penetrated to Spezzia itself, and laid on the town a deadly grip. Tuscany almost completely escaped the plague, but it was impossible that Naples should enjoy a like immunity; for it presents, in an aggravated form, every evil that exists in the towns of the Riviera. In the words of a contributor to a medical journal, "every condition of filth which can invite cholera exists in that delightfully beautiful but disgracefully dirty city."

When the approach of the plague began to be seriously apprehended, toward the end of August, recourse was had to the usual devices of quarantine and sanitary cordons, so that Naples was said to resemble a besieged town. A number of families were removed from the most noisome dens in the overcrowded poor quarters of the city; floating hospitals were prepared in the harbor, and other like arrangements made. At the best, however, these measures were but feeble palliatives, and

THE EPIDEMIC DESCENDED

upon Naples before there was time to accomplish more.

The first case of undoubted cholera was reported on the 23d of August. Down to the end of the month only two or three cases per day were announced; but suddenly, on the 1st of September, 42 cases and 21 deaths were reported as having occurred on the previous day. The bulletin for September 1st was very much worse—122 cases and 63 deaths. On the 2d and 3d there seemed to be a slight diminution in the violence of the epidemic, the fresh cases in these days being 73 and 89 respectively, and the deaths 32 and 49. But on the 4th the number of new cases showed a great increase, and since then the plague has continued with ever growing fury. On Sunday, the 7th, there were 316 new cases and 113 deaths; on the 8th, 4 cases and 154 deaths; while on the 9th the terrible totals were reached of 937 cases and 3 deaths. The next day returns showed an improvement, the number of fresh cases having fallen to 754 and the deaths to 287, and subsequently the epidemic greatly declined. Even the last-quoted figures indicate a mortality twice as high as the maximum attained at Marseilles.

The King showed an utter recklessness of his own safety. He wanted to explore the Fondaco the filthiest block in Naples, and was deaf to warnings of danger. Several officials expostulated with him, telling him that the place was reeking with cholera germs, but he would not listen to them. Finally one of them cried out "You have no right to commit suicide. Nor have you a right to deliberately murder many of these unfortunate people who will follow you even into that hotbed of death!" Upon this the King bowed and got into his carriage again.

All classes became demoralized as the hor

grew, but there can be no doubt that the King's example had the effect of preventing what would have otherwise been *a fearful panic*. The Italian people are almost crazy with enthusiasm for the King, and the Catholic newspapers vie with the democratic ones in lauding his course to the skies. The King and Archbishop fraternized from the start, and the feeling is general that the feud so long existing between the crown and the church will be healed as a result of this companionship.

THE HOSPITALS

were regularly visited by the King and the Archbishop (*see frontispiece picture*), and as the King passed down the wards, staying a few minutes at the bedside of this and that sufferer to speak some encouraging words, the patients raised themselves in their beds to call down blessings on his head. He was indefatigable in his efforts to add to their comfort, and sent the troops out of the city in order that their barracks might be used for hospitals. From his own private purse he gave freely to a fund raised to supply delicacies and nourishing food to the convalescents. It will be long before his generosity and sympathy are forgotten.

QUEEN MARGHERITA,

whose portrait appears with that of her husband on the first page, is his first cousin, being daughter of the late Prince Ferdinand, Duke of Genoa, a brother of the late King Victor Emmanuel; her mother is Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King John of Saxony and Duchess of Genoa, who is now married to a second husband, the Marquis Rapello. Queen Margherita was born in November, 1851, and married Prince Humbert in April, 1868. She has one child, named Victor Emmanuel, who was born in November, 1869. Her Majesty is warmly beloved by the Italian people.

NAPLES.

THE city of Naples, a picture of which appears on page 668, is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. It is built on the shores of a semicircular bay, and it rises from the edge of the water like an amphitheatre, appearing to the traveller who sails up the bay a spectacle whose unrivalled beauty can never be forgotten. It was originally called Neapolis (the new city). It is one hundred and eighteen miles from Rome, and is built near the foot of the volcano Vesuvius. Its population in 1880 was 463,172. Prior to 1860 Naples was the capital of the kingdom of the two Sicilies, but in that year, by the daring of Garibaldi and the enthusiasm of the people, the two Sicilies were merged in the kingdom of Italy.

With all its beauty, Naples has the unenviable reputation of being the filthiest city in Europe. Dirt abounds in all the dwellings to an incredible extent. In one block, that of the Fondaici, there are the most hideous human habitations in Christendom. It is intersected with narrow courtyards, its houses are eighty feet high, the sunlight and air excluded, and the filthiest rooms, each with a dozen or fifteen inmates of both sexes. There is *no water there to wash with*; the place is alive with vermin; it is a literal sink of pestilence, and contains fully one fourth of the whole population of Naples. The danger from this filth is aggravated by the fact that in Naples there is no sewerage system. Noxious effluvia are produced by the local custom of preserving all refuse from the houses for fertilizing the vineyards and olive-groves in a great cistern called the "pozzo." This is connected with the street gutter by an overflow pipe, which carries off the surplus liquid. Whenever there is a sudden rain, water breaks into the pozzo and then out again, spreading the contents of the cistern, with its pestilential vapors, throughout the city, and finally *into drinking wells* and cellars. An effort was made when the disease appeared to have these cisterns cleaned, but the people armed themselves to protect their valuable contents, and the officials shrank from a fight over the matter.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald* supplies the following graphic picture of the scenes in Naples during the epidemic:

"The town is, on the whole, as dirty and the contrast between the rich and poor quarters as striking as ever. We see one part of the inhabitants listening to the advice of the press and the medical profession and endeavoring to scour the streets and houses, and Chiaja, Chiatamone, Santa Catterina, La Villa, and San Ferdinando appear in a state of extraordinary cleanliness. At Pendina, the Mercato and the Porto, on the contrary, in the little streets that twist and cross each other, where the Neapolitan fishermen and lazzaroni live, the scavengers leave no trace behind them.

"There, in the middle of the narrow, ill-paved street, runs a thin stream of black and evil-smelling water. On either side the doors stand wide open, but it is very difficult to see clearly into these dark rooms, or rather dens, guarded as they are by gossiping women and romping children, the latter in semi or complete nakedness. When we do succeed in getting a glimpse of the interior we find a miserable bed almost worn to pieces, with here and there a heap of rags, a rickety chair, a table, and madonnas, dressed up in gilt paper, all of which a sickly lamp that is never extinguished illuminates in a half-hearted manner. There is mud and refuse which emits a vile smell, but no one stirs unless it be to buy a watermelon.

IN THE STREETS.

"Progression is not always easy outside, for the route is often impeded by other handbarrows and bearers waiting for their burden, so that in the *vichis* or little narrow streets there is frequently a perfect blockade. It is the duty of the guard to open a passage. At times the patient becomes restless on the litter, and, pushing away the cloth which covers him, he exposes a face with a deathly pallor upon it. On other occasions—which are only too numerous—the porters stop to drink, become weak in the legs, and stumble. Sometimes, moreover, the sick person is upset and *projected upon the passers-by*, who move about calmly, paying little heed to the cholera patients. There is a long procession of handbarrows in the streets around the hospitals of Cannochia and Piedigrotta. The bearers meet at the street corners and silently form in single file. When tired they calmly stop to rest, and even sit down upon their barrows, and then the parents, who frequently follow the bearers as far as the door of the hospital, take advantage of these stoppages to encourage the sick ones. The spectacles seen on the way are generally of a terrible character. The patients see funeral processions, terribly simple, with a hearse drawn by a pair of miserable jades which the driver is obliged to lash unmercifully to make them move.

CONTRASTS.

"The day before yesterday there was a crowd around the Mairie in the Foria quarter. Some asked for doctors, others demanded porters or hearses. The cholera had been doing its fell work during the night, and the number of cases increased continually. As there were not sufficient employés to deal with the difficulty, the more impatient portion of the crowd began to shout, when the sound of a clarinet and other instruments was heard playing a spirited waltz. The musicians approached, and succeeded in making their way through the crowd, followed by a young couple in their Sunday best, who were come to be married before the Mayor. The lady objected somewhat when she was obliged to go into the disinfecting room, like any ordinary person. She feared for her white dress, which would be spoiled by the chlorine, and the gentleman complained as to his gloves, which were of a somewhat uncertain color. As soon, however, as they entered the apartment where the ceremony took place their gaiety returned. A few minutes later they reappeared with smiling faces and the musicians resumed their waltz air, while the doctors went to attend the dying."

There was a daily decrease in the number of deaths from cholera in Italy last week. It is hoped that the worst is now past. A telegram from Naples states that that city is regaining its usual aspect, but a grave crisis in commercial affairs is feared. Hundreds of bills are protested daily. The Italian Government proposes to grant a million dollars to rebuild the poor quarters of Naples, which will be a great help to the city, both in furnishing better residences for the poor and in giving employment to men now idle. The superstitious prejudices of the people in regard to the cholera have not been dispelled.

AN OPIUM-SELLER'S CHRISTIAN WORK.

THE Rev. Dr. Baldwin relates that: "Ling Ching Ting, an opium-smoker and opium-seller, was converted at Foochow. He immediately wished to go and tell the story of the Cross in the District of Hok-Chiang, some forty miles away, where he had formerly lived. He was permitted to go. He met with much persecution—being driven out of some places, stoned in others, and maltreated in many ways. At one time, through false accusations brought against him, he was sentenced to be beaten with two hundred stripes, and the sentence was literally executed. He was carried up to Foochow, groaning with intense pain occasioned by the beating, yet cheerfully endured the trial, testifying to those who called upon him that Jesus would make his heart inside all peaceful, even while his body was in great pain. Through his labors the Gospel spread over the District of Hok-Chiang, where there are now

A THOUSAND COMMUNICANTS.

"He also went to one of the islands off the coast and there preached earnestly. A number of the poor islanders were soon added to the church. Among the inquirers was a man who had been *a wicked pirate*. He came to Ching Ting saying that he was convinced that all the religion he preached was true, and he wanted to be a Christian. He would immediately give up his piracy; but there was one little thing he thought he would hold on to. 'You know that some time ago we made a covenant with the fishermen here, by which we agreed to let their nets alone at all times except the 1st and 15th of each month, on which days we should take all the fish. Now this is an agreement between us, and I think it will be right for me to continue to take the fish.' Ching Ting thought that the man was being led by the Holy Spirit, and not wishing to discourage him, he expressed no opinion about his taking the fish, but said: 'Well, I'll put your name down as a probationer, and I will pray God to lead you into the right about all things.' About three weeks after that time he came to Ching Ting, and said with tears, 'Oh, Ching Ting, this fish business is all wrong too. It is stealing from the poor fishermen. I must give up: I want to be a whole-hearted Christian; and you must pray for me and help me to be one.' So

THE GREAT BURLY PIRATE

became a humble disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. The work spread southward from Hok-Chiang through the Prefecture of Hing Hwa, where there are now five hundred communicants. Ling Ching Ting died in good ministerial standing in 1877."

One day *a mandarin* entered the shop of an old cloth merchant, a convert in the Amoy region, where the English Presbyterians were laboring. The old man surmised their intention to oppress and persecute him. "I know what you have come for," he said, and taking down some of the goods, pointed to them and to the rest in the shop, and said, "Take them, and take me also. I am an old man and very deaf. You may take my boys also and my little girl. We are all Christians and willing to go to prison." This man was among the first converts of the mission, which now numbers seventy stations and more than 2200 communicants.

NATIONAL RUIN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, October 12th, 1884.

"Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city! for in one hour is thy judgment come, etc."—Rev. 18 : 10–13.

The Search for Babylon—A Great City Absolutely Lost — Its Past Magnificence — The Capital of the Ages—Its Midnight Saturnalia —Sudden Capture and Fall—Do Nations Die? —Murdered Nations—National Suicides—The Roll of Dead Nations — Evils that Threaten Us—I. Political Bribery—The Million Dollars in Ohio — Bribers Growing more Shameless — The "Soap" in Indiana in 1880—II. Solidifying the Sections—III. The Low State of Public Morals—The Ten Names on the National Tickets—Three Utterly Bad—Peculation and Knavery—Libertinism—The Curse of Millionnaire Libertines—The Cephaloptera of Vice—The Nation must not Perish — The Prize of the Continent — Who Shall Have the Hemisphere?

On cisatlantic shores a company of American scientists are now landing, on their way to find the tomb of a dead empire holding in its arms a dead city, mother and child of the same name—Babylon. The ancient mounds will invite the spades and shovels and crowbars while the unwashed natives look on in surprise. Our scientific friends will find yellow bricks still impressed with the name of Nebuchadnezzar, and they will go down into the sarcophagus of a monarchy buried more than two thousand years ago. May the explorations of Rawlinson and Layard and Chevalier and Opperto and Loftus and Chesney be eclipsed by the present archæological uncovering.

But is it possible this is

ALL THAT REMAINS

of Babylon? a city once five times larger than London and twelve times larger than New York? Walls three hundred and seventy-three feet high and ninety-three feet thick. Twenty-five burnished gates on each side, with streets running clear through to corresponding gates on the other side. Six hundred and twenty-five squares. More pomp and wealth and splendor and sin than could be found in any five modern cities combined.

A CITY OF PALACES

and temples. A city having within it a garden on an artificial hill four hundred feet high, the sides of the mountain terraced. All this built to keep the king's wife, Amyitis, from becoming homesick for the mountainous region in which she had spent her girlhood. The waters of the Euphrates spouted up to irrigate this great altitude into fruits and flowers and arborescence unimaginable. A great river running from north to south clear through the city, bridges over it, tunnels under it, boats on it.

A city of bazaars and of marketplaces, unrivalled for aromatics and unguents and high-mettled horses with grooms by their side, and thyme wood, and African evergreen, and Egyptian linen, and all styles of costly textile fabric, and rarest purples extracted from shell-fish on the Mediterranean coast, and rarest scarlets taken from brilliant insects in Spain, and ivories brought from successful elephantine hunts in India, and diamonds whose flash was a repartee to the sun. Fortress within fortress, embattlement rising above embattlement. Great

CAPITAL OF THE AGES.

But one night, while honest citizens were asleep, but all the saloons of saturnalia were in full blast, and at the king's castle they had filled the tankards for the tenth time, and reeling and guffawing and hiccoughing around the state table were the rulers of the land, General Cyrus ordered his besieging army to take shovels and spades, and they diverted the river from its usual channel into another direction so that the forsaken bed of the river became the path on which the besieging army entered. When the morning dawned the conquerors were inside the outside trenches. Babylon had fallen, and hence the sublime threnody of the text: "Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come." But

DO NATIONS DIE?

Oh, yes, there is great mortality among monarchies and republics. They are like individuals in the fact that they are born, they have a middle life, they have a decease, they have a cradle, and a grave. Some of them are assassinated, some *destroyed by their own hand.* Let me call the roll of some of the dead civilizations and some of the dead cities and let some one answer for them.

Egyptian civilization, stand up. "Dead!" answer the ruins of Karnak and Luxor, and from seventy pyramids on the east side of the Nile there comes up a great chorus, crying: "Dead, dead!" *Assyrian Empire*, stand up and answer. "Dead!" cry the charred ruins of Nineveh. After six hundred years of magnificent opportunity, dead. *Israelitish Kingdom*, stand up. After two hundred and fifty years of divine interposition and of miraculous vicissitude and of heroic behavior and of appalling depravity, dead. *Phœnicia*, stand up and answer. After inventing the alphabet and giving it to the world, and sending out her merchant caravans in one direction to Central Asia, and sending out her navigators to the Atlantic Ocean in another direction, dead. Pillars of Hercules and rocks on which the Tyrian fishermen dried their nets, all answer, "Dead Phœnicia." *Athens*, after Phidias, after Demosthenes, after Miltiades, dead. *Sparta*, after Leonidas, after Eurybiades, after Salamis, after Thermopylæ, dead.

ROMAN EMPIRE,

stand up and answer. Empire once bounded by the British Channel on the north, by the Euphrates on the east, by the great Sahara Desert in Africa on the south, by the Atlantic Ocean on the west. Home of three great civilizations, owning all the then discovered world that was worth owning. Roman Empire, answer. Gibbon, in his "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," says "Dead!" and the forsaken seats of the ruined Coliseum, and the skeleton of the aqueducts, and the miasma of the Campagna, and the fragments of the marble baths, and the useless piers of the Bridge Triumphalis, and the Mamartine prison, holding no more apostolic prisoners, and the silent Forum, and Basilica of Constantine, and the arch of Titus, and the Pantheon come in with great chorus, crying: "Dead, dead!" After Horace, after Virgil, after Tacitus, after Cicero, dead. After Horatius on the bridge, and Cincinnatus, the farmer oligarch, after Pompey, after Scipio, after Cassius, after Constantine, after Cæsar, dead. The war eagle of Rome flew so high it was blinded by the sun and came whirling down through the heavens, and the owl of desolation and darkness built its nest in the forsaken eyrie. *Mexican Empire*, dead. *French Empire*, dead.

You see, my friends, it is no unusual thing for a government to perish, and in the same necrology of dead nations, and in the same graveyard of expired governments will go the United States of America unless there be some potent voice to call a halt, and unless God in His mercy interfere, and through a purified ballot-box and a widespread public Christian sentiment the catastrophe be averted. This nation is about to go to the ballot-box to exercise the right of suffrage, and I propose this morning, and in following Sabbath mornings, to set before you

THE EVILS THAT THREATEN

to destroy the American Government, and to annihilate American institutions, and if God will help me I will show you before I get through with these discourses the mode in which each and every one may do something to arrest that appalling calamity. And I shall plough up the whole field.

I. *The first evil* that threatens the annihilation of our American institutions is the fact that

POLITICAL BRIBERY,

which once was considered a crime, has by many come to be considered a tolerable virtue. Five hundred thousand dollars by one political party sent into Ohio this autumn, and another five hundred thousand, if it can be raised, or if it has been raised, sent into Ohio this autumn by another political party. What does it mean? There is a legitimate use of money in elections, in the printing of political tracts, and in the hiring of public halls, and in the obtaining of campaign oratory; but is there any homunculus who supposes that this vast amount of money is going in a legitimate direction? The vast majority of it will go to buy votes. Hundreds and thousands of men will have set before them so much money for a Republican vote, and so much money for a Democratic vote, and the superior financial inducement will decide the action. You want to know *which party will carry Ohio* day after to-morrow? I will tell you. The party that spends the most money.

My sympathies are aroused for Ohio. Everything between Lake Erie and the Kentucky borders, her 39,964 square miles

SWEPT BY THE SCOURGE

of political bribery. This moment, while I speak, the peddlers carrying gold from Wall Street, gold from Third Street, gold from State Street, and gold from the Brewers' Association, are at Cincinnati, and at Dayton, and at Columbus, and in all the political headquarters in that State, dealing out the infamous inducement. Then it is not only the money spent for votes in the Ohio election, but the success of the Ohio election will be used as a bribe for the whole nation, inducing the multitude of *men who sit on the fence* to jump off and run with the triumphant party for the 100,000 offices at disposal. The election in Ohio day after to-morrow will not let you know whom Ohio wants for President of the United States. It will only indicate which party had the largest exchequer.

GROWING SHAMELESSNESS.

After the last Presidential election a banquet was spread in New York to celebrate the victory, and in the presence of many of the mightiest men of the nation it was announced that Indiana had been bought up, had been carried in the election by bribery. Another word was used than the word bribery, but everybody understood. There was no surprise. Everybody knew that Indiana was bought.

A LEGISLATURE BOUGHT.

There used to be bribery, but it held its head in shame. It was under the utmost secrecy that many years ago a railroad company bought up the Wisconsin Legislature and many other public officials in that State. The Governor of the State at that time received $50,000 for his signature. His private secretary received $5000. Thirteen members of the Senate received $175.000 among them in bonds. Sixty members of the other house received from $5000 to $10,000 each. The Lieutenant-Governor received $10,000. The clerks of the House received from $5000 to $10,000 each. The Bank Comptroller received $10,000. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were divided among the lobbyists. You see, *the railroad company was very generous.* But all that was hidden, and only through the severest scrutiny on the part of a legislative committee was this iniquity displayed. Now, political bribery defies you, dares you, is arrogant, and will probably decide the election on the first Tuesday of next November.

Unless this diabolism ceases in this country Bartholdi's statue, to be lifted on Bedloe's Island, with uplifted torch to light other nations into the harbor, had better be changed, and the torch dropped as a symbol of universal incendiarism.

Unless this purchase and sale of suffrage shall cease, the American Government will expire, and you might as well be getting ready the monument for another dead nation, and let my text inscribe upon it these words: "Alas! alas for Babylon, that great city, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come." My friends, if you have not noticed that political bribery is one of the ghastly crimes of this day, you have not kept your eyes open.

II. *Another evil* threatening the destruction of American institutions is the

SOLIDIFYING OF THE SECTIONS

against each other. A solid North. A solid South. If this goes on we shall, after a while, have a solid East against a solid West, we shall have solid Middle States against solid Northern States, we shall have a solid New York against a solid Pennsylvania, and a solid Ohio against a solid Kentucky. It is nineteen years since the war closed, and yet at every Presidential election the old antagonism is aroused.

When Garfield died, and all the States gathered around his casket in sympathy and in tears, and as hearty telegrams of condolence came from New Orleans and from Charleston as from Boston and Chicago, I said to myself: "I think sectionalism is dead." But alas! no. The difficulty will never be ended until each State of the nation is split up into two or three great political parties. This country cannot exist unless it exists as one body, the national capital the heart, sending out through all the arteries of communication warmth and life to the very extremities. This nation cannot exist unless it exists as

ONE FAMILY,

and you might as well have solid brothers against solid sisters, and a solid bread-tray against a solid cradle, and a solid nursery against a solid dining-room; and you might as well have solid ears against solid eyes, and solid head against solid foot. What is the interest of Georgia is the interest of Massachusetts; what is the interest of New York is the interest of South Carolina. Does the Ohio River change its politics when it gets below Louisville? It is not possible for these sectional antagonisms to continue for a great many years without permanent compound fracture.

III. Another evil threatening the destruction of our American institutions is the

THE LOW STATE OF PUBLIC MORALS

What killed Babylon of my text? What killed Phœnicia? What killed Rome? Their own depravity; and the fraud and the drunkenness and the lechery which have destroyed other nations will destroy ours unless a merciful God prevent. To show you the low state of public morals, I have to call your attention to the fact that many men nominated for offices in the State and nation at different times are entirely unfit for the positions for which they have been nominated. We have now

TEN PERSONS NOMINATED

for the offices of President and Vice-President. Two of them are women. They are good. But *three out of the eight* men nominated for the offices of President and Vice-President have no more qualification for them than a wolf has qualification to be professor of pastoral theology in a flock of sheep, or a blind mole has qualification to lecture a class of eagles on optics, or than a vulture has qualification to chaperon a dove. The mere pronunciation of some of their names makes a demand for carbolic acid and fumigation! Yet Christian men will follow right on under the political standards.

I have to tell you what you know already, that American politics have sunken to such a low depth that there is nothing beneath. What we see in some directions we see in nearly all directions. The *peculation and the knavery* hurled to the surface by the explosion of banks and business firms are only specimens of great Cotopaxies and Strombolis of wickedness that boil and roar and surge beneath, but have not yet regurgitated to the surface. When the heaven-descended Democratic party enacted the Tweed rascality it seemed to eclipse everything; but after a while the heaven-descended Republican party outwitted Pandemonium with the Star Route infamy.

My friends, we have in this country people who say

THE MARRIAGE INSTITUTION

amounts to nothing. They scoff at it. We have people walking in polite parlors in our day who are not good enough to be *scavengers in Sodom!* I went over to San Francisco four or five years ago—that beautiful city, that Queen of the Pacific. May the blessing of God come down upon her great churches and her noble men and women! When I got into the city of San Francisco, the mayor of the city and the president of the Board of Health called on me and insisted that I go and see the Chinese quarters, no doubt so that on my return to the Atlantic coast I might tell what dreadful people the Chinese are. But on the last night of my stay in San Francisco, before thousands of people in their great opera house, I said: "Would you like me to tell you just what I think, plainly and honestly?" They said: "Yes, yes, yes!" I said: "Do you think you can stand it all?" They said: "Yes yes, yes!" "Then," I said, "my opinion is that the curse of San Francisco is not your Chinese quarters, but your

MILLIONAIRE LIBERTINES!"

And two of them sat right before me—Felix and Drusilla. And so it is in all the cities. I never swear, but when I see a man go unwhipt of justice, laughing over his shame and calling his damnable deeds gallantry and peccadillo, I am tempted to hurl red-hot anathema and to conclude that if, according to some people's theology, there is no hell, there ought to be! (Applause.)

There is enough out-and-out licentiousness in American cities to-day to bring down upon them the wrath of that God who, on the 24th of August, 79, buried Herculaneum and Pompeii so deep in ashes that the eighteen hundred and five subsequent years have not been able to complete the exhumation. There are in American cities to-day whole blocks of houses which the police know to be infamous, and yet by purchase they are silenced, by hush money, so that such places are as much under the defence of government as public libraries and asylums of mercy. These ulcers on the body politic bleed and gangrene away the life of the nation, and public authority in many of the cities looks the other way. You cannot cure such wounds as these with a silken bandage. You will have to cure them by putting deep in the lancet of moral surgery and burning them out with the caustic of holy wrath and with most decisive amputation cutting off the scabrous and putrefying abominations. As the Romans were after the Celts, and as the Normans were after the Britons, so there are evils after this nation which will attend its obsequies unless we first attend theirs.

Superstition tells of

A MARINE REPTILE,

the cephaloptera, which enfolded and crushed a ship of war; but it is no superstition when I tell you that the history of many of the dead nations proclaim to us the fact that our ship of state is in danger of being crushed by the cephaloptera of national depravity. Where is the Hercules to slay this hydra? Is it not time to speak by pen, by tongue, by ballot-box, by the rolling of the prison door, by hangman's halter, by earnest prayer, by Sinaitic detonation?

A son of King Cresus is said to have been dumb and to have never uttered a word until he saw his father being put to death. Then he broke the shackles of silence, and cried out: "Kill not my father, Cresus!" When I see the cheatery and the wantonness and the manifold crime of this country attempting to commit patricide—yea, matricide upon our institutions, it seems to me that lips that heretofore have been dumb ought to break the silence with canerous tones of fiery protest.

I shall, in following Sabbath morning discourses, set before you other evils just as great and perhaps greater, for I have this morning only been permitted to open the outside door of this subject. I shall go on until I have shown you the way in which we may

SAVE THE LIFE OF THE NATION.

I want to put all of the matter before you, so that every honest man and woman will know just how matters stand, and what they ought to do if they vote, and what they ought to do if they pray. *This nation is not going to perish.* Alexander, when he heard of the wealth of the Indies, divided Macedonia among his soldiers. Some one asked him what he had kept for himself, and he replied: "I am keeping hope. And that jewel I keep bright and shining in my soul, whatever else I shall surrender." Hope, then, in God. He will set back these oceanic tides of moral devastation. Do you know what is

THE PRIZE

for which contention is made to-day? It is the prize of this continent. Never since, according to John Milton, when "Satan was hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies in hideous ruin and combustion down," have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as they are now.

WHAT A JEWEL IT IS—

a jewel carved in relief, the cameo of this planet! On one side of us the Atlantic Ocean, dividing us from the worn-out governments of Europe. On the other side the Pacific Ocean, dividing us from the superstitions of Asia. On the north of us the Arctic Sea, which is the gymnasium in which the explorers and navigators develope their courage. A continent 10,500 miles long, 17,000,000 square miles, and all of it but about one seventh capable of rich cultivation. One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America—one hundred millions, and room for many hundred millions more. All flora and all fauna, all metals and all precious woods, and all grains and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone and the rivers the ganglia carrying life all through and out to the extremities. Isthmus of Darien the narrow waist of a giant continent, all to be under one government, and all free and all Christian, and the scene of Christ's personal reign on earth if, according to the expectation of many good people, He shall at last set up His throne in this world.

WHO SHALL HAVE THIS HEMISPHERE?

Christ or Satan? Who shall have the shore of her inland seas, the silver of her Nevadas, the gold of her Colorados, the telescopes of her observatories, the brain of her universities, the wheat of her prairies, the rice of her savannas, the two great ocean beaches—the one reaching from Baffin's Bay to Terra del Fuego, and the other from Behring Straits to Cape Horn—and all the moral, and temporal, and spiritual, and everlasting interests of a population vast beyond all computation save by Him, with whom a thousand years are as one day? Who shall have the hemisphere? You and I will decide that or help to decide it, by conscientious vote, by earnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthropies, by putting body, mind, and soul on the right side of all moral, religious, and national movements.

Ah! it will not be long before it will not make any difference to you or to me what becomes of this continent, so far as earthly comfort is concerned. All we will want of it will be seven feet by three, and that will take in the largest, and there will be room and to spare. That is all of this country we will need very soon, the youngest of us. But we have

AN ANXIETY

about the welfare and the happiness of the generations that are coming on, and it will be a grand thing if, when the archangel's trumpet sounds, we find that our sepulchre, like the one Joseph of Arimathea provided for Christ, is in the midst of a garden. By that time this country will be all Paradise, or all Dry Tortugas. Eternal God, to Thee we commit the destiny of this people!

Richard Weaver, the Celebrated British evangelist, has been laid aside from labor by sickness. He has so far recovered as to be able to resume work. He was able to conduct an evangelistic service at Sale on the evening of September 21st. A large congregation listened to his earnest appeals, and on some a deep impression was made.

NEW BOOKS.

TEACHINGS AND COUNSELS is the title of a volume containing twenty Baccalaureate Sermons by Rev. Mark Hopkins, D.D., LL.D. It is published by *Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons*, New York. The sermons were originally preached at Williams College and published in pamphlet form. They have been revised and arranged, and are now issued in a handsome volume of 395 pages, at the price of $1.50.

Among the sermons contained in the volume are those on Faith, Philosophy, and Reason; Strength and Beauty; Self-Denial; The Manifoldness of Man; Choice and Service; Providence and Revelation; The Bible and Pantheism; Spirit, Soul, and Body; The Body the Temple of God. Dr. Hopkins has added to the twenty Baccalaureate Sermons his Memorial Discourse on President Garfield.

Although these sermons were addressed to students when they were delivered, there is little in them which does not apply to the ordinary reader. They are thoughtful and suggestive, and cannot fail to benefit the careful reader. This is notably the case with the sermon entitled "The Body the Temple of God," which is full of sparkling gems of original thought. Dr. Hopkins holds that under the Christian dispensation "it is the office of the body to stand over against the ancient temple, magnificent as that was, and to be the dwelling-place of God under this dispensation, as that was under the old, *the only temple of God now on earth.*" It will be readily seen how much is implied in that conception, and the author points out briefly and forcibly some of the consequences of realizing it. Especially does he lay stress on the necessity of *abstinence from intoxicating liquors and narcotics*. He holds that sermons produced under the influence of either are "a service of God by 'strange fire.'" Finally, on this subject, Dr. Hopkins says: "Whatever course you may take, whether you do or not recognize the claims of God, 'you are not your own.' You may seek as most do to appropriate yourselves to your own selfish ends and thus rob God, but 'ye are not your own.' You do not belong to yourselves. You belong to God. You belong to humanity. You belong to a world that is waiting for your help." This brief extract will show the character of the book and the practical kind of teaching it contains.

THE ATONEMENT FOR SIN AND SICKNESS

is a work by Captain R. Kelso Carter, for sale at *the Willard Tract Repository*, 239 Fourth Avenue, New York, bound in cloth, $1.00. Captain Carter opens the book with a narrative of his own experience of the Lord's power and willingness to heal. He was cured of a painful disorder two years ago and publicly acknowledged the fact in St. George's Hall, Philadelphia. There was some trepidation at first, and he had to battle with the suggestion that if he became sick afterward both he and the doctrine he professed would suffer ridicule; but ultimately he triumphed, and he has had no sickness since.

Captain Carter deals exhaustively with the subject of faith-healing and with the objections and questions generally raised against it, with which he, like all those who have made a profession of their faith, has been assailed. Among the subjects discussed are: Sickness from the Devil; Who may be Healed; The Use of Means; Who are the Elders; Casting out Devils; Modern Thorns; God's Will to Heal.

THE BOOK-BUYER

is a monthly publication issued by *Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons*, price five cents, or fifty cents per annum. It is designed to be a guide to purchasers of books, who need to know something more of the character of a book than can be indicated in the advertisements which the publishers insert in daily journals. Its information is not confined to the domestic market, but it contains extracts from new foreign books, with the criticisms of the press and a list of the books published during the month. To ministers and young students collecting a library, the *Book-Buyer* will be a most useful guide.

FROM NATAL TO THE UPPER ZAMBESI.

A large number of extracts from the letters and diary of that devoted servant of Christ, Frederick Stanley Arnot, are collected in a small volume of seventy pages under the above title, which may be had from *the Gospel Book and Tract Repository*, 34 High Street, Toronto. Its price is *ten cents*, paper covers; thirty cents, bound in cloth. It contains a map of the region of Africa over which Mr. Arnot travelled in 1882. The book does not profess to be a description of the country; it is rather a record of Christian thought and experience while seeking to do work for the Lord among the heathen. There are, however, several thrilling incidents recorded.

On February 27th, 1882, Mr. Arnot writes: "We had a lively night last night. Just as the sun went down, the baboons began a free fight in the bush close by, making a horrid shrieking and roaring noise. After driving them off with sticks, we had scarcely turned in and got to sleep, when a pack of jackals came round us, laughing and barking. They wanted to get at the meat that was hanging round the wagon. I went off to sleep again, when roar! roar! Mr. Selons sprang up and out of the wagon. '*A lion! a lion!*' he said. I got up and looked out; our little camp was all astir; the three Kaffirs going round the oxen to keep them from breaking loose, and Mr. Selons keeping his horses quiet. The lions, however, moved off without showing themselves."

Mr. Arnot's description of the Shoshong country and its ruler will surprise many people. Writing from that country on May 26th, 1882, he says:

"The moral condition of the town is, in many respects, most exemplary. I have not, since coming here, seen an intoxicated person, either black or white, which could not be said by any one, for the same period, in any other town in Africa, where the white man with his trade has access. The chief, Kama, has put down the drink traffic most effectually; not only has he forbidden the traffic among his own people, but he will not allow the liquor to pass through his country; consequently none whatever (except an occasional case or two smuggled in) has passed into Central Africa from this side for some years. If a trader is found out once bringing drink into the place, even for the use of the white people, he is turned off Kama's territory, and never allowed to enter it again.

"In many respects Kama is a noble chief, and it would be well if other rulers imitated his unselfish Christian policy. None of his people are allowed to want, if he can help it. If they are too poor to buy he provides them with a stock of cattle, the increase of which belongs to the poor man; and thus Kama has distributed during the last few years thousands of cattle to such of his people as have suffered through loss of crops, disease among cattle, etc.

"Although he has stopped all beer drinking among his people, and put down many of the revolting heathen customs which formerly the people delighted in, yet they all like their chief, and would almost to a man die for him.

"Now and then he gets up hunts on a large scale, hunting after the larger kinds of game. These hunting parties go far into the desert, and often suffer greatly from want of food and water; but the chief is always the first to go without his share, and will not help himself until all are supplied, so that there is not the slightest grumbling on the part of his followers.

"In spite, however, of all the chief can do, there are many very revolting practices carried on secretly to a fearful extent, such as the murdering of children. A deformed child is at once put to death; twins are seldom allowed to live. If any peculiar circumstance happen at the birth of a child, or any suspicious omens occur, such as the call of certain animals or birds, the child is murdered, the ordinary plan being to pour boiling water down the child's throat, and carry the body out to the wolves. They cast away the old people, cut their bodies, use enchantments, etc.; but all this is done secretly.

"I can, nevertheless, say confidently that one would see more vice and open immorality on a Saturday night in the High Street, Glasgow, than would be seen here in twelve months.

"The clothing of the people is scanty, but sufficient. They are naturally civil and polite to each other, and when addressing an older or superior person, finish every sentence with 'my father,' or 'my mother.' Both young and old address me as 'my father,' and often as 'my lord,' but it is merely civility."

A sadly interesting feature of this little book is a letter from the venerable missionary, Dr. Robert Moffat, written only a few days before his death in acknowledgment of a copy of the first edition. Dr. Moffat said: "Only a few lines to acknowledge your kindness in remembering me in connection with Mr. Arnot and his noble undertaking. Truly his spirit is that of a martyr ready for anything for Jesus' sake and perishing souls. I need only say that I have read it with the most intense interest. Of course many of the people of the regions through which he passed were well known to me; and had not head powers failed I should have been in those regions till this day. My heart is as warm as ever toward the Bechuanas, whom I never cease to remember in prayer."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

An Angel's Humble Duty.—At a Recent meeting Mr. Dewar, speaking to Christian workers on humility, said: "The Rev. Dr. Andrew Bonar at one time made the remark that the angel who was sent down to roll away the stone from the grave of Christ did not think that it was too humble a position for an angel to take, but rather felt honored in doing so. We should even be content to be the doorkeeper in the Lord's house, if by doing so we honor Him."

Comfort in a Personal Pronoun.—The Rev. Mr. Riddell related: "An eminently great and good man lay dying. His mind was calm and his heart was full of joy which showed itself on his countenance, as he uttered the delightful words My God! 'Ah,' he continued, 'I wouldn't give these two words for all the world to-night.' I remember also the case of a woman, who by an accident at sea lost husband, children, and income. For a long time she was inconsolable, and plunged into the deepest melancholy. Sympathy she would have none of, but one day she read in the Psalms 'He is the health of my countenance and *my God.*' 'My God! *Mine!*' she thought; 'then I have no fear; He is quite enough for me.' Immediately her mind became calm and serene; she put her foot on the Rock of Ages, and stayed there full of the peace which passeth all understanding."

A Jewish Walking-Stick Maker was in destitute circumstances, and the Rev. John Wilkinson called upon him to see what could be done. The man's wife said she had sold all she possessed, both of clothing and blankets, to get bread for the children. The family lived on the top floor of a house—husband, wife, and six children. The man was a walking-stick maker by trade, but had been out of employment several weeks. He looked quiet and respectable, but said he was not religious, and did not often go to Synagogue. Mr. Wilkinson set Christ and His salvation before both husband and wife, and they listened with deep interest. Pointing to a little fellow about six years old the father said, "That boy goes to the Board School, and has learned a pretty prayer. Kneel down, Isaac, and say it." The boy knelt, and, putting his little hands together, began, "Our Father which art in heaven," and repeated the words to the end. "Do you know where that prayer comes from?" Mr. Wilkinson asked. "It is the Lord's Prayer—the prayer the Lord Jesus Christ taught to His disciples." Turning

to the little boy he asked, "Didn't you say, 'Give us this day our daily bread?'" "Yes." "Whom did you ask?" "God." "Will He give it, think you?" "Yes," said the boy, with childlike confidence. "Here is the answer to your prayer," and the missionary laid upon the table two coins. They all knelt together to thank God for this timely help. It would have brightened any heart to witness the change from sadness to joy; and Christ is no stranger in that family now, but a dear and trusted Friend.

Results of a Smile and a Nod.—Mr. Mabon, a city missionary, says: 'On Tuesday last, on my way to our meeting, I met two mothers going home from shopping. They had their babies in their arms, and I gave them a smile and a nod. They said to each other, 'We'll go and hear that happy-looking man to-night.' It was the turning-point of their lives, for they were converted to God that very night. On Thursday one of them said to me, 'I have had no peace since Thursday night at home.' 'Why?' 'My husband is continually scolding me for coming here.' 'Doesn't he approve of you having given your heart to Jesus?' 'It is not that, but he doesn't believe in conversion,' was the reply. I went to see him at once, and at our open-air meeting on Saturday he was the happiest-looking man in the crowd. He believes in conversion now, for by the might of the Holy Spirit, he, too, is a new creature in Christ Jesus, and rejoices in His salvation."

A Mother's Heart Touched.—Mr. W. A. Campbell relates: "I was recently visiting a woman, and talked to her about her soul. The only thing that seemed to move her was telling her that if not for her own, at least for her children's sake, she should turn from her evil ways. Then I pictured to her the last day, when she would be standing with her children at her side before the great Judge, and said, 'There will be no need to open the books to condemn you; your own conscience will be enough; your whole life will stand out in great glaring letters before you; and your children may turn round to you and say: "Mother, if it had not been for your bad example, we might have been at the right hand of God, and heard Him say: 'Come, inherit the place prepared for you,' but instead, we are at the left hand, and hear Him say: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.'" 'Oh, what a reproach! How can you stand it?' I went away to let the woman think over these words, promising to call again, for I could see she was deeply moved, and she has since yielded herself to Christ."

A Squire's Puzzle Explained.—Mr. Arnot related: "A curate went to a new parish, and the people were much pleased with him personally, and with the manner and matter of his sermons; but some felt that they were only from his head, not from his heart. The proprietor of the estate was a young man, and one day he came and listened very attentively to a sermon from the text, 'Ye must be born again.' It was clearly and logically explained, but the living Christians thought it was not that of a man who felt what he said, or had realized the new birth himself. The young squire left the church, thinking, 'I don't know any one who has been born again; I should like to be so. I will invite the curate to dinner, and ask him if *he* has been born again.' When the curate got the invitation, he thought, 'Well, I suppose I must go and listen to this young fellow's talk about horses and dogs, instead of spending the evening at the literary society.' The squire had said in his note. 'Do not be surprised that I have not asked any one to meet you, as I wish to speak to you alone.' When dinner was over there were a few minutes of embarrassed silence which the curate broke by saying, 'By the by, you wished to speak to me about something?' 'Yes, it is about that sermon of yours,' answered the host. 'Why what is wrong with it?' 'Nothing that I know of, only that I don't know any one who has been born again. Now, to put it personally, have *you* been born again yourself?' The curate lowered his head on his hands, and the host went to the window till he recovered himself. In a few minutes the curate touched the squire on the shoulder, and asked, 'Can we have a minute's prayer together?' 'Yes, certainly, was the answer; 'come into the library.' They prayed together, and ultimately both became new men in Christ Jesus."

RUSSIA IN HER RELATION TO ISRAEL: PRESENT AND FUTURE.

By Henry Groves.

Increasing Prominence of the Jews—Their Desire for Settlement away from Palestine Thwarted—Their Position as Witnesses — The Nest Stirred up—The Anti-Semitism of Russia Predicted—Her Passion for Holy Wars — The Hatred Reciprocated.

FEW things are more remarkable in the present day than the way in which the ancient people of God are being brought to the front, whether through their growing influence in the money market and in the politics of Europe, or through the bitter and inhuman persecution brought to bear upon them, in this century of boasted civilization and liberty, by those who would not only exclude them from all civil rights and social standing, but subject them to a system of plunder and outrage that recalls the bloodshed and rapine of the dark ages.

A THWARTED PURPOSE.

Lovers of Israel for the fathers' sake will have read with paintul interest the account of the outrages on person and property committed under the eyes of the Russian Government, that in their extent and ferocity far exceed what has for some time marked the anti-Semitic movement in Germany and Hungary. The bulk of the nation would probably gladly settle down where they are, could they, as in America and England, enjoy the common rights of citizenship with those around them, with very little practical interest or concern in what belongs to Israel's inheritance in the land of their fathers, or to their historic past or prophetic future. But God has purposes in reference to Israel that the majority of the Jews of to-day little dream of.

GOD'S NATIONAL WITNESS.

Israel is emphatically the only *national* witness God ever had in the world, and to this high destiny God destined them in the call of Abraham, and for its ultimate realization in the future He has kept them amid persecution, suffering, and woes that would have obliterated all vestige of any other nation under heaven. Verily, the bush has been on fire and yet not consumed, whether under Egypt, or in Babylon, or beneath the iron heel of Roman and European tyranny. "Ye are my witnesses: is there a God beside me?" says the prophet Isaiah; and in the midst of the atheism of the day God gives the world a witness that God *is*, whether man will heed it or not.

When the purposes of God are unfolded we shall better understand why Israel has been preserved through all the miseries of their national life and history; for, except with faint and transitory gleams of sunshine, it has been a nation of sorrows for well nigh four thousand years, ever since the smoking furnace of affliction and the burning lamp of fire ratified God's covenant with Abraham in Genesis 15.

But Israel has

FORGOTTEN HER CALLING

and destiny, and God's hand is again coming in to stir up the Jewish nest, and to remind them that they are strangers in the lands of the Gentiles, and that they will find no rest for the sole of their foot till they get back to their own land. It is there that Antichrist finds them, when he makes his one week's covenant with them (Dan. 9). But while dwelling at length on the last form of Roman power as seen in Antichrist, "the man of sin," Scripture is not silent as to the enmity of Russia toward Israel; for we are told in Ezekiel (ch. 38, 39) that in the latter days "the prince of Rosh,* Meshech, and Tubal" shall come up against them *as "a people brought back* from the sword," and "gathered out of many peoples." These names are all familiar as connected with the Scythian tribes, and are frequently mentioned by Byzantine writers as belonging to tribes inhabiting the country lying along the shores of the Caspian and Black seas, under the names of Ros, Moschi, and Tuplai. They gradually extended over what now forms the Russian Empire, and we readily identify the Bible names with them, from which are derived the names of *Russia*, *Moscow*, and *Tobolsk*.

Thus the prophetic Word seems to point to Russia as one of the great enemies of Israel in the future, that shall come down upon them when dwelling in their unwalled villages.

The Russians are remarkable for their religious fanaticism, and as in the twelfth century the fanaticism of the Romish Church brought the hordes of the West in a crusade against the Mohammedan sacrilegious hold of the Holy Sepulchre and other sacred places, so nothing would be more likely to stir up the Russian national feeling than

A RELIGIOUS WAR

to recover the holy places once more, and that from the hands of the already hated Jew. "Stormy wind fulfilling His pleasure," represents how all the stormy passions of fallen men accomplish His ends and further His purposes, and He who says to the raging sea, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further," says the same to all the personal and national antagonisms of man, who, like Rosh, Meshech, and Tubal in the future, and the Assyrian in the past, boasts in the power of his arm and in the glory of his high looks, for "the Lord, the Lord of hosts will lop the bough with terror, and Lebanon shall fall by a mighty one."

RECIPROCATED ANIMOSITY.

It is, then, deeply interesting to see all that is going on around us, and in the signs of the times to read intimations that enable us to "*see* the day approaching" (Heb. 10: 25), and to lift up our heads, knowing that our redemption draweth nigh. It is deserving of notice, in regard to the relation of Russia to Israel, how almost instinctively the Jewish people and their organs in England sided with the Beaconsfield policy in the attempt to back up Turkey against Russia. But while politicians carry out their thoughts regardless of God and of His purposes, it is well that those who have the sure Word of prophecy, should heed well what God has said, that the prophetic Word in all its detail may be as a light shining in the dark place of man's sin and rebellion, to whisper to the troubled soul that God is, after all, riding on the storm and directing the tempest, of which prophecy has beforehand pointed out the direction and the duration.

In conclusion, we would earnestly press everything connected with Israel upon the attention of the saints of God, reminding them that, as the translation of the Church is to precede the deliverance of Israel, all that indicates the nearness of the latter indicates the yet nearer approach of the former, when the Church, having been caught up to meet the Lord in the air, shall go in and sit down at the marriage supper in the kingdom of God, and thence at the appointed time come forth following Him who shall be to Israel and to the world King of kings and Lord of lords; when the battle of Armageddon shall close the scene of man's rebellion and bring in the reign of righteousness and peace.

Armageddon is where Antichrist falls, and probably that toward which Russia, with its confederate nations, will be directing their course when God will smite them as He did the Assyrian in the days of Hezekiah, and fulfil the prophetic utterances of such Scriptures as Ps. 149 and Rev. 2: 26-28.

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* So is the word rendered "chief" taken in the Segtuagint as a proper name, and should be so given in English.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning contained some ringing truths to which every Christian citizen should give careful attention. It is printed on page 660 of this paper. As will be seen, Dr. Talmage believes that our Union will fall and decay like the nations of antiquity did, unless certain public evils, now flourishing, are eradicated. There are citizens who do not care whether it lives or dies, providing it lasts their time, but we are happy to believe that very few belong to that class. To those who are prayerfully anxious that the freedom and national independence, for which our fathers laid down their lives, should be transmitted unimpaired to our children, Dr. Talmage's solemn warning is earnestly commended.

An Important Letter by Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour on the tariff question was published last week. Governor Seymour is an aged and experienced statesman who has withdrawn from politics, but is anxious that the nation should not, on this matter, commit itself to a policy which he believes would be suicidal alike to farmers and manufacturers. Governor Seymour calls attention to the fact that the main source of our national prosperity is the immense quantity of agricultural products we export to Europe. Statistics collected by the Government show that those exports are declining, and he believes that the decline is caused in some measure by the competition of other nations with us in the European markets. The vast plains of Russia, South America, India and Australia now produce large supplies of agricultural produce, and we are being driven out of the markets. It is true that we can afford to sell at lower prices than other peoples, but we are placed at a disadvantage by lack of reciprocity. That is, Europeans prefer to buy of people who buy of them. Our tariff practically excludes their manufactures, indeed, it is imposed for that purpose. Governor Seymour asks if we have not gone far enough on this line. There is, as Governor Seymour observes, no free trade party here, nor does any one advocate a change in the policy of raising our national revenue by taxes on imports; but we must be careful that in our anxiety to protect one industry we do not irreparably injure another. Both the political parties are concerned for the welfare of the nation and they may both profitably consider Governor Seymour's figures and arguments.

Thefts of the Public Land are Becoming serious. The Commissioner of the General Land Office, in his report to Secretary Teller, says: "The time is near at hand when there will be no public lands to invite settlement or afford citizens of the country an opportunity to secure cheap homes. Meanwhile, vast stretches of uncultivated lands are everywhere observable, title to which has been acquired by *evasions of law*. The time has fully arrived when wastefulness should cease, and that portion still remaining should be economized for the use of actual settlers only." It would appear that laws intended to benefit *bona fide* settlers have been so applied by the land-thieves as to cover their frauds. The Commissioner therefore recommends the repeal of the pre-emption law, the timber culture law, and the desert land law, and that the commutation provisions of the homestead law be amended.

The United States are now the Largest Manufacturing country on the globe, according to a report issued last week by Mr. Nimmo, the chief of the Bureau of Statistics. The report shows that the value of the products of American manufacture consumed at home is five times the value of the manufactured products of Great Britain and Ireland exported to all other countries, and more than fourteen times the value of the exports of manufactured products from France to all other countries. A remarkable feature of the report is the list of figures showing how large a proportion of our products are required at home. It seems that of the gross product of the respective interests, we consume in the United States ninety-nine per cent of the coal mined in this country, ninety-five per cent of our iron and steel products, ninety-five per cent of the products of our leather industry, more than ninety-nine per cent of our manufactures of wool, ninety-five per cent of the products of our cotton manufactures, more than ninety-nine per cent of our manufactures of silk, and ninety-seven per cent of our manufactures of glass, glassware, earthenware and stoneware.

The Prime-Meridian Conference in Washington failed again last week in arriving at any agreement. After long debate the opposition of the French delegates to the adoption of an English meridian continued firm. They were willing to waive their preference for a prime meridian running through their own country, but they were not willing to recommend a meridian which would cross the territories of any other great Power. They insisted upon a common prime meridian which should be absolutely neutral—that is, which should lie wholly outside the limits of Europe and America. Commander Sampson, of the United States Naval Observatory, in replying to the French delegates, pointed out that a prime meridian, in order to be accurately determined and fixed, should run through some established national observatory, and should be in telegraphic communication with the rest of the world. It would be inconvenient and difficult to locate a prime meridian through Behring Strait or across the Azores, as suggested by the French delegates, because there were no facilities in either place for the necessary astronomical work. Furthermore, economy, as well as convenience, required the adoption of the meridian of Greenwich. More than seventy per cent of the world's shipmasters used this meridian in the calculation of their longitude, and the cost of necessary changes in existing charts, if any other prime meridian were adopted, would exceed $10,000,000. At the close of the debate one of the French delegates said emphatically to a United States naval officer that France would never consent to engrave on her charts "longitude, west (or east) from Greenwich." If the other nations should, as seems probable, adopt Greenwich as their prime meridian, France will have taken another step toward complete isolation.

A Day of Fasting and Prayer has been Appointed by the National Committee of the Prohibition party. Last week Mr. John B. Finch, the chairman, issued the following notice: "In view of the misery and crime resulting from alcoholism, and of the guilt fastened upon the people by governments—municipal, State, and national—by permitting and even licensing the traffic in poisonous drinks, the Executive Committee of the Prohibition party call upon the people of this country to observe Wednesday, October 29th, as a day of fasting, humiliation, and confession, and in view of the fact that many all over the land are aroused and realize the enormity of the liquor crime, and are willing to be at cost and pains to put it away, we call upon all Christian believers to unite in prayer to Almighty God that His aid may be given to measures which will result in the speedy putting away of this guilt and the suppression of the traffic in alcoholic drinks." It will be seen that this call does not ask Christians to pray for the success of the national Prohibition ticket. The request is one with which Christian Republicans and Democrats can conscientiously comply.

The Corner-stone of the New Building of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association was laid on Saturday last. There was a large attendance. The building when completed will be *the largest Y. M. C. A. building in the country*. It is situated on Bond Street, running through the block to Hanover Place, and having a wing with an entrance on Fulton Street. Dr. Talmage, Dr. L. W. Bancroft, Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey took part in the proceedings. In the evening a meeting was held in the Academy of Music, when an effort was made to raise $15,000, which still remained to be collected to complete the arrangement with Mr. Marquand. That gentleman, it will be remembered, stipulated that his munificent gift of land and building should be supplemented by an endowment fund of $150,000, which the association was to raise. The sum in hand on Saturday amounted to $135,000. The collections and subscriptions received during the day realized $4000. The association therefore still needs to raise $11,000.

An Attempt to Destroy the New Parliament buildings in Quebec was made on Saturday, October 11th. There were two explosions of dynamite. The first occurred at twenty minutes to one in the afternoon. It caused a terrific shock, which was felt throughout the city. The utmost consternation was caused, the affrighted people rushing into the streets unable to imagine what had occurred. A general movement was made to the new Parliament houses, from which it appeared the noise came. There it was found that a hole about twelve feet high by five feet wide was blown out of the wall on the third story from the basement, near the place where the Speaker's chair is situated. People who were near the scene say that at the time of the explosion a shower of stones and other débris rose in the air from the south end of Parliament House and huge blocks of stone were hurled a distance of between two and three hundred feet. Two hours later *a second explosion* occurred in the north-east corner of the same building. The corner-stones forming the support of the building were badly bulged, and it is doubtful if it can be repaired without letting down the whole wall. *Happily no lives were lost.* Scientists in the city who examined the ruins are certain that the explosions were produced by dynamite. No evidence has been discovered to connect the diabolical act with the Irish miscreants who are concocting dynamite plots. They are naturally suspected, however, and threats of popular vengeance are freely used against them, especially by the French workmen at the building, who had a narrow escape.

Miss Laurie McLatchie, the Famous Scottish evangelist preaches in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on Friday (to-morrow) at 7.30 P.M. Dr. Talmage, in announcing, on Sunday, that Miss McLatchie had accepted his invitation to preach, said that he had had the pleasure of meeting her in Scotland during his last transatlantic tour, and that he had heard of her remarkable success in her own country and in England as a preacher. All our readers who are in New York or Brooklyn on Friday should avail themselves of this opportunity of listening to this gifted lady.

The Bishop of Rochester, England, Speaking upon temperance in Boston recently, remarked that in England the people of differing views had agreed to band together and give a common front to the deadly foe. He spoke of the progress the cause gained in England since eight bishops and three thousand clergymen of the Protestant Epscopal Church became total abstainers. In America, he said, you have a much better temperance law than in England, and he advised that the people make the most of it. He remarked upon the great benefit gained in England from the many coffee and tea houses in large cities, and advised that a little more money be spent in providing tea and coffee houses with attractions equal to those found in the saloons.

Secretary Chandler's Opinion of Drunken officers is not in accord with that of ex-President Hayes who, during his term of office reinstated those found guilty of the offence. In confirming the finding of a court-martial suspending an officer from rank and duty for two years, he having been convicted of drunkenness, the Secretary wrote: "Every naval officer whose use of intoxicating liquors becomes so excessive that his superiors cause him to be tried and convicted of drunkenness, should be sentenced to dismissal, and the sentence should be inexorably carried into execution. Whatever charity or assistance may be extended to such officers should be given when they reach some other walk of life than the naval service. They are worthless members of their profession, and should, in every case, be forced off the active list of the navy." The Secretary is right in thinking that such men are not fit for naval duties and responsibilities. Neither are they wanted in any other walk of life. While the victims of drunken habits they are nuisances wherever they go and charity and assistance are wasted upon them.

The Prospectus of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York for 1884-85 is now issued. It offers an unusually attractive programme. The members are entitled to the use of the Gymnasium; to the advantages of the evening classes, which include those for the study of German, French, Spanish, phonography, writing, bookkeeping, and music; admission to the lectures of the season, among which will be lectures or readings by Mr. J. B. Gough, Rev. Joseph Cook, George W. Cable, and Mr. Robert J. Burdette; and the use of the library of 30,000 volumes and a reading room containing 500 papers. Besides all these advantages there are the ordinary religious and social meetings. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing the secretaries at the Association Building, Twenty-third Street, Corner of Fourth Avenue.

Ben Hogan, the Converted Pugilist, has been laboring in New York during the past month with remarkable success. His audiences have been drawn from that class which is a terror to the city. The power he has over those men is marvellous. Some of them met him in the prize ring and tried issues with him in another way. They know him personally and are attracted by curiosity to learn what their converted antagonist may have to say. It is astonishing how attentively and quietly they listen to home-thrusts from Hogan's lips, which, if they came from an ordinary preacher or evangelist, would inevitably provoke violence. Much good has been done by God's blessing on Mr. Hogan's labors, and we hear with regret that he is thinking of leaving soon on a Southern tour. Considering the state of New York City, and the beneficial influence already exerted by Mr. Hogan's work, it would be a wise thing if public-spirited Christian citizens were to place *a hall at his disposal* for the winter. It would cost far less than we spend in capturing and punishing the men whom God enables Mr. Hogan to permanently reform. Like *the late Jerry McAuley*, Ben Hogan has the power few possess of speaking with effect to roughs of all kinds. Now that the city has lost its honored and successful evangelist, it needs, more urgently than before, such a man as Hogan to continue the good work which Jerry McAuley so indefatigably prosecuted. A winter of Mr. Hogan's labor in New York would be a public benefit which the city ought to secure.

Twenty Missionaries are Needed for the Central African field. The Rev. William Summers, M.D., a graduate from Pennington Seminary, is about to lead a party of Christian missionaries into Central Afrcia, in conjunction with Bishop Taylor. A description of his plans was given in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of September 25th. Dr. Summers lectured in the church at Pennington, N. J., recently on Africa and its need of the Gospel. He said that Bishop Taylor will enter Africa from the Atlantic coast with twenty missionaries about October or November, and that he (Dr. Summers) will enter Africa from the Indian Ocean with twenty more missionaries in May or June next. Both parties will advance toward the interior until they meet, thus completing the chain of mission stations across Africa from the mouth of the Congo on the Atlantic Ocean to the mouth of the Zambesi on the Indian Ocean. Forty missionaries will be required for the work, of whom twenty have already been secured.

A Dog's Tooth was Extracted Under Significant circumstances recently. The Philadelphia *Ledger* says that a dog belonging to a lady residing in Yardleyville, Bucks County, was the other day the victim of an accident that knocked one of his teeth partly out. The lady endeavored to relieve him by pulling it out entirely, but his struggles prevented her, and she said rather impatiently, "Oh, well, if you won't keep still I can't help you. Go away!" After going off some distance he returned and lay down on his back at her feet, with his mouth open, suppressed with evident effort his natural disposition to howl while she pulled the partially displaced tooth, and affectionately licked her hand when the grinder was finally dislodged. This illustration of canine sagacity is well vouched for. The dog could not undertsand the words used, but he evidently knew that his struggles prevented his being relieved. If Christian people arrived at the same conclusion and placed themselves and their trials quietly and trustfully in the hands of God they would often be spared much suffering (Ps. 46 : 10).

The Sale of a Daughter by her Parents was arranged, but not consummated in Pennsylvania recently. A farmer and his wife, notorious for their avarice, are living in Wayne County of that State. They have a beautiful daughter, eighteen years of age, to whom an elderly boarder in their family paid suit. Finding his attentions repelled by the girl, he applied to the parents. They were so far lost to all sense of their duty and responsibility as to negotiate for the sale of their daughter, for whom the wooer offered to give the deed of a farm. The girl was not informed of the bargain, but the parents purchased bridal attire for her and invited a party of friends to the wedding. The girl did not discover the plot until the morning of the day fixed for the wedding, when she tore up the bridal garments provided for her and fled from the house, taking refuge with some friends at Scranton. It is not often that parents are guilty of conduct so openly unnatural, but there is reason to fear that many marriages are arranged on terms equally degrading. The intense desire in the heart for riches it appears, can overcome natural affection (Prov. 15 : 27).

HEAVEN BELOW.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters."—REV. 7 : 16, 17.

The Home Country—Its Unalloyed Happiness—Present Enjoyment—I. The Perfection of the Provision—They Dwell in God—Their Necessities Prevented—Overpowering Influences Attempted—Injurious Influences Cease—All the Blessings for Present Use—The Fever of the Soul—II. The Provider—The Lamb-Shepherd—Includes Meekness and Sacrifice—III. The Manner of Providing—The Under-Shepherds—The Leading—The Heights and Living Fountains.

LET us think of this felicity, that we may be comforted in the prospect of it. All this is already enjoyed by tens of thousands of the redeemed. Some of those who were very dear to us on earth, whose faith we desire to follow, are now forever with the Lord, and this is their joyful portion—"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat." Our comfort lies in the sweet reflection that we are journeying to this goodly land. This divine inheritance is ours: we have the seal of the Holy Spirit upon our title-deeds; we have tasted of the grapes of its Eshcol; we already rejoice in the light and warmth of its celestial city to which we draw near. In a little time we shall be actually within the gate of pearl, and shall know in an instant infinitely more of its glory than an apostle could teach us here below.

We are like to one who hath in his hand the guide-book of a country to which he is journeying; he finds in it fair pictures of the scenery of the land and the architecture of the cities, and as he reads each page he says to himself, "I am going there! This is what I shall soon behold!" It would be a wretched thing to have such a book in one's hand and to be entering upon a lifelong banishment from home and

THE HOME-COUNTRY.

Then should we have to say, "This was my country once, but I shall never see it again. Fair are its skies and lovely are its vales, but mine eye shall ache in vain to gaze upon them. I am exiled forever from my own dear land!" It is not so with us who are believers in Christ: our faces are toward Immanuel's land, the land which floweth with milk and honey, and we have a portion among the blessed; a mansion is being made ready for each one of us, and we have this promise: "Go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." Rejoice, then, beloved; for if your portion on earth be slender, if your condition here be sorrowful, if your trials multiply, if your strength declines, yet it is but a little while and he that will shall come, and shall not tarry.

But I want you to do this morning, and by God's grace I think we shall accomplish it, a little more than receive comfort. I long that we may "sit together in the heavenlies" even now. It seems to me that this world, if Christians lived as they should do, would become a nether heaven. The true Christian life, when we live near to God, is the rough draft of the life of full communion above. We have seen the artist make with his pencil, or with his charcoal, a bare outline of his picture. It is nothing more, but still one could guess what the finished picture will be from the sketch before you.

I. Keeping to the text, however, I want to speak, first, of

THE PERFECTION OF THE PROVISION

which is enjoyed in heaven—"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat." This is the perfection of the provision.

I must, by your permission, go a little further back to make my description of this provision more complete. Notice the last sentence of the

fifteenth verse: "He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. In the reading we interpreted according to the Revised Version, which gives a more correct rendering: "He that sitteth on the throne shall spread His tabernacle over them." The glorified dwell under the shadow of God. It is for this reason that "the sun shall not light on them, nor any heat," because *they dwell in God*. Oh, what a joy this must be in heaven, to be always within the circle of the eternal presence, which is always seen, always unclouded, always enjoyed! Such a dwelling means transformation, for none can dwell with God but those who are like Him, free from sin, and perfect in holiness. We cannot abide in God forever unless we are like Him, and this in itself is boundless bliss. The abiding in the outspread pavilion of Jehovah will certify a similarity of sanctity and purity between the redeemed and the great Father who becomes their dwelling-place. The Lord shall tabernacle over His glorified people: He shall be their eternal home.

Next we are assured that they shall have all

THEIR NECESSITIES PREVENTED.

"They shall hunger no more." To be supplied when we hunger is the mercy of earth: never to hunger at all is the plenitude of heaven. God shall so fill the souls of His redeemed that they shall have no longings: their longings shall be prevented by their constant satisfaction. That which they enjoy will be more than they ever desired to enjoy, or ever imagined that they could be capable of enjoying. Imagination's utmost height never reached to the exceeding bliss and glory of the world to come. The saints confess in the glory that it never entered into their hearts to guess what God had prepared for them that love Him. Heaven shall exceed all the desires of God's people; they shall not, even with their enlarged capacities, be able to wish for anything which they do not already possess; so that they shall hunger no more, in the sense that they shall never pant for more than they have.

They shall have done with the desires which it is right for them to have here—desires which intimate their present imperfection. Here it is their duty and their privilege to long after perfection, to be sighing and crying for a perfect deliverance from every shade of sin; but they shall not sigh and cry for this in glory, for they shall be without fault before the throne of God. None of them shall cry, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" This on earth is one of the most deeply spiritual of cries, never heard from any but those whose sanctification is greatly advanced. None will ever utter that bitter exclamation but men like Paul, to whom the slightest speck of sin has a horror about it akin to death itself. Fanatical persons

TALK ABOUT BEING PERFECT;

it is the talk of blind men: but those whose eyes have seen the Lord abhor themselves, and sigh and cry over what other men call failures, and mistakes, and infirmities. To them their heart sins and unseen faults are things to weep over; they have sharp hungerings and piercing thirsts after complete likeness to Christ. This likeness the saints possess before the throne; and they shall not thirst any more, even after this best and most desirable of attainments, since they shall enjoy it to the full.

Beloved, observe that, as they have no kind of hunger, so they have also no measure of thirst; that is to say, they have no needs, no unsatisfied wishes of any sort. In whatever form a need might approach them, it is excluded, for both hunger and thirst are shut out. Oh, brothers, it has been blessed to hunger and thirst after righteousness; what must that higher blessedness be which rises above even these holy desires!

We have wishes here which ought not to be gratified; these occasion us our sharpest pangs of hunger; but there they shall never know an unlawful wish, a wandering desire, or even an unwise longing. They shall have all things that a renewed heart can enjoy. All that their perfected nature can yearn after they shall possess; there shall be no unsatisfied craving of their manhood, neither their risen body nor their sanctified spirit shall be moved to hunger or thirst after any evil, for there shall be nothing about them which has a tendency that way. The provision made for them shall be so absolutely complete that before they can desire any good thing they shall find it; before they know a need they shall have enjoyed the supply. This is wonderful! Yes, but all I can tell you is not the half of the truth.

Further, as we read we discover a third blessing, namely, that every overpowering influence is attempered—"Neither shall the sun light on them." What if by that "sun" is meant the full glory of God! If you and I could be introduced into the divine presence at once and as we are, the first result upon us must be a swoon, and the second must be death. We are not prepared to endure the Lord as our Sun, in meridian splendor. In heaven they are able to endure the immediate presence of God, not only because of the Mediatorship of Christ, through whom the glory of God shines with tempered splendor upon the saints, but also because they themselves are strengthened. From all this earthly grossness quit, they are enabled to stand in that light to which no mortal man can now approach. To us even "our God is a consuming fire" while we are here; but in the saints there remaineth nothing to consume. Blessed, indeed, are they who shall behold the King in the ivory palaces above!

When it is added, "Nor any heat," we learn that

INJURIOUS INFLUENCES

shall cease to operate. By our surroundings here we are troubled with many heats. The very comforts of life, like warm weather, tend to dry us up. A man may have gold, a man may have health, a man may have prosperity and honor till he is withered like the heath in the desert in the day of drought. Unless a dew from the Lord shall rest upon the branch of the prosperous he will be parched indeed. We have need of grace whenever God gives us blessings of a temporal kind. But no heat of that sort shall happen to saints in heaven; they can be rich, and honored, and perfectly beautiful, and yet under no temptation to self-exaltation. Here the heats which are around us tend to fever us. Many are the temptations of this life: some of them soft and deceptive, others fierce and terrible; but up yonder no sirocco shall ever blow, and the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick."

See, then, the perfect provision which is made by Christ for His saints above, and listen while we try to show that this same provision, in a modified way, lies to our hand even now. Come, beloved, do we not dwell in God? Do we not sing, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations?" If any of you believers have wandered away from your resting-place, whose fault is that? Has not the Lord given you Himself to be your perpetual pavilion? Has not Jesus said, "Abide in me?" Have you not sung in that sweet twenty-third Psalm, "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever?" What more do you want? The Lord hath spread His tabernacle over you; you abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

A child of God in communion with Christ would not lift his finger to possess a world, nor wink his eye to see all the pomp of kings, nor move a step to enjoy all the honors of rank, nor rise from sitting at Jesus' feet to learn all the wisdom of philosophy. He is already filled; what can he have more? The best of the best has fallen to his portion, and shall he change it? No; like the olive tree, he saith, "Should I leave my fatness, and go to be promoted over the trees?" and with the fig, he cries, "Should I forsake my sweetness, and go to be promoted over the trees?" He that eateth of the bread which Jesus gives him shall never hunger more after a painful sort. The husks of carnal joy have no attractions to the son who banquets at his father's table.

"Neither shall they thirst any more;" they shall feel that the Lord Jesus is such an all-satisfying, all-sufficient portion that their

DESIRES CAN GO NO FURTHER.

I have sped across the sea with flying sails, bidding each gale waft me according to its will, hoping that I might somewhere find a port. Restlessly have I hastened to and fro, and been tossed up and down, the sport of every wave. My spirit has sped on and on through fair and foul, never abiding long in one stay. Happily there came a day when I found a fair haven. Down went my anchor; it took fast hold and held my barque. Under the lee of Calvary I found rest. Now blow ye winds, or cease to blow as shall best please you. I stir not out to sea again. In the fair haven of the love of God in Christ Jesus shall my spirit abide forever. If we could but reach this resolve, dear brethren, and hold to it, we should have no more anxieties and longings; we also should hunger no more, neither thirst any more.

And now, beloved, if you are being daily fed by Jesus and are dwelling in God, the light of the sun, as to temporal prosperity, will do you no harm. You may be rich, but you will not trust in uncertain riches; you may be famous, but you will be as humble as if you were obscure; you may be learned, but you will sit at Jesus' feet; you may be indulged with all kinds of worldly prosperity, and yet these things will not prove a snare unto you. "Neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat."

Those who dwell in God are not now parched with inward heat. We notice people of God who are anxious and fretful, and cause a great deal of misery for people round about them by always worrying, fidgetting, and being in a state of nervous excitement. But holy souls, who abide in Christ, take everything calmly. You can remember such persons, both men and women; whatever happened they remained unmoved, patient, and cheerful. Great losses came in the course of business, but the brother did not lose his balance; sad bereavements came, but the sister did not repine. If the believer endured a sharp affliction, his chief concern was that the Lord would sanctify it to him; if people persecuted or slandered him he was not surprised, for he expected to be hated of the world when he became a follower of Jesus. If he prospered, he did not get into a heat of pride. In patience he possessed his soul. God's good gift of the Holy Spirit comforted and strengthened him. He could say, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise."

"Neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat." How much of mischief comes to the human body through its heats! The doctor looks hopeful when our blood grows cool again and the fever ceases. The best cure for

THE FEVER OF THE SOUL

is to be made to dwell under the shadow of the Almighty, and to be fed by the Lord Jesus Christ; for that sacred shadow, and that health-giving food, prevent the burning sickness from coming near the chosen of the Lord.

"Ah," says somebody, "you are setting us up an exceedingly high standard." I am setting up a standard to which multitudes of God's people have attained, to which I would have you all attain. If this blessed bribe of heaven below does not make you ambitious to rise to this level, what more shall I say? It is for your own profit and for God's glory that you should not rest content short of this. Rise from the dust, my brethren. Ascend into the hill of the Lord, and stand in His holy place. Abide in Christ, and feed upon Christ, and then all this shall be yours to-day and throughout life. So much for the perfection of the provision.

II. Now will you give me your heart's attention while I touch a noble string, and that is, the description of

THE PROVIDER.

"For the Lamb which is in the midst of the

throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters." You see this is the reason for all the provision and enjoyment; the verse begins with the word "For," signifying that this is the cause of all the felicity of the blessed, that the Lamb doth feed and lead them.

Who is this that feeds them? It is *the Lamb*. I wish it were possible for me to communicate to you the enjoyment my own soul has had in meditating upon this blessed word "The Lamb," as it stands in this connection. Does it not teach us, first, that our comfort and life must come from *our incarnate Saviour*—the Lamb? The expression is very peculiar; it is a figure, and no figure; a mixed metaphor, and yet most plain and clear! It is written, "The Lamb shall shepherd them." This is an accurate interpretation. How is that? A shepherd, and that shepherd a Lamb! Here is the truth which the words contain—He that saves is a man like ourselves. He that provides for His people is Himself one of them—"For which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren." A lamb is a member of the flock; but in this case the Lamb is the shepherd of the flock; a shepherd who is also a lamb must be the most tender shepherd conceivable, the most sympathetic and brotherly guardian that can be. When a man is shepherd to sheep he should be compassionate, but he cannot be so tender as if he actually partook of their nature. In our case our shepherd is to the full a partaker of our nature: we are men, and

OUR SHEPHERD IS A MAN.

Does it not mean more than that? "the Lamb" surely refers to *sacrifice*. Only run your eye back a verse or two, and you have the key of the expression, "they that washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." He, then, that feeds His people in heaven is the sacrifice, the atonement, the expiation.

Still, there is a third meaning which must not be overlooked. "The Lamb" must refer to *the meekness of character*, the lowliness and condescension of the Lord Jesus. The Lord Jesus Christ on earth was "led as a lamb to the slaughter." He was "meek and lowly in heart." He walked up and down among men, the friend of sinners, the lover of little children, the companion of the poor, and to-day He is not otherwise than He was on the earth.

Thus you see who it is that feeds the saints in heaven, and I desire you to feel that if you are to be fed and comforted here below, it must be by the same great Shepherd of the sheep, in the same character. There are no stores for you other than those which are in the hands of Jesus, in whom all fulness dwells; there are no comforts for you except as they are given from the throne where the Lamb is reigning. Turn ye away, my brethren, turn ye away from all the frothy novelties of modern thought, and the vain inventions of man, and behold the crown of your adorable Lord, the Lamb of God's Passover, the Lamb who shall overcome all the powers of evil and stand in the midst of the throne. If we can but live on these truths, and delight ourselves in them, we shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on us, nor any heat, but even here we shall find living fountains of water, and tears shall be wiped from our eyes.

III. I finish by giving a hint or two only upon the third point; that is to say,

THE MANNER OF THIS PROVIDING.

We have considered the provision in its perfection, and the Provider in His glorious character, now let us see how this provision is given to the saints, for in the same [illegible] is it brought to us.

In two ways the saints in heaven enjoy it—the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them. Go over this, and think first of *the feeding* of them. The Greek word is "shall shepherdize them." In heaven Jesus is a shepherd ruling over all His flock with a happy, genial, sympathetic sovereignty, to which they yield prompt and glad obedience. There the Lord Jesus cares for His people immediately and personally. He Himself bestows upon them all that they require. Here He has under-shepherds, and He hands out the food by our poor instrumentality; and, alas, sometimes we are found incapable, or forgetful, and the flock is not fed; but it is never so in heaven, for the Lamb Himself maintains the pastorate, and acts the shepherd in a manner which none of us can emulate. All else of care and feeding that saints can require in glory is in Christ. I know not what it may be, but this I know, that while they worship Him He cares for them. He is among them as the Chief Shepherd, at whose appearing the under-shepherds shall appear with Him in glory.

Up yonder Jesus still communes with them very closely, else were it not written, "The Lamb shall feed them." I remind you again of what we have said; He feeds them, therefore He is their Shepherd; yet still it is

THE LAMB THAT FEEDS

them, therefore He is one with them; as if He fed with them, as if their food was His food, and His food their food, and they were one with Him in all respects. But what must fellowship with Christ be in heaven! I do protest I have sometimes had, and many of you have had, such communion with Jesus here that, if I could but have continued to enjoy it, it would not have concerned me the turning of a penny whether I were here or among the angels, for it was bliss enough for me to be with Jesus. But, oh! when we shall have enlarged our capacities, when our understanding shall have been cleared, and our affections purified, and all our manhood shall be made innocent and Christlike, what must it be then to behold His glory, to commune with Himself, to lean our head upon His bosom, to bask in His love, and to feel our hearts on fire with love in return! Now do you not think we can enjoy some of this to-day? Do you question it? What does the tenth of John mean, if Jesus is not the good Shepherd of His sheep at this day? Read it through when you get home. What does the twenty-third Psalm mean? Is that a psalm for another world, or for this? Does it not say, "The Lord *is* my shepherd; I shall not want. He *maketh* me to lie down in green pastures: He *leadeth* me beside the still waters"?

Then it is added, "*He shall lead.*" That is another work of the Shepherd, to lead His flock—"He leads them to living fountains of waters." You may read it, "He shall guide them to fountains of waters of life"; it is but a variation of the same thought. Now, even in heaven the holy ones need guiding, and Jesus leads the way. While He is guiding, He points out to His people the secret founts and fresh springs which as yet they have not tasted. As eternity goes on, I have no doubt that the Saviour will be indicating fresh delights to His redeemed. Never will the inexhaustible God who has given Himself to be the portion of His people ever be fully known, so that there will eternally be sources of freshness and new delight, and the Shepherd will continue to lead His flock to these living fountains of water. He will guide them,

"'From glory unto glory,' that ever lies before,
Still widening, adoring, rejoicing more and more,
Still following where He leadeth, from shining field to field,
Himself our goal of glory, Revealer and Revealed!"

He will also cause them to drink of the river of His pleasures, so that they shall be full of bliss. Can we not grasp a little of this to-day? If we will but follow Christ we may drink of the water which He freely gives to all who believe in Him, even as He gave to the woman of Samaria. "I cannot see any joy," cries one. No; but

JESUS WILL LEAD YOU

to it. "Oh, but I read my Bible this morning, and I did not get anything from it." That may be; but if Jesus had been there and led you to the fountain, you would have been refreshed. How the texts open up when Jesus touches them! You are like Hagar; you have laid your child down among the shrubs to die; you are perishing of thirst, and yet if you would but listen you might hear the plash of the falling waters just behind you. You only need the Lord to speak and open your eyes and you will see rich supplies, for the living fountain is near at hand.

Go you to the Saviour to-day, and say, "Lord, lead me to living fountains of water. I drank years ago, and I have been drinking all along, but, Lord, I want deeper draughts. I desire to know more and love more." Jesus will lead you. He will do it *now*, and when He does so you will realize to the full how like this earth may be to heaven above. Let us commit ourselves like sheep to our great Shepherd. Come, ye wanderers, return to the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls. You that have been in Him these many years and fed in His pastures, come near to Him, and follow Him yet more closely, and your eyes shall be opened to see new rivers of delight where all seemed dry. You shall find in the valley of Baca a well, and drinking of it you shall go from strength to strength, till every one of you in Zion appeareth before God. How long will it be, O ever-blessed One, till we behold thee? Even now the day breaketh!

A COLPORTEUR'S SUCCESSES.

A CLERGYMAN asked a colporteur to visit in a village an old woman who was very ill, and in great darkness of soul. He did so, and the Lord blessed to her the simple words spoken, and gave her peace. Shortly afterward he was passing through the same village, and thus writes: "On my way I called on Mrs. B——, and found her very happy, trusting in the finished work of Christ. She is now raised up again from her bed, and she thanks God for this answer to prayer, especially as He had been pleased to lay her husband down. I spoke to the poor old man about his soul, when he replied, 'What a face a man must have to live seventy-four years without God, and then come to Him for pardon! Do you think God could forgive such a drunken old man as I have been? Why, sir, I never went on my knees in my life. Do you think God will like my prayers now after such a life?' I replied that Jesus Christ came into the world to save *sinners*. He did not come for those who needed no repentance. I read John 3 and prayed with him, and gave him a tract.

"As I was leaving Mrs. B—— asked me to see her grandson, a young man about twenty-two years of age. I did so, and found him very ill. I opened my Bible and read to him the story of the Prodigal Son. As I knelt to pray the poor young man began to repeat the Lord's Prayer in broken and disjointed sentences. I stopped him, and told him that that prayer was not for him, for if God's kingdom were to come, and he unsaved, hell would be his portion. Next day, as I was returning that way, I was again called in to see him. I asked him if he wanted me. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I want you to read to me out of the Bible. I have had no rest or sleep since you left for fear I should wake up in hell.' I then knelt down and asked the Lord to give me the portion for him, and to bless it to him. I read 1 John 5; when I had got to verse 12 I stopped to speak to him, but he had already read the next verse, and said, 'See, God says, "These things have I written unto you;" that is what God says to me, is it not?' I told him it was, when the poor fellow, I thought, would jump out of bed for joy. He sent for his grandmother to tell her, his mother also, and his aunt.

"He lived only eight days longer; but all testify to the marked change in him—his only desire was that God would take him without pain. On the eighth day he was very restless, and asked his mother to send for me, six miles off. His mother went to make him a cup of tea, but when she brought it to him he was with Jesus. I arrived about three hours afterward,

The City of Naples, the Scene of the Cholera Epidemic. (*See page* 659.)

and found him gone. His mother told me he said, 'Mother, I love you, and you will come to Jesus, won't you?' She said she would. The old grandfather is now also a believer, and the aged couple are testifying by a changed life to the grace and power of God. The young man's father, too, now gives evidence of the work of the Holy Spirit, so that four souls in one family have been led to the Saviour through the labors of the colporteur."

IN AND OUT OF THE POORHOUSE.

(*See Illustration on page* 669.)

The bitter, weary struggle against failure, which so many business men have fought in their respective spheres is often seen by outsiders to be hopeless long before the struggler himself recognizes the fact. He always seems so near the end of his difficulties. If he can only get safely through this week or this month he sees the path ahead quite clear. He exaggerates the value of his possessions, makes out lists of his liabilities in which many are omitted, and asserts his confidence in something turning up to save him from the dreaded resource of bankruptcy. He borrows money from his friends, and when he has wearied them, from usurers, hoping all the time that in some way help will come to him as it has come to others, and he will still preserve his good name. It is a bitter fight, and many a brave man has fallen despairing and broken-hearted on the scene of his defeat.

Such a fight Edward Raburn had been fighting for more than a year, when he mustered courage to make out a balance-sheet. He knew money was tight, that he had not been able to meet his notes punctually, though a few years before he had been taking his discounts; but he did not know how much he owed until that balance-sheet stared him in the face. He was appalled; his heart sank within him. But he had to go to his business, and it would never do to go with a downcast countenance. That would induce suspicion, and suspicion would be fatal. In that evil hour the necessity of "bracing himself up" seemed paramount. He went to his cellar, and bringing up a bottle of wine he poured out a glassful and drank it. It did him good and he drank two more. No one looking at him as he entered his office would have supposed that he had a terrible anxiety gnawing at his heart. Nor was he so conscious of it himself as he had been some hours earlier. The wine had given him new courage to face his difficulties and shed a rosy light on the dark future.

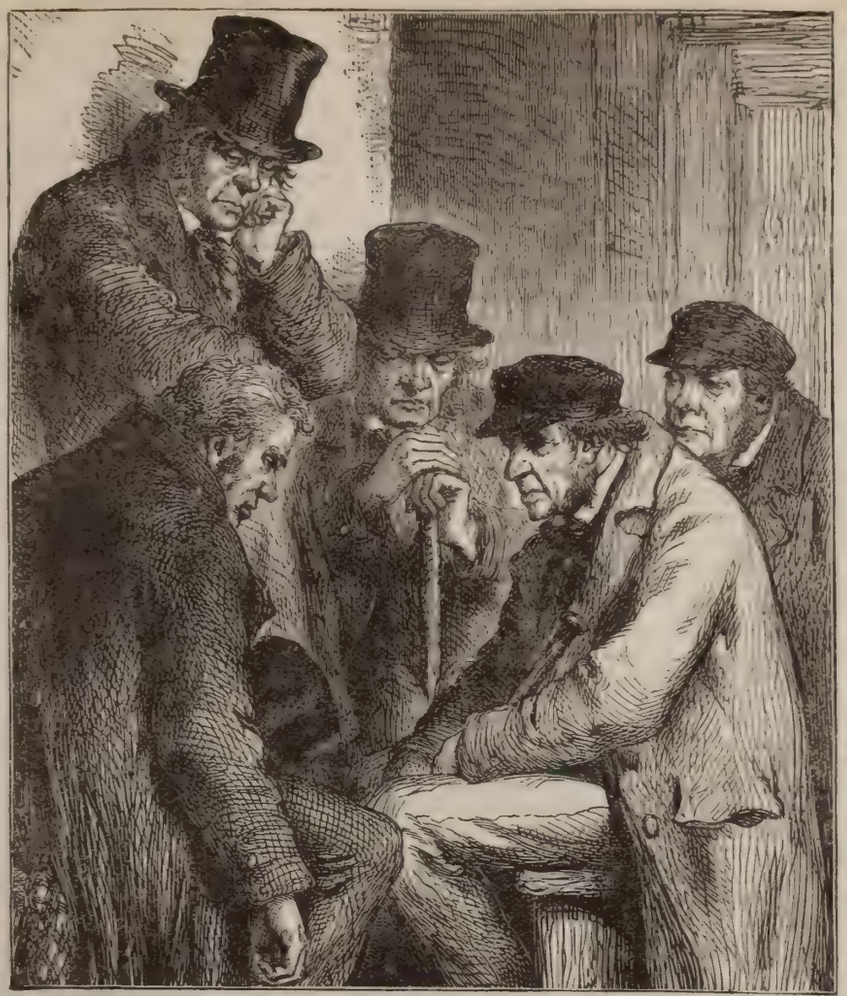
"Who would not pity a man who drinks that he may forget his misery for a brief hour. Especially would we pity the man who drinks because he wishes only to thrust his misery aside that he may struggle with his strength unburdened of the weight of care. But pity as we may we cannot forget that the man who yields to the temptation commits an act of unmitigated folly, which he will rue sooner or later. The next morning always comes bringing the weight of care back to the shoulders, and the aching head is far less able to think now than it was yesterday. He must seek it yet again. That was Edward Raburn's case and he trimmed his lamp with the same oil as before.

He was not an old man—little over forty—but those who knew him declare that in the year that followed his first resort to the bottle, he grew older in appearance by ten years, and he actually did grow older in the wear and tear on his system. His body at the end of that year was in a worse condition than it would have been if it had undergone ten years of ordinary labor. And what had he gained? Less than nothing. His prospects were bright to him when he was under the influence of liquor, but the brightness was delusive. He was more inclined to undertake rash and desperate ventures than in his sober time. His schemes were more like gambling than ordinary business, and gradually, dreading the hour when his mind resumed its normal condition, and he saw his true business situation with its clouded horizon, he shrank from it, and as the year drew to a close he was seldom quite sober.

Then the crash came. His name appeared in the list of bankrupts and he saw another man holding in behalf of his creditors his treasured household goods. It was heart-breaking work; and he was more strongly impelled to drink than ever. He obtained a situation in the warehouse of a friend who sympathized with him in his misfortunes, but he who had so long been

used to command found it very hard to obey. Daily humiliations came upon him and he had only one support to nerve him to endurance. Still he applied for help to the liquor which gave him courage while it sapped endurance. Once and again he came to business in a state in which he was unfit for his duties and received a serious warning. Finally he was discharged, and drifting about from one place to another, at last brought up at the poorhouse.

Entering that refuge of the destitute one winter afternoon, he wandered aimlessly around until he came to a corner in which four of his fellow-inmates were grouped. They were men to whom but two years ago he would not have spoken. Poverty makes some men fierce and desperate; but in the poorhouse, especially with those who have been long there, there is far more dull, spiritless indifference written on the faces than any other expression. After a time there comes with it a look of low cunning, as the inmates find that crafty tricks will sometimes gain them some trifling luxury. There is also a keen interest in the story of a newcomer as in a tale the end of which is present before them. It is said that men never find the misfortunes of others a wholly unpleasant subject. That is especially true in the poorhouse, where many of the inmates are not sorry to hear that others have suffered and failed as they have.



Raburn's First Day in the Poorhouse.

Raburn was glad of any company that day to banish the thoughts which made solitude a horrible experience. He sat down among the men with whom he was to spend his time in future, and with bowed head and eyes fastened on the ground he answered the curious questions put to him. His new acquaintances were inquisitive; they had nothing to do, and this newcomer furnished occupation for the hours that were hard to kill.

The weeks passed by for Raburn in dull monotony. He was dull and depressed, and his craving for his accustomed stimulants was dreadful. But after a time enforced abstinence began to have its effect. His eye grew brighter, his mind began to recover some of its former acuteness, and he began to think. One morning he surprised the managers by asking if he could help them with the accounts. He was quick at figures, he said. They gave him work and once at his accustomed occupation he brightened still more. But a more important influence was at work.

A Christian gentleman who visited the poorhouse, and occasionally held a religious service there, noticed Raburn, and hearing his sad story, tried to help him in the way in which he most needed help. Life had lost all its hope for him, but he was pointed to a hope beyond the grave. He clutched at it eagerly, and as it entered his heart it permeated all his being. He was anxious to begin life anew, not as he once began it to make a fortune, but to live for God in the world. He was willing to begin humbly, and the opportunity was gained for him. Raburn worked honestly, steadily, and grew in the confidence of his employers. The dull, sodden look left his face, he was cheerful and contented, seeking continually opportunities for Christian work. He found many, but none were so welcome as that of going to the poorhouse where he had been an inmate, to tell his former companions of the power which had entered his heart within those very walls, and transformed him from a hopeless, weary, listless, dejected man into a being whose heart was fixed upon God, and whose life was full of the joy God gives to all who trust in Him.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page* 655.)

An Extended Sphere.

THE young minister whose work had been snatched, as it were, out of his hands felt disappointed and heartsick. He still clung to the hope that in God's own time his way to serve Him by preaching Jesus might be opened, but he feared. He resolutely set himself to contemplate the probability of his settling down in John Morley's bookstore as his future lot in life.

But before long, in the midst of this slumber of ambition, came a more important call than before for Carl. There was a great spring gathering of their denomination in London, and Mr. Waldron was to take the chair at the chief public meeting. In his palmiest days at Aston Court, Carl would never have dreamed of being present as a speaker at this meeting, where the greatest of their preachers would occupy the platform. But his friend, Dr. Hervey, who had been one of the appointed speakers, was seized with a sudden illness a day or two before, and sent for Carl. He told him what he wished to say, and started him off at once for London.

Carl achieved one of those brilliant and dangerous successes which occasionally fall to the lot of young orators. He took the meeting by storm, and every speech succeeding his fell flat upon the excited minds of the audience. Miss Waldron, who held a prominent place on the platform, drew her veil over her face and wept some of the bitterest tears of her life.

Carl's absence from Little Aston, which he had supposed would be only for three or four days, prolonged itself into weeks. Sunday after Sunday he was called upon to supply some pulpit in London and the neighborhood. It ended in his being invited to become co-pastor of one of the largest churches in London, whose minister was beginning to fail under the burden of his work. He accepted the offer only on condition that for six months he should be among them as a candidate merely, that they might judge whether he merited the brand of heresy. For it was possible, he said, that his views of truth, differing somewhat from the traditional theology, might fall under their censure, as at Little Aston.

He went home at last, but only for a few days. There was a conflict in his mind as to whether he should yet utter his love to Hester, or wait until his own future was sure; he decided upon keeping silence. He believed that Hester would feel too greatly divided between her duties to her father and Rose, and to him. She had asked him once, in a tone of trouble and supplication, not to let Grant talk any more about her leaving home. It would be impossible to do so, she added, hurriedly, for many years to come, if the time ever came. Carl's sensitive nature fancied there was a dread in her mind lest he should say anything to disturb her peace; and he resolved to say nothing till he could say all.

Among the farewells he had to take, none were so painful as parting with Rose. Her life was so sad, so solitary, and so peculiar, that it drew his chivalrous and tender heart very closely to her. The bond between them had to her something of the sacred relationship of a priest toward a penitent, whom he may absolve or condemn. She saw no one else but him and Hester; and she naturally leaned more upon him than upon a fellow-woman. Hester was the daughter of the husband she had betrayed, and she dared not reveal to her all the remorseful memories which oppressed her broken spirit.

"I have something to tell you," said Carl, as the best consolation he could give her when he was about leaving her in circumstances so desolate; "I have seen your child, your little Hester; and now I am going to live in London, she shall come very often to my house."

"God bless you!" cried Rose, sobbing. "But what is to become of me when you are gone? I feel at times as if I must force my way to my husband, and let him strike me dead if he will. I don't know whether I am doing right to be so near to him without him knowing it."

"You must be patient," said Carl, pitifully; "you must not tempt him to revenge. Do you not know how he nearly murdered Robert Waldron at his own door, and he would have died in the street if my brother Grant had not found him? Do you wish him to be hurried into murder? Be patient, and leave yourself in Hester's hands. She knows her father better than we do, she loves him more; she will not lose the right time, if it ever come, of confessing all to him. Trust yourself to Hester."

"But how can I be patient?" she explained, her pale face growing paler. "I think day and

night that I shall never hear his voice speaking to me again. Perhaps even in heaven, where you tell me there is a place even for me, I shall be nowhere near him; and it may be that through all eternity I shall never hear him say, 'I forgive you.' Ah! you cannot tell what it is, you and Hester, who all your lives long have lived as if you looked up into the face of God Himself, and who have no pardon to seek but His, and He has little to forgive. Every night I lie awake and think that death will surely come before I hear him forgive me."

"These are only fancies," said Carl, gently; "you are likely to live many years. Your illness is passing away, Grant says. But there is a nearer hope for you, perhaps. As soon as I can offer Hester and her father a home with me, I shall ask her to be my wife; I shall ask her father to give her to me. Do you think they will consent?"

"Consent!" repeated Rose, "she loves you, and he thinks of you as a son, she says."

"Then," continued Carl, his face flushing with anticipated joy, "as soon as he is happy once more, when a portion of gloom passes away from his life, we can turn his thoughts to you; and perhaps, who can tell? your forgiveness may be fuller than we hope for now. Why, when Hester becomes my wife the whole of life will be turned to gladness!"

He felt as if the whole world would be made partakers of the joy he looked forward to. At the least all *his* world would be illuminated and warmed by it; and in the new summer which would begin for John Morley it might not be impossible to bring about a perfect reconciliation between him and Rose. The glow of his hope fell for a brief season upon her heart, but it died away, and left a more chilly darkness behind it, when Carl was gone, and she knew that it would be very long before she could see him again.

At the request of David Scott, and with the hearty approbation of Mr. Waldron, Carl preached once more to his first church before leaving Little Aston for London. He knew it well now, with all its foibles and littlenesses. It was by no means an assembly of angels. But it was with a larger charity that he bade it a last farewell. It had already repented of its unfaithfulness and unkindness, and looked back regretfully on its short-lived union with its faithful young pastor; but the tie had been broken by itself, and could never be re-knit. Mr. Waldron felt it, and did not hold his head as erect, or sing with so much energy and freedom as usual; while his daughter listened for the last time to Carl with conflicting emotions of exultation and chagrin.

For John Morley there had been a brief interval of interest in outer things, and of distraction from his own morbid broodings, during the last few weeks of Carl's residence in Little Aston; but as soon as he was gone, and the old routine closed in upon the house again, the faint throb of quicker vitality died away, and left him more dead than before. Even the fresh enthusiasm and hope of Carl's nature, tinged as they were with the buoyancy of a spirit which had not yet come into very close contact with the real world, had added a deeper shade to his disgust of life. He had looked back, and seen, through Carl's eyes, the fair visions which had attended his own early days; and the realities which had met him, in the march of the years, only grew more intolerable in their burden of shame.

The malady of John Morley, so long and carefully fostered, had reached a point where it was beyond his own power, or that of any man, to heal. Grant, who had cherished some hope, while Carl was in daily intercourse with him, gave up the case in despair. More closely than ever John Morley confined himself to his gloomy and unwholesome parlor, more unwholesome for his soul than his body, and there brooded over the dim memories of his grief.

But they were not dim just then. As if Carl had sharpened in every respect the keen sword of the spirit, John Morley's brain presented to him clearer and more poignant recollections of the past. It seemed at times as if he almost saw the face of his faithless wife and caught the echo of her voice somewhere upon the very confines of his ear. There was a subtle, mysterious feeling of her presence close at hand, haunting him with an indefinable terror. The closed room overhead did not seem uninhabited, though he could hear neither voice nor step in it. Once before entering his bedroom he stole cautiously to the locked door, and listened through the empty key-hole, if there were any movement within. No grave could be more silent, and he retreated, shuddering.

In his chamber he could not banish the impalpable presence. He felt that he had but to strain his sight a little, and listen with a more attentive ear, and he should succeed in seeing and hearing this shadowy visitant. But dimness of sight and dulness of hearing must be closing in upon him, in his premature old age; and there was a film, a mist, a nameless terror, darkening his mind. His nights were sleepless, and his days fuller of poisoned thoughts. He was like a man smitten with disease, who counts the moments of his fleeting life by the sickly throbbing of his pulse.

Hester was only partly aware of this aggravation of her father's malady. She had more to think of than in the days when she had him alone to study. There was Rose, and there was Annie, who was more warmly cultivating her friendship. Carl, too, claimed a large share of her thoughts. Nor was Robert Waldron forgotten; that would have been impossible. The recollection of him crossed her mind often, and always with a pensive tinge of sadness, which did not amount to sorrow or regret, yet which borrowed a shade from both.

Carl was gone away, without speaking any sure words of love, and she saw him no more. Robert had paid to her the greatest and deepest homage by which any man can testify his devotion; and it is not in the nature of a woman to hate or despise the man who truly loves her, whatever may be the character of his faults. He was still at Aston Court. She had seen him, and he had seen her twice, as he was passing Grant's house, and looked up to its windows. She heard very much of him through Lawson's mother. He looked pale and suffering; Madame assured her that he was desolated. Among her many other thoughts Hester gave a place—a poor paltry place, Robert would have considered it—to him. It was impossible he should ever rival Carl; but for very pity's sake, and because with Rose always in her mind he could not be far off, Hester often thought of Robert Waldron.

To Robert himself, the departure of Carl and the assurance of Madame Lawson that he had not proposed for Hester, brought a new hope. He knew the flatteries and adulations, so difficult to resist, which would wrap about Carl upon his introduction into the religious world of London; and he trusted somewhat to their seductions to make him forgetful of the grave, quiet girl at Little Aston. If Carl only withdrew from the field, he could not believe that she would persist in choosing poverty, and debt, and the increasing difficulties of her position, to the bright future he had to offer.

He possessed the faculty of burying in oblivion what he did not wish to remember, and he had forgotten the singular solemnity of Hester's rejection of his suit. The fact that she had refused him remained in his memory only as being possibly the caprice of a girl, under Carl's ascendancy. He blamed his father for hurrying him into a premature avowal, which would have been better timed by being deferred a little; but his withered hope bloomed again. There would be need of still more delicate management than before; but, after all, in spite of all, his little Hetty should one day be mistress of Aston Court.

"What news of Little Aston?" asked Robert of Grant, one evening, with the carelessness of a man to whom so small a place could yield no news of any interest.

"John Morley is dangerously ill," answered Grant, very gravely.

"Ill!" cried Robert, "what will become of Hester?"

"He is not beyond hope yet," said Grant, "and I shall do my utmost to save him; but his constitution is terribly weakened. To my knowledge, he has never turned the corner of the street since I have been here, except once to see Carl."

"Is he in bed?" asked Robert.

"To be sure, and the shop shut up altogether," he answered. "It has never done him any good; he is about as fit for business as you are. The place looks more dismal than ever; what with that room which is never opened, where the shutters are falling to pieces—"

"What room?" inquired Robert, as Grant hesitated.

"Oh, a drawing-room or something," he added, "which they say is never opened. But I am in a hurry. I promised Hester to sit up with her father to-night."

Grant left Robert with fresh food for thought. He knew very little personally of the man whom he had injured; years ago he had been Rose's husband, now he was Hester's father. The news of his illness affected him chiefly as it touched his own purposes. He was, with his customary selfish impulses, soon considering Hester's position should her father die, and how it would affect him. He flattered himself that Hester's reluctance to receive his suit arose partly from regard to her father; but his death would remove this stumbling-block—nay, might become a stepping-stone to the attainment of his end. She would be left homeless, penniless, and friendless; and it was incredible to suppose that she would again refuse the lot he would offer her. In his idle and luxurious worldliness, he could not comprehend the possibility of Hester choosing rather a life of difficulty and trial than his own lot of untroubled abundance of all things.

He had strolled on unthinkingly until he reached the entrance of the town, just as the clock of the old church struck ten. The streets lay before him, with lights twinkling fitfully in many of the windows. There would be no danger now in walking once again under the walls of Hester's home. He passed on to it, with the impatient swiftness of one who has been long denied a pleasure. The gloom of the evening was deeper there, for the street was narrow and the houses high on each side. He crossed over to the opposite causeway, and looked up to the second story. He had done so often in the old times to see if any light shone in Rose's pleasant sitting-room; but the shutters of that window were closed. In the next casement, however, glimmered a wan and sickly gleam, the beacon of illness, the pale watch-fire, where Hester, solitary and uncomforted, kept watch over the inroads of death. Why did his treacherous fancy mingle the images of Hester and Rose? He had diligently rooted from his memory all unpleasant and disquieting reminiscences. Yet now, standing in the dark, opposite the house, and looking up to the windows, he felt himself the boy he had been eleven years ago. A boy only. He caught again the oft-repeated apology for the past. It was as a boy he had loved and tempted Rose; it was as a man he loved and honored Hester.

He stood in the quiet street some minutes, no passer-by coming to disturb him. At length he heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and felt that it was time to move on. He traversed the whole length of the street, and then retraced his steps past John Morley's door. Was he in a dream to-night? Was he the boy of three and twenty; or the man of thirty-four years of age, weary, disenchanted, with a pricking goad in his conscience, which he could not altogether pluck out? To see Hester, only for a moment, would allay this fever of his spirit; and what would be more natural than for him

to testify his concern for her, and her father? There could be neither harm nor danger in simply knocking at the door, and asking the servant how John Morley was. Perhaps Hester herself might answer his knock; as he could remember her doing once many years before. He called back her image to his mind; a grave, sweet, simple child, who hailed his coming with a demure rapture of delight. If he had only foreseen into what a womanhood this childhood was about to expand! With a profound sigh, Robert Waldron set his foot upon John Morley's threshold, and knocked a low, uncertain knock at his door.

(To be continued.)

THE TEMPLE BUILT.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 26, 1 Kings 6 : 1-14. Golden Text, Isa. 56 : 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

A Significant Name for the Temple—A House of Prayer—Applicable to the Temple of the Body—The Vocation of the Prayer-life—The Temple Windows—Light Increasing as it Penetrates—Having Light and Giving Light—Faith the Window of the Heart—Chambers Wrongly Occupied—The Silent Labor—Prior Preparation—The Hidden Stones—The Gold and Cedar Covering—Holiness God's Indwelling.

"MINE house shall be called an house of prayer for all people." This was God's thought for the temple of old; this is His thought for our bodies, which He makes the "temple of the Holy Ghost." It was the glory of the children of Israel that their mighty, glorious God was with them, and that the heathen around knew it. "They have heard that Thou, Lord, art among this people, that Thou, Lord, art seen face to face, and that thy cloud standeth over them, and that Thou goest before them, by daytime in a pillar of a cloud, and in a pillar of fire by night" (Num. 14 : 14). The glory of Christianity is Emmanuel, "God *with* us." Although heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him, yet He is willing to make His dwelling-place in our being; "*Ye* are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people" (II Cor. 6 : 16).

"AN HOUSE OF PRAYER"

is surely an house given up to prayer. God has never told us to *preach* without ceasing, but He has told us to "*pray* without ceasing;" yet there is far more of ceaseless preaching than ceaseless praying. God has set apart man's being for the transacting of business with *Him;* the most of us who are Christian workers appropriate our being for transacting business with men *for* God, instead of with Him *for* men. Most of us have yet to learn the vocation of a prayer-life, in which everything which is done and said is first settled with God. Many have the idea that such a life entails some strange monastic separation from our fellow-men. But we see in the life of our beloved Lord such naturalness, such simplicity, such homeliness, that it is clear these ascetic ideas do not come from Him. Yet Jesus was guided by His Father not only *what* to do, but also *the very hour* in which to do each thing as it came. His was essentially and yet simply a prayer-life.

We have seen how David (the beloved) made preparation for the building of the temple. Solomon also, after his father's death, sent to Hiram, King of Tyre, and made a contract with him to supply timber, stone, and workmen, in return for which Solomon supplied provisions. Thus in the fourth year of his reign Solomon began the actual building. We hear of no architect, and yet no building which the world ever saw surpassed Solomon's temple for beauty or for magnificence. God was the only architect, and Solomon, being "instructed for the building of the house of God" (II Chron. 3 : 3), only carried out His plans. The size of the temple was considerably increased over that of the tabernacle, yet it was not so large as Ezekiel's temple; God is ever seeking to make more room for Himself in our poor humanity.

"And for the house he made windows of narrowed lights," *i.e.*, splayed, or narrow without and broad within. God would have light in His house, and light which increases as it penetrates. The Lord Jesus said,

"THE LIGHT OF THE BODY

is the eye; therefore when thine eye is single, thy whole body also is full of light; but when thine eye is evil, thy body also is full of darkness" (Luke 11 : 34). The eye in the body answers to faith in the heart; the eye takes in the light; faith takes in Jesus. If the eye is but single, and our faith sees Jesus only, then our whole body serves its right purpose as God's dwelling-place. And He wants us to light others also. "*Ye* are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. . . . Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 5 : 14, 16). If Jesus dwells fully in us He cannot but shine, and others cannot but glorify our heavenly Father. He cannot be hid, for what He is in heaven that He is in the hearts and lives where He dwells; the dwelling-place is nothing, but He who dwells there is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever" (Heb. 13 : 8). Light brings joy, and peace, and satisfaction, and so does Jesus; His presence banishes gloom, and mystery, and obscurity.

Against the wall of the house Solomon built *chambers*. We remember how in the time of Nehemiah similar chambers were abused, and Tobiah, the Ammonite, appropriated one of them to his own use, and Nehemiah, on discovering it, "cast forth all the household stuff of Tobiah out of the chamber" (Neh. 13 : 8). God makes room in His house, but it is for Himself; not for *our* household stuff, not for the concerns of self. After all, we can only offer Him "chambers," while He is preparing "many mansions" for us (John 14 : 2).

"And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building." The Apostle Peter speaks thus of God's children: "Ye also, as lively (living) stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ."

LIVING STONES

all prepared in the quarry! This is the true picture of most of us. There is a great deal of noise sometimes in blasting us out of our places. Some of us come out of the world with a tremendous fall, and get chipped and knocked about in the descent. And there in the quarry, near the earth we came from, many of us have to be hewn and prepared. Plenty of noise about all this — hammers, saws, files — much which goes against the grain; until, instead of our natural characteristics standing out prominently, our fitness to the building and to one another becomes the noticeable thing. God has created us for the body of Christ, not for ourselves; to be *collectively*, as well as individually, the temple of the Lord. He has made us for one another, not as we would fit *ourselves* to others, but as *He* would fit us. He is the great Architect, the great Master workman who has formed, and is carrying out His great design. All the noise, the stir, the tumult in our souls —all the conflict, perplexity, etc., comes from the resistance which the stones make to the Workman's tools. When all resistance is at an end, and perfect confidence reigns, then it is in great quietness that our God can fit us into the place in His house for which He has prepared us. There is a growing stillness of soul as we learn to accept all things from the hand of our loving God, and such a blessed confidence that He is caring for His own work, that it does not depend upon *our* zeal and effort, and that He makes use of us to much more real profit for his glory than we could be if under our own direction.

The chambers of the house led from one into the other. This reminds us of "grace for grace" (John 1 : 16); how all the knowledge of God we obtain, which makes room for Him, only leads on to more!

The whole building was of stone, covered within with cedar, and overlaid with gold;

"THERE WAS NO STONE SEEN."

This is God's ideal for His spiritual temple, built up of redeemed men, yet nothing of man seen, nothing but Christ apparent. While such things as strife, variance, debate, jealousies exist among us, oh, how much of the stone is there to be seen! For eighteen hundred years God has been building His temple of living stones, but the world sees and hears far more of the quarry than of the temple, the bride of Christ. The hammer and the axe are constantly at work, but the house is hardly yet seen, even among believers; the body of Christ as a whole is little thought of. We are so slow and so stupid in taking in God's thoughts. Jesus, the Son of God, came among us not only to die for our sins, but to embody God's thought, "God . . . manifest in the flesh" (I Tim. 3 : 6). He lived as man in the power of the Holy Ghost a life completely selfless; and God's thought is to prepare for Him a bride composed of redeemed, sanctified, selfless souls, in bodies transfigured and glorified, when He shall come again.

Solomon "built the house, and finished it; and covered the house with beams and boards of cedar. . . . And the word of the Lord came to Solomon, saying, Concerning this house which thou art in building, if thou wilt walk in my statutes, and execute my judgments, and keep all my commandments to walk in them; then will I perform my word with thee, which I spake unto David thy father: And I will dwell among the children of Israel, and will not forsake my people Israel."

The Rev. Andrew Murray, author of that precious book, "Abide in Christ," once said,

"HOLINESS IS GOD'S INDWELLING."

This is God's truth. Holiness is no attempt of man's to bring himself up to God's standard, forcing himself into something which does not come natural to him, and then despairing at his failure to comply with the supposed demands of God. Holiness or sanctification is simply Christ indwelling us. Our part is a complete surrender once for all, and also as complete a surrender whenever any question of the will shall hereafter arise. Christ's part is to come into His temple, Himself the glory, Himself the spirit of praise, Himself the love, the joy, the peace, the power. With how many a difficulty arises when the struggle to deny self begins, just as in a letter recently received: "I feel that nothing short of a full and absolute surrender of the will (always strong) can be the means of solid comfort and peace." How difficult—nay, impossible, this is to human nature! Giving away what you want most of anything; but so it must be! It does look like an impossible tangle. But, although it is quite true that the will must be given up, *to whom* must it be given? To Him who has the will and the power, who is ever waiting for the opportunity to deal with that very self which makes the struggle so difficult. It is not throwing away our will into the sea, or into empty space, but surrendering it to be made the consort of the will of our God; not that it may be annihilated, but united to God's. The difficulty all arises from an innate want of confidence in God; from a doubt whether He is really to be trusted, whether He will not, after all, break down with us, or get tired of us, and leave us to our own devices. When God's indwelling is believed in, and Christ dwells in our hearts by faith, His presence in us detects self and exposes it. He undertakes the whole management, we concurring as He carries on the work by numberless things, great and small, which are always occurring to conform us to His image. Oh, let us recognize His indwelling as the glory of our lives; His indwelling of our hearts by faith and His indwelling of His Church, His bride!

FOREIGN TOPICS.

More Fighting in Tonquin is Reported. An official despatch dated October 8th from Hanoi states that Colonel Donnier, with two battalions of the foreign legion, two companies of infantry and a section of mountain artillery, had an engagement with Chinese troops in the valley of the Loo Chuan River, which lasted six hours. The Chinese made a stubborn resistance, but were finally completely routed. Four gunboats assisted the French forces. Four of the French, including a captain, were killed and twenty were wounded. Two days later four thousand men under General Negrier proceeded on the Langson road and found the Chinese headquarters at Bacloch; the latter were withdrawing. Thirty-seven thousand Chinese were encountered, who kept up a five hours' hard fight. Captain Plante and twenty men were killed and eight officers and fifty men were wounded. General Negrier was wounded in the leg. Twenty-five hundred Chinese were killed.

Another Treacherous Massacre is Reported from the Soudan. A boat ran aground in the Nile, and the party, consisting of forty Europeans and Egyptians, with five negroes and three servants escaped to land with difficulty. The sheiks offered hospitality to the party and enticed them to their houses, where they massacred all except fourteen of them, who are now prisoners. It is unknown whether there are any Europeans among the survivors. A report from an agent of the Mudir of Dongola who was near the scene of the catastrophe, states that Colonel Stewart, the leader of the party was killed. General Lord Wolseley has ordered the Mudir to proceed to Merawe with a strong force to rescue the prisoners said to be in the hands of the Arabs.

An International Conference is soon to be held at Berlin. The subject to be dealt with is the West African difficulty. Germany is intent on founding a colony with the object of diverting emigration from the United States. As was recently mentioned, the German exploring party came into collision with British settlers and the English flag was torn down. Mr. G. W. Smalley predicts that the outcome of the conference is likely to be the adoption of a plan of the British Government for controlling the Congo and the Niger by commissions, and for the amicable settlement of certain conflicting claims to isolated stations in the basins of both rivers. That will be a happy issue if it should be achieved. Other correspondents, however, apprehend that the present antagonism between Germany and England will be aggravated by the conference.

The Arrival in his own Dominions of King Tawhiao, whose portrait and life appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 31st, is awaited with eager interest by some of his subjects, in reference to religious changes which will be affected by it. During his absence two native clergymen, sent as a deputation from the native Church, have been in communication with his principal chiefs at Kihikihi, where they were assembled, with a view to secure their co-operation in an effort to overthrow the influence of Hauhauism, as the old fanatical superstition of the Maoris is termed, by favoring a Christian mission in native territory. The reply of the chiefs, while favorable in its tone, was to the effect that the action taken must depend on the views entertained by Tawhiao himself, and that on his return a special council should be held to obtain from him his decision on the matter.

An Ultimatum from the British Government has been sent to the Boers of the Transvaal. It is couched in decisive terms and will, it would appear, if neglected, be followed by war. The document recalls the repeated violations of treaties, and the acts of violence which have been committed by the Boers beyond the boundary lines of the Transvaal country. It demands of the Transvaal Government due satisfaction for these acts, the repression of the Boer fillibusters, and a thorough observance of the articles of the last convention entered into by both countries. It is reported that the British War Office is already preparing an expedition of 8000 men to proceed to South Africa, a portion of which force will be drawn from the East India army. Lord Salisbury stated at a political meeting that Canada had volunteered to furnish a force to act against the Boers.

A Redistribution Scheme has been Published by a British journal which is said to have gained surreptitious possession of it from a clerk in the civil service. Its authenticity has not been admitted by the government, but all classes appear to regard it as genuine. The scheme of representation approaches the American system in being based on arithmetical ratios. Small towns are to lose their privilege of electing members of Parliament, and the counties, divided up into districts, will have increased representation. Sixteen members are to be added to the House, of whom England is to have six and Scotland ten. The ratio of representation under the scheme is about one member to every 56,800 of the population. The plan will probably be modified before presentation to Parliament, and it certainly will be modified before it becomes a law.

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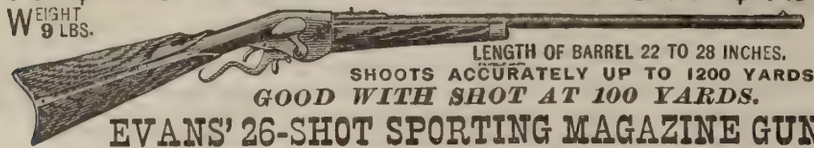

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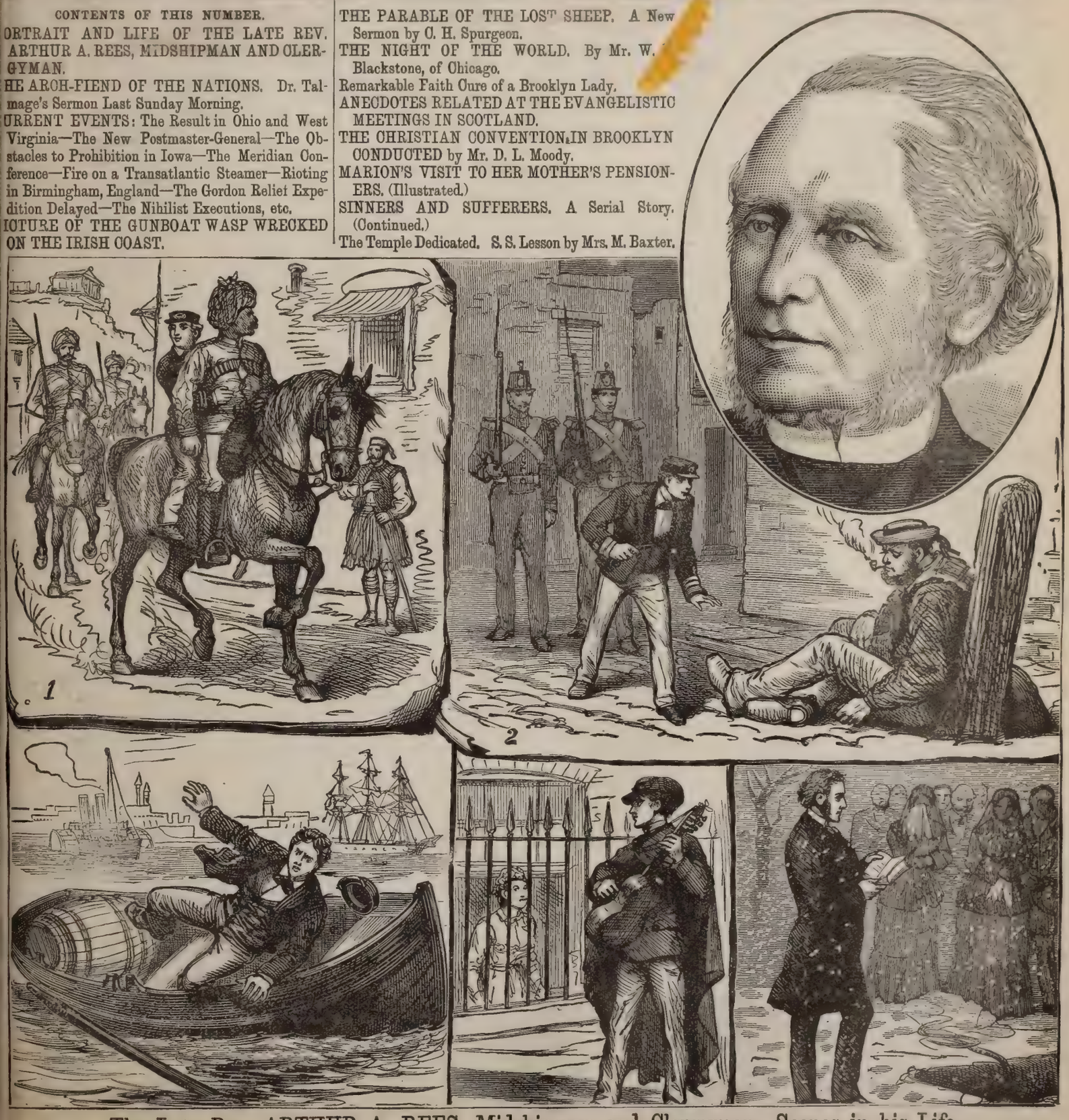

The Late Rev. ARTHUR A. REES, Midshipman and Clergyman—Scenes in his Life.

THE LATE REV. ARTHUR A. REES,

Midshipman and Clergyman.

Born in 1815—Schoolboy Days—Appointed a Naval Volunteer—Visit to Athens—A Ride Behind a Horseman—Dangerous Diving—Narrow Escape from Drowning—Appointed Midshipman—Terminates His Naval Career—Life in London—Conversion—Enters College—Curate of Sunderland—Collision with the Authorities—A Funeral on a Snowy Day—Bethesda Chapel Built—Fame as a Preacher—Failing Health, Death and Funeral.

It is remarkable that many of God's most eminent servants were in their youth about the most unlikely persons to become preachers of the Gospel. But the material rejected and despised of men is, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, often fashioned into a vessel fit for the Master's use. It is an encouragement to troubled parents, as well as to desponding Christians, to know of such instances. One case—that of a man who was privileged to do much good—is recorded in this sketch.

Mr. Rees, *whose portrait appears on the first page*, was *born* at Carmarthen, South Wales, on February 22d, 1815, and *died* at Sunderland on April 16th, 1884, at the age of sixty-nine. His father, who was a gentleman who owned large real estate, had been a naval officer, and was midshipman in the navy at the commencement of the French Revolution. He was present at the sanguinary and decisive battles of Camperdown and Copenhagen. Arthur was the youngest of seven boys and girls. His eldest brother entered upon the family estate, and was for many years an influential county magistrate.

As soon as Arthur knew his alphabet he was sent to school. A somewhat amusing incident occurred during his schoolboy days. Having taken, without permission, some apples from the school-garden, he was detected by the working of his conscience. When in class, reciting the ten commandments, he saw that the eighth came to his turn, and recollecting that he had but recently violated that identical commandment, he tried to avoid reciting it. He slipped out of his place, and took a turn lower down. The teacher saw him, and he too recollected the stolen apples, and divined the boy's motive in changing his position in the class. Fixing his eyes upon him, he quietly uttered the word "Conscience!" in a tone which made the youthful delinquent blush. No further notice was taken of his offence, the teacher rightly thinking that a conscience so active as his evidently was, would prevent a repetition of the offence.

At the age of thirteen, though little advanced in his studies, his father took him from school, and in March, 1828, he obtained for him the position of a first-class

VOLUNTEER ON THE WASP,

a government ship then moored alongside of a hulk, where little else met the eye but scenes of wickedness, and as little accosted the ear but profanity and the most revolting language. The berth assigned him was a hole ten feet long, six feet wide, and five feet high—destined to accommodate twelve human beings! In this ship he remained upward of three years. At length the ship was ordered off to the Mediterranean. Here young Rees, one of her crew, was found among others, when she arrived, as little likely, from his earlier training, of ever becoming an eminent preacher of the Gospel of Christ, as Saul on his way to Damascus.

By and by the Wasp reached Athens, where the crew landed, and Mr. Rees's description of this ancient city, styled the "Eye of Greece," several years afterward, and of the visit he and others paid to the Pasha (Greece was then in absolute possession of the Turks, for its separation from Turkey did not take place till 1829), showed the tenacity of his memory. The party was accompanied by a mounted guard of honor, and Rees, being the youngest, and somewhat diminutive of stature, was mounted behind one of the gigantic horsemen, either because there was not a sufficient number of horses, or because there was a fear of his falling off. That Mr. Rees could not remember in after life, but the recollection of entering Athens in that way remained vivid with him to the last. (*See frontispiece picture.*)

On leaving the classic ground of Athens, with the magnificent Parthenon and Mars' Hill, identified evermore with the bold Gospel proclamations of the Apostle Paul, young Rees sailed for the island of Ægina. Here he

NEARLY LOST HIS LIFE.

He could swim with the skill and courage of an expert before he was twelve years old, and he delighted to bathe in the warm waters of the Ægean Sea, when he arrived there. He had often jumped from the mizzen-chains after a piece of holy-stone thrown into the water, fathoms deep, caught it before it reached the bottom, and returned with it to the surface. Close to the shore was a rock, under the surface of the water, with a natural arch in it several feet wide. One day, while amusing himself by diving beneath the arch and coming up on the other side, he dived once too often. Not having plunged deep enough, and the water buoying him up against the roof of the arch, under water, kept him there until he was very nearly suffocated. On one occasion he was sent on a perilous undertaking into the town at night *in search of a missing sailor*, with two armed marines. He eventually discovered him in a state of helpless intoxication, and prevented him from becoming the prey of the prowling thief or midnight assassin. (*See illustration.*)

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

Smyrna was the next place to which he sailed. While staying in quarantine at Malta, in fetching some fresh water from the shore for the nearest vessel, an oar with which he was propelling the boat suddenly slipped out of the rowlock, and he was thrown overboard. (*See frontispiece.*) He kept himself afloat, however, till picked up by a Maltese steamboat.

At Portsmouth, where the vessel arrived soon afterward, young Arthur was paid off, and on leaving the ship was presented by Lieutenant Hay with a sword, a rifle, some mathematical instruments, and several French and English books. Arrived at the age of sixteen, he was appointed.

MIDSHIPMAN OF THE BRITANNIA.

A voyage to Lisbon sent him through some stirring adventures, but not long after this he terminated rather abruptly his connection with the sea. Being appointed to the Donegal under Captain Fanshawe, he was ordered, during service as *a signal officer* to the masthead for not being the first to notice a signal flying. Arthur refused, alleging that he was suffering from a sprain. Captain Fanshawe replied that in such case he was not fit to be in the ship. Very considerably piqued at this reply, Arthur wrote a note, begging to be invalided. He was examined by a surgeon, and received his certificate for England, thus suddenly

TERMINATING HIS CONNECTION WITH THE OCEAN.

He proceeded to London, boarded with his mother, who, being "in society," was glad of his escort to parties, which he often enlivened with his light guitar, an instrument which he could handle with much skill. He afterward left his mother and lodged in Compton Street with a young man named Edmund Yates, who was a relative of the celebrated actor of that name, and with whom he sometimes went behind the scenes of the Adelphi Theatre. Little, assuredly, was to be reaped there of moral or religious worth; nevertheless, quite sufficient to induce him afterward earnestly to warn others against frequenting such places.

The circumstances in which he was placed were uncongenial to an active mind, beside which he needed more money than his mother could give him. He therefore resolved on once more going to sea, and applied to various quarters, but in vain. He now concluded, as a boyish freak which might at once satisfy his love of adventure and his want of money, to become a wandering minstrel, performing on the guitar, which had ministered both to his own pleasure and that of others. He went first to the aristocratic quarter called Bryanstone Square, with his instrument and a Greek capote, or long cloak, the latter intended to give him a romantic appearance. No sooner had he struck a few chords, by way of prelude, than a servant maid, putting her head out of the kitchen window, pertly told him that her mistress was not at home. (*See frontispiece.*) He proceeded to the next door, and in screwing up one of the loosened strings of his instrument, snapped it. This put an end to his performances, and, disconcerted by his increasing misfortunes, he returned without a penny.

His mind now began to turn to better things. Some infidel notions which he had imbibed, yielded, through the reasoning of one of his brothers, to a conviction of the truth of divine revelation. He had his attention directed by a Christian to some fulfilled prophecies, which led him to a diligent perusal and

STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

This being accompanied with prayer, heavenly light speedily poured in upon his mind, while the grace of the Holy Spirit permanently influenced his heart. The sport which his companion, Edmund Yates, made of the change only increased young Rees's ardor. He was neither to be laughed, scoffed, nor forced out of his good impressions. He thirsted after an experimental knowledge of Christ as his Saviour, which eventually quenched all other desires. Presently, stripped of self, he came naked to Christ, made a free surrender of himself to God, and found a sweet peace, which remained unshaken to the end.

He now felt that he could not again join the navy, and wrote to his father to that effect, but obtained the unfatherly reply that "as he had found him one profession, and he did not like it, he might find another for himself." Arthur, after consideration,

RESOLVED UPON BECOMING A CLERGYMAN;

but knowing nothing of Greek or Latin, without which he was not prepared to enter college, and being low in finances, so that he could not engage a tutor, he accommodated himself to circumstances, purchased two grammars—one in the Greek and another in the Latin tongue—and, shutting himself in his room several hours a day, mastered the rudiments of both these languages, and made it a matter of prayer that God would make plain to him His will.

He now proceeded to Bristol, and there he attracted the attention of some clergymen, by whom he was

SENT TO COLLEGE IN WALES.

His chief tutor was afterward Bishop of Landaff. He passed his curriculum creditably at the close of 1839, obtaining a scholarship worth one hundred dollars a year. He then went to Bath, where he married. While at Bath he received an invitation from the rector of Sunderland to become his *curate*. He accepted this, and was *ordained* at Auckland, in January, 1841.

He preached his first sermon in Sunderland Church, without manuscript, in response to a sudden call to the pulpit. An influential parishioner asked him if he had not taken lessons in speaking when at college. "No," was his immediate reply,

"I SPEAK OFFHAND, AS GOD HELPS ME."

Mr. Rees characterized himself as possessing a rough and ready style of address. The fact is, he was *plain* rather than *rough*, and the readiness was the result of his dependence upon God for his words. His public ministry began to attract attention. He showed that he was in earnest in seeking the salvation of souls. At the week-night services on a Thursday evening, to which he invited the inhabitants, great numbers of men and women were awakened to a sense of their moral wretchedness and the necessity of accepting Christ.

While he pleased and profited the many, he gave offence to the few by his plain dealing. In the month of November, 1841, there occurred his first

COLLISION WITH THE AUTHORITIES

Protestant Episcopal Church. The Bishop rham wrote to the new curate requesting an nation of some views which he had ad- d in a missionary sermon at Houghton-le- g, and as those were not in accordance with tualistic notions of his lordship, Mr. Rees *prohibited from preaching* in any other h in the diocese, except that to which he censed, and also ordered to *write his ser- at full length*. At length, the rector, be- fended at one of his week-evening addresses, im *three months' notice to quit*. A public on, signed by fourteen hundred parishion- praying the rector to continue him in the t, showed the position he occupied in the ions of the people.

may here be observed that, a short time he commenced his ministerial labors, he t *a severe cold*, which nearly resulted in a fever, from officiating at a funeral with his f, on a bitterly cold and snowy day in Jan- (*see frontispiece*); but he providentially es- the threatened danger.

time of Mr. Rees's departure from Sun- d at length arrived, when he closed his services in the town in St. John's Episco- hapel, on Sunday evening, December 4th, The spacious building was crowded, and hundreds stood outside unable to gain ad- n. The unfriendly spirit of the bishop d afterward to haunt the devoted curate ver he went. The Bishop of Bath and refused to confirm an appointment at in consequence of the Bishop of Durham ing to *countersign* his testimonials, and Webb, his late rector, under the same hostile nce, refused to affix his signature to the onial which his clerical brethren had so lly and numerously signed, while others, gh fear of their ecclesiastical superiors, ed him. The Rev. William Henry Bulmer noble exception among those whom he left d, showing him kindness and sympathy to st.

Rees, being unable to preach in any Prot- Episcopal Church, resolved to join some denomination over which the bishops had ower. He decided to return to Sunder- where the Nonconformists hailed his ap- nce, and opened their chapels for him to in. He immediately engaged a school- near to the church in which he had former- ciated as curate, to preach in on Sundays eek-days. This was in March, 1844. The l-room was soon crowded, and became too to accommodate the hearers.

t at this crisis the father of Mr. Rees died eft him property, which was immediately ble for any purpose to which he might be sed to apply it. Efforts were made by ers of the Protestant Episcopal Church to nt him obtaining a site for a chapel; but ociety of Friends came to his aid. A gar- as purchased, and in June the foundation of

BETHESDA CHAPEL

id, the building itself being completed and d for divine service in March, 1845. From rst this capacious building was filled with s. No preacher in the North of England d more popularity. Every seat was free, here were no collections among the congre- n. Voluntary as his principles were, he and ngregation maintained a great work. They out of debt. They supported several Sab- schools. They helped the poor of their own h. They established a Dorcas institution, t depository, a library, and lent assistance to ate religious, missionary, and philanthropic ies. As enlargements of the chapel went ey were paid for as soon as they were fin- At the present time the congregation llected, numbers about one thousand mem-

THE FAME OF MR. REES

preacher was not confined to Sunderland Durham. On several occasions he occu- *Mr. Spurgeon's* pulpit in the famous Met- ropolitan Tabernacle, and more than once the famous minister returned the compliment, while the guest of Mr. Rees, in Tatham Street. A strong personal friendship also existed between Mr. Rees and *Mr. George Muller*, of Bristol.

Though verging on his seventieth year, up to a few months ago Mr. Rees seemed to be in the enjoyment of robust health. The first intimation to the public of his being unwell was given about six weeks before his death, when a lecture upon "Woman" was postponed, owing to his having had a fainting fit. By careful nursing the patient recovered, and was able, in the course of a few days, to resume his usual services, and to give the promised lecture. A week before his death he gave a counterpart to the lecture on "Woman" by delivering one on "Man," for men only. On returning to his residence, Mr. Rees was afflicted with another fainting fit, and suffered very acutely. His medical attendant was called in, and it was found that he was suffering from inflammation of the diaphragm. He rallied a little under medical treatment, but his disease was incurable, and on Wednesday morning

DEATH

occurred through failure of the heart's action. The deceased gentleman has left five daughters and one son. The second daughter is married to a gentleman successfully engaged in missionary work in Spain.

A public testimony to the dead preacher's worth was given on the day of his funeral. It was a spectacle the town had never seen paralleled. His own congregation, deputations from other congregations, and ministers of every denomination attended, testifying by their presence to the high appreciation in which Mr. Rees and his work were held in the town. A career strangely chequered, and which at one time seemed likely to be useless to the world, closed amid the tears of a whole town, which felt that his death was a general bereavement.

REMARKABLE FAITH CURES.

THE following narrative of the remarkable cure of

A BROOKLYN LADY

is taken from the New York *Sun* of September 28th:

"Miss Daisy Perrin of 832 Hancock Street, Brooklyn, was given up by her physicians, and it was thought that she might die at any moment. For eight weeks she had not been able to rise from her bed, and for days one attack of convulsions followed another. On September 25, Captain L. W. Pennington of the steamship Gulf Stream called with his wife upon Miss Perrin. Captain Pennington believed that she might be healed through faith and prayer. He knelt by her bedside and for an hour prayed fervently with her. When he had finished Miss Perrin was strong enough to get up and walk, although for weeks before she had been unable to move her limbs. On Friday, September 26th, she went out and visited some friends, and the following day she was bright and cheerful.

"A reporter for the *Sun* visited her last night (September 27th). She was sitting up in bed in a room adjoining the parlor, and near her were her mother and young brother, and her uncle and aunt, with whom she lives. Miss Perrin is seventeen years old and very beautiful. She has dark brown hair, expressive eyes, and a fair complexion. She is self-possessed.

"'Daisy was taken sick about eight weeks ago,' said Mr. Perrin. 'The first symptoms were those of pneumonia. Then she got very bad indeed, and lost her sight. She had terrible pains in her head, and she could not speak louder than a whisper. The doctors said she had consumption, and that tubercles had formed both in her brain and in her lungs. Then she began to be attacked by convulsions, which were almost continuous, and she had to be watched day and night. She got so low that we all thought that she would not live much longer, and we were much grieved indeed. Her convulsions were so severe that we were in constant fear that each attack would end her life. When I went to business on Thursday morning I left her very low.'

"'I knew they thought that I was going to die,' Miss Daisy said, 'and I felt it myself. My head pained me so that I could hardly bear it, and I could not move my arms even. When Captain Pennington came in with his wife I had just got over an attack of convulsions. He said that I might be cured if I had faith. I said I thought I had. Then the Captain knelt down and prayed. It was not a set prayer, but one from the heart. He said to me. "Pray not that you will improve, but that your health will return at once."

"'I said "mamma" aloud, and that was the first that they knew that the prayer had been answered, for before I had only been able to whisper. Then I sat up and all my pain was gone. I took the bandage from my head, for it didn't ache any more, and then got up and was able to walk. I know that nobody but God cured me, for nobody but He could.'

"'I don't suppose that any one will believe it,' said Mr. Perrin, 'for I have often read about cures by prayer, and I did not.'

"'I want everybody to know about it,' said Miss Daisy, 'so that others may be cured by faith, too.'

"Captain Pennington lives at 373 Third Street, South Brooklyn. He is a fine-looking man, about fifty years old, with a gray beard and kindly blue eyes. The Gulf Stream got into port a week and a half ago. Captain Pennington is a Presbyterian, and belongs to the *Rev. Dr. Talmage's church*. Miss Perrin is an Episcopalian and belongs to St. Stephen's Church in Jefferson Street, Brooklyn, where she has been a teacher in the Sunday-school. The most remarkable part of the cure is that her voice which was almost gone, has returned full and strong. She said last night that she felt strong and well."

In the course of an interview with a reporter of the *Sun*, Captain Pennington said: "I am in the employ of William P. Clyde & Co., and follow the sea for a living. I do not accept any pay for cures which are produced through me, and I would consider it wrong to take pay. I am only the instrument of cure through the power of God. I do not do it myself. God does it through me, and only in cases where *the patient and myself have faith* in Jesus Christ. The first case in which I was instrumental was that of a lady who had been afflicted with typhoid dysentery. Physicians had given her up and she did not expect to live. They had stopped giving her medicine, and she was living on a few spoonfuls of milk and brandy per day. She was carried on board of my vessel in the arms of the steward. I knelt with her in prayer on a Tuesday night, and on Saturday morning she was cured and went away in a carriage. That was two years ago. I have not seen her recently, but I believe she is alive yet. I take no credit to myself for this. God did it.

"The next case was that of a boy fourteen years old, named Albert Barbier, of 45 Jewett Avenue, Jersey City. He was afflicted with St. Vitus's dance. He had no control of the muscles of his face or right arm or right leg. He could not shake hands or cut his victuals. He came on board my ship, the Gulf Stream. That night, off Long Branch, I knelt with him in prayer. He was not quite cured that voyage, but the next voyage out, he sailed with me again. I knelt with him when we were again off Long Branch. I prayed that he might be well enough to go on shore at Charleston, and he was. I took him to the Methodist church in Charleston on June 22d and I returned him to his parents on June 29th, well, and he is well to-day. I claim nothing for my own power, but give all the credit to the glory of God. The boy was a good Christian, and a believer like myself. He had faith in Jesus. I prayed with him only twice, and four days after the second prayer he was cured."

THE ARCH-FIEND OF THE NATIONS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon preached last Sunday Morning, October 19, 1884.

"Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl, all ye drinkers of wine."—JOEL 1 : 5.

Noah's Evil Deed—Inebriation of Ancient Times—Modern Progress in the Art—The Arch-Fiend's Arrival—His Cauldron Set up—The Ingredients—His Achievements—A Champion Fiend—Drunkenness the Curse of the Nation—Crooked Whiskey—Armies of Victims—The Drunkard's Will—Bitters—Time to Take Sides—A Drunken Son — Waiting Mothers — A Drunken Husband—The Waiting Wives—God Waiting—Apathy of Political Parties—Of the Church—A Coney Island Tragedy.

NOAH did the best and the worst thing for the world. He built an ark against the deluge of water, but introduced a deluge against which the human race has ever since been trying to build an ark—the deluge of drunkenness. In the opening chapters of the Bible we hear his staggering steps. Shem and Japhet tried to cover up the disgrace, but there he is, drunk on wine at a time in the history of the world when, to say the least, there was no lack of water.

INEBRIATION

having entered the world has not retreated. Abigail, the fair and heroic wife who saved the flocks of Nabal, her husband, from confiscation by invaders, goes home at night and finds him so intoxicated she cannot tell him the story of his narrow escape. Uriah came to see David, and David got him drunk, and paved the way for the despoliation of a household. Even the church bishops needed to be charged to be sober and not given to too much wine; and so familiar were the people of Bible times with the staggering and falling motion of the inebriate, that Isaiah, when he comes to describe the final dislocation of worlds, says: "The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard."

Ever since apples and grapes and wheat grew the world has been tempted to unhealthful stimulants. But the intoxicants of the olden time were an innocent beverage, a harmless orangeade, a quiet syrup, a peaceful soda water, as compared with the liquids of modern inebriation, into which a madness, and a fury, and a gloom, and a fire, and a suicide, and a retribution have mixed and mingled. Fermentation was always known, but it was not until a thousand years after Christ that distillation was invented.

While we must confess that some of the ancient arts have been lost, the Christian era is superior to all others in the bad eminence of whiskey and rum and gin. The modern drunk is a hundred-fold worse than the ancient drunk. Noah in his intoxication became imbecile, but the victims of modern alcoholism have to struggle with whole menageries of wild beasts and jungles of hissing serpents and perditions of blaspheming demons. An

ARCH FIEND ARRIVED

in our world, and he built an invisible cauldron of temptation. He built that cauldron strong and stout for all ages and all nations. First, he squeezed into the cauldron the juices of the forbidden fruit of Paradise. Then he gathered for it a distillation from the harvest fields and the orchards of the hemispheres. Then he poured into this cauldron capsicum, and copperas, and logwood, and deadly nightshade, and assault and battery, and vitriol, and opium, and rum, and murder, and sulphuric acid, and theft, and potash, and cochineal, and red carrots, and poverty, and death, and hops. But it was a dry compound, and it must be moistened, and it must be liquefied, and so the arch fiend poured into that cauldron the tears of centuries of orphanage and widowhood, and he poured in the blood of twenty thousand assassinations. And then the arch fiend took a shovel that he had brought up from the furnaces beneath, and he put that shovel into

THIS GREAT CAULDRON

and began to stir, and the cauldron began to heave, and rock, and boil, and sputter, and hiss, and smoke, and the nations gathered around it with cups, and tankards, and demijohns, and kegs, and there was enough for all, and the arch-fiend cried: "Aha! champion fiend am I. Who has done more than I have for coffins, and graveyards, and prisons, and insane asylums, and the populating of the lost world? And when this cauldron is emptied I'll fill it again, and I'll stir it again, and it will smoke again, and that smoke will join another smoke—the smoke of a torment that ascendeth forever and ever.

"I drove fifty ships on the rocks of Newfoundland and the Skerries and the Goodwins. I defeated the Northern army at Fredericksburg. I have ruined more senators than will gather next winter in the national councils. I have ruined more lords than will be gathered in the House of Peers. The cup out of which I ordinarily drink is a bleached human skull, and the upholstery of my palace is so rich a crimson because it is dyed in human gore, and the mosaic of my floors is made up of the bones of children dashed to death by drunken parents, and my favorite music, sweeter than Te Deum or triumphal march—my favorite music is the cry of daughters turned out at midnight on the street because father has come home from the carousal, and the seven-hundred-voiced shriek of the sinking steamer because the captain was not himself when he put the ship on the wrong course. Champion fiend am I! I have kindled more fires, I have wrung out more agonies, I have stretched out more midnight shadows, I have opened more Golgothas, I have rolled more juggernauts, I have damned more souls than any other emissary of diabolism. Champion fiend am I!"

Drunkenness is the greatest evil of this nation, and it takes no logical process to prove to this audience that

A DRUNKEN NATION

cannot long be a free nation. So I go on in this brief series of Sabbath morning discourses, showing you the perils that threaten the destruction of American institutions. I had not time to conclude these subjects last Sabbath morning, and I shall go on this Sabbath morning, and the following at least, discussing these subjects. I call your attention to the fact that drunkenness is not subsiding, certainly that it is not at a standstill, but that it is on

AN ONWARD MARCH,

and it is a double quick. Beginning near by, I have seen more drunken people in Brooklyn and in New York in the last six weeks than in any two years of my life, and so have you, if you have been passing up and down these streets much. There is more rum swallowed in this country and of a worse kind than was ever swallowed since the first distillery began its work of death. Where there was one drunken home there are ten drunken homes. Where there was one drunkard's grave there are twenty drunkards' graves.

According to United States Government figures, in 1840 there were 23,000,000 gallons of beer sold. Last year there were 551,000,000 gallons. According to the governmental figures, in the year 1840 there were 5,000,000 gallons of wine sold. Last year there were 25,000,000 gallons of wine. It is on the increase. Talk about crooked whiskey—by which men mean the whiskey that does not pay the tax to government—I tell you all strong drink is crooked. Crooked otard, crooked cognac, crooked schnapps, crooked beer, crooked wine, crooked whiskey, because it makes a man's path crooked, and his life crooked, and his death crooked, and his eternity crooked.

If I could gather all the armies of the dead drunkards and have them come to resurrection, and then add to that host all the

ARMIES OF LIVING DRUNKARDS,

five and ten abreast, and then if I could have you mount a horse and ride along that line for review, you would ride that horse until he dropped from exhuastion, and you would mount another horse and ride until he fell from exhaustion, and you would take another and another, and you would ride along hour after hour, and day a day. Great host, in regiments, in briga Great armies of them. And then if you voice enough stentorian to make them all h and you could give the command, "Forw march!" their first tramp would make the e tremble. I do not care which way you loo the community to-day, the evil is increasing

I call your attention to the fact that there thousands of people born with a thirst for st drink—a fact too often ignored. Along s ancestral lines there runs the river of tem tion. There are children whose swadd clothes are torn off the shroud of death.

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.

Many a father has made a will of this s "In the name of God, amen. I bequeath t children my houses and lands and estates, s and share shall they alike. Hereto I affi hand and seal in the presence of witness And yet, perhaps that very man has made other will that the people have never read, that has not been proved in the courts. will put in writing would read something this: "In the name of disease and appetite death, amen. I bequeath to my children evil habits, my tankards shall be theirs, wine-cup shall be theirs, my destroyed rep tion shall be theirs. Share and share alike; they in the infamy. Hereto I affix my hand seal in the presence of all the applauding ha of hell."

From the multitude of those who have evil habit born with them, this army is b augmented. And I am sorry to say that a g many of the drug stores are abetting this and alcohol is sold under the name of

BITTERS.

It is bitters for this, and bitters for that, bitters for some other thing; and good me ceived, not knowing there is any thraldo alcoholism coming from that source, are g down, and some day a man sits with the b of black bitters on his table, and the cork out, and after it flies a fiend and clutches the by his throat, and says: "Aha! I have after you for ten years. I have got you Down with you, down with you!" Bit Ah! yes. They make a man's family bitter his home bitter, and his disposition bitter his death bitter, and his hell bitter. Bit A vast army all the time increasing. An me also say that it is as thoroughly organiz any army, with commander-in-chief, staff cers, infantry, cavalry, batteries, sutler and flaming ensigns, and that every cand for office in America will yet have to pron himself the friend or foe of the liquor traffi

I have in my possession a circular of a l ers' association—a circular sent to all candi for office; it has been sent or will be sent—a to be filled up saying whether the candidat friend of the liquor traffic or its enemy; i he is an enemy of the business, then the n doomed; or if he declines to fill up the ci and send it back, his silence is taken as a tive answer.

It seems to me it is about time for the 17 000 professors of religion in America to

TAKE SIDES.

It is going to be an out-and-out battle bet drunkenness and sobriety, between heave hell, between God and the devil. Take before there is any further national decad take sides before your sons are sacrifice the new home of your daughter goes dow der the alcoholism of an embruted hus Take sides while your voice, your pen, prayer, your vote may have any influen arresting the despoliation of this nation. 17,000,000 professors of religion should sides on this subject, it would not be very lo fore the destiny of this nation would be d in the right direction. Certainly, sermo ting forth the perils that threaten the de tion of our American institutions woul very poorly planned course of sermons i did not speak of drunkenness. Is it a evil? or is it

A NATIONAL EVIL?

es it belong to the North? or does it belong the South? Does it belong to the East? or es it belong to the West? Ah! there is not American river into which its tears have not len and into which its suicides have not nged. What ruined that Southern planta- n? every field a fortune, the proprietor and family once the most affluent supporters of nmer watering-places. What threw that w England farm into decay and turned the eate cheeks that bloomed at the foot of the een Mountains into the pallor of despair? hat has smitten every street of every village, vn, and city of this continent with a moral stilence? What will send thousands of men the first Tuesday in November to the ballot- x, maudlin, incompetent, filthy, and blas- emous? Strong drink.

To prove that this is a national evil, I call up

THREE STATES

opposite directions — Maine, Iowa, and orgia. Let them testify in regard to this. ate of Maine says: "It is so great an evil up re we have anathematized it as a State." ate of Iowa says: "It is so great an evil out re we have prohibited it by constitutional endment." State of Georgia says: "It is so eat an evil down here that ninety counties of s State have made the sale of intoxicating nk a criminality." So the word comes up m all sources, and it is going to be a Water- , and I want you to know on what side I am ing to be when that Waterloo is fully come, d I want you to be on the right side. Either unkenness will be destroyed in this country, the American Government will be destroyed. unkenness and free institutions are coming o a death grapple.

Oh, how many are waiting to see if something not be done! Thousands of drunkards wait- who cannot go ten minutes in any direction thout having the temptation glaring before eir eyes or appealing to their nostrils, they hting against it with enfeebled will and dis- ed appetite, conquering, then surrendering, nquering again and surrendering again, and ying: "How long, O Lord, how long before ese infamous solicitations shall be gone?" d how many mothers there are waiting to see his national curse cannot lift! Oh,

IS THAT THE BOY

t had the honest breath who comes home h breath vitiated or disguised? What a nge! How quickly those habits of early ning home have been exchanged for the rat- g of the night-key in the door long after the t watchman has gone by and tried to see that erything was closed up for the night! Oh, at a change for that young man who we had ped would do something in merchandise, or artisanship, or in a profession that would do nor to the family name long after mother's inkled hands are folded from the last toil! that exchanged for startled look when the or-bell rings, lest something has happened. d the wish that the scarlet fever twenty years had been fatal, for then he would have gone ectly to the bosom of his Saviour. But alas! or old soul, she has lived to experience what lomon said: "A foolish son is a heaviness to mother."

Oh, what a funeral it will be when that boy is ought home dead! And how mother will sit ere and say: "Is this my boy that I used to dle and that I walked the floor with in the ht when he was sick? Is this the boy that I d to the baptismal font for baptism? Is this e boy for whom I toiled until the blood burst m the tips of my fingers that he might have a od start and a good home? Lord, why hast ou let me live to see this? Can it be that ese swollen hands are the ones that used to nder over my face when rocking him to ep? Can it be that this is the swollen brow t I once so rapturously kissed? Poor boy! w tired he does look. I wonder who struck n that blow across the temples! I wonder if uttered a dying prayer! Wake up, my son; don't you hear me? wake up! Oh, he can't hear me! Dead, dead, dead! 'Oh, Absalom, my son, my son, would God that I had died for thee, oh, Absalom, my son, my son!'"

I am not much of a mathematician, and I cannot estimate it; but is there any one here quick enough at figures to estimate how many mothers there are waiting for something to be done? Ay, there are many wives waiting for domestic rescue. He promised something different from that when, after the long acquaintance and the careful scrutiny of character, the hand and the heart were offered and accepted. What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has

A DRUNKEN HUSBAND!

O Death, how lovely thou art to her, and how soft and warm thy skeleton hand! The sepulchre at midnight in winter is a king's drawing-room compared with that woman's home. It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts as the blow on the heart. The rum fiend came to the door of that beautiful home and opened the door and stood there, and said: "I curse this dwelling with an unrelenting curse. I curse that father into a maniac, I curse that mother into a pauper. I curse those sons into vagabonds. I curse those daughters into profligacy. Cursed be bread-tray and cradle. Cursed be couch and chair and family Bible with record of marriages and births and deaths. Curse upon curse." Oh, how many wives are there waiting to see if something cannot be done to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange blossoms! Yea,

GOD IS WAITING,

the God who works through human instrumentalities, waiting to see whether this nation is going to overthrow this evil; and if it refuse to do so God will wipe out the nation as He did Phœnicia, as He did Rome, as He did Thebes, as He did Babylon. Ay, He is waiting to see what the church of God will do. If the church does not do its work, then He will wipe it out as He did the church of Ephesus, church of Thyatira, church of Sardis. The Protestant and Roman Catholic churches to-day stand side by side with an impotent look, gazing on this evil, which costs this country more than a billion dollars a year, to take care of the 800,000 paupers, and the 315,000 criminals, and the 30,000 idiots, and to bury the 75,000 drunkards.

Protagoras boasted that out of the sixty years of his life forty years he had spent in ruining youth; but the arch fiend of the nations may make the more infamous boast that all its life it has been ruining the bodies, minds, and souls of the human race.

Put on your spectacles and take a candle and examine the platforms of the two leading

POLITICAL PARTIES

of this country, and see what they are doing for the arrest of this evil and for the overthrow of this abomination. Resolutions—oh yes, resolutions about Mormonism! It is safe to attack that organized nastiness 2000 miles away. But not one resolution against drunkenness, which would turn this entire nation into one bestial Salt Lake City. Resolutions against political corruption, but not one word about drunkenness, which would rot this nation from scalp to heel. Resolutions about protection against competition with foreign industries, but not one word about protection of family and church and nation against the scalding, blasting, all-consuming, damning tariff of strong drink put upon every financial, individual, spiritual, moral, national interest. The Democratic party—in power for the most of the time for forty years—what did that national party do for the extirpation of this evil? Nothing, absolutely nothing, appallingly nothing. The Republican party has been in power for about a quarter of a century—what has it done as a national party to extirpate this evil? Nothing, absolutely nothing, appallingly nothing. I look in another direction.

THE CHURCH

of God is the grandest and most glorious institution on earth. What has it in solid phalanx accomplished for the overthrow of drunkenness? Have its forces ever been marshalled? No, not in this direction. Not long ago a great ecclesiastical court assembled in New York, and resolutions arraigning strong drink were offered, and clergymen with strong drink on their tables and strong drink in their cellars defeated the resolutions by threatening speeches. They could not bear to give up their own lusts. I tell this audience what many of you may never have thought of, that to-day—not in the millennium, but to day—the church holds the balance of power in America; and if Christian people—the men and the women who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ and to love purity and to be the sworn enemies of all uncleanness and debauchery and sin—if all such would march side by side and shoulder to shoulder, this evil would soon be overthrown. Think of 300,000 churches and Sunday-schools in Christendom marching shoulder to shoulder! How very short a time it would take them to put down this evil, if all the churches of God—trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic—were armed on this subject!

Of course it is not the province of the sermon I preach this morning to dwell so much as I shall hereafter upon the ways to contend against these great national evils, but I shall not let the opportunity pass in this discourse, whether it is logically a part of it or not—I shall not let this opportunity pass without charging you, the voters of America, on the first Tuesday in November, to go from your knees to the ballot-box, and then from the ballot-box back to your knees. Ask God what to do, and He will make it plain. Do not ask your political party. Vote with reference to that day when you must give an account.

YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA,

pass over into the army of teetotalism. Whiskey, good to preserve corpses, ought never to turn you into a corpse. Tens of thousands of young men have been dragged out of respectability, and out of purity, and out of good character, and into darkness by this infernal stuff called strong drink. Do not touch it! Do not touch it!

A CONEY ISLAND TRAGEDY.

In the front door of this church, summer before last, this scene occurred: Sabbath morning a young man was entering here for divine worship. A friend passing along the street said: "Joe, come along with me; I am going down to Coney Island, and we'll have a gay Sunday." "No," replied Joe; "I have started to go here to church, and I am going to attend service here." "Oh, Joe," his friend said, "you can go to church any time! The day is bright, and we'll go to Coney Island, and we'll have a splendid time." The temptation was too great, and the twain went to the beach, spent the day in drunkenness and riot. The evening train started up from Brighton. The young men were on it. Joe, in his intoxication, when the train was in full speed, tried to pass around from one seat to another, and fell and was crushed. Under the lantern, as Joe lay bleeding his life away on the grass, he said to his comrade: "John, that was a bad business, your taking me away from church; it was a very bad business. You ought not to have done that, John. I want you to tell the boys to-morrow when you see them that rum and Sabbath-breaking did this for me. And, John, while you are telling them, I will be in hell, and it will be your fault."

Is it not time for me to pull out from the great organ of God's Word, with many banks of keys, the *tremulo* stop? "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Ay, is it not time for me to pull out the trumpet stop of the text? "Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl, all ye drinkers of wine."

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THE NIGHT OF THE WORLD.

By W. E. Blackstone of Chicago.*

Progress not Necessarily Increase of Godliness—Learning Existing with Atheism—Progress in Civilization—The Salt Augmented—Its Savour Diminished.

WE hear in these days so much boasting of the advance of science, the discoveries of philosophers, and the achievements of art, that we are not surprised to learn that this age is beyond all others the age of progress. But all the progress made does not prove that there is an increase of Godliness in the world. Many of the acknowledged leaders, to-day, in science and philosophy, yes, even those who rank the very highest among them are positive infidels. And very many more, who disclaim absolute infidelity deny the divinity of Jesus Christ.

It is strange, indeed, that the Christian optimists, in their noisy trumpetings of the strides of science, should lose sight of this momentous fact. It is not improbable that all this vaunted progress may usher in a period of unbelief and wickedness of devilish malignity. It has been so before in the world's history. The power, splendor and wisdom of David and Solomon were followed by the idolatry and the shedding of innocent blood of the reign of Ahab and Manasseh, resulting in the overthrow of Jerusalem, and the Babylonish captivity. The temple, built by Herod, was one of the grandest works of art. It flashed with splendor, and the temple service was conducted on a magnificent scale. The Jews of his time enjoyed great privileges in literature and learning, and yet they crucified the Lord Jesus.

The world by "wisdom" or "philosophy" (Col. 2 : 8), or "science falsely so called" (1 Tim. 6 : 20) can never find out God. Indeed, we have a clear evidence of this, in the

RATIONALISM, INFIDELITY AND ATHEISM

of our day. No matter how refined and polished is their garb or the delicacy with which they may be set forth, still they are only the poisonous deceptions of Him, who can appear as "an angel of light" (II Cor. 11 : 14). The truth is, that Satan is the arch enemy of God, and the world, in this present evil age (Gal. 1 : 4) is in his power (John 5 : 19) so that he besets the people of God with his "wiles," and arrays against them "principalities. . . . powers . . . and the rulers of the darkness of this world." (Eph. 6 : 11–13.) Therefore the Christian must "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Surely, then, this wicked world, which is so radically opposed to God, and under the present control of His arch enemy, is not growing better. On the contrary, judgment, fire and perdition are before it. (II Pet. 2 : 2–6; Jude 7; Mark 9 : 43–48, etc., etc.). Perilous times are coming (1 Tim. 4 : 1, etc. II Tim. 3 : 1, etc.). "Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." The tares, which naturally grow much faster than the wheat, shall continue up to the harvest. (Matt. 13 : 40.) "The mystery of iniquity," which already worked in the days of the apostles, shall culminate in "the man of sin" the personal Antichrist, whom even the mass of the Jews will receive (John 5 : 43; Isa. 28 : 15–22), and who will be so great and rule with such universal authority, that he is to be destroyed only by the personal appearing of the Lord Himself. (II Thess. 2 : 8.)

There is no hope then, for the world but in the Coming of Christ the King. And praised be God for the promises. The Lord will come at the end of this age, Antichrist will be destroyed (II Thess. 2 : 8; Rev. 19, 20). All things that offend shall be gathered out (Matt. 13 : 41–43) and the Millennial Kingdom of righteousness shall be established on the earth.

But it is insisted that the world has made great

PROGRESS IN CIVILIZATION

and refinement, in benevolence, in personal liberty, international fraternity, Christian work, etc. In proof of this, the abrogation of slavery is often cited—also the cessation of the inquisition and martyrdom—the establishment of charitable institutions, the great postal and commercial means of communication, built upon the agencies of steam and lightning—the right of trial by jury, international arbitration, missionary triumphs, etc. But we answer that civilization and refinement are not the source of holiness. They may elevate the head while the heart is untouched. The gilded palace of sin is as certainly the gateway to hell, as the darkest den of vice.

The cultured and scientific atheist, is as surely in the service of Satan, as the thief or the murderer. Jesus Himself classed them all together when He said "he that is not with me is against me." (Matt. 12 : 30.) So it matters not how much more like an angel of light the serpent may appear, nor how civilized and refined the world may be. Satan is the devil still. And the world is still the world.

His manifestations and methods may be changed, but the spirit of darkness is the same. And accordingly, we see that while slavery is disappearing—Communism, Socialism and Nihilism are lifting their godless, headless forms. And darker are their forebodings than were even the days of the inquisition and martyrdom. Oppressing monopolies, systematic peculation and fraud are parallel with charitable institutions. The mails, so useful for news and correspondence, afford a most convenient agency for disseminating the flood of obscene literature which is blasting the morals of the young. Trial by jury has too often proved a mere farce, in which the criminal escapes. The nation which opened the way for the missionary, also forced upon the teeming millions of China the awful curse of opium.

It is also argued that, as Christians are the light of the world, and the salt of the earth (Matt. 5 : 13, 16; Phil. 2 : 15), the greatly increased number of professed Christians must certainly have augmented the light and the salt, and consequently have made the world better.

Let us notice carefully that Jesus speaks of the salt losing its saltness and becoming good for nothing, and He also intimates that the light may be hid under a bushel. And therefore He exhorts, "Have salt in yourselves." (Mark 9 : 50.) Evidently the Jews lost their "savor," (Matt. 5 : 13) and "were broken off." (Rom. 11 : 20.) This leads to the solemn query—is the professing Church progressing or declining in faith and spiritual life?

THE KINGDOM IN MYSTERY

(Matt. 13 : 10–11), or the state of Christendom until Christ comes again, is taught us, we believe, by the parables of Matt. 13. "The parable of the sower shows the varied and imperfect reception of the Word. The parable of the tares shows the early and continued effects of Satan's presence among the saints. The parable of the mustard-seed shows outward growth sheltering evil. The parable of the leaven shows the gradual and utter corruption of the truth. The parable of the treasure hid in a field shows what Israel is to be in the world. The parable of the pearl of great price shows what the Church is to Christ. And the parable of the drag-net shows the cleansing of the kingdom at His Second Coming."

There is, perhaps, but little opposition to this interpretation of the parables, excepting that of the leaven, which has been extensively interpreted to teach exactly the opposite, viz., that the power and influence of the Gospel or Christian life is to permeate the masses of the world, until the whole is leavened into holiness. The inconsistency of this is seen when we consider that precisely the contrary is taught by the parable of the sower and the tares, each of which most undisputably show that evil is to continue and grow up to the end of the age. This is surely the most sufficient and scriptural reason for assigning the same typical meaning to t leaven, in this and the correlative passage (Lu 13 : 21), which we find it to bear in the num ous other passages, where the same word is use viz., the corrupting influence of evil and t symbol of death.

Here then we are most emphatically taug not only that the world is growing no better, b that the professing Church itself, will lose its sa ness, becoming nominal and lukewarm, whc end is graphically depicted (Rev. 3 : 16). T entire teaching of the Word of God, we belie agrees with this.

* From his work entitled "Jesus is Coming." Published by F. H. Revell, 148 Madison Street, Chicago. 156 pp., paper cover, 15 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVA GELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND

One of God's Postmen.—At a Recent Meeti Mr. Stuart said: "At one time Dr. Chalm was speaking to a woman about her soul, b he said she did not see where she was includ He said: 'If the postman should bring yo letter with your name written on the outsi would you doubt for a minute that it was you?' 'Oh, no,' replied the woman; would take it at once.' 'Well, supposing G sent you a letter right from Himself with yc name written on it, would you take it?' 'C yes,' replied the woman, 'I would take 'Well, He *has* sent you that letter,' replied I Chalmers, 'and I am the postman, and here is;' and he pointed her to the words in R 22 : 17, 'The Spirit and the bride say com And these words were blessed to that woma her eyes were opened, and she received Lord as her Saviour."

Testimony of a Changed Man.—A member a Mizpah Band says: "The Lord has lifted feet out of the sinking sand, and planted th on the Rock of Ages. I sometimes think might have been in darkness and despair, hac not been for the goodness of God in sending one Sabbath morning to a free breakfast tha given in James Morrison Street Evangelis Hall. I attended theatres and music-halls many years. What are they? Places of s and where many young men and young wor lose their character. But there is One wh able to redeem your character, and He is y Saviour, who died for you. It was at one the refreshment bars in the Theatre Royal t I first got the worse for drink. It was o Saturday night, and when I arrived home ea on Sunday morning my father turned me out the house. I went back a second time, and brother, who is a Christian, persuaded father to let me in. I went to the Free Bre fast that morning, and it was there that Lord opened my eyes, and I found peace w God, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Pardoning Murderous Mutineers.—"Ma years ago in Russia a regiment of troops m nied. They were at some distance from the c ital, and were so furious that they murde their officers, and resolved never to submit discipline; but the Emperor, who was an ceedingly sagacious man, no sooner heard o than, all alone and unattended, he went i the barracks when the men were drawn up, a addressing them sternly, he said to them, 'S diers, you have committed such offences agai the law that every one of you deserves to be to death. There is no hope of any mercy one of you unless you lay down your arms mediately, and surrender at discretion to your emperor.' And they did it there then, though the heads of their officers w lying at their feet. They threw down their a and surrendered, and he said at once, 'Me pardon you; you will be the bravest troo ever had.' And they were too. That is what God says to the sinner: 'Now, sinn you have done that which deserves my wra Down with your weapons of rebellion! Gro arms at once. I will not talk with you until submit at discretion to my sovereign authori And then He says, 'Believe in my Son; t Him; accept Him as your Saviour. This d you are forgiven, and henceforth you will be most loving creatures that my hands have ma

None will more loudly sing the praises of God than those who have been washed in the precious blood of Christ, and had their transgressions blotted out."

A Prayer Nailed on the Bed-Post.—A Minister relates: "A few weeks ago, on a Saturday morning, there was a knock at the door about nine o'clock. A woman had called to ask me to go and see a person who was apparently dying. Locking up my study, I started off. Reaching the house, I ascended a narrow stairway into a large room, open to the roof, with a partition across it, on the other side of which lay a woman, upon an old 'four-poster,' suffering much from bronchitis. On the post of the bedstead, behind her head, some one had nailed a printed prayer, and while I was remarking upon what true prayer was, she said, with great difficulty, because of her breathing, 'Ah, sir, it's no use having the prayer nailed up there upon the bedpost;' and, laying her hand upon her heart, she continued, '*It must come from the heart, mustn't it, sir?*' Being strangers, she endeavored to tell me that she had had a former husband, who was a Christian, and as he was dying, he said, 'Jane, I am nearly in heaven,' and turning her eyes up to me, she very innocently said, 'Sir, I never saw a man so happy as he was; *he seemed just as though he was getting ready to go to the fair.*' To visit the fair was the height of earthly bliss to this poor woman. Under the blessing of God, the woman's life has been saved, and, through her illness and the word spoken, her soul is saved also."

Light Let into a Dungeon.—A well-known evangelist related: "A man was confined in a dungeon for a length of time. He soon became quite accustomed to the darkness. His friends endeavored to restore him to light and liberty. With this end in view they let in a ray of light, and also a rope. As soon as the light entered his dungeon the captive looked all around him, and, to his horror, he saw that the walls were covered over with all manner of creeping things and that the place he had been in for so long in peace had now altogether become loathsome, and from which he would have given or done anything to make his escape. Vainly he strove to do so by climbing the slimy walls, but it was of no use, he always fell back again. And then he called out. 'Oh, the light! the light! if I had not known the light I should still have been happy.' 'We let down a rope with the light,' they called to him. And now he saw what he had not noticed before; that the rope was there just within his reach. He took hold of it, and was brought into the full light of day. So it is with those who are bowed under the burden of sin. They say to us, 'If you had but let us alone, we had a kind of peace when we thought nothing of our sins.' But when the light of the Gospel is let in it gives them vivid view of the guilt and blackness of their hearts. But the light alone will never save them, they most take hold of Christ, the divine rope, who will light them out of the fearful pit and out of the miry clay. Jesus saves to the very uttermost all who come unto God by Him."

An Unexpected Supper.—Mr. Martin, a colored evangelist, related: "I was on my way home from preaching one night in London, when a man, very much the worse for drink, came up to me and struck me in the face. I took him by the arm and led him away to a coffee house. When we got inside he looked around him and asked me where he was. I told him. 'Ah,' he replied, 'you don't know what kind of man I am, for if you did you would not have anything to do with me.' 'It does not matter how bad you are,' I replied, 'I wish to be your friend.' 'Do you?' he said, 'well, will you give me twopence?' I asked him what he was going to do with it, and he told me that it was to buy drink he wished it. 'Well,' I said, 'I'll not give you the twopence, but I'll give you as much coffee and cakes as you like to take.' 'Will you?' he said; 'you don't know what you are taking in hand.' I told him never to mind that, but to eat as much as he wished. He began, and did full justice to the food put before him, after which he took his departure. I stayed behind and prayed the Lord to save that man. A little afterward a woman entered the room where I was sitting, followed by three children. She addressed me thus: 'Are you the darkie that gave my husband as much coffee and cakes as he wished.' 'Yes,' I said, 'I am,' and asked her if she would like some also. 'Yes,' she replied; 'my children and I are very hungry.' After having her supper she explained to me that when her husband went home he told her that there was a darkie in the coffee house who was giving away coffee and cakes. About a year afterward I got a letter from the man, asking me if I remembered him, and telling me that he had given himself to Christ; that that night in the coffee house was *the turning point in his life.* At the railway station one day I met him, but would not have recognized him had he not spoken to me, there was such a change in the man. He said, 'I am going to take you home and give you a meal in return for that meal you gave me.' And when we arrived at his house, his wife had a nice comfortable tea waiting for us. I went back to my work encouraged and strengthened, thanking God that I had been made instrumental in leading that man to Christ, giving Him all the glory."

THE CHRISTIAN CONVENTION IN BROOKLYN.

On Monday and Tuesday of last week a Convention of ministers and Christian workers was held in Dr. Cuyler's church, South Oxford Street, Brooklyn. It was conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and at each session the doors of the large church had to be closed long before the time fixed for the commencement of the proceedings, and hundreds went away unable to obtain admission. It is the first of a series of Conventions to be held by the evangelists in the larger cities of the East, with a view to arousing the churches to the work of evangelizing the masses who are without religious instruction. Three sessions of the Convention were held each day, morning, afternoon, and evening, which were attended by many clergymen, as well as laymen, prominent among those who occupied the platform being the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, the Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, the Rev. L. Richardson, the Rev. C. H. Buck, the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, the Rev. Dr. Lyman, the Rev. Dr. Paxton, and the Rev. Edward Judson. Mr. Moody presided, and Mr. Sankey occupied the seat at the organ and led the singing, which followed each address and prayer. The meetings were very earnest, and were indicative of an intense desire to realize the object in view.

At the Monday morning session the topic, "How to reach the outlying masses," was discussed. Mr. Moody suggested that one of the best ways was that which is now practised in London of giving quarterly missions of ten days in each of the churches, during which clergymen should preach to the masses, while the church members worked personally to draw in the outsiders. He maintained that great good came from religious excitement and revivals, and that they were strictly in accordance with the teachings of Christ. The Rev. Edward Judson, of the Berean Baptist church, New York, contended that while missions were productive of great good, the work of evangelizing the masses must be done by the local churches, and that when the poor found that they were wanted in these churches they would come. Each church member should constitute himself a missionary, and above all, the seats in the churches should be made free.

Mr. Moody's address occupied the whole of the afternoon session, and it was heard throughout with the closest attention. He said: "Our object in calling our friends together during these two days is to strengthen them and quicken them for the great work before us in the future. One of the saddest things of the present day is to see so many members of the church who do not separate themselves from the world. Another thing that I noticed both in the old country and here is that a good many church people are inclined to *reject a part of the Bible.* Some of them give up the Old Testament. Now, you can't do that without giving up the New Testament. With me it's the whole Bible or none.

"There are one hundred and forty quotations from the Old Testament in the four Gospels," Mr. Moody said, "and if you're going to discount the Old Testament what are you going to do with the New Testament? You can't give up the story of Noah and the flood without giving up Christ. Do I believe the story of Lot and his wife? Of course I do, and I preach it, and I believe that *Lot ought to be a warning* to a great many men in Wall Street and in Brooklyn. Let us thunder out the whole truth, and preach the whole Bible. Do I believe the story of Jonah and the whale? Of course I believe it. Scientific men tell us it was impossible for a whale to swallow a man, but couldn't God prepare a fish to swallow Jonah? Couldn't He prepare a man to swallow a whale if He wanted to? [Laughter.] There's a good deal in the world that I can't understand, but that I believe just the same.

"There's been more Bibles published in the last seven years than in the 700 years before. Is not that a fulfilment of Christ's prophecy: 'Heaven and earth shall pass away but my Word shall not pass away.' They print in London alone 500 Bibles every hour of the day right along, year in and year out. Isn't the Word of God going on? Let sceptics talk, but let's you and I go on and read the Bible. The Bible tells us more than any newspaper can tell us. The New York *Times* and the *Herald* will give us the news of yesterday, but that's all. The Bible is our news book from which we learn what our future is to be. We can't afford to reject or disbelieve any part of this news book, whether it tells us of the past or of the future. It is not eloquent preaching that is to save the world," said Mr. Moody in closing. "It is unsealing the Bible and showing its plain truths to the understanding of those inside as well as those outside, the Church of Christ."

On Tuesday morning the subject before the Convention was: "How can we improve the singing in our churches and Sabbath-schools?" The session was conducted by Mr. Sankey. The other sessions were devoted to the question: "What more can we do for *the young men* in our cities?" The Rev. Cuthbert Hall introduced the subject in a weighty address.

Mr. Moody who followed, said: "I never think of young men that I don't get fired. Your Christian work won't go on unless you get the young men. A young man may come up here from the country and hear a popular preacher for six months, and nobody will ever speak to him. I have heard sermons on recognizing your friends in heaven. It might be a good plan to recognize them on earth. [Laughter.] Think of the poor boy from the country, with only a little money to spend, strolling about and trying to get some pleasure after his day's work. Now, just let Dr. Hall or some of you take Dr. Cuyler's church and fill it with young men, and then let the mothers and daughters of the church go out and bring in the young men. A young man likes to come to church with his sweetheart. A man may growl when he is obliged to go with his wife, but he never will when he comes with his sweetheart. [Laughter.] Let us take up a collection right now for the Young Men's Christian Association to show how much we think of the young men. Perhaps there is some wealthy woman who would like to give $5000. Perhaps the ministers here will take up collections for this purpose in their churches next Sunday." A vote was taken whether there should be a collection, which was carried, and the collection was taken up accordingly.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1884.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Result of the Election in Ohio does not afford much encouragement to either party. General Robinson, who, as the Republican candidate for Secretary of State, was at the head of that ticket, was elected by a plurality of 11,321. Flickinger, the Republican candidate for the Membership of the Board of Works, had a plurality of 17,476, and Johnson, for Supreme Court judge, a plurality of 15,450. A majority of the Congressional Delegation is Democratic, eleven Democrats and ten Republicans having been elected. The total vote cast was 780,373, being 62,205 more votes than were cast last year, and 64,187 more than in October, 1880. The reason General Robinson and Judge Johnson ran behind their ticket was that the sympathy they had shown with the temperance movement caused the liquor dealers to unite against them. *The Prohibition vote* is given at 9510. Last year it was 8362. Politicians of all parties are busily figuring out inferences from the returns for a guide to the probable result in the State next month. It is a complicated calculation of a very uncertain character. Mr. Blaine cannot be sure of polling the same number of votes as were given to the Republican candidates last week. There were doubtless some voters who saw no reason to bolt the *State* nominations, but who are disaffected toward the Presidential candidate. Probably, too, General Robinson polled some Prohibition votes which in November will go to St. John. On the other hand, Governor Cleveland cannot count on the solid Democratic vote, as General Butler will be a factor in the November election, which did not appear in that of October. The extraordinary efforts made by the Republicans to carry the State, and the fact that Mr. Blaine himself went there before the election, led the country to expect a more decisive Republican gain than the returns show.

West Virginia, which also Held a State Election last week, gave Democratic majorities. A Governor, two Supreme Court judges, and other State and county officers were elected. There was a fusion of the Republican and Greenback tickets. At the time of going to press the official figures have not been published, but sufficient is known to prove that the Democratic ticket is elected. The total vote was 150,000. This is about 50,000 more votes than were cast at the last election. The Republican vote has increased by 33,000, and the Democratic vote by 16,000. About 9000 Greenback votes were cast last election, which this year would go to the Republican ticket. If there was no increase of Greenback votes, the net Republican increase this year is 14,000. The probability is that the highest majority any Democratic candidate has will not exceed 3000. This, however, is significant, because at the election of 1882, when there was a fusion like that of this year, the Republican-Greenback ticket had 1000 majority, and at the Chicago Convention West Virginia was promised to the Republicans.

An Effort is Being Made by a Daily Journal, which once occupied a high position in public esteem, to cast a stigma on Governor St. John. It is trying to persuade its readers that he is running for the Presidency in defiance of the wishes of the temperance people. That view of the situation is misleading. There are a few temperance societies which have expressed a wish that Mr. St. John should withdraw, but they are not important ones. The great majority of the temperance people are enthusiastic in his cause as a candidate of clean character and excellent capacity. Among the temperance people who are opposing Mr. St. John is Neal Dow, who in 1880 was the Prohibition candidate for the Presidency, and who learned the measure of contempt in which he was held by the country in the returns, which showed that only 10,305 out of more than nine million votes were given to him. Neal Dow this year is working for Mr. Blaine, and it is well for Mr. St. John that he is. St. John needs no better sponsor than *John B. Gough*, who, in a brief speech in New York last Friday, said that although he had voted the Republican ticket at every election but one, and although he did not believe one per cent of the charges made against Mr. Blaine were true, he should this year be counted for St. John and Daniel. He thanked God that they had a candidate with a clean record.

The President has Filled the Place Vacated by Secretary Gresham by inviting Mr. Frank Hatton into his Cabinet. The appointment was made on October 14th. Mr. Hatton was, until his promotion, First Assistant Postmaster-General. He now becomes Postmaster-General. The appointment is on the lines of civil service reform, and that is the only good thing that can be said for it. It seems like a grim joke that in less than four years the office which was filled by Thomas L. James should have been given to Frank Hatton. Happily we are near the time when Mr. Hatton must give place to his successor, or we might see practical effect given in post-office management to some of the ideas Mr. Hatton has so forcibly expressed in his editorials. President Arthur's appointments have, with very few exceptions, received the approval of the country, and he appears through his term to have been prompted by a conscientious desire to put the right man in the right place; the selection of Mr. Hatton for any place, and especially for that of Postmaster-General, has therefore caused a general feeling of painful astonishment.

The International Conference at Washington agreed, on October 13th, by a large majority, to recommend the meridian of Greenwich to the respective governments as the prime meridian from which longitude should be universally reckoned. The only vote cast against the decision was by the delegate from St. Domingo. The delegates from France and Brazil refrained from voting. The advantages to be gained by uniformity in this matter, and the dangers which diversity in the mode of reckoning is liable to produce, are so obvious that it may be hoped that France will comply with the recommendation of the Conference. It has been suggested that as the meridian of Greenwich runs through her territory, she might fix upon some place standing upon it, and there erect a transit instrument, and call the place Greenwich, thus saving her national pride. The Conference decided to have the degrees counted as now—east and west. It was expected that it would have recommended continuous reckoning from 1 to 360, but a change of that kind would have caused a heavy expense, and might have led to confusion.

Florida does not Hold a Prohibition Convention this year, and no State Prohibition ticket will be put in the field. A circular has, however, been issued by the State Executive Committee of the National Prohibition party, advising voters to cast their votes only for such candidates for State and county offices as are temperance men. In cases where there is no temperance candidate running, it advises voters to withhold their ballots. The committee has appointed four Presidential electors and alternates, so that Prohibitionists may vote for St. John and Daniel. The secretary of the committee requests us to give the names of the electors for the benefit of our readers in Florida. They are: J. W. Lawlor, J. H. Miller, C. C. Beasley, and Alexander Niblo.

The Mormons have been Foiled in their Attempt to defeat the new Anti-polygamy law by getting members of their Church on the Grand Jury. Judge Lane, on October 4th, rendered judgment on the question. He said: "That a man who believes it right to commit a crime which he is called upon to try, cannot be an impartial juror, though he should not be influenced by such a motive. If a man believes it right to practise polygamy, in a polygamy case he cannot be impartial. A juror, according to all human experience, cannot possibly be impartial in a trial of that kind if he believes polygamy to be a command—a law proclaimed by the Almighty. It makes no difference how many human laws are passed, he will still believe polygamy right, because he thinks a higher law is governing him." As the jurors could not in the circumstances be considered impartial, they were properly excluded.

The New York Policeman who Committed a brutal murder in November last, and whose conviction and sentence were recently referred to in these columns, is to have a new trial. At the general term of the Supreme Court an application for a new trial was granted on the ground that *the policeman was excited by liquor*, and that no malice was proved against him. As the man has been condemned to death, no one will grudge him a full inquiry into his case; but it will have a very injurious effect if the police learn that if they commit murder when they are drunk they will escape punishment. Such a result will increase the danger reputable citizens are already in from the revolvers and clubs carried by ruffianly policemen.

The Record for a Single Week of the Results of the liquor traffic has been prepared by the New York *Observer* from the files of six newspapers. The appalling list is as follows: Murders, 11; murderous assaults, 17; suicides, 13; wife beatings, 7; affrays, 19; miscellaneous, 41; total, 108.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey will Hold a Christian Convention at Rochester, N. Y., on November 16th and 17th. They are expected to hold a series of revival meetings shortly at Syracuse, N. Y., but the date has not yet been announced.

Miss Laurie McLatchie Preached on Friday evening last to a large congregation in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Her text was: "The Lord shut him in" (Gen. 7 : 16). She made an earnest and eloquent appeal to her hearers to seek the Refuge provided for penitent sinners, before God closed it as He closed the door of the Ark against the scoffers in the days of Noah. Her vivid picture of the events of that time of the world's destruction made a deep impression on the congregation, which sat as if spellbound under her words. Her voice, which is remarkably soft and melodious, filled the large building, and could be distinctly heard in every part. She has received invitations to labor in several cities, and to deliver her lecture on "*the Scottish Covenanters*" in others. Letters for her sent to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be duly forwarded to her.

The Bowery Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York is doing a noble work for young men, especially for those who come to the city from the rural districts in search of employment. Many young men, expecting to find work immediately, come wholly unprovided with funds; others, who have money, often spend all they have before securing employment; and both classes, being surrounded with temptations, are apt to drift into the idle and criminal classes. The Bowery Branch seeks these strangers, and helps them to get work. It also holds regular religious services for their benefit, and by Christian counsel helps to keep them out of temptation. In many cases applicants are without money when they go to the rooms, and sometimes they are also without clothes. The Association has already aided 56,800 men, as follows: Sent to hospitals, 686; situations procured, 10,267; garments furnished, 4825; lodgings, 85,842; meals, 433,230. During the winter months the calls are always numerous, and the Association asks for aid in meeting them. All contributions go to a separate fund, used exclusively in this charitable work, and not a dollar of it is applied to current expenses. Parcels of clothing would be very welcome, and would be sent for if the Association is notified by mail.

A Riot in Birmingham, England, has been developed by the constitutional struggle. On October 13th a Conservative demonstration was organized at which two prominent members of Parliament—Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Randolph Churchill—were to deliver speeches. Birmingham is a town of about 400,000 inhabitants, the majority of whom are Radicals. There has been much excitement in the town since the Lords rejected the bill extending the franchise, which excitement culminated when the two Conservative leaders appeared. The Radical mob, in great numbers, forced an entrance to the hall by battering in the doors with heavy planks, and overwhelmed the Conservatives, who were powerless. A free fight ensued, in which the furniture and wreckage of the hall were freely used as weapons. The mob swept from the platform the officers of the meeting and the speakers. The platform, after being twice stormed, was demolished and left a confused mass of timber. All the chairs and doors were smashed into atoms. The hall was as badly wrecked as if it had been the scene of a dynamite explosion. The refreshment bars were looted and the liquors drunk, and the bottles thrown on the floor. The gas fittings were wrenched from the walls. There was great excitement, and threats of retaliation were made. This is only one of many signs that the approaching struggle for the abolition of the House of Lords will be one of extreme virulence.

An Alarming Fire on a Transatlantic Steamer is reported from Ireland. The steamship Nevada, of the Guion Line, arrived at Queenstown October 17th, having left New York on October 17th. Two days before her arrival at that port smoke was seen issuing from the hold. The captain and his officers descended, and found that part of the cargo, consisting of cotton and hops, was on fire. They were nearly suffocated by the smoke. When they returned to the deck orders were given to throw part of the cargo overboard and to deluge the remainder with water. During the whole of that day and night the officers, crew, and passengers worked unceasingly, and the next morning the fire was under control. Later in the day there was another outbreak, and work upon it was resumed. On her arrival at Queenstown on Friday the Nevada had ten feet of water in her hold, and was listing heavily to port. The officers and crew being exhausted, a boat was sent ashore for assistance, which was promptly dispatched. The cargo suffered heavily, but the ship was uninjured. One of the steerage passengers, a woman, died of fright. The other passengers were unhurt, and were landed at Queenstown.

Wilhelm I., Duke of Brunswick, Died on October 18th. His territory was a very small one, but the honor of the succession is causing much discussion in Europe. The next heir is the Duke of Cumberland, but the German Emperor objects to his mounting the throne. The Duke is violently opposed to Prince Bismarck, who has already snatched Hanover from him. A suggestion has been made to him that he should resign his claims in favor of a candidate acceptable to Germany; but no arrangements have as yet been made.

Another Battle was Fought between the French and Chinese near Langson on October 10th. The Chinese appear to have fought with desperation, but they were defeated. A telegram from the French commander states that the enemy's losses were heavy. He says: "Our artillery strewed the ground with Chinese bodies. After losing all their positions the Chinese fled toward Langson. They halted near Phutruong and Khauh. The French loss was twenty killed, including one officer, and ninety wounded. Two officers received slight wounds. Our troops were animated with the greatest ardor. The Chinese in this engagement were a part of the best troops of the Empire. They were perfectly armed, and manœuvred in European style. The Chinese losses were three thousand killed, including their chief commander." It must be remembered that this account of the respective losses proceeds from French sources, which are not noted for their accuracy. On October 17th the French forces were again attacked near Tamsui, and the Chinese were again repulsed with terrific slaughter. The French general has reported to the government that he will need a veritable army to drive the Chinese out of Tonquin.

Negotiations for the Berlin Conference on the Congo question are proceeding amicably. France and Germany have agreed on the points to be submitted. England has accepted the invitation conditionally on the questions to be discussed being limited to those connected with the commerce of the Congo, and that the disputes with France respecting the West African coast be excluded. Our own government has been invited to send a delegate. Mr. Henry M. Stanley will attend as a deputation from the Belgian Association. A correspondent of the *Neue Freie Press* states that in an interview Mr. Henry M. Stanley said that in order to open the trade of the Congo country the Powers must not enter into a quarrel to suit selfish ends. They must abandon all idea of taxing settlers in that country. Mr. Stanley admitted that the climate on the African coast is fatal, but the African Association had worked out a sanitary plan that would enable Europeans to travel with impunity to the interior, which is as healthy as America. He stated, however, that the colonists to the Congo must be secured for years against any customs dues in order to procure that prosperity which will attract emigrants.

A Serious Delay has Taken Place in the Progress of the Relief Expedition under General Wolseley. The General complains bitterly of the failure of the Commissariat and transport service, which, he says, has paralyzed his advance. It is stated now that he is organizing an expedition upon camels, which indicates that he has found the Nile route impracticable. Osman Digna, the Mahdi's lieutenant, who has been harassing General Gordon in Khartoum for many months, will probably escape the punishment General Wolseley intended to inflict upon him. Travellers report that he has arrived at Tamai, and is massing his troops there. General Gordon appears to be still fighting successfully against the forces menacing Khartoum. There are conflicting stories about the Mahdi, but as the season has arrived when the tribes can leave their farms for warfare in the field, there is a prevalent fear that he may reach Khartoum before the expedition.

Six Officers of the Russian Army and Two women accused of Nihilism were executed in the St. Petersburg Citadel on October 18th. They were seized, secretly tried, condemned, and executed before the citizens knew that any arrests had been made. It is said that the Czar has notified his ministers that he intends to pursue a liberal course hereafter in his home government, and hopes of reform are built thereon; but no signs of them have yet reached the outer world. The Nihilists do not appear to be dismayed by the rigor of the government. They are devoted to their cause, and the vacant places left by the executioner are promptly filled up. There is just now apparent inactivity, caused by the death of the leaders of the movement and the necessity for drilling the new members of the order. These new members are said to be of aristocratic birth and good education, and declare themselves ready to die for the cause of liberty in Russia.

The Outrages on the Jews in Morocco have been stopped, and the wicked Governor has been punished in consequence of the interference of the Italian Minister. The correspondent of the New York *Times* relates horrible incidents of cruelty practised on the Jewish population. The stories told of inhumanity toward the Jews are almost incredible. An aged chief rabbi was whipped and then pilloried in the scorching sun because he refused to draw false deeds of debt against Jews in favor of the Governor. Another rabbi was dragged through the streets by the hair and brutally flogged.

THE PARABLE OF THE LOST SHEEP.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."—LUKE 15: 4-7.

Christ's Hearers—A Disreputable Lot—His Defence—The Shepherd in the Track of the Sheep—I. One Engrossing Thought—A Sheep Lost—Senseless—Shiftless—The Shepherd's Concern—His Property in it—A Shepherd to it—II. One Object of Search—A Definite Search—All Absorbing—Personal—Persevering—Successful—III. One Burden of Love—IV. One Source of Joy—Who are the Just Persons?—The Sick Child.

OUR Lord Jesus Christ while He was here below was continually in the pursuit of lost souls. He was seeking lost men and women, and it was for this reason that He went down among them, even among those who were most evidently lost, that He might find them. He took pains to put Himself where He could come into communication with them, and He exhibited such kindliness toward them that in crowds they drew near to hear Him. I dare say it was a queer-looking assembly, a disreputable rabble, which made the Lord Jesus its centre. I am not astonished that the Pharisee, when he looked upon the congregation, sneered and said, "He collects around Him

THE PARIAHS

of our community, the wretches who collect taxes for the foreigner of God's free people; and the fallen women of the towns, and such-like riffraff make up His audiences; and He, instead of repelling them, receives them, welcomes them, looks upon them as a class to whom He has a peculiar relationship. He even eats with them. Did He not go into the house of Zaccheus, and the house of Levi, and partake of the feasts which these low people made for Him?"

Our divine Lord defended Himself by what is called an *argumentum ad hominem*, an argument to the men themselves; for He said, "What man *of you*, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not go after that which is lost, until he find it?" No argument tells more powerfully upon men than one which comes close home to their own daily life, and the Saviour put it so. They were silenced, if they were not convinced. It was a peculiarly strong argument, because in their case it was only a sheep that they would go after, but in His case it was something infinitely more precious than all the flocks of sheep that ever fed on Sharon or Carmel; for it was the soul of man which he sought to save.

The argument had in it not only the point of peculiar adaptation, but a force at the back of it unusually powerful for driving it home upon every honest mind. The going after the sheep is a part of the parable which our Lord meant them to observe; the shepherd pursues a route which he would never think of pursuing if it were only for his own pleasure; his way is not selected for his own ends, but for the sake of the stray sheep. He takes a track up hill and down dale, far into a desert, or into some dark wood, simply because the sheep has gone that way, and he must follow it until he find it. The more steadily you look at this parable the more clearly you will see that our Lord's answer was complete. We need not this morning regard it exclusively as an answer to Pharisees, but we may look at it as an instruction to ourselves; for it is quite as complete in that direction. May the good Spirit instruct us as we muse upon it.

I. In the first place, I call attention to this observation; the one subject of thought to the

man who had lost his sheep. This sets forth to us the one thought of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd, when He sees a man lost to holiness and happiness by wandering into sin.

The shepherd, on looking over his little flock of one hundred, can only count ninety-nine. He counts them again, and he notices that a certain one has gone; it may be a white-faced sheep with a black mark on its foot; he knows all about it, for "the Lord knoweth them that are His." The shepherd has a photograph of the wanderer in his mind's eye, and now he thinks but little of the ninety and nine who are feeding in the pastures of the wilderness, but his mind is in a ferment about the one lost sheep. This one idea possesses him:

"A SHEEP IS LOST!"

This agitates his mind more and more — "a sheep is lost." It masters his every faculty. He cannot eat bread; he cannot return to his home; he cannot rest while one sheep is lost. To a tender heart a lost sheep is a painful subject of thought. It is of all creatures the most *senseless*. If we have lost a dog, it may find its way home again; possibly a horse might return to its master's stable; but a sheep will wander on and on, in endless mazes lost. It is too foolish a thing to think of returning to the place of safety. A lost sheep is lost indeed in countries where lands lie uninclosed and the plains are boundless. That fact still seems to ring in the man's soul—"A sheep is lost, and it will not return, for it is a foolish thing. Where may it not have gone by this time? Weary and worn, it may be fainting; it may be far away from green pastures, and be ready to perish with hunger among the bare rocks or upon the arid sand."

A sheep is *shiftless*; it knows nothing about providing for itself. The camel can scent water from afar, and a vulture can espy its food from an enormous distance; but the sheep can find nothing for itself. Of all wretched creatures a lost sheep is one of the worst. If anybody had stepped up to the shepherd just then, and said, "Good sir, what aileth you? you seem in great concern;" he would have replied, "And well I may be, for a sheep is lost." "It is only one, sir; and I see you have ninety-nine left." "Do you call it nothing to lose one? You are no shepherd yourself, or you would not trifle so. Why, I seem to forget these ninety-nine that are all safe, and my mind only remembers that one which is lost."

What is it which makes the Great Shepherd lay so much to His heart the loss of one of His flock? What is it that makes Him agitated as He reflects upon that supposition—"if He lose one of them?" I think it is, first, because of

HIS PROPERTY

in it. The parable does not so much speak of a hired shepherd, but of a shepherd proprietor. "What man of you having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them." Jesus, in another place, speaks of the hireling, whose own the sheep are not, and therefore he flees when the wolf comes. It is the shepherd proprietor who lays down his life for the sheep. It is not a sheep alone, and a lost sheep, but it is *one of his own* lost sheep that this man cares for.

This parable is not written about lost humanity in the bulk—it may be so used if you please—but in its first sense it is written about Christ's own sheep: as also is the second parable concerning the woman's own money; and the third, not concerning any prodigal youth, but the father's own son. Jesus has His own sheep, and some of them are lost; yea, they were all once in the same condition; for "all we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." The parable refers to the unconverted, whom Jesus has redeemed with His most precious blood, and whom He his undertaken to seek and to save; these are those other sheep whom also He must bring in.

This thought, therefore, presses upon Him, "One of my sheep is lost." It is a wonderful supposition, that which is contained in this parable—"if He lose one of them." What! lose one whom He loved or ever the earth was? It may wander for a time, but He will not have it lost forever; that He cannot bear. What! lose one whom His Father gave Him to be His own? Lose one whom He has bought with His own life? He will not endure the thought. That word—"if he lose one of them" sets His soul on fire. It shall not be. You know how much the Lord has valued each one of His chosen, laying down His life for his redemption. You know how dearly

HE LOVES EVERY ONE

of His people: it is no new passion with Him, neither can it grow old. He has loved His own and must love them to the end.

If you have ever been in a house with a mother and father, and daughters and sons, when a little child has been lost, you will never forget the agitation of each member of the household. See the father as he goes to the police-station, and calls at every likely house; for he must find his child or break his heart. See the deep oppression and bitter anguish of the mother; she is like one distracted till she has news of her darling. You now begin to understand what Jesus feels for one whom He loves, "if He lose one of them."

Moreover, the man in the parable had a third relation to the sheep, which made him possessed with the one thought of its being lost—*he was a shepherd to it.* It was his own sheep, and he had therefore for that very reason become its shepherd; and he says to himself, "If I lose one of them my shepherd-work will be ill-done." What dishonor it would be to a shepherd to lose one of his sheep! Either it must be for want of power to keep it, or want of will, or want of watchfulness; but none of these can appertain to the Chief Shepherd. Our Lord Jesus Christ will never have it said of Him that He has lost one of His people, for He glories in having preserved them all.

"If he lose one of them," says the passage;

IMAGINE THE CONSEQUENCE.

What scorn would come from Satan! What derision would He pour upon the Shepherd! How hell would ring with the news, "He hath lost one of them." Suppose it to be the feeblest; then would they cry, "He could keep the strong, who could keep themselves." Suppose it to be the strongest; then would they cry, "He could not even keep one of the mightiest of them, but must needs let him perish." This is good argument, for Moses pleaded with God, "What will the Egyptians say?" It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones shall perish, neither is it for the glory of Christ that one of His own sheep should be eternally lost. You see the reason for the Lord's heart being filled with one burning thought; for first, the sheep is His own; next, He is full of compassion; and then again, it is His office to shepherd the flock.

All this while the sheep is not thinking about the shepherd, or caring for him in the least degree. Some of you are not thinking at all about the Lord Jesus. You have no wish nor will to seek after Him! What folly! Oh, the pity of it, that the great heart above should be yearning over you to-day, and should fail to rest because you are in peril, and you, who will be the greater loser, for you will lose your own soul, are sporting with sin, and making yourself merry with destruction. Ah, me! how far you have wandered! How hopeless would your case be if there were not an Almighty Shepherd to think upon you.

II. Now we come to the second point, and observe the

ONE OBJECT OF SEARCH.

This sheep lies on the shepherd's heart, and he must at once set out to look for it. He leaves the ninety-and-nine in the wilderness, and goes after that which is lost until he find it.

Observe here that it is a definite search. The shepherd goes after the sheep, and after nothing else; and he has the one particular sheep in his mind's eye. I should have imagined, from the way in which I have seen this text handled, that Christ, the Shepherd, went down into the wilderness *to catch anybody's sheep* He could find. Many were running about, and He did not own any one of them more than another, but was content to pick up the one that He could first lay hold upon; or rather, that which first came running after Him. Not so is the case depicted in the parable. It is His own sheep that He is seeking, and He goes distinctly after that one.

Jesus knows all about His redeemed, and He goes definitely after such and such a soul. When I am preaching in the name of the Lord, I delight to think that I am sent to individuals with the message of mercy. I am not going to draw the bow at a venture at all; but when the divine hands are put on mine to draw the bow, the Lord takes such aim that no arrow misses its mark; into the very centre of the heart the word finds its way; for Jesus goes not forth at a peradventure in His dealings with men. He subdues the will and conquers the heart, making His people willing in the day of His power.

Note that this is

AN ALL-ABSORBING SEARCH.

He is thinking of nothing but His own lost sheep. The ninety-and-nine are left in safety; but they *are* left. When we read that he leaves them in the wilderness we are apt to think of some barren place; but that is not intended; it simply means the open pasturage, the steppe, the prairie; He leaves them well provided for, leaves them because He can leave them. For the time being He is carried away with the one thought that He must seek and save the lost one, and therefore He leaves the ninety-and-nine in their pasture. "Shepherd, the way is very rocky!" He does not seem to know what the way is, His heart is with His lost sheep. "Shepherd, it is a heavy climb up yon mountain side." He does not note His toil; His excitement lends Him the feet of the wild goat; He stands securely where at other times His foot would slip. He looks around for His sheep and seems to see neither crag nor chasm. It is grand to think of the Lord Jesus Christ with His heart set immovably upon the rescue of a soul which at this moment is lost to Him.

It is an active search too; for observe, He goes after that which is lost, until He find it; and He does this with

A PERSONAL SEARCH.

He does not say to one of His underlings, "Here, hasten after that sheep which was lost, and bring it home." No, *He* follows it Himself. And if ever there is a soul brought from sin to grace, it is not by us poor ministers working alone, but it is by the Master Himself, who goes after His own sheep. It is glorious to think of Him still personally tracking sinners, who, though they fly from Him with a desperateness of folly, yet are still pursued by Him—pursued by the Son of God, by the Eternal Lover of men—pursued by Him until He finds them.

For notice the perseverance of the search: "until he find it." He does not stop till He has done the deed. You and I ought to seek after a soul, how long? Why, until we find it; for such is the model set before us by the Master. The parable says nothing about His not finding it; no hint of failure is given; we dream not that there may be a sheep belonging to Him which He will never find. Oh, brethren, there are a great many whom you and I would never find; but, when Jesus is after His own lost sheep, depend upon it such is His skill, so clearly doth He see, and so effectually doth He intervene, that He will surely bring them in. A defeated Christ I cannot conceive of. It is a personal search, and a persevering search, and

A SUCCESSFUL SEARCH,

until He finds it. Let us praise and bless His name for this.

Observe that when the shepherd does find it, there is a little touch in the parable not often

noticed—He does not appear to put it back into the fold again ; I mean, we do not find it so written, as a fact to be noted. I suppose He did so place it ultimately ; but for the time being He keeps it with Himself rather than with its fellows. The next scene is the shepherd at home, saying, "Rejoice with me ; for I have found my sheep which was lost." It looks as if Jesus did not save a soul so much to the Church as to Himself, and though the saved are in the flock, the greatest joy of all is that the sheep is with the shepherd.

III. Now, we must pass on very briefly to notice a third point. We have had one subject of thought and one object of search ; now we have

ONE BURDEN OF LOVE.

When the seeking is ended, then the saving appears—"When He hath found it, He layeth it on His shoulders, rejoicing." Splendid action this ! How beautifully the parable sets forth the whole of salvation. Some of the old writers delight to put it thus : in His incarnation he came after the lost sheep ; in His life He continued to seek it ; in His death He laid it upon His shoulders ; in His resurrection He bore it on its way, and in His ascension He brought it home rejoicing. Our Lord's career is a course of soul-winning, a life laid out for His people ; and in it you may trace the whole process of salvation.

But now, see, the shepherd finds the sheep, and He layeth it on His shoulders. It is an uplifting action, raising the fallen one from the earth whereon he hath strayed. This laying on the shoulders was *an appropriating act.* He seemed to say, "You are my sheep, and therefore I lay you on my shoulders." More condescending still is another view of this act ; it was *a deed of service* to the sheep. The sheep is uppermost, the weight of the sheep is upon the shepherd. The sheep rides, the shepherd is the burden-bearer. The sheep rests, the shepherd labors. "I am among you as He that serveth," said our Lord long ago. It was a *rest-giving* act very likely *needful* to the sheep which could go no further, and was faint and weary. It was a full rest to the poor creature if it could have understood it, to feel itself upon its shepherd's shoulders, irresistibly carried back to safety. What a rest it is to you and to me to know that we are borne along by the eternal power and Godhead of the Lord Jesus Christ ! "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him, and he shall dwell between His shoulders." The Christ upbears us to-day ; we have no need of strength ; our weakness is no impediment, for He bears us. Blessed rest of faith, to give yourself up entirely to those hands and shoulders to keep and carry you even to the end !

IV. We close by noticing one more matter, which is—the

ONE SOURCE OF JOY.

This man who had lost his sheep is filled with joy, but his sheep is the sole source of it. His sheep has so taken up all his thought, and so commanded all his faculties, that as he found all his care centred upon it, so he now finds all his joy flowing from it.

I invite you to notice the first mention of joy we get here : "When He hath found it, He layeth it on His shoulders, rejoicing." "That is a great load for you, shepherd !" Joyfully He answers, "I am glad to have it on my shoulders." The mother does not say when she has found her lost child, "This is a heavy load." No ; she presses it to her bosom. She does not mind how heavy it is ; it is a dear burden to her. She is rejoiced to bear it once again. "He layeth it on His shoulders, *rejoicing.*" Remember that text : "Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame.' A great sorrow was on Christ when our load was laid on Him ; but a greater joy flashed into His mind when He thought that we were thus recovered from our lost estate.

Oh, you cannot understand it except in a very feeble measure ! Let us try to find an earthly miniature likeness. A son is taken ill far away from home. He is laid sick with a fever, and a telegram is sent home. His mother says she *must* go and nurse him ; she is wretched till she can set out upon the journey. It is a dreary place where her boy lies, but for the moment it is the dearest spot on earth to her. She joys to leave the comforts of her home to tarry among strangers for the love of her boy. She feels an intense joy in sacrificing herself ; she refuses to retire from the bedside, she will not leave her charge ; she watches day and night, and only from utter exhaustion does she fall asleep. You could not have kept her at home, she would have been too wretched. It was a great, deep, solemn pleasure for her to be where she could minister to her own beloved. Soul, remember you have given Jesus great joy in His saving you. That day the shepherd knew but one joy. He had found his sheep, and the very pressure of it upon his shoulders made his heart light, for he knew by that sign that the object of his care was safe beyond all question. Now

HE GOES HOME WITH IT,

and this joy of his was then so great that it filled his soul to overflowing. The parable speaks nothing as to his joy in getting home again, nor a word concerning the joy of being saluted by his friends and neighbors. No, the joy of having found his sheep eclipsed all other gladness of heart, and dimmed the light of home and friendship. He turns round to friends and neighbors and entreats them to help him to bear the weight of his happiness. He cries, "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost." One sinner had repented, and all heaven must make holiday concerning it.

But the text tells us there was more joy over that one lost sheep than over the ninety-and-nine that went not astray.

WHO ARE THESE JUST PERSONS

that need no repentance? Well, you should never explain a parable so as to make it run on four legs if it was only meant to go on two. There may not be such persons at all, and yet the parable may be strictly accurate. If all of us had been such persons, and had never needed repentance, we should not have given as much joy to the heart of Christ as one sinner does when he repents. But suppose it to mean you and me who have long ago repented—who have in a certain sense, now no need of repentance, because we are justified men and women—we do not give so much joy to the heart of God, for the time being, as a sinner does when he first returns unto God.

It is not that it is a good thing to go astray, or a bad thing to be kept from it. You understand how that is ; there are seven children in a family, and six of them are all well ; but one dear child is taken seriously ill, and is brought near to the gates of death. It has recovered, its life is spared, and do you wonder that for the time being it gives more

JOY TO THE HOUSEHOLD

than all the healthy ones? There is more expressed delight about it a great deal than over all those that have not been ill at all. This does not show it is a good thing to be ill. No, nothing of the kind ; we are only speaking of *the joy* which comes of recovery from sickness.

Take another case : you have a son who has been long away in a far country, and another son at home. You love them both equally, but when the absent son comes home he is for a season most upon your thoughts. Is it not natural that it should be so? Those at home give us joy constantly from day to day, but when the stream of joy has been dammed back by his absence, it pours down in a flood upon his return. Then we have "high days and holy days," and "bonfire nights."

Moreover, you know that the joy over penitents is so unselfish that you who have been kept by the grace of God for many years do not grieve that there should be more joy over a repenting sinner than over you. No, you say to yourself, "There is good cause. I am myself among those who are glad." You remember that good men made great rejoicing over you when you first came to Jesus ; and you heartily unite with them in welcoming newcomers.

Oh, poor sinner, here to-day, will you not

YIELD TO THE GOOD SHEPHERD?

Will you not stand still as He draws near? Will you not submit to His mighty grace? Know that your rescue from sin and death must be of Him, and of Him alone. Breathe a prayer to Him—"Come, Lord, I wait for Thy salvation ! Save me, for I trust in Thee." If thou dost thus pray, thou hast the mark upon thee of Christ's sheep, for He saith, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." Come to Him, for He comes to you. Look to Him for He looks to you.

THE WRECK OF THE WASP.

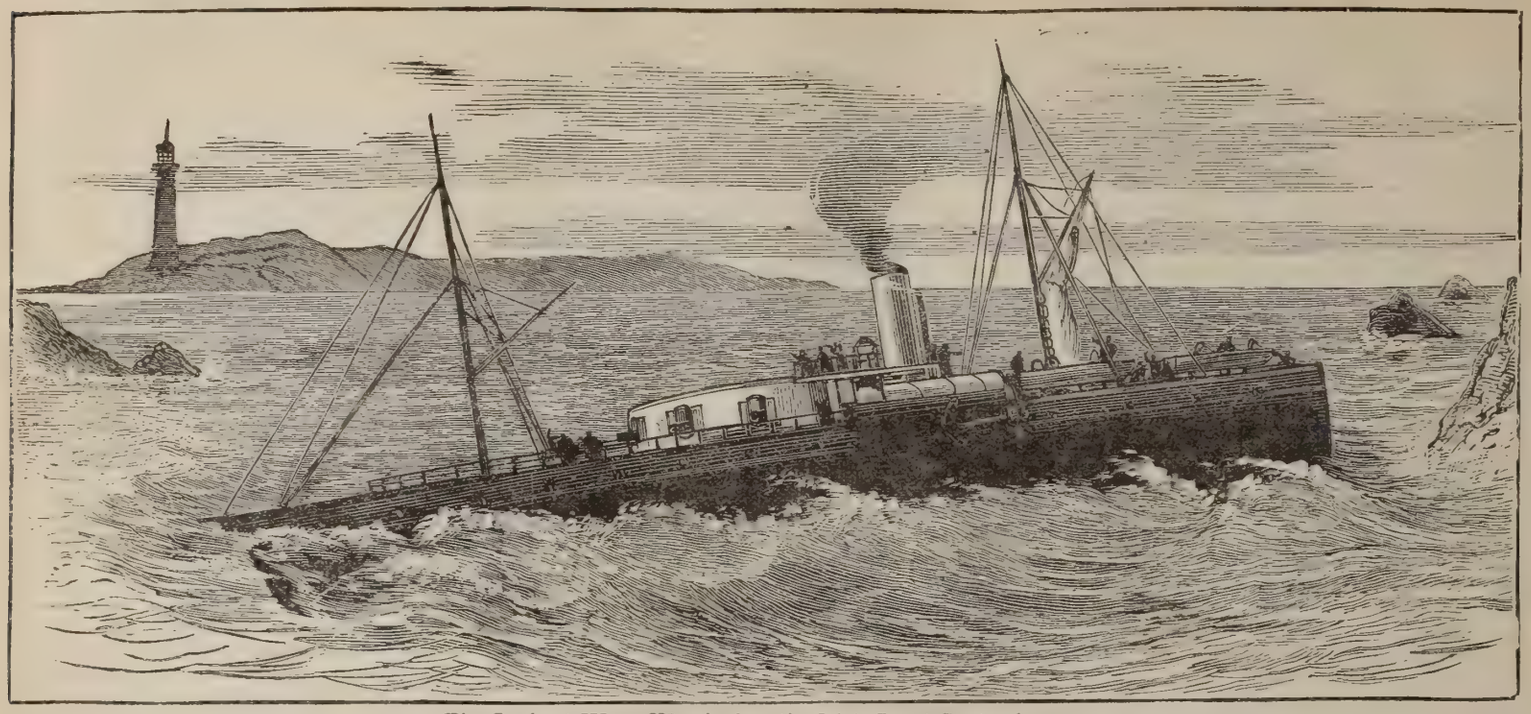
(See Illustration on page 684.)

THE work of evicting a few poor Irish families from their dwellings for the non-payment of rent has cost the British Government the fine gunboat, a picture of which appears on the next page. It appears that on the little island of Instrahad, situated at the mouth of Lough Foyle, there are a number of people who have failed to pay their rents. The landowner secured eviction warrants against them, and the sheriff and his assistants were directed to evict the families. The Government has kept for some time the gunboat Wasp on special service on the north-west coast of Ireland, and her commander was ordered to go to Moville, and there take on board the sheriff and his men, whom he was to carry to Instrahad.

It could scarcely have been a congenial service to the captain, Lieutenant-Commander Nicholls. Last year he had proved his humanity and sympathy with the wretched people by making extraordinary exertions on their behalf. The Society of Friends, compassionating the poor, raised a fund to supply them with seed-potatoes, and Commander Nicholls obtained permission from the Government to distribute these potatoes to the needy families along the coast. It was a dangerous duty, for the coast is not only rocky, but the deep water around covers numerous sunken rocks, the terror of sailors. It was also a disagreeable duty, the task of loading and unloading the vessel being an exceedingly dirty duty. Nevertheless, the commander and his crew worked so cheerfully and with so much alacrity, as to call forth from the Quaker committee a written testimonial expressing their obligations to the captain and their sense of the kindness and courtesy he and his men had displayed.

On September 22d, however, the Wasp was engaged on a very different service, but a sailor is bound to obey orders, however uncongenial they may be to him. The vessel was at Westport when the orders came to go round to Moville and take up the evicting party for Instrahad. The weather was stormy, but Captain Nicholls promptly obeyed. The Wasp left Westport on September 21st, and followed the north coast of Donegal, which is wild and rugged and studded with numerous little islands, of which Tory Island is the most important.

Tory Island is two miles and a half long and one mile wide, and has a lighthouse on the north-west extremity. The north side presents a range of cliffs from one hundred feet to three hundred feet high. A fog hung over the island as the Wasp approached it, but the light was clearly made out. Captain Nicholls remained on deck during the greater part of the voyage, but early on the morning of September 22d, he gave the man at the wheel directions for steering and went below. Soon afterward the man at the wheel noticed that the vessel was drifting rapidly to leeward, and sent to the captain to suggest that the course be changed or she would strike the northern point of the island. The commander is said to have replied that if the vessel was keeping the course he had marked out on the chart that would prove quite safe. Soon afterward the gunboat struck, and in less than twenty minutes went down in thirteen



The Gunboat Wasp Wrecked on the Irish Coast September 22.

fathoms of water. Only six men were saved of the fifty-eight on board. They were the cook, quartermaster, two marines, and two seamen. They state that no efforts of their own could have saved them if they had not been washed ashore. At the time there was a heavy sea on, with a thick, blinding rain, but nothing like a gale blowing. Most of the men were in their hammocks when the ship struck, and to that fact is attributed the large loss of life which occurred. Those who were saved climbed into the rigging when the ship struck, and were projected toward the shore when the vessel lurched over before going down. They were washed on shore and were cared for in the lighthouse. A steamer was sent promptly to the scene of the disaster, but was unable to rescue any lives.

"DOES IT LAST?"

THE question is often being asked in Great Britain as in our own land in reference to special evangelist efforts, "Will this revival of religious enthusiasm last?" The following testimony from Plymouth, England, one of the cities visited two years ago by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, replies to the question so far as that place is concerned:

Among the fruits of the late mission of God's honored servants, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, to this country may be included the evangelistic services at St. Andrew's Hall, Plymouth.

The meetings are attended almost entirely by those who frequent no place of worship, and who are attracted by the singing of Mr. Sankey's hymns outside the hall.

The services are strictly undenominational and have been carried on without any break for nearly two years with abundant blessing, and very many have, we trust, been "born again." It has rarely happened that a meeting has been held without some one soul professing to be converted. It has also become the sphere of Christian work for many of those who date their conversion from the Moody and Sankey Mission. A band of workers called

THE "BLISSFUL BROTHERS"

—Mr. Bliss having been much blessed in calling many of them from the bondage of drunkenness and vice into the glorious liberty of children of God—have rendered much assistance in gathering in the people from the streets.

We regard this work in Plymouth as a very distinct answer to the question so often asked by those who have not been intimately associated with the Moody and Sankey Mission, "Does it last?"

MARION'S VISIT TO HER MOTHER'S PENSIONERS.

(*See illustration on page* 685.)

"Is there anything I can do for you, mother?" said Marion Lee, as she sat by her mother's bedside, near which was the little table covered with medicine bottles and untasted delicacies indicating the presence of illness.

"No, my daughter," said a feeble voice from the bed. "Nurse has cared for me nicely. I am as comfortable as I can be while this pain continues. There is one thing I would like you to do but it is not here. I have been troubled all night about my poor old women in your father's house in South Street. It is three weeks now since I was there. I should feel relieved if you would go and see them and read a chapter to them. I am sure they must miss my visits; I have been so regular until now."

"But, mother, I could not take your place there. I should not know what to say to them."

"I wish you did, Marion. I have prayed day and night for you these twenty years—ever since you were born—that you might have that knowledge of the Saviour. But still I should like you to go; some of them are too old to see to read and the others understand better when some one reads to them. You need not say much; talk to them as you would to your class in the Sunday-school. You cannot be too simple."

"Certainly, I will go, mother, if you wish it. It is very little for me to do to ease your mind."

Soon afterward, Miss Lee, with her Bible in her hand, was on the car on her way to the poor quarter in which her mother's pensioners lived, and in which Marion had not set foot since ten or twelve years before as a little girl she had accompanied her mother on one of her ministering visits. It had required an effort now to comply with her mother's request, for Marion was conscious of her unfitness for the task. Although well read in the Bible, a Sunday-school teacher and a child of many prayers she did not yet know Jesus as her Saviour. The theory of salvation she knew perfectly; she could tell whether a preacher was orthodox, and knew exactly where to find the passages which were relied upon as proofs of particular doctrines, but of Christ's preciousness as *her own Saviour* she knew nothing. She had led a life singularly free from open wickedness, had from her childhood an intense abhorrence of falsehood and deceit, and was transparently pure in thought, word and deed. In short, she was "very near to the Kingdom of God." Possibly if she had been guilty of heinous sins, the knowledge which she possessed of divine things, might have led to her being borne into the Kingdom, but she had not felt her need of a Saviour, and therefore had not sought Him with the diligence, with which the sin-burdened soul often seeks for reconciliation with God. She could and did in her Sunday-school class speak eloquently of Christ's love, of His suffering for the world, and of the way of salvation through Him; but the experienced Christian listening to her words would have missed that tone of personal attachment—the all-mastering love, which Christ's own people, whom He has saved, involuntarily use when speaking of their dear Lord. Marion knew that her heart had not been touched, and while she was willing to teach young children in the Sunday-school she shrank from speaking to aged Christians whose hearts were given to Christ though their minds were uncultivated. Nevertheless, at her mother's desire, she went to the poor eastside tenement house.

The house had once been an aristocratic mansion, but now the tide of movement uptown had left it to be let off in portions to the poor, and there Mrs. Lee had established at different times several aged widows whose rent she duly paid from her own pocket to her husband's agent. The poor women gave a warm welcome to Marion when they knew who she was, and listened with concern to her account of her mother's illness. Then she offered to read to them and they gathered around to listen.

It was the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah that Marion read. That was the subject of the lesson the previous Sunday in the Sunday-school and she had studied it carefully. She had a soft, sweet voice and a wonderfully clear, distinct enunciation. An old fisherman, who lived on the floor above, and knew the old women well, stopped to listen as he passed their door on his way out, and being attracted by the words and the musical voice in which they were spoken, entered, and sitting down quietly, made one of the little congregation.

Marion made little comments as she read, explaining how the Jews were expecting a royal deliverer when Christ came, and they rejected Him because He came in a guise so humble. That His very sufferings borne for the people

were regarded as a reproach, and as indicating God's displeasure with Him. It was an intelligent exposition; but, as she made it, one of the old women who sat opposite to her fixed upon her a penetrating gaze from two shrewd dark eyes. As Marion concluded the old woman said:

"Thank you, Miss, for your kindness in making it all so clear to us. I'll pray that you may know the blessed truth yourself."

Marion colored deeply. Was it possible, she thought, that even this old woman could see that her religion was mere head-knowledge—theory and not vital belief?

"You have not had many griefs or sorrows yet, I guess," the old woman continued, "but when they come you will find every word you've said is true. The Lord has borne 'em all. I'm old now and I've had a long life of trouble, but I'm happy now, for I'm trusting Him, and shall see Him soon. You don't look as if you had done much wrong; you have an innocent face, but you need the Lord to show you what is in your heart, for temptations will come even to the best, and it's hard fighting 'em when your heart is on the side of the tempter. You know, as I didn't when I was your age, that we are healed through the Lord's stripes. I hope if you are wounded you will go to Him for healing. He'll do it as no one else can. God bless you, Miss, and may you forgive an old woman's bluntness. I wish I had met your dear mother earlier, I'd have been saved from many a sin."

Marion's Exposition of the Gospel Message.

The old fisherman, all this time, had sat silently with his eyes closed, but now he rose and taking Marion's hand he said, "you are very near to God, my daughter," but sometimes it's hardest for those who are nearest to come to Him. The Saviour said it was like a camel getting through a needle's eye, but take an old man's word for it, it's worth the struggle." He looked down at her with strange fondness and added, "Such a life as yours ought to be the Lord's from the beginning. I am older than your father, and I am an ignorant man, but the Lord has enlightened my heart. Will you let me pray with you before you go?"

Marion bowed her head: her heart was too full to speak. They all knelt down while the unlettered fisherman pleaded with God that His Holy Spirit would fill every heart there, and especially the one which seemed to be so well fitted for His temple, yet "lacking one thing."

It was an earnest prayer, and when they rose from their knees Marion's eyes were full of tears. She silently grasped the hand of each and hurried away. She went straight to her own room and there knelt in earnest prayer such as she had never offered before.

Years have passed since that day. Marion's mother is dead, but she did not pass away until she had rejoiced over her daughter's conversion. Her place is filled by Marion, and there is no place in which she is so welcome as in that where she received a blessing when she went to impart one.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 671.*)

An Unexpected Meeting.

When Rose Morley heard of her husband's dangerous illness, she implored Hester to suffer her to see him at once, lest he should die without forgiving her. But his malady was more of the mind than the body, and Grant forbade any kind of agitation for him. John Morley's brain was at work with too busy and too perilous an activity. He was neither insensible nor delirious; but from hour to hour his thoughts were flashing, with lightning speed, over all the events of his past life; and his tongue, so long reticent, read aloud the secret records.

To speak to him of Rose, in this strange fire and fever of his memory, would have been madness. The only persons he admitted near to him were Hester and Lawson; and to them his tongue ran on fast of all his love to her, and of all the torture of despair and shame he had suffered for her. Her name was always upon his lips. There was something of a solemn humiliation in this spectacle of a soul, forced at last to make itself known to some other human soul.

It was difficult to Hester to turn from her father to Rose with gentleness. She began to question whether the sin the unfaithful wife had committed did not shut her out from all claim to her husband's pardon. When Rose demanded an entrance she replied by telling her all that her father had said. Until that moment Rose had not felt the fulness of the wrong she had inflicted upon a nature like John Morley's. She could scarcely hope any more; but she would minister to him afar off, and Hester, sorry for her in her heart, gave her permission to help in the additional labor of the house.

The servant was gone to bed, and Rose was sitting up by the kitchen fire, waiting to let in Grant, when Robert Waldron's low knock reached her ear. She was scarcely afraid of being recognized now; especially in the dim light kept burning in the entrance. Yet she crept slowly and tremblingly to the door, and paused with her fingers upon the handle before turning it.

For a minute or two Rose Morley and Robert Waldron stood face to face in silence, feeling as if they had met in another world. Yet it was the old place, the door she had opened to him so often, the threshold he had crossed with guilty feet. There was the difference only 'twixt now and then; but the wofulness of the change was in Rose. He stood there, still handsome, almost young, with the air and mien of a man with whom all the world was pleased; and she confronted him, motionless, nearly lifeless, a faded, withered woman, bowed down with the world's censure.

"Hush!" she whispered, in a guilty tone, and with a gesture of silence, such as she might have used in the former days, "he is sleeping perhaps. Follow me softly. There is nobody to see you."

He would have given worlds to escape from this interview, yet he had no power to resist. He followed her reluctantly, watching her now with keen eyes, which would not allow him to pass over any change in her.

Where could she be taking him? He climbed a steep staircase after her, and the light fell upon the swarthy leaves of ivy about the door; and then he remembered the melancholy little room opposite Hester's window, which had once oppressed and fascinated his attention.

This refuge was a mere, bare, comfortless cell in his eyes. The poor pieces of furniture, provided by Hester with so much difficulty, looked mean and scanty. The two chairs, the table, the pallet-bed, a book or two upon the narrow window-sill, a basket of work—this was all the room contained. The walls were dark with smoke, and the low roof was not ceiled. There was not a loft over the stables at Aston Court which was not better fitted for a human dwelling than this. Yet this was the poor shelter to which Rose Morley had been brought—by him.

He had not spoken yet; he could not speak. Could this monstrous dream be by any chance a reality? His conscience also was so diligently at work among the records of the past, turning back to old leaves which had long since been pressed down, that he was unconscious of his own dumbness before this awful apparition of his first love. If she had kept silence, he would

have sat mute for hours, gazing at her in blank bewilderment.

"You have found me out," she murmured at last, in a voice of fear, "and there is no help for me but to throw myself upon your mercy. Do not drive me from here; do not betray me. Nobody knows I am here, except Hester and Carl Bramwell. If you ever had any love for me, leave me here in peace."

"Here!" he repeated, casting round the place a glance of disgust.

"Yes, here," she added, vehemently. "Why, it is a hundred times better than the place to which I might have fallen through you. Do you know who has saved me and gives me now this refuge? It is Hester. But for the remembrance of her, the good little child I had forsaken, I might have fallen lower than I did. I owe all to Hester, my little Hetty."

Her voice, broken and trembling, fell into sobs, until she could speak no more. The name of Hester brought Robert back to the present, and his deep, absorbing love for her, so widely different to his fitful and poisoned passion for Rose. What influence had her presence there upon Hester with regard to him?

"How long have you been here?" he asked, in lowered tones, as if afraid of being overheard. "I have sought for you everywhere. I could not endure to think of you in poverty, without a home and without friends. Why did you never let me know where you were? It was cruel to me."

Still thinking of himself, *as such scoundrels always do*, he asked this last question in a tone of so much tenderness, that Rose trembled and flushed a little. A last gleam of the vanity of girlish days flashed across her saddened heart.

"Why have you never married, Robert?" she asked. "I could have been happier and more contented if you had been married. Have you never loved any one—" but me? she would have added, but her lips only moved, no sound came through them.

"Yes," he answered, briefly; "I have loved."

"And would she not marry you?" asked Rose, as soon as the spark of jealousy which his words had kindled had died away. "Is it possible that any woman could say No to you?"

"I love Hester," he said again, with the short, sharp utterance of one in great anguish of mind.

"Hester!" she echoed, "Hester!"

She could say no more; but she sat silent for a few minutes, thinking of what might have been had she but resisted temptation eleven years before. She saw herself John Morley's honored and happy wife, the wife of a prosperous and happy man, the mother of Hester, about to become the mistress of Aston Court. A phantasmagoria of brilliant scenes, in which she played a prominent part, flashed before her mental vision and she realized, as so many sinners ultimately do, that she was not only a sinner but a fool. She had not heeded the warning, "He that sinneth wrongeth his own soul" (Prov. 8 : 36). Now she knew that she had bartered for sin and misery a life well suited to her, that might have been hers, if she had not chosen her own lot.

"Oh, Robert!" she cried. "What can be done?"

"Nothing!" he said, in an accent of bitterness and despair; "nothing! I know now that Hester could no more love me than an angel could come down from heaven to me. How could she, having you before her eyes?"

He had almost told her that his chief hope had been to discover that she was dead, but he stopped himself in time. It was not in his nature to hate her, as some men hate the woman they have fancied they loved. He was sorry for her, but with his characteristic selfishness he was still more sorry for himself.

"Robert," said Rose, "we neither of us knew what we were doing, when we sinned against a man like John Morley. It has been well-nigh the death of his soul, as well as mine. But I think now, I am a better woman than I was then. Look away from me, look away from me. I wish to tell you what I think God has done for me, and I cannot bear your eyes to look into mine while I speak of Him."

She was silent again for a moment or two, sitting before him, with bended head and closed eyelids, as if searching into her own soul with a keen and unsparing scrutiny. His eyes were riveted upon her in spite of her appeal. A feeble smile played once more about her pale lips, and her eyebrows expanded as if some pleasant thought had come to her amid all the pitiless shame and trouble of her interview with him. She was once more something like the Rose he had known.

"I believe," she said, softly and solemnly, "that He has forgiven my sin, for the sake of His Son. I believe that when the woman who was a sinner stood at the feet of Jesus, weeping and washing His feet with her tears, He saw me there; and it was of me, as well as of her, He said, 'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven.' I believe that."

She raised her eyes to him, with a serene and hopeful light in their blue depths. Yet even as he dared to look into them for a moment, the tears came across them and dimmed them.

"But my husband," she said, "does not forgive me. He has treasured up all our sins, and now he is counting them over one by one, while he is perhaps dying. Do you know that he recollects each day as if it were only a week ago, and he keeps on saying, 'On such a morning he came here, and I heard Rose singing to him in the drawing-room;' or 'Such a night I found him here when I came home from chapel.' Oh, it is horrible! He must hate us with a terrible hatred. If he should be lost, it is you and I who have brought his soul to ruin."

"No, no. He is a good man," muttered Robert.

"He was a good man," she continued mournfully. "He was so good himself that he thought no evil of you or me, though he took so much notice of all we did. But all these years our crime has come between him and God. Do you suppose he would not have rejoiced in your death or mine? They say he was almost guilty of murder. And now he is going to die!"

"He is not going to die, my poor Rose," said Robert.

"I wish I tould die for him!" she exclaimed. "I should not be sorry to die. It would be well for me to be out of the world altogether."

There was a passion of mournful pathos in her words, and Robert Waldron could have cast himself at her feet, and hiding his face in her lap, have given way to an agony of grief and repentance. It was true that he had not known till now what he had done. Till this moment he had not seen the blackness of his transgression. At times when he had been himself low-spirited, or when the even tenor of his comfort and well-being had been infringed, he had experienced what he had been pleased to call repentance. But it was now, looking at Rose and thinking of John Morley counting over his wrongs perhaps in the very hour of death, that his real remorse began. Two lives—Those of Rose and John Morley had been turned into gall and bitterness by his wrongdoing, and even Hester, whom he loved more than all, had by that same sin missed the sunshine and happiness which were the heritage of other children. Robert Waldron saw all around him misery and suffering as the fruit of his sin. He hated it, he loathed it and himself, but he could never recall it nor could years of regret and remorse undo what he had done. There was no place of repentance though he might seek it carefully and with tears. He groaned as he realized this and there stole a subtle and fine sense of his speechless anguish over Rose.

"I thought never to let you know," she said, "but now I see you again—it must be for the last time—I cannot help telling you. I have a child."

"A child!" he repeated.

"Yes," she said, believing she was giving him the only consolation in her power. "You shall see her some day. I thought you should never, never know; but perhaps it would be wrong to keep her all to myself. She thinks her father is dead and in heaven; you must never tell her different. She is about as old as Hester was when I was married. You remember little Hetty?"

Remember her! He had done nothing else these months past. There was no consolation or relief in the thought of their child to him as there was to Rose; it only deepened the heavy cloud which hung over him.

"I have called her Hester," said Rose, after a pause, for he had not answered her last question. Robert bowed his face upon his hands and groaned. This then was the Hester who was to belong to him—his own child, who was never to know him as her father. But for Hester Morley, grave and gentle and sweet, with all the simple grace which satisfied his taste, the guileless and saintly soul which would have helped him to save his own unstable soul—this Hester was lost to him forever by an irrevocable forfeit.

"My punishment is greater than I can bear," he cried, bitterly.

"No," she said, "your punishment is not so great as mine. Think of it. You are rich and honored, and no one casts a stone at you; while I am a beggar at my husband's door, and he does not know that I am fed by his hand. If he knew, he would fling me as a worthless thing into the street, where every one who passed by would revile me. Yet I think our sin was equal. But I don't know. No: it was more evil in me than in you. Let my punishment remain. I deserve it all."

Robert Waldron scarcely heard her. The sound of her words passed through his brain without making any impression there. This woman beside him, who had laid her thin chilly fingers upon his hand, had but a small share in his thoughts. He could no longer endure her presence. He must be alone to taste, drop by drop, the dregs of the bitter cup which he had first tasted hastily in his youth. He rose abruptly and said that he must leave her.

"It is the last time you will ever see me," said Rose, calmly.

"No," he answered; "we must see one another again."

"You do not know what you say," she added. "There is peril in this house for you and for me. It will never happen again that we can meet as we have done now."

She had opened the door, and was holding the light while he prepared to descend the crazy staircase, so shading it with her hand that the rays fell upon him and the steps he had to tread upon, while her own face was in shadow. She glanced round the sombre court for an instant. A light shone in Hester's window opposite, and the face of Lawson pressed eagerly against the panes, watching Robert making his slow and cautious descent. But he had not seen *her* yet.

(To be continued.)

THE TEMPLE DEDICATED.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 2, 1 Kings 8. Golden Text, ver. 27. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Great National Convention—A Legal Religious Holiday—The Ark Within the Temple—The Visible Story—The King Blesses the People — His Self-Abnegation — Solomon's Question — Faith Necessary — Great Things Asked—Seven Distinct Petitions—Judgment Implies Sin—Pardon Implies Confession—The First Causes Forgotten — The Answered Prayer.

PREVIOUS to his dedication of the temple, Solomon brought up the ark of the covenant of the Lord and placed it there in the Holy of holies. And the king made this a great day in Israel. We are accustomed in these days to see thousands of people gathered together for cricket matches and athletic sports, but alas, it is not the custom now to make an high day and a holy

day to the glory of our God ; in the world man takes precedence of God. Solomon, the wisest man who ever lived, did not count it foolishness to gather together "all the heads of the tribes, the chief of the fathers of the children of Israel," to bring up the ark of the Lord. Solomon did not look upon his religion as a respectable adjunct to his political life, but in the early part of his reign he acted only as God's representative. The Lord hasten the time when rulers shall govern for Him again.

No sooner was the ark set in its true place than "the cloud filled the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud : for

THE GLORY OF THE LORD

had filled the house of the Lord." The ark was a visible witness to Israel of God's dwelling in His temple, and among His people. When our bodies are set apart, or sanctified to their true purpose, "the temple of the Holy Ghost," "an habitation of God through the Spirit"—then Jesus Himself comes in to dwell, and the cloud of His blessed presence eclipses all else, Jesus is manifest, the *priests* (Rev. 1 : 6), cannot minister for the *High Priest* is there. The presence of God came in a cloud. However much our loving, gracious God may fill His temple, there is always more and more of Him to know ; when we see Him, there is "no similitude" and yet He is there. When the ark was set up, and the temple filled with God, then Solomon the king "turned his face about, and blessed all the congregation of Israel." It was the office of the priests and Levites to bless in the name of the Lord (Deut. 10 : 8 ; 21 : 5), but Solomon, although no priest, and although only a young man, as father of his people was led by the Holy Ghost to bless the congregation. He then recounted God's dealings with David about the building of the temple, and His choice of himself (Solomon), to do this work. In all this the young king took no glory to himself, but said,

"THE LORD HATH PERFORMED HIS WORD

that He spake, and I am risen up in the room of David, my father, and sit on the throne of Israel, as the Lord promised, and have built an house for the Name of the Lord God of Israel." In all this the young king lays all the stress on what *God* has done, not on what *he* has done, on what *God* is, not on what *he* is.

As Solomon, not Zadok the high priest, blessed the congregation, so Solomon, and not the priests, spoke the words of dedication. He was a pliable, supple instrument in the hands of God, and the Lord used him. Solomon stood before the altar of the Lord, in token that, by virtue of the sacrifice burning there, he and the people were accepted by God, and he spread forth his hands toward heaven, in token that he received by faith from God the things which he asked. In the fulness of his heart he began by saying, "There is no God like Thee." There was no constraint about this prayer, Solomon's cup was running over. God had made him wiser than all men, and thus he stood at the head of the world's wisdom, placed there by God ; in politics, merchandise, riches and glory he stood almost unequalled. But all this was nothing compared to the fact that the mighty God of the mighty universe condescended to manifest His presence in the house which Solomon had built him ; and now on the day of dedication filled the house with His glory. None get into the very presence of God without becoming small ; Solomon broke off suddenly in wonder, "But *will* God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee ; how much less this house that I have builded?" And He, this mighty God, condescends to dwell in *us*, to make our bodies His habitation. It is so inconceivable, and yet the Lord hath spoken it ! Well may we need faith to take in even such a thought, and how much more for

THE GLORIOUS REALITY,

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God !" (Eph. 3 : 17–19.)

"Yet have Thou respect unto the prayer of Thy servant." The king asked great things of God, that He would hearken *that* day to his prayer, and *every* day when prayer should be made in that place of which He had said, "My name shall be there." And also that his eyes should be open day and night toward His house. Was it too much to ask? Not of such a God ; with the heart of a father, and the hand of Omnipotence ; He loves to be inquired of. Oh when we see the teaching of Jesus *full* of glorious promises of answer to prayer, how is it that we ask and receive *so little* at His hand of power and love? "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save ; neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear" (Isa. 59 : 1). Solomon made

SEVEN DISTINCT PETITIONS

on behalf of his people : one for decision in any cause between man and man, four for pardon of national sins, and deliverance from judgment sent on account of it, one for answer to the cry of a stranger, and one for the maintenance of their cause in war. Solomon's prayer might have been a national adaptation of Paul's words, "Be careful for nothing ; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God" (Phil. 5 : 6). Solomon looked upon God as the true Umpire between man and man. How much of injustice, of partiality, of ill-temper, how much of suspiciousness—which arises from being so frequently deceived—might be averted, if the disputes between man and man were referred to God ! When the children in a family or school do wrong, and the real offender cannot be discovered, nor the real truth found out—if the parent or employer would definitely by faith put the whole thing into God's hands, and count on Him to bring all to light, He would always do it, and then no injustice would be done, and the children would have a practical lesson that God is the all-seeing God. God knows how to condemn the wicked, and justify the righteous, as none other can.

In praying for deliverance from judgment, Solomon never contemplated the possibility of judgment without previous sin, nor did he contemplate the possibility of deliverance without confession of sin. Then he prayed "hear Thou in heaven, and forgive . . . that Thou teach them the good way . . . ." He connects famine, pestilence, blasting, mildew, locust, caterpillar, siege, plague or sickness with the state of heart of the man or men who are afflicted : "What prayer or supplication soever be made by any man, or by all Thy people Israel, which shall know every man

THE PLAGUE OF HIS OWN HEART,

and spread forth his hands toward this house ; then hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place, and forgive, and do, and give to every man according to his ways, whose heart Thou knowest (for Thou, even Thou only, knowest the hearts of all the children of men)." Solomon, the wisest of men, full of the knowledge of natural laws and of science, nevertheless recognized God as the *first cause* at work in famine, pestilence, war, or sickness. In our day men seem to have forgotten there *is* a God who speaks of these things as His sore judgments ; they are occupied with the discovery of some infallible remedy, which, though it may help in a measure to alleviate the evil, yet cannot touch its real cause which is God's controversy with His creatures. When was an epidemic ever so successfully or so rapidly dealt with as the pestilence was in the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite? When was besieged city ever so delivered as was Jerusalem in the time of Hezekiah? When was sickness ever so dealt with as by Jesus, the great Physician, when He healed the multitudes, or by Peter, Acts 5, or Paul, Acts 20? If we want masterly remedies we must deal with first causes.

Solomon, in these his best days, had something of the heart of his God ; and thus he prayed, not only for his own people, but also for "the stranger that cometh out of a far country for Thy name's sake." Tenderly he prayed for the stranger who should hear of the power of the God of Israel, and should come and pray before this house, that God would hear and do all that the stranger should pray, "*that* all people of the earth may know Thy name, to fear Thee, as do Thy people Israel ; and that they may know that Thy name is called upon this house" (see margin). In the coming of the Queen of Sheba, chapter 10, Solomon's prayer was answered. Again, when the Ethiopian eunuch came up to Jerusalem to worship, God heard and answered this prayer. And undoubtedly these two are but samples of many strangers who met with the true God in that temple at Jerusalem. Solomon's last petition was almost prophetical of the captivity, and most truly did God answer in the revival which took place in the time of Ezra and Nehemiah.

THE FINAL WORDS

of this dedicatory prayer were these, "Now, therefore arise, O Lord God, into Thy resting-place, Thou and the ark of Thy strength. Let Thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and let Thy saints rejoice in goodness. O Lord God, turn not away the face of Thine anointed ; remember the mercies of David Thy servant" (II Chron. 6 : 41, 42). It was just like saying "Arise Lord, take possession, take all the charge of this Thy house." Is *our* body, God's chosen house, a real resting-place for God? Is He at ease and at home there? Are all contingencies which may arise put into His hands, as King Solomon put the care of the children of Israel into His hands? It was a true consecration service—are we fully consecrated?

Solomon held a feast of rejoicing seven days, and on the eighth day he sent the people away, and they blessed the king or thanked the king. But the chief part of the whole proceeding was still lacking, the proof of a prayer is the answer, the proof of consecration is its acceptance. "When Solomon made an end of praying, the fire came down from heaven, and consumed the burnt offering and the sacrifices ; and the glory of the Lord filled the house. And the priests could not enter into the house of the Lord because the glory of the Lord had filled the Lord's house" (II Chron. 7 : 1, 2).

THE ANSWER HAD COME,

Solomon was accepted, his people were accepted, the temple was accepted, the sacrifices were accepted ! No wonder that all the people fell upon their faces and worshipped the Lord, saying "For He is good, for His mercy endureth forever." There is a certain sense of satisfaction even to an unsaved man when he has prayed, he feels he has done the right thing, and his conscience is easy. But oh how different this is to the abounding, overflowing joy which comes from being really heard and answered by our loving God ! The blessed fact that the Lord of the universe occupies Himself with *me* is such an overpowering joy and honor.

In addition to this voiceless testimony to his acceptance by fire on the altar, God also spoke to Solomon, and taking up point after point of his prayer, He gave the answer in detail, saying to every petition, "I will." I *will* hear, I will forgive, I will heal their land. True, all these promises were conditional on the repentance of His people ; but this was all that Solomon asked. The consecrated temple was now sanctified by God's acceptance and by His pledge that His name should be there forever, and His eyes and His heart there continually. Yet at the same time the Lord declared how, if their heart turn away that very temple should become a by-word and should be cast out of His sight. No consecration, no state of sanctification, makes us independent of God for a moment : to the very end faith and obedience will be required of us.

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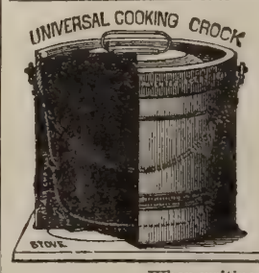

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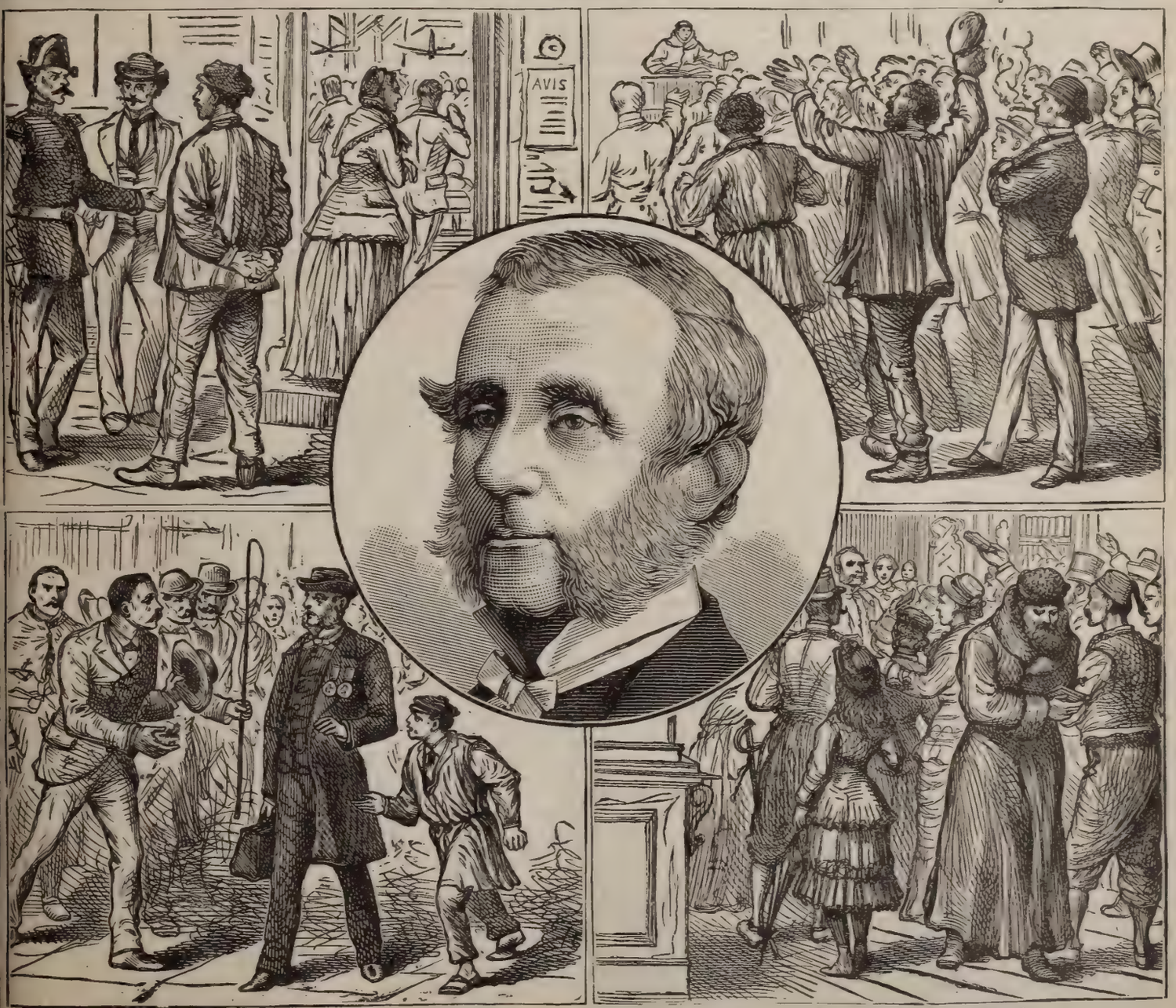

The Rev. ROBERT W. McALL, the Evangelist of Paris—Scenes in his Work.

R. W. McALL.

The Evangelist of Paris.

The Social Problem—Its Victims—Their Mad Frenzy—The Horrors of the Commune—Mr. McAll's Remedy—Birth and Early Labors—Preaching in a Cathedral City—Visit to Paris—The Harvest Ripe—Resigns his Charge—Settles at Belleville—The Work Extends—Help from America—The Expenses of the Mission—Incidents.

THE social problem is one of the most perplexing, as well as the most dangerous, of all problems. It is not difficult to convince the poor that the good things of this world are very unequally distributed, especially when that happens to be the exact truth. The poor laborer who by his toil, continued from early morning until late at night, can earn barely sufficient to buy food and clothing and pay the rent of the miserable shelter he calls "home," is not likely to see with equanimity men living in luxury possessed of a larger income than they can spend. He wonders why he must see his wife and children pine for lack of necessaries while other men have their hundred million dollars and are greedily adding to the store day by day. It needs only that the millionnaire should oppress the poor for the discontent to become fierce resentment, and the harassed, overburdened toiler is ready to become a disciple of any agitator who will show him the way to have the wealth of the world redistributed. So we have socialistic and

COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES,

the members of which are striving, peaceably as yet, but with a dim consciousness that violence may have to be employed, to cure the anomalies of social position.

In no country have these communistic societies flourished more vigorously than in France. Nowhere have the lower classes been more ready to take up arms to achieve Liberty, Equality, Fraternity or Death. In 1789 it was hunger and misery, endured in sight of arrogance and luxury, that maddened the people and nerved their hands to rear the guillotine. France had driven out some of the Huguenots and massacred those whom she had failed to drive out. The only influence which preserved society—the influence of pure religion—she eliminated. In its place she retained superstition, a very caricature and burlesque of religion, a form out of which the spirit had long departed. In this the people had no faith; they spurned it with contempt, and denying that there was any God, they were ready for deeds of lawlessness. The world shudders now as it thinks of the torrents of blood which deluged the streets of Paris, of the old men and maidens, the refined and the cultured, hurried to a violent death. If there had been no St. Bartholomew there had been no guillotine.

In 1871 the spirit of lawlessness again broke forth, and Paris seemed like the abode of fiends rather than of men.

THE TORCH

was applied to her fairest buildings, and some of the noblest of her citizens were massacred in cold blood. It was to these mad desperadoes, these reckless, murderous communists, that a plain, unpretending man went, in the year 1871, in the hour of their humiliation, to preach the Gospel of the Prince of Peace. He had no scheme to propound to them for the rectification of social anomalies; he had no new political nostrum to recommend to them for the acquisition of political power; he simply preached Christ, the poor man's Friend, the Saviour of the lost, the Light and Hope of the world. For thirteen years he has lived among them, quietly laboring, firm in his confidence that the power and spirit of Christ would transform the wild and lawless murderers into men clothed and in their right mind. He has not been disappointed. Huge as were the obstacles in his path, he has triumphed beyond all expectation. God has blessed his efforts, and to-day he rejoices in the knowledge that many a man whose heart was full of hatred and murder, is now, through the power of the Gospel, a child-like follower of the Son of Man.

Mr. Robert Whitaker McAll, whose portrait appears on the first page, is the son of the late Rev. Robert Stephen McAll, LL.D., who was in his day a prominent Congregational clergyman in Manchester, England. Those who remember Dr. McAll speak of his marvellous pulpit power and of the ease with which he could thrill an audience and melt to tears the most hardened of his hearers. His son, the subject of this sketch, inherits much of his father's eloquence and all of his noble faith and indomitable courage and energy. He was born in Manchester in 1827, and is now fifty-seven years of age. He was converted in early life, and in the year 1846 he entered college to prepare himself for

THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY.

For more than twenty years he labored in several large cities successively as a Congregational minister. Wherever he went his ministry was of an aggressive type. He was never content with preaching to ordinary church-goers, but was always endeavoring to reach the poor and those who were out of the way. The writer was once visiting an English cathedral city, where religion is of the most dignified and respectable type, and was astonished to see a large crowd gathered one Sunday afternoon at the corner of its most disreputable street. He heard singing, and, crossing over to see the cause of the unwonted gathering, heard a preacher relating incidents and parables in a most dramatic manner, while "the unwashed" listened breathlessly to his words. Every incident was pointed with a shrewd, penetrating lesson, and the attention of the motley throng was held to the last. An inquiry elicited the information that the preacher was Mr. McAll, who was preaching that day for a brother clergyman in the city, and was thus occupying the brief interval between the services. The aristocratic congregation which listened to him morning and evening heard him with as great delight as did the crowd of miserable poverty-stricken creatures who hung upon his lips at that street corner.

ORIGIN OF THE PARIS MISSION.

In August, 1871, Mr. McAll, worn down by protracted labor, was obliged to seek rest and recuperation. He went to France, which was then emerging from the shadow of the desolating war into which her Emperor had plunged her by his mad attack upon Prussia. After the war had come the excesses of the commune, when murder and fire and riot had made a pandemonium of Paris. Mr. McAll went to Paris, and, being unable in the intense love for men which filled his heart, to spend his time in pleasure and sight-seeing, he went day by day into the poorest quarters, distributing tracts and portions of Scripture in the restaurants and wine-shops and wherever the people could be found. Opportunities for conversation were frequent. The people were so intensely miserable that the kind-hearted stranger who spoke of happiness, peace and a loving Father in heaven found listeners who gave him hearty welcome to their homes. They heard of his approaching departure with sorrow, and eagerly begged him to prolong his sojourn in the city. He stayed on, and finally, finding the work opening before him, returned to England only to resign his charge, relinquish his regular income, and leaving his friends, return to the outcasts of Paris, to whom he consecrated his future years. It was to

BELLEVILLE,

the focus of all the worst elements of Parisian communism, that Mr. McAll and his devoted wife directed their steps. That suburb of Paris was originally outside the city walls, but now forms the north-eastern part of the city, the circle of fortifications having been so widened as to embrace it. It contains a population of about one hundred thousand. Though inhabited by the poorest classes, it is the most elevated in situation, and about the healthiest quarter of the town. The houses in general are mean, and the streets narrow. The character of the whole district for squalor and crime is so well know in Paris that even to this day the railway offici and cabmen wonder when a stranger on his a rival at the station from the north inquires th way to Belleville. It is in this place, and amon its people, that Mr. McAll for thirteen yea past has been gathering around him men an women whose hands were once red with bloo but who are now, by God's mercy, redeeme and regenerated, helping willingly in the wor of carrying the Gospel to others.

A visitor to Paris shortly after the commenc ment of Mr. McAll's work thus describes wha he saw: "Every night in several stations roomful of men and women can be found liste ing with reverent attention to the preachin and joining heartily in the hymns. The mee ings, which last one hour, are begun with sin ing. A short portion of the Bible follows, the another hymn, and an address limited to ten twelve minutes. After a third hymn and a se ond brief address, the meeting is closed wit singing, prayer, and the benediction. Th style of the addresses is very simple. Nothin difficult is attempted. Controversy is strictl prohibited, and a printed notice to that effect nailed up in the room. The desire is to wi these poor people to Christ. Therefore a plai Gospel address, with a loving invitation to th Saviour, is set before them. To this metho the astonishing progress of the mission is du It cannot be ascribed to the learning or el quence of the workers, for the majority of the are English, and, owing to their imperfe knowledge of the language, cannot venture int learned disquisitions or oratorical flights. Son of them, however, have resided long enough Paris to have acquired great facility in speakin But there is no demand for elaborate discourse The people could not bear them. They are t ignorant of their Bibles, too unintelligent f anything beyond the elementary doctrines the New Testament. The love of God, the li and work of Christ, they can all understan While these grand subjects are unfolded to the they never tire."

THE WORK HAS EXTENDED

far beyond the limits of Belleville. One app cation after another poured in upon Mr. McAl friends who saw his work furnished him wi funds, and he went on in faith, never doubtin Mr. McAll has now stations all through Franc in every large city, besides thirty stations Paris alone. He has also recently opened roo in Corsica and Algiers. His plan was to hi some empty wine-shop, thoroughly cleanse a kalsomine it, put in some benches and a lit reading-desk, and open his meetings. In so places he would have a meeting every night, others twice or thrice a week; but everywhe the meetings are crowded. Nor does the wo end with the services. The people are visit in their homes, habits of thrift and cleanlin are encouraged, and efforts are made to indu every family to buy its own Bible. Mr. Mc has now many helpers, but his own labor is diminished. He maintains a constant oversig of all the stations, and is ever ready with co sel and encouragement. Of his

LAST YEAR'S WORK

he says: "Never was willingness to hear m largely evidenced in France, and especially Paris itself, than at present. Although the n elty of our simple and outwardly unattract methods of working has, of necessity, lo passed away, the past season has witnesse marked increase both in the number and se ousness of the listeners in Paris. Through the hot summer months our audiences w maintained, and even increased. And we ha felt that we address those who better understa our aim than formerly, in many of whom death-sleep of conscience has been broken upon, and a sincere desire awakened to ascert 'what is truth.'"

THE AMERICAN STATIONS

are an evidence of the interest felt in the w by our own citizens. In the very first rep issued of the mission, when only fourte

months' labor had been given to it, Mr. McAll gratefully acknowledged liberal contributions from America. Seven years later—in 1880—the subscriptions sent to Mr. McAll aggregated in that one year alone $8870. Besides this, one lady here pays one half of the expenses of one station—that in the Boulevard Voltaire. The station at Grenelle is supported entirely by the American Episcopal Church of Paris, and the American Chapel in Paris, of which Dr. E. W. Hitchcock is pastor, supports the station at Les Ternes. There is now a regular McAll Association established, with auxiliaries in all our chief cities, to collect funds for the mission. Mrs. R. B. Hayes is its President. The total contributions received from America in 1883 was $16,755. Besides pecuniary help Mr. McAll expresses his gratitude for active personal assistance rendered by American Christians visiting Paris. The total expenditure of all the mission stations last year was $51,175.

Thus one faithful man, laboring in the strength of the Lord, has been the means of commencing and conducting a work which has in it a better hope of redeeming France from the communistic spectre than any legislative enactments that could have been passed, or any political boons that could have been granted. The converted man is never a bad citizen.

A FEW INCIDENTS

will show the character of the work. A hard-working laborer went eagerly to Mr. McAll, saying, "I want to be taught religion. I do not understand it. I want to learn what it is." Another man, addressing a hesitant group of his neighbors at the door of one of the halls, said, "I am a Catholic; but go you in. You will hear only the Gospel there; and there is nothing to pay." One evening when the congregation was dispersing, a man pretending to be a Parisian approached full of self-assertion. After questioning a young English friend at the door, he said, "Ah, this is all very well for the workingmen; it is not the thing for me." A policeman on his beat, hearing this, addressed the Parisian thus: "Sir, it is a very good thing for everybody; it is a good thing for Belleville." (The episode is illustrated in our frontispiece picture.)

There can be no doubt that the Gospel came in between Paris and revolution in the year 1877. "Peace, be still!" has been its political message to the laborers of the French capital. By proclaiming the true "equality" of men in Christ Jesus, it has prevented the proclamation of inequality which would have simply meant plunder, bloodshed, and misrule. But it will not do to be over confident. Romanism shakes its clenched fist at liberty in every form, resolved on exasperating the Republic to deeds of bloodshed; while the latter, though exhibiting in general wonderful self-restraint, sometimes seems on the point of accepting a challenge in which

"DEATH TO THE PRIESTHOOD!"

would be the gathering cry. For instance, in April, 1879, a monk preached in a provincial cathedral, and in his sermon attacked lay teaching. A group immediately gathered round him in his church, and began to sing the "Marseillaise." In the midst of the confusion, a voice was heard, "Vive la Commune!" One man lighted a cigar; another shook his fist at the preacher, shouting, "Down with the priests!" An official stepped forward and urgently requested the preacher to stop. The danger of violence was imminent; but the parties seem to have retired darkly scowling at each other. (*See frontispiece.*)

As Mr. McAll has strenuously endeavored to convey the messages of life, printed and spoken, into all the streets and alleys of Paris, so they have reached all classes and trades—the soldier, the police, the janitor, the ash-barrel-picker, and street-sweeper. The

CAR CONDUCTORS

have not been overlooked. Amid the rush of the ever-pouring crowd now flowing out, now in, it is not always easy to get at them. Yet the gift of a tract or book in passing has done its work; and warm thanks have been expressed by these men for the interest thus shown in their welfare. "The evident delight," says a recent report, "with which these men, and keepers of bureaux, cab-drivers, etc., receive the *Portions* and numbers of "*The Household Friend*," etc., is most striking. Sometimes all the men in a car depot have rushed out on observing us (*see frontispiece*), inquiring whether we had a new number of the magazine for them. The *boys*, too, are remarkably interested in the Bible-class meetings.

"Sir, it was in this room that I found my Saviour," said the father of a family to Mr. McAll at the Grenelle meeting, as he grasped his hand. "I thank you with all my heart," said a laborer of Montmartre, when leaving Paris, "for these *reunions*. I have attended for a year and a half, and I am a changed man—yes, sir, *a changed man*." His life showed the nature and reality of the change. In one family the representatives of three generations have come under the power of the Gospel. The utterances of joyful thankfulness by the old grandmother, ninety years of age, are said to be most touching.

A DYING CONVERT.

The La Chapelle station, like most of the others, is surrounded by the houses of the poor. By the side of it was the dwelling of an aged man of seventy-six, who at this advanced time of life was still obliged to work hard for his daily bread. His working hours did not allow him to attend at the beginning of the meeting; but he used to steal in toward the close into a corner and listen. The visitors one day found him on a death-bed, but resting on the one sacrifice of the Son of God for pardon and entrance into the kingdom. "Only one Physician can help me," he said; "but He can do all. No fellow-man can help another to get rid of his sins; God only can." The meeting had not been opened in vain beside the lodging of this stranger. It had been to him the gate of heaven.

During the Exposition of 1878, a large hall, called *La Salle Evangelique* (Gospel Hall), was opened for preaching the Gospel and the distribution of the Scriptures.

BIBLES AND GOSPELS,

in *twenty-two* languages, were sold or given away. Among the recipients were French, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Russians, Dutchmen, Jews, Greeks, Austrians, Bohemians, and people from the Basque provinces. A number of visitors from Japan, Turkey, and Persia, also received the Word of Life. Mr. Frank McKinnon, who took part in the distribution, says: "Who could have remained cold or unmoved while the teeming multitude, like a stream, poured from the principal entrance, and passed by the Bible Kiosque to receive the glad tidings without money and without price? At times it was most difficult to convince the passers-by that the distribution was gratuitous. Many a foreigner would stand and gaze at the pretty building, unable to understand what was being said or done. With curious glance he would scan the invitations, written in various languages, till his eye would see his own; and then, with marked pleasure, he would approach and ask for 'a Russian,' or 'an Italian,' or 'a Spanish,' or 'a Chinese,' as the case might be." (*See frontispiece.*)

ENCOURAGEMENT TO CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

From Rev. Dr. Deems's Anniversary Address, in "Christian Thought."

THE excitement of debate has stimulated the activity of production. The last quarter of a century has produced a scientific literature created by men of profound religious convictions; a scientific and philosophical literature surpassing all that has appeared in all the preceding Christian centuries. Associated efforts like those put forth by the Victoria Institute of Great Britain and the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, have brought out papers and lectures exposing the fallacies of the anti-Christians and demonstrating how wholly unhurt was the true faith of simple and child-like men by all the subtle reasonings of those who could see nothing in the great volume of Nature but arguments against the existence of its Author.

In that high and healthy literature, every year commanding more and more attention, several things have been shown. (1) Much that had been assumed to be settled on a scientific basis and to be deadly to Christianity has been shown to have no rational basis whatever. (2) Much other has been shown to be manifestly mere conjecture, which has not yet made good its claim to be considered knowledge, and the assumption of any force it may have against a supernal religion to be puerile. (3) In whatever has been demonstrated to be real science, it has been shown that there is nothing which can reasonably be held to be antagonistic to the religion taught in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. (4) And beyond all that, from the results of scientific research and philosophical examination, there has begun to be gathered a great store of facts and arguments which go to confirm men's faith in revealed truth and to corroborate and illustrate its teaching. So it has come to pass that theoretical religion has to-day a better footing among thoughtful men than it ever had before.

INCREASE OF CHRISTIAN EFFORT.

There seems also to be no diminution of Christian effort, but rather an increase. There are more churches built than ever before; there are more men devoting their lives to the propagation of Christian principles and the extension of Christian work; there are more mission stations in all parts of the world in 1884 than there were in any previous year; there are more Church communicants in Christendom in proportion to population than ever before; there are more persons in attendance on the public services of religion and more children early taught religious truths than ever before; and there are very many more thousands of dollars given for the propagation of the Christian faith than ever found such an outlet since the prophet of Galilee was accustomed to say, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The hold of Christianity upon the minds of young men of culture is, notwithstanding all the active skepticism of the age, stronger than it ever was before. The latest report of the college Young Men's Christian Associations in the United States and Canada gives returns from 170 colleges, embracing nearly 35,000 students and containing all the larger colleges, Harvard alone excepted. 14,000 of this number are church members, and over 1500 have professed conversion during the past college year.

During the last decade Protestantism in this country has contributed for missions, home and foreign, $56,136,636. In the decade beginning with 1810, the amount of contributions for these objects was $206,210. Every ten years show a large and steady increase. Last year the women of the United States gave $600,000 toward Christianizing the heathen. Of this large sum Presbyterian women gave nearly $200,000; Baptist women, $156,000; Northern Methodist women, $108,000; and Southern Methodist women, $26,500. The Methodist Church Extension Board has received $2,500,000 in its twenty years' history, with which it has built 4500 houses of worship, with 1,000,000 sittings, that are now worth $8,000,000.

Attempts have been made by the enemy to disparage the progress of Christianity by striving to create the impression that the opposite state of affairs exists. A resort to statistics shows that the several statements made above are in accordance with the facts. Now, surely if Christian faith and principles were dying out in the world it would be impossible to account for the great, vigorous, living growth of Christian activity,

THE UPPER FORCES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, October 26, 1884.

"And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."—II. KINGS 6: 17.

Elisha's Supernatural Defenders—Our National Perils—The Divine Rescue—Burning Escapes from Disenthralment—Tribulation the Way to Elevation—The Upper Forces on the Side of the Nation—The Struggle for Independence—The Vision of Washington's Faith—The Deliverance in 1861—The Dark Cloud of 1876—God the Friend of the Nation — Working through Human Instrumentalities—The Registration—Aroused Moral Sentiment—The Moral Lectures of the Campaign—The Joke of Neal Dow's Candidacy—Whom to Vote for—A Platform of Two Planks—What to do with the Surplus—The Lies of the Campaign—A National Religion—An Architect's Imperishable Name—A Sailor's Post-office.

As it cost England many regiments and two million dollars a year to keep safely a troublesome captive at St. Helena, so the King of Syria sends out a whole army to capture one minister of religion—perhaps 50,000 men to take Elisha. During the night the army of Assyrians came around the village of Dothan where the prophet was staying. At early daybreak the man-servant of Elisha rushed in and said, "What shall we do? there is a whole army come to destroy you. We must die, we must die." But Elisha was not scared a bit, for he looked up and he saw the mountains all around full of

SUPERNATURAL FORCES,

and he knew that if there were 50,000 Assyrians against him there were 100,000 angels for him; and in answer to the prophet's prayer in behalf of his affrighted man-servant, the young man saw it too. Horses of fire harnessed to chariots of fire, and drivers of fire pulling reins of fire on bits of fire; and warriors of fire with brandished sword of fire, and the brilliance of that morning sunrise was eclipsed by the galloping splendors of the celestial cavalcade. "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." For two Sabbath mornings I have spoken of the Assyrian perils which threatened the destruction of American institutions—the bribery, the low morals, the drunkenness, the political abandonment; but this morning I speak of the upper forces of the text that are to fight on our side. If all the low levels are filled with armed threats, I have to tell you that the mountains of our hope and courage and faith are full of the horses and chariots of

DIVINE RESCUE.

You will notice that the Divine equipage is always represented as a chariot of fire. Ezekiel and Isaiah and John when they come to describe the divine equipage always represent it as a wheeled, a harnessed, an upholstered conflagration. It is not a chariot like kings and conquerors of earth mount, but an organized and a compressed fire. That means purity, justice, chastisement, deliverance through

BURNING ESCAPES.

Chariot of rescue? yes, but chariot of fire. All our national disenthralments have been through scorching agonies and red disasters. Through tribulation the individual rises. Through tribulation nations rise. Chariots of rescue, but chariots of fire.

But how do I know that this divine equipage is on the side of our institutions? I know it by the history of the last one hundred and eight years. The American Revolution started from the pen of John Hancock in Independence Hall in 1776. The colonies without ships, without ammunition, without guns, without trained warriors, without money, without prestige. On the other side, the mightiest nation of the earth, the largest armies, and the grandest navies, and the most distinguished commanders, and resources inexhaustible, and nearly all nations ready to back them up in the fight. Nothing as against immensity.

The cause of the American colonies which started at zero dropped still lower through the quarrelling of the generals, and through the jealousies at small successes, and through the winters which surpassed all their predecessors in depth of snow and horrors of congealment. Elisha surrounded by the whole Assyrian army did not seem to be worse off than did

THE THIRTEEN COLONIES

encompassed and overshadowed by foreign assault. What decided the contest in our favor? The upper forces, the upper armies. The green and white mountains of New England the highlands along the Hudson, the mountains of Virginia, all the Appalachian ranges were full of re-enforcements which the young man Washington saw by faith, and his men endured the frozen feet, and the gangrened wounds, and the exhausting hunger, and the long march because "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountains were full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

I do not know how any man can read the history of those times without admitting that the contest was decided by the upper forces.

IN 1861,

when our civil war opened, many at the North and at the South pronounced it national suicide. It was not courage against cowardice, it was not wealth against poverty, it was not large States against small States. It was heroism against heroism, it was the resources of many generations against the resources of many generations, it was the prayer of the North against the prayer of the South, it was one half of the nation in armed wrath meeting the other half of the nation in armed indignation. What could come but extermination?

At the opening of the war the commander-in-chief of the United States forces was a dear old man with gout and vertigo and asthma who could not mount a horse, and he rode on the battlefield in a carriage asking the driver not to jolt it too much. During the most of the four years of the contest, on the Southern side was a man in mid-life, who had in his veins the blood of many generations of warriors, himself one of the heroes of Cherubusco and Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Chapultepec. As the years passed on and

THE SCROLL OF CARNAGE

unrolled, there came out from both sides a heroism and a strength and a determination that the world had never seen marshalled. And what but extermination could come when Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson met, and Nathaniel Lyon and Sidney Johnston rode in from north and south, and Grant and Lee, the two thunderbolts of battle, clashed? Yet, we are a nation, and yet we are at peace. Earthly courage did not decide the conflict. The upper forces of the text. They tell us there was a battle fought above the clouds on Lookout Mountain; but there was something higher than that. The horses and chariots of God came to the rescue of this nation.

IN 1876,

at the close of a Presidential election famous for devilish ferocity,

A DARKER CLOUD

yet settled down upon this nation. The result of the election was in dispute and revolution, not between two or three sections, but revolution in every town and village and city of the United States seemed imminent. The prospect was that New York would throttle New York, and New Orleans would grip New Orleans, and Boston, Boston, and Savannah, Savannah, and Washington, Washington. Some said Mr. Tilden was elected; others said Mr. Hayes was elected; and how near we came to universal massacre some of us guessed, but God only knew. I ascribe our escape not to the honesty and righteousness of infuriated politicians, but I ascribe it to the upper forces of the text. Chariots of mercy rolled in, and though the wheels were not heard and the flash was not seen, yet all through the mountains of the north and the south and the east and the west, though the hoofs did not clatter, the cavalry of God galloped by. I tell you

GOD IS THE FRIEND OF THIS NATION.

In the awful excitement at the massacre of Lincoln, when there was a prospect that greater slaughter would open upon this nation, God hushed the tempest. In the awful excitement at the time of Garfield's assassination, God put His foot on the neck of the cyclone.

To prove that God is on the side of this nation, I argue from the last five great national harvests, and from the national health of the last quarter of a century, epidemics very exceptional, and from the great revivals of religion, and from the spreading of the Church of God, and from the continent blossoming with asylums and reformatory institutions, and from an Edenization which promises that this whole land is to be a Paradise where God shall walk in the cool of the day.

If in two sermons I showed you what was the evil that threatened to upset and demolish American institutions, I am encouraged more than I can tell you as I see the regiments wheeling down the sky, and my jeremiads turn into doxologies, and that which was the Good Friday of the nation's crucifixion becomes the Easter Morn of its resurrection. Of course God works through

HUMAN INSTRUMENTALITIES,

and this national betterment is to come among other things through a scrutinized ballot-box. By *the law of registration* it is almost impossible now to have illegal voting. There was a time—you and I remember it very well—when droves of vagabonds wandered up and down on election day and from poll to poll, and voted here, and voted there, and voted everywhere, and there was no challenge; or, if there was, it amounted to nothing, because nothing could so suddenly be proved upon the vagabonds. Now, in every well-organized neighborhood, every voter is watched with severest scrutiny. Just think of it! The record is already made up, and has been made up for nearly a week, although yet the ordeal is nine days off. I must tell the registrar my name, and how old I am, and how long I have resided in the State, and how long I have resided in the ward or the township, and if I misrepresent, fifty witnesses will rise and shut me out from the ballot-box. Is not that a great advance? And then notice the law that prohibits a man voting if he has bet on the election. A step further needs to be taken, and that man forbidden a vote who has offered or taken a bribe, whether it be in the shape of a free drink or cash paid down, the suspicious cases obliged to put their hand on the Bible and swear their vote in if they vote at all. So through the sacred chest of our nation's suffrage redemption will come.

God also will save this nation through an

AROUSED MORAL SENTIMENT.

There has never been so much discussion of morals and immorals as during the present political campaign. Men, whether or not they acknowledge what is right, have to think what is right. We have men who have had their hands in the public treasury the most of their lifetime, stealing all they could lay their hands on, discoursing eloquently about dishonesty in public servants, and men with two or three families of their own preaching eloquently about the beauties of the seventh commandment. The question of sobriety and drunkenness thrust in the face of this nation as never before, and to take a part in the great national contest.

PROHIBITION,

which was only a joke four years ago when Neal Dow ran for the Presidency, no longer a joke, but flushing the cheek of this nation with excitement, and agitating the land from Lake Erie to Mobile Bay, and from Bangor to San Francisco, and *will in four years from now decide who shall be the President of the United States.* The loud, long laugh at fanatical reformers has

caught in the windpipe and turned into a paroxysm of strangulation, and the question of national sobriety is going to be respectfully and deferentially heard at the bar of every legislature and every House of Representatives and every United States Senate, and an omnipotent voice will ring down the sky and across this land and back again, saying to these rising tides of drunkenness which threaten to whelm home and church and nation, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

I have not in my mind a shadow of disheartenment as large as the shadow of a house-fly's wing. My faith is in the upper forces, the upper armies of the text. *God is not dead.* The chariots are not unwheeled. If you would only pray more and rub your eyes from the sleep of indifference and wash them in the cool, bright water fresh from the well of Christian reform, it would be said of you as of this one of the text: "The Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

You ask me whom I will vote for. I reply, it is of very little importance whom I vote for; but it is a matter of vast importance what these throngs and throngs of people shall vote for, and so in these three or four sermons I put before you all the facts and all the principles so that you can intelligently decide.

VOTE FOR THE BEST MEN,

vote conscientiously, vote in the fear of God, vote as you will wish you had voted when you can vote no more.

When the army of Antigonus went into battle his soldiers were very much discouraged, and they rushed up to the general and said to him: "Don't you see we have a few forces and they have so many more?" and the soldiers were affrighted at the smallness of their number and the greatness of the enemy. Antigonus, their commander, straightened himself up and said, with indignation and vehemence: "How many do you reckon me to be?" And when we see the vast armies arrayed against the cause of sobriety it may sometimes be very discouraging, but I ask you in making up your estimate of the forces of righteousness—I ask you how many do you reckon the Lord God Almighty to be? He is our Commander. The Lord of Hosts is His name. I have the best authority for saying that the chariots of God are twenty thousand, and the mountains are full of them.

You will take without my saying it that

MY ONLY FAITH

is in Christianity and in the upper forces suggested in the text. Political parties come and go, and they may be right and they may be wrong; but God lives, and I think He has ordained this nation for a career of prosperity that no demagogism will be able to halt. I expect to live to see a political party which will have

A PLATFORM OF TWO PLANKS

—the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. When that party is formed it will sweep across this land, like a tornado I was going to say, but when I think it is not to be devastation, but resuscitation, I change the figure and say such a party as that will sweep across this land like a thousand-spiced gale from heaven.

American politics, you know as well as I do, will never be purified or made decent by anything less powerful than the Christian religion. Take, for instance, the fact that we have now $100,000,000 surplus in the United States Treasury. What is the great anxiety? I think the great question is, with a vast multitude, whether the Democratic party or the Republican party will have the privilege of stealing it. Will anything short of an infusion of Christian principle in this country lead this nation to be honest? There is only

ONE HONEST THING TO DO

with that $100,000,000 of surplus—subtract it from the taxation of this nation next year, letting the people up from this accursed burden of over-taxation. Suppose you overpaid me in a bargain, what is the honest thing for me to do? Pay it back to you. Ought not a nation to be as honest as an individual? Will it be done? No, not unless we have a great revival of religion in Congress and three fourths of the members down on the "anxious seat."

Have you any doubt about the need of the Christian religion to purify and make decent American politics? What is the fact now? Just look at it. We are to have for

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT

either a man who has been pictorialized and excoriated as a thief, or we are to have a man who has been pictorialized and excoriated as a libertine. Now that is the simple fact. What a state of things it is! Never such a carnival of mud. All the candidates may have their faults, but I have no doubt great injustices have been done them. The trouble is we have in this country two great manufactories—

MANUFACTORIES OF LIES

—the Republican manufactory of lies and the Democratic manufactory of lies—and they are run day and night, and they turn out half a dozen a day all equipped and ready for full sailing. Large lies and small lies. Lies private and lies public and lies prurient. Lies cut bias and lies cut diagonal. Long-limbed lies and lies with double-back action. Lies complimentary and lies defamatory. Lies that some people believe, and lies that all the people believe, and lies that nobody believes. Lies with humps like camels and scales like crocodiles and necks as long as storks, and feet as swift as an antelope's, and stings like adders. Lies raw and scalloped and panned and stewed. Crawling lies and jumping lies and soaring lies. Lies with attachment screws and rufflers and braiders and ready-wound bobbers. Lies by Christian people who never lie except during elections, and lies by people who always lie, but beat themselves in a Presidential campaign.

I confess I am ashamed to have a foreigner visit this country in these times. I should think he would stand dazed, his hand on his pocket-book, and dare not go out nights! What will the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who come here to live think of us? What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption! The only good thing about it is, many of them cannot understand the English language. But I suppose the German, and Italian, and Swedish, and French papers translate it all, and peddle out the infernal stuff to their subscribers.

Nothing but Christianity will ever stop such a flood of indecency. The Christian religion will speak after a while. The billingsgate and low scandal through which we have waded for the last three or four months must be rebuked by that religion which speaks from its two great mountains, from the one mountain intoning the command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and from the other mount making plea for kindness and love and blessing rather than cursing. Yes, we are going to have

A NATIONAL RELIGION.

There are two kinds of national religion. The one is supported by the State, and is a matter of human politics, and it has great patronage, and under it men will struggle for prominence without reference to qualifications, and its archbishop is suported by a salary of $75,000 a year, and there are great cathedrals, with all the machinery of music and canonicals, and room for a thousand people, yet an audience of fifty people, or twenty people, or ten, or two. We want *no such religion as that*, no such national religion; but we want this kind of national religion—the vast majority of the people converted and evangelized, and then they will manage the secular as well as the religious.

Do you say that is impracticable? No. The time is coming just as certainly as there is a God and that this is His Book and that He has the strength and the honesty to fulfil His promises. One of the ancient emperors used to pride himself on performing that which his counsellors said was impossible, and I have to tell you to-day that

MAN'S IMPOSSIBLES

are God's easies. "Hath he said and shall he not do it? Hath he commanded, and will he not bring it to pass?" The Christian religion is coming to take possession of every ballot-box, of every schoolhouse, of every home, of every valley, of every mountain, of every acre of our national domain.

One of the seven wonders of the world was the white marble watch-tower of Pharos of Egypt. Sostratus, the architect and sculptor, after building that watch tower cut his name on it. Then he covered it with plastering, and to please the king he put the monarch's name on the outside of the plastering, and the storms beat, and the seas dashed in their fury, and they washed off the plastering, and they washed it out, and they washed it down, but the name of Sostratus was deep cut in the imperishable rock. So across the face of this nation there have been a great many names written, across our finances, across our religions, names worthy of remembrance, names written against the architecture of our churches, and our schools, and our asylums, and our homes of mercy, but God is the architect of this continent, and He was the sculptor of all its grandeurs, and long after through the wash of the ages and the tempests of centuries all other names shall be obliterated, the divine signature and divine name will be brighter and brighter as the millenniums go by, and the world shall see that the God who made this continent has redeemed it by His grace from all its sorrows and from all its crimes.

HAVE YOU FAITH

in such a thing as that? After all the chariots have been unwheeled, and after all the war chargers have been crippled, the chariots which Elisha saw on the morning of his peril will roll on in triumph, followed by all the armies of heaven on white horses. God could do it without us, but He will not. The weakest of us, the faintest of us, the smallest brained of us shall have a part in the triumph. We may not have our name, like the name of Sostratus, cut in imperishable rock, and conspicuous for centuries, but we shall be remembered in a better place than that, even in the heart of Him who came to redeem us and redeem the world, and our names will be seen close to the signature of His wound, for as this morning He throws out His arms toward us, He says: "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hand." By the mightiest of all agencies, the potency of prayer, I beg you to be before God until after the first Tuesday of November.

A SAILORS' POST-OFFICE.

There are 4,600,000 letters in the Dead Letter Post Office at Washington—letters that lost their way—but not one prayer ever directed to the heart of God miscarried. The way is all clear for the ascent of your supplications heavenward in behalf of this nation. Before the postal communication was so easy, and long ago, on a rock one hundred feet high on the coast of England, there was a barrel fastened to a post, and in great letters on the side of the rock, so it could be seen far out at sea, were the words, "Post-office;" and when ships came by a boat put out to take and fetch letters. And so sacred were those deposits of affection in that barrel that no lock was ever put upon that barrel, although it contained messages for America, and Europe, and Asia, and Africa, and all the islands of the sea. Many a storm-tossed sailor, homesick, got message of kindness by that rock, and many a homestead heard good news from a boy long gone. Would that all the heights of our national prosperity were in interchange of sympathies—prayers going up meeting blessings coming down! Postal celestial, not by a storm-struck rock on a wintry coast, but by the Rock of Ages. In the cleft of that rock let this nation hide until all its calamities be overpast.

Vol. VI. of The Christian Herald and Signs of our Times, bound in cloth, containing all the numbers for 1883, with complete index. Price $3, including postage.

THE TRIBULATION AND THE ANTICHRIST.

By W. E. Blackstone of Chicago.*

A Cheering Fact—The Tribulation—Revelation of Antichrist—The Culminating Manifestation of Satan—Still Future—His Destruction.

In the coming darkness, so gloomy for the ungodly, there is hope—bright, glorious hope for the faithful. For God always has had, and ever will have a faithful remnant. There were those in blind, unbelieving Israel, who waited for and accepted the Messiah. So there will be those in the Church who will wait for and welcome the coming Bridegroom. And there shall be a remnant in Israel, who, passing through the darkness and fire will yet accept their King. And there shall even be a remnant (residue or remainder) among the Gentiles (ungodly world) who shall seek after the Lord.

Glory to God! the darkness shall yet flee away before the Sun of Righteousness, arising with healing in His wings, when He comes to sit in the throne of His glory. The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established and all nations shall flow unto it during that bright Millennial day of peace and glory, which shall follow "this present evil age" and in which even the creature "shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." But before that time dawns, there will come

THE TRIBULATION.

We use this term to designate the whole period of earthly history, between the Rapture and the Revelation, or between the Church and the Millennial Kingdom. It will not altogether be a time of tribulation; for in it "they shall rejoice and send gifts one to another" (Rev. 11 : 10), and shall say "peace and safety." (1 Thess. 5 : 3.) We believe that it will be comparatively a short season, because the 6000 years, and the times, or year-days, of prophecy, have *nearly run out.* Doubtless it embraces the last one of Daniel's seventy weeks (Dan. 9 : 27), for the reason that then God begins to deal with Israel again, after He has taken the Church away. (Acts 15 : 13–17.)

It is certain that there will be in it a period of unequalled trial, sorrow and calamity (Dan. 12 : 1; Matt. 24 : 21), spiritual darkness and open wickedness. It is the night of the world. But the true Church which is not of the night, being watchful and prayerful, will be accounted worthy to escape it, by the Rapture, and to stand before the Son of Man while a third part of Israel will be brought through it (Zech. 13 : 9), and for the elect's sake, the days of this culminating tribulation shall be shortened (Matt. 24 : 22), by the revelation of Christ. From Isa., chapters 24 to 28, an idea may be gained of the terrible character of this period, during which Antichrist will also be revealed. Some, especially from the remnant of Israel, will accept of Christ and become His witnesses, and be slain by Antichrist. These we call the tribulation saints who are to be raised at the close of the great tribulation as the gleanings of the great harvest of the first resurrection.

ANTICHRIST

will be fully revealed in that time of terror. This name introduces to us one of the most solemn and foreboding subjects in the Word of God. An Antichrist—one absolutely opposed to Jesus Christ—we are told, shall come. (1 John 2 : 18.) The spirit of Antichrist is already in the world, denying the coming of Jesus Christ in the flesh, either in the past (1 John 4 : 3), or in the future (II John 7. Greek, coming in flesh.) This spirit of Antichrist, now possessed by many, will culminate in one person, the Antichrist, who will deny both the Father and the Son. (1 John 2 : 22.)

That he is a single individual is plainly taught in II Thess. 2, where he is called "that man of sin" . . . "the son of perdition"—"that wicked," or properly, "the Lawless one."

As Christ is the express image of God (Heb. 1 : 3), so it appears that Antichrist is *the culminating manifestation of Satan,* "The prince of this world." (John 14 : 30.) His Coming is "after the working (energy, or inward working) of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders and deceivableness of unrighteousness."

He will be a "strong (or inward working) delusion," to them who believe not the truth. (II Thess. 2 : 9–12.) He will be received even by the Jews (John 5 : 43) who, having returned to their own land and rebuilt their temple, will make a treaty with him, called by the prophet "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." (Isa. 28 : 15–18.) And Antichrist will exalt himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God (the rebuilt temple at Jerusalem) and sheweth himself that he is God. (II Thess. 2 : 4.) Doubtless he is the king described in Dan. 11 : 36, etc., who shall do according to his own will and magnify himself above every god. Again he is seen as the beast described in Rev. 13 : 11–18, whose number is the number of a man, 666, and who performs "great wonders and deceiveth them that dwell upon the earth," by means of His miracles, and has the power to kill those who will not worship the image of the beast. And again he is seen in Lucifer, or the day star, of Isa. 14, of whom the King of Babylon was a type, and who weakens the nations, exalts his "throne above the stars of God," and sits "upon the mount of the congregation."

Such, in brief, is the awful picture which Scripture gives us, of this great opponent of Christ. Many think that he has already been manifested in Antiochus Epiphanes—or the Popes of Rome—or Mohammed and his successors, all of which we regard as erroneous. The Popes have received their exaltation and power, as the pretended vicars of Christ, and not as His opponent. It is a great mistake, therefore, to call them the Antichrist, or the opposing one. Antiochus was doubtless a type of Antichrist. And, in his opposition to the worship of Jehovah, his sacrifice of the hated swine in the temple, and his merciless treatment of the Jews, he has given us a miniature picture of what the final Antichrist will do. But he passed away long before Paul and John wrote of the Antichrist to come. Likewise Mohammed may be in some sense a type, but that is all.

No! Antichrist is

STILL IN THE FUTURE

and he will not be manifested until the true Church has been taken away, at the Rapture. For Paul says (II Thess. 2 : 1), "we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our gathering together unto Him," —that is, by this very fact of the Rapture, of which he had previously written them (1 Thess. 4 : 16–17), and which must first occur before the apostasy should come to the full, and the man of sin be revealed. This is confirmed by verse 7. The Holy Spirit, who, while He is gathering the bride — (1 Cor. 12 : 13; Eph. 4 : 30)—reproves the world of sin, righteousness and judgment (John 16 : 8) will, when He is taken out of the way, catch up the bride to meet the Lord in the air, leaving the apostate Church—adulterous Israel and the ungodly world, to believe a lie (verse 11), and then shall the lawless one be revealed. Praise God that the Church is to be kept from this awful hour of temptation. She shall be with her Lord while the world is ruled by Antichrist.

But, though Antichrist shall so greatly exalt himself and rule over the world with such power, yet "shall he come to his end, and none shall help him." (Dan. 11 45.) The Lord shall destroy him "with the brightness of His coming" (II Thess. 2 : 8), literally "will paralyze (him) with the forthshining of His arrival." Yes, he shall "be brought down to hell (sheol), to the sides of the pit." They that see him shall narrowly look upon him and consider him, *saying,* "*is this the man* that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness and destroyed the cities thereof?" (Isa. 14 : 15–17.)

We would call special attention to the fact that Antichrist denies the Father and the Son (1 John 2 : 22) and that the Greek words in II Thess. 2 : 7, 8 should be rendered "the mystery of lawlessness"—"the lawless one." This, we think, gives an alarming significance to the atheistic and lawless trio of Communism, Socialism and Nihilism, so rapidly spreading in our day, and which seeks to wipe out all law relating to marriage, property, etc.

It may be that these are the immediate precursors of Antichrist. At any rate, he is surely coming, and sad indeed is the thought of a godless world, rushing on to such a culmination of evil.

* From his work entitled "Jesus is Coming." Published by F. H. Revell, 148 Madison Street, Chicago. 156 pp., paper cover, 15 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

NEW BOOKS.

"*The Ancient Empires of the East,*" by A. H. Sayce, published by *Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons,* New York, price $1.50, is a book of three hundred and one pages, containing much valuable information concerning the Empires of Egypt, Babylonia, and Assyria, the Phœnicians, Lydia, and Persia. The recent discovery of ancient monuments and the deciphering of inscriptions have furnished us with so much new knowledge of the ancient empires of the East, that the standard authorities on the subject now in use have become antiquated. The knowledge obtained from the inscriptions, which, being contemporary records, must be accepted as accurate before all other histories, proves that the historians have erred to a surprising extent. Herodotus, especially, who has been called "the father of history," is convicted by these inscriptions of the grossest blunders, and of having recorded as facts things which he must have merely guessed, or have gleaned from ignorant, gossiping dragomen and travelling merchants. It would be impossible for the ordinary reader to collect from newspapers, periodicals, and college journals the translations of the inscriptions furnished from time to time by Oriental scholars; yet there could be no doubt that our ancient histories were in urgent need of reconstruction in the new light recently thrown upon them. Professor Sayce has performed this work for the five empires mentioned. He has personally examined much of this stone literature, and his history, therefore, is based to a large extent on the statements of the men who actually witnessed the events recorded. The student of the Bible who is desirous of understanding the numerous references in the sacred pages to each of these five empires will turn to Professor Sayce's work with lively interest, and will gain much light from the information therein contained.

THE PENMAN'S ART JOURNAL

is a monthly periodical published at 205 Broadway, New York, at $1 per year. The current number is finely illustrated with specimens of different styles of writing suitable for business and private purposes, with splendid ornamental flourishes and tasteful monograms and single letters. It also contains much practical advice to persons desirous of improving their writing, and also a varied collection of literature bearing more or less directly on the penman's art. These articles contain hints derived from the experience of the best masters of the pen, which may be of service to many who despair of ever writing a graceful, legible hand. The publishers of this periodical offer as a premium to the sender of a club of twelve, an elegant book, entitled "Ames's Guide to Practical and Artistic Penmanship," which contains sixty-two large pages of copies and instruction for plain writing, flourishing, and lettering. The same book is also offered by mail for $4. It is especially useful to teachers of the art of writing, and the amateur student cannot fail to derive benefit from a careful study of its contents.

SONGS OF PRAISE AND PRAYER

for the Sunday-school and Social Meeting, compiled and edited by Rev. Charles H. Rich-

rds, D.D., is published by *Messrs. Taintor Brothers, Merrill & Co.*, Astor Place, New York. Price, bound in cloth with red edges, ixty cents; $50 per hundred. It contains three undred and thirty-two hymns and tunes. The ditor, realizing the desire of children and young eople for bright and sparkling melodies, and lso the necessity for their being made familiar vith the grand old hymns and tunes of the hurch, has endeavored in this book to mingle he old and the new, the staid and the stirring n such a way as to meet the needs of both de- artments of Christian culture. He has done o with conspicuous ability and signal success. t combines in nearly equal proportions old ymns and tunes, Gospel melodies and Sunday-chool songs, and the difficult compositions of English authors. Each of these departments is mportant, and each has received its due share f attention. It is rendered more valuable by ts *topical arrangement*, enabling the preacher r leader of a meeting or Sunday-school super- ntendent to turn at once to a hymn suitable to he subject in hand. The publishers offer to end specimen copies to pastors or superintend- nts; such copies to be returned to them after xamination.

THE PRECIOUS PROMISES;

r, Light from Beyond, by Rev. Cunningham Geikie, D.D., author of "Hours with the Bible," s published by *Messrs. James Pott & Co.*, Astor Place, New York. Price seventy-five cents. Those who have already made Dr. Geikie's ac- uaintance through his published works will not eed to be told how inspiring and encouraging nd elevating are the considerations to be found n these pages. The following extract, how- ver, will in some measure indicate his purpose n writing of "The Precious Promises" and the pirit that has guided him in his labor: "Is our heart tried? Does your faith stagger? et me invite you to the remedy God has pro- ided. The secret of a calm and contented life -a life that will rise superior to all that can appen to you, and keep your heart in perfect eace—is found in His unfailing promises. There is not a leaf of the Bible but has some, so hat you cannot fail to find what will suit you. Does your spirit faint? They are a dropping oneycomb, better than Jonathan's. Dip your ilgrim staff into their richness, and put your and to your mouth, like him, and your faint- ess will pass away. Are you thirsty? They re the flowing stream of the water of life, of hich you may drink by the way, and lift up he head. Are you overcome by the sultry urden of the day? They are as the shadow of cloud to bring down the heat; as the cool hadow of a great rock in a weary land. Have our steps wellnigh slipped? They are a staff n your hand, on the top of which, betimes, like acob, you may lean, and worship God. . . . He needs never be sad who keeps the promises n mind. . . . You need never have a cloud on our joy, for they brighten every foot of your ay, and their light never falls so sweetly as on he eyes of the dying, who look to their Saviour s they pass away."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

The Cause of a Scotchman's Shame.—A oung Scotchman, who had for several years een a decided Christian, was unexpectedly laid ow with disease, from which the physician said e could not recover. When informed of the edical opinion he cried bitterly, much to the rprise and pain of his father, who said to him, I thought you were a child of God, Henry. Why should you be afraid to die?" "I am not fraid to die," he replied, "but I'm ashamed to ink I have been converted so long and have ever won a single soul for Christ, and must, herefore, appear before Him empty." "But ou have been a Sunday-school teacher, Henry?" Oh, yes, but I've not brought one of my cholars to Christ." He lingered on for a few onths, and became more than ever solicitous or his scholars' salvation; and when, after a short time of additional labor, he was successful in leading one of them to Jesus, he greatly rejoiced, and exclaimed, "Oh, father, God has given me a soul; and now I am ready to go." And recently he passed away, thanking God with his last breath that his life had not been an absolute failure.

A Company of Surprised Chinese.—At a meeting recently held, a deeply interesting and touching statement was made by Miss Carr, who for some time labored in China. Being wrecked while voyaging up the country, and landing in a most unfriendly district, she prayed that if she were to be murdered by the natives, it might be done with as little torture as possible. Meeting, however, with a case of sickness, her medicines were available for healing, and the people flocking around her she dispensed to them healing for both soul and body. They were greatly astonished to hear her speak of the love of God, having before never heard of a God who loved them. Miss Carr assured them it was true, whereupon they exclaimed: "Our gods all hate us, and we are so pleased to hear about a God who loves us. But if your religion is true, *why did you not come and tell us about it sooner?*" "These words have never been forgotten by me," said Miss Carr, "and I think they never will!"

"There is Plenty of Room."—It is Recorded, as an illustration of the influence of the late Rev. Mr. Pennefather's gentleness, that a children's service was being held at the Conference Hall, Mildmay Park, one Sunday afternoon. Just in front of the platform, and under Mr. Pennefather's own eye, was a little boy, who could by no means be persuaded to sit still. He seemed possessed by the spirit of restlessness, and would stand up and sit down without any regard to order. For a time Mr. Pennefather took no notice of him, but at last, fixing his eye on the child, he said, in a firm, loving tone, "Dear little boy, sit down; there is plenty of room." Something in the tone and manner fastened itself on the child's imagination; he never forgot it, and was constantly saying to his mother, 'Mr. Pennefather said, 'Dear little boy, sit down; there is plenty of room.'" A few weeks later the lad was laid upon a dying bed, and among his last words were these: "There's plenty of room; *Jesus is making room* for me, mother, and you must come too." And the mother's after-testimony was, "My little boy's dying words brought me to Jesus."

Scene in a Menagerie.—A Panic Lately Occurred at a menagerie at Wrexham. A keeper named Rice, about twenty-two years of age, was engaged cleaning out and foddering the animals, and when he came to the den occupied by a lion known as "Nero," he playfully tapped his leonine majesty on the nose with his right hand. "Nero" resented the familiarity by at once seizing the hand of the attendant, who endeavored by terms of endearment to make the animal let go. Instead of doing so, however, "Nero" placed one of his immense paws upon the imprisoned arm, and seizing it nearer the elbow with his jaws, he violently dragged the arm further to the bars, and with a jerk bit and tore the limb in twain close to the elbow joint, and then greedily devoured that portion of the arm and hand he had thus obtained possession of. As may be imagined, a scene of the utmost excitement followed upon this shocking accident, and a wild rush for the means of exit took place. Men, women, and children were soon piled up indiscriminately, and must have had their lives crushed out of them had not McLaren, a tall, powerful policeman, exerted himself to keep the crowd back while those who had been knocked down and trampled upon managed to gain their footing. The man had to submit to amputation just below the shoulder.

A Sceptic's Absurd Test.—Lord Shaftesbury, at the close of a meeting, observed: "I remember my father used to tell me oftentimes a story of a gentleman connected with our family, a man of considerable fortune. He had great doubts about the moral government of the world. He found it rather a check on his habits and tastes, and he doubted it; but he put it to a test that he might clear his conscience by the issue. It was at the time that Napoleon was preparing to cross the Alps and enter on that campaign which issued in the battle of Marengo and the overthrow of the Austrian empire. This gentleman said to my father, 'If the First Consul passes the Alps and wins the day, I shall come to the conclusion that there is no God, no moral providence in the world.' Very well. He was a strong politician, and he thought the God he ought to adore would be a person that would act according to his view of politics. Well, Napoleon crossed the Alps and fought the battle of Marengo, and won the day. Then this gentleman renounced Christianity, and to the end of his life he never believed, or rather he never professed to believe, in the moral superintendence of Providence. Because God did not guide the affairs of the world according to the man's idea of right he believed God did not govern at all. If he could have lived until our time he would have seen that in this matter of Napoleon God is governing, ruling, and directing in righteousness."

A REMARKABLE FAITH CURE.

MRS. MARY E. WRIGHT GOODMAN sends to Miss Carrie F. Judd the following

TESTIMONY FROM COLORADO.

It is dated Manitou, Col., August 2d, 1884.

"For about a year and a half I was a sufferer from various serious disorders, which threatened to unfit me for labor or enjoyment in this life; all the time 'suffering many things of many physicians,' and very skilful ones, who helped me a little, but I felt I was gaining no permanent good, although asking God's blessing on mine and their efforts for my recovery.

"While in this disconsolate condition, for I had not learned to 'glory in my infirmities,' our Father led me to a Sunday afternoon meeting at the 'Faith Rest,' Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati. There I first learned that sickness is the work of the devil. Oh wonderful revelation! and how strange that Bible readers and true Christians are, many of them, blind to this blessed fact; for when we realize that suffering ones are 'bound by Satan,' according to Jesus' own word (Luke 13:16), and remember that His mission was to save us from the enemy, is the blessed truth not apparent that He bore our sicknesses on the tree as well as our sins?

"I saw what a wonderful privilege was held out to me, and gladly trusted my body to Him, as I had happily done my soul for some years. I spent the night of February 26th at the Faith Rest where Miss W. J. L. prayed for me. Although I felt no instantaneous healing, as have some, yet since the moment I trusted our Saviour as my Physician, I have considered myself healed, and have increased daily in strength, according to my faith, being now able to undertake many things long denied me. I have used no remedies or appliances of any kind, upon which I was dependent at the time of my healing, and which, I had been told, I would probably have to use two years.

"Several times have the old pains in the head and back, with weaknesses, returned, causing me to falter at first, but I learned from your precious 'Prayer of Faith' how to combat these temptations of the devil; and looking away from self at Him who is 'the Author and Finisher of our faith,' and our 'ever-present help in trouble,' I have been enabled to continue what I was doing, trusting Him for the necessary strength; and it always comes!

"With bodily strength has come to me a clearer vision of 'the unsearchable riches of Christ,' and every day I so long to be doing more in His service, that I make the prophet's words my oft-repeated prayer, 'Here am I, send me!'

"For the help of others who are striving to learn 'the way,' I will say I have gained much light and benefit from Dr. A. J. Gordon's book, entitled 'The Ministry of Healing.'"

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Presidential Election will Take Place before the next number of this journal is issued. All the States will on Tuesday next elect Presidential electors. The Electoral College this year will be composed of 401 electors, and 201 will be necessary to a choice. Three States—Florida, New Hampshire, and Tennessee—also elect their respective governors on that day. Nineteen States will also elect their Legislature, and thirty-four will elect Congressmen. The interest of the election of course turns upon the choice of President. It is this year, more than is usually the case, impossible to forecast the result. The organs of the opposite political parties have made canvasses and have arrived at opposite conclusions, and in each case the organs declare themselves sure of victory for the party they respectively represent. The campaign has been one of the most remarkable in our history for the fierce rancor and the bitter personal feeling displayed. Patriotic citizens who, if the country were in danger from a foreign foe, would stand shoulder to shoulder in its defence, are now showering abuse on each other and hate each other as enemies. We trust that as in past times the close of the contest will be the end of this animosity, and that whatever the issue may be, all men, and especially all Christian men, will accept it cheerfully, and remember that they are brethren. May God save and bless the Republic!

Many Citizens who have Read the Extracts from English journals published last week by the daily press are discouraged by the ridicule and ill-natured criticism they contain. There is no need to be disturbed by these English critics. In affecting to pity us because our candidates for the Presidency are not satisfactory to the bulk of the people, the critics overlook the fact that they are in worse case. We have the power to choose the man who will be our chief executive, and the fact of the criticism of the moral character of the men who aspire to the office being so thorough, proves that we are careful on that score. If all that is charged against Mr. Blaine and Mr. Cleveland were true, either of them is a better man and would be a better ruler than men who have sat on the English throne within the memory of men still living. Under monarchical institutions the throne is secured to the heir of the reigning monarch, and the people have no power to prevent him sitting there, though he were proved to be the worst of mankind. Criticism of Republican institutions comes with bad grace from England.

Another Republican Revolt was Declared last week. The Stalwart wing of the party, so far as it is represented in ex-Senator Conkling's district, declares that it will not vote for Mr. Blaine. About sixty of them have signed an address declaring their reasons for separating themselves temporarily from their party. The significance of their attitude consists in the fact that hitherto the Stalwarts, unlike the Independent Republicans, have been remarkable for their loyalty to the party and its candidates. It will be remembered, that in spite of the severe disappointment they experienced at the National Convention of 1880, they turned out and worked for the election of Gen. Garfield, whose nomination was particularly disagreeable to them. Now, however, the Utica men, who are influential with their section of the party, refuse to vote for Mr. Blaine. The reasons they give for their action are the same reasons as those assigned by the Independents, but it is surmised that the real reasons are proofs recently published that Mr. Blaine encouraged the opposition to Judge Folger in 1882, and that he was responsible for certain anti-Stalwart articles published in the *Tribune* in 1880. The Republican managers aver that the support they are promised from bolting Democrats more than counterbalances the defection of Independents and Stalwarts.

The Hope of an Honest Vote and a Fair count in New York City next Tuesday loses strength by the events of last week. Tammany Hall has put a city ticket of her own in the field, the County Democracy has put a second ticket in the field, and the Republicans have put a third. The returns will be closely scrutinized. There is a strong suspicion that a bargain has been made by which Tammany votes will be given to Blaine in return for Republican votes given to the Tammany candidate for the Mayoralty. It will be very disgraceful if this has been done, and the candidates themselves ought to be the first to condemn the fraud played on the voters. In 1880 there was ground for suspicion that the same trick was carried out; if it is done again this year, Tammany and its "honored leader" will earn the contempt of the whole nation. We are not interested in Mr. Cleveland's election—we do not believe either he or Mr. Blaine is a fit man to be made President of the United States—but we are interested in having honesty at the ballot-box, and we protest against the Presidency being won by a corrupt bargain. Let the Tammany voters look well at their ballots before they deposit them in the box.

A Postal Treaty with Mexico was Signed on October 20th for reduction of rates and improved service. The convention still requires ratification by the Mexican Senate, which is now in session, and approval by the President of the United States. It will, if ratified and approved, of which there is no doubt, go into effect on January 1st. Under this convention the postal systems of the two Republics as to their international postal relations will be unified. United States domestic postage rates and conditions will apply to mail matter for Mexico, except samples of merchandise, ores, etc., packets of which, though liable to the domestic rates, are to be restricted to twelve ounces in weight and twelve by eight by four inches in size.

Gen. Hazen, in his Report to the Secretary of War, refers to the Arctic Relief Expedition, and suggests the propriety of a Congressional investigation. He thinks that the departure of the Yantic, after the loss of the Proteus, from Littleton Island to St. Johns, without leaving provisions, was practically an abandonment of Lieutenant Greely and his party to probable starvation by the officers whose only mission in those waters was to succor them, and therefore displayed a lamentable disregard of grave responsibilities. He holds that if Lieutenant Garlington had insisted upon leaving rations from the Yantic, or if another relief vessel had been sent from St. Johns, as he says he himself urged, loss of life and disaster would have been averted. He therefore trusts "that this whole matter of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition, and the expeditions organized for its relief, will be deemed worthy of a thorough investigation by Congress." We are for once in accord with Gen. Hazen, and we hope that if a committee is appointed it will not omit to ascertain whether Gen. Hazen himself did his duty. Twenty-two lives were sacrificed at Cape Sabine, and the six survivors suffered horribly; if a Congressional committee can find out who was responsible for the fatal blunder which entailed consequences so appalling, that man ought to be put in a position in which he can do no further harm to any one but himself.

A Warning to the Commissioners of Emgration has been given by the Treasury Department. It appears that the example of England in sending her Irish paupers here is being followed by Germany. Our consul at Bremen reported last month that one pauper family had already been sent to America by the local authorities at Berhave, and that another pauper criminal had been released from jail after an imprisonment of five years on condition that he emigrated to America. The consul warned the steamship company against carrying him, but an examination of the passengers proved that he was on board, and that, in addition to his passage ticket, he had an order for money on the shipping agents in New York. Other pauper criminals are being sent, and the Commissioners are directed to be on their guard.

The Hundredth Birthday of Sir Moses Montfiore was celebrated on Sunday last by the Jews of America. The venerable philanthropist was born on October 24th, but as the Jewish day commences at sunset, he has always kept the 25th as his birthday. This year the English committee fixed the 26th as the day of celebration, in order to cover differences in the two calendars. The occasion was appropriately celebrated in New York by the opening of a new charitable institution, called the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids. Services were held in commemoration in all the synagogues, and several Christian organizations published congratulatory resolutions. The day was similarly observed by the Jews in other American cities.

Half a Millian Dollars have been Given by Mr. William H. Vanderbilt to the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York for the purchase of real estate and the erection of a building which shall enable the institution more successfully to fulfil the purposes for which it was founded. The gift is not intended as an endowment or for the establishment of professors' chairs, but as a building fund; the edifice now occupied by the college being in many respects inadequate. Among many medical men there exists the desire and hope—which are fully shared by Mr. Vanderbilt—that the New York medical school should rank with the schools of Paris and Vienna.

The Prohibitionists have but Little Money to spend in hiring headquarters and in organizing clubs. It may be useful, therefore, to Prohibition voters to learn the names and addresses of gentlemen in their respective States who will supply electoral tickets and give information. The following is the list furnished by the National Prohibition Committee: *Arkansas*—J. Palmer, Little Rock; *California*—D. C. Bacock, San Francisco; *Colorado*—E. S. St. John, Denver; *Connecticut*—A. R. Heath, Danbury; *Indiana*—M. E. Shiel, Indianapolis; *Iowa*—W. Brady, Davenport; *Kansas*—A. M. Richardson, Lawrence; *Kentucky*—Green Clay Smith, Louisville; *Louisiana*—L. Ponsonby Webb, Washington Street, New Orleans; *Maine*—F. Woodbury, Auburn; *Maryland*—William Daniel, 34 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore; *Massachusetts*—Henry H. Faxon, Quincy; *Michigan*—Samuel Dickie, Albion; *Missouri*—M. Watson, 513 Chestnut Street, St. Louis; *Nebraska*—A. G. Wolfenbarger, 1036 O Street, Lincoln; *New Hampshire*—C. H. Hovey, Manchester; *New Jersey*—E. Edgar Hunt, Gardner; *New York*—Frederick Gates, Fraufort; *North Carolina*—F. S. Blair, Summerfie; *Ohio*—D. W. Gage, Cleveland; *Pennsylvania*—D. Swoger, Sixth Street, Pittsburg; *South Carolina*—T. B. Crews, Laurens, C. H.; *Tennessee*—R. L. Hayes, Nashville; *Texas*—E. Dohoney, Paris; *Vermont*—J. R. Bartlett, Middlesex; *Virginia*—William Daniel, 34 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.; *West Virginia*—Dave Johnson, Parkersburg; *Wisconsin*—C. Richmond, Madison.

The Extraordinary Session of the British Parliament was opened on October 22d. The Queen's speech was read by proxy. It simply informed the members that the session had been called to deal with the franchise question and to vote an appropriation for the expenses of the Gordon relief expedition. Incidentally it praised Gen. Gordon for his "energy, courage, and resource." Political excitement is at fever heat, as the constitutional question is not settled. It appears certain that Mr. Gladstone will ask the House of Lords to pass the bill extending the franchise to the householders in rural districts. It seems equally certain that the Lords, under the guidance of the Marquis of Salisbury, will refuse to pass the bill until a project for the redistribution of the electoral districts has been introduced. Each house suspects the other of an attempt at gerrymandering. Large and excited meetings are being held in the large cities, the object of which is to induce the government to agitate for the curtailing of the veto power of the House of Lords or to abolish it as a legislative house altogether. The session of Parliament now commenced will be a momentous one unless the Lords yield. Grave constitutional changes seem to be imminent.

The Secretary for Ireland in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet has resigned his office. Mr. Trevelyan, like his predecessors in the office, is extremely unpopular in Ireland. His resignation is believed to be due to the opposition of the Irish members, who are certain to oppose any one appointed to the office. It is stated that Mr. Trevelyan's resignation has been accepted in order to conciliate the Irish in the House of Commons, who will now be expected to support the government in its constitutional struggle. Strangely enough, Mr. Trevelyan's successor is Mr. Bannerman, a Scotchman, who is utterly ignorant of Ireland, and who is comparatively an unknown man. The Parnellites are now agitating for the removal of Earl Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The Berlin Conference on the Congo Question will probably be held in spite of predictions to the contrary. Mr. Frelinghuysen has instructed Mr. Kasson, our Minister at the German court, to represent the United States. The government displaying most reluctance to join the conference is that of England, but it is now stated that English ojections have been overcome. Both Germany and France are in favor of limiting the extent of the British operations in the Congo country. A German newspaper asserts, however, that England will have friends at the conference. It says the American Government has given Germany to understand that it will not sustain the enterprise if directed against England. Portugal sides with England rather than risk her pretension to the possession of the mouth of the Congo. Holland, distrusting Germany, is inclined to see in all action against England a strategic movement, of which the final object is the annexation of Holland. Italy's colonial interests are opposed to those of the French, and she also supports England.

The Claim to the Grand Duchy of Brunswick advanced by the Duke of Cumberland, a cousin of Queen Victoria, has little chance of success. He issued a manifesto last week informing the people over whom he wishes to reign that he intends to demand his rights, and also formally notified the Emperor of Germany that the Duke of Brunswick was dead, and that he, being the legitimate heir to the throne, proposed to take possession. A messenger from Berlin on Saturday arrived in the Brunswick Diet bearing a letter from Emperor William rejecting the claim of the Duke of Cumberland to the Grand Ducal throne, and approving the measures of the Council of Regency against "the Pretender." The Duke of Cambridge, another cousin of Queen Victoria, is, after the Duke of Cumberland, the next heir, but his claims are not more popular. The German press is utilizing the occasion to denounce the system of foreigners aspiring to German thrones. They hint not only at the Duke of Cambridge's claims to the Brunswick succession, but at the Duke of Edinburgh's heirship to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and intimate that either of the English dukes would find it very difficult to maintain his claims. The English people seem supremely indifferent to the fortunes of their royal dukes. A century ago they would have gone to war on the question, but the dukes are not so important as they used to be.

The Political Ferment in Belgium has Lost none of its virulence. At Courtrai, at Hasselt, and at other places collisions have occurred between the Clericals and the Liberals, and rioting has been the consequence. Shots were fired into a crowd near Malines, which took deadly effect. One person was killed outright, and four others were wounded. The Premier and several members of his cabinet have resigned, but the agitation still continues. The leading journal asserts that the education question, which is the immediate cause of the excitement, will be the subject of concession. The people are determined that the public schools shall not be under the control of the priests, and the new ministry will endeavor to disarm opposition by requiring all schoolmasters, clerical or lay, to be Belgians. The concession, though an important one, is declared by the people to be insufficient.

The Dispute between England and the Boers will, it is hoped, be amicably settled without resorting to extreme measures by the appointment of a British Commissioner, as provided for in the treaty, to delimit and define the boundary of the Transvaal. The Boers deny that there has been any breach of the London convention, and in support of their claim point to the fact that by the terms of the convention the Transvaal Government was to appoint one commissioner and the British Government another to delimit and define the boundary of the Transvaal. The Transvaal Government claims that it could not be held responsible for the actions of the citizens until the limits of the territory were defined.

The Gordon Relief Expedition is Costing an enormous sum of money, owing to the difficulty of sending supplies. The radical members of Parliament are opposed to voting the necessary appropriation, and the cabinet have sent to Lord Wolseley warning him against exceeding the estimated expenses. Lord Wolseley's reply was a threat. He said that if his demands for money and supplies were not granted he should tender his resignation. The Government decided to comply with his wishes.

The Claimant to the Tichborne Estates, whose trial in England in 1873 caused much excitement, was released from prison on October 20th. His friends had planned to give him a welcome at the prison gates and make a demonstration in his honor. The government outwitted them by removing him secretly from the Penitentiary to a prison near London, and there setting him at liberty three days before he was legally entitled to his discharge. A subscription has been raised for him, and he will be enabled to live in comparative comfort. A large number of the workingmen still believe that he is Sir Roger Tichbone, in spite of his failure to bear cross-examination, and his many blunders.

The Work of the Salvation Army in India is criticised in a gentle and Christian spirit by the *Indian Witness*, which says that the organ of the Army continues to publish glowing reports of the work among the villagers of Gujerat. "We note the language of these reports carefully, and try to form as correct an estimate of the work as possible, but as yet we are in doubt about some of its features. We are fully prepared to hear that many of the converts are unsatisfactory, but even if it should turn out that some of the leaders are bad men, we would not conclude that all had been wrong. We regret, however, to notice that the strife with the missionaries continues, and are waiting to hear that the Salvationists have moved on into a region where no Christians are found, and where there is no missionary to molest them or make them afraid."

THOUGHT-READING EXTRAORDINARY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Lord, Thou hast heard the desire of the humble: Thou wilt prepare their heart, Thou wilt cause thine ear to hear."—PSALM 10: 17.

Faith's Accurate Logic—The Desire of the Humble the Lowliest Form of Prayer—I. May be True and Acceptable—May be Unattended by Speech—Tawdry Prayers—The Praying Man May be Despondent — Better to be Humble than Humbled—II. God Hears it Quickly—A Divine Science—Exercised in all Ages—III. The Heart the Main Matter—A Child Intoning a Request—The Baggage of Prayer—Success Certain—IV. God Prepares the Heart — Restraining Wandering Thoughts—V. Must be Heard.

NOTICE at the outset the logic of this verse. It is very simple, very forcible, very accurate logic. It runs thus: "Thou hast," "thou wilt." "Lord, *thou hast* heard the desire of the humble; *thou wilt* prepare their heart." When you know that the Lord God is immutable, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," you may conclude without mistake that what He has done He is prepared to do again. The argument from the past to the future would be a sorry one if you were dealing with fallible man; for what man has done is no sure guarantee of what he may do; he is such a creature of freaks and whims; but when you have to deal with the Eternal God, who is faithful and true, and changes not, you may reckon with safety that the thing which has been is the thing which shall be. Well did the apostle say, "Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver; in whom we trust that He will yet deliver us."

Because our Good Shepherd has made us to lie down in green pastures, we argue that there is no cause for fear though we walk through the valley of death-shade, and from that we surely gather that goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our lives. Such reasoning is as accurate as the demonstrations of geometry. The Lord will never leave us to be ashamed of our hope. Learn this logic, and it will stand you in good stead in times of distress, when nothing but certainty will sustain you. The Lord is good, and therefore He will be good; He will keep the feet of His saints, and because He will do this we shall enter His palace with joy.

Apply this logic to prayer. God has answered prayer, and therefore He will answer it. Of this first statement many of us are witnesses. The evidences of that truth are with us in daily experience; we have proofs of the power of prayer as innumerable as the stars of heaven. Because the Lord has heard us out of His holy place we infer that He will still hear us, and therefore as long as we live will we call upon Him. This is no casual thing, but it is Jehovah's perpetual name and standing memorial—the God that heareth prayer. Never while the earth endureth will He forsake the throne of grace and turn a deaf ear to the cries of His suppliant Israel.

The subject of this morning is thus introduced to you. It is necessary that you pray, for

THE NEEDY MUST CRY

to their helper; and it is profitable that you pray, for the bosoms of suppliants are filled with benedictions. It is not a vain thing to wait upon God; it is your comfort, your strength, your life. If you seek honor it should be your delight to pray; for nothing is more ennobling than to win the ear of the Lord of all. A man admitted to audience with the Most High is honored in an unspeakable degree.

We shall speak this morning in the way of five observations drawn from our text. May each one be made profitable to us by the power of the Holy Spirit.

I. Our first observation is written upon the surface of the Scripture before us—the lowliest form of prayer may be most

TRUE AND ACCEPTABLE.

And what is that lowliest form of prayer? Is it not described in the text? "The desire of the

humble." It is not the prayer of the serene faith of Abraham, nor the wrestling of energetic Jacob, nor the intercession of prevailing Moses, nor the pleading of holy Samuel, nor the commanding cry of Elias shutting and opening heaven; it is only a desire—a motion of the heart toward good things; and yet the Lord hears it. Indeed, the lowliest form of prayer may be the truest; for the essence of all real prayer is desire. Words are but

THE HABITATION OF PRAYER,

the living tenant is desire. We see from our text that desires are prevailing prayers; for the Lord has made a point of hearing them: "Thou hast heard the desire of the humble." Other forms of prayer may be attractive to man, and yet they may have no influence whatever with the living God; but this manner of supplication has been successful from of old, even as it is written, "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him," and again, "The desire of the righteous shall be granted." In fact, prayer is desire, as our poet puts it:

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast."

The lowest form of true prayer secures the ear of the Highest, and what more is needed?

TAWDRY PRAYERS.

Observe, it is only *a desire:* "the desire of the humble." A desire may be altogether unattended by speech. The suppliant may not be able to put his desire into words at all; he may be too sorrowful, his emotion may choke his utterance; he may be too quiet, and so may be quite unversed in the use of speech. He may be only able to pour forth groanings that cannot be uttered, and tears whose eloquence is silent; yet God is pleased to hear the desire which lacks expression. Many prayers are very prettily expressed; in fact, they are expressed so grandly that their tawdry fineries will not be tolerated in heaven. Those prayers will never enter heaven's gate which are meant to catch the applause of man. God will say, "*They were meant for men, and let men have them.*" He does not stoop to accept man's leavings, and if a prayer is meant to be a feast for man, God will not be a second-rate guest at its table.

On the other hand, many sincere persons condemn themselves because they cannot offer public prayer as their brethren do; they even tremble, perhaps, to pray before their families, and this is a grief to them. I think, if they are men, they should prove their manhood by overcoming such diffidence. I would urge them to make the attempt with much resolution and perseverance; but should they fail in it through positive inability, there will be cause for regret, but no reason for self-condemnation. There may be more prayer in the silent than in the fluent. God has heard prayers which nobody else could possibly have heard, because there was no vocal sound about them. So quick is the ear of God that He heareth that which is not properly the subject of hearing; the true prayer which abides in silence shall not meet with a silent God.

Note again, that this desire may be unaccompanied by any confident expectation. When you pray you ought to believe the promise and expect its fulfilment. It is the duty and the privilege of every suppliant to believe that when he prays in the name of Jesus he must and shall be heard. But sometimes humility, which is a good thing, is attended by a

WANT OF FAITH,

which is an evil thing; and this much hinders prayer. Humility is deceived by unbelief and so it gives way to the dark thought that its poor feeble prayer will not speed with God. I fear that in some cases this want of expectancy is an effectual barrier to prayer, and prevents its being answered; but it is forgiven to naturally despondent, heavily-laden spirits, whose fears are not so much doubts of God as a deeply humiliating judgment of themselves. It is not so much the case that their faith is sinfully defective as that they have a painfully acute sense of their own unworthiness; and so when they cry they hope that the Lord will hear them, and they mean to wait upon Him till He does; but they are sore afraid. My brethren, I would chide your unbelief, but I would still encourage your desires; for that desire which God hears is not to be despised.

This leads me to observe that this commencing form of prayer which the Lord nevertheless hears, is here further described as "the desire of the humble." It has this advantage about it, that it is free from pride. Some men's prayers, if they were to pray them as their foolish heart really desires, would be requests that they might be made famous. Startle not when I say it—I fear that many men proudly ask to be humble; they desire to be humble in order that they may be admired for it. Have we not all found that in the rushing stream of our earnest zeal there will be some back water, which runs not toward God but toward ourselves? Have we not even striven to win souls that we might be notable as soul-winners? "Come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord," has been the language of many a Jehu. Oh, it is

HARD TO KEEP OUT PRIDE!

May the Lord keep us humble if we are so, and make us humble if we are not so. I believe *every Christian man has a choice between being humble and being humbled.* Now, to be humble is a sweet thing; there is no lovelier spot on the road to the celestial city than the Valley of Humiliation; he that lives in it dwells among flowers and birds, and may sing all day long, like the shepherd boy whose song ran thus;

"He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

"The desire of the humble" is saturated with a Gospel spirit, and therefore is acceptable with the God of all grace. Pride seems born of the law, though I scarce know why it should be; for the law censures and condemns. Humility is the child of the Gospel, and is brought up upon the knees of grace. If thou wouldst be a child of God thou must be lowly in thine own esteem. If thou wouldst be heard in prayer thou must come to God as needy and empty. Let us have done with merits and deserts, and let this be our cry, "For thy mercy and for thy truth's sake, and for thy Son's sake, hear thou the voice of my prayer." This is the proper Gospel spirit; but if we plead in any other fashion, we shall be sent empty away.

Still, this "desire of the humble" is apt to be somewhat restricted and straitened. If we contract our desires to the measure of our deserts, they will shrivel into nothing; for our deserts are less than nothing. It is ill to pray according to your sense of what you have a right to ask. You have a legal right to ask for nothing but justice, and who among us can abide its action apart from Jesus? "If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?" You had better pray according to God's command, and that runs thus: "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Forget not this first truth—that what seems to be the lowest form of prayer is, nevertheless, true prayer.

II. Our second point is full of comfort to those who have begun to pray.

GOD IS QUICK TO HEAR

the lowliest prayer: "Thou hast heard the desire of the humble." *This must be a divine science*—this art of hearing desires. We have heard a good deal lately about thought-reading. I give no opinion of that matter among men; but here is a wonderful instance of it with the Lord. "Thou hast heard the desire of the humble." This kind of desire-reading is the prerogative of God alone. He knows our desires even when we do not know them ourselves. Sitting in this Tabernacle you are desiring, but it is quite impossible for the person sitting next to you to know your wishes, and it is quite as well, perhaps, that it is so. You would not like to tell your inward feelings; perhaps your secret is too painful to be told; never mind, God's ear is so quick that He can hear your desires. Wonderful art! We should be very glad if the Lord had promised to hear us when we speak; but He has gone far beyond that, and He hears the unspeakable and unutterable.

It is an art which has been exercised by God in all ages; He does not merely possess the power, but He exercises it. I like my text for putting it in the past tense: "Thou hast heard the desire of the humble." It is a matter of frequent fact, and not merely a possible event. It is not the bare assertion of a power, but the record of a deed. All along through history, wherever gracious men have lived, their hearts have talked with God as well without words as with them. To-day let this be told; it ought not to be buried in ungrateful silence; it is mentioned in the text, let it be mentioned in your conversation.

If some here present had the opportunity, we could tell you how God has heard our desires, and how at times before the desire has actually been formed in the soul the answer has come, according to that word, "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." We had a desire laid upon our heart which we never communicated to any living person except the living God, and we carried that desire in our heart for weeks and months, constantly allowing it to burn in our bosom, and frequently letting it break out in groans and broken cries; and in due time our sighing reached the heart of God. As surely as we have sown in prayer we have in due season reaped a harvest of blessing. Our Lord even in Gethsemane was heard in that He feared—sure pledge to all His redeemed that they shall be heard in their hour of darkness. Happy are they who dwell in God, for they may have what they please at the mercy-seat.

Oh, I wish I could be the means of stirring some this morning to pray

THE PRAYER OF FAITH

while sitting here! You may say, "I will pray when I get home." You may do so, if you please; but I am urging you to something more speedy. Remember the publican; it was in God's house that he prayed; though he did not dare to lift his eyes to heaven, yet he sighed in his soul this prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and he went down to his house justified rather than the other. I do not ask you to withhold that prayer till you reach home; would it not be a grand thing to be saved here, and to go home justified? You shall have that unspeakable blessing now if your desire be a true one, and you pour it out at once before the Lord believingly. He has heard the like many times, and is prepared to hear you in the same manner.

III. Thirdly, we will remark that the heart is

THE MAIN MATTER IN PRAYER.

That is clearly shown in the text: "Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the humble." Desires are the fruit of the heart. "Thou wilt prepare their heart." When God comes to deal with men in a way of grace, His first business is to prepare their hearts; so that most assuredly the state of the heart is of prime importance. The heart is the source, the seat, and the essence of supplication. Prayer with the heart is the heart of prayer; the cry of our soul is the soul of our cry.

Without the heart prayer is a wretched mockery. Do not say, "I read my collect this morning;" you may read fifty collects, and be none the better; do not say, "I went through the prayer which I learned from a godly mother;" you may go through it twenty thousand times, and yet never pray once. Unless the heart speaks with God, thou hast done nothing for thine own good with all thy paternosters or other goodly words; nay, thou mayest have done something to thine own hurt in all this pretence of praying. I fear that much so-called public prayer is nothing better than presumptuous sin.

If your child should come to you and ask a favor in an affected voice, would you notice him? If, instead of saying, "Dear father, I want so and so," he should take up a book and intone such words as these, "Dearly beloved father, I have to request of thee that thou in thy great affection wilt give unto me such and such things," you would not regard his nonsense. You would say, "Come, boy, what do you want? Tell me plainly;" and if he continued to intone, you would drive him out of the room, perhaps with the aid of your foot. I fear that this praying in sing-song is the most fearful mockery God ever hears. Fancy Peter, when he was beginning to sink, intoning, "Lord, save me." When the heart really gets to speak with God, it cannot talk in affected tones; it throws such rubbish overboard.

But cannot a man pray with his heart and yet use a written prayer? Certainly he can. Many have done so for years. If you cannot walk without your crutches, I would sooner you walked with them than not at all. Still, it is not the best words put together by the most devout men that ever lived, nor the holiest language composed extemporaneously by yourself, that can make up prayer if the heart be gone. Words are seldom more than

THE BAGGAGE OF PRAYER.

Language at best is but the flesh in which prayer is embodied; the desire of the heart is the life of the prayer. See thou to thy heart, for God sees to it: "Thou wilt prepare their heart." Sometimes the Lord puts words into men's mouths; He says, "Take with you words, and come unto me," and thus He prepares words for their use; but in general the main concern with God is that the heart be prepared to plead with Him.

Success comes to the prayer of a glowing heart. When the soul grows warm, and the spirit is fervent, and desires are strong, then, brother, do not spare thy prayers. Set apart a longer season for private devotion when the soul is all alive and active in it. At another time you may have to try very hard and make but small progress, for the chariot wheels may be taken off; let it not at such a time be a source of regret that you wasted a happier season. Cease not to obtain blessings beyond number both for thyself, for the church, and for a perishing world; but take heed that thy heart be found greatly exercised with longings of soul before God.

IV. Fourthly, God Himself

PREPARES THE HEARTS

of His people. "Thou wilt prepare their heart." I am greatly rejoiced by this statement that God will prepare our hearts to pray, because it is a most *important* business on which so much depends. On the heart the whole machinery of life depends, and it needs preparing, especially for devotion. You cannot spring out of bed and on every occasion pray in a moment without thought or reflection; you cannot say to yourself, "I have just been listening to ungodly talk; and now I am going to pray." It will be poor, pitiful praying which springs up from the barren soil of thoughtlessness. We need preparation in coming into the courts of the Lord's house; the soul had need put her shoes from off her feet because the place is holy.

But this preparation is often as *difficult* as it is needful; and therefore it is a great mercy that our God undertakes to work it in us. Surely none but the Lord can prepare a heart for prayer. One old writer says it is far harder work to raise the big bell into the steeple than to ring it afterward. This witness is true. When the bell is well hung you can ring it readily enough; but in that uplifting of the heart lies the work and the labor. Before musicians begin to play, they attend to their strings and see that their instruments are in order; you wish that the operation could be dispensed with, but it cannot be, and it is one of the most needful parts of the musician's work. Until he has learned to tune his instrument, what does he know? Until he has tuned it, what can he do? I wish we were all made ready, as a people prepared for the Lord.

One of the most difficult things in preparation for prayer is the restraining of

LOOSE AND WANDERING THOUGHTS.

I do not know how *perfect brethren* keep themselves free from every evil thought, for I find myself defeated often when I would shut out these vile intruders. Honestly, I may express my belief that these carnal boasters have as many vain thoughts as other people. The ravenous birds will come down upon the sacrifice, even when Abraham offers it, and it costs infinite pains to drive them away. Intruding thoughts surround us like a plague of flies; they are here, and there, and everywhere. It is well, indeed, that God should prepare our hearts; for in this one point our weakness is complete. "Thou wilt prepare their heart."

Next, the Lord prepares His people's hearts by giving them a deep sense of what they want. I know your grief, and your temptation, and your misery, and the crying out of your spirit under the lashes of conscience; but all this is right, thus you are instructed in the art and mystery of supplication. Nobody cries to Christ so well as the man who is beginning to sink. When a man out of the anguish of his heart cries for mercy, then he begins to search out and lay hold upon the promise. The Lord also works in us *strong faith, holy perseverance, and high expectancy*, and in all these ways He prepares our hearts to pray. "Thou wilt prepare their heart;" this is wonderful condescension on God's part, and on our part we ought to feel the utmost encouragement to prepare our own hearts for earnest supplication.

V. Lastly, prayer from prepared hearts

MUST BE HEARD.

"Thou wilt prepare their heart, thou wilt cause thine ear to hear." I wish you would join these two sentences together in your minds, and carry them home with you. Let the two bells ring in harmony. "Thou wilt prepare their heart; thou wilt cause thine ear to hear." Ring them over and over again; and let their blended music linger in your ear. If God has had love enough to prepare your heart to pray, He has grace enough to give you the blessing. The more difficult thing of the two is not to give the blessing, but to prepare your heart to cry for it; if He has done the one He will certainly do the other. Consider the truthfulness, and the faithfulness, and the goodness of God, and you will see that it is not possible that He should teach a man to pray for a blessing which He will not give. I cannot imagine any one of you tantalizing your child by exciting in him a desire that you do not intend to gratify. It were a very ungenerous thing to offer alms to the poor, and then, when they hold out their hand for it, to mock their poverty with a denial. It were a cruel addition to the miseries of the sick, if they were taken to the hospital and there left to die untended and uncared for. Where God leads you to pray He means you to receive. You find a holy desire in your heart; the Lord put that desire into your heart, and for the honor of His infinite majesty, lest He stain His goodness and dishonor His great name, He must hear you.

With what comfort would I address those here who are beginning to pray. I know I speak to some who are uneasy, unrestful; you tell us you are seeking peace, that day and night a desire for salvation occupies the entire chamber of your soul. Well, this did not come from your own nature; neither the devil nor the old Adam has taught you to pray. Dear hearer, be sure that the great Father who is moving you to cry to Him is hearing you—He is inclining His ear to catch the faintest moan of your spirit. Believe that He is hearing you. Cast yourself at the feet of His dear Son. Behold the wounds of Jesus; let these invite you to draw nigh to God. I know of no such eloquent mouths as the wounds of the dying Lord. Let them persuade you to come to Jesus, to trust, to rest at His dear feet; for since He has inclined your heart to pray He is about to hear you and bless you. The Lord be with you for Jesus' sake. Amen.

MISSIONARY TRIUMPHS IN CHINA.

One of the Wesleyan Missionary Society's agents narrates the following:

Ling Seng-Ki is a steward in the Methodist circuit of Hung-ting. One Sunday evening, when returning home from church, he was

WAYLAID BY THREE MEN IN THE VILLAGE.

They took him to the house of one of their number, where they gave him supper, then deliberately led him to the newly-repaired temple, for which he had refused to give aid, and there, in the presence of over twenty villagers, his hands were bound together with a cord behind his back; a rope was then attached to this cord and passed over a beam, by which he was drawn up a foot or more from the ground, and suspended in excruciating torture for more than an hour. He prayed aloud for his persecutors. They continued to demand of him pledges of money. He finally said, "If you want my little property, take it; if you want my life, that, too is in your power." Then they let him down. They did take his property to the amount of half his little all. "I saw Brother Ling a month afterward," writes the missionary, "happy in the love of Jesus, and with no words of bitterness against his persecutors."

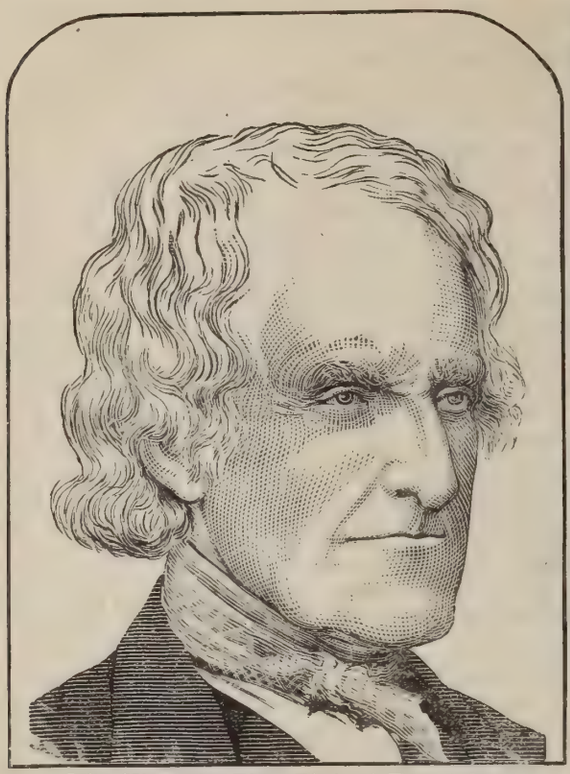
A DISTRACTED HUSBAND.

A Chinese woman thus describes her husband's state of mind while under conviction of sin: "In the eighth year of the Emperor Lung Tai (six years ago), first month, twelfth night, I saw my husband in a very wonderful condition. He would cry, then kneel down, get up again, and kneel down again, and so for a long time. Then suddenly he seemed very happy. I did not understand the business at all. Afterward I saw he was very much changed from what he was before. Seeing this I was very glad, but I could not understand why or how he had been changed." She adds a word about herself: "When I saw him reading a book of hymns I read it with him; also the colloquial New Testament. Then I quickly understood the whole, and my heart was very glad and greatly rejoiced to receive the Doctrine Preacher, and trusted Him to teach me how to be saved, how to believe and trust, and how to hope for heaven's happiness. The Holy Spirit made it all plain to me, and showed me Jesus."

In the Ning-Taik district, where the Rev. Ting Sing-ki labors in connection with the Church Missionary Society, Mr. Lloyd notices the baptisms of some leading men of

THE VEGETARIAN SECT OF BUDDHISTS,

and the consternation thereby caused, and says: "But the most wonderful proof of the power of the Gospel at Ning-Taik has been the conversion of a man sixty-five years of age, who occupies a position somewhat similar to that of a priest among the vegetarians. I first saw him in March at the idol-temple of the vegetarians, outside the North Gate at Ning-Taik, and at that time Mr. Ting and I had some conversation with him and others respecting the doctrine of Jesus; and as we left, we asked him, as we usually do, to come to the chapel when he had leisure. He then seemed to treat the whole matter as a joke, and I was very much surprised when I next visited Ning-Taik, some months later, to hear that he had been present at the services the Sunday before, although he had refused to kneel in prayer with the rest. The following Sunday, when I was present, I was most pleased to see him sitting with the rest and kneeling with us in prayer. The influence of this man has been very great in the neighborhood of Ning-Taik, and he has been the means of persuading over one hundred persons to embrace vegetarianism. These, his children, as they are called, are in great consternation, and know not what to do. We have good reason to hope that many of them will follow the example of their leader and teacher, and become followers of Christ."



John King, the First Pledged Teetotaler.

The Conscript's Substitute.

OTHER WORKERS IN THE FIELD.

Besides the Church Missionary Society, the agents of the London Missionary Society, the American Board of Foreign Missions, the Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Baptists, and last, though by no means least, the *China Inland Mission* have established stations in the various provinces of China, with gratifying and promising results. The following

TESTIMONIES OF CONVERTS

clearly prove that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth, in China as well as elsewhere.

"I am addicted to every sin you can imagine," said Liu Kin Shan to Rev. Griffith John. "I am an opium-smoker, a fornicator, a gambler, a drunkard, an unfilial son, and everything that is bad. Can Jesus Christ save me?' He had strolled into the chapel at Hankow. The preacher said, "Yes." They prayed; an instantaneous conversion followed, and Liu, now fifty years old, is the centre of a Gospel work in his own locality, where previously he was widely known as a notorious libertine.

A PROPRIETOR OF A GAMBLING HELL

in Cheh-Kiang Province heard a Chinese Christian preaching in the streets of his own city. "The Saviour of whom I speak is mighty to save," he said; "He is able to cure the opium-smoker of his opium-smoking; the gambler of his propensities for gambling; the debauchee of his bad habits; and you know very well that it is useless for men who are addicted to these evils to try to cure themselves. But the Saviour whom I preach, Jesus Christ, is mighty to save." The gambling-hell proprietor said: "If this Jesus can save me He shall," and he went home and closed the gambling place; and since then the house has been used for preaching the Gospel.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A Poet who was also a Composer Died at Louisville, Ky., on October 7th, under sad circumstances. He was a remarkably gifted man, whose songs are favorites in the music rooms throughout the land. He met with an actress on whom he lavished his love. Whether the actress ever returned his affection is not known. He certainly thought she loved him in return. One day he found out his mistake. He was told that his love was not reciprocated. He immediately began to drink heavily, and from that time to the day of his death he was seldom free from the influence of drink. He obtained a number of engagements on the stage, but broke them all. He could never be trusted to keep sober any length of time. Young in years, but broken down by disease, with shattered nerves and a wrecked mind, for a year or more he might have been seen lying about the bar-rooms, stupid from strong drink, his fine features bloated, and his eyes, that once kindled with the inspiration of song, glazed and heavy. Now and then a lover of music would stop in front of some of his familiar haunts to listen to a waltz or a reverie, played with the skill of a master. Sometimes, when fired by drink, he would sit at a bar-room piano and play some composition of his own with a fervor and a pathos that drew tears from those about him. After a few years he became wholly dependent on charity, and his splendid gifts left him. He sank to an utter wreck and died in a charity hospital. Men exceptionally gifted seem, like Samson and Solomon, to be more prone than ordinary people to fall through misplaced affection (Prov. 7 : 26).

JOHN KING,

The First Pledged Teetotaler.

JOHN KING, *whose portrait appears on this page*, was born on Christmas Day, 1795, at Walton-le-Dale, near Preston, England. He is, therefore, now in his ninety-ninth year. His parents were members of the Society of Friends. Early in life he took a deep interest in Christian work, and when Preston was divided into districts for Christian and philanthropic effort, John King had a district assigned him. There he saw much of the ruinous influence of intoxicating drink, and often talked with his friend, Mr. Livesey, on the subject.

Mr. Livesey (whose portrait appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of October 9th) often related the result of these conversations. He used to say: "Many of us had taken a pledge never to drink spirits, but we soon saw that that was not sufficient. One Thursday (August 23d, 1832) John King was passing my shop in Church Street, Preston, and I invited him in, and after discussing this question, upon which we were both agreed, I asked him if he would sign the pledge of *Total Abstinence*, to which he consented. I then went to a desk and wrote out one (the precise words of which I don't remember). He came up to the desk, and I said, '*The sign it first.*' He did so, and I signed it after him." This first step led to the second, which was taken one week later at a meeting in the Cock-pit, specially called to consider the pledge question, when Mr. Livesey, Mr. King, and five others signed the following pledge: "*We agree to abstain from all liquors of an intoxicating quality, whether ale, porter, wine, or ardent spirits, except as medicines.*"

Mr. King was an enthusiastic temperance worker after this, though continuing in business. In 1869, when he was seventy-four years of age, financial reverses came upon him. He was almost blind, and he was threatened with utter destitution. The fact becoming known to the temperance societies of the United Kingdom made his comfort their charge, and a national penny subscription was started for him. This realized sufficient to purchase an annuity on which he lives comfortably.

Mr. King's most treasured possession is a *gold medal* presented to him in 1858 by London teetotalers. It bears this inscription: "*John King, born December 25th, 1795; Signed the Teetotal Pledge, August 23d, 1832. Presented January 11th, 1858, in St. John's Hall, Clerkenwell, by Teetotal Friends in London, as a token of respect and gratitude to John King, of Preston, who was the First Man that Signed the Teetotal Pledge in England.*"

THE CONSCRIPT'S SUBSTITUTE.

(*See Illustration on this page.*)

WHILE the war of 1848 was covering the beautiful hills and valleys of Italy with the dead and wounded, a young man was, by the law of conscription, called to leave his home and his family, to whom he was more than commonly attached, for the perils of the battle-field. The tender affection of his father led him to try every means to procure a substitute. He put advertisements in the papers, made application to the recruiting officers, and offered a bounty of $400, but all in vain.

The day of departure came, and the young

soldier, in silent despair, set off with his knapsack on his back, his gun on his shoulder, and filled with grief at being separated from his beloved parents. One of his cousins, who was alone in the world, having neither father, mother, brother, nor sister, was touched at the sight of his deep grief, followed him to the barracks, and having arrived at the conscript's office, he took his hand and said, "Dear Cesare, thy sorrow is worse than death to me. Come in; *give me thy uniform; it will fit me as well as it does thee.* I will go to the battle-field in thy stead. I am an orphan thou art not. If I should die, only remember that I have loved thee."

The conscript at first refused; he could scarcely believe that his cousin was in earnest; and if so, how could he accept the generous offer? But as the brave fellow persisted in his determination, and pleaded earnestly with him, he succeeded, at last, in persuading Cesare Manati to accept this great proof of his friendship, and they went together to the War Office to settle the substitution. One undressed himself and the other put on the military attire.

Who can tell the admiration of the parents of the redeemed conscript for the generous substitution; and their joy in seeing their beloved son relieved from the danger of dying on the battle-field? In the excess of his gratitude, the conscript's father offered the cousin $500; but he refused it, and said, "I go as a friend, not as a hireling. It is love, not money, which leads me to take Cesare's place." He went—he fought—he died! A grateful heart raised a monument to his memory, with this epitaph: "The redeemed conscript Cesare Manati, to his voluntary substitute, Carlo Donaldi." That memorial of love stood on the field of Solferino, and was battered down in the battle which raged there eleven years afterward.

It was sad that a young man so noble as to offer himself in the place of his cousin should have fallen in battle. We would rather have heard that he was saved and won honor and fame in the war. But he died, as he knew he might do when he volunteered. There was that difference in the act of the divine Substitute. Jesus knew that in becoming the Substitute for man He *must* die, and He willingly gave up His life. The marvel and the shame is that all that love and suffering should, so far as many are concerned, be useless. They wear the uniform of *Satan's conscripts* still, and are going on to eternal death unnecessarily. Christ laid down His life that they might be delivered—their deliverance has been purchased—Satan has no right to their services or their lives, but they listen to the story of their purchased deliverance as an idle tale, and are content to remain on the brink of perdition.

THE SCRIPTURE QUILT.

(*See Illustration on this page.*)

THE following incident of our war has found its way into an English journal. It is related by a member of the Christian Commission, whose name is not given:

"In one of the boxes sent to us by the Sanitary Commission was a patchwork quilt of unusual softness and lightness. When we opened it, we found a note pinned to it. I read as follows: 'I have made this Scripture-quilt for one of the hospital beds, for I thought that while it would be a comfort to the poor body, it might speak a word of good to the precious soul—the words are so beautiful and blessed, and full of balm and healing! May it be blessed to the dear boys in the army, among whom I have a son.'

"It was made of blocks of calico alternated with blocks of white muslin, and on every white block was written some precious Scripture text. On the central block, in letters so large as to catch the careless eye, was that 'faithful saying' in which is all our hope and strength—'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' And below it the prayer we all need to pray: 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' The head border, which should be nearest the sick man's eye, and oftenest read, had the sweetest texts of promise, love, and comfort.

"It was not long before a man sick with pneumonia was brought in, and we put our new quilt on his bed. He noticed nothing at first, he was too ill; but when he grew better, I saw him intent on the texts. 'Handy to have 'em here!' he said, pointing to them as I stood near him.

"'You know how to value them, then!' I said. 'I do,' he answered, with heartiness.

"After that I saw many studying the quilt—almost all who lay beneath it.

"At last came the boy who had best right to the comfort of our Scripture-quilt—the 'son' of whom the good woman who made it spoke in the note attached. It was a strange circumstance that he should have come to lie beneath it, but so it was.

"He had lain there nearly senseless for more than a week, when I saw him kiss the patchwork. I thought he might be wandering, or, if not, had found a text of hope or consolation that seemed to suit his need, and marked with my eye the place he had kissed, to see what it was.

"It was no text, but a calico block, the pattern a little crimson leaf on a dark ground. He kept looking at it, tears in his eyes, and I was almost sure his mind was wandering. Nay, he was most truly in his right mind, and his thoughts were at home with his mother. *A bit of the gown* he had so often seen her wear had carried him back to her. He kissed it again. I approached him. He looked up, and smiled through his tears.

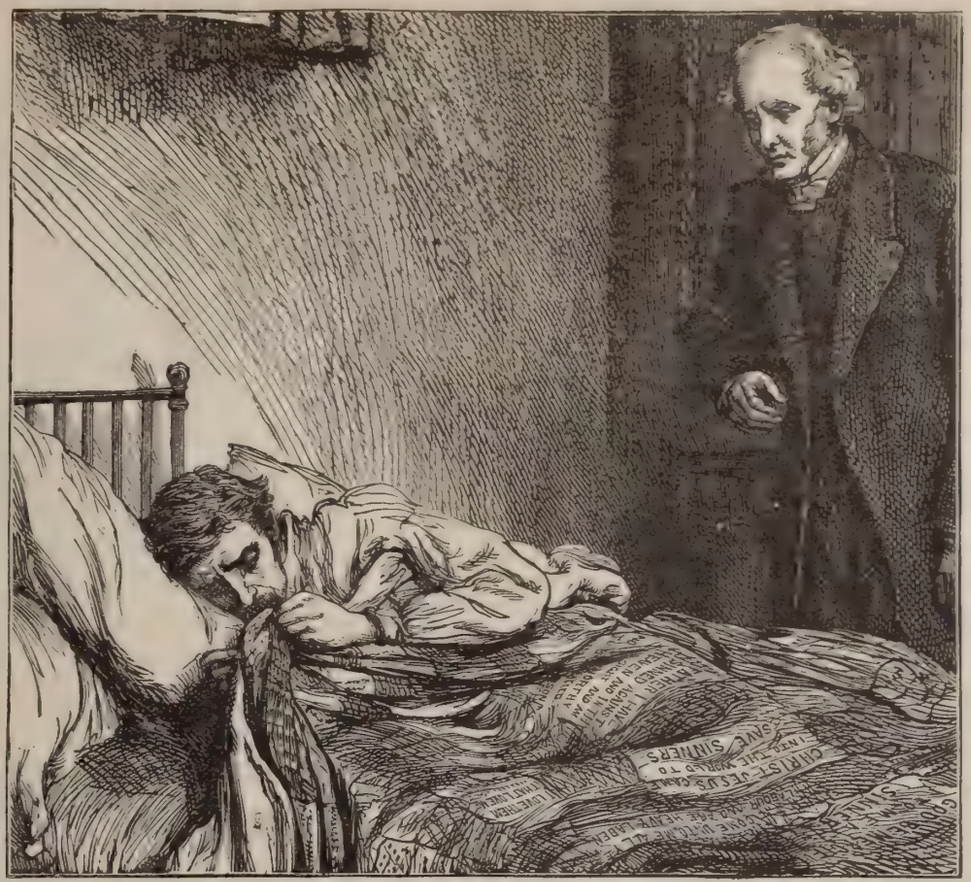
"'Do you know where this quilt came from?' he asked. 'Some good woman sent it to us through the Sanitary Commission.' 'You don't know her name nor where it came from?' 'No; but I saved a note that was pinned to the quilt.' 'Would you be willing to let me see it some time when it's convenient?' 'Oh, yes. I'll get it now.'

"I got it for him; his hand trembled and his lips grew white as he opened it and saw the writing. 'Please read it to me quite slowly,' he said, returning it. I read it. 'It is from my mother; shall you keep it?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'I value it very much, as also the quilt.' He put his hands over his eyes. I thought he wished to be alone, and left him. As I stood by his bed the next day, I was wondering if he had not seen his mother's texts, as well as the bit of her gown. He had, and pointed one out to me. It was 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' 'I am no more worthy,' he whispered. I put my finger on the next white block, and read aloud, 'When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.'

"A few days after, when he had grown much stronger, he held up to me the text I had shown him; 'I was a great way off,' he said, 'but He has met me, and had compassion on me.'

"'Shall I not write to your mother and tell her that her son who was dead is alive again; who was lost, is found?' 'Will it not be too much trouble?' 'Oh, no; a pleasure instead.'

"I wrote the blessed tidings, making the mother's heart rejoice. And now our Scripture-quilt was even dearer and more sacred than before."



The Scripture Quilt in Hospital.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 686.*)

Another Sufferer.

JOHN MORLEY'S illness, though dangerous, was not of long duration, and he appeared to recover from it perfectly. But the deep fountains of his trouble had been stirred too greatly to subside quickly into their former monotony and stillness. He grew restless and unquiet; the disquietude of a man who is looking for some event to change completely, either for good or ill, the current of his life. In vain Hester sought to soothe this strange mood. Grant bade her desist from all effort to do so. It was, he said, a crisis in his mind's history, from which he might come out a new man, with a hale and happy old age lying before him. There was nothing for them to do but stand aside, and look on at the strange conflict.

"Hester," said John Morley, one evening just before sunset, "bring me my hat. I am going out for a walk."

Hester could scarcely conceal her surprise, but she brought him his hat without venturing a word of comment. He stepped across his threshold, with a dizzy sense of bewilderment, and turned his steps mechanically toward the chapel, feeling his way before him with his stick as if he were blind. The wind played in his long white hair, and breathed coolly upon his fevered face, for there was still a low, subtle fever burning in his veins. At the chapel porch where the doors were closed, he arrested himself, and stood upon the lowest step, looking about him with an air of confusion and questioning. What had he come here for? What was he doing? Where was he going?

He remained just within the portico for some minutes. He had come to the end of the bound he had set for himself and had not passed during many years. Beyond this limit, he could just catch a glimpse of trees, with their green branches waving and beckoning to him with gestures of welcome. He saw the level sunbeams burnishing richly the topmost leaves, and the evening song of the birds reached his ear. He reared his bended figure, and lifted up his snow-white head. Had he been blind and deaf to these things, and was he now going to hear and see once more? Was Christ touching with a divine finger his ears, his eyes, and saying, "Be open?" Was the hand of Christ about to loose his burden, and take it away from him forever?

He felt the wooing of the sunlighted branches and the singing of the birds through every nerve; but he could not break through the unseen barrier stretching between him and them, which he had himself erected in his despair. Until this hour he had not wished to pass beyond it. There was the lost paradise, but he had never turned longing eyes upon the cherubim and the flaming sword which kept the gates. He did so now; he desired ardently to cross the boundary; but whenever he thought of quitting the familiar portico, his feeble limbs trembled, and his sight grew dim. He wished he had brought Hester with him, that he might have leaned upon her arm, and gathered courage from the tender serenity of her face. The passers-by stared curiously at him; but they were few, and did not long interrupt his thoughts. Yet he grew ashamed of being seen there; and when some children turned riotously out of the court opposite, he resolved to retrace his steps homeward.

He said nothing to Hester when he returned, but he went back to his old arm-chair and set a book open before him and ran his paper-knife along the lines, as if, like a child, it was needful to keep the place where he was reading by pointing to it. The depths had closed over him again, after parting and giving him a brief glance of something brighter rising above them. He was laid once more in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps.

What his eyes read he did not know, though the lamp lighted up the page clearly. Hester went in and out, uttering no word to disturb him; but at last he felt her hand upon his shoulder, and he raised his dim despairing face to hers. Her eyelids were red with many tears, and her lips trembled as she spoke very slowly and distinctly, as though what she was about to say would astonish and perplex him.

"Father," she said, "do you think you could do without me for a day or two? I must go to London."

"To London!" he repeated, yet with no more than a vague, listless surprise, amounting almost to indifference, in his manner.

"Yes," she replied. "I cannot tell you why now, but you shall know some day. Carl has written for me to go there quickly. I must go to-morrow morning."

Her abrupt sentences were spoken with difficulty and deliberation, but he scarcely noticed her agitation. He always left Hester to her own judgment, and he did not think of demanding any explanation from her. The authority of a father over a daughter had never been assumed by him, and he had no energy to assume it now.

"I shall see Carl there, perhaps," she said, as if to reassure herself and him; "but I shall come home on Monday. I must be home again on Monday. To-morrow is Saturday, you know, so there will be only Sunday between. I have given Jane all the directions she needs, and Lawson's mother will come down to stay with her. You will not see either of them. It will be exactly the same as if I were here, only I shall be away."

She spoke, however, in a tone of much trouble and anxiety, and her eyes wore a look of uncertainty.

"I am going to see some one who is ill," she continued, and John Morley shrank painfully from her. "You are willing for me to go? You can trust me to do what is right? You will say, 'God bless you, and go with you'?"

"Ah!" he answered, putting his arm round her neck, and drawing down her face to his, "I could trust you with my life, Hester. Do what seems good in your sight, and God bless you and be with you always, my daughter."

"Father," she said eagerly, "I wish I dare tell you all now. Is there anything I must not speak of yet?"

He fell back from her again, holding up his hand, with a gesture of terror. He knew well how he had poured out his heart before her during his illness, but he had drawn into himself once more; and he could not bear to listen to any reference to the past from her lips.

"Spare me," he entreated, "at least to-day. When you come back—when you have been to London and seen her, perhaps then—if she is dead—you may tell me all."

Again Hester hesitated. She longed to disburden her mind of the secret which had weighed heavier since Carl left, but she dared not. She saw that her father believed her journey to London was to see Rose, and to see her as one about to die; and yet there was no softening of his voice or face as he spoke of her. It would be impossible to confess the whole to him at the very moment when she was about to be absent from home. She must wait till the right time came for her to give him the explanation she had promised. Her absence would be but a short one; it could be but short, for there was urgent need for her constant presence at home.

The cause of Hester's hurried journey to London, was a letter which she had received from Carl, telling her of the existence of Rose's child, who had lately broken a blood-vessel, and was lying in a dangerous condition in her dreary school home. True to the large pity and tenderness of her nature, Hester at once resolved to go up to London without inflicting this additional pang upon Rose, and see for herself what could be done for the forlorn little creature. The train by which she travelled left Little Aston at mid-day, but did not reach London until the evening. She had provided herself with the address of a boarding-house kept by a former inhabitant of Little Aston, and had decided to go to it at once for the night. She had Carl's address also, but she could not go to him though her heart sank a little when she found herself alone at the entrance of the busy terminus, with a maze of streets stretching before her.

She reached her destination safely, but worn-out and foot-sore. It was a dingy house in one of those old inns which have now disappeared from Holborn. She entered under a deep archway, shut in at night by large doors and kept by a watchman. Solemn silence reigned inside, and the sky lay low and flat across the roofs of the buildings, which rose to four and five stories. The watchman pointed out the house she wanted, and in a few minutes Hester was received and welcomed with something more than the usual hospitality of a lodging-house landlady. A guest from Little Aston, as she announced herself, in trembling accent, was always doubly acceptable; and very soon she felt more at home than she could have believed possible.

The school where Carl had told her Rose's little girl lived was in a street leading off from Oxford Street; and Carl's chapel lay beyond, near Hyde Park. Hester lay awake almost all night thinking over her plans, and listening to the solemn boom and hum of the great clock of St. Paul's sounding through the stillness, which seemed to her at last to have fallen over the turmoil of the city. She set out again early in the morning, with directions from her landlady.

She reached, after a long walk, the street and the house she sought. It was a dull, dirty dwelling, with the words, "Ladies Seminary," upon the wire blinds of the windows in the second floor. It looked a melancholy place to inclose a child's life; yet it was not more melancholy than the home where she had grown up. Her memory ran rapidly over the past, and her heart melted with tenderness toward the child, who had known the same loneliness and the same desertion from which she had suffered, with the dumb sufferings of childhood. She saw a servant moving about in the underground kitchen, and Hester bent down to the half-open window, and called to her softly. The girl looked out with the weary air of a person who had been sitting up all night, and came to the area steps.

"You have a child here," she said, "who is very ill. Can you let me see her?"

"I don't know," said the girl, with the caution of a town servant. "Where do you come from?"

"From the country," answered Hester; "a gentleman who comes to see her often, sent for me. His name is Bramwell."

"All right!" said the girl; "he promised to send a nurse, or somebody."

She eyed Hester scrutinizingly, nodded her approbation, and then ascending to the street door, admitted her into a narrow passage.

"How is she?" whispered Hester.

"Oh, she'll die!" answered the girl. "If she don't die, I don't know anything about dying; and I've seen three of my own sisters go out like the snuff of a candle. And such a dear little thing as she is, so loving and patient! I've sat up with her all night, and there's nobody belonging to her to be with her at the last. I don't know whatever the world is made of, or what it was made for, or where we are all going to."

"Dying!" exclaimed Hester.

"Yes," she said, vehemently; "and nobody takes any notice, and nobody believes me. They can't bear the trouble and bother of her dying, and they are afraid of it injuring the school; so they just shut their eyes to it. They'll be pretty well taken to when she does die."

"I should like to go to her at once," said Hester, with a sob.

"You can come, and you'll be all by yourselves, I promise you, this morning," she replied; "the young ladies nor my mistress don't get up on a Sunday till it is near time to go to church. Mr. Bramwell said he'd send you; and I'm glad you've come, if nobody else is."

She led the way up two dark flights of stairs and into a small room at the back of the house. It was almost filled up by a large canopy four-post bedstead, with heavy moreen hangings; lying upon which was the small, spare form of a child, with its meagre face and bright eyes turned anxiously toward the door. The forlornness of this little creature, dying alone and unloved, her very death unnoticed, smote Hester to the heart; and she sank down beside the bed, and hid her face from the searching and unquiet eyes of Rose Morley's desolate child.

"It's a good kind nurse as Mr. Bramwell has sent," said the servant; "she's going to read the Bible and pray for you, my poor dear. She'll stay all the morning with you while I'm busy; and you must ask her for anything you want."

"I don't want anything," answered the plaintive voice of the child; and Hester raised her head to look into the white face. There was a profound serenity and patience in it: a look

almost of satisfaction. She smiled faintly at Hester, and stretched out her thin fingers to touch her forehead.

"You can go away now, please," she said to the servant; "and then she will begin to read and talk to me."

Hester listened to the servant's retreating steps, and then she lay down beside the child, and took her fondly and gently into her arms.

"I am come instead of your mother," she said, with difficulty restraining her tears; "you may talk to me as if I were your mother."

"Do you know my mother?" she asked.

"Oh, very well indeed, my darling," answered Hester; falling by instinct into the caressing tone and manner of a tender-hearted woman toward a child, though she had had nothing to do with any child before. "Why, she lives with me down at Little Aston; and perhaps some day you may come too, and be my little sister. It will all be as God pleases; He knows best."

"Yes," said the child, smiling; "of course He knows best. But sometimes I think if He'd only let me and my mother live together! I've lived at school all my life, and I've only seen her for a day or two, now and then. Do you know why we could not live together?"

"She was very poor," said Hester, "and she had to work very hard for herself and you."

"And my father must have been very poor, too," continued the feeble voice. "I don't think anybody else in the school was ever so poor, for they all have holidays, and I never have. The girls used to tell me such things they'd done, when they came back to school. Did you used to have holidays?"

"I never went to school," answered Hester.

"Never went to school!" she repeated, raising her feeble head a little to look into Hester's face. "How happy you must have been! But I've been at school all my life; and now I think God will let me go to have my holidays with the other children who are dead. What do you cry for? I don't know what to call you. What is your name?"

"Hester," she replied, pressing her lips upon the little hand. The child's blue eyes glistened, and her mouth quivered with surprise and delight.

(To be continued.)

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 9, 1 Kings 10 : 1-13. Golden Text, Job 28 : 28. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Solomon's Magnificent Gifts—Architect, Poet, Author, and Judge—His Constant Intercourse with God—The Queen of Sheba's Visit—Her Desire for Knowledge—Her Questions Answered—How to Have Problems Solved—No Spirit Left—The Servants of the King—Their Voluntary Service—The Ascent to the House of the Lord—The Ascending Experience—The Queen's Delight and Gratitude.

"BEHOLD, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding." The intellectual gifts with which God endowed Solomon were surprising, but these would not have made him

"WISER THAN ALL MEN"

(1 Kings 4 : 31) except he had known "the fear of the Lord." We have seen him gifted as an architect and also as an administrator, but these were only a part of the wonderful gifts which God had committed to him. As a man of literature and as a poet he is known to this day, and some of his writings are in the Holy Scriptures: "He spake three thousand proverbs: and his songs were a thousand and five." He was versed in botany, for "he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall;" as a naturalist "he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes." Added to this he had "wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and *largeness of heart*, even as the sand that is on the seashore" (1 Kings 4 : 29-33). A *large* heart is always a learning heart, one which has room to admit the contributions of other minds to its store of wisdom. "And Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country, and all the wisdom of Egypt." Why? He was in continual communion with Him who is the source of wisdom. It is the fashion of the day, especially among the young and inexperienced, to pit their little measure of wisdom against the revelation of Him who gave them their intellect. The man who was confessedly the wisest of men was a little child in the presence of his God; this constituted Him "wiser than all men."

Solomon became a very popular man. "There came of all people to hear the wisdom of Solomon, *from all* kings of the earth, which had heard of his wisdom" (1 Kings 4 : 34). There was, however, one of these sovereigns who esteemed wisdom as such a precious thing that she trusted no messengers, but *came in person* to visit Solomon. She had heard his fame

"CONCERNING THE NAME OF THE LORD."

The mention of Solomon was never apart from the mention of his God. It was not the brilliancy of his talents, the magnificence of his surroundings, the compass of his intellectual abilities, which sounded from land to land; it was the fame of "The Preacher" who made known abroad "the name of the Lord." This it was which brought up the anxious, inquiring, and gifted Queen of Sheba to Jerusalem. She came to prove Solomon with hard questions, for she wanted answers. She knew full well there was a craving in her own heart which was not satisfied by any of the superstitions in which she had been educated. It is more than probable that in the "very great train" which she brought with her, there were many inquirers in the same condition, and she longed for them, as well as for herself, to know the truth. She brought with her rich presents for King Solomon—spices, gold, and precious stones. There was no reserve about this heathen but large-hearted woman; "she communed with him of all that was in her heart." Reserve springs from pride; truth, simplicity, and humility make us natural, open, and candid. Very probably this queen had proposed her questions to all the wise men in her own country, but had gained from them nothing that satisfied her—nothing that her heart and conscience could rest upon. But "Solomon

TOLD HER ALL HER QUESTIONS:

there was not anything hid from the king, which he told her not."

How many there are full of questions—reasoning, talking, debating over everything—but they do not imitate the Queen of Sheba, and come face to face with "a greater than Solomon!" There is such solid satisfaction when our blessed Lord makes things clear to us; and there is an end to all controversy. If the many who talk about holiness and faith-healing would go direct to God and commune with Him of all that is in their heart, God would answer them all their questions. But with many these are not *heart matters*, but only interesting speculations. A doctor in giving a bedside lecture in a hospital to the students, once began: "If the object be cure." May we not raise the question in relation to some of these, "*If* the object be truth"?

"And when the Queen of Sheba had seen all Solomon's wisdom, and the house that he had built, and the meat of his table, and the sitting of his servants, and the attendance of his ministers, and their apparel, and his cup-bearers, and his ascent by which he went up into the house of the Lord; there was no more spirit in her." Thus it is when we contemplate our King, Jesus, the son of David, the greater than Solomon. First *His* wisdom, which planned and carried out our redemption, which now upholds us, which makes all things work together for our good; the masterly wisdom, which presides over a measureless universe, and which is faultless in the tiniest detail—equal to the greatest and to the smallest things—contemplating this, there is

NO SPIRIT LEFT

in us, we are foolishness itself in the light of it! "The house which He had built," "an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (II Cor. 5 : 1), "an habitation of God through the Spirit" (Eph. 2 : 22). This again takes from us all the spirit of self-importance. The meat of His table, the bread of life, the water of life, the new wine of the kingdom! Then the sitting of *His servants* (slaves) and the standing of *His ministers* (voluntary servants). This is the reverse of the world's way; the man of the world does not say to his servant (slave) when he comes from the field, "Go and sit down to meat," but rather, "Make ready wherewith *I* may sup, and gird thyself, and serve *me*, till I have eaten and drunken; and afterward thou shalt eat and drink" (Luke 17 : 7, 8). But our God bids His working ones rest and be at ease in His presence; He treats servants like children, and yearns for them to take that position. Then, those who are

VOLUNTARY SERVANTS,

those who are no longer under the "I ought" and "I must" of the law, but in whose hearts the law is written—those who have learned the secret of rest in the Lord, He permits as a privilege, not a duty, the place of waiting, in readiness to do any service which He permits. "And their apparel!" Those garments of salvation, that girdle of truth, those shoes which are the preparation of the Gospel of peace, that overall of humility—in fact, that being clothed with Christ, how glorious is it! and it is ours if we accept it. "And His cup-bearers!" What cup do we give our Lord to drink? He has drunk of shame and sorrow, of sickness and death upon the cross for us; what can we give Him now? Souls and bodies a living sacrifice; hearts and wills made over to Him, that He may use them "in seeking and finding the lost, and wresting the prey from the mighty." And *His ascent* by which He went up into the house of the Lord." As regards our standing in Christ, we can never be higher than we are the moment we are in Christ. But our knowledge and our personal experience of Him, our measure of conformity to Him are ever on an ascending scale. "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day" (Prov. 4 : 18). The Queen of Sheba, overcome with all she saw, said to the king, "It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom. Howbeit I believed not the words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it: and, behold,

THE HALF WAS NOT TOLD ME."

It is not often that the satiated pleasure-seeker finds ten minutes of any kind of enjoyment to surpass his anticipations. But there is not one among the numberless children of God whose expectation is only from Him, but finds ground to cry continually, "The half was not told me."

The Queen of Sheba could congratulate the servants of Solomon who stood before him and heard his wisdom; what would she have said had she known Jesus? Her very word, "Blessed be the Lord thy God" looks as though she had come to faith in God, and she added, "Because the Lord loved Israel forever, therefore made He thee king." "The Lord!" Surely this was an indication that God was *her* Lord. The queen gave Solomon rich presents of gold, spices, and precious stones; "and King Solomon gave unto the Queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoever she asked, besides that which Solomon gave her of his royal bounty." Our blessed Lord gives us whatsoever we desire, as we accept by faith. With His royal bounty He has given us Himself, the Father hath given us His Son (John 3 : 16)! But over and above this royal bounty He has given assurance upon assurance that whatever we ask, believing, we shall receive. The queen turned and went to her own country, there to report what she thought of Solomon. In *our* country, in our father's house, what report are we giving of Jesus?

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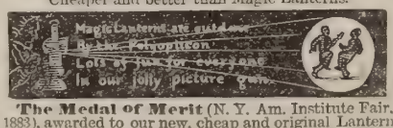

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Rev. D. F. Pugh, Sudbury

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A MONTH ago we mentioned in our news columns the murder of Colonel Stewart and his party in the Soudan. Since that time many telegrams have been received, some of which contradict the report, while others confirm it. It is an ominous fact that no intelligence has been sent from Colonel Stewart himself. His silence and his non-arrival at Dongola are strong confirmation of the fear that he is dead.

The saddest feature of the narrative is that Colonel Stewart did not fall in fair fight, but was

TREACHEROUSLY MURDERED.

He accompanied General Gordon in his expedition from Khartoum to Berber, when that general, finding his assailants at Khartoum had raised the siege, determined to resume offensive operations. The attack on Berber was entirely successful, and General Gordon appears to have thought the opportunity a good one, being so far on the way, to send a communication to Dongola, the ruler of which is friendly to him, and where there is an English force. General Gordon's provisions were running short, and he doubtless hoped that by sending news that the country was clear to Khartoum, he would obtain aid in the shape of men and provisions. Colonel Stewart was selected for this mission. General Gordon returned to Khartoum, and Colonel Stewart proceeded northward to Dongola. He was accompanied by forty men.

The party was conveyed up the Nile on a small steamer. At the cataract of Wady Garna the steamer was stranded and they were unable to get her off. It was, however, but a short distance from the shore, and three natives came on board and told Colonel Stewart that he was very near Merawee, and could easily reach that village on foot, and there obtain assistance to get the steamer off. They offered to guide him, and, unsuspicious of treachery, he landed, and, accompanied by *two of his men only*, set out with them. No sooner had he passed round the headland out of sight of the steamer than a number of men sprang out from an ambush, and, with the guides, fell upon Colonel Stewart and his followers, and murdered them. They then attacked the steamer, which they captured, killing all on board, with the exception of four men. The murderers were not, it is thought, the Mahdi's men, but were simply robbers, who murdered the colonel for the sake of the money and arms he had with him. That is the report sent, which, as we have already stated, is contradicted in later telegrams, but which there is reason to believe is too true.

The deceased soldier, whose portrait appears on the first page, was a comparatively young officer, being only forty years of age. He was

AN IRISHMAN,

as are many of the ablest and bravest officers in the British army. He was the son of the late J. T. Hamill Stewart, of Ballyatwood, Ireland. He was educated at Cheltenham College, and afterward entered the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, whence he graduated with considerable distinction in September, 1865. He was shortly afterward gazetted to a cornetcy in the 11th Hussars. On their return from foreign service in India, he, in May, 1879, was appointed vice-consul in Anatolia, where he remained till October, 1882. He was then ordered to Egypt on special service, and at the conclusion of the late war with Arabi he was directed to proceed to Khartoum, to prepare a report on the condition and statistics of the Soudan, which publication recently made its appearance before the public. Colonel Stewart was a well-known Oriental traveller and an accomplished linguist.

A correspondent of an English journal, who made Colonel Stewart's acquaintance in Egypt, bears witness to

THE NOBLE CHARACTER

of the dead officer. He writes: "Among those who knew Colonel Stewart there can be but one opinion as to the wisdom of the selection made in sending him to Khartoum, and one feeling concerning his death. Truly, such men are few, and his place cannot easily be filled. He was a tall, slight, gray-eyed man, young looking for his age, with the quiet manner and watchful eye of one conscious of his own power, but not anxious to impress others with his importance. A cheerful disposition he had, a gentle smile, and the bearing due to an honest, kindly heart. A man, moreover, for whom hardship and *privation had no terrors*, who could groom his own horse and sleep in a tree or on the ground. Wherever he went he carried with him the goodwill and esteem of all who met him, and he was regarded by the ablest men among his seniors as standing perhaps first among the younger generation of soldiers."

When the history of the gallant defence of Khartoum comes to be written, we shall probably have one of the most fascinating and romantic narratives in history.

GORDON AND STEWART,

with Mr. Power, the correspondent of the London *Times*, were the only three Englishmen in Khartoum during those long months of anxiety and constant danger. The city was surrounded with hosts of the Mahdi's soldiers, well armed and drilled, and nerved with the enthusiasm of fanaticism. Within the city the Egyptian soldiers on whom the English officers had to depend for their defence were known to be cowards, and were suspected of being treacherous. Happily for them there were a considerable number of negro soldiers, who were brave and faithful. The inhabitants of the city were, it is believed, as we should say, "on the fence." They were ready to hurrah with the victors, whether victory fell to the Mahdi or to General Gordon. They were afraid to declare themselves, though there is every reason to believe that if they could have chosen for themselves they would have preferred the Mahdi.

It may be supposed that General Gordon's mission to Khartoum was based on a misapprehension of the circumstances. The accounts sent from the Soudan represented the people as being oppressed by the Mahdi and his army and as being anxious to remain under Egyptian government if they could be assured of protection General Gordon, remembering the love and devotion manifested toward him in 1877, when he was Governor of the Soudan, believed that his appearance in the Soudan would be sufficient to rekindle that affection, and that he could at once restore peace and order, and put an end to anarchy. He rode without an escort to Khartoum, firm in his faith in God and relying for protection upon Him, as he has done throughout his romantic career. Soon afterward the city was encircled by the besieging force, and though Gordon sent out many messengers with despatches, not one in twenty succeeded in making a passage through the enemy's lines. Some vivid pictures of

LIFE DURING THE SIEGE

were, however, carried through and arrived safely in England. They were written by the correspondent of the London *Times*, and show how terrible was the struggle maintained by General Gordon, Colonel Stewart, and their negro troops. Under date of April 28th, Mr. Power wrote this despatch, which did not reach London until September 29th: "We have been almost daily engaged with the rebels, who now thoroughly surround Khartoum. General Gordon is busily engaged laying out mines in front of the works in all directions. Yesterday and to-day the rebels came down to a village opposite and fired heavily on the palace. We returned the fire with artillery and musketry, and on both occasions the Arabs soon retreated. There was no loss on our side. The town is quiet. Over half the population before the siege began went over to the rebels, thus weeding out all bad characters.

"General Gordon is issuing

RATIONS TO THE POOR.

Food is very dear. We have corn and biscuits for about four months. General Gordon has issued paper money, as our treasure is still at Berber. The merchants accept it as money, and all the arrears to the soldiers can be thus paid off. General Gordon has sent emissaries to offer to all the slaves of the rebels their freedom if they abandon their masters and come in. The General has hired the large mission premises on the river, and has moved all the ammunition there; in case of attack with artillery on the fortifications it will be perfectly safe.

"The health of the town is excellent, and we three Englishmen here are well and hopeful. There are now around the lines, in addition to all other obstacles, such as crowsfeet, broken glass, wire entanglements, and *chevaux de frise*, three lines of land torpedoes or percussion mines. They are enormously powerful, and are much feared by the Arabs. We have no news whatever of the intentions of Her Majesty's Government. We learned to-day that a man with a post from Berber was taken by the rebels and killed."

On July 30th Mr. Power wrote: "We have been now five months closely besieged and can at best hold out but two months longer. The soldiers and people live in

HOPES OF ENGLISH RELIEF,

as since last May there are daily reports of English advancing from Dongola and Kassala. The Arabs have *strong forts with cannon* along the river, and they push the siege as vigorously as ever. General Gordon has protected all the steamers with bullet-proof plates of soft wood and iron, and on the six armored barges has put up castles twenty feet high, giving a double line of fire. The troops to be loyal must be paid, and General Gordon is badly off for money, none of that which left Cairo for his use ever having reached Khartoum. He has issued $250,000 worth of paper money. Food is daily distributed to the poor.

"Since March 23d the following are the chief events of the siege:

"March 23d.—Hassan and Seyid Pashas were put to death for treachery in the battle of the 16th, in which we lost three hundred and fifty killed and wounded.

"April 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th.—Attacks by the rebels on the palace from the villages opposite. Fearful loss of life to the Arabs from mines put down by General Gordon.

"May 1st.—The officer commanding engineers, having put down a mine of seventy-eight pounds of power, trod on it, and with six soldiers was blown to pieces.

"May 7th.—Great attack from a village opposite; nine mines were exploded there, and we afterward heard that they killed one hundred and fifteen rebels. The Arabs kept up a fire all day. Colonel Stewart, with two splendidly directed shots from a Krupp 20-pounder at the Palace, drove them out of their principal position. During the night the Arabs loopholed the walls, but on the 9th we drove them out. They had held the place for three days.

"May 25th.—

COLONEL STEWART WAS WOUNDED

while working a mitrailleuse at the Palace by the rebel fire, but he is now quite well.

"During May and June steamer expeditions were made daily under Saati Bey. Our loss was slight, and much cattle were captured.

"July 29th.—We beat the rebels out of Buri, on the Blue Nile, killing numbers of them and capturing munitions and eighty rifles. The steamers advanced to El Efan, clearing thirteen rebel forts and breaking two cannon. Since the siege began our loss has been under seven hundred killed.

"July 31st.—This is the end of the fifth month of the siege. Yesterday I sent you *viâ* Kassala a despatch giving the situation here and the chief incidents of the siege since March 23d. I wrote you several times each week up to April 23d, when all hopes of men getting through to

Berber had ceased. For the last five months the siege has been very close, the Arab bullets from all sides being able to fall into the Palace.

THE COST OF FOOD.

"Since March 17th *no day has passed without firing*, yet our losses in all at the very outside are not seven hundred killed. We have had a good many wounded, but as a rule the wounds are slight. Since the siege General Gordon has caused biscuit and corn to be distributed to the poor, and up to this time there has been no case of any one seriously wanting food. The price of everything is *thirty times* the ordinary price, and meat is, when you can get it, eight or nine shillings an ober.

"Since the despatch which arrived the day before yesterday all hope of relief by our government is at an end, so when our provisions, which we have at a stretch for two months, are eaten *we must fall*, nor is there any chance, with the soldiers we have, and the great crowd of women, children, etc., of our being able to cut our way through the Arabs. We have not steamers for all, and it is only from the steamers we can meet the rebels.

EGYPTIAN COWARDICE.

"One Arab horseman is enough to put two hundred of the bulk of our men to flight. The day Saati Bey was killed eight men with spears charged two hundred of our men armed with Remingtons. The soldiers fled at once, leaving Saati and his Vakeel to be killed. A black officer cut down three of the Arabs, and the other five chased our men. A horseman coming up rode through the flying mass, cutting down seven. Colonel Stewart, who was unarmed, got off by a fluke, the Arabs not having seen him. With such men as these we can do nothing. The negroes are the only men we can depend upon.

"The attack made by the Soudani troops under Mehemet Ali Pasha, on the 28th of this month, was most successful; the Arab loss must have been very heavy. As General Gordon has forbidden the soldiers to bring in the heads of rebels they kill, it is now hard to know the exact number. We captured that day sixteen shells and cartouches for mountain gun, a quantity of rifle ammunition, seventy-eight Remingtons, a number of elephant and other rifles, nearly two hundred lances, sixty swords, and some horses. Our loss was four killed and some slightly wounded. This action has cleared away the rebels, who day and night have been firing into our lines at Buri, on the Blue Nile.

A NAVAL BATTLE.

"The following day (29th inst.) a flotilla of five armored steamers and four armored barges with castles on them went up to Gareff, on the Blue Nile. I went with them. On the way up we cleared thirteen small forts, but at Gareff found two large strong forts—earthworks riveted with trunks of palm-trees. There were two cannons in one. For eight hours we engaged these forts, and with the Krupp 20-pounder disabled their two cannons. The Arab fire was terrific, but, owing to the bullet-proof armor on all the vessels, our loss was only three killed and twelve or thirteen wounded. Toward the evening we drove the rebels, who were in great numbers, out of the forts.

"In three days General Gordon will send two steamers toward Sennaar. It is hoped they will retake the steamer Mehemet Ali, which the rebels took from Saleh Bey. General Gordon is quite well, and Colonel Stewart has quite recovered from his wound."

Since these despatches were written General Gordon attacked and recaptured Berber, and the melancholy event occurred which we have already described. Colonel Stewart's mother is still living, and she and the family still cling to the hope that he may have escaped.

THE PICTURE ON THE FIRST PAGE

represents the arduous work of hauling a boat up one of the cataracts or rapids of the Nile. Much delay and trouble has been caused by the desertion of the native boatmen. But for the help rendered by

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT

the difficulties would have proved insurmountable. The operation is similar to that frequently witnessed by tourists in Upper Egypt at the First Cataract, between Assouan and Mahattah, not far from the Isle of Philæ. Several hundred Arabs or Nubian negroes are employed with ropes to tow a vessel through the intricate and winding passages among the granite rocks that lie in the bed of the river. Three or four ropes are generally attached to the bow of the vessel, and each is held by a special gang of haulers, who take their stand at different points, and with much shouting to each other contrive by joint action to bring her head this way or that, in the direction of safety and forward progress. Some of them are on the river's bank; others get upon the rocks in mid-channel, wading or swimming to and fro; but for the Englishmen and others who had to cross the river at a wider part, a hawser was stretched right across, fastened to the shore at each end, and a boat, with some running tackle laid on the hawser, was used to ferry them over. The Nassif-Kheir, General Wolseley's boat, arrived at Semneh on September 28th, and was hauled up in just the same way. Just as she reached the upper end of the rapids, one of the hawsers parted, and the boat was swept down the western channel. The crew were obliged to cut the remaining hawsers, and the steamer had a narrow escape of being dashed to pieces. The second attempt to ascend the rapids was successful; but several of the floats of the port paddle were smashed by striking some rocks.

MISSION WORK IN JAPAN.

DR. MURRAY MITCHELL, who has recently returned from an extended tour in India, China and Japan, gives cheering accounts of Christian progress in all those lands.

IN JAPAN

he had seen mission work at Yokohama, Osaka, Tokio, Kobe, Kiyoto, and Nagasaki. Japan was opened to Western nations in July, 1853. Since then it has passed through immense changes. The government has to a large extent followed the example set by the great civilized nations in their naval and military organizations, schools, postal service, railways, banks, jurisprudence, etc. But the most important change is of religion.

Protestant missions in Japan began in 1859. But for several years hardly any evangelistic work could be done. The government was hostile; and

THE PENALTY OF CONVERSION

was death. Missionaries studied the language, and did all they could in the way of education. The first Protestant church was opened in March, 1872, in the city of Yokohama.

In February, 1873, the edicts against Christianity which were publicly posted up were removed. Since that time the progress has been rapid. At the end of last year the communicants amounted to 6598, of whom more than 1600 had been gathered in during the year. These estimates are under-statements of the truth; for the statistics are not quite complete. The entire Christian community, including children, exceeds 30,000. One remarkable thing is that in several places native churches are springing up that have had no connection with any foreign society.

More cheering than even these numbers is

THE CHARACTER OF THE CONVERTS.

There is a spirit of beautiful harmony and love among them. No sectarian controversy has as yet arisen. They belong to different missions, but appear as a band of brothers. They are occupied with the essential truths of the Gospel, and they have *no time to fight* about points of minor importance.

The missionaries themselves connect with this unity of spirit the remarkable revival of religion that has lately been witnessed in Japan. There was a deep impression made during the week of united prayer in the beginning of 1872; but the hearts of all were still more profoundly stirred during the week of prayer in January, 1883. When the first week was over, a second was set apart for earnest supplication, and from that time there have been great awakenings at many places.

A VENERABLE AMERICAN MISSIONARY

says he never witnessed in his native land any renewal of spiritual life more remarkable than that which has lately been experienced in Japan. The hearts of multitudes were so enlarged that they felt as if they had received a second conversion—a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost. There is a branch of the Evangelical Alliance in Japan, which is flourishing.

The native churches are zealous in evangelization, and they contribute for this and the support of ordinances among themselves more liberally than Christians in Europe or America. The difficulties in the way of evangelization are less than in many other countries. There is only one language. They are to a great extent an educated, reading people. Being debarred from political discussion, they eagerly turn to science, history, and religion. They have no caste—that great curse of India. They are a homogeneous people.

THREE PAGAN RELIGIONS

exist in Japan—viz., Shintoism, Buddhism, and Confucianism. None of them are strong. Shintoism, the original faith of Japan, is a vague system of spirit-worship, with no definite doctrines and few definite rites. It is shadowy and powerless. Buddhism has greatly degenerated. It has split into at least eight sects, of which only one seems to have any life. Confucianism is a system of morality and nothing more. It cannot satisfy the human heart. The Gospel comes to supply the void.

The government is entirely tolerant. The leading officials probably wish Christianity to spread. For the government is uneasy at the reception it meets—or fancies it meets—from the great Christian powers; and the Japanese believe they would be received into the comity of civilized nations if they were Christians. The government quite possibly may soon declare itself Christian; and if so, the heathen systems will quickly disappear.

Many things seem to indicate that the fulness of time has come to the "Land of the Rising Sun." The Japanese Christians say they are praying and working that their country may be wholly Christian by the year 1900. Let us unite our efforts and prayers with theirs!

And yet, while there are cheering grounds of hope, undoubtedly there is

CAUSE FOR ANXIETY.

Japan is rushing into the forms of Western civilization. She is now demanding representative institutions, and the government, while afraid to grant, cannot venture to refuse them. Can Japan bear our civilization without accepting the religion on which that civilization entirely rests? Can we have the fruits without the roots? We think not. Now, at present, nearly all the education given by government is wholly secular. At the same time, agnostic and materialistic treatises are passing into Japan from Europe and America, partly sought by the Japanese, partly sent to them unsought. Tom Paine, of whom we seldom now hear in the West, is an authority in the farthest East.

HEATHENISM IS DYING,

and will die out in a generation; but the tremendous question is, Shall it be succeeded by secularism or Christianity? The answer depends on the Christian Church. Will she put forth far greater efforts than she is yet doing on behalf of Japan? Will she pray far more, and give far more, and work far more, for that most interesting, but greatly imperilled land? If not, the consequences may be fearfully disastrous.

The Japanese are not naturally religious; they are a fickle people; one, therefore, is filled with anxiety as he tries to forecast the possible future. God grant that the Christian Church may awake to the solemnity of the position, and rise to the height of the great occasion!

MORAL CHARACTER OF CANDIDATES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, November 2, 1884.

The Ten Commandments.—EXODUS 20: 1-17.

The First Law Library—The Cradle of all Right Laws—The Ten Words the Pillars of Society—All of the Same Calibre—The Test for Candidates—Perfection not Expected—One Standard for the Distinguished and the Obscure—The Decalogue not to be Fixed for the Candidates—Sin Weakens the Conscience—Be Cautious in Accusing Men of Sin—Possibility of Repentance—A Slander on Society—Sins of the Accusers—All are Imperfect—Society Needs Toning up—The Cost of a Bad President—The Ten Tonic Drops—A Higher Mountain—The Divided Flames—The Gospel Life Boat.

THE lightnings and earthquakes united their forces to wreck a mountain of Arabia Petræa in olden time, and travellers to-day find heaps of porphyry and greenstone rocks, bowlder against bowlder, the remains of

THE FIRST LAW LIBRARY,

written, not on parchment or papyrus, but on shattered slabs of granite. The corner-stones of all morality, of all wise law, of all righteous jurisprudence, of all good government, are the two tablets of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments. All Roman law, all French law, all English law, all American law that is worth anything, all common law, civil law, criminal law, martial law, law of nations, were rocked in the cradle of the twentieth chapter of Exodus. And it would be well in these times of great political agitation if the newspapers would print the Decalogue some day in place of the able editorial.

The fact is that some people suppose that the law has passed out of existence, and some are not aware of some of the passages of that law, and others say this or that is of the more importance, when no one has any right to make such an assertion. These laws are

THE PILLARS OF SOCIETY,

and if you remove one pillar you damage the whole structure. I have noticed that men are particularly vehement against sins to which they are not particularly tempted, and find no especial wrath against sins in which they themselves indulge. They take out one gun from this battery of ten guns, and load that, and unlimber that, and fire that. They say, "This is an Armstrong gun, and this is a Krupp gun, and this is a Nordensfeld five-barrelled gun, and this is a Gatling ten-barrelled gun, and this is a Martigny thirty-seven-barrelled gun." But I have to tell them that they are *all of the same calibre*, and that they shoot from eternity to eternity.

To-day, in this brief course of sermons I am preaching on national affairs, and within two days of the Presidential election, I propose to test the character of persons nominated for office in city, State, and nation, and to test them by the Decalogue. Many of the clergymen have gone on the political platform in these times—and I have no criticism to offer in regard to them—some going on one political platform and some on the opposite political platform. I hope they are all better than I am, yet I have not felt called of God to copy their example, but rather in a few Sabbath morning sermons, omitting all personalities, to lay down certain

PRINCIPLES WHICH WILL STAND

the test of the Judgment Day. The Decalogue forbids idolatry, image making, profanity, maltreatment of parents, Sabbath desecration, murder, theft, incontinence, lying, and covetousness. That is the Decalogue by which you and I will have to be tried, and by that same Decalogue you and I must try candidates for office.

Of course we shall not find anything like perfection. If we do not vote until we find an immaculate nominee we will never vote at all. We have so many faults of our own we ought not to be censorious or maledictory or hypercritical in regard to the faults of others.

THE CHRISTLY RULE

is as appropriate for November as any other month in the year, and for the fourth year as for the three preceding years: "Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Most certainly are we not to take the statement of red-hot partisanship as the real character of any man. From nearly all the great cities of this land I receive daily or weekly newspapers, sent to me regularly and in compliment, so I see both sides—I see all sides—and it is most entertaining, and my regular amusement, to read the opposite statements. The one statement says the man is an angel, and the other says he is a devil; and I split the difference, and I find him half way between. There has never been an honest or respectable man running for the United States Presidency since the foundation of the American Government, if we may believe the old files of newspapers in the museums. What a mercy it is that they were not all hung before inauguration day! If a man believe one half of what he sees in

THE NEWSPAPERS

in these times, his career will be very short outside of Bloomingdale Insane Asylum. I was absent during this last week, and I was dependent entirely upon what I read in regard to what had occurred in these cities, and I read there was a procession in New York of five thousand patriots, and a minute after I read in another sheet that there were seventeen thousand; and then I read in regard to another procession that there were ten thousand, and then I read in another paper that there were sixty thousand. A campaign orator in the Rink or the Academy of Music received a very cold reception—a very chilling reception—said one statement. The other statement said the audience rose at him; so great was the enthusiasm that for a long while the orator could not be heard, and it was only after lifting his hand that the vociferation began to subside! One statement will twist a letter one way, and another statement will twist a letter another way. You must admit it is a very difficult thing in times like these to get a very accurate estimate of a man's character, and I charge you, as your religious teacher, I charge you to caution and to mercifulness and to prayer.

I warn you also against the mistake which many are making, and always do make, of applying

A DIFFERENT STANDARD

of character for those in high place and of large means from the standard they apply for ordinary persons. However much a man may have, and however high the position he gets, he has no especial liberty given him in the interpretation of the Ten Commandments. A great sinner is no more to be excused than a small sinner. Do not charge illustrious defection to eccentricity, or chop off the Ten Commandments to suit especial cases. The right is everlastingly right and the wrong is everlastingly wrong. If any man nominated for any office in this city, State, or nation differs from the Decalogue, *do not fix up the Decalogue*, but fix him up. This law must stand whatever else may fall.

I call your attention also to the fact that you are all aware of, that the breaking of one commandment makes it the more easy to break all of them, and the philosophy is plain. Any kind of

SIN WEAKENS THE CONSCIENCE,

and if the conscience is weakened, that opens the door for all kinds of transgression. If, for instance, a man go into this political campaign wielding scurrility as his chief weapon, and he believes everything bad about a man, and believes nothing good, how long before that man himself will get over the moral depression? Neither in time nor eternity. If I utter a falsehood in regard to a man I may damage him, but I get for myself tenfold more damage. That is

A GUN THAT KICKS.

If, for instance, a man be profane, under provocation he will commit any crime. I say under provocation. For if a man will maltreat the Lord Almighty, would he not maltreat his fellow-man? If a man be guilty of malfeasance in office he will, under provocation, commit any sin. He who will steal will lie, and he who will lie will steal.

If, for instance, a man be unchaste, it opens the door for all other iniquity, for in that one iniquity he commits theft of the worst kind, and covetousness of the worst kind, and falsehood—pretending to be decent when he is not—and maltreats his parents by disgracing their name, if they were good. Be careful, therefore, how you charge that sin against any man either in high place or low place, either in office or out of office, because when you make that charge against a man you charge him with all villainies, with all disgusting propensities, with all rottenness.

A LIBERTINE IS A BEAST,

lower than the vermin that crawl over a summer carcass—lower than the swine, for the swine has no intelligence to sin against. *Be careful, then, how you charge that against any man.* You must be so certain that a mathematical demonstration is doubtful as compared with it.

And, then, when you investigate a man on such subjects, you must go the whole length of investigation, and find out whether or not he has repented. He may have been down on his knees before God and implored the divine forgiveness, and he may have implored the forgiveness of society and the forgiveness of the world; although if a man commit that sin at thirty or thirty-five years of age there is not one case out of a thousand where he ever repents. You must in your investigation see if it is possible that the one case investigated may not have been the glorious exception. But do not chop off the seventh commandment to suit the case. Do not change Fairbanks' scale to suit what you are weighing with it. Do not cut off a yardstick to suit the dry goods you are measuring. Let the law stand, and never tamper with it.

A SLANDERER.

Above all, I charge you do not join in the cry that I have heard—for fifteen, twenty years I have heard it—that there is no such thing as purity. If you make that charge you are a foul-mouthed scandaler of the human race. You are a leper. Make room for that leper! When a man, by pen or type or tongue, utters such a slander on the human race that there is no such thing as purity, I know right away that that man himself is a walking lazaretto, a reeking ulcer, and is fit for no society better than that of devils damned. We may enlarge our charities in such a case, but in no such case let us shave off the Ten Commandments. Let them stand as the everlasting defence of society and of the Church of God.

The committing of one sin opens the door for the commission of other sins. You see it every day. Those Wall Street embezzlers, those bank cashiers absconding as soon as they are brought to justice, develop the fact that they were in all kinds of sin. No exception to the rule. They all kept bad company, they nearly all gambled, they all went to places where they ought not. Why? The commission of the one sin opened the gate for all the other sins. Sins go in flocks, in droves, and in herds. You open the door for one sin, that invites in all the miserable segregation.

THE CAMPAIGN ORATORS

this autumn, some of them, bombarding the suffering candidates all the week, think no wrong in riding all Sunday, and they are at this moment, many of them, in the political headquarters calculating the chances. All the week hurling the eighth commandment at Mr. Blaine, the seventh commandment at Mr. Cleveland, and the ninth commandment at Mr. St. John—what are they doing with the fourth commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy"? Breaking it. Is not the fourth commandment as important as the eighth, as the seventh, as the ninth? Some of these political campaign orators, as I have seen them reported, and as I have heard in regard to them, bom-

parding the suffering candidates all the week, yet tossing the name of God from their lips recklessly, guilty of profanity. What are they doing with the third commandment? Is not the third commandment, which says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain"—is not the third commandment as important as the other seven? Oh yes, we find in all departments men are hurling their indignation against sins perhaps to which they are not especially tempted—hurling it against iniquity toward which they are not particularly drawn.

I have this book for my authority when I say that the man who swears or the man who breaks the Sabbath is as

CULPABLE BEFORE GOD

as either of those candidates is culpable if the things charged on him are true. What right have you and I to select which commandment we will keep and which we will break? Better not try to measure the thunderbolts of the Almighty, saying this has less blaze, this has less momentum. Better not handle the guns, better not experiment much with the divine ammunition. Cicero said he saw the Iliad written on a nut-shell, and you and I have seen the Lord's Prayer written on a five-cent piece; but the whole tendency of these times is to write the Ten Commandments so small nobody can see them. I protest this day against the attempt to revise the Decalogue which was given on Mount Sinai amid the blast of trumpets and the cracking of the rocks and the paroxysm of the mountain of Arabia Petræa.

I bring up the candidates for city, State, and national power—I bring them up, and I try them by this Decalogue. Of course, they are imperfect.

WE ARE ALL IMPERFECT.

We say things we ought not to say, we do things we ought not to do. We have all been wrong, we have all done wrong. But I shall find out one of the candidates who comes, in my estimation, nearest to obedience of the Ten Commandments, and I will vote for him, and you will vote for him unless you love God less than your party; then you will not.

SAFE SAILING.

Herodotus said that Nitocris, the daughter of Nebuchadnezzar, was so fascinated with her beautiful village of Ardericca, that she had the river above Babylon changed so it wound this way and wound that, and curved this way and curved that, and though you sailed on it for three days every day you would be in sight of that exquisite village. Now, I do not care which way you sail in morals, or which way you sail in life, if you only sail within sight of this beautiful group of divine commandments. Although they may sometimes seem to be a little angular, I do not care which way you sail, if you sail in sight of them you will never run aground and you will never be shipwrecked.

I never felt more impressed from God than I do this moment of the importance of what I am saying to this audience.

SOCIETY NEEDS TONING UP

on all these subjects. I tell you there is nothing worse to fight than the ten regiments, with bayonets and sabres of fire, marching down the side of Mount Sinai. They always gain the victory, and those who fight against them go under. There are thousands and tens of thousands of men being

SLAIN BY THE DECALOGUE.

What is the matter with that young man of whom I read, dying in his dissipations? In his dying delirium he said: "Now, fetch on the dice. It is mine! No, no! It is gone, all is gone! Bring on more wine! Bring on more wine! Oh, how they rattle their chains! Fiends, fiends, fiends! I say you cheat! The cards are marked! Oh, death! oh, death! oh, death! Fiends, fiends, fiends!" And he gasped and was gone. The Ten Commandments slew him.

Let not ladies and gentlemen in this nineteenth century revise the Ten Commandments, but let them in society and at the polls put to the front those who come the nearest to this God-lifted standard. On Tuesday morning next read the twentieth chapter of Exodus at family prayers. The moral or the immoral character of the next President of the United States will add seventy-five per cent unto or subtract seventy-five per cent from the national morals. You and I

CANNOT AFFORD TO HAVE A BAD PRESIDENT;

the young men of this country cannot afford to have a bad President; the commercial, the moral, the artistic, the agricultural, the manufacturing, the religious interests of this country, cannot afford to have a bad President; and if you, on looking over the whole field, cannot find a man who, in your estimation, comes within reasonable distance of obedience of the Decalogue, stay at home, do not vote at all.

I suppose when in the city of Sodom there were four candidates put up for the mayoralty, and Lot did not believe in any of them, he did not register. I suppose if there came a crisis in the politics of Babylon, where Daniel did not believe in any of the candidates, he stayed at home on election day, praying with his face toward Jerusalem. But we have no such crisis, we have no such exigency, thank God. But I have to say to you to-day that the moral character of a ruler always affects the ruled; and

I APPEAL TO HISTORY.

Wicked King Manasseh depressed the moral tone of all the nation of Judah, and threw them into idolatry. Good King Josiah lifted up the whole nation by his excellent example. Why is it that to-day England is higher up in morals than at any point in her national history? It is because she has the best ruler in all Europe, all the attempts to scandalize her name a failure. The political power of Talleyrand brooded all the political tricksters of the last ninety years. The dishonest Vice-Presidency of Aaron Burr blasted this nation until important letters were written in cipher, because the people could not trust the United States mail. And let the court circles of Louis XV. and Henry VIII. march out, followed by the debauched nations.

The higher up you put a bad man the worse is his power for evil. The great fabulist says that the pigeons were in fright at a kite flying in the air, and so these pigeons hovered near the dovecote; but one day the kite said, "Why are you so afraid? why do you pass your life in terror? make me king, and I'll destroy all your enemies." So the pigeons made the kite king, and as soon as he got the throne his regular diet was a pigeon a day. And while one of the victims was waiting for its turn to come, it said: "Served us right!" The malaria of swamps rises from the plain to the height, but moral malaria descends from the mountain to the plain. Be careful, therefore, how you elevate into authority men who are in any wise antagonistic to the Ten Commandments.

As near as I can tell,

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING

now to be done is to have about forty million copies of the Sinaitic Decalogue printed and scattered throughout the land. It was a terrible waste when the Alexandrian library was destroyed, and the books were taken to heat four thousand baths for the citizens of Alexandria. It was very expensive heat. But without any harm to the Decalogue, you could with it heat a hundred thousand baths of moral purification for the American people.

I say we want a tonic—a mighty tonic—a corrective—an all-powerful corrective—and Moses in the text, with steady hand, notwithstanding the jarring mountains and the full orchestra of the tempest and the blazing of the air, pours out the ten drops—no more, no less—which this nation needs to take for its moral convalescence.

But I shall not leave you under the discouragement of the Ten Commandments, because we have all offended. There is

ANOTHER MOUNTAIN

in sight, and while one mountain thunders the other answers in thunder; and while Mount Sinai, with lightning, writes doom, the other mountain, with lightning, writes mercy. The only way you will ever spike the guns of the Decalogue is by the spikes of the cross. The only rock that will ever stop the Sinaitic upheaval is the Rock of Ages. Mount Calvary is higher than Mount Sinai. The English Survey Expedition, I know, say that one Sinaitic peak is 7000 feet high and another 8000 and another 9000 feet high, and travellers tell us that Mount Calvary is only a slightly raised knoll outside of the wall of Jerusalem; but Calvary in moral significance overtops and overshadows all the mountains of the hemispheres, and Mount Washington and Mount Blanc and the Himalayas are hillocks compared with it. You know that sometimes one fortress will silence another fortress. Moultrie silenced Sumpter; and against the mountain of the law I put the mountain of the cross. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," booms one, until the earth jars under the connonade. "Save them from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom," pleads the other, until earth and heaven and hell tremble under the reverberation. And Moses, who commands the one, surrenders to Christ, who commands the other.

"Once by the law our hopes were slain,
But now in Christ we live again."

Aristotle says that Mount Etna erupted one day and poured torrents of scoria upon the villages at the base, but that

THE MOUNTAIN DIVIDED

its flame and made a lane of safety for all those who came to rescue their aged parents. And this volcanic Sinai divides its fury for all those whom Christ has come to rescue from the red ruin on both sides. Standing as I do to-day, half way between the two mountains — the mountain of the 20th of Exodus and the mountain of the 19th of John—all my terror comes ino supernatural calm, for the uproar of the one mountain subsides into quiet, and comes down into so deep a silence that I can hear the other mountain speak—ay, I can hear it whisper: "The blood, the blood, the blood that cleanseth from all sin."

The Survey Expedition says that the Sinaitic mountains have wadys, or water-courses—Alleyat and Ajelah—emptying into Feiran. But those streams are not navigable. No boat put into those rocky streams could sail. But I have to tell you this day that

THE BOAT OF GOSPEL RESCUE

comes right up amid the water-courses of Sinaitic gloom and threat, ready to take us off from under the shadows into the calm sunlight of God's pardon and into the land of peace. Oh, if you could see that boat of Gospel rescue coming this day, you would feel as John Gilmore, in his book, "The Storm Warriors," says that a ship's crew felt on the Kentish Knock Sands, off the coast of England, when they were being beaten to pieces and they all felt they must die! They had given up all hope, and every moment washed another plank from the wreck, and they said, "We must die, we must die!" But after a while they saw *a Ramsgate lifeboat* coming through the breakers for them, and the man standing highest up on the wreck said: "Can it be? Can it be? It is, it is, it is, it is! Thank God! It is the Ramsgate lifeboat! It is, it is, it is, it is!" And the old Jack tar, describing that lifeboat to his comrades after he got ashore, said: "Oh, my lads, what a beauty it did seem, what a beauty it did seem coming through the breakers that awful day!" May God, through the mercy in Jesus Christ, take us all off the miserable wreck of our sin into the beautiful lifeboat of the Gospel!

"Thy Healer," A New Magazine Devoted to the subject of faith-healing, may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, price five cents, including postage. It is issued in London on the first and fifteenth of each month, and will be sent to subscribers promptly on its receipt in New York. The annual subscription is one dollar. It is *edited by Mrs. M. Baxter.*

THE COMING OF THE LORD, PERSONAL AND PRE-MILLENNIAL.

By the Rev. G. W. Pendleton, A.M.

Two Greek Words—The New Testament Full of the Doctrine—Christ's Return Certain—Will Come in Person—Emphatically and Explicitly Promised—The Bride's Personal Union—It may be Near—Will be before the Millennium—False Professors will be Living—The Millennium will Surely Come.

THERE are two Greek terms which are both translated in the New Testament *coming—Erkomai*, a verb, and *Parousia*, a noun. "Verily I say unto you, there are some standing here who shall not taste of death till they see the Son of man coming in His kingdom" (Matt. 16 : 28). And in a short time Christ took a part of His disciples up into the mountain, and was transfigured before them. Peter says, "This was the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (II Peter 1 : 16, 17). "What shall be the sign of thy *coming* and of the end of the world" (Parousia) (Matt. 24 : 3)? Also see Matt. 24 : 27-30, 37-39, 26 : 64 ; Mark 13 : 26, 14 : 62 ; Luke 19 : 23, 12 : 45, 21 : 27 ; Acts 7 : 52 ; 1 Cor. 1 : 7, 15 : 23 ; 1 Thess. 2 : 19, 3 : 13 ; James 5 : 7, 8, etc.

Thus the New Testament is

FULL OF THE DOCTRINE

of Christ's coming, and it is presented over and over again under many figures. He leaves His Church, but only to return to it. "The Son of man is as a man taking a far journey who left his house." He leaves the world and ascends to heaven. "*Whom* the heaven must receive (retain) until the times of the restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of His holy prophets since the world began." The prophecies are being fulfilled, and Christ, in due time, is

SURE TO RETURN

to His house—His Church.

The second coming of Christ, as was the first coming, will be personal, or *in a bodily form*. In person He comes but twice. "Unto you that look for Him will He appear the second time." "And every eye shall see Him." When He ascended He was seen by His disciples. They gazed up into heaven until the cloud received Him out of their sight. "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." He ascended in person, and "this same Jesus," said the two angels, "shall so *come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven*." No language can be more explicit in stating the fact of the personal coming of Christ. If His second coming is not personal, how can we make plain such Scriptures as, "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints to execute judgment upon all." "The Lord my God shall come, and all His saints with Him." "The coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all His saints." "He shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels."

It is evident from the whole tenor of Scripture that Christ will return to this world in person,

IN THE VISIBLE GLORIES

of His humanity. As He said, "*I will come again*." "Every eye shall see me." Can it be possible that this coming is not visible, or that there is no coming at all—only a mere act of the will, or Providence, or some operation of spiritual power? When Christ says, "I will come again and receive you unto myself," He means that He will come in person, in power and glory, to complete the work of redemption, to establish His kingdom in the earth, and give all His people "an abundant entrance into this everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"The Bridegroom came, and they that were ready went in with Him to the marriage, and the door was shut." This will be a

PERSONAL UNION OF THE BRIDE

—the Church—with the Bridegroom—the Lord Jesus Christ. Then the believers will enter upon the full realization of their union with Christ. This coming of Christ is pre-millennial, or before the thousand years of Christ's reign with the saints on earth.

As to the time of Christ's coming no man can tell. There may be signs which indicate that

IT IS NEAR.

As Christ says, "When the fig tree putteth forth her leaves, ye know that summer is nigh ; so likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors." But the Bible clearly teaches that Christ will come at the commencement of or

BEFORE THE MILLENNIUM.

If there is to be a spiritual millennium before the coming of Christ, why are the people of God commanded to watch for His coming? So far from a period of peace and rest before Christ's coming, the nations will remain alien to God and His people ; and Christ "comes to take vengeance on them that know not God and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." He destroys the man of sin by the brightness of His coming. "As the days of Noah, so also shall the coming of the Son of man be. For as in the days before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark." Hence it will be a time of great wickedness.

Mankind have no reason to comfort themselves with the thought of a good time coming before the close of the mediatorial dispensation. The world will continue to be devoted to the cares of this life, regardless of Christ's coming. "Wicked men and seducers will wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." "The wheat and the tares will grow together until the harvest, and the harvest is the end of the age." "At the last day (not before) the Son of man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity."

The intermixture of the righteous and the wicked will continue to the end of the present economy. Christ asks, "When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" The kingdom of heaven—the Church at that time—"will be likened unto ten virgins, who took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom ; and five of them were wise and five were foolish." Equally divided between true and

FALSE PROFESSORS.

Paul declares the same truths. "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God ; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." This is the state of society in the last days. The moral aspects of the world now look as if we were living in the last days. Peter agrees with Paul. He says, "Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, 'Where is the promise of His coming?" Hence, when Christ comes, the world will be struck with consternation and dread. "All kindred and tribes of the earth shall wail because of Him."

But some may ask, Will not the prophecies of a future glorious time on earth be fulfilled? "When all shall know the Lord, from the least even to the greatest." 'When Christ shall reign from sea to sea." "When nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks." "When Christ's kingdom and His will shall be done in earth as it is done in heaven." "When the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord." Most certainly such a time will come. All the prophecies relating to the future will be fulfilled. But different theories on this subject make a difference in the time of the fulfilment. We claim that this glorious time will be after the second coming of Christ, and not before. In the thirty-seventh Psalm it is said : "For evil-doers shall be cut off, but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth." "But the meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace." "The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein forever." When the wicked are cut off, when they are driven away in their wickedness, and when shall appear the new earth wherein shall dwell righteousness, then will come the glorious time on earth. Then

> "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth his successive journeys run :
> His kingdom stretch from shore to shore ;
> 'Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

THE BELIEVER'S STATE

in the present world is one of expectancy and not of attainment. If he attained here all that is promised, the future would cease to be a matter of hope, for what is realized cannot be hoped for. His hope looks beyond the bounds of time, and he longs to realize his hopes. "For in this we groan, desiring to be clothed upon with our house, which is from heaven." The full realization of the believer's hope will not take place till Christ is revealed from heaven, and the vile body of the saint is fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body.

NORTH SEA STORIES.

THE following incidents are related by a Christian gentleman who spent some time on board the mission ship sent out by the Thames Church Mission to evangelize among the fishing fleet in the North Sea :

THE BIGGEST DRUNKARD.

"I was the biggest drunkard in the fleet ; every one knew me, knew what I was, and, thank God, they know what I am." This testimony was borne by a quiet, simple-hearted fisherman, whose past history is matter of common knowledge, while his present life and conduct is the amazement of all. "How did it come about?" I ventured to ask. "Well, you see this here Ensign a'comes to our fleet, and the skippers were all talking 'bout it. I was fonder a deal of the cooper* than of any Gospel ship, and I laughed as loud as any of the lot when we met on board the cooper and talked over our grog 'bout the new-comer. I vowed I'd never set foot on her deck.

"Howsomever a few weeks after the Ensign got in company with my smack, I didn't like it a bit, and tried to beat off from her, but she stuck to me. By and by the skipper sang out wouldn't I come aboard and have a cup of coffee? I didn't like to say no, it looked surly like ; and so I went, but determined to hear nothing 'bout religion. We had a comfortable enough chat over the coffee ; then I said I'd better be off. *I was afeared what was to come.* 'No,' says he, 'we don't do it that way on board this ship. We won't have any leave without a word of prayer.' Whether or no I had to consent, and nearly for the first time in my life I joined in Christian prayer.

"I got off pretty quick after prayers I can tell you, but the words I heard read from the Book stuck to me. Next day he wanted me to come aboard again, but I said 'I don't want to go. I was miserable enough last night.' I did go though after all, for somehow I felt as if *the Book that had hurt me might help me.* That day I was more miserable than ever, and when I got back to my own ship I vowed I'd drop the drink. For nearly a week I was to windward of the Gospel ship, and she didn't get near me. I tried hard to keep my word about the grog, but one day the cooper got in company with my smack, and I couldn't resist. I got on board, and was soon as drunk as ever

"I soon got on my old ways, and was bad as could be, and you may be certain sure I gave the mission ship a wide berth. Don't know how it happened, it must have been the Lord's doing, but at daylight one morning I found Budd in the mission smack right close by. After he'd

* The drink sold on these coopers is terrible stuff. I have seen a strong fellow fairly knocked down, and almost senseless, after a glass, or perhaps two.

put his fish on the carrier, he come aboard, and talked straight to me. I had to give in, and go on board the Ensign. I'd been miserable all the time I'd been drinking, and so when I heard them read 'bout Christ died for sinners, and how He'd save the worst, I said, 'That's me,' and broke down like a child. 'If He'll save me, here goes, I'm in for it.' And I tell you He did; not as I deserved it, for I was a reg'lar bad 'un, but He did, bless His name. Now, thank God, the whole of my crew are saved men; and besides there's my son and his son—three generations of us, and we're all serving the Lord."

THE BACKSLIDER'S RETURN.

"In my youth I was converted," said a "splendid" fisherman (the adjective is not my own; it was spontaneously uttered by one who met him in my company), "but I wandered far from God, and the reason was I forgot to pray. If there is one danger to Christian life it's neglect of secret prayer. God was merciful to me, and called me a good many times, but I refused. Last time He let the capstan knock my eye out, and I fell overboard. I was picked up, and no sooner had I got below than I vowed, God helping me, I'd never be drunk again. If I was to be drowned, it would be sober. I'd always kept well to the leeward of the Ensign, so's she could catch me, though I'd had tracts sent aboard I couldn't help reading.

"The next Sunday we got out the boat, the lads a-thinking it were for the cooper. But no; after we got in I says, 'Pull for the mission ship. I'm minded to go on board a bit.' We did, and if the gentleman as was speaking didn't read God's Word, 'O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. . . . I will heal their backsliding. I will love them freely; for Mine anger is turned away from him." I knew 'twas God's message for me. I never doubted it, and could not resist a moment longer. All these years I'd been a-sinning and He had been bearing with me. I got into a dark corner of the hold, and cried to God, and there and then *He took me back;* and He's been rare good to me since. By His grace I will never leave Him."

FOUR DARK DAYS.

"Hallelujah! long may she reign!" shouted a tall, burly fisherman as he sprang over our bulwarks and hastened to join the praying company in the hold. At the close of this meeting we had a "testimony service," and our friend, familiarly known as "Darkie," said: "Thank God I signed the pledge in the hold of the dear old Ensign. The pledge didn't save me and never you think, mates, that if you're teetotalers you're all right. You may be the stanchest temperance men and go straight to hell.

"What did the signing the pledge do for me then? Well, I'll tell you. If I hadn't signed the pledge I'd never a bin sober to hear the Word of God. I was a drinking, swearing, gambling, fighting fellow, and little cared I for religion. 'Only for a lot of muffs,' I thought. Though I'd signed the pledge I didn't want to be converted. I was terribly frightened I should, so I sailed as far off as I could from the mission ship. However, I'd been accustomed to go to the cooper of nights, and now I couldn't do that: so I fretted what to do to pass the time. And when the missionary pulled alongside my ship and pitched a couple of books on board and begged me to come with him to the Ensign, I said I would, but I determined I'd take care of myself and not get religious.

"I sat the service out pretty comfortable, and thought I was all right, when one of the Ensign lads gets alongside of me and says straight, 'Bill, you ain't on the Lord's side yet.' 'No, I ain't and don't want to.' 'Don't want to! That's 'cause you don't know how good it is. Come, let's pray about it.' I was that mad I could have struck him, but for all that I let him pray, and by the end I was crying like a girl. However, I wouldn't yield, and got back to my ship. I was four days and four nights under conviction, and I wouldn't pass through these days again not for worlds. God brought me back to the Ensign, and there and then He gave me peace, 'cause His blessed Son had died for me. 'Bless His name He set me free,' and now I'm happy all the day and mean to serve Him while I live. I thank God the mission ships ever came to the North Sea; they've brought life to hundreds of dead souls in the fleets. God bless them and send more of them. There are fleets with thousands of fishermen as has never seen the blue flag yet, and have never heard the message of life."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Schoolboy's Sudden Death.—"A Lad about fifteen years of age, in a school of which I had charge, went home one afternoon. When he arrived, he did not feel very well, and went upstairs to a neighbor, and asked her to give him a drink of water. When he got the tumbler in his hand, he looked up into her face and said, 'I am dying,' and with these words he fell down at her feet quite dead. He died without a moment's warning. Many of his companions came and looked at the dead body, and said: 'Thank God that was not me, for I am not ready to go; but he loved Jesus, and is now in heaven, of which he often spoke to us.'"

Bernard Palissy, the Potter, after he Had been sentenced to death was visited in his cell by Henry III., of France, anxious to save the only man in the country who could make Majolica ware, and to persuade him to abjure Protestantism. "If you will not, Palissy," said he, "I shall be compelled to let your sentence take its course." "Sire," replied Palissy, with dignity, "have I heard the King of France say 'I am compelled?' I am a poor potter, one of the meanest of your Majesty's subjects, but no power on earth can compel me to violate my conscience. You are one of the greatest monarchs on earth, and you say 'I am compelled!' Sire, which of us is the king and which is the potter?"

A Chinese Martyr.—A Poor Chinaman, after he was converted not long ago, went about the town in which he was living with two large placards, one in front and the other on his back, with affectionate texts from God's Word, inviting sinners to come to Jesus. He was beaten and knocked down, but rose quietly without any attempt to retaliate. Many were induced through his instrumentality to cry, 'What must we do to be saved?" The number of these increased, so that the government became alarmed. He was apprehended, ordered to recant, and deny Jesus. He steadfastly refused, and was beheaded. All over China they openly worship evil spirits and excuse themselves by saying, "Oh, Jesus is kind, and never did any one any harm, so we need not mind Him; but we must propitiate the bad spirits."

A German Baron and his Countess.—Mr. Denham Smith made the acquaintance of a German baron and his countess in Italy. They were a genial, wealthy, and accomplished couple, advancing in years, but still able to travel about from place to place, with all the attendants suitable to their position and rank. Mr. Smith never had any direct spiritual conversation with them till they were about to part; when, seizing the hand of the baron, he said, "Good-by, I hope we shall meet again." "Many thanks, sir," said the baron; "but at my time of life it is scarcely possible we shall ever meet again; if you come back to this neighborhood, the probability is that I shall be gone." "Yet I hope we shall meet again." "Ah, sir, you mean in heaven." "I do, indeed." "Ah, I shall never meet you there," replied the baron; "I am too great a sinner ever to meet you there." The aged couple were deeply affected, and the countess said, "Sir, what would you do with one like me? I was religiously brought up, and over in England I attended the ministry of a Protestant clergyman; but since those years I have wandered away from God, and amid the pleasures and excitements of the world I have forgotten what I used to know. What would you do with a child who had left her father's house?" "Do?" replied Mr. Smith, "I would put her into the fifteenth chapter of Luke;" and opening that chapter, and putting it into the hands of the countess, he asked her to read it. She read it until tears dropped from both her own and her husband's eyes. Coming to the verse which describes the prodigal coming to himself, she said, emphatically, "Is that me?" "Oh, yes, it is you." Again she read on till she came to the father clasping in his arms the returning prodigal. Said the baron, "Is that God? is that father, God?" "Yes, and with His arms around that bundle of rags." "Oh, will you stop a minute?" he cried, and pulling out his note book, said, "Let me write that down." The two trusted in Christ, believed the Gospel, and were made happy.

The Evidence of "Hard Cash."—A Lady whose work for Christ costs a large sum every year, and who derives it all through faith and prayer, says: "I was once confronted with an infidel who demanded what proof we have that there is a God, or rather that we could *know* that there is a God. I replied, 'If you had made an appeal to a person whom you had never seen, and of whose existence you only knew by report, for a thousand pounds, and if he had responded to your appeal by sending you the money by the hand of some friend, would you not *know* that such a person must be a living reality?' 'Yes,' he said, with an incredulous smile, 'I should think I should; *hard cash is pretty strong evidence!*' 'Well,' I said, 'I made an appeal to God for that very sum toward purchasing a house by the seaside for the benefit of His servants; and He gave me the exact amount I asked for by the hand of a friend, without my having to appeal to any one else but Himself. I therefore claim to *know* that He exists.' The man changed countenance, and turned away without answering. And so I would say to wavering Christians, that when I have often, in answer to prayer, when no one but myself and the living God knew of the straits into which I have sometimes been brought, received 'hard cash,' sent in every variety of form—sometimes a few stamps, sometimes a hundred pounds, at other times three hundred, and five hundred, and a thousand, I think I have *a tangible proof* that the God whom Jesus Christ came to reveal as the Father is indeed, to all who seek Him, 'a living, bright reality.'"

A Materialist in a Gin-Mill.—Mr. Dunn, who for some years was a missionary to saloons in London under the auspices of the London City Mission, recently told an incident illustrative of the way in which he met objectors and secured a hearing for the Gospel message. One day in a saloon a man said to him. "What book is that you have got?" "The Bible." "Oh, I don't believe in that." "I did not say you did What do you believe in?" "I am a materialist; I believe in nature, and nature's laws." "Well, what is nature?" "Nature! Why, nature is nature, of course." "I believe you are right. Well, what is the first law of nature?" After some shuffling and haggling, the answer given was, "Why, to take care of yourself." "May I ask if you keep that law?" The man evidently had no shirt on, and his toes were peeping through his boots. The others who stood by and listened understood the point of the question, and they said, "Tom, put that in your pipe and smoke it." The man could not but admit that I was better fed and clothed; so I said, "Then I am the best materialist. Now I will tell you how that is. This book has taught me how to be a good materialist. Let me read a little bit to you: 'Godliness is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.'" The result was that I was able to preach the Gospel to them. Tom shook me by the hand and said, "I shall not forget what you said. You touched a chord in my heart when you spoke to me about home; if ever there was a good man, it was my father."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Result of the Presidential Election is not known at the time THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press. But, unless some untoward event occurs, such as that of 1876, our readers will have learned before they peruse these lines which of the candidates has been chosen by the people for this high and honorable office. We have been told by the speakers of both parties that the election of the man to whom they are opposed would be disastrous to the nation; but let not the faithful Christian be disquieted by those predictions. God rules over all, and will overrule all events to the nation's good. It may be that the only way in which the nation can be purified is by disaster, and, if so, we can bear it for the sake of the blessing it will bring. Of one thing we may be assured: God, whose minute care takes in a falling sparrow, has not allowed this national crisis to pass by unheeded. Even those who will wonder that He has not answered prayers offered for the success of a candidate who did not succeed, may, having done their duty conscientiously, now leave the result in perfect confidence in the hands of Him who "ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will."

The Campaign which Closed Last Week was remarkable for the intense personal hostility manifested toward each of the two chief candidates. Both Mr. Blaine and Mr. Cleveland were denounced on personal grounds. In both cases the nomination produced dissatisfaction in the parties they respectively represent, and an animosity has been displayed toward them on the part of the dissatisfied, as bitter as that which always arises when there is a quarrel among members of the same family. Now that the struggle is over, we may hope that the acrimony engendered will disappear. The successful candidate is placed in a position in which he will need all our prayers. It is the highest and most honorable position in the whole world, but its responsibilities are of the gravest. Even those who worked to prevent the election of the man who is now President-elect should pray for him. Indeed, they have *the most reason to pray* because they have the deepest conviction that he is unfit for the office which the votes of the people have confided to his keeping. For the sake of our national honor, which we hope he will keep untarnished—for the sake of the morals of our nation and our young people, whom his example will surely influence, prayer should be offered that God will give him wisdom and strength that he may be able to resist temptation and live righteously before God and the people.

Another Change in the Cabinet was Made last week. The President, on October 28th, appointed as Secretary of the Treasury the Hon. Hugh McCulloch, who was appointed to the same office by President Lincoln in March, 1865. Mr. Gresham, who has held the office since September 24th, has accepted the appointment of Circuit Judge of the Seventh Circuit in the room of Judge Drummond, who resigned. The new Secretary is seventy-three years of age. He is a native of the State of Maine, but has spent most of his life in Indiana, where he became President of the State Bank. He resigned that office in 1863 to become Controller of the Currency under Secretary Chase, whom two years afterward he succeeded at the Treasury. When General Grant became President, Secretary McCulloch went to England, where he engaged in banking business. He returned to America in 1874, but has taken little part in public life since that time. Secretary McCulloch is opposed to the compulsory clauses of the Coinage Act.

The Exact Deficiency in the Postal Department for the last fiscal year was $3,593,137. In the previous year there was a surplus of $2,653,189. The loss was due to the reduction in the rate of domestic postage from three to two cents. The expenditure for the year was $46,411,772, and the receipts $42,818,635. The money-order revenue, amounting to about $400,000, is not included in this statement. That amount will go to reduce the deficiency.

The Liquor Question in Ohio Assumes a new shape in consequence of a decision of the Supreme Court, pronounced on October 28th. Three judges affirm and two dissent from the judgment. By it the law known as the Scott Liquor Law is *declared unconstitutional*. The ground taken by the court is that the act is in effect a license law within the inhibition of the eighteenth section of the schedule to the Constitution, which provides that "no license to traffic in intoxicating liquors shall hereafter be granted in this State," and is therefore void. A despatch from Cleveland states that in the first year of the law $200,000 was raised in that county alone from the tax. The Hon. O. J. Hodge, Speaker of the Ohio House of Representatives that passed the Scott law, and who gave the casting vote necessary to its passage, said to a correspondent of the New York *Times* that the decision of the court throws the whole liquor question wide open again, and the result will be greater excitement upon the temperance question than ever before, and ultimately at an early day *complete prohibition* of the traffic. Besides this, he says, thousands of new drinking places will now be opened, and these will be of the lowest kind, doing infinite harm to the better class of dealers.

An Obstruction to the Enforcement of the Prohibition Amendment in Iowa has been raised by a district judge of that State. In a charge to the grand jury at Muscatine, the judge instructed them that while the selling of liquor is an indictable offence, they must also regard the buyer of liquor as being equally with the seller a party to the infraction of law. Those, too, who testified to having purchased liquor he declared to be subject to indictment. Judge Hayes still further charged the jury, that if any person should, encouraged or incited thereto by any organized body or association, buy liquor for the purpose of criminating the seller, such buyer would be indictable, and such society or organization would be guilty of conspiracy, and should be indicted for that crime. The Legislature of Iowa will doubtless take note of this ruling, and pass a law protecting witnesses and societies, or the amendment will not be enforced.

A Disastrous Fire Consumed a Whole Village in New York State on October 20th. The prosperous town of Carthage, N. Y., was the scene of the calamity. The fire began in a row of manufacturing buildings, on the west side of the Black River, and the heavy wind blew sparks for half a mile, across the river to the two islands which were filled with manufacturing institutions. Everything on the islands was burned, and the fire struck into the resident part of the town and swept the buildings from about *seventy-five acres*. One hundred and sixty dwellings were burned beside the manufacturing institutions, and the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Disciples churches, town hall, academy, and all other school buildings. The fire spread so rapidly that very little household goods could be saved. One hundred dwellings were burning at the same time. The people were panic-stricken; and hundreds of them were roaming the streets, or lying in spots which the fire had not touched, every place of shelter in the village being filled with women and children. Strong men were weeping and women and children were crying as they realized that everything they possessed was being swept away. The manufacturers cannot resume without outside help. People are thus thrown out of employment, with the loss of all they had, and they will have to suffer, unless aid is rendered. A subscription has been commenced for them, and money is being liberally contributed.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Conducted a Convention of Christian Workers, last week, at Worcester, Mass. The sessions were held in the Mechanics' Hall, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. On November 1st an interesting address was delivered on "How to Conduct Prayer-Meetings," by the Rev. J. L. Withrow, D.D., of Boston, and "What Does the Church Owe the Young Converts?" by the Rev. A. H. Plumb, D.D., of Boston. A question drawer was conducted by Mr. Moody, and Mr. Sankey conducted the singing. An address was given at the evening meeting on "The Holy Spirit for Service," by Mr. Moody. The convention held four meetings on Sunday. It is announced that similar conventions will be held in the following places: Troy and Albany, November 6th to 9th; Utica, 9th to 11th; Rome, 12th and 13th; Syracuse, 14th to 16th; Rochester, 17th and 18th; Buffalo, 19th and 20th; Detroit, 21st to 23d, and Elmira, 25th.

Miss Laurie McLatchie, the Eloquent Scottish evangelist, commenced a series of services in Paterson, N. J., on Sunday, October 26th. The services were held in the Paterson Avenue Church every night last week, and Miss McLatchie has consented to continue them during this week. The Sunday services were crowded to the utmost capacity of the church, even the aisles being filled by eager and attentive hearers. During the week, notwithstanding the political excitement, the processions, and speeches by noted politicians, large audiences were drawn to hear the gifted lady's addresses. We are thankful to learn that the Holy Spirit is blessing her labors, and that many persons have come forward desiring to confess Christ before men, as the result of God's blessing on her appeals. We trust that many churches in this country may have reason, in revived spiritual life and in numerous additions to their membership, to bless God that His honored servant crossed the Atlantic.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness, having arranged the transfer of the Congo Mission—the business which brought them to this country—took passage for England yesterday on the Servia, of the Cunard line. They were speaking nearly every night last week in the churches of New York to attentive audiences. On Tuesday, October 28th, Mrs. Guinness spoke on the subject of our Lord's second coming. Her address was earnest and energetic, and was much enjoyed, despite the curious blunders into which the good lady occasionally fell. They were evidently due to the superficial character of her knowledge of the subject, to which probably her ceaseless activity in the noble cause of Christian missions has prevented her giving much attention. Both she and her husband have received a warm welcome in America. That is peculiarly gratifying to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which, as its readers are aware, has been more active than any journal in the United States in setting forth the value of the work in which our English visitors are engaged, and in doing its utmost to assist them by enlisting the sympathies of the public in their behalf. The Congo Mission will in future be under the charge of the American Baptist Missionary Society, and we would commend the claims of the mission to the notice of our liberal friends with increased earnestness, now that it has passed from English to American hands.

The Agitation in England against the House of Lords continues. It appears that in that country, which is apt to hold itself up as a model to the world of religious observance, they permit *political demonstrations on Sundays*. One of those demonstrations took place in Hyde Park on October 26th. Over one hundred thousand persons were present. A long procession, with bands, flags, etc, marched through the principal streets. The marchers groaned while passing the headquarters of various conservative clubs at the West End. Many banners were displayed, bearing such inscriptions as "Down with the Lords!" and "The Lords are opponents of civil and religious liberty, and must be abolished!" Speeches were delivered from nine platforms. Resolutions were passed declaring that the House of Lords is useless and dangerous, and ought to be abolished. Had such a scene been witnessed in an American city, John Bull would have been horrified at "the degradation of American politics."

The Object of Lord Wolseley's Expedition to the Soudan is explicitly defined in government papers published last week. The letter of instructions from the government to General Lord Wolseley, which is one of the papers, stated that the object of the expedition was to bring General Gordon and Colonel Stewart back from Khartoum. No further offensive operations than should prove necessary to secure this end would be permitted. Neither the English nor the Egyptian Government was prepared to assume the responsibility of the government of the Nile Valley beyond Wady Halfa, though they would be glad to see an independent government established at Khartoum, which would keep peace with Egypt, would encourage commerce, and prevent the slave trade. A report was current in London on Thursday that Khartoum had fallen, and that General Gordon was killed. It is hoped that the report is untrue, but there seems now little chance of the expedition reaching Khartoum in time to save it, if the Mahdi is threatening it. At last accounts the provisions were almost exhausted in the city. General Wolseley is still delayed by the collapse of his commissariat service. Immense quantities of unnecessary articles have arrived, but of medicines and surgical appliances there is a dearth. It is stated that it cannot reach Khartoum before December 15th.

France has Encountered an Unexpected difficulty in her Chinese operations. Her government notified the other European powers that a blockade of Formosa was established. England, Germany, and Russia declare that the blockade can only be recognized by the understanding that France is at war with China. There would appear to be no doubt of the fact, but France is unwilling to make the admission, because she is coaling and victualling her ships at the treaty ports, which she would not be allowed to do if war had been formally declared. It would embarrass the French admiral if he were refused admission to Shanghai and the other stations where he can purchase supplies from the English merchants.

The Maasdam, a Steamer of the North German Lloyd's line, was burned at sea on October 24th. News was cabled to New York on October 28th that the Oder, of the same line, had passed the burned vessel three days before, on her eastward trip. Much excitement was caused in this city by the report among people expecting friends by the Maasdam. Happily, the apprehensions were dispelled on Saturday by the arrival of all the passengers and crew on board the steamer Rhein. The captain said that the Maasdam left Rotterdam on October 18th with a crew of forty-five men and one hundred and eighty-six passengers. They encountered stormy weather during the first few days, but on the 23d all was clear. It was then discovered that a large tank, holding one hundred and fifty gallons of high test kerosene oil, and situated in a room adjoining the engine-room, had been wrenched so badly by the working of the ship that it was leaking. Three engineers took a lamp and went into the engine-room to explore. The flame of the lamp ignited the gases which came from the oil, and there was a loud explosion. Two of the engineers were burned about the face and hands, but all got out without serious injury. The passengers helped the crew to extinguish the fire, which was accomplished in about six hours. The discovery was then made that the red-hot plates had kindled a fire in the coal bunkers and also started a blaze among the merchandise in the hold. The men worked on until the fire destroyed the suction hose of the pumps, when it was decided to abandon the ship and take to the boats. Soon after all the passengers and crew had made their escape the Rhein hove in sight and took them on board.

The German Elections Held Last Week Show a decided increase in the Socialist vote. In Berlin alone they have gained 38,000 votes, and number nearly one half of the electorate. There were many indecisive elections, no choice having been reached, and a fresh ballot will be required. Eight parties are represented by the successful candidates. It is believed that Bismarck may count on the support of about one hundred and seventy members of the Reichstag. He will need thirty more to give him a majority. Some further concessions to the Roman Catholics will give him that number, if he is willing to make them. The difficulties in the way, however, may dispose him to dissolve the Reichstag and hold a fresh election. The conservatives and the clericals appear to have maintained their strength, the Socialist gains being made at the expense of the Liberals.

The Berlin Congress on the Congo Question is definitely summoned for November 12th. The assistant delegates will hold a preparatory sitting on the 8th of November. England, France, and Germany have already agreed upon the leading points of the programme, and the adhesion thereto by the other powers is expected to be obtained without any prolonged discussion. Prince Bismarck will preside at the opening and closing of the Conference, but will not be present during the debate that may arise. Italy is going to send cruisers to the Congo.

The One Hundredth Birthday of Sir Moses Montefiore was celebrated at his residence in Ramsgate, England, on October 27th, with much enthusiasm. The eminent Jewish philanthropist appeared in excellent health and spirits. A religious service was conducted in the synagogue on his estate by Chief Rabbi Adler. Sir Moses insisted upon standing through the entire service, at the conclusion of which he said, in a very strong voice: "I cannot tell a thousandth of a ten thousandth part of what I feel to-day, when, by the blessing of the Almighty, I have arrived at so full an age. I thank Him for His merciful providence, and I thank all my friends for their great kindness." A reception was subsequently held. Sir Moses was in excellent spirits. During the day he received more than eight hundred letters and six hundred telegrams, besides numerous addresses and bouquets. The anniversary was celebrated throughout Europe. The Empress of Germany sent a telegram to Sir Moses Montefiore, congratulating him.

A Panic in a Theatre at Glasgow on Saturday last involved the death of sixteen persons and serious injuries to many others. Two thousand people were in the theatre, when some one raised the cry of "Fire." A general rush was made to the stairways, and a fearful block ensued. Loud cries of distress and shouts for help arose from the mass of frightened, panic-stricken, and struggling humanity. The crowd was adjured by the officers of the theatre and by the police to hold back, but the warnings and appeals were unheeded. The crazed people frantically rushed toward the outlets, trampling and jumping over each other until they reached the street. When the theatre was finally cleared sixteen corpses were found on the stairs leading from the gallery, and twelve persons were so badly injured that they only gave evidence that life was not extinct by their piteous moanings.

JEHOVAH-JIREH.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah jireh: as it said to this day, In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen."—GENESIS 22: 14.

A Quietus to Mistrust—A Prophetic Word—A Memorial Word—A New Prophecy—The Provision Typical—I. It Comes in Man's Extremity—Isaac Very Near to Death—The Extremity of Mankind—Christ's Deliverance—II. It was Spontaneously Made—Unsought by Abraham—Unexpected—III. Made by God Himself—Never Interfere with the Provision—The Odds and Ends Provided—IV. It was Gloriously Made—V. Made Effectively—VI. For Every Believer—VII. Guarantees all Other Provision.

"ABRAHAM called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh," or "Jehovah will see it," or "Jehovah will provide," or "Jehovah will be seen." We are offered a variety of interpretations, but the exact idea is that of seeing and being seen. For God to see is to provide. Our own word "provide," is only Latin for "to see." You know how we say that we will *see to* a matter. Possibly this expression hits the nail on the head. Our heavenly Father sees our need, and with divine foresight of love prepares the supply. He sees to a need to supply it; and in the seeing He is seen, in the providing He manifests Himself.

I believe that the truth contained in the expression "Jehovah-jireh" was ruling Abraham's thought long before he uttered it and appointed it to be the memorial name of the place where the Lord had provided a substitute for Isaac. It was this thought, I think, which enabled him to act as promptly as he did under the trying circumstances. His reason whispered within him, "If you slay your son, how can God keep His promise to you that your seed shall be as many as the stars of heaven?" He answered that suggestion by saying to himself,

"JEHOVAH WILL SEE TO IT!"

As he went upon that painful journey, with his dearly beloved son at his side, the suggestion may have come to him, "How will you meet Sarah when you return home, having imbrued your hands in the blood of her son? How will you meet your neighbors when they hear that Abraham, who professed to be such a holy man, has killed his son?" That answer still sustained his heart—"Jehovah will see to it! Jehovah will see to it! He will not fail in His word. Perhaps He will raise my son from the dead; but in some way or other He will justify my obedience to Him, and vindicate His own command. Jehovah will see to it." This was *a quietus to every mistrustful thought*. I pray that we may drink into this truth, and be refreshed by it.

Observe as you read this chapter that this was not the first time that Abraham had thus spoken. When he called the name of the place Jehovah-jireh he had seen it to be true—the ram caught in the thicket had been provided as a substitute for Isaac; Jehovah had provided. But he had before declared that truth when as yet he knew nothing of the divine action, when he could not even guess how his extraordinary trial would end. His son Isaac had said to him, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" and the afflicted father had bravely answered, "My son, God will provide." In due time

GOD DID PROVIDE,

and then Abraham honored Him by saying the same words, only instead of the ordinary name for God he used the special covenant title—Jehovah. That is the only alteration; otherwise in the same terms he repeats the assurance that "the Lord will provide."

That first utterance was most remarkable; it was simple enough, but how prophetic! It teaches us this truth, that the confident speech of a believer is akin to the language of a prophet. The man who accepts the promise of God unstaggeringly, and is sure that it is true, will speak like the seers of old; he will see that God

sees, and will declare the fact, and the holy inference which comes of it.

True faith not only speaks the language of prophecy, but, when she sees her prophecy fulfilled, faith is always delighted to raise memorials to the God of truth. The stones which were set up of old were not to the memory of dead men, but they were memorials of the deeds of the living God; they abundantly uttered the memory of God's great goodness. Abraham on this occasion did not choose a name which recorded what *he* had done, but a name which spake of what *Jehovah* had done. I like that self-ignoring; I pray that we, also, may have so much strength of faith that self may go to the wall.

Note yet further, that when faith has uttered a prophecy, and has set up her memorial, the record of mercy received becomes itself a new prophecy. Abraham says, "Jehovah-jireh—God will see to it;" what was he doing then but prophesying a second time for future ages? He bids us know that, as God had provided for him in the time of his extremity, so

HE WILL PROVIDE

for all them that put their trust in Him. The Lord is the Preserver of men and the Provider for men. I long for all of us to get this truth firmly fixed in our hearts, and therefore I shall try to show that God's provision for Abraham and Isaac typified the far greater provision by which all the faithful are delivered from death; and that God, in providing in the mount, has given us therein a sure guarantee that all our necessities shall be provided for henceforth even forever.

Consider, then, that the provision which God made for Abraham was symbolic of the greater provision which He has made for all His chosen in Christ Jesus. "Jehovah-jireh" is a text from which to preach concerning providence, and many have been the sermons which have been distilled from it; but I take the liberty of saying that providence, in the ordinary sense of the term, is not the first thought of the passage, which should be read with some sort of reference to its connection, and the more so because that connection is exceedingly remarkable.

I. When Abraham said "Jehovah will provide," he meant us, first of all, to learn that the provision will come

IN THE TIME OF OUR EXTREMITY.

The provision of the ram instead of Isaac was the significant type which was before Abraham's mind; but our Lord tells us, "Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it, and was glad;" and surely if ever Abraham saw the day of Christ, and was beyond measure glad, it was at that moment when he beheld the Lord providing a substitute for Isaac. At any rate, whether Abraham understood the full meaning of what he said or not, he spoke not for himself, but for us. Every word he uttered is for our teaching, and the teaching is this: that God, in the gift of His Son, Jesus Christ, made the fullest provision for our greatest needs; and from that we may infer that whatever need shall ever occur to us, God will certainly provide for it; but He may delay the actual manifestation thereof till our darkest hour has come.

"Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays delivering power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace."

The Lord gave our Lord Jesus Christ to be the Substitute for men in view of the utmost need of our race. Isaac was hard pressed when God interfered in his behalf. The knife was lifted up by a resolute hand; he was within a second of death when the angelic voice said, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad." God provided instantly when the need pressed urgently. Beloved, was Isaac nearer to death than sinful man was near to hell? Was that knife closer to the throat of the beloved Isaac than the axe of the executioner was near to the neck of every sinner, ay, to the neck of the whole race of man? We have so sinned and gone astray that it was not possible for God to wink at our transgressions; He must visit our iniquities with the just punishment, which is nothing less than death eternal. If the gift of the loving Father had not been bestowed, if Jesus had not condescended to die in our place, we must have been left for execution by that law which will by no means spare the guilty.

God not only interposed when the death of Isaac was imminent, but also when the anguish of Abraham had reached its highest pitch. The patriarch's faith never wavered; but we must not forget that he was a man like ourselves, and no father could see his child offered up without an inward agony which surpasses all description. He must have been wound up to a fearful pitch of anguish when he lifted up the knife to slay his son; but just then the angel arrested his hand, and God provided the ram as the substitute in the moment of his utmost misery. Surely the world had come to a great state of misery when at last God sent forth His Son, born of a woman, that He might become the sacrifice for sin. At any rate, this I know, that as a rule men do not see Christ to be their substitute nor accept Him as their Redeemer till they feel that they lie at hell's door, and till their anguish on account of sin has become exceeding great. I remember well when I first beheld the lamb of God who suffered in my stead. I had often heard the story of His death; I could have told it out to others very correctly; but then I did not know my own pressing need, I had not come to feel

THE KNIFE AT MY THROAT,

nor was I about to die; and therefore my knowledge was a cold, inoperative thing. But when the law had bound me, and given me over to death, and my heart within me was crushed with fear, then the sight of the glorious Substitute was as bright to me as a vision of heaven.

II. Secondly, upon the mount the provision was

SPONTANEOUSLY MADE

for Abraham, and so was the provision which the Lord displayed in the fulness of time when He gave up His Son to die. The ram caught in the thicket was a provision which on Abraham's part was quite *unsought*. He did not fall down and pray, "O Lord, in thy tenderness provide another victim instead of my son, Isaac." Probably it never entered his mind. But God spontaneously, from the free grace of His own heart, put the ram where Abraham found it. You and I did not pray for Christ to die. He died for us before we were born, and if He had not done so it would never have entered into our mind to ask for so great a gift. Until the Lord sought us we did not even seek to be saved by Christ, of the fact of whose death we had been made aware. Ours is the wandering, but the laying of those wanderings upon Jesus is of the Lord alone; we neither bought it, nor sought it, nor thought it.

In Abraham's case I believe it was

AN UNEXPECTED THING.

He did not reckon upon any substitute for his son; he judged that he would have to die, and viewed him as already dead. As for ourselves, if God had not revealed the plan of salvation by the substitution of His only-begotten Son we should never have dreamed of it. Remember that the Son of God is one with the Father; and if the Holy Ghost had not revealed the fact that the offended God would Himself bear the penalty due for the offence, it would never have occurred to the human mind.

III. But, thirdly, we ought to dwell very long and earnestly upon the fact that for man's need the provision was

MADE BY GOD HIMSELF.

The text says, "Jehovah-jireh," the *Lord* will see to it, the *Lord* will provide. None else could have provided a ransom. Neither on earth nor in heaven was there found any helper for lost humanity. What sacrifice could be presented to God if a sacrifice could be accepted? "It is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins." Men may themselves die, but in death each man who dies only pays his own debt to nature; there is nothing left for another. "None can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him." The provision was made by God Himself, since none other could provide. God alone could say, "Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom."

But was it not singular that the Lord Jehovah should provide it? When law has been broken, and its honor has to be retrieved, it would not be judged likely that the aggrieved party should make the sacrifice. That God, against whom all the blasphemy and sin and wickedness of a ribald world was aimed, shall He Himself make expiation? Shall the judge bear the penalty due to the criminal? "Lay it on the sinner; for it is his due;" so justice cries aloud, "Lay the penalty on the transgressor;" but if a substitute can be permitted, where can one be found able and willing to become surety for the guilty? Found upon the throne! Found in the majesty that is offended! Brethren, I am beaten down by my subject; forgive me that I cannot speak of it as I would desire. There is no room here for words; it is a matter for silent thought.

I will only interject this thought here—let none of us ever interfere with the provision of God. If in our dire distress He alone was our Jehovah-jireh, and provided for us a Substitute, let us not think that there is anything left for us to provide. Oh, sinner, do you cry, "Lord, I must have a broken heart"? He will provide it for thee. Do you cry, "Lord, I cannot master sin, I have not the power to conquer my passions"? He will provide strength for thee. Do you mourn, "Lord, I shall never hold on and hold out to the end. I am so fickle"? Then He will provide perseverance for thee. Dost thou think that after having given His own dear Son to purchase thee He will let that work fail because *thou* canst not provide some

LITTLE ODDS AND ENDS

to complete the work? Oh, dream not so; dote not on such a folly. Whatever thou wantest, poor sinner, if thou believest in Christ the Lord's provision of a Saviour in Christ warrants thy believing that God will provide it. Salvation begins with Jehovah-jireh, the cross and the bleeding Saviour; dost thou think it will afterward drivel down into thy providing this and that? Oh, thy pride! Thy insane pride! Thou art to do something, art thou? Thou to help thy God to provide! Get thee out of the way, and be nothing; then shall God come in and be everything. Sink! It is the Lord that must rise. *He* shall be seen in the mount, and not thy self. Hide thy self, and let the glory of the Lord be manifested in thee. I wish that every troubled one here could catch this idea, and hold it fast.

IV. But I must pass on. That which God prepares for poor sinners is

A PROVISION GLORIOUSLY MADE.

God provided a ram instead of Isaac. This was sufficient for the occasion as a type; but that which was typified by the ram is infinitely more glorious. In order to save us God provided *God*. I cannot put it more simply. He did not provide an angel, nor a mere man, but God Himself. Come, sinner, with all thy load of sin; God can bear it; the shoulders that bear up the universe can well sustain thy load of guilt. God gave thee His Godhead to be thy Saviour when He gave thee His Son.

But He also gave in the person of Christ *perfect manhood*—such a man as never lived before, eclipsing even the perfection of the first Adam in the garden by the majestic innocence of his nature. When Jesus has been viewed as man, even unconverted men have so admired His excellence that they have almost adored Him. Jesus is God and man, and the Father has given that man, that God, to be thy Redeemer. For thy redemption the Lord God has given thee the death of Christ; and what a death it was! Bethink thee that to save thee He must hang naked to His shame between heaven and earth, rejected of both; must cry, "I thirst," and receive nothing but vinegar

wherewith to moisten His burning lips. Jesus must "pour out His soul unto death" that we might live. He must be "numbered with the transgressors" that we might be numbered with His saints in glory everlasting. Was not this a glorious provision? What greater gift could be bestowed than one in whom God and man are blended in one?

V. Fifthly, the provision was

MADE EFFECTIVELY.

Isaac did not die; the laughter in Abraham's house was not stifled; there was no grief for the patriarch; he went home with his son in happy companionship, because Jehovah had provided Himself a lamb for a burnt offering. The ram which was provided did not bleed in vain; Isaac did not die as well as the ram; Abraham did not have to slay the God-provided victim and his own son also. No, the one sacrifice sufficed. Beloved, this is my comfort in the death of Christ—I hope it is yours—that He did not die in vain. I have heard of a theology which, in its attempt to extol the efficacy of Christ's death, virtually deprives it of any certain efficiency; the result of the atonement is made to depend entirely upon the will of man, and so is *left to hap-hazard*. Our Lord, according to certain teachers, might or might not see of the travail of his soul. I confess that I do not believe in this random redemption, and I wonder that any persons can derive comfort from such teaching. I believe that the Son of God could not possibly have come into the world in the circumstances in which He did come, and could not have died as He did die, and yet be defeated and disappointed. He died for those who believe in Him, and these shall live, yea, they *do* live in Him.

VI. Turn we then, sixthly, to this note, that we may well glorify Jehovah-jireh because this provision was

MADE FOR EVERY BELIEVER.

The provision on the Mount of Moriah was made on behalf of Abraham; he was himself a man of faith, and he is styled the "father of the faithful;" and now every faithful or believing one may stand where Abraham stood, and say, "Jehovah-jireh, the Lord will provide." Remember, however, that our faith must be of the same nature as that of Abraham, or it will not be counted to us for righteousness Abraham's faith worked by love; it so worked in him that he was willing to do all that the Lord bade him, even to the sacrifice of his own dear son. You must possess a living, working, self-sacrificing faith if you would be saved. If you have it, you may be as sure that you are saved as you are sure that you have sinned. "He that believeth on Him is not condemned," because Christ was condemned for him. "He that believeth on Him hath everlasting life;" he cannot die, for Christ died for him.

The great principle upon which our security is based is the righteousness of God, which assures us that He will not punish the substitute and then punish the person for whom the substitute endured the penalty. If Jesus bore the wrath of God for me, I cannot bear that wrath; it were contrary to every principle of a just moral government that the Judge should cast our Surety into prison and exact the penalty of Him, and then come upon those for whom the suretyship was undertaken. By this Gospel I am prepared to stand or fall; yea, by it I will live or die; I know no other. Because I believe it, I this day cry from the bottom of my heart, "Jehovah-jireh," the Lord has provided an effectual redemption for all those who put their trust in Him whom God has set forth to be a propitiation. It is true, as it written, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." It is true that the faith which worketh by love brings justification to the soul.

VII. But now I close with a remark which will reveal the far-reaching character of my text. "Jehovah-jireh" is true concerning all necessary things. The instance given of Abraham being provided for shows us that the Lord will ever be a Provider for His people. As to the gift of the Lord Jesus, this is a provision which

GUARANTEES ALL OTHER PROVISION.

"He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" Abraham learned that; for, as soon as he had slaughtered the ram, the covenant was repeated in his ears, and repeated as he had never heard it before—accompanied with an oath. God cannot swear by any greater than Himself, and so He said, "By myself have I sworn." Thus was the covenant ratified by blood and by the oath of God. Oh, that bleeding Sacrifice! The covenant of God is confirmed by it, and our faith is established.

Where will He provide? He will provide for us *in the mount*—that is to say, in the place of our trial. When we reach the place where the fatal deed of utmost obedience is to be wrought, then God will interpose. You desire Him to provide for you when you lift up your eyes and see the mount afar off. He does not choose so to do; but in the mount it shall be seen, in the place of the trial, in the heat of the furnace, in the last extremity Jehovah will be seen, for He will see to it, and it shall become a proverb with you—"In the mount

JEHOVAH SHALL BE SEEN."

That is to say, when you cannot see, the Lord will see you and see to your need; for His eyes are upon the righteous, and His ears are open to their cry. As soon as the Lord has seen our need, then His provision shall be seen. You need not climb to heaven or descend into the deep to find it; the Lord's provision is near at hand—the ram in the thicket is behind you though you see it not as yet. When you have heard God speak to you, you shall turn and see it, and wonder you never saw it before. You will heartily bless God for the abundant provision which He reveals in the moment of trial.

You will soon die, and perhaps in dying you will be troubled by the fear of death; but let that evil be removed by this knowledge—that the Lord will yet be seen, and when He shall appear you shall be manifested in His glory. In the day of the revelation of the Lord Jesus your body shall be raised from the dead, and then shall the divine provision yet more fully be discovered. "In the mount it shall be seen," and there shall God Himself be manifested to you, for your eyes shall behold Him and not another.

There is a rendering given to my text which we cannot quite pass over. Some read it that "in the mount the people shall be seen"—in that mount in years to come the multitude would gather to worship God. God's presence was in the temple which was built upon that spot, and thither the tribes went up, the tribes of the Lord to worship the Most High. I dwell in a house not made with hands, but piled by God of *solid slabs of mercy*. He is building for me a palace of crystal, pure and shining, transparent as the day. I see the house in which I am to abide forever gradually growing around me. Its foundation was laid of old, in eternal love—"in the mount it shall be seen." The Lord provided for me a Covenant Head, a Redeemer, and a Friend, and in Him I abide. Since then, course upon course of the precious stones of lovingkindness has been laid, and the jewelled walls are all around me. Has it not been so with you?

By and by we shall be roofed in with glory everlasting, and then as we shall look to the foundations, and the walls, and to the arch above our head, we shall shout, "Jehovah-jireh"—God has provided all this for me! How we shall

REJOICE IN EVERY STONE

of the divine building! How will our memory think over the method of the building! On such a day was that stone laid, I remember it right well: "I was sore sick and the Lord comforted me." On such a day was that other stone laid—I was in prison spiritually, and the heavenly visitor came unto me. On such another day was that bejewelled course completed, for my heart was glad in the Lord and my glory rejoiced in the God of my salvation. The walls of love are still rising, and when the building is finished and the topstone is brought out with shoutings of "Grace, grace, unto it!" we shall then sing this song unto the Lord—JEHOVAH-JIREH! The Lord has provided it. From the beginning to the end there is nothing of man and nothing of merit, nothing of self, but all of God in Christ Jesus, who hath loved us with an everlasting love, and therefore hath abounded toward us in blessing according to the fulness of His infinite heart. To Him be praise world without end. Amen, and Amen.

THOMAS CARLYLE

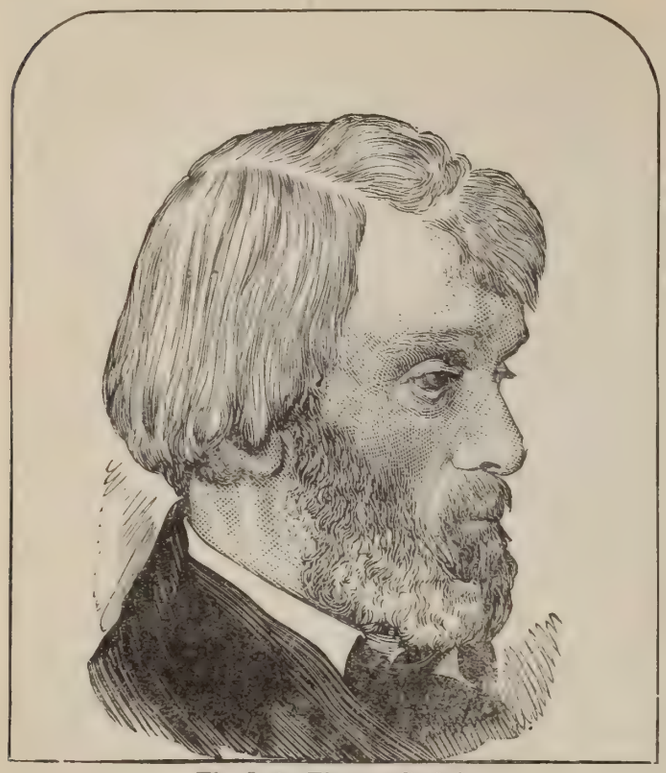
(*See Pictures on next page.*)

A BOOK was issued last week by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, which is having an immense circulation. It is the concluding volume of the life of Thomas Carlyle, by the great historian, James Anthony Froude. Two circumstances combine to make the book eagerly read. The first is the ability of the author, who is widely known and admired on both sides the Atlantic as probably the greatest living writer of English; the second is that Thomas Carlyle was in his day regarded as one of the greatest public teachers.

It is important that readers of this book, who doubtless comprise the great bulk of the reading public, read it in the right spirit. There is probably no book in circulation now which more clearly shows the value of religion in the heart by the sad picture painted of its subject. He was possessed of magnificent gifts, clear insight, vigorous logical power, and the ability to express his thoughts in language of marvellous incisiveness and force. His learning was profound, and his moral character irreproachable. Yet, with all these gifts, every page of his life shows that his life was a miserable one. It also shows that of men and things he took a prejudiced, jaundiced view. Of the charity that is kind, that thinketh no evil, that believeth all things, and that hopeth all things, he appears to have had none. The love of Christ, which causes us to love our brother, also had no place in his heart, and, as a consequence, he railed at his best friends, and was a weary, discontented, unsatisfied man.

Thomas Carlyle *was born* within half a mile of the village of Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, on December 4th, 1795, and about eight months before the death of Robert Burns. James Carlyle, the father of Thomas, was a stonemason and architect at the time of his birth, but subsequently became a tenant of Scotsbery, a farm of two or three hundred acres, now occupied by Mr. Carlyle's youngest brother. James Carlyle was a man of uprightness, integrity, and genuine worth, possessing no small share of Scotch shrewdness and energy. His wife was in all respects worthy of her husband, and was never mentioned by her illustrious son but in words of affectionate reverence. Carlyle learned to read and write in the parish school of Hoddam, where he remained until his ninth year. His father's friend, the parish minister, taught him the elements of Latin, and in due time he entered the Burgh School of Annan, six miles distant, where he met that *Edward Irving* whose genius and eloquence in after years made him so celebrated. The warm friendship thus begun between the two youths proved a lasting and most honorable attachment.

At the age of fourteen Carlyle entered the University of Edinburgh, which at that time boasted a body of professors "of European reputation." The quiet and reserved, but gifted lad, however, seems to have had a keen eye for their weak points, and formed an opinion of them (with one exception) by no means flattering. Nevertheless, Carlyle profited greatly by his four years' University course. His favorite study was that of mathematics, but his scholarly tastes and well-directed industry enabled him to lay up a stock of general erudition, which his



The Late Thomas Carlyle.

Carlyle's House at Chelsea.

extraordinary talents soon turned to account. His father's great wish was that he should be a Presbyterian minister; but Thomas, having some doubts as to certain doctrines held by orthodox Presbyterians, felt he could not comply with that desire.

Whatever regret may be felt that the pulpit thus lost the services of one so gifted, it is impossible not to admire the courage, honesty, and conscientiousness with which the young man acted at a time of great difficulty. For about two years after this he earned his bread as a teacher of mathematics in the burgh school of Annan, where he had been a pupil, and subsequently became teacher of mathematics and classics in the burgh school of Kirkcaldy.

His next removal, two years later, was to Edinburgh, where his career as a writer of books may be said to have begun. Among his earliest literary efforts were a number of articles, chiefly biographical, contributed to the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia." Though these sketches afford hardly any indication of the great powers afterward developed by their writer, they are examples of good work well done, and show no little diligence and accuracy. About this time he *married* Miss Welsh, the only daughter of Dr. John Welsh, of Haddington, a descendant of John Knox.

Soon after his marriage Carlyle went to live at Craigenputtock, a moorland farm near Dumfries, which belonged to his wife's mother. He had abandoned teaching, and was hoping, though not with much confidence, to gain a livelihood by literature. His life in that farmhouse was solitary almost beyond conception. "It was," Mrs. Carlyle said, in a letter to a friend, "sixteen miles distant on every side from all the conveniences of life, shops, and even post-office. Further, *we were very poor.*"

For seven years the Carlyles lived at Craigenputtock, often not seeing a human being for days together. Meanwhile Carlyle was working hard at his books and laying the foundation of his literary fame. Contributions to literary reviews, notably the *Foreign* and the *Edinburgh* sufficed to supply their simple wants and to leave them a small surplus, which they used in assisting needy relations.

It was in 1834, Carlyle then thirty-nine years of age, that he and his devoted wife left Craigenputtock and took up their residence permanently in London. They took the house No. 5 Cheyne Row, a picture of which appears on this page. Carlyle hoped that once in London some editorial chair or some other congenial work would have been offered him, but he was disappointed. He worked on in poverty for two years, not knowing whether he would ever be able to earn a living by his pen. During all that time he seriously contemplated abandoning literature as a profession and *coming to America* to become a farmer or a lecturer or teacher. He was, however, persuaded to remain in England, and when, in 1838, his book on the French Revolution appeared, his financial position became assured. He was also invited to deliver lectures in London, and he derived from his first course the sum of one thousand dollars. From that time forward the fear of poverty tormented him no longer.

He wrote regularly, with untiring diligence. The best known of those he produced subsequent to that on the French Revolution were: "The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, with Elucidations;" "Lectures on German Literature;" "The History of Literature;" "The Revolutions of Modern Europe;" "Heroes and Hero-Worship;" "Life of John Sterling;" his last great work being "The History of Frederick the Great," in ten volumes.

Carlyle's position in the world of letters was a proud one. The greatest minds of the day honored him and gave him precedence. Dickens, Thackeray, Mill, Sidney Smith, Macaulay, and Jeffreys esteemed him highly, while lords and ladies showed him hospitality, and were proud to be called his friends. He died February 5th, 1881, aged eighty-six.

We are indebted to Mr. J. A. Froude for the most

TRUTHFUL BIOGRAPHY

ever written of a great man. Mr. Froude admits that it would have been a more pleasant task to have left unpublished much that appears in these volumes. But he scorned to keep back any of the truth, or to represent his friend as other than he really was. Carlyle's faults were grievous. He seemed to be full of scorn for the whole world. Even the friends who reverenced him did not escape. In his diary he draws their characters with a pen dipped in gall. To the wife whom he deeply loved he was harsh and unsympathetic. So that *his* comfort was secured, he did not appear to care whether she was working herself to death or not. A word of appreciation, of gratitude, and of love would have filled her heart with joy, but he gave it not. He neglected her, treated her with coldness, was exacting, always ready to find fault, and though after her death he bemoaned his faults, he could not atone for the miseries he had caused her. Nothing of this is concealed in Mr. Froude's narrative. Knowing well that Carlyle hated lying, and especially that form of lying which consists in giving to the world a partial and therefore false estimate of any man or thing, he presented Carlyle in his book just as he was, concealing no defect, softening no harshness, but doing his work faithfully.

For the first time the world knows from this volume exactly what were the religious principles of the great master of literature. It was known that Carlyle had a pious mother, and that, proud as she was of her son, she was disappointed in him on account of his lack of Christian faith. Now, we know from her letters printed here how deep was that sorrow and how earnestly she strove, until the day of her death, to lead him to her Saviour. He told his mother, and he so continued to tell her to the day of her death, that their belief was essentially the same, although their language was different. But he told Irving, his most intimate friend, that he did not believe, as Irving did, in the Christian religion, and it was vain to hope that he ever would so believe. Both statements were true as Carlyle understood them, but they could not be true in the light which every converted man has. Of the existence of God, of the responsibility of man to his Maker, he never entertained a doubt. But when his mother and Irving and John Sterling came to speak to him of man's fallen nature, of the need of the new birth, of salvation through the death of Christ, of the utter hopelessness and helplessness of man out of Christ, he denied each and every proposition. The Jews, he believed, were endowed by God with wonderful gifts and insight into spiritual truth, and in the course of ages *worked out for themselves* convictions about God and the universe far in advance of the philosophy existing all around them. These convictions, he believed, were not revelation from God, but the result of God-given faculties. Christianity he regarded as an evolution from Judaism — something far

higher and better, but still of human origin. He leaned thus upon his own understanding, and did not seek the gift of the Holy Spirit. Thus we miss in his writings that love of mankind, which is one of the first-fruits of the Spirit. He fulminated against sin and wrong-doing with all the earnestness of an ancient prophet. Like Isaiah and Jeremiah and Ezekiel, he told the world that the consequence of sin is death, that men who live in sin would be miserable here and hereafter, that God would punish sin, and that the world, by its lies and hypocrisies, was tending to destruction, and so he did a good work. But he knew nothing in his own soul of the light and life which Jesus came to proclaim; he knew nothing of the regenerating power of the Gospel; he had not experienced the joy of union with Christ and reconciliation with God through the cross; and so, though he could warn the world, he could not point it to the way of salvation. Never was there a more conspicuous instance of the incapacity of man at his very best to find the way to God apart from revelation. His writings and his life show that, had he humbly sought God through Christ, he would have been a happier man and a more useful teacher. Missing that he was miserable, despairing, unloving, and in many respects unlovable.

Unexpected News for a Weary Seeker.

THE ORDER OF JESUS CHRIST.

(*See Illustration on this page.*)

AN eminent Christian, now laboring for the salvation of souls in benighted China, relates the following incident, which occurred when he was spending a brief period of rest in the South-east of Ireland:

"It was my habit to walk every evening along a stretch of road passing above the valley of the Suir, commanding an unrivalled view of woodland and meadow and in the far distance the silver line of the sea. One evening as I was strolling on my accustomed beat, enjoying the balmy air and the glorious prospect, my attention was arrested by the voice of an old man by the wayside, who asked for alms. Turning my look toward him, I was much struck with his tall and dignified appearance, as he stood with staff in hand, his snow-white beard flowing down his breast.

"'My friend,' I said, 'if I may judge from your appearance you are a very old man—the snows of many years are upon your head and bosom.'

"'You may well say that,' he replied; 'only last week I completed my threescore and eighteen years. Strange things have I seen in my day—more changes than I could tell, and the real old times seem to have slipped away altogether.'

"'Yes; and old men like you love to linger upon *the past*. I hope, however, you have not neglected to think upon *the future*. In the course of nature you must expect soon to pass from this world. What are your prospects, and what preparation have you made for the life to come?'

"'Oh,' he answered, 'I have not forgotten the care of my soul. What of this world's good have I ever known to make me heedless of the concerns of eternity? I have labored hard, sir, to make my peace with God, and have followed the advice of my church in all her holy requirements. Poor and despicable though I seem, I am a member, sir, of the blessed order of St. Francis, and of the blessed order of St. Benedict, and of the blessed order of St. Joseph, and I hope soon to belong to the order of the Holy Virgin, "blessed above all women;" but it takes a large sum for one such as I am, besides long penance, to secure the means of admission. However, I am glad to be able to say the greater part of the penance I have performed, and the money I have nearly gathered. When once I enter that high and sacred order I hope to be ready for God's summons from this life.'

"'I am glad,' I said, 'that you have not been heedless of the great interests of the other world; but I am a member of a far higher order than any of those which you have mentioned.'

"'Pray, sir, what order is that?'

"'I am a humble, unworthy member of the order of the Lord Jesus Christ.'

"'I never heard of *that* order,' said the old man; 'it must, however, be in truth a high one; for Jesus Christ' (*bowing*) 'is above all. But how did you gain admission into it? You are a much younger man than I; you must have paid a very large sum for the privilege.'

"'You are right as to the greatness of the order—"for a Christian is the highest style of man"—but completely wrong as to the difficulty of becoming a member of it. *I paid nothing* for the safety and the honor. Upon application I was received, and at once, "without money and without price;" and you, my friend, may also be numbered among its happy members with a similar ease and promptitude, and upon the like terms as I was.'

"'Can it be possible? I never heard before of religious privileges without a payment. I should like to be a member of the order of the blessed Saviour. Tell me, sir, what must I do to obtain admission? What did *you* do?'

"My emotions were stirred, and I spoke earnestly, as God gave me utterance. With all the clearness, simplicity, and loving pathos I could command I set before the aged man the Gospel of the Son of God—told him of the fulness and freeness of the salvation which was purchased on the cross, and how no qualification was required from the sinner who penitently received it. To illustrate the facility and speed of the divine remedy, I employed many of the phrases and figures of speech of the Bible, especially the typical act of Moses in raising, amid the camp of Israel, the brazen serpent, upon which whoever looked, lived, though he had been in the last agony of death.

"As I proceeded, the expression of the old man's face changed from curiosity to wonder, and from wonder to awe. The tears coursed each other rapidly down his flushed and furrowed cheeks, while he sobbed out, 'Thank God, sir, that ever I saw your face or heard your voice. Oh, sir, you have been as an angel of God to me! Long have I been hungering and thirsting for such news as you have brought to my ears. It is as the soft, fresh rain of heaven to my perishing soul. What you say, sir, must be true—that God's own heart and hand are plainly to be seen in such a way of salvation; it never could have come from the grasping and selfish thoughts of man. It is indeed God's own Gospel; and long as eternity shall I have to bless you for making known to me its precious truths.'"

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 703.*)

Paradise Lost.

HESTER was holding the poor suffering child tenderly in her arms as she heard and answered her questions. A deep sea of pity was stirred in her heart for the neglected little one, doomed to suffer for sins not her own. When would the bitter consequences of that dreadful wickedness cease to be felt? Robert Waldron, by his vicious conduct, had caused misery which appeared endless. There was Rose, cowering in shame at home; there was John Morley's desolated life, her own dreary childhood, and now this tender little lamb bleating out its flickering life in solitude. Oh, sin is a bitter thing!

When Hester told the child her name, the little head was raised with an amused expression in the eyes.

"Why, that is my name!" she cried. "You never can be the good Hester, the dear, beautiful Hester I'm called after! Oh, are you that Hester? My mother used to cry ever so when she talked about her. Are you the very same Hester?"

"Yes, my darling little Hester," she sobbed; "I was her little girl once."

"Then we are both Hesters!" said the little

girl, with a playful smile. "How droll that is! How old are you?"

"I am ten years older than you," she answered.

"And perhaps you will live to be very old, and I shall die soon," said the child. Are we alike, big Hester?"

"Yes; I used to be a very lonely little girl like you," said Hester pitifully; "nobody ever used to nurse me or play with me like other children. My mother was dead."

"Had you a live father?" asked little Hester.

"Yes," she answered.

"Then we are not alike in that," went on the child; "I never had a father. He died before ever I was born. If he had been alive he would have worked and worked to get money that we might not be so very poor, and for me to have some holidays. Did you know my father, Hester?"

"Dear child, yes!" she murmured, sadly.

"Oh, tell me about him. Tell me what he was like. My mother always cried if I spoke about him ever. I dream of him so often; every night now, I think. Do you think he will know me in heaven?"

"Your Father in heaven will know you," answered Hester.

"Yes, God," said little Hester, with a simple confidence. "I shall see Him and know Him. But shall I see my father who was my father here?"

"My darling," she replied, "it will be all as God chooses for us."

She nestled down contentedly for some time in Hester's arms; not sleeping, for her eyes were wide open, but with a restfulness more full of pleasure than sleep.

"Did you love my father when you knew him?" she asked after a long silence.

"When I was as old as you I loved him very much," answered Hester, with a faltering voice; "he used to read to me sometimes while I sat on his knee."

"But he never nursed me on his knee!" cried the child, with a sudden passion of tears. "He never saw me, and we never knew one another."

She wept bitterly for some time leaning against Hester, who soothed her with fond words and caresses, until she grew calm again, and lay down upon the pillow exhausted, with her face as white as the cover upon which it rested.

"Tell me what he was like, while I lie quiet," she whispered, almost inaudibly.

"He was tall and very handsome," said Hester.

"Very handsome," repeated his little daughter, with lips that could scarcely speak.

"And he had a very pleasant voice," continued Hester.

"A very pleasant voice," echoed the child's faint tones.

"Oh, my darling!" cried Hester, "I cannot tell you any more. Be quiet now. You will hurt yourself by talking."

"The doctor told me I wasn't to talk at all," she said; "but I can't help talking to you. I like to hear your voice speaking. You shall read to me, if you please."

Hester read to her in soft, low tones for some time, until she fell asleep, holding her hand fast. By and by there came in the lady of the house, a tall, gaunt, weary-looking woman, with all the airs and affectations of the mistress of a cheap boarding-school. She acknowledged Hester's presence by a stiff courtesy, and stood at the foot of the bed regarding the child with an air of cold anxiety.

"What do you think of her?" she asked, in a low voice.

"I think she will never get well," whispered Hester, with tears in her eyes.

"Dear! dear! But that is very trying," she replied, "especially in a school. The parents might think it was measles or small-pox. She must be taken away at once."

"I will speak to Mr. Bramwell about it," said Hester. "To-night I shall go to his church, and then I shall see him. She shall be removed to-morrow, if possible."

"Is there no immediate danger?" she asked.

"I should think not," answered Hester; 'but the doctor will tell you when he comes."

When he came, the doctor, who was merely a young medical assistant to an older man, gave it as his opinion that the child might rally and live through the summer, but would certainly "be cut off" at the approach of winter. Hester stayed beside her all day, and only in the evening left her in order to go to Carl's church, which was about two miles away. As she stooped over to kiss her the little Hester put her arm feebly round her neck and looked up beseechingly into her eyes.

"You will not be away long?" she murmured.

"I am sure to come back very soon," she said; "and perhaps I shall bring Mr. Bramwell back with me. You are fond of him?"

"Oh, very fond!" whispered the child.

Kissing her again affectionately, Hester went out to find the church where Carl was preaching. As she plodded along the streets, somewhat dazed at first by the hurrying stream of people, her thoughts flew to Little Aston, to her father and her step-mother dwelling so strangely under one roof. She was not distressed or anxious about them, for her arrangements for their comfort seemed to her perfect. Could she have known at that moment that those loving plans had miscarried, and that all her schemes had been thwarted, she would not have been in that peaceful, contented frame of mind.

Hester's departure seemed to have been like the removal of a blessed presence, and had been followed by a revel of malign influences which, had she been there, would have been held in check. When her father saw her go he became the prey of morbid and despairing thoughts. The stillness of his home was more profound than ever, now that he had lost the soft footstep of his daughter moving about his room, and her low, caressing voice speaking to him from time to time. Lawson entered the room once, after knocking loudly at the door and receiving no answer; he found his beloved employer lying half across his desk, so absorbed in reverie as to be unconscious of his presence until he touched him on the shoulder. Then he lifted up his face, grayer and more haggard than ever, with eyes burning more deeply in their sockets, while his head trembled as if with palsy. It was the last interruption but one which broke in upon his melancholy memories.

This other interruption was the entrance of the young maid-servant, who, with a tearful face, came to tell her master that a brother of hers was coming home to pay his last visit there before emigrating to Australia. If he could only spare her till Monday evening, Lawson's mother had promised to look after the house and wait upon him. John Morley said "Go," almost impatiently. It signified nothing to him who performed the small services he required.

Madame Lawson had promised Hester to go about nine o'clock, or a little later, after her son's comfort had been provided for, and to stay all night and the next day in John Morley's house. The girl wanted to leave at four, and it seemed but a small thing to her to ask the poor woman her mistress gave a shelter to to fill up the space between her own departure and the arrival of Madame Lawson. She asked Rose boldly, and Rose seized the chance with the passionate eagerness of one who has long waited for the moment when they can do something, anything, for their beloved. She would have waited upon her white-headed, poverty-stricken, deserted husband on bended knees, with deep abasement and trembling devotion. But all her duties would be to prepare his tea and summon him to it, keeping herself unseen.

She stole up-stairs with a noiseless step, into his chamber, and arranged the bed again, which had been roughly and hastily done by the servant, making it as soft and full of comfort as tender hands could make it. Then she looked out the clothes he would need for the Sunday, lingering over her work with a frightened ecstasy.

When the hour for tea came, she set the tray and his chair near the fire, in a room adjoining his sitting-room, and put his slippers on the hearth. Would he need anything she had not placed upon the table, and ring for her, so giving her some chance of hearing his voice and looking furtively into his face? Whether she dreaded or hoped for this most she could not tell, while she stood at the kitchen door, with her hands pressed against her heart, as she listened to his movements about the other room. But he did not ring; and, after a brief meal-time, she heard him go back to his own sitting-room. He remained there till seven o'clock, when he went out to attend some meeting at the chapel.

She was alone in the house once her own, quite alone. She could venture into John Morley's desolate parlor, which she had seen so often from without. How well she remembered the old days passed in it! Here was the carpet she had chosen herself, faded and threadbare, with one long, narrow, bare strip, which his feet had worn in his restless pacings to and fro. The scarlet baize she had nailed with brass nails along the edge of the book-shelves, in order to brighten up the dingy rows of books, was a deep, dull red now, and the nails no longer glistened in the firelight. She began to wonder how the room overhead would look—*her room*, which she had locked up herself, and the key of which was still safe in her keeping.

She knew herself to be absolutely alone, with no fear of interruption for another hour to come. Lingering for a few minutes in a tremor of nervous hesitation, she could not succeed in shaking off the feverish desire to see it once again, during this absence of Hester, which made it possible to do so. She flew back to her refuge, and sought for the key at the bottom of the box which held her scanty possessions. It had accompanied her in all her wanderings—this key which *she had turned upon the paradise* she despised, and could never more re-enter. She hastened with it—for her time was not long—up the staircase again, which she had so often trodden with a light step and lighter heart; past Hester's little room, so severe, so simple, so bare of all the common luxuries of girlhood; past her husband's chamber. Beyond stood the door which no hand had opened since she herself had closed it. The key was not rusty, but the lock was, and it grated harshly, and the hinges creaked as she pushed open the door. Then she stood inside.

Just as she had left it! She had remembered to bring a candle with her, though it was still daylight in the other rooms, and its faint light was insufficient to make manifest all the ravages of time. There were the books she had been reading, after her fitful fashion, still scattered on the table, with *a man's glove* lying among them; she recollected it in an instant, it was one of Robert Waldron's. There was her fanciful little couch of blue damask drawn up to the fireside, and the chair beside it where he had been sitting, and Hester's low hassock between her seat and his. The piano was still open, and a yellow page of music, no doubt some song she had been singing to him, was upon the stand.

A gray dust and tarnish had fallen upon all, but she scarcely saw it. It seemed to her as if it could only have been yesterday, last night, when she locked it up, and she had been passing through some horrible dream. This sharp *martyrdom of repentance* was no more than a trick of her forewarning conscience. The utter stillness and solitariness of the house was but an accident of the passing hour. Hester must be asleep in her little bed and her husband would come in soon from chapel. When she saw Robert again she would bid him come near her no more.

Rose stood in the middle of the room gazing vacantly about her. It seemed as if after a mighty tempest, after a strong flood of great troubles and sins which had tossed her feeble

soul from billow to billow, she had been brought suddenly home again to the haven where she could cast anchor in still, smooth water. She had been very happy to-day. She felt like a child whose face is hidden in the close embrace of its mother, and who sees no longer the terrors which have driven it to that refuge. She was vaguely, childishly happy again for a moment. Everything evil was apparently drawing near to an end. The night was almost past, and the day was at hand. Even here, in the place which should have upbraided her most loudly, she saw sadness indeed, but not hopelessness. Her sins, which were many, had been pardoned.

She crossed the room slowly to the piano, and stooped down to look at the music-sheet on it. It was no song, but a chant—"*I will arise and go to my Father.*" She remembered now that it was to her husband, not to Robert Waldron, she had sung it; and he had stood beside her, his hand resting upon her shoulder, and his voice, a low, weak, yet sweet voice, joining with hers. Was it not a token for good, finding this sacred chant still open? Then she had known nothing about going to the Father. Now she had arisen, with all her sins and unfaithfulness, and gone to Him, and He had seen her afar off, and had received her gladly. Would it not be the same with her husband? She sat down and ran her fingers absently along the discolored keys. The jarring, jingling tones, which had lost all harmony, brought her back sharply to the full reality of her position. She could dream no more. The small mirror, which she had had set over the piano, reflected from its dulled surface a faded, stricken, withered face, instead of the bright, laughing features of the young, proud mistress of a new home. She was Rose Morley, the guilty wife of a dishonored husband.

John Morley had meanwhile returned to his home. He had been to the chapel, and after waiting there some time, and finding no other member of the small church was coming, he went back directly to his house. All day he had been the prey of vehement agitation, and the approaching return of night did not tend to allay it. He let himself into his lonely dwelling, and stood upon the threshold for a minute, with the door half open in his hand, listening for some sound to break the stillness of his home. A craven fear of being quite alone was at work within him for the first time in his life; his flesh crept and his nerves tingled. But he had no resource, there was no means of escaping from this new and panic dread.

He closed the door and went on, stopping to change his boots for the slippers he found put ready for him. He entered his own parlor and lit his lamp; but this attack upon his nervous system continued to gather strength. His hands trembled until he could not turn over the leaves of his book. A vague, indescribable impression was produced upon his mind by something in the aspect of his room, that his lost wife had been there a few minutes ago—had but just quitted it. He fancied more keenly than ever that he could almost see her and hear her. An agony of mingled despair and tenderness shook his soul to the centre.

It might have been but a day or two since Rose had forsaken him; it might have been the very night when he had aroused his little girl from her sleep, telling her it was better to die than to live. There was something unutterably mournful in this strong, unwitnessed, *insupportable anguish* which mastered John Morley, and brought the past before him a hundredfold more vivid than the present.

Upon this paroxysm of his soul, which just now was bearing him rapidly to the verge of insanity, there fell suddenly the shrill, false jangle of the piano in the room overhead. He lifted himself up, and hearkened with a ghastly face. The discord ran through his fevered brain once, and then ceased; the house was plunged again into the dreariness of an unbroken silence.

(To be continued.)

SOLOMON'S SIN.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 16, 1 Kings 11 : 4 13. Golden Text, Prov. 4 : 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Condition of Solomon's Privileges—The Hearing Heart Still Necessary — No Innate Strength—Safe while he Trusted—Seeking his own Way—Procuring Prohibited Pleasures —No Spiritual State Independent of God's Help—Sanctified Souls Dependent Still—A Sad Story — The Beginning of Defection—Open Insults to God—The Joyful Canticles —The Utterance of a Restored Backslider.

No blessing which God can give to us makes us independent of Him. True, the Lord had given Solomon "a wise and an understanding heart;" but this heart had no power in itself to keep him from sin. It was a "hearing heart," capable of receiving and of understanding the thoughts of God, and capable of reciprocating them. But God never meant to deliver him, or any other of His children, from the necessity of trusting Him at all times and about all circumstances.

In the early part of his reign, conscious of his own nothingness, he sought and found guidance from God, and there was a loveliness and dignity about the young king so gifted, yet so little in his own eyes. But as time went on, he began to

TAKE HIS OWN WAY,

and do according to his own will, until by his own actions his wisdom became turned into foolishness.

Centuries before he came to the throne God had made provision for the kingdom and rules to be observed by whosoever He should choose to be His people's king. "He shall not multiply horses *to himself*, nor cause the people to return to Egypt, to the end that he should multiply horses" (Deut. 17 : 16). Nevertheless, Solomon disobeyed this command; "he had forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen" (1 Kings 4 : 26). "And Solomon gathered together chariots and horsemen: and he had a thousand and four hundred chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen. . . . And Solomon had horses brought out of Egypt" (1 Kings 10 : 26, 28). "Neither shall he multiply wives *to himself*, that his heart turn not away." In this still more Solomon sinned against the declared will of God, and also against his own strong convictions (Prov. 5 : 3–23; 6 : 24–26; 7 : 5–27), "for he loved many strange women." His life was a sad witness against God's ordinance of marriage, "a man shall leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and *they twain* shall be one flesh" (Gen. 2 : 24; Matt. 19 : 5).

What a lesson this is for us! Solomon sought an understanding heart *for his people's sake*, but he sought horses, wives, gold and silver *for himself*.

GOD HAD FORBIDDEN SELF-SEEKING

in these things; but Solomon went into every kind of self-seeking, until he could say with Coheleth, "Whatsoever mine eyes desired, I kept not from them, I withheld not mine heart from any joy" (Eccl. 2 : 10). But in self-seeking there is no satisfaction, and the disappointed man had to say that all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun. It is a common idea that if we can only get into some *state* of holiness, we shall be invulnerable to all attacks of Satan; that we have only to get into that state, and the state will necessarily keep us. Some imagine conversion to be such a state, and are sorely disappointed when they find that the same old heart responds to sin still. Some imagine sanctification to be a state which will keep us in spite of ourselves, if we can only get into it; some imagine that if once the Lord heals them of any disease, no pain or disease is ever to touch them again. But this would be to make conversion, sanctification or healing a Saviour instead of Christ, and we could then say it is conversion saves us, or sanctification saves us, or healing makes us whole, while all the time it is Jesus Himself who does all. Some imagine that one who has come into great blessing of soul or body needs Jesus less than one who has been less blest. The exact reverse is the case, for the *more* we are blest of God the more do we become dependent upon Him

TO KEEP US BLEST.

Solomon, when his wives turned away his heart, went to great lengths in the terrible sin of idolatry. None fall so low as they who have lived very near to God, and who have become backsliders. Truly we need the exhortation, "Be not high-minded, but fear" (Rom. 11 : 20). None are so sad as they who have known the deepest communion of soul with Him, and who seek in vain to fill the void of their hearts with something less than Himself. It is a sad story. "Solomon went after Ashtoreth the goddess of the Zidonians, and after Milcom the abomination of the Ammonites." Is it conceivable that a man with the breadth of mind which Solomon possessed could actually come down to the absurdities of idolatry? Yes, it was even so. The heart was wrong, the warped judgment followed after, and there is little doubt that at this time his gigantic intellect was frittered away in the miserable attempt to justify himself. Perhaps he prided himself on not being narrow, perhaps he satisfied himself by saying it was the only way to preserve household peace. Alas! it might be said of him more truly than of Saul, "How are the mighty fallen" (II Sam. 1 : 19)!

The defection of Solomon began first in private; but once on the downward course, and he became bold in his idolatry, and built idol shrines for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, and Molech, the abomination of the Ammonites, and so for all his strange wives which burnt and sacrificed to their gods. Some of the faithful servants of God who had rejoiced when Solomon served Him so faithfully in the outset of his reign must have been nearly heart-broken as these open witnesses of insult to God appeared in different parts of Jerusalem. David had deeply sinned, but he as deeply repented, and received pardon; but

SOLOMON'S "HEART WAS NOT PERFECT

with the Lord his God, as was the heart of David his father. . . . And Solomon did evil in the sight of the Lord, and went not fully after the Lord, as did David his father. . . . And the Lord was angry with Solomon, because his heart was turned from the Lord God of Israel, which had appeared unto him twice, and had commanded him concerning this thing, that he should not go after other gods; but he kept not that which the Lord commanded."

When God gave Solomon a *hearing* heart it was in order that he might hear His voice, but Solomon turned away and listened to his own will, and then became the slave of heathen women. When the Lord blesses us, it is always that we may make use of that blessing for Him, and be more ready to His hand that He may make us a blessing to others. We do not hear of one good work done by Solomon in the latter years of his reign. The honor in which he had been held diminished, his power over his people declined, his own intellect very evidently was enfeebled, and the Lord spoke to him of judgment, declaring that He would rend the kingdom from him, not in his days, but in his son's days. From this time peace was at an end, rebellion began to stir, and the man who had been "a man of rest" was so no more.

Why did not Solomon at once seek the face of the Lord? He is "plenteous in mercy and of great kindness." Thank God, Jesus is not only the Way to God, but the Way back when His children have wandered. Perhaps the king had to be humbled in the dust, and if the Song of Solomon was written in his later years, then it may have been the joy of one who in soul had passed through death to real union with the Lord. Sin is an awful thing, but, thank God, not irremediable when put into the hands of our Almighty Saviour. Let us take the warning from this painful history, and rest neither in great gifts nor in blessed experience, but only and always in the living God, present with us, dwelling in us, if we belong to Him.

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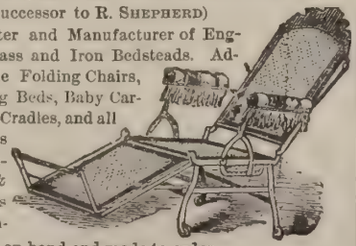

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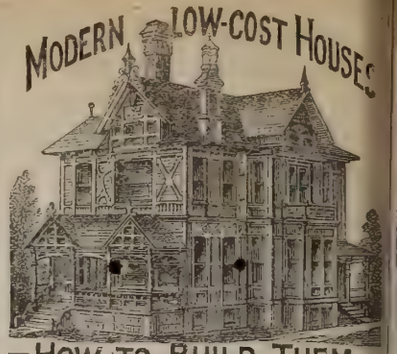

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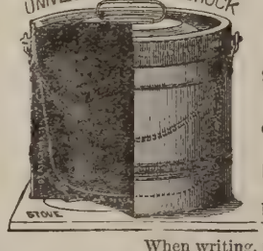

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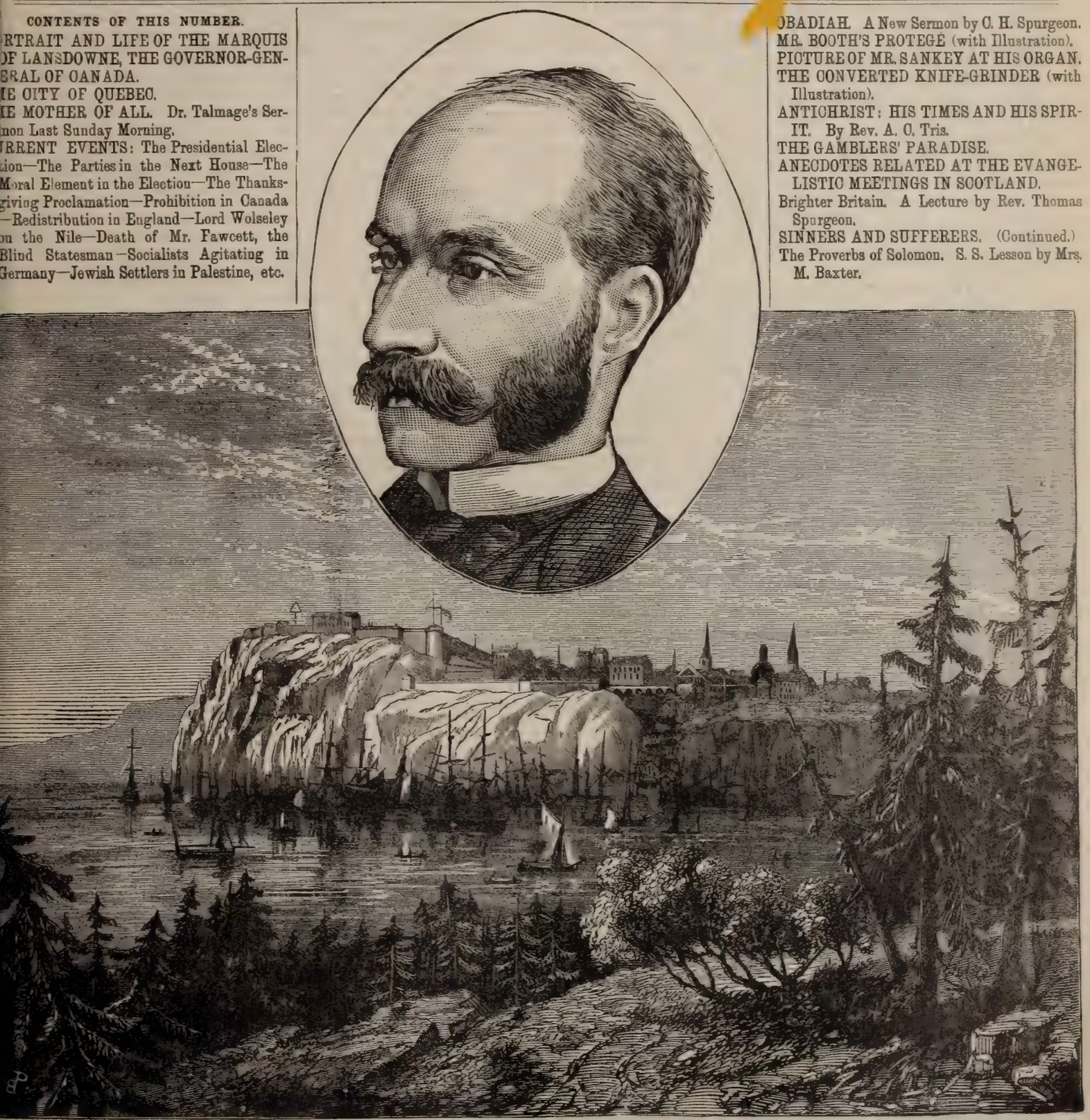

The MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, Governor-General of Canada—Quebec from the Sea.

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE,

Governor-General of Canada.

An Ancient Family—Its First Distinguished Representative—The First Marquis a Friend of the Thirteen Colonies—The Marquis's Birth and Early Life—High Official Position—Surrendered on Principle—His Appointment—Farewell at Londonderry—Reception at Quebec—Sworn in—Reply to Address of Welcome.

THE Governor-General of Canada, whose portrait appears this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, belongs to a family which has been for more than a century distinguished in public affairs. The first of his ancestors who is known to fame was William Petty, the son of a Hampshire clothier. The clothier was prosperous, and gave his son a university education, which the lad turned to good account. He became a physician, and secured an appointment in Ireland under the government. That was in 1651. In the time of the confiscations he supervised the making of a survey of the island, rendered necessary by the wholesale redistribution of the property. He received a percentage on the value of the estates surveyed, which amounted to so large a sum that he acquired fifty thousand acres of land in Kerry County, Ireland, which still form part of Lord Lansdowne's estates. He made his peace with the King when Charles II. was placed on the throne of his father, and received grants of more land, and was knighted.

The son of this Sir William Petty was made Baron Shelburne, and he, dying without issue, was succeeded by his brother, who was made Earl Shelburne. He too died without issue, and was succeeded by his nephew, John Fitzmaurice, from whom the Marquis of Lansdowne is a lineal descendant.

The first Marquis of Lansdowne deserves special mention, as he was

A FRIEND OF THE UNITED STATES

at a time when our fathers sorely needed friends. When the thirteen colonies revolted, the Marquis of Lansdowne, then Earl Shelburne, was the colleague of Fox, and when all the foremost men of the day were clamoring for war, and supporting the Tory Government in its effort to reimpose the English yoke on the colonists, Shelburne earned a great deal of unpopularity by denouncing the attempt. He stood prominent in the ranks of those who unceasingly advocated peace, and was one of the authors of the famous treaty. He was raised to the Marquisate as the first Marquis of Lansdowne. He was the great-grandfather of the present Marquis.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

The Right Hon. Henry Charles Keith Petty Fitzmaurice, Marquis of Lansdowne, is the eldest son of Henry, fourth Marquis, K.G., by marriage with the Hon. Emily Jane, in her own right Baroness Nairne, and was born January 14th, 1845. He is therefore now thirty-nine years old—just the same age as the Marquis of Lorne, whom he has succeeded. *A curious incident* is related of his early years. The heir to the ancient name and large estates of the Lansdownes was, when a child, so scrupulously tended by a doting young mother that neither cream nor butter was allowed to pass the infant's lips lest it should mar a delicate complexion. The natural result was a debility and sickly paleness, which warranted invoking the advice of the Queen's physician, Sir Benjamin Brodie. This eminent practitioner immediately created a revolution in the nursery by prescribing rich cream and fresh butter without stint. The nurse was instructed to allow the little fellow to steep his chubby fists and arms to the elbows, if the nascent lord should feel so disposed, so that grease might enter the system at every pore. The sequel showed a healthy, bouncing lordling.

As soon as he was old enough he was sent to Eton, and thence, in due course, to Oxford. In 1866, at the age of twenty-one, he succeeded to the title, for in that year his father died. He took his seat in the House of Lords, and at once began to take an active part in the business of the House, and in a very short time became officially connected with the Liberal Government of the day. A Lord of the Treasury from 1869 to 1872, he was then appointed Under-Secretary for War, and held that office till the fall of the Gladstone Government in 1874. In 1880, after the Liberal victory, he was made Under-Secretary for India, but in a few months he found that he could not support the Irish policy of the government, and resigned. His doing so showed his fidelity to principle. It is seldom that so young a man is placed in so high an office as he held, and he had good reason to hope that soon he would have been promoted to the rank of a Cabinet Minister. His position and prospects he surrendered rather than support a policy which he did not approve.

There can be no doubt that he has been a considerable sufferer both by the Irish Land Act and, still more, by the Anti-rent agitation which preceded and accompanied that measure, and even the stoutest sympathizer with Ireland will admit that his original secession was natural, and that his subsequent refusal to do more than criticise was patriotic and statesmanlike.

Lord Lansdowne remained out of office until the term of the Marquis of Lorne as

GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

was drawing to a close. His younger brother, however, was honored by Mr. Gladstone by an offer of the Under-Secretaryship in the Department of State. Probably the Premier desired to show in that way his respect for the conscientious act of the Marquis of Lansdowne. There was some talk of the Queen's youngest son, the Duke of Albany, succeeding his brother-in-law, the Marquis of Lorne, but the wishes of the young man and his mother were quietly but firmly set aside by the Premier, and the Marquis of Lansdowne received the appointment.

The appointment received the approval of the English press. The *Daily Telegraph*, one of the most influential journals, said: "The magnificent dominion in the North and West of America will, in Lord Lansdowne, obtain a guide and counsellor who will bring to the conduct of public business great talents, strong principles, and excellent training, which may be fairly said to date from his *distinguished career at Oxford*. The various and complicated questions which have to be dealt with now or hereafter in Canada will be handled by a statesman who has cultivated his mental endowments, acquired a profound knowledge of political, economic, and social facts, and who has learned in the best school those *habits of courtesy and consideration* for others which exert so powerful and beneficial an influence in smoothing away asperities and imparting a large and liberal tone to public life. The emigration schemes now afloat will certainly find in him a judicious and powerful friend, and we trust that it may be his lot to give an impetus to Canadian progress, while at the same time he assists in leading to prosperous homes families who now exist on the threshold of distress and poverty. Lord Lansdowne has had able predecessors in Lord Dufferin and Lord Lorne; but, looking to his English career, whether in or out of office, we can have no doubt that he will not fall below the high standard set by the eminent men who have gone before him in fulfilling the delicate and responsible functions which belong to the post of Governor-General in British America." The Irish journals, however, deprecated the appointment of an Irish landlord to a post in which he would necessarily have to govern men who had fled to Canada from a life made intolerable by the exactions of Irish landlords.

DEPARTURE FOR CANADA.

Lord Lansdowne sailed from Ireland October 12th, 1883, for Quebec. A great meeting was held in the City Hall of Londonderry to bid him farewell, and the demonstrations of affection and respect surprised many who imagined that Lord Lansdowne was unpopular in Ireland. It was stated then, and confirmed by the testimony of Howard Evans, who is a warm sympathizer with the Irish tenants and a genuine hater of lords, that on no estates do the tenants occupy so good cottages or enjoy better privileges than on those of Lord Lansdowne. He

ARRIVED AT QUEBEC

on October 22d. The following morning, at nine o'clock, the new Governor-General and his party landed at Queen's Wharf, where a brilliant military staff awaited them, and a battery with a band was drawn up as a guard of honor. Meanwhile a brilliant gathering was assembling in the library of the Provincial Government Building, on Grande Allée, to witness the inauguration. The walls were hung with bunting, and the throne was covered with crimson cloth and surmounted by a canopy. Behind the single seat placed upon the dais were the crests and mottoes of the Lorne and Lansdowne families. In the centre of the room was placed a long table, at which sat the federal Cabinet Ministers, a number of whom were in the Windsor gold lace uniform. At the foot of the table sat John J. McGee, Esq., Clerk of the Privy Council, having in his keeping the great seal of the Dominion of Canada, the Minute Book of the Privy Council, and the Bible to be used in the inaugural ceremony. On either side of the dais was placed a row of chairs, that on the right occupied by Lieutenant-Governor Robitaille, of Quebec, and party. The seats on the left were reserved for the judges of the Supreme Court, who wore their rich robes of scarlet and ermine, which formed a beautiful contrast to the gold and lace of the Windsor uniforms and the uniforms of the military staff.

SWORN INTO OFFICE.

On their arrival at the department buildings, Grande Allée, the new viceregal party was received by a guard of honor of the garrison artillery. Lord and Lady Lansdowne entered the buildings, and took the places assigned for them on the right of the throne. Lord Lorne, who had been waiting for some little time, stepped on the dais in front of the throne to receive the distinguished party. As soon as all had taken their places Lord Melgund rose and read the royal commission appointing the Most Honorable the Marquis of Lansdowne to the Governor-Generalship of Canada in place of His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne. This done, the clerk of the Privy Council, John J. McGee, approached the head of the table with a Bible in his hand, and Sir William Ritchie, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, advanced toward the new Governor, bowing separately to Lord Lorne and Lord Lansdowne, and placed before the latter the oath of office as Governor-General of Canada, and His Excellency the Marquis of Lansdowne took his seat at the head of the table and subscribed his name to the same, after which the Chief Justice and all the judges of the Supreme Court present affixed their names as witnesses.

AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME

was subsequently presented to him by the mayor and citizens of Quebec, to which the Marquis replied: "MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN: I have listened with feelings of the utmost gratitude to the courteous and hospitable terms in which you have been pleased to welcome our arrival on Canadian soil. I thank you for the reception you have given me. I shall not easily forget it, and I trust that I may regard it as a happy augury of the relations which will henceforth exist between myself and the citizens of Quebec. I accept the address which His Worship the Mayor has handed to me in the name of the illustrious sovereign whose commission I have the honor to hold, and toward whom the people of the Dominion entertain feelings of loyalty and of devotion not less profound than those of her subjects on the other side of the ocean which we have traversed. I accept it also in the name of the people of England, who are united to you by a patriotism which alike inspires you both and by feelings of mutual consideration and esteem which you entertain toward each other. Of myself, sir, I will say but this—that I feel only too well the disadvantage under which I shall labor in following the two distinguished men who have been my predeces-

rs and whom you have spoken of in language once appreciative and just. If I do not rink from the responsibilities which attach to e high office to which I am called, if I can im any qualifications for a position so honor- e, it is because I undertake its duties with a cere admiration of the qualities which have rned for the people of the Dominion so con- cuous a place among the civilized communi- s of the world."

THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

(See Illustration on first page.)

THE ancient city, one aspect of which is rep- ented on the first page, has a population of 446. The city is thus humorously described Mr. Woods:

"Take a large part of Malta, mix it up with Peter's at Guernsey, add a few of the old uses at Abbeville, strew it here and there with houses, roof it over with tin, pave roads and ths with wooden logs, put an immense citadel the top, cover the streets rather profusely h dirt, and stick the whole on one of the hills er Milford Haven, with an English Govern- nt and

A FRENCH POPULATION,

d then you have Quebec. Everything there ems in an anomalous state—the footpaths are lders, and the roads are slides. There are od squares, which are always empty, and nar- w, difficult flights of streets, which are always l."

Quebec is never so bright as in the gloom of nter. *The bright, clear atmosphere*, however arp, is a great advance upon London fog; ile the consciousness that the busy workman s able to save out of his big wages in summer, minishes one's regret at the suffering which nter brings to the poor. The Canadian cli- te may be severe, but it is healthful, and to ny very enjoyable. It has the cold of Rus- with the warmth of Italy.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT HOUSE,

ere the dynamite explosions took place on tober 11th, is a noble-looking building, and is air type of Canada itself—simple in its grand- r, solid in its construction. There is good rk of an enduring kind, as there are good es of enduring prosperity. Admirably placed an elevation, a grand view is obtained from roof or towers, above four stories of rooms. ing in a so-called low part of the town, the fice has removed a mass of squalid-looking odes, and brought respectability into a dis- utable quarter of the town.

Champlain, after whom a street is named, is servedly honored in Quebec. He was more n the founder of Canada. He was the prime ver in all that concerned its welfare, and the ginator of many important schemes. After e of his visits to France he brought back a ttle and beautiful young wife,

THE FIRST LADY SEEN IN CANADA.

e devoted herself to the Indians, learning ir language, and teaching their children the ristian faith. The rude forestmen almost rshipped her. As she wore, according to the hion of the day, a small mirror in her girdle, which persons could see themselves reflected, became a saying among the red people that ery one who came near her was received into heart.

Champlain was at the head of the great trad- company, though busied in political affairs. was eminently pious, according to the prac- e of the times, and a benefactor to his urch. In his last testament he forgot his iable wife, willing all his considerable prop- y to the Jesuits. He was just to the Indians, erful with his friends, loyal to his king. A ef once said to him, at a conference, "We rely love you; all that you say is true." So norable a testimony may well embalm his mory. Champlain has left his name in eet, river, lake, town; but his good deeds are nembered in affectionate reverence by French nadians.

THE GAMBLERS' PARADISE.

A STRONG effort has been made during the past year to suppress the gambling institution of Monte Carlo, which flourishes in Monaco, a small principality near Nice, on the borders of France and Italy. The effort has been aided by the force of public opinion aroused by the numerous suicides of ruined gamblers which have taken place there. The following narrative has recently been issued by the Christian association organized to suppress the place:

If any one who is familiar with the course of events in Europe for the last decade and a half were to be asked, What is its greatest plague spot? he would, without hesitation, answer, "Monte Carlo." For that period or more the public gaming-tables of Monaco have been the source and centre of a

MORAL MALARIA

that has turned one of the fairest spots on earth's surface into a hissing and a reproach throughout the civilized world. Viewed as it came from the hands of its Creator, it is "a veritable paradise." Through the perverted ingenuity of bad men it has become a devil's sanctuary—"a golden hell," as a recent Italian writer tersely and truthfully describes it. Mr. Spurgeon, in an article in the *Sword and Trowel*, calls it "the serpent in Paradise."

Last year upward of four hundred thousand railway tickets to Monaco were sold. Apart from its charming situation by the sea, and its natural beauties, now enhanced by art, the human propensity for gambling at Monte Carlo is increased by the fact that public gaming tables have been suppressed in all other parts of Europe. This liliputian state is thus enriched by the plunder of foreigners, some of whom, resorting thither for the restoration of their health, too often end by sacrificing their lives and fortunes. Nowhere does suicide leave such sanguinary traces, both publicly and privately, as at Monte Carlo. As many as

FIVE SUICIDES

have occurred in one week. During last season forty-two cases were recorded.

We hope we are not over sanguine in describing Monte Carlo as "a doomed institution." The wonder is that the collective moral sense of Europe has not long ere now taken some form or other that would have consigned it to condign destruction, as the Alpine avalanche wipes out of existence the remote mountain village that lies in its course. The history of Monte Carlo, comparatively short though it be, has been written in dissipated fortunes, in tears and anguish, in broken hearts and worse than wasted lives, exceeding all human computation. The marvel is, we repeat, that such a baleful upas tree should have flourished, and claimed its yearly holocaust of victims, so long. We rejoice to believe that ere many months go by, the death-warrant of this unspeakable institution will have been signed and sealed—perhaps put into execution. There will be joy in many hearts and homes—without presumption we may say there will be joy in the presence of the angels of God—when that auspicious moment arrives.

The mandate may, it is hoped, soon proceed from the French Executive for the abolition of this "golden hell" within its borders. Nothing can be clearer, from an impartial view of the facts, than that Monaco is *under the jurisdiction of France*. That nation, to its credit be it said, was the first to suppress public gambling in Europe, some half century ago. It remains for it now to crown the work by doing for Monte Carlo what Germany did some years since for Wiesbaden and Homburg and Ems, greatly to the real prosperity of these popular resorts.

Denunciations of the place have appeared in the public journals of Italy, France, Germany, England, and America. The writers of these articles condemn the place and its ways with one consent. They seem almost to have exhausted the entire vocabulary of strong and expressive epithets, in passing indignant sentence upon this gilded charnel-house. One calls it

"A DEN OF THIEVES

and doubtful women." There are graphic portrayals of the play, and its strangely fascinating hold upon those who once put themselves under its magic spell. One gifted French writer, Gabriel Charmes, says of it in the *Journel Des Debats*: "Often women are seen rushing out of the casino, inflamed with the passion of gambling, to their hotels, to cast into the hands of the usurers the ornaments with which they are bedecked. They would play away their hats, their dresses, all their clothes, if the rigid police of Monte Carlo allowed it. Men give up their watches, their studs, and their scarf-pins. In a sale at Monte Carlo fifteen hundred and sixty scarf-pins were offered, which had been taken from the necks of ruined men, who thus were enabled to try their luck once more."

The annual income of the gaming establishment is stated on the best authority to be somewhere about *thirty millions of francs* ($6,000,000,000)! But of this, large sums are, of course, disbursed for expenses, including bribes to such of the French, and some few papers in other countries, as are amenable to that species of argument, and who pay for this complicity by observing a discreet silence with respect to the numerous suicides and other scandals of the place. It is an open secret that the broad sheet of the boulevards accepts from Monte Carlo, as the price of its guilt, an annual subvention of one hundred and fifty thousand francs.

It will be understood that it has been no easy task to fight such a powerful and moneyed establishment, and to bring to bear upon it the united condemnation of Europe. This result has, however, at great cost, been achieved by the International Association for the Suppression of the Gaming Tables. For five years this body of earnest-minded Christian gentlemen have been struggling to put an end to the legalized iniquity of Monte Carlo; now, happily, success seems within reach. To create and sustain the requisite public opinion papers and pamphlets containing the true state of the case have been strewn over Europe by the thousand.

The Spread of Doctrines Dangerous to Society is lamented by European journals. As an illustration of the way in which the mystery of lawlessness doth already work, a workingman sends to an English newspaper an account of a lecture he recently attended, delivered by a Mr. Hyndman. The subject was "Law; or, How the People are Legally Robbed." The lecturer contended that all law, human and divine, should be overturned, *especially the Decalogue*, and urged that as a result great ease and pleasure would be enjoyed by the masses. The marriage tie could then be broken at the desire and will of either party, and social communism of the true type be introduced. This is a line of teaching which is being extensively promulgated all over Europe, and the pauperized multitudes are receiving it only too readily. The promulgation of such doctrines cannot be regarded too seriously or deprecated too earnestly.

Political Testimony to the Effects of Prohibition was given recently in the columns of a prominent journal. The secretary of the United States Brewers' Association, in the course of an interview as to the power held by the branches of that association in the respective States and how it would be used, bore doleful testimony to the efficacy of the amendments. Being asked about Kansas, he said: "In Kansas the Prohibition system has been in operation for two years, and all the brewers are ruined. No organization, therefore, exists in that State." Speaking of Iowa, he said: "The Prohibition law which has recently gone into operation there has made terrible havoc among the brewers, and many of them are completely ruined. As a consequence their political influence has been greatly diminished." This is significant in the face of the assurances both the political parties are continually giving that Prohibition is a failure, and that the consumption of liquor does not decrease under it.

THE MOTHER OF ALL.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Nov. 9, 1884.

"And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and He took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof. And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made He a woman, and brought her unto the man."—GEN. 2 : 21, 22.

The World's First Saturday Afternoon—Allegorical Teaching—A New Intelligence Introduced—The First Woman—Her Residence—The First Marriage—The Forbidden Tree—Entrance of the Monster Sin—The Danger of Inquisitiveness—Benefits from Healthful Curiosity—Trees of Religious Mystery—The Goddess of Splutter—An Algebraic Equation—Treacherous Fruit—Attractiveness Making Sin More Hideous—A Terrible Offset to Charms—The Regal Influence of Woman—Historical Illustrations—One Model.

IT is the first Saturday afternoon in the world's existence. Ever since sunrise Adam has been watching the brilliant pageantry of wings and scales and clouds, and in his first lessons in zoology and ornithology and ichthyology he has noticed that the robins fly the air in twos, and that the fish swim the water in twos, and that the lions walk the field in twos, and in the warm redolence of that Saturday afternoon he falls off into slumber; and as if by allegory to teach all ages that the greatest of earthly blessings is sound sleep, this paradisaical somnolence ends with the discovery on the part of Adam of

A CORRESPONDING INTELLIGENCE

just landed on the new planet. Of the mother of all the living I speak—Eve, the first, the fairest and the best.

I make me a garden. I inlay the paths with mountain moss, and I border them with pearls from Ceylon and diamonds from Golconda. Here and there are fountains tossing in the sunlight, and ponds that ripple under the paddling of the swans. I gather me lilies from the Amazon, and orange groves from the tropics, and tamarinds from Goyaz. There are woodbine and honeysuckle climbing over the wall, and starred spaniels sprawling themselves on the grass. I invite amid these trees the larks, and the brown thrushes, and the robins, and all the brightest birds of heaven, and they stir the air with infinite chirp and carol. And yet the place is a desert filled with darkness and death as compared with

THE RESIDENCE OF THE WOMAN

of the text, the subject of my morning story. Never since have such skies looked down through such leaves into such waters! Never has river wave had such curve and sheen and bank as adorned the Pison, the Havilah, the Gihon and the Hiddakel, even the pebbles being bdellium and onyx stone! What fruits, with no curculio to sting the rind! What flowers, with no slug to gnaw the root! What atmosphere, with no frost to chill and with no heat to consume! Bright colors tangled in the grass. Perfume in the air. Music in the sky. Bird's warble and tree's hum, and waterfall's dash. Great scene of gladness and love and joy.

Right there under a bower of leaf and vine and shrub occurred

THE FIRST MARRIAGE.

Adam took the hand of this immaculate daughter of God and pronounced the ceremony when he said: "Bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh."

A FORBIDDEN TREE

stood in the midst of that exquisite park. Eve sauntering out one day alone looks up at the tree and sees the beautiful fruit, and wonders if it is sweet, and wonders if it is sour, and standing there, says: "I think I will just put my hand upon the fruit; it will do no damage to the tree; I will not take the fruit to eat, but I will just take it down to examine it." She examined the fruit. She said: "I do not think there can be any harm in my just breaking the rind of it." She put the fruit to her teeth, she tasted, she invited Adam also to taste of the fruit, the door of the world opened, and the monster Sin entered. Let the heavens gather blackness, and the winds sigh on the bosom of the hills, and cavern and desert and earth and sky join in one long, deep, hell-rending howl:

"THE WORLD IS LOST!"

Beasts that before were harmless and full of play put forth claw, and sting, and tooth, and tusk. Birds whet their beak for prey. Clouds troop in the sky. Sharp thorns shoot up through the soft grass. Blastings on the leaves. All the chords of that great harmony are snapped. Upon the brightest home this world ever saw our first parents turned their back and led forth on a path of sorrow the broken-hearted myriads of a ruined race.

Do you not see, in the first place, the danger of a poorly regulated

INQUISITIVENESS?

She wanted to know how the fruit tasted. She found out, but six thousand years have deplored that unhealthful curiosity. Healthy curiosity has done a great deal for letters, for art, for science and for religion. It has gone down into the depths of the earth with the geologist and seen the first chapter of Genesis written in the book of nature illustrated with engraving on rock, and it stood with the antiquarian while he blew the trumpet of resurrection over buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, until from their sepulchre there came up shaft and terrace and amphitheatre. Healthful curiosity has enlarged the telescopic vision of the astronomer until worlds hidden in the distant heavens have trooped forth and have joined the choir praising the Lord. Planet weighed against planet and wildest comet lassooed with resplendent law.

HEALTHFUL CURIOSITY

has gone down and found the tracks of the eternal God in the polypi and the starfish under the sea and the majesty of the great Jehovah encamped under the gorgeous curtains of the dahlia. It has studied the spots on the sun, and the larva in a beech leaf, and the light under firefly's wing, and the terrible eye glance of a condor pitching from Chimborazo. It has studied the myriads of animalcule that make up the phosphorescence in a ship's wake, and the mighty maze of suns, and spheres, and constellations, and galaxies that blaze on in the march of God. Healthful curiosity has stood by the inventor until forces that were hidden for ages came to wheels, and levers, and shafts, and shuttles—forces that fly the air, or swim the sea, or cleave the mountain until the earth jars, and roars, and rings, and crackles, and booms, with strange mechanism, and ships with nostrils of hot steam and yokes of fire draw the continents together.

I say nothing against healthful curiosity. May it have other Leyden jars, and other electric batteries, and other voltaic piles, and other magnifying glasses with which to storm the barred castles of the natural world until it shall surrender its last secret. We thank God for the geological curiosity of Professor Hitchcock, and the mechanical curiosity of Liebig, and the zoological curiosity of Cuvier, and the inventive curiosity of Edison; but we must admit that unhealthful and irregular inquisitiveness has rushed thousands and tens of thousands into ruin.

Eve just tasted the fruit. She was curious to find out how it tasted, and that

CURIOSITY BLASTED HER

and blasted all nations. So there are clergy in this day inspired by unhealthful inquisitiveness who have tried to look through the keyhole of God's mysteries, mysteries that were barred and bolted from all human inspection, and they have wrenched their whole moral nature out of joint by trying to pluck fruit from branches beyond their reach, or have come out on limbs of the tree from which they have tumbled into ruin without remedy. A thousand trees of religious knowledge from which we may eat and get advantage; but from certain

TREES OF MYSTERY

how many have plucked their ruin! Election, free agency, trinity, resurrection—in the discussion of these subjects hundreds and thousands of people ruin the soul. There are men who have actually been kept out of the kingdom of heaven because they could not understand who Melchisedec was not!

Oh, how many have been destroyed by an unhealthful inquisitiveness! It is seen in all directions. There are those who stand with the eye-stare and mouth-gape of curiosity. They are the first to hear a falsehood, build it another story high and two wings to it. About other people's apparel, about other people's business, about other people's financial condition, about other people's affairs, they are over anxious. Every nice piece of gossip stops at their door, and they fatten and luxuriate in the endless round of *the great world of* tittle-tattle. They invite and sumptuously entertain at their house Colonel Twaddle and Esquire Chitchat and Governor Smalltalk. Whoever hath an inuendo, whoever hath a scandal, whoever hath a valuable secret, let him come and sacrifice it to

THIS GODDESS OF SPLUTTER.

Thousands of Adams and Eves do nothing but eat fruit that does not belong to them. Men quite well known as mathematicians failing in this computation of moral algebra: good sense plus good breeding, minus curiosity, equals minding your own affairs!

Then, how many young men through curiosity go through the whole realm of

FRENCH NOVELS,

to see whether they are really as bad as moralists have pronounced them! They come near the verge of the precipice just to look off. They want to see how far it really is down, but they lose their balance while they look, and fall into remediless ruin; or, catching themselves, clamber up, bleeding and ghastly, on the rock, gibbering with curses or groaning ineffectual prayer. By all means encourage healthful inquisitiveness, by all means discourage illy regulated curiosity.

TREACHEROUS FRUIT.

The subject of the morning also impresses me with the fact that fruits that are sweet to the taste may afterward produce great agony. Forbidden fruit for Eve was so pleasant she invited her husband also to take of it; but her banishment from Paradise, and six thousand years of sorrow, and wretchedness, and war, and woe paid for that luxury. Sin may be very sweet at the start, and it may induce great wretchedness afterward. The cup of sin is sparkling at the top, but there is death at the bottom. Intoxication has great exhilaration for a while, and it fillips the blood, and it makes a man see five stars where others can see only one star, and it makes the poor man rich, and turns cheeks which are white red as roses; but what about the dreams that come after, when he seems falling from great heights, or is prostrated by other fancied disasters, and the perspiration stands on the forehead, the night dew of everlasting darkness, and he is ground under the horrible hoof of nightmares shrieking with lips that crackle with all-consuming torture? "Rejoice, oh young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment!"

SWEET AT THE START,

horrible at the last. Go into that hall of revelry where ungodly mirth staggers and blasphemes. Listen to the senseless gabble, see the last trace of intelligence dashed out from faces made in God's own image.

"Aha! aha!" says the roystering inebriate, "this is joy for you; fill high your cups, my boys. I drink to my wife's misery and my children's rags and my God's defiance." And he knows not that a fiend stirs the goblet in his hand and that adders uncoil from the dregs and thrust their forked tongues hissing through the froth on the rim.

PERDITION BOUGHT FOR A SIXPENCE.

The Philistines jeered and laughed and shouted at Samson. Oh, they wanted him to make sport for them, and he made sport for them

How bright and gay was the scene for a little while! After awhile the giant puts one hand against this pillar, and the other hand against this pillar, and bows himself, and three thousand merry-makers are mashed like grapes in a winepress. Sin rapturous at the start, awful at the last.

That one Edenic transgression did not seem to be much, but it struck a blow which to this day makes the earth stagger like an ox under a butcher's bludgeon. To find out the consequences of that one sin, you would have to compel the world to throw open all its prison doors and display the crime, and throw open all its hospitals and display the disease, and throw open all the insane asylums and show the wretchedness, and open all the sepulchres and show the dead, and open all the doors of the lost world and show the damned. That one Edenic transgression stretched chords of misery across the heart of the world and struck them with dolorous wailing, and it has seated the plagues upon the air and the shipwrecks upon the tempest, and fastened like a leech famine to the heart of the sick and dying nations. Beautiful at the start, horrible at the last. Oh, how many have experienced it!

Are there here those who are

VOTARIES OF PLEASURE?

Let me warn you, my brother. Your pleasure boat is far from shore, and your summer day is ending roughly, for the winds and the waves are loud voiced, and the overcoming clouds are all writhe and agleam with terror. You are past the "Narrows," and almost outside the "Hook," and if the Atlantic take thee, frail mortal, thou shalt never get to shore again. Put back, row swiftly, swifter, swifter! Jesus from the shore casteth a rope. Clasp it quickly, now or never. Oh, are there not some of you who are freighting all your loves and joys and hopes upon a vessel which shall never reach the port of heaven? Thou nearest the breakers, one heave upon the rock. Oh, what an awful crash was that! Another lunge may crush thee beneath the spars or grind thy bones to powder amid the torn timbers. Overboard for your life, overboard! Trust not that loose plank nor attempt the move, but quickly clasp the feet of Jesus walking on the watery pavement, shouting until He hear thee, "Lord, save me, or I perish." Sin beautiful at the start—oh, how sad, how dismessful at the last! The ground over which it leads you is hollow. The fruit it offers to your taste is poison. The promise it makes to you is a lie. Over that ungodly banquet the keen sword of God's judgment hangs, and there are ominous handwritings on the wall.

HIDEOUS ATTRACTIVENESS.

Observe also in this subject how repelling sin is when appended to great attractiveness. Since Eve's death there has been no such perfection of womanhood. You could not suggest an attractiveness to the body or suggest any refinement to the manner. You could add no gracefulness to the gait, no lustre to the eye, no sweetness to the voice. A perfect God made her a perfect woman, to be the companion of a perfect man in a perfect home, and her entire nature vibrated in accord with the beauty and song of Paradise. But she rebelled against God's government, and with the same hand with which she plucked the fruit she launched upon the world the crimes, the wars, the tumults, that have set the universe a-wailing.

A TERRIBLE OFFSET

to all her attractiveness. We are not surprised when we find men and women naturally vulgar going into transgression. We expect that people who live in the ditch shall have the manners of the ditch; but how shocking when we find sin appended to superior education and to the refinements of social life. The accomplishments of Mary Queen of Scots make her patronage of Darnley, the profligate, the more appalling. The genius of Catharine II., of Russia, only sets forth in more powerful contrast her unappeasable ambition. The translations from the Greek and the Latin by Elizabeth, and her wonderful qualifications for a queen, made the more disgusting her capriciousness of affection and her hotness of temper. The greatness of Byron's mind made the more alarming Byron's sensuality.

Let no one who hears me this day think that refinement of manner or exquisiteness of taste or superiority of education can in any wise apologize for ill-temper, for an oppressive spirit, for unkindness, for any kind of sin. Disobedience Godward and transgression manward can give no excuse. Accomplishment heaven high is no apology for vice hell deep.

My subject also impresses me with the regal

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

When I see Eve with this powerful influence over Adam and over the generations that have followed, it suggests to me the great power all women have for good or for evil. I have no sympathy, nor have you, with the hollow flatteries showered upon woman from the platform and the stage. They mean nothing; they are accepted as nothing. Woman's nobility consists in the exercise of a Christian influence, and when I see this powerful influence of Eve upon her husband and upon the whole human race, I make up my mind that the frail arm of woman can strike a blow which will resound through all eternity down among the dungeons, or up among the thrones.

Of course, I am not speaking of representative women—of Eve, who ruined the race by one fruit-picking; of Jael, who drove a spike through the head of Sisera the warrior; of Esther, who overcame royalty; of Abigail, who stopped a host by her own beautiful prowess; of Mary, who nursed the world's Saviour; of Grandmother Lois, immortalized in her grandson Timothy; of Charlotte Corday, who drove the dagger through the heart of the assassin of her lover, or of Marie Antoinette, who by one look from the balcony of her castle quieted a mob, her own scaffold the throne of forgiveness and womanly courage. I speak not of these extraordinary persons, but of those who, unambitious for political power, as

WIVES AND MOTHERS

and sisters and daughters, attend to the thousand sweet offices of home.

When at last we come to calculate the forces that decided the destiny of nations, it will be found that the mightiest and grandest influence came from home, where the wife cheered up despondency and fatigue and sorrow by her own sympathy, and the mother trained her child for heaven, starting the little feet on the path to the celestial city; and the sisters by their gentleness refined the manners of the brother; and the daughters were diligent in their kindness to the aged, throwing wreaths of blessing on the road that leads father and mother down the steep of years. Need I go into history to find you illustrations? Ah no; in your own memory there was at least one such! When I come to speak of womanly influence, my mind always wanders off to

ONE MODEL,

the aged one who, twenty years ago, we put away for the resurrection. About eighty years ago, and just before their marriage day, my father and mother stood up in the old meeting-house at Somerville, New Jersey, and took upon them the vows of the Christian. Through a long life of vicissitude she lived harmlessly and usefully, and came to her end in peace. No child of want ever came to her door and was turned empty away. No one in sorrow came to her but was comforted. No one asked her the way to be saved but she pointed him to the cross. When the angel of life came to a neighbor's dwelling she was there to rejoice at the incarnation. When the angel of death came to a neighbor's dwelling she was there to robe the departed for the burial.

We had often heard her, when leading family prayers in the absence of my father, say: "O Lord, I ask not for my children wealth or honor, but I do ask that they all may be the subjects of thy comforting grace!" Her eleven children brought into the kingdom of God, she had but one more wish, and that was that she might see her long-absent missionary son; and when the ship from China anchored in New York Harbor, and the long-absent one passed over the threshold of his paternal home, she said: "Now, Lord, lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." The prayer was soon answered.

It was an autumnal day very much like this when we gathered from afar and found only the house from which the soul had fled forever. She looked very natural, the hands very much as when they were employed in kindness for her children. Whatever else we forget, we never forget the look of mother's hands. As we stood there by the casket, we could not help but say: "Don't she look beautiful?" It was a cloudless day when, with heavy hearts, we carried her out to the last resting-place. The withered leaves crumbled under hoof and wheel as we passed, and the sun shone on the Raritan River until it looked like fire; but more calm and beautiful and radiant was the setting sun of that aged pilgrim's life. No more toil, no more tears, no more sickness, no more death. Dear mother! Beautiful mother!

> "Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod,
> While the pure spirit rests with God."

I need not go back and show you Zenobia or Semiramis or Isabella as wonders of womanly excellence or greatness, when I in this moment point to your own picture gallery of memory, and show you the one face that you remember so well, and arouse all your holy reminiscences, and start you in new consecration to God, by the pronunciation of that tender, beautiful, glorious word, "Mother! mother!"

The Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B., Sailed for England on October 22d in the Aurania of the Cunard line. In the course of an interview on board the vessel, Mr. Hall expressed himself delighted with the results of his visit. He said: "I have been in America since August 18th, and have *preached fifty sermons*, delivered ten addresses, and travelled four thousand miles since that time. My church at home has not been closed during its pastor's holiday. Where have I been on my trip? In Yonkers, Mohonk Lake, Saratoga, Niagara, Canada, the White Mountains, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington. I have been struck everywhere with the beauty and grandeur of the houses and public buildings." Mr. Hall was courteously received by the President, and informed him that every Sunday *prayers were offered for him* in Mr. Hall's church in London as for the Queen of England.

The Ex-Empress Eugenie, the Widow of Napoleon III., and at one time the leader of the fashionable world of Europe, has paid a visit to the French capital. Her appearance is thus portrayed by the Paris correspondent of London *Truth*: "Her general attitude appears to have been, as she visited the scenes of her former triumphs, that of one who through much suffering has come to be almost insensible. Her complexion is bleached as her hair. The eyes of pale blue have lost the faculty of lighting up. It would be hard to say whether they express indifference to most things or resignation, but they look as if they had cried so much that no more tears were left in them. Her figure has lost all flexibility, and she has the stiff walk that rheumatism or the weight of years gives. The outlines of the shoulders, however, retain some of their former elegance. She lives altogether at Farnborough in the past, and among objects reminding her of the departed glories of the Emperor and of her son, the Prince Imperial, of whom she can now speak without falling into paroxysms of grief. Her old vivacity has died out, the inner woman is chastened by affliction, and the outer woman faded. To her few friends she frequently mentions with bitter remorse the part she took in instigating the Franco-Prussian war of 1870."

"BRIGHTER BRITAIN."

Lecture in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's Son, the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, of Auckland, New Zealand.

MR C. H. SPURGEON occupied the chair, and introduced his son as the lecturer, in a few very well chosen and pithy remarks. The Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, on rising, said: "Dear father, and dear Christian friends, I remember to have heard of a certain lecturer who, before the commencement of his oration, said that, with the chairman's permission, he would say a few words before he began to speak. I sympathize with him to some extent, for before we deal with 'Brighter Britain' I should like to say a few introductory words. I have two objects in lecturing here to-night. (1) To tell you what I have gleaned by residence in New Zealand. (2) That you may give me some money to aid in building the Auckland Tabernacle. I am not here to urge you to pack up and be off to New Zealand, but simply that I might speak of what I saw in that distant land, 'Brighter Britain.'

"A little craft of three hundred and seventy tons burden is ploughing the waves of the Pacific Ocean, and the briny spray is lashing the bows. The captain and trusty crew are preparing to pass the day as they have passed so many before, but something more than want and woe are to be recorded in that day's log book—the rush and excitement of discovery. The master of that little vessel is

CAPTAIN COOK,

and he is about to confer another honor upon his country by placing the British flag on fresh soil, that should yield bread for British mouths and happy homes for British hearts. He first discovered *Poverty Bay*, New Zealand, which, singularly enough, is the *richest* part of the country. Captain Cook made for the shore, and saw the king of the native cannibals, who, for some reason or other, did not put the white man to the test, or rather to their taste, or they would not have hesitated to cook Captain Cook. Captain Cook, we read, made it a rule to carry with him seeds, that he might scatter them in any new-found country, forgetting not 'to do good and communicate' and 'scatter seeds of kindness' for this own and others' 'reaping by and by.'

"Captain Cook sailed away up the straits that now bear his name, and was so impressed with the beauty of the country that he determined to revisit it, and we find him many times revisiting the New Zealand coast. He took some of the natives out to sea with him several times. We don't read that they suffered from sea-sickness so much as from home-sickness, which is the worst, and that is my apology for my presence here to-night. Captain Cook was not the

FIRST DISCOVERER OF NEW ZEALAND.

He was the first European to set foot on its shores, but Abel Tasman was its first explorer, from whom is derived the name Tasmania. England and New Zealand are not so very far apart, if we could only go straight through the earth to it. In fact, if the underground railway between England and New Zealand should ever be open, I would have a season ticket on it, so as to see you more frequently. At Christ Church, the English rose blossoms at its own sweet will, while all over the shamrock flourishes even better than in its native soil, for every side of civilization is with us in town and country—jails and policemen, pianos and sewing machines, steam-cars and

SPURGEON'S SERMONS,

and the young Albion in the Antipodean world rejoices in a plentiful supply of British birds, beasts, and fishes. The skylark there sings his glorious lay. Never shall I forget a namesake of the great discoverer—Joseph Cook, of Boston—with what joy, when climbing with me one of Brighter Britain's mountains, he said, 'Hark to the fellow, and see how long he keeps that wondrous tune agoing!' How they rise and rise, ever singing as they go, until they get as near the throne of God as wings can carry them, and then pour their praises at His feet! I say it was grand to stay awhile and see the joy of Boston's famous citizen as he stood entranced by young New Zealand's song.

"We are rather free from reptiles in Brighter Britain; they are so familiar as to sleep on the doorstep, that we forget to treat them as such. As to mosquitos, I must not utter one word against them for their very mildness of disposition. On one occasion

A FARMER MISSED HIS COW,

and, after a search, saw her skeleton leaning against a tree, and a mosquito of extraordinary size sitting on a bough of the tree above, generously picking one of its bones; so tender are they in their dealings with the animal kind.

"The scenery of Brighter Britain is certainly brighter, and not darker, than that of the land I left behind me, especially in the sense that the land is essentially lovely and full of bright colors as the inhabitants are loyal. The British flag floats in the breeze from Government House, and love for Victoria Regina dwells in all the hearts of the colonists, and the day of her birth is especially loved by a people who are ever ready for a holiday. England and Scotland are still called 'Home' by those who left it forty years ago, and the colonists have drifted into the same habit of calling Brighter Britain 'Home.' I must admit that those born colonists are tempted to be constituted like young ministers, especially if they happen to be the sons of celebrated men, like colonists in England, London, and Scotland, who consider that St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey are only second in importance to their parish church, or village chapel, so great does the love of country become.

"I remember looking at a photograph shown me by a friend, who lived near the Canterbury plains in the north-west. I said it is

A BEAUTIFUL PLACE.

'Yes,' said a friend, who knew it well, and had not learned to let well alone, 'but *the photograph does not show the north winds* that sweep through the place at certain seasons of the year.' In the south it is often cold for days together. Auckland, the city of my adoption, in the north, is genial and well suited to persons of delicate health. The island runs north and south for more than twelve hundred miles, and a breadth of over two hundred miles. Those who emigrate for their health should find out what part is suited to their disease, and the stage of the disease from which they suffer. For twelve months round there is summer sun in Auckland. There is often a scarcity of rain. A squatter lately leaped for joy as he and all his family stood in the rain after a long drought. He suddenly said, 'We must not be out here in the rain; we must let the earth have every drop.' When the rain does come it fills the rivers and plains to overflowing."

The lecturer here told of a cold-water victory in Auckland, where in each ward, except one, temperance men had been returned to the Council Chamber, and liquor-saloons closed on Sundays, and that

MR. R. T. BOOTH,

the eminent American lecturer and temperance worker, has promised to visit the city to preach and lecture in the very Tabernacle for the building of which subscriptions and gifts would be asked from the friends in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. A vivid description of the beauty of the country scenery of New Zealand was given by the lecturer, and of the customs of the Maoris, the original natives of the soil.

He tendered to his hearers his sincere thanks for helping him to build the tabernacle out there, in which they worshipped, and for the good which, under God, it had enabled him to accomplish. "The light of the glorious Sun of Righteousness had arisen in New Zealand, even in the remote parts of the country; and as we prayed for them, so they prayed for us, and our prayers were ever answered, for the sun has shone into many a dark heart there, and was still rising. Soon that happy eternal Sabbath should begin which never ends, and all should meet around the throne of God. Good-night God bless you." The chairman said there was no need of a vote of thanks, and the pronouncing of the benediction brought the meeting to a close.

[New Zealand consists of three islands, known respectively as North Island, South, or Middle Island, and Stewart's Island. The area of North Island is 44,750 square miles, or about the same size as the State of Pennsylvania; South Island is a little larger, and the area of Stewart's Island is 1300 square miles, a little larger than Rhode Island. The total population of New Zealand at the last census, in 1881, was 534,008, of whom about 44,000 were Maories or natives.—ED.]

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Scared by the Cholera.—At a Recent Meeting Mr. Kennedy related: "Down in the place that I came from, when the cholera was there some years ago, the seats and passages of the church were always crowded at every service. Any time the minister liked to ring the bell the people flocked out to take part in the meeting and listen to the Gospel. They were scared by the ravages of the cholera. Some of us run to Christ when there is danger threatening, but when all is peace and quiet we think we can get on very well without Him; but that is the time when Christ is most needed."

"A Condemned Murderer was in his Cell.—A Christian called to see him. On entering the cell he found the poor creature in a dreadful state of agony. 'What is the matter with you?' he inquired; 'do try and keep yourself calm.' 'Oh,' he said, 'it is not the thought of being hanged before my fellow-creatures, nor of the losing of my life; I know I deserve all that, but it is the thought that I have to meet God to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, *that makes me tremble!*' His visitor lovingly pointed him to Christ as his only refuge, and assured him that he could be washed in Christ's blood even yet and be made pure in God's sight. The Holy Spirit blessed the message to the man's soul, and he found rest by putting his faith in Christ.

Death of an Infidel's Daughter.—A Christian gentleman said: "A young lady was lying on her death-bed. Her father was an infidel, and she was brought up with the thought that there was no God and no hereafter. Poor child! How her eyes were blinded! Though living in a Christian land, she had never seen a Bible. Turning round, she said to her sister, who was sitting beside her, 'Will you get me something to read? I am very weary.' While her sister was away in search of a book, her nurse, bending over her, said, 'May I read something to you out of this book?' 'What is it?' she asked. 'It is God's holy book,' was the reply. 'I never heard anything about it before; read a little of it, please.' And the good old Christian nurse opened the book and read in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. The dying girl listened until the chapter was finished, and then tearfully exclaimed, 'Oh, that I had known all this sooner!' and just then her spirit passed away.

A Shoeseller's Prayer for Customers.—Mr. McBryde related: "I was visiting some children one stormy night last winter. I knocked at a door, and when I entered I could see that it was a long narrow room, and by the dim light I noticed that the walls were very black, and sitting in the furthest end of the room was an old woman, with a large Bible lying before her. I found that woman in great want; she had not tasted food for three days, and yet she looked happy and contented. I learned from her that she went about selling shoes, and that very often she did not get a sale for them, and frequently went without her supper, but she did not mind that when Jesus was with her. I said to her, 'What do you do when you fail to get your shoes sold?' She replied, 'Any time that ever I asked Jesus to send purchasers for my goods He always did it; He never once disappointed me, and He never will so long as I put my trust in Him. Jesus is always with me: I

will never leave nor forsake me.' Believe me when I say that I went away from that place thinking, 'What an example of childlike trust in the Lord that woman presents to many professing Christians!'"

"Just What I Expected."—Mr. Kennedy observed: "One day a little boy ran to his mother, and said, 'Mother, I want a piece of bread.' The mother told him, with a very sorrowful heart, that she had nothing to give him. The boy, seeing his mother weeping, said, 'Never mind, mother, I will ask Jesus to send me a loaf.' He got up very early the next morning, and the first thing he thought of was the loaf. Going to the pantry, he looked in, and turned away, saying, '*Just what I expected!*' He got what he expected; he did not expect the bread to be there, or the Lord would have sent it. 'Without faith it is impossible to please God.' A little girl whose father and mother had just died, was taken by some kind friends to live with them. The first night she entered that strange house, she prayed: 'O Lord, make these people as good to me as my father and mother were,' and looking up, she said, in a more earnest voice, 'and I know you will do it.' She also got what she expected."

A Troublesome Old Man.—Mr. Vans, Speaking at a recent meeting of the struggle every Christian has to keep down the old nature, said: "A cousin of mine was converted to Christ some time ago. After she had given herself to the Saviour she thought, 'Now I am done with sin, I'll not be troubled with the old Adam any more!' But, as multitudes of others have done, she very soon found out her mistake. Evil thoughts entered her mind unbidden, and she again reflected, 'I thought I was free from my old nature, and that the old Adam was dead. These evil thoughts will come into my mind. I cannot help the thoughts entering my mind, but, God helping me, I will not give them a lodging-place.' Kneeling down she asked God to give her strength to resist temptation when it came. She did not pray in vain. 'Where sin abounded grace did much more abound.' She is now able to exclaim, 'Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!'"

The Beacon of Warning.—At Saltcoats, not very far from the shore, stands a beacon in the winter. If you were to ask any one who belongs to that place why it is there, you would be told this story: "A merchant from Glasgow, with his family, was residing there for the summer months. One morning the merchant went out to bathe before breakfast, and he thought he was quite safe as long as he kept near the shore. But there was a pit there which he did not know anything of, and into this pit he fell, and nothing more was seen or heard of him. After this accident a beacon was put up as a warning to all others to keep from the spot." What were the feelings that prompted people to put this beacon up? It must have been feelings of love to keep all others from danger. And it was also the deep love which God has for sinners that makes Jesus Christ warn us that there is a hell, when He tells us of the rich man in hell who lifted up his eyes, being in torments. Christ put up this beacon as a warning to all to beware of the pit of perdition and eternal death.

Archie, the Dying Miner.—Mr. Kennedy Related: "A medical friend of mine went to visit a miner who was dying. Seeing that the man had not more than a few weeks to live, he said, 'Archie, are you prepared to meet God?' 'No! I am not,' was Archie's rather blunt reply. The doctor told him that he had not long to live, and tried in every way to let him see his great need of a Saviour, but Archie remained unmoved. The second time the doctor called he put the Gospel before him in every different light he could think of, but with the same unsatisfactory result. A few days afterward the doctor called a third time, and said, 'Now, Archie, I have tried to put the Gospel in every possible way, and I want you to do me a favor before I go away.' The doctor had been very kind to Archie, and he promised he would do anything the doctor wished. He then said, 'Well, Archie, say this after me, Christ for me,' and Archie repeated, 'Christ for me.' 'Again, Archie,' said the doctor, and again the man repeated it. 'Now, Archie, let these words lie in your mind, and put every other thought from you. He promised to do so, and the doctor took his leave. A few days afterward, when my friend again visited him, Archie's face was bright and shining. On entering, he said, 'Oh, Archie, what has come over you, what are you looking so happy about?' '*Christ for me* has done it, sir; I see Christ now, and that is what is making me so happy. I will not have to go out of the world alone, because Christ will be with me.' Archie went into the valley of the shadow of death with these words on his lips, 'Christ for me.'"

ANTICHRIST: HIS TIMES AND HIS SPIRIT.

By Rev. A. C. Tris.

IT would be profitable at the present juncture to consider the character of the Antichrist, "the lawless one," and the times of his coming.

That the Antichrist will come is an obvious fact. The Apostle Paul declares emphatically: "That that wicked," lawless one, "shall be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming" (II Thess. 2 : 8).

That the Antichrist will be the representative head of all unrighteousness and sin, of all wickedness and delusion, is another fact which cannot be contradicted, because he shall be

THE EMBODIMENT OF EVIL,

the last and the great enemy, in human nature, of Christ and His Church, who shall wage the great and the last conflict on earth to get the ascendency and power; and so great shall be his wickedness and iniquity that the Lord Christ will come personally "and destroy him with the brightness of His coming."

That that lawless one will deny the existence of Jehovah, the Creator of all things, is plainly recorded in Rev. 14 : 7. He will elevate human nature and reason as the ideal of all beauty, and will worship *self* as the idol, "exalting himself above all that is called God" (II Thess. 2 : 4); and that this will be the character of the last days is said in II Tim. 3 : 1–5.

That the Antichrist will yet go further on is plainly told by the apostle, "shewing himself that he is God," making himself a Deity; and that will be the highest degree of human wickedness and depravity. Alexander called himself only a son of the gods, but Antichrist will place himself in the place of God, and receive divine honors. It is appalling to think that ever such a delusion could lay hold on educated nations; yea, it is more appalling to know that it will become cosmical, and debase all the nations of the earth (Rev. 13 : 8; Dan. 7 : 23), that they shall worship as "God" a person calling himself *the God of this world;* and this strong delusion Jehovah shall send that they should believe a lie" (II Thess. 2 : 11). Thus, it will take hold on the human mind by degrees.

That the coming of this lawless one will be

THE LAST INTRIGUE

of Satan to get the victory over the Son of God (Matt. 4 : 8) is plainly said in the words of the apostle (verse 9): "Whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs and lying wonders." So that the Antichrist shall perform "great wonders, making fire to come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men" (Rev. 13 : 13). This gives a glimpse how this lawless one will be an expert in the sciences and inventions of the age; how those sciences will improve in a most extraordinary degree, and how that the powers of hell will make a combination of everything which can be advantageous to their design and purpose.

That this embodiment of evil and iniquity "shall sit as God on the temple of God," is told by the apostle in II Thess. 2 : 4. That temple is at Jerusalem (John 2 : 20; Matt. 26 : 61; Rev. 11 : 1). He shall plant the tabernacles of his palace between the seas in the mountain of delight of holiness" (margin; Dan. 11 : 45), and in this respect the coming Antichrist stands in close connection with the return of the unconverted Jews to Canaan, which he will probably promote, and the solving of the Eastern question (John 5 : 43).

Having observed the character of "that wicked one," we desire to contemplate

"THE FALLING AWAY,"

and to point out that the present time already manifests *some signs* of the existence of the Antichristian spirit among the nations.

The prophet Daniel says of that lawless one: "That he shall think to change times and laws, and that they shall be given unto his hand" (Dan. 7 : 25); and every close observer of the signs of the times must acknowledge that the present time has many forebodings of such a change. To contemplate a few of those changes may give us a true insight of the condition in which we are living and the times which we are approaching.

The first organic law given to mankind is the law of being *subject to higher power.* This law is called in question everywhere. The spirit of rebellion, freedom, libertinism, and a demand for equal rights has become predominant, and this spirit has already permeated the families, the government of the churches, the State, and the world, so that every one is doing his own pleasure, not respecting superiors or old age. This cosmical spirit maintains that man has grown into manhood, and that he can rule himself. Self-esteem and sophistry have taken the lead in all deliberations, and the word of God is no more the rule of conduct. *Conscience* is no more the criterion, monitor, and guide of actions; it is rather *consequences* that are weighed and feared only.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

repudiates by degrees the *sanctity* of *marriage*—a union which was in existence before the fall of Adam. The idea that marriage is a civil contract has changed the very nature of that union. The engagement, as well as the easy law of divorce, is in accordance with that spirit.

The spirit of Antichrist is that human nature is so elevated that it can take care of itself, possessing the means for its well-being in the time present and the time to come, and the consequence is that *the organic law of the Sabbath,* given to man in the example of His Maker before sin came into the world, is repudiated, or scarcely observed, and the teachings of the word of God are disregarded.

FREQUENCY OF SUICIDE.

The spirit of Antichrist maintains that man is his own master, and that he can dispose of his body and mind as he wishes, and from this has arisen the idea that man can take his life by *suicide*—poison or other means. This spirit becoming general, is repudiating the organic law, "Thou shalt not kill" (Gen. 9 : 5, 6). Another ruling idea undermining the very basis of society is to advocate "*women's rights being equal with men's.*" It destroys the standard which God has set in the Garden of Eden and the place which He has assigned to His creatures.

It is the spirit of the age to advocate that it is cruelty to have *capital punishment* executed on a culprit. It is a fact that several States and kingdoms have repudiated this law of the Bible, "that life can only be redeemed by life" (Gen. 9 : 5, 6).

The spirit of

NIHILISM,

communism, and other isms are also in their nature Antichristian spirits. They advocate a theory which is in open antagonism with the Bible, denying the Lord Jesus Christ, and they are preparing for an open rebellion. And, finally, the very character of the organization and rites of some *secret societies,* in which a Buddhist, Mohammedan, and Christian can join in *one* brotherhood, is Antichristian in principle, and are means to prepare the coming of the lawless one.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Exceedingly Close Vote in New York State left the result of the Presidential election in doubt until almost the close of last week. Until Saturday both parties claimed the State, and even on that day, the New York *Tribune* refused to believe that Mr. Cleveland had received its electoral vote. The official returns, however, gave him the vote of New York by the small plurality of 1280. A careful scrutiny will doubtless be made, but at present there appears little probability of the official figures being materially affected. Accepting them as correct, Mr. Cleveland has carried twenty States, which give him 219 votes in the Electoral College—that is, eighteen votes more than are necessary to his election. They were the whole of the Southern States, and New Jersey, Indiana, Connecticut, and New York. The last three were in 1880 carried by Garfield. Mr. Blaine carries eighten States, whose aggregate vote in the Electoral College is 182. Among them is California, which in 1880 elected only one Republican elector. It will be seen that, as in 1880, the vote of New York decides the election. Garfield carried it by a plurality of 21,033. This change invites analysis, which shows the forces that have been at work. This year the counties which continued to give Republican pluralities gave smaller ones, while the Democratic pluralities increased, and, in some cases, counties which went Republican in 1880 went Democratic this year. Kings County (Brooklyn) increased its Democratic plurality from 9311 to 15,756; Westchester from 491 to 1238; and Oneida, which gave Garfield a plurality of 1946, gave this year a plurality of 69 for Cleveland. This Oneida vote shows that we were not wrong when, before the election, we pointed out the significance of the attitude of ex-Senator Conkling's friends. They appear to have attributed Mr. Conkling's fall to Mr. Blaine, and to have taken this way of resenting it. If Oneida County had voted in 1884 as she voted in 1880 Mr. Blaine would have been elected.

The Issue which Decided the Presidential election was, after all, not that of the tariff. The returns prove that Mr. Cleveland could not have been elected by Democratic votes alone. It was only by the aid of the dissatisfied Republicans that he has carried the Northern States, whose votes were necessary to his election. Though many of his Republican supporters favor a reduction of the tariff, none of them assigned that reason for quitting their party and voting the Democratic ticket. The issue with them was distinctly a personal one. The *Tribune* and other Blaine organs called them "mugwumps, dudes and Pharisees;" but the returns prove that, whether they deserved those names or not, their votes have contributed to Mr. Blaine's defeat. As we pointed out when the nomination was made, the Convention incurred a certain risk in setting at defiance the opposition of an influential section of the party. The last two Presidential elections proved that the Republican party could only hope for success when it was united, and union could not be secured by the nomination of Mr. Blaine. The opposition to Mr. Blaine appeared to his friends unjust and unreasonable; but as it existed, it was folly to ignore it or defy it. A candidate who would have united every section of the party would have had a better chance of election. The event proves that we were right. Many of the discontented Republicans voted for Cleveland, and every vote so cast counted as two; others who could not bring themselves to vote the Democratic ticket voted for St. John, and each one was one vote lost to the party.

The Election Teaches a Lesson which the politicians may study with advantage and which may well encourage Christian patriots of all parties. It proves that, in spite of "the degradation of American politics," about which our foreign critics are so eloquent, the people are not indifferent to the moral character of the men who seek their votes; *morality does count for something* in a Presidential election. In 1882 Mr. Cleveland was elected governor of New York State by a plurality of 192,834, and an absolute majority of 167,071. This year, since the publication of the scandal on his moral character, his plurality in the State has sunk so low, that there is even now a bare certainty that it exists at all. Of course, other causes operated to reduce it, but no one could be in New York City without being aware that the argument which was the most potent weapon used against the governor was that of his immorality. So with Mr. Blaine. No one disputed his magnificent talents, his brilliant statesmanship, and few could resist his courteous, genial manner. He would have polled almost every Republican vote, and have been triumphantly elected, if he could have proved to the satisfaction of some twenty thousand doubters that he was an honest man. It is not for us to say in either case whether the charges were true or false; all that we wish to notice now is that the fact of people believing them to be true sufficed to determine their votes, and the election. The fact is commended to the attention of all whom it may concern.

A Grievous Disappointment will be Widespread if, as seems certain, it is decided that Mr. Blaine is defeated. It will need all the forbearance and manliness religion gives, to support many who have prayed and worked and voted for the success of the Rupublican candidate. To them may be commended the words of the Albany *Evening Journal*, a newspaper which has been one of the most earnest of Mr. Blaine's advocates. In a recent issue, after reminding its readers of its strong partizanship, it "reluctantly states that the election has been decided differently from its desire, because it believes that the prompt recognition of the will of the majority is essential to the maintenance and preservation of American institutions." It then defines its attitude as follows: "Many of Governor Cleveland's official acts have been severely and, we believe justly censured. In many things, however, he has been more conservative and prudent than most of those who lead his party, and this fact, if anything, reconciles us to the result. While he has kept silent concerning what we deem to be all the important issues of the canvass, it is fair to assume that he is in accord with the dominant political sentiment of New York State on all questions of finance and banking, and on essential matters relating to the industries of the country. If this assumption is not well founded, then it will fare ill with his Administration and ill with the country. Whatever his preferences and opinions may have been during the canvass, every true American sincerely hopes for the success of President Cleveland's Administration."

The Next House will be Under Democratic control. The majority, however, will not be so large as in the present House. At the close of last week the figures were not definitely ascertained, several elections being disputed, and both Republican and Democratic journals claiming men who ran as Independents. The most reliable figures give a Democratic majority of thirty-five, though Democratic journals claim that it will be forty. So far as can be learned, the 325 members, of which the House in the Forty-ninth Congress will consist, will be 180 Democrats and 145 Republicans. In the Forty-eighth Congress the House contained 198 Democrats, 124 Republicans and 3 Independents; Democratic majority, 71. In the Senate the Republican majority will, it is expected, be increased by one or two. At present there are 39 Republican Senators, 36 Democrats and 1 vacancy. If the figures from Illinois are correct, Senator Logan is likely to have a Democratic successor, the Lower House of the State Legislature being Democratic.

President Arthur's Thanksgiving Proclamation is as follows: "The season is nigh when it is the yearly wont of this people to observe a day appointed for that purpose by the President, as an especial occasion for thanksgiving unto God. Now, therefore, in recognition of this hallowed custom, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, do hereby designate as such day of general thanksgiving Thursday, the 27th day of this present November. And I do recommend that throughout the land the people, ceasing from their accustomed occupations, do then keep holiday at their several homes and their several places of worship, and with heart and voice pay reverent acknowledgment to the Giver of all good for the countless blessings wherewith He hath visited this nation."

Prohibition in Canada is Making Progress. The Scott Act, which prohibits absolutely the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, has been adopted by forty-seven counties. The question of its adoption is submitted to the popular vote, and if successful it remains in force until reversed by another popular vote, which cannot be taken until three clear years have expired. Of fifty-six contests, forty-seven have resulted in the adoption of prohibition. Two counties have had a three years' trial of the law, and a second vote which renewed the law.

Miss Laurie McLatchie has been Holding services in Paterson, N. J., during the past week with continued success. Reports reach us from that city of remarkable results following addresses of wonderful power. One of her hearers stated in this office that an address on the Parable of Dives and Lazarus which he heard the Scottish evangelist deliver, was so graphic and was given with so much unction that he thought it impossible for any unconverted person to hear it unmoved. *This week* Miss McLatchie is holding services at the Seventh Street Methodist Episcopal Church, in New York, between Second and Third avenues, of which Dr. A. C. Morehouse is pastor.

The Rev. E. W. Oakes has Temporarily Undertaken the evangelistic work in Cooper Union, New York. During the alterations now in progress in that building, the meetings are being held in the Annex Hall on the opposite side of Fourth Avenue. Services are held every Sunday evening and on Monday, Tuesday and Friday nights. It is a remarkable evidence of God's providential care that just at the time the Cooper Union meetings were in urgent need of a leader Mr. Oakes should have been in the city. His intimate acquaintance with the class of people who wander along the Bowery and stroll into the Cooper Union meetings—an acquaintance derived from long and successful work at the Bowery Branch of the Y. M. C. A.—renders him singularly well adapted for the position, and he will have many prayers for God's blessing on his efforts. The church at Pueblo, Col., accepted his resignation with profound regret, and presented him with a series of resolutions acknowledging the lasting benefits, spiritual and material, which it had derived from his ministry. Only Mr. Oakes's strong desire for evangelistic work and the clear indications of the Lord's providential leadings reconciled them to the painful separation.

Lord Wolseley's Expedition to Relieve General Gordon makes exceedingly slow progress The Canadians declare that the boats sent by the English Government for the navigation of the Nile are clumsy and unsuited to the work. They are now using native boats, which, though smaller than those of English manufacture, can be drawn over the cataracts. But for the assistance of the Canadians the expedition by the Nile route must have been abandoned. As it is, there is but little probability of its reaching Khartoum this year unless the difficulties farther on have been exaggerated. Lord Wolseley has reached Dongola, where he will await the arrival of his troops. They are likely to be much delayed, as a complete break-down has occurred in the navigation service. The Canadian boatmen expect that the passage of the Bahr-el-Hajar cataract will be a very serious and arduous undertaking, and much harder to accomplish than they expected. They do not think the troops can be taken up that cataract without a serious accident.

Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet Appears Unable to agree on a scheme of redistribution of the English constituencies, and the Conservatives are unwilling to extend the franchise until such a scheme has been formulated. Their reason is that, as the franchise is at present fixed, rural citizens of the poorer class are prevented voting at the election of members of Parliament, and the wealthier voters being chiefly conservative, nearly all the rural constituencies are represented by Conservatives. If the poorer classes are permitted to vote, as Mr. Gladstone proposes, they will probably vote for Liberals, and many Conservative members will lose their seats. The Conservative party are now preparing a scheme of their own, the primary object of which is to eliminate small towns from the rural constituencies. They propose to group them together, so that one member may be allotted to every district of about fifty thousand inhabitants. This scheme would not materially change the balance of parties in the House. It will not be acceptable to Mr. Gladstone's Radical followers, but the cablegrams indicate that the Premier may adopt it to break the deadlock existing between the two Houses.

The Second Ballots for the German Reichstag show further socialist gains. The elections are regarded with alarm throughout Europe as an evidence that socialistic doctrines are spreading, and that they will cause trouble in Hungary, France, Russia and England. The agitation has been stimulated in Germany by the harsh treatment of a party of soldiers who, being unjustly oppressed by their officers, laid their grievances before the Emperor. Instead of investigating the affair he denounced their appeal as a crime, and ordered them to be prosecuted. They were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, some of them as long as eight years. Plots are being discovered. Eight anarchists, who were charged with the attempted blowing up of the Niederwald monument, have been removed from the prison at Elberfeld to the prison at Leipsic. A plot was discovered to force the prison at Elberfeld and release the culprits. Several arrests have been made of persons implicated.

Cholera has Reappeared in France. Several deaths have taken place at Nantes, a city of one hundred and seventeen thousand inhabitants, near the mouth of the Loire. The exact number is unknown, as the authorities are desirous of avoiding a panic. There has also been an outbreak in Paris itself. The French correspondent of the New York *Times*, who has visited the city, says: "The infected quarters are Stanteine and Menilmontant, but cases are reported from points near the Bourse and elsewhere. The chief centre is *a vile little street* running out of the Faubourg St. Antoine, about half way between the Bastile Square and the Place de la Nation. The earliest deaths were almost entirely among the ragpickers. In this little street there are fifty-eight rag houses and thirty-three saloons of the lowest description. Thus far there has been no panic among the poorer classes, but it is said that many of the wealthy guests of hotels are leaving. On November 4th I drove through the squalid quarters between Père la Chaise and the village of St. Denis, and in many places the stench and filth rivalled what I saw in Marseilles. There has been much rain during the last few weeks. This will be of the greatest aid to the pest." M. Bronardel, Vice-President of the Paris Council of Hygiene, pronounces the cholera now prevalent in France as of the genuine Asiatic type. The first victims were rag-pickers, who became infected from imported rags. He predicts that the present epidemic will not be severe, and that it will be thoroughly repressed by the coming colder weather and rigid sanitary precautions.

Offers of Mediation between China and France have been made by England, Germany and Japan. China, however, is averse to any proposal involving the payment of an indemnity, while France insists upon that condition. Desultory fighting still goes on at the Tonquinese frontier, the Chinese acting with the Tonquin troops. Sir George Bowen, Governor of Hong Kong, has been ordered by the British government, by telegraph, to refuse permission to any French men-of-war to refit or to ship contraband of war stores within the limits of that colony.

Henry Fawcett, the English Postmaster-General, died on November 6th. He was one of the most remarkable of living statesmen, by reason of his *total blindness*. He met with an accident when a young man, while out with a shooting party. One of his companions discharged his gun full in Fawcett's face, and though his life was saved, he lost the sight of both eyes. He was at that time preparing for the career of a barrister-at-law, but he abandoned that profession when he became blind, and set himself to the study of political economy. A manual on the subject from his pen brought him fame, and he was elected to a professorship in the University of Cambridge. He entered Parliament in 1865 after several unsuccessful efforts, and at once took a prominent part in the debates. In May, 1880, Mr. Gladstone offered him the post of Postmaster-General, which he held until his death last week. He was fifty-one years of age when he died.

An Instance of Eviction of Irish Tenants by their English landlord is quoted by the European correspondent of the New York *Times* as a specimen of the practices which have aroused in the breasts of the Irish so strong an antipathy to English rule. He states that the Hon. Rowland Warin has just evicted fifty-two families from their wretched huts on the bleak Glenbeigh coast for their inability to pay accumulated rents three times greater than the valuation of the land; and, as the circumstances were of peculiar brutality, and some of the children thus turned out on the mountain side are said to have died, the radical English papers have taken the thing up, and they protest vigorously against officially bolstering such abuses. Mr. Labouchere says the remedy is an Irish Parliament to deal with such cruel and scandalous landlords. It is a fact, also, that the Wasp, a government gunboat, was on an evicting mission when she was wrecked, and the radical papers sternly ask why a man-of-war should be employed to drive sixteen miserable families off an ocean rock because the crops are not big enough to pay an exorbitant rent.

The Colony of Refugee Jews in Palestine is prospering. It has already a considerable settlement at Artuf, near Jerusalem. A property of 2500 acres has been bought, and nearly 200 Jews have been maintained thereon under Christian teaching and supervision, and are really showing some aptitude for agricultural work. The first crops went mainly to the fellahin who had planted them, and a good deal of labor and expense will be necessary before the work will be thoroughly remunerative. The Jews, however, are hopeful and persevering, and it is believed that in time the colony will be self-supporting.

OBADIAH.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth."—1 KINGS 18 : 12.

Obadiah a Quiet Believer—Undervalued by Elijah—A Place for all God's Servants—A Horrible Abode for a Believer—Special Standard-Bearers Early Prepared—Approaching Spiritual Night—I. Obadiah's Early Piety—How it Might be Accounted for—Marks of Genuineness—Fearing the Lord—Reverence a Good Sign—Not Shown in Brass Bands—II. Persevering Piety—Not Disturbed by Fashion—Held a Difficult Position—III. Eminent Piety—IV. Comfortable Piety—The Worst Kind of Rogue.

I SUSPECT that Elijah did not think very much of Obadiah. He does not treat him with any great consideration, but addresses him more sharply than one would expect from a fellow-believer. Elijah was the man of action—bold, always to the front, with nothing to conceal; Obadiah was

A QUIET BELIEVER,

true and steadfast, but in a very difficult position, and therefore driven to perform his duty in a less open manner. His faith in the Lord swayed his life, but did not drive him out of the court. I notice that even after Elijah had learned more of him at this interview, he speaks concerning God's people as if he did not reckon much upon Obadiah, and others like him. He says, "They have thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away." He knew very well that Obadiah was left, who, though not exactly a prophet, was a man of mark; but he seems to ignore him as if he were of small account in the great struggle.

I suppose it was because this man of iron, this prophet of fire and thunder, this mighty servant of the Most High, set small store by anybody who did not come to the front and fight like himself. I know it is the tendency of brave and zealous minds somewhat to undervalue quiet, retired piety. True and accepted servants of God may be doing their best under great disadvantages, against fierce opposition, but they may scarcely be known, and may even shun the least recognition; therefore men who live in the fierce light of public life are apt to under-estimate them. These

MINOR STARS

are lost in the brilliance of the man whom God lights up like a new sun to flame through the darkness. Elijah flashed over the sky of Israel like a thunderbolt from the hand of the Eternal, and naturally he would be somewhat impatient of those whose movements were slower and less conspicuous. It is Martha and Mary over again, in some respects.

The Lord does not love that His servants, however great they are, should think lightly of their lesser comrades, and it occurs to me that He so arranged matters that Obadiah became important to Elijah when he had to face the wrathful King of Israel. The prophet is bidden to go and show himself to Ahab, and he does so; but he judges it better to begin by showing himself to the governor of his palace, that he may break the news to his master, and prepare him for the interview. Ahab was exasperated by the terrible results of the long drought, and might in his sudden fury attempt to kill the prophet; and so he is to have time for consideration, that he may cool down a little.

Elijah has an interview with Obadiah, and bids him go and say to Ahab, "Behold Elijah." It may sometimes be the nearest way to our object to go a little roundabout. But it is remarkable that Obadiah should thus be made useful to a man so much his superior. He who never feared the face of kings nevertheless found himself using as his helper a far more timid individual. The Lord may put you, my dear brother, who are so eminent, so useful, so brave, perhaps, so severe, into a position in which the humbler and more retiring believer, who has not half the grace, nor half the courage that you have, may, nevertheless, become important to

your mission ; and when He does this He would have you learn the lesson, and learn it well, that *the Lord has a place for all His servants*, and that He would not have us despise the least of them, but value them, and cherish the good that is in them. Elijah must not deal harshly with Obadiah. I would that Obadiah had had more courage ; I wish that he had testified for the Lord, his God, as openly as Elijah did ; but still every man in his own order ; to his own master every servant must stand or fall.

We learn further from the narrative before us, that God will never leave Himself without witnesses in this world. Ay, and He will not leave Himself without witnesses in the worst places of the world. What

A HORRIBLE ABODE

for a true believer Ahab's court must have been ! If there had been no sinner there but that woman Jezebel, she was enough to make the palace a sink of iniquity. That strong-minded, proud, Sidonian Queen twisted poor Ahab round her fingers just as she pleased. He might never have been the persecutor he was if his wife had not stirred him up ; but she hated the worship of Jehovah intensely, and despised the homeliness of Israel in comparison with the more pompous style of Sidon. Yet in that very court where Jezebel was mistress, the chamberlain was a man who feared God greatly. Never be surprised to meet with a believer anywhere. Grace can live where you would never expect to see it survive for an hour.

Joseph feared God in the court of Pharaoh, Daniel was a trusted counsellor of Nebuchadnezzar, Mordecai waited at the gate of Ahasuerus, Pilate's wife pleaded for the life of Jesus, and there were saints in Cæsar's household. Think of finding diamonds of the first water on such a dunghill as Nero's palace. Those who feared God in Rome were not only Christians, but they were ensamples to all other Christians for their brotherly love and generosity. Surely there is no place in this land where there is not some light ; the darkest cavern of iniquity has its torch.

I notice that these witnesses for God are very often persons converted in their youth. He seems to take a delight to make these His

SPECIAL STANDARD-BEARERS

in the day of battle. Look at Samuel ! When all Israel became disgusted with the wickedness of Eli's sons the child Samuel ministered before the Lord. Look at David ! When he is but a shepherd boy he wakes the echoes of the lone hills with his psalms and the accompanying music of his harp. See Josiah ! When Israel had revolted it was a child, Josiah by name, that broke down the altars of Baal and burned the bones of his priests. Daniel was but a youth when he took his stand for purity and God. The Lord hath to-day—I know not where—some little Luther on his mother's knee, some young Calvin learning in our Sunday-school, some youthful Zwingle singing a hymn to Jesus.

This age may grow worse and worse ; I sometimes think it will, for many signs look that way ; but the Lord is preparing for it. The days are dark and ominous ; and this eventide may darken down into a blacker night than has been known before ; but God's cause is safe in God's hands. His work will not tarry for want of men. Put not forth the hand of Uzzah to steady the ark of the Lord ; it shall go safely on in God's predestined way. Christ will not fail nor be discouraged. God buries His workmen, but His work lives on. If there be not in the palace a king who honors God, there shall yet be found there a governor who fears the Lord from his youth, who shall take care of the Lord's prophets, and hide them away till better days shall come. Wherefore be of good courage, and look for happier hours. Nothing of real value is in jeopardy while Jehovah is on the throne. The Lord's reserves are coming up, and their drums beat victory.

Concerning Obadiah I wish to speak with you this morning. His piety is the subject of discourse, and we wish to use it for stimulating the zeal of those who teach the young.

I. First, we shall notice that Obadiah possessed

EARLY PIETY—

"I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth." Oh, that all our youth who may grow up to manhood and womanhood may be able to say the same ! Happy are the people who are in such a case ! How Obadiah came to fear the Lord in youth we cannot tell. The instructor by whom he was led to faith in Jehovah is not mentioned. Yet we may reasonably conclude that he had believing parents. Slender as the ground may seem to be, I think it is pretty firm, when I remind you of *his name*. This would very naturally be given him by his father or his mother, and as it signifies "the servant of Jehovah" I should think it indicated his parents' piety. In the days when there was persecution everywhere against the faithful, and the name of Jehovah was in contempt because the calves of Bethel and the images of Baal were set up everywhere, I do not think that unbelieving parents would have given to their child the name of "The servant of Jehovah" if they themselves had not felt a reverence for the Lord. They would not idly have courted the remarks of their idolatrous neighbors and the enmity of the great.

If he had no gracious parents, I cannot tell how Obadiah came to be a believer in the Lord in those sad days, unless he fell in with some kind teacher, tender nurse, or perhaps good servant in his father's house, or pious neighbor, who dared to gather little children round about him and tell of the Lord God of Israel. Some holy woman may have instilled the law of the Lord into his young mind before the priests of Baal could poison him with their falsehoods. No mention is made of anybody in connection with this man's conversion in his youth, and it does not matter ; does it ? You and I do not want to be mentioned if we are right-hearted servants of God. Not unto us be the glory.

GO ON, DEAR TEACHERS ;

since you have been called to the sacred ministry of instructing the young, do not grow weary of it. Go on, though you may be unknown, for your seed sown in the darkness shall be reaped in the light. You may be teaching an Obadiah, whose name shall be heard in future years ; you are providing a father for the church and a benefactor for the world.

If it was not in this way that Obadiah was brought to fear the Lord in his youth, we may think of methods such as the Lord deviseth for the bringing in of His banished. I have been very pleased lately, when I have been seeing inquirers, to talk with several young persons who have come out from utterly worldly families. I put to them the question, "Is your father a member of the Christian Church ?" The answer has been a shake of the head. "Does he attend a place of worship ?" "No, sir, I never knew him to go to one." "Your mother ?" "Mother does not care about religion." "Have you any brother or sister like-minded with yourself ?" "No, sir." "Have you any single relative who knows the Lord ?" "No, sir." "Were you brought up by any one who led you to attend the means of grace and urged you to believe on the Lord Jesus ?" "No, sir, and yet from my childhood I have always had a desire to know the Lord." Is it not remarkable that it should be so ? If that is your case, dear friend, magnify the sovereignty of God and adore Him as long as you live, for "He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy." Still, I take it, the major part of those who come to know the Lord in their youth are persons who have had the advantage of godly parents and holy training. Let us persevere in the use of those means which the Lord ordinarily uses, for this is the way of wisdom and duty.

This early piety of Obadiah's had special

MARKS OF GENUINENESS

about it. The way in which he described it is, to my mind, very instructive, "I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth." I hardly remember in all my life to have heard the piety of children described in ordinary conversation by this term, though it is the common word of the Scriptures. *We* say, "The dear child *loved* God." We talk of their "being made so happy," and so forth, and I do not question the rightness of the language ; still, the Holy Spirit speaks of "the fear of the Lord as the beginning of wisdom." We cannot consider the exhilaration with which hearts receive the novelty of the Gospel to be the very best and surest sign of grace.

There is a growing flightiness about the religion of the present day which makes me tremble. I cannot endure the religion which swims only in boiling water and breathes only in heated air. To me the whisper of the Spirit has *no relationship to a brass band*, much less does godliness treat the great God and the Holy Saviour as matters for irreverent clamor. The deep-seated fear of the Lord is what is wanted, whether in old or young ; it is

BETTER TO TREMBLE

at the word of the Lord, and to bow before the infinite majesty of divine love, than to shout one's self hoarse. Obadiah had early piety of the right kind.

Beloved, you do not need that I should at this point speak to you at large upon the advantages of early piety. I will, therefore, only sum them up in a few sentences. To be a believer in God early in life is to be saved from a thousand regrets. Such a man shall never have to say that he carries in his bones the sins of his youth. Early piety helps us to form associations for the rest of life which will prove helpful, and it saves us from those which are harmful. The Christian young man will not fall into the common sins of young men, and injure his constitution by excesses. He will be likely to be married to a Christian woman, and so to have a holy companion in his march toward heaven. He will select as his associates those who will be his friends in the church and not in the tavern ; his helpers in virtue, and not his tempters to vice. Depend upon it, a great deal depends upon whom we choose for our companions when we begin life.

II. Youthful piety leads on to

PERSEVERING PIETY.

Obadiah could say, "I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth." Time had not changed him ; whatever his age may have been, his religion had not decayed. We are all fond of novelty, and I have known some men go wrong as it were for a change. It is not burning quick to the death in martyrdom that is the hard work ; roasting before a slow fire is a far more terrible test of firmness. Obadiah was not affected by the lapse of time ; he was found to be when old what he was when young.

Nor was he carried away by the fashion of those evil times. To be a servant of Jehovah was thought to be a mean thing, old-fashioned, ignorant, a thing of the past ; the worship of Baal was the "modern thought" of the hour. All the court walked after the God of Sidon, and all the courtiers went in the same way. My lord worshipped Baal, and my lady worshipped Baal, for the queen worshipped Baal ; but Obadiah said, "I thy servant fear Jehovah from my youth." Blessed is the man who cares nothing for the fashion, for it passeth away. If for awhile it rageth toward evil, what hath the believing man to do but to abide steadfastly by the right ?

Added to this, there were the difficulties of his position. He was chamberlain of the palace. If he had pleased Jezebel and worshipped Baal he might have been much easier in his situation, for he would have enjoyed her royal patronage ; but there he was, governor in Ahab's house, and yet fearing Jehovah. He must have had to walk very delicately, and watch his words most carefully. I do not wonder that he became a very cautious person, and was a little afraid even of Elijah, lest he was giving him a commission which would lead to his destruction. He came

to be extremely prudent, and looked on things round about so as neither to compromise his conscience nor jeopardize his position. It wants an uncommonly wise man to do that, but he who can accomplish it is to be commended. He did not run away from his position, nor retreat from his religion.

Obadiah was a man who did in truth "hold the fort," for he felt that when all the prophets were doomed by Jezebel it was his part to stay

NEAR THE TIGRESS

and save the lives of at least a hundred servants of God from her cruel power. If he could not do more he would not have lived in vain if he accomplished so much. I admire the man whose decision was equal to his prudence, though I should greatly fear to occupy so perilous a place. The part of Elijah is much safer and grander. The prophet's course was plain enough; he had not to please, but to reprove Ahab; he had not to be wary, but to act in a bold, outspoken manner for the God of Israel. How much the greater man he seems to be when the two stand together in the scene before us. Obadiah falls on his face and calls him "My lord Elijah;" and well he might, for morally he was far his inferior. Yet I must not fall into Elijah's vein myself, lest I have to pull myself up with a sharp check. It was a great thing for Obadiah that he could manage Ahab's household with Jezebel in it, and yet, for all that, win this commendation from the Spirit of God, that he feared the Lord greatly.

He persevered, too, notwithstanding his success in life; and that I hold to be much to his credit. There is nothing more perilous to a man than to prosper in this world and become rich and respectable. Of course we desire it, wish for it, strive for it; but how many in winning it have lost all, as to spiritual wealth! The man used to love the people of God, and now he says, "They are a vulgar class of persons." As he has filled his pocket he has emptied his brains, and especially emptied his heart. He has got away from truth and principle in proportion as he has made an advance in his estate. This is a mean business, which at one time he would have been the first to condemn. There is no chivalry in such conduct; it is dastardly to the last degree. God save us from it; but a great many people are not saved from it. This is an age of meannesses disguised under the notion of respectability. God send us men of the stuff of John Knox, or, if you prefer it, of the adamantine metal of Elijah; and if these should prove too stiff and stern we could even be content with such men as Obadiah. Possibly these last might be harder to produce than Elijahs; with God all things are possible.

III. Obadiah, with his early grace and persevering decision, became a man of

EMINENT PIETY,

and this is the more remarkable considering what he was and where he was. Eminent piety in a Lord High Chamberlain of Ahab's court! This is a wonder of grace indeed. This man's religion was intense within him. If he did not make the open use of it that Elias did, he was not called to such a career; but it dwelt deep within his soul, and others knew it. Jezebel knew it, I have no doubt whatever. She did not like him, but she had to endure him; she looked askance at him, but she could not dislodge him. Ahab had learned to trust him, and could not do without him, for he probably furnished him with a little strength of mind. Possibly Ahab liked to retain him just to show Jezebel that he could be obstinate if he liked, and was still a man. I have noticed that the most yielding husbands like to indulge in some notion that they are not quite governed by their spouses, and it is possible that on this account Ahab retained Obadiah in his position. At any rate, there he was, and he never yielded to Ahab's sin, nor countenanced his idolatry. Account for it how you may, it is a singular circumstance that in the centre of rebellion against God there was one whose devotion to God was intense and distinguished.

And his eminent piety was very *practical;* for when Jezebel was slaying the prophets he hid them away from her—one hundred of them. I do not know how many servants of the Lord any of you support, but I have not the privilege of knowing any gentleman who sustains a hundred ministers; this man's hospitality was on a grand scale. He fed them with the best he could find for them, and risked his life for them by hiding them away in caves from the search of the queen. He not only used his purse, but staked his life when a price was set upon these men's heads. How many among us would place our lives in jeopardy for one of the Lord's servants? At any rate, Obadiah's fear of the Lord brought forth precious fruit, and proved itself to be a powerful principle of action. Sunday-school teachers, you may be training to-day the men who will keep the truth alive in this land in years to come, the men who will take care of God's servants and be their best allies, the men and women who will win souls to Christ. Go you on with your holy work. You do not know whom you have about you.

IV. Obadiah's early religion became

COMFORTABLE PIETY

to him afterward. A servant who has been with his master from his youth ought not to be turned adrift when he grows gray. A right-minded master respects the person who has served him long and well. Suppose you had living in the family an old nurse who had nursed you when you were a child, and had lived to bring up your children, would you turn her into the street when she was past her work? No; you will do your best for her; if it is in your power you will keep her out of the workhouse. Now, the Lord is much more kind and gracious than we are, and He will never turn off His old servants. I anticipate the time when I shall not be able to do all I do now. You and I may look forward a little to the nearing period when we shall pass from middle life to declining years, and we may be assured that our Lord will take care of us to the last. Let us do our diligence to serve Him while we have health and strength, and we may be sure that He is not unrighteous to forget our work of faith and labor of love. It is not the way of Him. "Having loved His own which were in the world He loved them to the end."

Dear young people, if any of you are living in sin I do pray you to recollect that if you are seeking the pleasures of this world to-day

YOU WILL HAVE TO PAY FOR IT

by and by. Rejoice in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee therein; but for all this the Lord will bring thee into judgment. If thy childhood be vanity, and thy youth be wickedness, thy after-days will be sorrow. Oh, that thou wouldest be wise and offer to Christ thy flower in its bud with all its beauty upon it! Thou canst not be too soon holy, for thou canst not be too soon happy. A truly merry life must begin in the great Father's house.

And you, teachers, go on teaching the young the ways of God. In these days the State is giving them secular instruction all the day long, six days in the week; and religious teaching is greatly needed to balance it, or we shall soon become *a nation of infidels*. Secular teaching is all very well and good; we never stand in the way of any sort of light; but teaching that has not religion blended with it will simply help men to be bigger rascals than they would be without it. A rogue with a jimmy is bad enough, but *a rogue with a pen* and a set of cooked accounts robs a hundred for the other's one. Instead of relaxing Sabbath-school efforts, we shall be wise to increase them greatly.

As to you that have grown old in sin, I cannot talk to you about early piety; but there is a passage of Scripture which ought to give you great hope. Remember how the householder went out at the third, the sixth, the ninth, and at last at the eleventh hour, and found some still standing in the market-place idle. It was late, was it not? Very late. But, blessed be God, it was not too late! They had but one hour left, but the master said, "Go, work in my vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give thee." Now, you *eleventh-hour people*, you people of sixty, sixty-five, seventy, seventy-five, eighty—I would go on to one hundred if I thought any were here of that age—you still may come and enlist in the service of the gracious Lord, who will give you your penny at the close of the day even as He will give to the rest of the laborers. The Lord bring you to His feet by faith in Christ. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

MR. IRA D. SANKEY.

(*See next page.*)

ON the next page is a picture of Mr. Ira D. Sankey presiding at his organ. We have already given his portrait and biography, but as he is now once more laboring among us, and purposes visiting all our chief cities, it is probable that this picture, representing him in an attitude which is familiar to thousands, will be prized by many of our readers. For the benefit of those who do not know the facts, we briefly recapitulate the leading events of his life.

He was *born* in the city of Edinburgh, Penn., in 1840, and is now forty-four years of age. His father, who died only a few months ago, was a member of the Legislature of the State, and a generous, useful, and influential member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with which his mother was also identified.

In 1856 the family removed to Newcastle, in the same State, where Mr. Sankey's father had become president of a bank, and the lad was sent to an adjacent academy to complete his education. When he was fifteen years old, the future colleague of Mr. Moody was the subject of religious impressions, and very soon Ira was brought to the Saviour. While little more than a child he rendered good service in singing at various religious services to which his father took him. He also taught in the Sunday-school, and became prominent in the service of song. He trained the children of the school in singing, and conducted the service of praise in the church. His clear, melodious voice, distinct enunciation of the words sung, and rich emotional tones soon attracted attention, and he was often invited to musical circles and to conduct the singing at public meetings and conventions.

Before he was twenty-one he was elected superintendent of the Sunday-school, and it was here that he

COMMENCED HIS SOLO SINGING,

and which from the first proved very attractive. Largely on this account the school was filled to overflowing, not only with children, but with their parents, who came on purpose to listen to the songs and hymns which Mr. Sankey rendered with such sweet impressiveness. He was also a very active worker in Young Men's Christian Associations. His cheerful disposition, frank manners, and power of rendering sacred song made him everywhere a welcome guest. His singing often touched the heart, and souls were won by it to Christ.

In 1871, at a National Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations at Indianapolis, Mr. Moody first heard Mr. Sankey, and was impressed with the remarkable adaptation of his voice and style of singing to awaken the emotions and carry home religious truth to the heart. On conferring together, they found that their love of mission-work and desires for extended usefulness were mutual, and they agreed to labor together in evangelistic services, which they did in New York, Boston, and elsewhere, with results that seemed to many miraculous.

Shortly before leaving America, in 1873, Mr.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey.

One of Moody and Sankey's English Converts.

Sankey had pressing invitations to spend six months in a tour with Mr. Philip Phillips, through the cities on the Pacific coast, to sing sacred songs. But, after seeking divine direction, he was convinced that it was his duty to accompany Mr. Moody to Great Britain ; and the results abundantly demonstrated the wisdom of his decision. The events of their second tour in Great Britain, which commenced in April, 1883, are already well known to our readers. They are now holding a series of conventions in our large cities, with the object of stirring up the churches to renewed effort and giving them the benefit of their counsel and experience.

THE CONVERTED KNIFE-GRINDER.

(*See Illustration.*)

AMONG the converts whom the ministrations of Messrs. Moody and Sankey have brought into the kingdom by the blessing of God during their recent visit to Great Britain is one of whom an English journal tells an interesting story. It appears that the man was an infidel, and wherever he stopped in his itinerant business he was busy in promulgating atheistical opinions and disseminating atheistical publications. The man is a sturdy thinker, and many an argument on religious subjects has taken place in the inns where he stayed, in which the knife-grinder was the victor. He was something of a politician, too, deeply read in Hume and Cobbett, and a fierce hater of the aristocracy.

He was induced, much against his will, to attend the Moody and Sankey meetings, and there the grace of God laid hold of him. The change in the man is marvellous. It is a miracle. A more humble, devoted worker is not to be found. The rampant, discontented, rebellious spirit is completely taken out of him, and he is intent only on doing good. He finds opportunity, too, where it might seem impossible. He has had a little box fitted to the side of his lathe, in which he carries a supply of religious tracts, which he distributes wherever he goes. Those who have come in contact with him, and who knew him before the change, say that they have never seen so marked an instance of the power of the Gospel to revolutionize the heart of man.

MR. BOOTH'S PROTÉGÉ.

(*See Illustration on page* 733.)

IN an old-fashioned restaurant in one of the down-town streets of New York a number of merchants and brokers were gathered after business one winter evening. The restaurant was a favorite resort of such men, for, in spite of its clinging to the style of a past generation, and although the elevated railroad clattered within a few inches of its upper windows and a double line of wagons to and from the docks on the west side made ceaseless din as they rattled over the stones, the place had fascinating associations with the merchant princes of the past, and was, notwithstanding its old-fashioned ways and old-fashioned furniture, a place where an excellent meal could always be obtained. The men on this particular evening were standing in groups, talking genially of the state of trade, the prosperity of the country, and political prospects. There was a disposition to stay later than usual that evening, for there was a drizzling rain falling, and it was beginning to freeze on the sidewalks, giving them an icy covering. It was a most uncomfortable night outside, rendering the light and warmth within more than usually pleasant. But the weather must be braved, and the first of the group to venture out was Mr. Booth, a substantial merchant of middle age. He wished his friends good-night and stepped out into the rain. Five minutes afterward he returned, accompanied by a figure such as was seldom seen within those walls. It was that of a young man of most miserable appearance. His hair was long and uncombed, his face hollow and pale, his eyes fierce and hungry looking, and his clothes thin and tattered. A pair of old shoes, worn to their last extremity, only partially protected the bare feet from the cold and wet. A wretched object truly, and the warmly-clad guests looked on with amazement as they saw him eat ravenously the substantial meal and drink the cup of hot coffee which were placed before him by Mr. Booth's directions.

No sooner was the meal disposed of and another cup of hot coffee provided, than the young man began to talk excitedly. "I feel better now," he said, "thanks to your charity. You have fed me, and you have a right to know who it is you have befriended. I am a miserable, befooled man, sir, and was on my way to become a desperate man when you spoke to me just now. You have saved me for this night at least from a prison. Do you not think society is in a bad state when a man of good education, and who is willing to work, has to go around in rags like these and beg or steal or die of hunger? That is my case, sir. Work is refused me everywhere—am I to starve to death?"

"What can you work at?" Mr. Booth asked.

"I can write a good hand, I am quick at figures, understand book-keeping of all kinds, and am conversant with all the details of banking business."

Mr. Booth shook his head sorrowfully. A thousand men might be found any day in New York streets unemployed who have the same qualifications. "I would rather you had told me," he said, "you could neither read nor write, but could build a wall, or set a stove, or make a window-frame. You are not an American I perceive by your accent ; why did you come here?"

"That is what I meant when I spoke of myself as befooled," said the miserable man. "Across the Atlantic we hear continually that America is the place to get on. Poor clerks who toil at starvation wages, and may lose even those any day, listen eagerly to American visitors, who boast that no man need starve in the United States. They told me and others over and over again that any honest, industrious man could get on in the land of freedom. I was three years saving enough to pay my passage over, and I came full of hope ; but I have never done a day's work here."

"Would it help you if I could get you sufficient money to pay your passage home?" Mr. Booth asked, with true pity in his heart.

"I think not, sir. My place is filled up there. My employers had, I believe, five hundred applications for it the day after I resigned, and my successor is working for less money than they paid me. It seems to me I am not wanted in the world, and that I should relieve it of a burden by quitting it. Yet I want so little, and I could earn it if I had the opportunity. There seems to be plenty of money here. Will you not let me live?"

Mr. Booth looked distressed. It was not the first time that such a problem had been thrust under his notice. Often had the kind-hearted man taken into his employ men whom he did not want, rather than see them starve or drift into the criminal classes. Already he had more clerks than he needed, and he knew his friends were in like case. Yet the man's demand for bread was reasonable enough. The mischief was further back. He was silent.

A Knotty Question.

"Can you blame me," the man went on, "that when I have been suffering the pangs of hunger and cold I have been tempted to crime? I have seen your millionaires in their carriages—one of them was pointed out to me yesterday who is said to have two hundred million dollars in his possession—and I have wondered whether the little I want might not righteously be taken from men that have more than they can use. Life is as sweet to me as to them, and I tell you, sir, I am entitled as a man to my share of the world's wealth. There is plenty for us all. Why have some greedily absorbed so much that there is not enough to buy bread for the others? I was brought up a God-fearing man. I came here prepared to obey the laws and to work honestly for a living, but in these two years that I have been here I have seen so much selfishness on the one hand, and misery on the other, that I am ready now, when the rising of the poor and desperate comes, to do my share toward rectifying the anomalies of society. I take my stand where the rich men of the world have placed me; I am with the poor, and when you have laid the last straw on our burdens, when you have made even existence in misery impossible, then, sir, you and your friends must look out—you will have to face desperate men."

The poor half-starved fellow unconsciously raised his voice as he dwelt on the miseries of himself and his fellows, and the gentlemen around turned to listen to what he was saying. They, like Mr. Booth, had a supreme contempt for socialists and for the agitators who excited the working men; but here they were face to face with the problem which lies at the base of the agitation. This was no born revolutionist, no lover of anarchy, but he was material out of which grim poverty was fashioning a weapon that might be used at no distant day to aid in overturning society. In Europe men can charge the royalties, the aristocracies with responsibility for their misery; but here it seemed the same misery existed, though there is neither king nor lord. What was to be done with this man and the thousands he represented? Starve a few of them might, but would the bulk of them lie down resignedly and die while riches were being ostentatiously displayed within their reach, and while men were feasting in their sight or hoarding their wealth for their sons? It was useless to tell this man he ought to have learned a trade. They had all been prominent in demanding education for the poor. They had preached up education as a cure for all social evils, and this man was the product of the system. He had the education for which they had been contending, and here was the result—a man for whom society had no use. More than one man sympathized with him as Mr. Booth did, and at last one of them came forward and, giving the man his card, said: "If you will come to me at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, I will see if I can help you."

"May God bless you, sir," said the poor fellow, reverently, and the tears softened the eyes a moment before blazing with the fire of despair. "I want to live honestly and peaceably, I want to work, and I will do anything I can get to do, if you will give me bread. You shall not find me ungrateful."

They gave him a dollar to secure a home for that night, and the poor fellow departed with a heart full of gratitude. It was a serious discussion that arose after he left. Every one was impressed by the despair he had witnessed. There could be no dispute as to the facts. The question they had to consider was, whether as Christian men, followers of Him who was the Friend of the poor, they were, in the light of their knowledge, fulfilling their duty in the world. They were prosperous men, eager to get rich, concentrating all their energies on their business, and intent on increasing their possessions; yet they were charitable men, too. More than one had given largely to churches and charitable institutions, but until now not one had ever considered that it was his duty to give to the cause of the poor the thought and study which in his own business had been so successful. It was with new thoughts and new ideas of duty that they separated that night.

The miserable creature who had so impressed them kept his appointment the following morning, and was given employment and suitable clothing. He kept his promise, and no employer in the city has a more faithful clerk. But the problem is still unsolved. What are Christians doing for the daily increasing masses who are living on the brink of starvation? A gift here and there—fifty dollars to this and that charity, but what to raise them out of their misery and give them a chance to live honestly? The world is pressing eagerly forward in the race for wealth, and says, "Am I my brother's keeper?" but is that the right attitude for the Christian? As we look at the carriages of the wealthy as they roll to and from the fashionable churches on Sunday, we may well wonder whether a little of the ability, the sagacity, the energy which have gone to make the fortunes the owners possess, might not have been wisely devoted to devising some scheme which would have given to some half-starved creatures the chance of earning their daily bread.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 719.*)

Flight.

JOHN MORLEY started at the sound of the piano in the empty house. His thoughts all day had been with his sinful wife, and it seemed to him as though her spirit had come to visit him. He trembled from head to foot.

Was there any other sound to be heard, or was it his fancy that now a stealthy step, scarcely louder than the passing of a breath of wind through the house, was creeping across the floor overhead? The moisture stood in large drops upon his forehead; and his face grew set and pallid as the face of a corpse. He tried to speak aloud, if only to dispel the awful stillness about him, but his throat was dry and his tongue parched. At length there came to his ears a shrill cry and a smothered sob—a strange, terrible, inexplicable sound, which made him deaf for a minute or two to every other noise. When that surging in his brain was over, and his dimmed sight grew clear again, he laid a stern hold upon his fleeting courage, and with slow steps ascended to the floor above.

His own chamber was the first upon the landing, and he had scarcely ever been beyond it. He passed Hester's open door, and glanced round the room, but there was no sound or sight of horror there. Farther on, a fringe of light glimmered in the dusk from under the door of the locked-up drawing-room. His footsteps faltered and were arrested for an instant. *A light there!* What then could there be within that room? His failing and reluctant feet carried him to the very door-sill.

He pushed the door with his hand, and looked in. The one candle burning upon the table left the corners of the room in obscurity, but there fell enough light upon the piano to disclose to him the form of some woman, slight and slender

like her, with a pale gray shawl wrapped about her, leaning forward, or rather lying against the piano before which she sat. The attitude was utterly helpless and inanimate, as if she had fallen there fainting. Her long fair hair had dropped down about her shoulders. He held himself back, quivering with passion, and gazing at her with steadfast and flaming eyes. It was indeed Rose, whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell; it was his wife, whom he had loved so fondly, and whom he had loved more, he knew it now, since she left him than while she was still with him.

He raised his hand to his burning head, and pressed it across his eyes, but the apparition remained there in its attitude of motionless despair. Once he thought it moved, but it was only the flicker of the candle in the draught from the open door which set the shadows about her fluttering. He heard in the distant part of the house, where the workrooms were, the shutting of some door and the turning of a lock, and he knew it was Lawson going away from his work. He was late to-night, he thought; turning the words over and over again in his mind, as if glad to get some common, every-day idea into his brain. The candle was burning low, and would not last many minutes longer. In a short time he would be alone in the darkness, with this awful and speechless form. He must needs speak; he must enter; he must perhaps touch this strange shadow. With a sudden shrill cry of a man's most terrible anguish, which awoke hollow echoes through the empty house, John Morley entered the gloomy room before him.

Ten minutes later he came out again, with a face from whose veins all the blood seemed to have gone, but with *a stain of deep crimson upon the palms of his hands*, at which he looked again and again with eyes of horror. He went hesitatingly down-stairs into his own parlor, and opened his desk, and a drawer within it where he kept his money. He took out a roll of notes, and spread them before him with an air of bewilderment, resting his forehead upon his hand, which stained his white hair with clammy *clots of blood*. He sat there a few minutes only, but he fancied these were hours; and the soft, pure gray of the evening sky, with a few rosy clouds floating over it, he took for the dawn of the morning. He roused himself, shuddering; and lifting his bloodshot and heavy eyes to the dying light in the heavens, he muttered aloud in the silent room, "I must flee to Hester."

He went up-stairs to put together a few clothes in a valise, with a confused notion of preparing for a journey. Then he caught sight of his blood-stained hair in the glass, and shivered and moaned like a frightened child. He washed it and his hands again and again, as if he could see the stain long after it had been washed away. After this he took up his valise and left the house unlocked and empty; strode quickly up the street, past the chapel, under the trees, and along the lanes which had invited him in vain only yesterday. He walked all night swiftly, with perplexed and wandering thoughts; and when the dawn came he inquired of the first person he met where the nearest station was, and there he took the earliest train for London. Arrived there, with a true instinct he sought the church where Carl preached, knowing that if he did not find Hester there he could learn from Carl where she might be found.

But Hester was there. Two hours ago she had entered the porch of Carl's chapel. Already the fashionably-dressed congregation were beginning to arrive, and she heard his praises spoken as she waited to be put into a seat. She was at last conducted to an obscure place in one of the galleries, where, though she could see the pulpit well, it was not probable that Carl could recognize her face amid the number surrounding him. Hester was content, however; she would hear him again, and when the service was over she would go to speak to him in the vestry about little Hester.

Carl appeared at the appointed minute, and she trembled nervously as he glanced round the crowded chapel. Then followed an hour of intense happiness—that of a woman whose most devout worship is led by the being she loves the most. Hester's whole soul was in that brief, fleeting season of worship; an interval so short, that when the mass of people rose to go away, she looked about her in amazement. Carl seemed to have caught her eye then, for he stood a moment before leaving the pulpit, gazing toward her.

It was some time before she could get down the crowded staircase, and when she did so the chapel-keeper told her the best way to get to the minister's vestry was to go round on the outside of the building. She passed on with the throng, but just as she was about to turn the corner of the chapel, she felt her hand suddenly seized and herself drawn rapidly down toward the street. It was her father who had taken hold of her and was hurrying her toward a hack, which was waiting at a little distance. But what could bring her father there? What terrible calamity could have driven him so far adrift from his fixed habits? Had Rose persisted in discovering herself to him; and had some catastrophe been the result? He did not speak to her, and when she spoke he appeared deaf to her voice. He sank down into a corner of the cab, covering his face with his hands. Once he looked up, and there was a gleam of light, not quite sane, in his sunken eyes.

"What is the matter, father?" she ventured to ask.

"Not yet!" he cried, shrinking back again; "not yet, Hester! I am not quite ready yet."

They drove rapidly to some station, and he sent her on to the platform while he bought the tickets. A train was on the point of starting, and he hurried her into a carriage. It never occurred to her to suppose that they were going anywhere but back to Little Aston; and by the speed at which they travelled, she judged that they would soon be there. This was as they passed somewhat slowly through a station (for they stopped at none), and she saw by the clock there that it was after eleven. She wondered how little Hester would bear the disappointment of not seeing her again; and the tears she could not keep back, and which she would not wipe away lest her father should see them, stole down her cheeks. Presently the train slackened speed, and in a few minutes came to a stand-still. There was no station near, and it was as dark as it ever is during the early nights of June.

"What can be the matter?" she exclaimed to herself, involuntarily. Their fellow-passengers were collecting together their cloaks and parcels, and preparing to leave the carriage. The gentleman who was next to her caught her half-audible exclamation.

"There is nothing the matter," he answered, pleasantly; "the train runs alongside the vessels, and we have nothing to do but embark immediately. Your luggage will be quite safe."

"This young lady is my daughter," said John Morley, jealous with morbid jealousy of any one coming between him and the being on whom he leaned for support. "She is my daughter, and I will take care of her."

Hester looked out, and saw an utterly inexplicable and unfamiliar scene. There lay just before her the black outlines of a steamer, and beyond them a dark tossing plain, with a faint suggestion of light upon it, as if it had not yet quite lost the lustre of the sunset. A confusion of strange cries and voices surrounded her, amid which she heard her father whisper, "For mercy's sake be silent, and follow me." Almost before she could recover from her amazement she found herself on the deck of one of the steamers, which soon began to move slowly away from the pier.

The other passengers had hurried down into the cabin to secure berths for the night; and the deck was deserted by all except the captain and his crew, who were busy in getting safely out of port. John Morley led his daughter to a seat removed from every danger of being overheard, and sat down close beside her, shivering with excitement as much as from the chilly air of the sea.

"Hester," he whispered, in a hollow, tremulous voice, "I am fleeing to a city of refuge."

"What is it, father?" she asked, in steady and tender tones. "Tell me all that has happened to you."

He was silent for some time, his eyes fixed upon the dark line of shore they could yet see as they were leaving it behind them. Hester asked herself if all this was true—that they, her father and herself, were travelling secretly by night from England, where only a few hours ago she had been listening to Carl in his own chapel. It was all too real, astounding as it was, for her to doubt its truth; it was too wild to be a trick of her sleep. The great sea spread around them—the sea she had never seen, which she would never see again without remembering this night, indelibly stamped upon her brain. Without moving or speaking, she sat beside her father, waiting for him to break the silence.

"I scarcely know how it all happened," he said at last, in the tone of one thinking aloud. "Rose was there—not her ghost; it could not have been that, for the stain of blood came off upon my hands, and my hair was reddened with it. She was dead when I went into the room—murdered; but who could have murdered her? I would not have touched a hair of her head. Such pretty hair it used to be, as golden as the sunlight. But then, you see, nobody would have believed that I was not the murderer. I do not know myself who could have been so cruel, so fierce; and she had harmed no one as she had harmed me. All the world would have said I was guilty; and if they had not hanged me, they would have imprisoned me as mad, though I should swear I did not do it. So I said I will flee—I will escape from my country while there is time. It would be a most horrible thing for my daughter if her father was hung as a murderer or shut up as a madman."

Hester's heart had grown faint and sick as she listened to her father's almost unconscious and delirious sentences. But at this moment the captain came up to ask them if they would not go below, and she had to control herself to answer him quietly.

"My father is ill," she answered, "and we would rather stay here a little while. By and by we will go down."

He stayed beside them for a few minutes, making some observations which she scarcely heard, though she exerted herself to reply to them; and then he left them once more to themselves.

"Father," she said, earnestly, "answer me a question or two. How did you find out she was at home?"

"I came in from chapel at twenty minutes to eight," he said, "and sat down in my own chair; but I could not read. All at once I heard the sound of her piano, and, some minutes after, a strange noise between a scream and a sob. Then, just as the clock was striking eight, I went up-stairs, and there was a light shining in her room, and I went to look in, and Rose was there—Rose herself; not her spirit."

"Did you speak to her?' asked Hester.

"No," he answered; "my tongue refused its office. I went up to her and laid my hand upon her, but she never moved. Then I saw her hair all clotted with blood, and I lifted up her head and found that she was gone far away from me, where no man knows love or hatred. She was dead—murdered, and could never be pardoned by me."

"But how could it be?" cried Hester, who could scarcely realize the fact that Rose was dead, in the horror of hearing that she had been murdered."

"I know nothing," said John Morley, gloomily. "We were alone in the house. It was I who found her. My hands and hair were stained with her blood. If I had given myself up, they could have done nothing else but punish me for

the crime. But I am innocent, Hester; as innocent as yourself."

"And did you leave her there?" she asked.

"I carried her to the sofa," he said, "and laid her down gently. She was dead, and I could kiss her again. I covered her over with a gray shawl which was stained red. The candle was almost burned out, and I could stay no longer. Yes, I left her there; and she lies there now, perhaps. They may not discover I am gone very quickly, for nobody goes into that room. I think I have been almost mad all day, but I am better now with you, Hester. Oh, Hester, be very pitiful toward me!"

He broke out suddenly into low, smothered moans and wailings, and put his arms round her, resting his head upon her shoulder, while she pressed her lips again and again to his face, and told him that she was his daughter, his child, who could never forsake him, never feel anything but love and pity for him. So she soothed him, crushing down the grief and terror of her own heart, and seeking the most tender expressions of her affection for him. He grew calm at last, calmer than he had been for many days.

"Did I do right in fleeing?' he asked, anxiously. "I could bear it no longer. My dishonor has been a burden as heavy as I could bear; and this would have been too much. I must have lost my reason, if they had not made it seem that I had lost it before. Do you think me mad, Hester?"

"No, my dear," she answered. He clung so much to her like a child, that unconsciously her voice and expression were those of one who talks to a child. There were many things she wanted to learn yet, and she must keep him as calm as possible.

"But I am almost mad," he said. "I have neither a sound mind nor a sound body. I have destroyed them both. Oh, my God! what is to become of us?"

(To be continued.)

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 23. Prov. 1 : 1–16. Golden Text, ver. 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Object of the Book—To Give Knowledge—Perception—Develop a Receptive Spirit—Wisdom or Subtilty—The Teachable Man the Best Teacher—The Beginning of Wisdom—Warnings against Special Sins—Avarice—Uncleanness—Idleness—Drunkenness—A Fool's Portrait—An Atheist—Doing Mischief—Empty Loquacity.

IN his introduction to the Book of Proverbs, of the chief part of which he is the author, Solomon speaks of the

PURPORT OF THE BOOK.

First, "*to know* wisdom and instruction;" secondly, "*to perceive* the words of understanding;" thirdly, "*to receive* the instruction of wisdom, justice, and judgment, and equity;" lastly, "*to give* subtilty to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion." Before we can impart wisdom to others, we must know, perceive, and receive it ourselves. God's wisdom is communicated 'not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth" (1 Cor. 2 : 13); and none can teach that which he has not received. "A wise man will hear, and will increase learning."

Our blessed Lord set us an example when He was in the temple, in the midst of the doctors. "hearing them, and asking them questions" (Luke 2 : 46); God though He was, and the very

SOURCE OF ALL WISDOM,

yet as Man taking the place of the learner. The Apostle James exhorts us, "Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak" (James 1 : 19). None are so teachable as those who are advanced in knowledge, for they know how much remains to be learned. "Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser; teach a just man, and he will increase in learning" (Prov. 9 : 9). Those who are wise know the value of wisdom; they do not care to be *thought* wise, but to be so. Those who are apt to teach but slow to learn are preparing the way for a fall. While the unteachable are giving out what they know, and are gaining nothing more, the teachable are continuing to make quiet progress; and when

A TESTING TIME

comes, both will be proved, and the true state of the case revealed. In a public meeting, where many prominent and noted preachers were present, there was

ONE YOUNG MAN

who had found "the one thing needful," who "sat at the feet of Jesus, and heard His Word." The speeches were all arranged, and everything was to be according to method and plan. The young man was to take one of the prayers. He had quietly put the whole gathering into the hands of God to be quickened into life, and it was no hindrance to him that the Spirit of God was not given the lead. He prayed at the time appointed by the committee, and immediately the whole meeting became a Bochim; anxious souls came forward to seek Jesus without being invited, and the young man who had been a listener—outwardly to man, but inwardly to God—was the only one found there who understood the leadings of the Spirit enough to take control of the meeting under Him.

Solomon teaches that "the fear of the Lord is

THE BEGINNING OF KNOWLEDGE

or wisdom" (Prov. 9 : 10). Modern teachers would have it that human wisdom, civilization, and education are to lead up to God; but Solomon exactly reverses the order, and puts the fear of God first. Indeed, this wisest among men actually says, "Fear God, and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man" (Eccl. 12 : 13). His own experience taught him that wisdom, even exceeding that of any other man, and the making of many books, was vanity without the fear of God (Eccl. 1 : 17, 18, 12 : 12). The preacher teaches that wisdom is the gift of God, "the Lord giveth wisdom" (Prov. 2 : 6), just as does the Apostle James, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him" (James 1 : 5).

Solomon not only shows the blessedness of walking with God, especially in chapters 2 and 3, but also gives the strongest and wisest warnings against special kinds of sin.

"THE GREEDY OF GAIN."

He "troubleth his own house" (Prov. 15 : 27), "Their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood. . . . They lay wait for their own blood; they lurk privily for their own lives." What a picture! A curse to themselves and a curse to others! Then there are the unclean, including fornicators, adulterers, and the terribly large class of such as secretly sin against themselves.

These sins are so frightfully on the increase, even among believers, that it is time things were called by their names, and we have but to read Prov. 2 : 16–19; 5 : 3–23; 6 : 24–35; 7 : 5–27 in connection with 1 Cor. 6 : 9–20 to see the mind of God about these sins of uncleanness. If, indeed, our body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, then every member of our body is an instrument of righteousness, at the disposal of the Holy Ghost, and not at the disposal of carnal lust and passion. But also our body is the beloved charge of the Holy Ghost, whose blessed office it is to guide us into all truth, and to keep us from all evil, by revealing Jesus as our great Deliverer. Temptation is never too strong for Him, and He fighteth for us, as well as careth for us. When we recognize that we are both the property and the care of another, then temptation is at once referred to Him, and He undertakes it and delivers us.

Solomon also has solemn words for

THE SLOTHFUL

and the sluggard; "the slothful shall be under tribute" (12 : 24), never independent; he "roasteth not that which he took in hunting" (12 : 27); perhaps he has let the fire go out, and will not take the trouble; and thus his day's work is lost. His "way is as an hedge of thorns" (15 : 19); he makes no way forward, and gets so helpless that he "hideth his hand in his bosom, and will not so much as bring it to his mouth again" (19 : 24), and his desire "killeth him, for his hands refuse to labor" (21 : 25). He is full of fears, and makes difficulties at every turn. He says, "There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets" (22 : 13). "No great loss," some might say. His property deteriorates, and all goes to ruin (24 : 30, 31). If he is sent on an errand he sets his employer's teeth on edge, or makes his eyes smart (10 : 26). As far as himself is concerned, he desires and has nothing (13 : 4); he is unwilling to plough in winter, and thus if he does exist till the next harvest, it is only by begging (20 : 4). Notwithstanding all this, the poor, pitiable, contemptible creature "is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason" (26 : 16). God's antidote to this unenviable condition is "Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God" (1 Cor. 1 : 24).

The preacher also draws a picture of

THE DRUNKARD.

He says that "the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty" (23 : 21), and that "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging" (20 : 1). Then he thus photographs the drunkard in the sunlight of God: "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again" (23 : 29–35). Who that has looked on the horrors of delirium tremens, or has seen much of the miserable homes of drunkards, can fail to recognize this perfect portrait?

Solomon also draws the portrait of

THE FOOL.

The distinctive mark by which a fool is known is briefly told us in two of the Psalms: "The fool hath said in his heart, No God" (Ps. 14 : 1; 53 : 1). "It is as sport to a fool to do mischief" (10 : 23), the extent of his capability is to do injury to others, and nevertheless his "way is right in his own eyes" (12 : 15). It does not take much to make a fool (*i.e.*, a man who does not recognize God) angry, but he cannot keep it to himself, his "wrath is presently known" (12 : 16), for he "rageth, and is confident" (14 : 16), and so "layeth open his folly" (13 : 16). Fools despise wisdom and instruction(1 : 7), "hate knowledge" (1 : 22), and "a fool despiseth his father's instruction" (15 : 5)—in fact, he thinks he knows better than his father. He "has no delight in understanding" (18 : 2). His folly is most observable in his conversation, his "lips enter into contention," and his "mouth is his destruction" (18 : 6, 7); he "uttereth all his mind" (29 : 11); he "is full of words" (Eccl. 10 : 14), and his "voice is known by multitude of words" (Eccl. 5 : 3). "Delight is not seemly for" him (Prov. 19 : 10), "wisdom is too high for him" (24 : 7), and "honor is not seemly for" him (26 : 1). He has no concentration of thought or purpose, his "eyes . . . are in the ends of the earth" (17 : 24). Such is the man who says, "No God." Such are they who would shut God out of politics, out of business, out of domestic life, out of their own hearts. These are they who think they can get on well enough without God; and He who knows the hearts of all men sees them in some point or other like this portrait drawn by the Spirit of God through the wisest of His creatures. Thank God, He can deal with the fool, the drunkard, the slothful, the unclean, the greedy of gain; yes, He knows how to take "the beggar from the dung-hill, to set . . . among princes, even the princes of His people" (1 Sam. 2 : 8; Ps. 113 : 7, 8).

THOUGHTS BETWEEN THE LINES.

BY O. F. IRELAND.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"
Who on the cross such love displayed,
"Let me to Thy bosom fly,"
There I cannot be dismayed.
"While the nearer waters roll,"
Alone I cannot breast the wave;
"While the tempest still is high,"
Thy protecting arm can save.

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide!"
Blessed thought, to hide in Thee
"Till the storm of life is past,"
And from dangers we are free.
"Safe into the haven guide,"
Haven of eternal rest;
"O receive my soul at last,"
There to be forever blest!

"Other refuge have I none,"
And none other is complete;
"Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,"
Here it finds a safe retreat.
"Leave, O leave me not alone,"
In this wild and lonely place;
"Still support and comfort me"
With Thy rich, abounding grace.

"All my trust on Thee is stayed,"
Thy rich promises are sure;
"All my help from Thee I bring,"
All Thy gifts are rich and pure.
"Cover my defenceless head"
With Thy benedictions mild;
"With the shadow of Thy wing"
Overspread Thy trusting child!

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found;"
None may want who trust in Thee;
"Grace to cover all my sin"
Thou wilt not withhold from me.
"Let the healing streams abound,"
Flooding now my waiting soul;
"Make and keep me pure within,"
Pure and every whit made whole.

"Thou of life the fountain art,"
Coming from the Father's throne;
"Freely let me take of Thee,"
That I Thy righteousness may own.
"Spring Thou up within my heart,"
Blessing all my future days;
"Rise to all eternity,"
And I will sing Thy endless praise.

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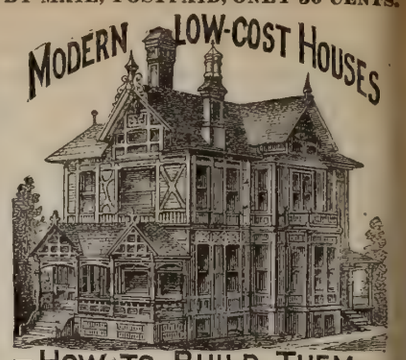

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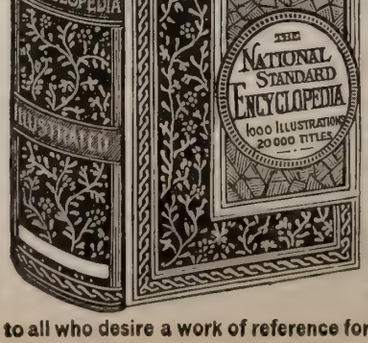

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Sceptical Neighbors. By Rev. Charles Courtenay.

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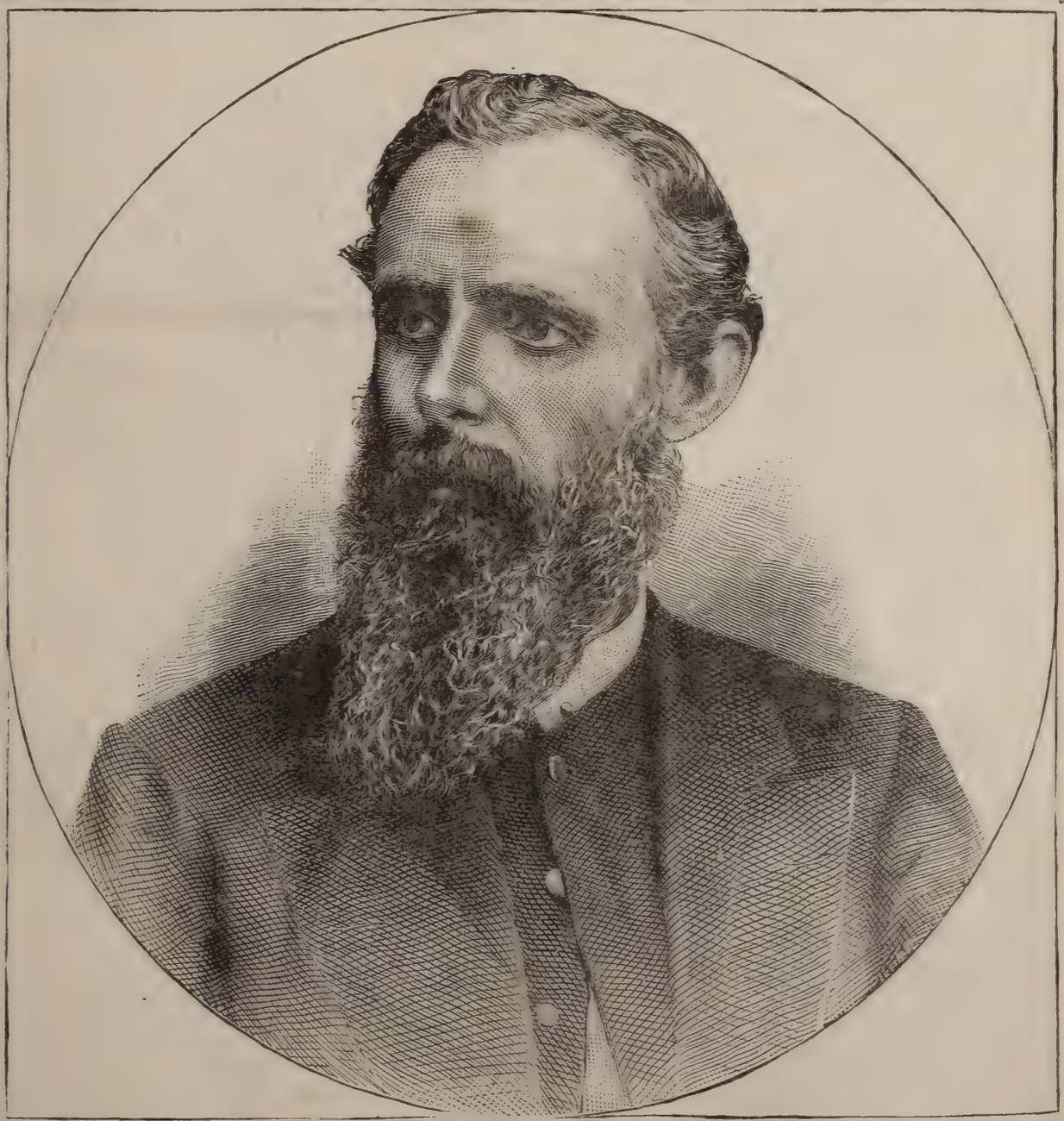

The REV. THOMAS D. WITHERSPOON, D.D., LL.D., Moderator of the General Assembly (South).

THE REV. THOMAS D. WITHERSPOON, D.D., LL.D., of Louisville, Ky.

Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (Southern).

The Olive Branch—Significance of Dr. Witherspoon's Election—An Illustrious Family—A Christian Widowed Mother's Training—Early Conversion—At the University—His First Church—A Characteristic of his Ministry—Services in the War—The Ordeal of Epidemics—European Travel—Ministry at Louisville—Preaching and Literary Work.

WHEN, on May 22d last, Dr. Hays, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (North), welcomed to the Assembly, then in session at Saratoga, N. Y., Dr. Stratton, of Natchez, Miss., the delegate of the Southern General Assembly, he referred to the fence described by Dr. Jessup, which Arabs had built to divide a pool of water that belonged to two parties. That fence, he said, was an illustration of the dividing line between North and South; only that the fence is getting old, the sides are off the top, and the ground rail rotten, and ministers and members were getting over and under and through and around; and it is not very important whether it stays up or tumbles down. "The time is coming," he said, "when, one in Christ Jesus and in the fulness of His Spirit, we shall stand together to do battle against all that is wrong, and be friends of all that is Christlike. Representing the Church in the North, with all my heart I give you my hand and my prayers."

Nor was Dr. Stratton less cordial in his utterances as a delegate representing the Southern Assembly. He said: "Mr. Moderator, I have crossed two thousand miles to bring

THE OLIVE BRANCH

to you to-day. I have sometimes thought that if there had been in the way two thousand of those beings of whom Martin Luther spoke on his way to Worms, I would still have passed through them all with the olive branch in my hand. Only a few years ago it seemed that barriers insurmountable surrounded the spot where I stand. I certainly never expected to see them removed in my day. But to-day the barriers are gone, and these hands may be locked together without one vestige of the old alienation to cool and weaken the warmth and pressure of the grasp. Just when the vapors were hanging so dark on the sky, and when neither north winds nor south winds could dissolve them, suddenly, as with a touch of God, the rainbow sprang up and spread its glorious belt across the field of vision. One foot of it, and the initial one, rested in the Southern Assembly at Atlanta, and the other on your Assembly in the western capital of Springfield. A year ago the arch widened its circle, and stretched from Lexington to Saratoga. To-day the arch has widened its sweep still further—the southern foot is at Vicksburg on heights that have been made historic. Once it was beleagured with armies; the shot fell like rain day and night for months, and the inhabitants sought shelter in the hills. There in that nerve-centre of all the passions engendered by war, this bow takes its spring to-day, and traversing a continent, plants its other foot in the midst of the health-giving fountains of Saratoga. The hand of God has been in all this. There had been too much diplomacy in our negotiations, but when we ceased from diplomacy the Holy Spirit brought about these results.

"My commission charges me to convey to you the most cordial Christian and fraternal salutations of the Southern Presbyterian Church. These salutations are most cordial, because I assure you the heart of our people is in them. We are twins; and that word 'twin' recalls Thomas, called Didymus, and you know he was for a long time a doubter; and so we have been doubting sisters for years. But we are twins, locked in each other's arms, and embraced together in the loving arms of Jesus Christ. I present you these salutations in perfectly good faith. Words in form, they are spirit and life. They carry with them fraternal sentiments. The very terms of their salutations are the result of careful and mature deliberation. Every word has been deliberately adopted as the utterance of that Assembly."

Probably few outside the circle of the Presbyterian Church can understand, in all its significance, the message so gracefully expressed. It is not our purpose to travel backward over the record which rendered such a message welcome to the hearts of those who heard it. In this case it is better that "the dead past bury its dead" and our faces be steadily set toward the future; and, "forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, we press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." The misunderstandings and the estrangements of the dark past may well be lost sight of in the blessed light of the Sun of Righteousness and under the benign influence of the Prince of Peace.

The Assembly from which Dr. Stratton was sent with "the olive branch" met at Vicksburg, Miss., on May 15th, and Dr. Thomas D. Witherspoon, of Louisville, Ky., was

ELECTED MODERATOR.

The election caused some surprise. It was not that Dr. Witherspoon was unknown to fame. His scholarship, his eloquence, his sterling Christian character and his many and varied gifts, which have rendered his ministry so precious to the churches of the South, have combined to render his name familiar throughout the land, while those who have never had the privilege of listening to his thrilling words have read, with profit and pleasure, the excellent volumes produced by his able pen. But people who were familiar with the history of the Assembly, while recognizing Dr. Witherspoon's eminent fitness for the high and honorable position, were nevertheless surprised, because the Assembly has hitherto usually reserved this honor for men of venerable age. That this year it should have placed in the Moderator's chair a comparatively young man is therefore a tribute to his character and abilities of no slight significance. The portrait we now give of Dr. Witherspoon, and a brief sketch of his life, will be very welcome to all our readers, especially to those who have long desired that fraternal relations between the two sections of the church be re-established.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

In the year 1836 there resided in the village of Greensboro, Ala., a godly family, whose lineage was illustrious in the best sense of the word. Robert Franklin Witherspoon and Sarah Agnes, his wife, could look back to their ancestry with honest pride. Mr. Witherspoon was a ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church, and his *ancestors for five generations* had held the same honorable office. In the great day of the founding of the nation John Witherspoon had set his name to *the Declaration of Independence*, and still further back the godly elder loved to point to one illustrious name from whom he could trace his descent—the intrepid Elijah of Scotland, whose name the whole Christian world will treasure while the world stands—John Knox. If pride in illustrious descent is ever justifiable, it was so in this case.

Mr. Witherspoon was a planter in the neighboring "canebreaks" of Marengo County. He was a man of ardent piety, deeply read in theological lore, and very fond of theological inquiry. It was in that godly home that the future Moderator was born, on January 17th, 1836. Dr. Witherspoon is now, therefore, in the forty-ninth year of his age. The good elder was an ardent admirer of Timothy Dwight, and Dwight's "Theology" was his favorite text-book. In honor of his favorite author he gave his boy the name of Thomas *Dwight*.

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

Four years afterward the godly father fell asleep in Jesus. The boy's training devolved on his mother, happily a devoted Christian woman, of rare intelligence, sagacity and consecration. Her impress, more than that of any other human being, has been upon his whole after life. It pleased God to spare her life until a few years ago, so that she was permitted to reap the fruit of her early and assiduous care in his mental and religious training.

EARLY CONVERSION.

Under the fostering care of such a mother, his religious experiences were very early developed, and in 1846, *at the age of ten years*, the boy made confession of Christ during the progress of a meeting conducted by the Rev. Robert Nall, D.D., the evangelist of the Synod of Alabama, and was admitted to the communion of the Mt. Zion Presbyterian Church, near Greensboro.

In 1853, at the age of seventeen, he entered

THE UNIVERSITY

of Alabama as a student in the Sophomore Class; but in the year following changed to the University of Mississippi, from which institution he was graduated in June, 1856, with the highest honors of his class. In the fall of the same year (1856) he entered the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C., completing the course and receiving his theological diploma in May, 1859.

On the 6th of June, 1859, he was licensed as a probationer for the Gospel ministry by the Presbytery of Chickasaw, of the Synod of Memphis, and on the 13th day of May, 1860,

HE WAS ORDAINED

by the same Presbytery to the full work of the ministry, and installed as pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Oxford, Miss., the site of the university from which he had recently graduated. It was in this, his first church, that a characteristic of Dr. Witherspoon's ministry was first noticed, which has been observed ever since, wherever he has preached. His teaching has always been especially attractive to young men. There was a warm sympathy in his manner, and a simple, direct, manly force in his words which went straight to the hearts of the young, and he succeeded, by rare tact, in winning their attention to the things which make for their peace. God abundantly blessed him, notably in this sphere of labor, which is, more than any other, a source of strength to the Church.

But this useful work was rudely interrupted.

THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR

occurred early in Dr. Witherspoon's settlement at Oxford. It was not likely that a congregation such as that he had gathered around him would be indifferent to the issues which were agitating the country from end to end. The young men who looked up to their pastor for spiritual guidance were deeply moved by the events of that sad time. They were true to their principles, and thoroughly in earnest in their convictions of the justice of their cause. When, leaving their homes and their families to take up arms in that bitter struggle, they marched to the field of battle, Dr. Witherspoon marched with them, claiming no exemption as a privilege of his profession, but ready to fight and die with his friends as their comrade. He enlisted as a private in the Lamar Rifles of the Eleventh Mississippi Volunteers, and served in that capacity through the first year of the war. Later, his services were needed so sorely in the capacity in which they were most effective, but they were never remitted. He acted as chaplain to the regiment, sharing in its hardships, fatigues and dangers, and remained steadfast in that service until, at Appomattox Court House, he received his parole in the final surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

ANOTHER ORDEAL.

Dr. Witherspoon's courage had been tested on the battle-fields of that long and heart-breaking struggle, and it was to be still further tested by another ordeal, in which even the bravest soldiers have often succumbed. He accepted a call to the Second Presbyterian Church, of Memphis, Tenn., where he settled in August, 1865. The war and the miserable time which followed it had reduced the church to a very

pirited and enfeebled condition. Under a nistry of five years, through *epidemics of lera and yellow fever*, the church grew with h rapidity that it became and continues to be strongest and most influential of that de- mination in the city.

His health giving way under the influence of essive labor in a malarial climate, he was ced to resign his pastorate amid the tears of people, in August, 1870, and to seek recuper- on in the mountains of Virginia, spending e year very pleasantly as supply of the moun- n church of Christiansburg, Va. In 1871 he s called for a two years' term to the chap- ncy of the University of Virginia, where two the happiest and most useful years of his life re spent.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

During the summer of 1873 a further relief m labor became indispensable. He therefore ssed the Atlantic, and travelled extensively Europe. After a few months of change he nd his health so far restored as to be able on return to resume regular work; and so, in tober, 1873, he became pastor of the Tabb reet Presbyterian Church, in Petersburg, Va., e of the largest and most influential churches the State. Here he remained greatly en- ared to the people until the fall of 1882, en, having received a unanimous call to the st Presbyterian Church of Louisville, Ky., he t it his duty to sever the delightful relations at had existed for nine years, and enter the ger and more vigorous city of the West.

Here he is now serving this important church, d with the superabundant energy which char- erizes him and the strong appetite for labor at seems to be a part of his being, he accept- the office of Chairman of the Synod's Com- ttee of Evangelistic Labor, having oversight of at extensive work, in which more than twenty ngelists are employed, and as the result of ich over *fifteen hundred communicants* were ded last year to the roll of the Synod.

Few men of Dr. Witherspoon's age have ared more of

THE HONORS OF THE CHURCH.

ere are few of the prominent pulpits of the uthern Church to which he has not at one de or another, when vacant, been asked to vote his pastoral services. He has been time d again solicited to take the presidency of lleges and universities. Various chairs in eological seminaries have been tendered him. t he has felt that his *one mission in life* was to each, the Gospel and nothing has ever turned m aside from this work.

HIS PREACHING,

we have said, is simple, earnest and direct. is in the only true sense of the word extempo- neous. Though he prepares, with most care- mental elaboration, he never writes before eaking, and therefore, of course, never has y notes with him in the pulpit. His sermons, tures, literary addresses, etc., are all prepared thout putting pen to paper, the thoughts be- all carefully elaborated, but the language left the inspiration of the moment.

The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him 1867, at the age of thirty-one, by the Univer- y of Mississippi, and the degree of LL.D., by e same institution, at the age of forty-eight— ly a few months ago.

Dr. Witherspoon is of delicate stature, but pable of undergoing an incredible amount of rk, and his ministry thus far has been sig- lly blessed in the addition of souls to the urch.

Among the publications from his pen may be ted the following: "The Appeal of the South its Educated Men" (1866); "Children of the venant" (1873); "Materialism in its Relations Modern Civilization" (1878), and "Letters on manism" (1882). The second of these has ssed through several editions, and has elicited e highest praise as a book of encouragement r parents and instruction for the young.

As an illustration of the position Dr. Wither- oon holds in the esteem of his Northern brethren, we may say that in the course of an interview with

DR. TALMAGE

recently, he said, referring to the subject of our sketch: "I am glad that you are going to give a biographical sketch and portrait of Dr. Witherspoon in your paper. He is one of the grandest and best men in the South. He wields a large influence, and it is always on the right side. I rejoiced with many when I saw that the Presbyterian Church honored itself by selecting him as Moderator of General Assembly."

SCEPTICAL NEIGHBORS.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

By the Rev. Charles Courtenay.

PART I.

It was commonly said of Tom Shooter that when he wasn't in the gutter he was very near it. And it wasn't very far from the truth, for of all tipplers Tom was the acknowledged king.

A most unpromising customer. Teetotalers found him the very hardest nut they had ever attempted to crack. Every kind of teetotaler tried him, from every society in the neighborhood, but without the slightest success. I dare say more arguments and appeals had been emptied on Tom's devoted head than on any man's living.

No wonder that after a time they gave him up as a bad job. Tom wouldn't even listen with patience. As soon as ever the assault commenced, he would snort, and angrily shout, "I won't," immediately posting off to the nearest grocery, as though the very sound of the word "teetotalism" had only whetted his thirst for more drink.

Imagine, then, the thrill of amazement when one day it was reported that Tom Shooter had signed the pledge. At first, folks would not believe it; but when they saw the pledge paper, with Tom Shooter's only half legible signature upon it, they were obliged to believe it. It was one of the most staggering wonders of the season. It was far more than a nine days' wonder. It was at least a nineteen days' wonder. People seemed never tired of discussing it.

But how did it come about? Who was the man so fortunate as to extract from him his so stubbornly withheld signature? What was the particular argument which in the midst of such a multitude of misses hit the mark? People were greatly curious to know.

But the answer returned only whetted their curiosity the more, for it seems that no particular person and no particular argument had anything to do with Tom Shooter's reformation. All that was known was that Tom had suddenly appeared before the secretary's door, had demanded in a most determined manner a pledge paper, and had then and there sat himself down and signed it. Having done which he had taken up his hat which he had thrown on the ground, and refusing to enter into any conversation with the inquisitive secretary, had bolted as precipitately as he had entered.

As for the secretary, he publicly confessed afterward that all he could do was to go down on his knees, and thank God again and again that so bad a drunkard had embraced teetotalism.

Like every other place, Linfield had its race of sceptics, wiseacres who always knew that a reformation would not hold, and Tom Shooter's reformation made a capital text for their prophecies. Some of these Linfield prophets very rarely expressed themselves in words. That would be committing themselves too much, so they dealt largely in expressive signs, such as nodding the head, compressing the lips, and sundry others of a similar character.

It was this class of prophets who shook their heads violently when they heard of Tom's change, and this, combined with the forming of their right hand into a cup-like shape, and at the same time elevating it to their mouth, sufficiently showed that it was their firm conviction that Tom Shooter's teetotal craze would be a remarkably short one.

The less mysterious of the prophets uttered their predictions in a very loud tone, and with abundant emphasis. "Tom Shooter signed the pledge, did you say? Depend upon it he'll never keep it. He'll not keep it for a week. Take my word for it, he'll be drunk before long, dead drunk. If Tom Shooter stands, I'll eat my hat—there.'

Others, however, contented themselves with less decisive prophecies, darkly hinting that folks would probably have their eyes opened before long, that human nature was weak, and that Tom Shooter was only a man, after all. For their part, they said, they hoped they might not see what they half expected, though they would be only too glad if they should be in the wrong, and other expressions of a like kind.

Now, these prophets, I need not say, were not teetotalers, and I cannot help suspecting that they would not be over sorry should they hear that their prophecies did prove true. No prophet likes to be in the wrong. It isn't in human nature to like it. And apart from this general principle, I thought I could detect in the tones of voice and the expressions of countenance a sort of evidence that "the wish was father to the thought."

THE SHADOW ON THE BLIND.

It was a market night. Many people were about. It was the busiest night in all the week. Being dark, but still early, there were of course lights in most windows. And Tom Shooter's lower windows were no exception. Suddenly, rising high above the noise of the traffic, the shrill cry of a woman was heard. Accompanied as it was by a sound of heavy blows, it would have been surprising if folks had not been startled. And when, almost at the same moment, a terrible shadow was projected on Tom Shooter's blinds, the consternation may be better imagined than described.

The shadow told its own story. Indeed, it seemed to most that there could be only one version of it. It was the shadow of a man's hand grasping a thick stick, his arm upraised to strike. Besides this there was visible the form of a woman as though in headlong flight.

Again and again the stick fell, and again and again the shrill scream rent the now silent air. Now the shadow of the man was seen. Now that of the woman. And sometimes the shadows of both were visible on the blind. Terrible was the excitement in the street without. The crowd grew larger and larger every moment, and, as may be imagined, before very long their feelings found vent in words.

"Oh, the willin!" screamed one woman, "he's beatin' his wife. That's what he's after. The willin!"

"He'll kill her afore he's done with her," was the equally emphatic opinion of a second.

More than one voice was heard to shout, "Run for the perlice. He'll finish her right off if somebody don't run for the perlice."

"Ah! *I* knew how it would all turn out, I did," said one small man with a port-wine nose. "I knew it all along. Didn't I say Tom Shooter wouldn't never stand? See there, if I didn't say true."

"Yes," said another battered-looking individual, "you're right enough there. He's dead drunk, that's what he is. He ain't got no control over hisself. Old Tom's as mad as ever."

Meanwhile the blows went on; indeed, they seemed to become quicker and more violent than before. But it was thought by most that the screams were decidedly more faint.

"Break open the door," was the most common utterance, a running fire of this piece of advice being kept up from the outside and middle of the crowd.

The man's shadow was now seen to give one tremendous blow with all the force of his two arms, and then to throw himself nearly exhausted into a chair. The shadow of the woman was quite lost to view,

ABOVE ALL.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Nov. 16, 1884.

"He that cometh from above is above all."—JOHN 3 : 31.

The Most Conspicuous Figure in History—The Alpha and the Omega—What it Means—I. Above all in Preaching—His Illustrations—No Need of Hackneyed Phrases—A Large Vocabulary Needed—Full Liberty for the Preacher—Individuality to be Preserved—The Costly Robe of Demetrius—Luther's Exclamation to Staupitz—What you Need—Christ in Sorrow—II. Above all in Dying Alleviations—Saladin's Ridiculous Command—Two Styles of Departure—The Death Hour of Famous Men—Coronation or Banishment—III. Above all in Heaven—The Ascriptions of the Redeemed—John Bunyan's Glimpse of Heaven.

THE most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to Him from the Bethlehem sky, was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is

THE OVERTOPPING FIGURE

of all time. He is the *vox humana* in all music, the gracefullest line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedralled grandeur, and the peroration of all splendid language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared Himself to the first letter and the last letter, the alpha and the omega, He appropriated to Himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters and all the letters between them. "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Or, if you prefer the words of the text, "above all."

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

It means, after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly, Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain; but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory, they might all well unite in the words of the text and say, "He that cometh from above is above all."

I. First, Christ must be above all else

IN OUR PREACHING.

There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the country that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil, individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, that therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism or all the

WORD TREASURES

that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European but we have a right to marshall it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the spittle, the salve, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars; and we do not propose in our Sabbath-school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stones? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course, thought is the cargo and words are only the ship; but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sabbath-school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to death when there is such illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed fifteen thousand different words for dramatic purposes; Milton employed eight thousand different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed over eleven thousand different words for legal purposes; but the most of us have less than a thousand words that we can manage, less than five hundred, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ we are going to take

TENDEREST PHRASEOLOGY

wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before, all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ, the Conqueror, we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have eighteen flags by which they give signal; but those eighteen flags they can put into sixty-six thousand different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to these young men who come from the theological seminaries into our services every Sabbath, and are after a while going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ

IN YOUR OWN WAY.

Jonathan Edwards preached Christ in the severest argument ever penned, and John Bunyan preached Christ in the sublimest allegory ever composed. Edward Payson, sick and exhausted, leaned up against the side of the pulpit and wept out his discourse, while George Whitefield, with the manner and the voice and the start of an actor, overwhelmed his auditory. It would have been a different thing if Jonathan Edwards had tried to write and dream about the prlgrim's progress to the celestial city, or John Bunyan had attempted an essay on the human will.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas are all these Gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers have no sweetness, sunset sky has no color compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire, and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the ambassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direst guilt. Sweetest comfort for ghastliest agony. Brightest hope for grimest death. Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulchre.

OH, WHAT A GOSPEL

to preach! Christ over all in it. His birth, His suffering, His miracles, His parables, His sweat, His tears, His blood, His atonement, His intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It because Jesus went ahead, the herald and forerunner.

The royal robe of Demetrius was so cost so beautiful, that after he had put it off no ever dared put it on; but this robe of Chri richer than that, the poorest and the wan and the worst may wear. "Where sin abound grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins," said Martin Lutl to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact that the brawny German student had found Latin Bible that made him quake, and nothi else ever did make him quake; and when found how, through Christ, he was pardoned a saved, he wrote to a friend, saying: "Co over and join us great and awful sinners sav by the grace of God. You seem to be onl slender sinner, and you don't much extol mercy of God; but we that have been such v awful sinners praise His grace the more n that we have been redeemed." Can it be t you are so desperately egotistical that you f yourself in first-rate spiritual trim, and that fr the root of the hair to the tip of the toe y are scarless and immaculate?

WHAT YOU NEED

is a looking-glass, and here it is in the Bit Poor, and wretched, and miserable, and bli and naked from the crown of the head to sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrefy sores. No health in us. And then take fact that Christ gathered up all the notes agai us and paid them, and then offered us the ceipt.

And how much we need Him in our sorrov We are independent of circumstances if we h His grace. Why, He made Paul sing in dungeon, and under that grace St. John fr desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apo lyptic trumpets. After all other candles h been snuffed out, this is the light that g brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all pools of worldly enjoyment have been tramp into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal r the Christian, from cups of granite lily rimn and vine covered, puts out the thirst of his s

II. Again, I remark, that Christ is above a

IN DYING ALLEVIATIONS.

I have not any sympathy with the morbic abroad about our demise. The Emperor Constantinople arranged that on the day of coronation the stonemason should come consult him about the tombstone that afte while he would need. And there are men are monomaniacal on the subject of depat from this life by death, and the more they th of it the less they are prepared to go. Thi an unmanliness not worthy of you, not wor of me.

Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his d while dying, ordered that the tunic he had him be carried after his death on a spear at head of his army, and that then the soldier, e and anon, should stop and say, "Behold, all t is left of Saladin, the emperor and conquer Of all the states he conquered, of all the wea he accumulated, nothing did he retain but t shroud." I have no sympathy with such havior, or such absurd demonstration, or w much that we hear uttered in regard to dep ure from this life to the next. There is a c mon-sensical idea on this subject that you I need to consider—that there are only

TWO STYLES OF DEPARTURE.

A thousand feet underground, by light torch toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of r may fall upon us, and we may die a min death. Far out at sea, falling from the slipp ratlines and broken on the halyards, we may a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in l pital, amid broken bones and reeking lepro and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropi death. On the field of battle, serving God our country, slugs through the heart, the carriage may roll over us, and we may di patriot's death. But, after all, there are t two styles of departure; the death of

ghteous and the death of the wicked, and we want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you ay be at home! You want the hand of your ndred in your hand. You want your children surround you. You want the light on your llow from eyes that have long reflected your ve. You want the room still. You do not int any curious strangers standing around itching you. You want your kindred from ir to hear your last prayer. I think that is e wish of all of us. But is that all? Can rthly friends hold us up when the billows of ath come up to the girdle? Can human ice charm open heaven's gate? Can human nd pilot us through the narrows of death o heaven's harbor? Can any earthly friendip shield us from the arrows of deaths and in e hour when Satan shall practise upon us his fernal archery? No, no, no, no!

ALAS! POOR SOUL

that is all. Better die in the wilderness, far m tree shadow and from fountain, alone, ltures circling through the air waiting for our dy, unknown to men, and to have no burial, nly Christ could say through the solitudes, I will never leave thee, I will never forsake ee." From that pillow of stone a ladder uld soar heavenward, angels coming and ing; and across the solitude and the barrenss would come the sweet notes of heavenly nstrelsy.

FAMOUS DEATH-BEDS.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in the or of a heathen temple, said: "Glory to ee, O God!" What did *dying Wilberforce* y to his wife? "Come and sit beside me, d let us talk of heaven. I never knew what ppiness was until I found Christ." What d dying *Hannah More* say? "To go to aven, think what that is! To go to Christ, o died that I might live! Oh, glorious grave! , what a glorious thing it is to die! Oh, the e of Christ, the love of Christ!" What did r. *Toplady*, the great hymn-maker, say in his t hour? "Who can measure the depth of the rd heaven? Oh, the sunshine that fills my ul! I shall soon be gone, for surely no one n live in this world after such glories as God s manifested to my soul."

What did the dying *Janeway* say? "I can easily die as close my eyes, or turn my head sleep. Before a few hours have passed I all stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred d forty and four thousand and with the just en made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches, d honor, and glory, and majesty, and domin- unto God and the Lamb." *Dr. Taylor*, conmned to burn at the stake, on his way thither oke away from the guardsmen and went unding and leaping and jumping toward the e, glad to go to Jesus and to die for Him. r *Charles Hare*, in last moment, had such oturous vision that he cried: "Upward, up- rd, upward!" And so great was the peace one of Christ's disciples that he put his gers upon the pulse in his wrist and counted and observed it; and so great was his placidity at after a while he said: "Stopped," and his e had ended here to begin in heaven. But nder than that was the testimony of the worn- t first missionary, when,

IN THE MAMARTINE DUNGEON,

cried: "I am now ready to be offered, and e time of my departure is at hand; I have ght the good fight, I have finished my urse, I have kept the faith; henceforth there aid up for me a crown of righteousness, which e Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in at day, and not to me only, but to all them at love His appearing!" Do you not see that rist is above all in dying alleviations?

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence are speeding. When I see the sunset I say,

"ONE DAY LESS TO LIVE."

hen I see the spring blossoms scattered, I say, Another season gone forever." When I close is Bible on Sabbath night, I say, "Another bbath departed." When I bury a friend, I say, "Another earthly attraction gone forever." What nimble feet the years have! The roebucks and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go at a bound. There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men are now living who will, with solemn tread, carry us to our resting-place. Ay, it is known in heaven whether our departure will be

A CORONATION OR A BANISHMENT.

Brighter than a banqueting hall through which the light feet of the dancers go up and down to the sound of trumpeters will be the sepulchre through whose rifts the holy light of heaven streameth. God will watch you. He will send His angels to guard your slumbering ground, until, at Christ s behest, they shall roll away the stone.

III. So also, Christ is

ABOVE ALL IN HEAVEN.

The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the thrones facing His throne, all the palms waved before His face, all the crowns down at His feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit shall recite the Saviour's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of His suffering. in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say: "This is Jesus for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say: "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and at Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say,

"THIS IS THE JESUS

who took us in His arms and blessed us, and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud, brought us into this beautiful place." The multitudes of the bereft will say: "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our heart broke." Many who wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say: "This is the Je-us who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and He brought us home. We were guilty, and He has made us white as snow. Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together into a great chorus, which shall make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation of gladness and peace and triumph.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed $160,000 to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. Quaint John Bunyan, of whom I spoke at the opening of the discourse, caught

A GLIMPSE OF THAT PLACE,

and in his quaint way he said: "And I heard in my dream, and lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy; and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them harps in their hands, to sing praises with all; and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them!"

AN INCIDENT OF THE McALL MISSION IN PARIS.

ONE evening I went to the meeting in the Rue de Rivoli, and found a large "queue" formed at the door waiting to go in, so I walked round the houses, and was accosted by three persons also waiting the opening of the doors. "*Oh, c'est Monsieur*," said one, "we have been looking for you, and had I known your address we should have come to see you." There was something so warm, so cordial in my reception, that it caused me to say, "I have not the pleasure of remembering you." "Oh," she said, "it was last Wednesday I resolved to be of your religion; since then I have been so happy, and I wanted to speak to you about it."

Let us give her own story as illustrating God's work. They had come from Monte Video, South America, to form in Paris a financial enterprise for that town, hoping to return before the winter. One evening they were walking about in the Square St. Jaques, when they made the acquaintance of

TWO CHRISTIAN GERMAN MAIDS,

who pressed them to come to the meeting. The husband yielded, saying, "It will pass an hour, let us go." They found it pleasant from its novelty; but the following evening the story of Christ's dying on the Cross was told; the hymns were all about His Cross. "I had never heard Jesus spoken about in this wise," she said; "my heart was touched, and I cried. So I got a Bible, and began to pray from my heart. Then on Wednesday I was thinking, Ought I to leave my religion? When I went to the meeting, and the address was on the text, 'How long halt ye between two opinions,' as the speaker proceeded, I could hesitate no longer. I resolved to serve God, and to trust alone in the sacrifice of Jesus and His mediation, and

THEN I WAS FILLED WITH JOY."

She began to weep. Her outward tears were a witness of her inward joy. She added: "We are on the eve of returning to America." We knelt down in their lodging to praise God that He had revealed in her His Son Jesus, and to pray that her husband might be made partaker of the same faith. Her progress has been rapid; and a few weeks afterward she expressed a wish to go to the Lord's table. I was surprised to find her views so clear, so spiritual—surely she was taught of the Spirit—and her German friend had helped her in the study of the Bible. On the first Sabbath in October she was received as a member of the Lutheran Church, Rue des Billettes. She soon became anxious for

THE SALVATION OF HER HUSBAND

—she wanted him to share her faith, to be a partaker of her joy; and God has given to her the desire of her heart. One Sunday she spoke at our fraternal meeting, giving public testimony to the great change wrought within her, and praising God for what He had done. At the close of the meeting she requested that prayer should be offered for herself and husband at the special service at the Oratoire at night.

At the close of the service she came to me with a face radiant, as I had seldom seen, with inward joy. Her husband was with her. "My husband is decided, he is convinced, he has given himself to the Saviour; is it not so, my friend?" To this appeal he answered, with quivering lips and moistened eyes, "Oh, yes! thank God!"

They still linger in Paris, tried, but filled with joy. "Our financial loss has been great," she said, "but no material loss can be compared with our spiritual gain; no sacrifice too great, in view of what we have found in Paris." So they will return to South America poorer in pocket, but rich in heart, for they have found what is more precious than rubies.

Christian Work in Spain is Making Encouraging progress. A new opening has presented itself in Pentevedra, through the efforts of a Christian couple who have gone there to labor on their own account. Gospels and tracts have been freely distributed, and some cottage meetings held, much desire being shown by the people to know the truth. A remarkable movement is taking place also among the children of the schools in Seville. They have formed themselves into a Children's Missionary Society, for the purpose of attracting to Christ the uncared-for children of the city.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Wild Bird on the Wing.—Mr. McKeith said, at a recent meeting: "The other day, when I was at the sea-side, I stood watching a wild sea-bird. It was far above the din and turmoil of this world; it was rapidly skimming through the clear air, resting on the wing. As I looked at it, I thought that bird is resting, yet working. What a picture is presented of what every child of God should be—resting on Him, yet working for Him, and keeping themselves above and unspotted from the world!"

A King's Enthusiasm for Africa.—Mr. Grattan Guinness says: "A wealthy European monarch has been fired with enthusiasm for Africa. When I visited King Leopold I asked him, 'What makes you so earnest about Africa?' I was touched with his reply. He said, 'You know God took away from me my son, my only son, and then He laid Africa upon my heart. I am not spending the revenue of Belgium on it, but my own private resources, and I have made arrangements that when I die this civilizing and evangelizing work in Africa shall still go on.' At the present time the king is expending $400,000 a year in Africa out of his private purse. Having lost his natural heir he has made Africa his heir."

Converted during a Holiday.—A Devoted worker in the Lord's service remarked: "A young Christian friend of mine and an unconverted companion went for a holiday to Campbelltown, in Scotland. As they were walking one Sunday they came to a turn in the road where there were many large projecting rocks. My friend's companion made the remark, 'Don't these rocks look awfully solemn?' By way of answer my friend began to sing, 'Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee,' etc. These few lines made mighty by the Holy Spirit were the means of that young man's conversion to Christ. My young friend had been praying for him for a long time, but he told me he little thought that God would answer his prayer in so marvellous and unexpected a way. 'Sow beside all waters.' No effort for God can be lost."

Quite Free from Trouble.—The Rev. Mr. Ross related: "A young girl was lately lying on her death-bed. She had been there for months, suffering great pain in every part of her body. Her minister came one day to see her, and said, 'Mary, I am very sorry to hear that you are suffering so much; what can I do to help you in your great trouble?' She looked smilingly up into his face and sweetly replied, 'I have no trouble, sir.' 'You have no trouble!' rejoined the minister. 'How is that? Your mother told me you were suffering in every part of your body—in your feet and hands, and that sometimes you had dreadful headaches.' 'So I have,' was the quiet reply, 'but I gave all my trouble to Jesus; He has it all, and I have none. Jesus says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." So I came to Him, and He has taken all my trouble and has given me perfect rest.' That dear young Christian girl has now entered upon the endless rest of heaven."

Brighter for the Furnace Heat.—"Some years ago Dr. Somerville asked me to accompany him on a visit to some poor families. About five o'clock in the evening we were very weary with our day's work, and I said: 'I think we will go home now.' 'No,' he replied, 'we will visit another family, where the peace of God reigns, before going home.' As we entered that quiet, peaceful-looking house I noticed a very delicate-looking young man of about seventeen years of age sitting at the side of the fireplace. His mother and he were the only inmates of that dwelling. The woman told us that in the space of fourteen months her husband and nine of her family had all been taken from her. She said: 'The dead body of my husband was brought home; then one after another of the dear children died, and I am just left with one;' and then she added, 'There is Johnny; he is the last of them, and he will very soon be taken from me, too.' Then looking up toward heaven, with an indescribably peaceful look on her face, she said, 'Not my will, but thine be done, O Lord.' God had truly put that woman through His own refining fire, and had brought her out bright and shining."

Destination of a Tin of Coffee.—Mr. Clyde recently related the following incident of the late Rev. James Scott, of Glasgow: "One night one of the members of the Christian Association called to see Mr. Scott. On entering the apartment where he was, he found him sitting in front of the fire with a very large tin of coffee before him. After talking on different subjects for awhile, the gentleman asked, 'What are you going to do with all that coffee?' 'If you will come with me, I will let you see,' was the reply. The gentleman, with some curiosity, followed Mr. Scott out of the house. He led the way to a brick-kiln, where a group of wretched men and boys were gathered, who seemed to know Mr. Scott very well, and were evidently expecting him. It came out that it had been habitual with Mr. Scott for a long time to make coffee, and with his own hands carry it to these destitute men; and while they were drinking it he had an opportunity of speaking to them of their souls' welfare, and in this way that faithful servant of God led many of the men to Christ."

Mr. George Muller, of Bristol, Relates the following: "A boy, when he entered his first place of employment, made an engagement with his employer that he was to be in his place at nine o'clock in the morning. For a while the boy was always to be found at his post at the appointed hour, but he began to notice that his employer did not come in until a quarter to ten, and he thought it would not matter if he did not come in until ten minutes past nine, for his employer would never know. He got on very well for a time, but at length he began to grow very miserable. He had a feeling that he was cheating his employer, consequently he was unhappy; he felt he had lost his faithfulness, and made up his mind to go in at the hour appointed, and when he did so his peace and joy returned, because he was conscious that he was doing right. It is the same with Christians in their daily life. As long as they are obeying God's commandments they are happy, but whenever they break one of them they become miserable. Want of faithfulness in the most trivial things often breaks our peace, and stops communion with God."

All Alone with a Lot of Serpents.—Mr. Walter Severn, while on a visit to a friend, received a fright. "While looking at some small pictures hanging on the wall I noticed a red blanket protruding from a hole in the wainscoting near the mantel-piece. In reply to my inquiry as to what this meant, my host said, 'Oh, that is where we keep our snakes; are you afraid of snakes?' Before I could stammer out a reply, and while I was trying to steady my nerves, he thrust in his arm, and pulled out with the blanket a lot of serpents, which tumbled on to the ground and the table. Another dive brought out the rest of the blanket, and with it two large snakes, which he informed me were special favorites—a python and a boa constrictor. These at once coiled themselves all round my host's body, in and out of his arms, and about his neck. I tried to retreat, but he assured me, in winning accents and soft words, that the 'dear things' were quite tame. Suddenly my eccentric host called out that we must really fetch down his wife, and shovelling off the two monsters on to the floor he darted from the room, closing the door behind him. I leave you to imagine my feelings! I experienced a creepy sensation in my hair, and strange feelings of fascination, faintness, and fear stole over me as I stood rooted to the floor, afraid even to look round at my possible window escape. The two huge monsters crawled stealthily up the sofa, and kept stretching out their necks to gaze at me, their forked tongues jerking in and out, and their eyes staring with what seemed to me a devilish inquisitiveness. It natural that a man alone and unarmed with s pents should experience fear; but how ma there are who revel fearlessly in the midst sins, the dire brood and offspring of 'that gr serpent, the devil.'"

PROPHETIC SIGNS OF THE LAST DAYS.

Notes of a Conference on Unfulfilled Prophe Last Month at Clifton, England.

THE *Rev. Talbot Greaves*, in introducing t topic for the day—The Prophetic Signs of Last Days—said: "One great difficulty me us on the very threshold of this most interesti subject—the actual period of time intended the terms, 'the last days,' 'the latter day,' end of the days,' or the more simple and sole 'the end.' The Scriptures abound in pred tions of the signs of this period, and it is o by a careful examination of the context that can fix the exact period intended." The speal then proceeded to examine certain passag with the object of seeing whether they had b fulfilled or are still to be fulfilled. Among th passages were Genesis 49; Job 19 : 25; Isa 2 : 2–4; Daniel 8 : 17–26; 11 : 6–35; Ho 3 : 3–15. Turning to the New Testament, referred to Matt. 24 : 3, 6, 13, 14; 28 : " I am with you even to the end of the world Acts 2 : 17; Heb. 1 : 2; 1 John 2 : 18; 1 Pe 1 : 5.

In proceeding, he said: "We are prepared expect that the predictions should be more less descriptive of the whole period, so t there has never been a century since Christ ca when students of prophecy have not seen predicted signs of the close of the dispensat gathering round. For centuries there h been early developments of most of those f ures which we now regard as signs of the proaching end of the age, such as Romani Infidelity, and Lawlessness." The number PREDICTIONS UNFULFILLED is becoming very small indeed, and to speaker this seeming exhaustion alike of pro ecy and the resources of the future procla most conclusively the nearness of the end. world of science seems almost to have reac its limit of discovery. How much further ca penetrate beyond electricity, beyond magn ism, and beyond chemical affinity, the telepho the telegraph, photography, and the wonder light? Does it not seem that the human m must soon reach its boundary line, "and t shall the end come?"

There are predictions which are now be fulfilled for the first time; such, for instance those which foretell the decay of the temp power of the Papacy and of Mohammedani the rapid diffusion of knowledge, the methods of which seem given in Daniel 12 the extension of missions, the startling vividn with which Peter's prophecy classifies the pe iar FEATURES OF MODERN SCEPTICISM, giving as its very argument the words, "*W is the sign?*" drawn from the stability of nat the widespread defection from the truth am religious professors, and teaching so subtle the Lord declares that if it were possibl should deceive the very elect. Such teachin going on all around us, not in this commun and in that, but in every section of the vis Church. While there is much ground for gratulation in the character of the times in wh we live, with many changes which are for better and not for the worse—while there i unwise propensity to magnify the evils of present and the benefits of the past, a deepe sight beneath the gilded surface discloses ments of action and mischief which may create grave misgivings. The SHADOWS OF COMING PERIL are portentous and imminent. Eighteen ce ries have passed since, looking forward from days to the last days of the Church, Paul the expressive warning that the times thro which they had to pass would be stormy

full of danger to their faith, stability, and comfort. "*Know* this," said the apostle, and we must *know*. It is not enough to be assured of safety in Christ. We must know our position, duty, difficulties and prospects as to the Church and the world, the dangers against which we are called to watch, the conflicts which lie before us, and, like the tribe of Issachar, we must understand the times and know what Israel ought to do.

JEWS IN JERUSALEM.

The Rev. A. Hastings Kelk, Incumbent of Christ Church, *Jerusalem*, said he had often heard of these Prophetic Conferences, but had never been able to attend one until that day. In the course of his address he referred to the number of Jews who are in Jerusalem at the present time, as being far greater than formerly. He said Bible-readers could not doubt that it was the intention of God to bring back His people to dwell in their own land, to erect their temple, and to carry on their temple services. That restoration, the speaker continued, will for a time be anything but a blessing to the world; but it is one of those things which God has said He will certainly perform. But in asking the question, "Watchman, what of the night?" this certainly should not be left out. It was only about three years ago that accounts reached England of

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE JEWS

in Russia, and from that time till now God has been making the way for the fulfilment of His Word, and has sent back into Palestine very large numbers of His ancient people. There was in Palestine now almost exactly the same number as under the restoration of Ezra and Nehemiah. Some few years ago there were not half so many. This was just an indication of the way in which God is working. At the same time he wished it to be clearly understood that he was not himself laying down a rule by which God will work, but simply stating what He is doing. It appeared to him, however, that there was in this an indication that we are

LIVING IN THE LAST DAYS.

There are now in Jerusalem a number of people who have introduced strange doctrines which are permeating the ranks of Jews and Christians. These people have taken up with some very strange notions, reminding one of the words "*seducing spirits*." They say that all will be saved—even the great Adversary himself; they say that Christ has come already and is with them. They have lately gone so far as to cast away the marriage tie; they say there is no reason to receive the Spirit, and some of them seemed to desire to live much as did the Oneida Community in America. He referred to these things because they seemed so aptly to belong to those "last days," of which the inspired apostle had testified. It would be remembered that in the description of this period it was stated that there would be such plausible signs that, it if were possible, even the very elect would be deceived. Meanwhile they were earnestly looking forward to that great Pole Star of the Church, the Coming of the Lord, for He would be the great joy of the believing heart.

The Rev. James Ormiston read Matt. 24; II Pet. 3. He remarked that the "scoffer" of these last days well represented the scoffer of the apostle's time, who said, "All things continue as they were." This is precisely what the Lord says. The world will go on ripening for the judgment, and as a thief breaking into a house, so the Lord will come.

OUR ATTITUDE,

therefore, should be precisely that of Noah in the presence of the forthcoming judgment on the world when it was doomed to destruction by water. As it was in the days of Noah, *so shall it be* in the days of the Son of Man; and the world will be found ignorantly walking on to face the coming judgment. The line which Noah pursued is plainly set forth (Heb. 11 : 7). And this is exactly our attitude.

God's Church is called to the very definite and the very thorough walk of faith. Two words are frequently used to-day—grace and judgment; and these two words represent the testimony which God requires of His Church in this awful crisis. I would express my fear that we have not preached the *second* of these two facts with sufficient force. It is a blessed thing to preach grace; there is a holy luxury in it, but there is that other aspect set before us in divine revelation to which we should not dare to be blind.

THE PERILS OF THE TIMES.

Rev. W. Frith said: "There are three things on which we are all agreed; that we are firm believers in the personal pre-millennial coming of our blessed Redeemer; that that Redeemer is the Bridegroom of the Church, and that the Church is the Bride of the Bridegroom. These three truths, if we will consider them, form a foundation for practical thinking on our attitude. There is a general belief that these are the last days, but what influence is this belief exercising upon Christian professors generally? To-day we are not in danger of the perils to which our forefathers were exposed, and to all the perils which they had to face in earlier times, and in meeting which they were faithful even unto death. But to-day we have

VERY REAL PERIL.

We are in danger of being drawn aside from the direct line of Christian duty, and there is a call upon us to make our charity very elastic. Now you may make that charity as elastic as you please, but remember *there is but one line, and there is but one Book*. We must have fidelity to God. If we are faithful to Him we shall not be found in many of the societies in which Christian professors are sometimes found—in parties, for example, where it would be sheer mockery to close with prayer after the manner in which the evening has been spent."

A MOTHER'S JOURNEY OVER A MOUNTAIN.

By Mr. W. Y. Fullerton, Mr. Spurgeon's Evangelist.

An elderly woman stood on the threshold of a happy-looking home, bidding good-by to her daughter, who every moment expected her husband to return from his toil. The day had been bleak and cold, and as she had some miles to go to the little cottage where she lived a quiet life at the hillside, she left before the darkness of night grew down. And the darkness came very soon that evening; the clouds shrouded the sky, and everything betokened the fall of a heavy snowstorm.

"I must hasten home for fear of the snow," might well be imagined to have been the words of that mother, as, after a prolonged stay with her married daughter, she bade her "Farewell," and with quick step turned homeward. The snowstorm began, and heaven's downy feathers kissed her cheek as they fell to earth. Thicker and faster the cloud descended, and the breeze became fresher, until, with eyes blinded by the whirl, she was barely able to guess her way along the path, which was now entirely covered with the white mantle. But it was no new thing for her to travel along that mountain-side; home was near, and the spot was well known. Even if she missed the path she would be sure to arrive in safety.

In the morning, after a somewhat restless night, the daughter looked out of the window, and through the still-descending snow saw that

AN AWFUL TEMPEST HAD RAGED

during the hours of darkness. The snow was many inches thick, and the drift deeper on exposed places. Surprise at the sudden downfall soon yielded to fear, as she remembered that the storm began before her mother could possibly have been half way home. Not that she doubted for her mother's safety, but a strange misgiving took hold of her, and she would not be satisfied unless her husband promised to go with some others and see whether all was well.

It was not an easy task to go over the hill on such a day; but as the sun rose higher the storm lulled a little, and they started on their journey. Arriving safely at the cottage where the mother lived, they entered, as was their custom, by the back door, which generally remained unfastened. No warm welcome awaited them, nor signs of life to cheer. The fire in the grate was set ready for lighting, and if the mother was at home, surely she would have lighted it on such a day! Perhaps she is up-stairs, hope suggested; but after a strict search, both up and down, their worst fears were proved to be well founded, and they came to the melancholy conclusion that

SHE HAD NEVER REACHED HOME.

What was to be done? A last lingering ray of light lay in the suggestion that perhaps she had taken refuge in a house by the wayside, and was remaining there until the storm should be past. At any rate, a search must be started, and accordingly a party of volunteers was found who sallied forth on their mission of mercy. A call at the farm-house by the way dispelled their last shred of hope. The task of searching became difficult, for the storm now raged with increased violence, but the brave men toiled on. Over the main road they trudged, and then through every lane and by-path into which the poor lost one might have wandered; until, as the early darkness of another evening was drawing thickly down, they once more found themselves at the cottage, dispirited at their want of success, and because of the conviction, which was now a certainty, that

THE WOMAN WAS LOST.

Still they were bewildered, and wondered that after such a careful search they had not found the body.

The snow still whirled and danced in the air, and as they, with cheerless hearts, looked out of the windows, the glee of the laughing, fleecy flakes contrasted strangely with their own sad hearts. They talked of giving up the search in despair, and returning home before nightfall. As there was no further hope of success until the storm abated, this plan was immediately agreed upon, and they separated with sorrowful hearts and silent voices.

But going home they found her! Found her stiff and cold and frozen! Found her in a place where they had not dreamed of looking before! And the whole story was clear now!

She had wandered on, blinded by the snow; she had missed her way, had been bewildered as to her whereabouts, and, wearied by frequent unsuccessful attempts to find her dwelling, she had sunk down to sleep; and that long snow-sleep was her last on earth; it ended, as snow-sleeps always do—in death.

Had she but known; oh, that was the sad part of it! Had she but known how near she was to home! So near that a few steps more would have brought her to it. But she did not know of the shelter so close at hand; she had laid herself down, or fallen exhausted, where she was found, her head resting

ON HER OWN DOORSTEP.

The searchers had hitherto entered by the rear of the house; but now, as they passed out of the front, the awful truth was told, that the threshold of her own cottage was to her the threshold of eternity.

It was doubly sad! To be lost anywhere was sorrow enough; but the grief would not have been half so great if the mountain-side had been the cold couch whereon she had breathed her last. To be so near home, and yet homeless! So near safety, and yet unsaved! So near the door of hope, and yet to perish outside! This added new pangs of regret, touched the stoutest heart, and made eyes most unused to tears moist with weeping.

A storm is gathering—already the sky is overcast, and threatenings of judgment fill the air. Oh, be wise! Do not dally or delay. Enter through this open door which God sets before you in the Gospel, and which is Christ Himself; lest, haply, when the storm shall come *suddenly*, you may be found, discomfited and dismayed, dead on the doorstep of glory.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Official Count in New York State of the Presidential vote was not concluded until last Saturday. Both parties had experienced lawyers watching the count, but the figures previously given were not materially changed. Governor Cleveland's plurality in the State is now stated at 1105. That plurality gives him New York's thirty-six votes in the Electoral College, and decides the election. The total vote cast for him in the State was 563,103, an increase over the votes cast for the Democratic candidate in 1880 of 28,592. The total vote in the State for Mr. Blaine was 561,998, an increase over the vote of 1880 for Garfield of 6454. The Prohibition vote of the State for Neal Dow in that year stood at *the ridiculous figure* of 1517 ; this year 25,178 votes were cast for St. John. A comparison of these figures should convince Prohibitionists of the advantage of selecting a Candidate of sense and good character who has something to recommend him beside zeal for Prohibition. Butler's vote in the State was 16,988. Cleveland will have a majority of thirty-seven in the Electoral College, and it seems probable that he will have a plurality on popular vote in the whole country of 93,938.

Mr. St. John Indignantly and Emphatically denies the charges made against him in the New York *Tribune*. It would be unnecessary to contradict statements made in that journal alone, but the charges were in this case copied by reputable newspapers in other parts of the country. It is well, therefore, that St. John's denial should be widely published. He states that his divorced wife married shortly after the divorce, and lived with her second husband twelve or fifteen years—in fact, until she died. St. John says of his son : "The boy was educated by me, studied law with me, and has always been helped by me when he needed it, and holds a position in Washington at a salary of $3000 per year, which I procured for him. *He* is very indignant over the infamous lies. He will be at home (my house) this week."

A Monument in Memory of the Battle of Monmouth was unveiled at Freehold, N. J., on November 13th, with imposing ceremonies. The monument is a slender granite shaft 100 feet high. It can be seen for a great distance on every side. It cost $40,000, of which $20,000 was an appropriation by the United States. The first move toward its erection was under the administration of Governor Joel Parker, in 1877. The corner-stone was laid in 1878. The shaft stands on a mound in the public park which was the site of the battle. The base is in the form of an equilateral triangle, with a cannon at each corner. Three spurs of granite form the base of the shaft, on which are five bas-reliefs illustrating important features of the battle fought June 28th, 1778, between the American army under Washington, and the British forces commanded by Clinton. Above them are the coats-of-arms of the original thirteen States. Rising above these is the staff proper, surmounted by the statue of Columbia triumphant. The first bas-relief represents Lieutenant Colonel Nathaniel Ramsey, of Maryland, in his heroic effort to rally his troops, until the main army could come to his support. The second shows Washington in the act of bringing the troops again to the front after General Lee's unaccountable order to retreat. Molly Pitcher is shown in the third, with her husband lying dead at her feet, and General Knox at her side is ramming home a charge in the gun her husband died in defending. The fourth relief represents the Council of War at Hopewell, which as yet is unfinished, as is also the fifth, which will represent "Mad Anthony" Wayne's charge at the close of the battle. The monument is constructed of New England granite. Governor Abbett, on behalf of the State, accepted the monument in a graceful speech.

A Further Decrease in Immigration is Shown by the Government returns issued last week. During the month of October the arrivals numbered 36,441, which is less than the number landed in the same month of last year by 12,424. The arrivals during the ten months ended October 31st was 414,324, as against 501,037 during the same period of the preceding year. Of the immigrants arrived during the first ten months of the present year 47,751 were from England and Wales, 54,897 from Ireland, 7884 from Scotland, 11,605 from Austria, 141,684 from Germany, 12,252 from Italy, 13,125 from Norway, 22,455 from Sweden, 40,681 from Canada, and 61,989 from all other countries. The decrease in immigration was from England and Wales, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Italy, Norway, Sweden and Canada, and the increase from other countries.

Two Mormons have now been Convicted of polygamy, and one has been sentenced to fine and imprisonment under the Edmunds law. His name is Rudger Clawson, and he is a son of "Bishop" H. G. Clawson, of the Mormon Church. This is his second trial. At the first trial the jury disagreed. No polygamists were allowed on the jury the second time. All the witnesses were Mormons. The officers of the Mormon Church when on the witness-stand skilfully parried the cross-examination, and professed to have bad memories. A young man, the son of the Utah Congressional delegate, swore that he had heard the defendant admit that he had married a second wife. The second wife was also a witness, but refused to testify at first. After being imprisoned for contumacy she acknowledged the marriage. Clawson declared that he regarded the laws of his church as above the law of the country, and when the two came in conflict he believed it his duty to obey the former. Evidently the end of the Mormon problem is not yet.

Precautions against Cholera are Recommended in a circular issued by the National Board of Health to the governors of all the States. Secretary McCulloch also has continued the embargo on rags, which was to expire on December 1st. The National Board of Health calls attention to the fact that the disease has been steadily working westward for two years, and our extensive intercourse with other countries precludes the hope of our escaping the epidemic. It urges the governors, "in view of the imminent danger which threatens our people, and the responsibilities resting upon the rulers and all in high official station, to call the attention of the Legislature to the subject, and to urge the necessity of appropriate legislation for providing the means whereby the most thorough sanitary service, State and local, may be immediately organized." If this is done, the Board hopes that if we do not wholly escape the dread disease its ravages may be limited to the places where it first makes its appearance.

The Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, President Arthur's Secretary of State, has been elected President of the American Bible Society in place of the late Dr. S. Wells Williams. The election was unanimous. It is an interesting circumstance that Mr. Frelinghuysen's uncle, the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, who adopted the present Secretary of State as his son, also held the office of President of the Bible Society, and a full-length portrait of him hangs in the managers' room. There is nothing incongruous in this selection. Mr. Frelinghuysen has for many years taken a deep interest in Christian work, especially that of the Bible Society, and he has frequently spoken at its public meetings. He is a member of the Reformed (Dutch) Church.

The Centennial Anniversary of the Consecration of Bishop Seabury, the first bishop of the American Protestant Episcopal Church, was celebrated at Trinity Church, New York, on November 14th. Dr. Samuel Seabury was consecrated in Aberdeen, Scotland, on November 14th, 1774, by Scottish bishops, after vainly endeavoring to secure bishop's orders from the Primate of the English Church. Trinity Church was decorated on Friday for the centennial service. Assistant Bishop Potter took part in the service, and Dr. Morgan Dix preached a sermon, in the course of which he dwelt on the goodness of the Scotch bishops and their courage in braving ecclesiastical penalties which might have been enforced for their act of consecration. He then briefly sketched the history and progress of the American Church.

Five Missionaries for the Congo Sailed from New York on Saturday last in the Britannic. Ordination and farewell services were held in the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle, on November 11th, when each of the missionaries delivered an address. Mr. John A. Condit, one of them, is a young American who was converted at McAuley's Thirty-second Street Mission. He gave an interesting account of the manner in which his attention had been directed to the work by Stanley's description of Central Africa and the need of missionaries there. Mr. Condit spoke hopefully of his own and his companions' plans for self-support while carrying the Gospel to the heart of this almost unknown land. His companions are Messrs. William Pierson, a negro ; William Quayle, who was converted in the Thirtieth Street Gospel tent, and who is an Englishman and has been a sailor in the British Navy ; J. W. Jansen, a Norwegian, who was converted in Bethel Mariners' Mission, and who has already been on the coast of Africa, and F. M. Garrish. The Rev. A. B. Simpson, pastor of the Tabernacle, gave an interesting account of the financial affairs of the enterprise. Among other details he mentioned that part of the expenses of sending out these missionaries had been realized through the kindness of a Christian lady, who had *given her diamonds* to be sold. The missionaries intend going to Cabendia, about one hundred miles north of the route of Bishop Taylor's party, and remaining there a year and building a station, after which they hope to be re-enforced by new workers, and will proceed farther into the interior.

"Thy Healer, God's Dealings with Soul and Body," edited by Mrs. M. Baxter. A magazine devoted to the subject of faith-healing. It contains incidents of faith-healing reported from Bethshan, the London faith-healing institution, and other similar institutions in Europe, and articles by eminent writers on the subject. It is issued in London on the first and fifteenth of each month. *Mrs. Baxter desires us to make the following announcement* in reference to the magazine :

"Arrangements are made by which copies may be sent to subscribers direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Single copies, 2 cents ; with postage, 3 cents. Yearly subscription (24 *numbers*), 75 cents. Subscribers are requested to send subscriptions for 1885 to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, 63 Bible House, New York by December 1st, with name and address clearly written."

Any orders and subscriptions so received will be duly forwarded, but time would be saved by sending them direct to Mrs. M. Baxter 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England.

The Deaths from Cholera in Paris Last Week showed a slight decrease, which was attributed to the colder weather. The daily record sank to seventy-five toward the end of the week. Three days before it stood at ninety-eight. Considerable alarm prevails, especially among visitors. Many people have already left the city in the hope of getting beyond the fatal influence of the disease. Latterly the exodus has been increasing, and a continuous string of vehicles can now be seen in the streets leading to the various railway stations, filled with people eager to get at a safe distance from the city. The government is actively endeavoring to check the progress of the epidemic. Efforts are being made to put the slums in a better sanitary condition by flushing them with water and carbolic acid. Three cases of cholera have occurred at the police depot in the prefecture. The conditions are such there that it is feared the disease will make rapid headway. The depot contains prisoners who are awaiting trial or who have already been sentenced and have not yet been sent away to their place of punishment. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* describes the rooms in which the prisoners are huddled together pell-mell as nauseous holes, into which scarcely a ray of daylight can penetrate. "They are extremely filthy, and reek with the foulest and most noisome odors. The bed linen, such as it is, is seldom cleaned. These disgraceful quarters are now being surprised with a thorough cleansing and disinfection."

The Prospects of a Compromise between the two Houses of the British Parliament have received a check. An election held last week of a successor to the Hon. Gilbert C. Leigh, M. P., who was killed while hunting in America, has resulted in the election of a Conservative by a large majority. This result has been regarded by the House of Lords as an expression of public opinion, and has made them less inclined to comply with the demand of the Commons. There is really very little in the election to encourage them. The constituency Mr. Leigh represented has nearly always been represented by Conservatives. Mr. Leigh carried it in the Liberal interest, not because he was a Liberal, but because he was the eldest son of a popular landowner. The new member is a popular banker. He was elected chiefly because he promised the voters to support a proposal for imposing a duty on imports of corn and wheat from America. He is not likely to redeem his promise, as the leader of his party in the House of Commons is Sir Stafford Northcote, as firm a believer in free trade as is Mr. Gladstone. The election, however, has caused the Lords to believe that the people are with them in the struggle, and has encouraged them to persist. It is expected now that the Parliament will be dissolved and a general election held at an early date.

A Letter from Gen. Gordon, Dated Khartoum, November 4th, has been received by General Wolseley. There appears, however, to be some doubt about its being genuine. It is supposed that, if genuine, the date should be October 4th. The letter represents General Gordon as still able to hold out against the Mahdi. It also stated that the steamer which bore Colonels Stewart and Power and M. Herbin and some Greeks left Khartoum September 10th. Messrs. Hansel and Leonides are safe at Khartoum. General Gordon had received letters through Major Kitchener from his sister, from Sir Samuel Baker, and from Mr. Henry M. Stanley. General Gordon expresses regret at the wreck of the steamer which he had sent down the river to Dongola, and speaks with sorrow of the massacre. He is delighted, however, to hear of the British advance up the Nile, and hopes to be able to maintain his hold at Khartoum until the arrival of the relief expedition. He says he continues to harass the Mahdi with steamers whenever he attempts to approach Khartoum. The Mahdi is himself encamped only one day's march from Khartoum. The expedition is still trying to force its way up the Nile, though difficulties increase. It is stated now that the expedition will cost sixty-five million dollars.

Riots and Religious Outrages in China are reported by the steamer City of Rio Janeiro, which arrived at San Francisco from Hong Kong on November 10th. It brings news that Chinese mobs have attacked persons and places of Christian worship at Canton and interior points. In the province of Kwang-Tung alone four Roman Catholic and five Protestant churches have been destroyed, one hundred and twenty houses of resident Christians looted and their occupants driven away. At Nam-hoi three Catholic chapels were pillaged, as were also the houses of converts. The priests and the converts were beaten and the females outraged. At Shi-hung the Protestant Episcopal Church chapel was destroyed. The Chinese tore the clothing from the preacher's wife, and treated her shamefully. At Chant-sung the Wesleyan chapel was destroyed. Christians are fleeing from the Province of Hong Kong. The Chinese gave them the alternative of sacrificing to the idols or leaving their homes. They preferred the latter, but while leaving many of the women were caught and outraged. The authorities of twelve Cantonese villages have issued notices that all Christians must leave. Fifteen churches in those villages have already been destroyed and several stores looted. Many persons are homeless. Although the attention of the Chinese Government has been called to these barbarous acts, no action has been taken to prevent them or to punish the perpetrators. The Chinese do not discriminate among foreigners; they regard the French and English and Americans alike as their enemies.

France and China Continue in the Same Unsatisfactory relations as last week. With respect to the rumored mediation of England there is no hopeful progress. At a dinner given by the Lord Mayor of London to the Cabinet, Earl Granville, the Secretary of State, said that although both France and China at different times were willing to accept the mediations of England, they had not been simultaneous in their propositions. He expressed the hope that in the event of failure to secure the mediation of England, those countries would find some neutral Power to intervene. In referring to the conference at Berlin upon matters pertaining to the Congo country, Earl Granville said that the Government of England entertained no jealousy of Germany's scheme of colonizing in that country, especially if it is accompanied by freedom of navigation and commerce.

The Congo Conference in Berlin was Opened on November 15th. The first session was only formal. Only the plenipotentiaries representing their various nations were present. Their assistants were required to consider and deliver their opinions upon special cases. Only two of the delegates have ever been in Africa. There was a conference between Baron de Courcel, the French Ambassador, and Prince Bismarck the day before. It is believed that the principal topic discussed was the programme to be followed in the Congo Conference. Prince Bismarck sent a brief circular letter of invitation to the different members of the Conference. It is reported that Portugal has instructed her delegate to withdraw from the Conference if Portugal's rights in the Congo country are not recognized.

A Stately Service, in which Twenty Bishops participated, was held in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on November 14th, to commemorate the consecration of Bishop Seabury one hundred years ago. Although the prelates of the English Church refused to consecrate an American bishop a century ago, and Dr. Seabury had to go to Scotland for consecration, there was no lack of cordiality in the celebration. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate of all England, preached the sermon, and six bishops administered the communion. The Archbishop expressed the deep interest of the English Church in "the American brethren."

A SUMMARY OF EXPERIENCE AND A BODY OF DIVINITY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For they themselves show of us what manner of entering in we had unto you, and how ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for His Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come."—I THESSALONIANS I: 9, 10.

Remarkable Conversions — Practical Atheism Abroad—Negative and Positive Results—The Converts and the Preachers Mixed up—A Pregnant Passage—I. A Summary of Experience—The Entering in of the Word—Its Successive Stages — Conversion a Turning — Modern Idols—Service the Next Stage—Waiting for Christ's Return—A Certainty—Probably Near —II. A Body of Divinity—The Doctrines in the Text—Christ's Nearing Advent—The Assurance.

IN Thessalonica the conversions to the faith were remarkable. Paul came there without prestige, without friends, when he was in the very lowest condition; for he had just been beaten and imprisoned at Philippi, and had fled from that city. Yet it mattered not in what condition the ambassador might be; God, who worketh mighty things by weak instruments, blessed the word of His servant Paul. No doubt when the apostle went into the synagogue to address his own countrymen he had great hopes that, by reasoning with them out of their own Scriptures, he might convince them that Jesus was the Christ. Paul must have felt disappointed with his own countrymen; indeed, he had often cause to do so. His heart was affectionately warm toward them, but their hearts were very bitter toward him, reckoning him to be a pervert and an apostate. But if he seemed to fail with the Jews, it is evident that he was abundantly successful with the Gentiles. These turned from their idols to serve the living God, and their turning was so remarkable that the Jews charged Paul and Silas with turning the world upside down.

In those days there was a good deal of

PRACTICAL ATHEISM

abroad, and therefore the wonder was not so much that men left their idols, as that they turned unto the living God. It became a matter of talk all over the city, and the Jews in their violence helped to make the matter more notorious; for the mobs in the street and the attack upon the house of Jason all stirred the thousand tongues of rumor. Everybody spoke of the sudden appearance of three poor Jews, of their remarkable teaching in the synagogue, and of the conversion of a great multitude of devout Greeks, and of the chief women not a few. It was no small thing that so many had come straight away from the worship of Jupiter and Mercury to worship the unknown God, who could not be seen, nor imaged; and to enter the kingdom of one Jesus who had been crucified. It set all Macedonia and Achaia wondering; and as with a trumpet-blast it aroused all the dwellers in those regions. Every ship that sailed from Thessalonica carried the news of the strange ferment which was

MOVING THE CITY;

men were caring for religion, and were quitting old beliefs for a new and better faith. Thessalonica, situated on one of the great Roman roads, the centre of a large trade, thus became a centre for the Gospel.

Wherever there are true conversions there will be more or less of this kind of sounding forth of the Gospel. It was especially so at Thessalonica; but it is truly so in every church where the Spirit of God is uplifting men from the dregs of evil, delivering them from drunkenness, and dishonesty, and uncleanness, and worldliness, and making them to become holy and earnest in the cause of the great Lord. There is sure to be a talk when grace triumphs. This talk is a great aid to the Gospel; it is no small thing that men should have their attention attracted to it by its effects; for it is both natural and just that thoughtful men should judge of

doctrines by their results; and if the most beneficial results follow from the preaching of the Word, prejudice is disarmed, and the most violent objectors are silenced.

You will notice that in this general talk

THE CONVERTS AND THE PREACHERS

were greatly mixed up: "For they themselves show of us what manner of entering in we had unto you." I do not know that it is possible for the preacher to keep himself distinct from those who profess to be converted by him. He is gladly one with them in love to their souls, but he would have it remembered that he cannot be responsible for all their actions. Those who profess to have been converted under any ministry have it in their power to damage that ministry far more than any adversaries can do. Members of churches, will you kindly think of this? Your ministers share the blame of your ill conduct if ever you disgrace yourselves. I feel sure that none of you wish to bring shame and trouble upon your pastors, however careless you may be about your own reputations.

Quitting this line of thought, I would observe that these two verses struck me as being singularly full.

OCEANS OF TEACHING

are to be found in them. A father of the church in the first ages was wont to cry, "I adore the infinity of Holy Scripture." That remark constantly rises from my lips when I am studying the sacred Word. This book is more than a book—it is the mother of books, a mine of truth, a mountain of meaning. It was an ill-advised opinion which is imputed to the Mohammedans at the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, when they argued that everything that was good in it was already in the Koran, and therefore it might well be destroyed. Yet it is true with regard to the inspired Word of God, that it contains everything which appertains to eternal life. It is a revelation of which no man can take the measure, it compasses heaven and earth, time and eternity. The best evidence of its being written by an Infinite mind is its own infinity. Within a few of its words there lie hidden immeasurable meanings, even as perfume enough to sweeten leagues of space may be condensed into a few drops of otto of roses.

I. The first part of the text contains

A SUMMARY OF EXPERIENCE:

"What manner of entering in we had unto you, and how ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven." Here we have in miniature the biography of a Christian man.

It begins, first, with *the entering in of the word*—"What manner of entering in we had unto you." When we preach the word you listen, and, so far, the word is received. This is a very hopeful circumstance. Still, the hearing with the outward ear is comparatively a small matter; or, at least, only great because of what may follow from it. The preacher feels even with some who listen with attention that he is outside the door; he is knocking, and he hopes that he is heard within; but the truth is not yet received, the door remains shut, an entrance is not granted, and in no case can he be content to speak with the person outside the door; he desires an entrance for the Word. All is fruitless until Christ entereth into the heart.

I have seen the following: the door has been a little opened, and the man inside has come to look at the messenger, and more distinctly to hear what he may have to say; but he has taken care to put the door on the chain, or hold it with his hand, for he is not yet ready to admit the guest who is so desirous of entertainment. The King's messenger has sometimes tried to put his foot within when the door has stood a little open, but he has not always been successful, and has not even escaped from a painful hurt when the door has been forced back with angry violence. We have called again and again with our message, but we have been as men who besieged a walled city, and were driven from the gates; yet we had our reward, for when the Holy Spirit moved the hard heart the city gates have opened of their own accord, and we have been received joyfully.

The truth has its own

WAYS OF ENTRANCE;

but in general it first affects the understanding. The man says, "I see it; I see how God is just, and yet the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. I see sin laid on Christ that it may not be laid on me, and I perceive that if I believe in Jesus Christ my sins are put away by His atonement." To many all that is wanted is that they should understand this fundamental truth; for their minds are prepared of God to receive it.

Then it usually commences to work upon the conscience, conscience being the understanding exercised upon moral truth. The man sees himself a sinner, discovering guilt that he was not aware of; and he is thus made ready to receive Christ's pardoning grace. He sees that to have lived without thinking of God, without loving God, without serving God was a great and grievous crime; he feels the offensiveness of this neglect. He trembles; he consents unto the law that it is good, and he allows that, if the law condemns him, he is worthy to be condemned.

When it has thus entered into the understanding and affected the conscience, the Word of God usually

AROUSES THE EMOTIONS.

Fear is awakened, and hope is excited. The man begins to feel as he never felt before. He finds himself suddenly dissolved, where aforetime he was hard as adamant; for the word is entering into him, and exercising its softening power.

By and by the entrance is complete; for the truth carries the central castle of Mansoul, and captures his heart. He who once hated the Gospel now loves it. At first he loves it, hoping that it may be his, though fearing the reverse; yet owning that if it brought no blessing to himself, yet it was a lovable and desirable thing. By and by the man ventures to grasp it, encouraged by the word that bids him lay hold on eternal life.

What comes next? Well,

THE SECOND STAGE

is conversion. "They themselves show of us what manner of entering in we had unto you, and how *ye turned* from idols to serve the living and true God." There came a turning, a decided turning. The man has come so far in carelessness, so far in sin and unbelief; but now he pauses, and he deliberately turns round, and faces in that direction to which hitherto he had turned his back. Conversion is the turning of a man completely round, to hate what he loved and to love what he hated. Conversion is to turn to God decidedly and distinctly by an act and deed of the mind and will. In some senses we are *turned*; but in others, like these Thessalonians, we *turn*.

These Thessalonians turned from their idols. Do you tell me that

YOU HAVE NO IDOLS?

Think again, and you will not be quite so sure. The streets of London are full of fetich worship, and almost every dwelling is a joss-house crammed with idols. Why, multitudes of men are worshipping not calves of gold, but gold in a more portable shape. Small circular idols of gold and silver are much sought after. They are very devoutly worshipped by some, and great things are said concerning their power. I have heard the epithet of "almighty" ascribed to *an American form of these idols*. Those who do not worship gold may yet worship rank, name, pleasure, or honor.

Most worship self, and I do not know that there is a more degrading form of worship than for a man to put himself upon a pedestal and bow down thereto and worship it. You might just as well adore cats and crocodiles with the ancient Egyptians as pay your life's homage to yourselves. No wooden image set up by the most savage tribe can be more ugly or degrading than our idol when we adore ourselves. Men worship Bacchus still. Do not tell me they do not; why, there is a temple to him at every street corner. While every other trade is content with a shop or a warehouse, this fiend has his palaces, in which plentiful libations are poured forth in his honor. The gods of unchastity and vice are yet among us. It would be a shame even to speak of the things which are done of them in secret. The lusts of the flesh are served even by many who would not like to have it known.

We have gods many and lords many in this land. God grant that we may see, through the preaching of the Gospel, many turning from such idols. If you love anything better than God you are idolaters; if there is anything you would not give up for God it is your idol; if there is anything that you seek with greater fervor than you seek the glory of God, that is your idol, and conversion means a turning from every idol.

But then that is not enough, for some men turn from one idol to another. If they do not worship Bacchus they become teetotalers, and possibly they worship the golden calf, and become covetous. When men quit covetousness they sometimes turn to profligacy. A change of false gods is not the change that will save; we must turn unto God, to trust, love, and honor Him, and Him alone.

THE THIRD STAGE.

After conversion comes *service*. True conversion causes us "to serve the living and true God." To serve Him means to worship Him, to obey Him, to consecrate one's entire being to His honor and glory, and to be His devoted servant. We are, dear friends, to serve the "living" God. Many men have a dead God still. They do not feel that He hears their prayers, they do not feel the power of His Spirit moving upon their hearts and lives. They never take the Lord into their calculations; He never fills them with joy, nor even depresses them with fear; God is unreal and inactive to them.

But the true convert turns to the living God, who is everywhere, and whose presence affects him at every point of his being. This God he is to worship, obey, and serve. Then it is added, to serve the *true* God; and there is no serving a true God with falsehood. Many evidently serve a false god, for they utter words of prayer without their hearts, and that is false prayer, unfit for the true God, who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

A fourth matter follows to complete this Christian biography, namely, *waiting*—

"TO WAIT FOR HIS SON

from heaven." That conversion which is not followed up by waiting is a false conversion, and will come to nothing. We wait, dear brethren, in the holy perseverance of faith; having begun with Christ Jesus our Lord we abide in Him; we trust, and then we wait. We do not look upon salvation as a thing which requires a few minutes of faith, and then all is over; salvation is the business of our lives. We receive salvation in an instant, but we work it out with fear and trembling all our days. He that is saved continues to be saved, and goes on to be saved from day to day, from every sin and from every form of evil. We must wait upon the Lord, and renew the strength of the life which He has imparted. As a servant waiteth on her mistress, or a courtier upon his king, so must we wait upon the Lord.

This waiting also takes the shape of living in the future. A man who waits is not living on the wages of to-day, but on the recompenses of a time which is yet to come; and this is the mark of the Christian, that his life is spent in eternity rather than in time, and his citizenship is not of earth but of heaven. He has received a believing expectancy which makes him both watch and wait. He expects that the Lord Jesus will come a second time, and that speedily. He has read of His going up into heaven, and he believes it; and he knows that He will

so come in like manner as He went up into heaven. For

THE SECOND ADVENT

he looks with calm hope; he does not know when it may be, but he keeps himself on the watch as a servant who waits his lord's return. He hopes it may be to-day, he would not wonder if it were to-morrow, for he is always looking for and hasting unto the coming of the Son of God. The coming of the Lord is his expected reward. He does not expect to be rewarded by men, or even to be rewarded of God with temporal things in this life, for he has set his affection upon things yet to be revealed, things eternal and infinite. In the day when the Christ shall come, and the heavens which have received Him shall restore Him to our earth, He shall judge the world in righteousness, and His people with His truth, and then shall our day break and our shadows flee away. The true believer lives in this near future; his hopes are with Jesus on His throne, with Jesus crowned before an assembled universe.

II. I shall want you to be patient with me while I very briefly unfold the second half of this great roll. Here even to a greater degree we have *multum in parvo*, much in little;

A BODY OF DIVINITY

packed away in a nutshell. "To wait for His Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come."

To begin my body of divinity, I see here, first, *the Deity of Christ*. "To wait for His Son." "His Son." God has but one Son in the highest sense. The Lord Jesus Christ has given to all believers power to become the sons of God, but not in the sense in which He, and He alone, is the Son of God. The Eternal Filiation is a mystery into which it is better for us never to pry. Believe it; but how it is, or how it could be, certainly it is not for you or for me to attempt to explain. Side by side with this in this text of mine is *His humanity*. "His Son, whom He raised from the dead." It is for man to die. God absolutely considered dieth not; He therefore took upon Himself our mortal frame, and was made in fashion as a man; then willingly for our sakes He underwent the pangs of death, and being crucified, was dead, and so was buried, even as the rest of the dead. He was truly man, "of a reasonable soul, and human flesh subsisting;" of that we are confident.

Furthermore, in our text we perceive a doctrine about ourselves very plainly implied, namely, that *men by nature are guilty*, for otherwise they would not have needed Jesus, a Saviour. They were lost, and so He who came from heaven to earth bore the name of Jesus, "for He shall save His people from their sins." It is clear, my brethren, that we were under the divine wrath, otherwise it could not be said, "He hath delivered us from the wrath to come." That truth is in the text, and a great deal more than I can mention just now.

But the next doctrine, which is one of the fundamentals of the Gospel, is that *the Lord Jesus Christ died for these fallen men*. He could not have been raised from the dead if He had not died. That death was painful and ignominious; and it was also substitutionary; "for the transgression of my people was He stricken." In the death of Christ lay the essence of our redemption. Let us always dwell upon that central truth, and when we are preaching Christ risen, Christ reigning, or Christ coming, let us never so preach any of them as to overshadow Christ crucified. "We preach Christ crucified."

Further on, we have another doctrine, among many more. We have here the doctrine of *our Lord's resurrection*. Christ is risen from the dead. I pray you, do not think of the Lord Jesus Christ as though He were now dead. It is well to dwell upon Gethsemane, Golgotha and Gabbatha; but pray remember the empty tomb, Emmaus, Galilee and Olivet. It is not well to think of Jesus as forever on the cross or in the tomb. "He is not here, but He is risen." Ye may "come and see the place where the Lord lay," but He lies there no longer; He hath burst the bands of death by which He could not be holden; for it was not possible that God's holy One could see corruption. The rising of Jesus from the dead is that fact of facts which establishes Christianity upon an historical basis, and at the same time guarantees to all believers their own resurrection from the dead. He is the firstfruits and we are the harvest.

Further, there is here the doctrine of *His ascension:* "to wait for His Son from heaven." It is clear that Jesus is in heaven, or He could not come from it. He has gone before us as our Forerunner. He has gone to His rest and reward; a cloud received Him out of sight; He has entered into His glory.

But the text tells us more; not only that He has gone into heaven, but that *He remains there;* for these Thessalonians were

EXPECTING HIM TO COME

"from heaven," and therefore He was there. What is He doing? "I go to prepare a place for you." What is He doing? He is interceding with authority before the throne. What is He doing? He is from yonder hill-top looking upon His Church, which is as a ship upon the sea buffeted by many a storm. In the middle watch ye shall see Him walking on the waters; for He perceives the straining of the oars, the leakage of the timbers, the rending of the sails, the dismay of the pilot, the trembling of the crew; and He will come unto us, and save us. He is sending heavenly succors to His weary ones; He is ruling all things for the salvation of His elect, and the accomplishment of His purposes. Glory be to His blessed name!

Here is conspicuously set forth

THE SECOND COMING,

a subject which might well have occupied all our time—"To wait for His Son from heaven." Every chapter of this epistle closes with the Second Advent. Do not deceive yourselves, oh ye ungodly men who think little of Jesus of Nazareth! The day will come when you will change your minds about Him. As surely as He died, He lives, and as surely as He lives He will come to this earth again! With an innumerable company of angels, with blast of trumpet that shall strike dismay into the heart of all His enemies, Jesus comes! And when He cometh there shall be a time of judgment, and the rising again of the dead, and "Every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him; and all the kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him."

HE MAY COME TO-MORROW!

We know not the times and the seasons; these things are in the Father's keeping; but that He comes is certain, and that He will come as a thief in the night to the ungodly is certain too. Lay no flattering unction to your souls as though when He was crucified there was an end of Him; it is but the beginning of His dealings with you, though you reject Him. "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him."

But there was something to be delivered from, and that is, *the coming wrath*, which is mentioned here. "Oh," saith one, "that is a long way off, that wrath to come!" If it were a long way off it were wise for you to prepare for it. He is unsafe who will be destroyed most certainly, however distant that destruction may be. A wise man should not be content with looking as an ox doth, as far as his eye can carry him, for there is so much beyond, as sure as that which is seen. But it is not far-off wrath which is here mentioned; the text saith, "who delivereth us from the wrath coming"—that is, the wrath which is now coming; for wrath is even now upon the unbelieving. It is said of every one that believeth not in Christ Jesus, that "the wrath of God abideth on Him." "God is angry with the wicked every day." This wrath abideth upon some of you. It is the joy of believers that they are delivered from this wrath which is daily coming upon unbelievers, and would come upon themselves if they had not been delivered from it by the atoning sacrifice.

Lastly, there is here the doctrine of *assurance*. Some say,

"HOW ARE YOU TO KNOW

that you are saved?" It can be known; it ought to be known. "That would make me inexpressibly happy," cries one. Just so, and that is one of the reasons why we would have you know it this day. God saith, "He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life," and therefore the believer may be sure that He has it. Our message is, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." God make you to escape that dreadful doom! May you be delivered from the wrath which is coming for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Talmage especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

MR. J. H. RAPER,

The English Prohibitionist.

MR. RAPER, *whose portrait appears* on the next page, and who is one of the leaders in the Prohibition party of Great Britain, was born in 1820 at Carlisle, and is now sixty-four years old. Several years of his early manhood were spent as a schoolmaster, in which vocation he was pre-eminently successful. Shortly after its formation, in 1853, he joined the United Kingdom Alliance, under which name the English Prohibitionists have banded together. His organizing abilities soon made him prominent in the Alliance, and he was appointed its Parliamentary agent. His duties in connection with that institution compelled him to travel from one end of the land to the other, and brought him into close contact with all the leaders of the Alliance movement. In the course of his tours he made frequent addresses, stimulating, encouraging and energizing the local societies which heard him.

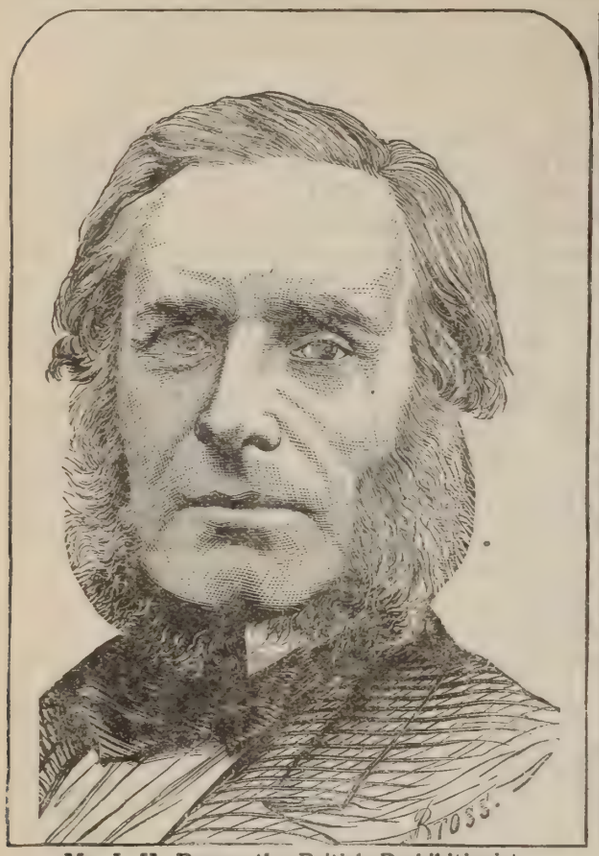
In the interests of Temperance he visited Sweden, in 1873, in order to see for himself the operation of her licensing laws, more especially in Gothenburg. "In carrying out my resolution," wrote Bailie Lewis, of Edinburgh, in a lecture on "The Gothenburg Licensing System," "I was successful in securing the company of two gentlemen animated by the same spirit of inquiry, and whose names are recognized throughout the United Kingdom as distinguished Temperance Reformers. I refer to the Rev. Mr. Jones, of Liverpool, and Mr. J. H. Raper, of Manchester."

HE VISITED AMERICA

in 1875, where he received a most hearty reception. "He was one of the chief speakers at the great Temperance conventions of the year," writes *Miss Frances E. Willard*, "and his mingled wit and wisdom were the theme of general commendation. He has all the best traits of an English platform orator, being perfectly at home with his audience. He was no holiday tourist, but a vigorous student, intent upon the novel lesson under his eyes." In the "Centennial Temperance Volume," a memorial of the International Temperance

CONFERENCE HELD IN PHILADELPHIA,

in 1876, there is a report of Mr. Raper's speech, with the following paragraph appended: "Reporter's Note.—Those who listened to Mr. Raper's address may be disappointed in the report. The above is *substantially* what Mr. Raper said, but he is one of those rare speakers whose manner and action and voice give a charm to their words that cannot be put upon paper; and, further, he is so very rapid in the utterance of some of his sentences that the reporter may congratulate himself if he can preserve the sense, though the words may, some of them, elude the skill of his pen."



Mr. J. H. Raper, the British Prohibitionist.

An Appeal to a Sailor.

On the occasion of his second marriage, in 1880, Mr. Raper's friends thought it a favorable opportunity for presenting him with "a well-earned recognition of his past services," in the shape of a money gift worth $8000, in addition to a handsome silver tea and coffee service, which bore the following inscription: "Presented to Mr. and Mrs. J. H Raper, with £1600, on their marriage, by friends and co-workers in the Temperance Movement."

Though some years ago Mr. Raper's circumstances permitted him to resign his salary as Parliamentary agent of the Alliance, there has been no diminution in his able efforts on behalf of that beneficent organization.

A SAILOR'S TESTIMONY.

(*See Illustration on this page.*)

A GODLY man, whose unremitting exertions among seamen ashore had at length rendered rest and change necessary, went on a sea voyage. Aboard ship he could not rest, but was about his Master's business. The sailors, some of whom knew him, listened to him attentively, and he had hopes that the Lord's work was begun in some souls. One, however, carefully avoided him, and always pretended, when found alone, to have some pressing reason for doing work in another part of the ship. At last, however, the missionary found him sitting smoking his pipe in the poop. Then, seating himself beside him, he made a solemn appeal. The man admitted that he was "a hard case," that his wife was 'verted, and that he had ill-used her for going to meeting. Other opportunities came, and the man no longer avoided them.

Some weeks afterward, at a sailor's Bethel, the same sailor rose in the meeting and declared what God had done for his soul. After telling of his avoidance of the missionary on the voyage and of his subsequent listening to his appeal, he said:

"Our time out was nearly up, and I said I'd wait till we got home. I tried to laugh and swear it off, but 'twas no good. On the run home I got worse and worse, and was so frightened I got into the fore poop out of the way of the lads, and had a good cry. When I got to Gorleston and found my wife waiting for me, I scarce knew what to say. However, we got home, and I knew it was Bethel service night, though I didn't like to let on, though I couldn't rest; I said, 'Will you get my tea ready?' 'Yes, but what's the hurry?' 'Make haste, I'm hungry.' 'All right,' she says, 'I will.' 'Ain't this service night?' I knew it well enough, but didn't like to let her know. 'Yes, of course; if you hadn't come, I'd agone; but now you're home I can stay.' 'I ain't goin' to keep you at home,' I said, and what's more, I don't know but *I'll come with you.*' She couldn't think whatever had come over me, for she saw I'd changed my tune, but she was afraid to ask, I'd been so mad before. So she bustled about and had tea ready in a twinkling, and off we went. I went again next Sunday, and an old chap was a-speaking. I thought, 'He's a-speaking to nobody, on'y me.' After service I sat still, I couldn't move; some of them talked to me, and God saved me that night. You should have seen my wife; she didn't know what to do, she was so glad."

A DISCOVERY IN A RIVER.

(*See Illustration on page 749.*)

IT would be difficult to find a prettier river than the Leam. True, strangers accustomed to row on larger rivers contemptuously called it "a ditch." It *was* narrow; its admirers could not deny that; and it wound in and out without a single long stretch of straight channel. There could be no boat-racing on that river, but a man fond of nature and solitude could spend a summer afternoon very happily on its surface. There are little nooks into which the boat drifts, and one is surrounded by grand beeches and oaks, while on the smooth grassy banks, close to the water, willows grow and spread their boughs, so as to make a natural awning. Violets peep out from among the grass and forget-me-nots grow in the moist soil which the river laps lazily in its sluggish motion. Seven or eight miles a light skiff can be propelled toward its source among the hills from the point where it joins the larger river, and all the way no view of the country is obtainable, only banks gently sloping from the edge of the water, varied here and there by massive boulders. The rower is irritated at first by the need of constantly looking behind him to trim his boat to keep its bow out of the rushes or off the bank; but soon the irritation subsides in delight at the natural beauties surrounding him

The Leam and its banks were looking their loveliest one afternoon, in the delightful Indian summer, when George Dawson and his friend Seymour set out for a row. They knew it would be dark early, so they made all the speed they could at first, Dawson, who knew the river best, leading, and Seymour following in a boat a little heavier than that of his friend. They had been pulling for about half an hour when Dawson suddenly dropped his sculls and, gazing earnestly among the rushes at the foot of an ancient oak, raised his hand in horror, and called his friend to look. Seymour rose and, keeping his boat steady by thrusting the blade of his scull into the mud of the bank, peered over to see the sight that terrified his companion. It was the figure of a man evidently dead. The river had carried it among the rushes, and there it lay, the head resting on the trunk of the oak.

"Why, it's Curtis," said Seymour, "and he's certainly dead. What can have happened?"

"Do you really think he's dead?" Dawson asked, his face blanched with horror.

"Yes, I am afraid there's no doubt of it; but we must do what we can, for sometimes a doctor can bring a man to after he seems to be quite drowned. We must get him into one of the boats and tow it back to the city as fast as possible."

After much exertion, for the strong, tough weeds had wound themselves around the limbs, they succeeded in lifting the body into the boat, and then both men entered the other boat, and, tying its stern fast to the bow of the one containing the body, they pulled vigorously back to the city. Their exertions were fruitless; the ambulance doctor declared that the man had been dead several hours.

"It is a horrible thing," said Dawson, the next day, as the two friends walked away together

from the inquest after giving their evidence. "How that woman suffers! I thought she would have fainted before the inquest was over. No wonder, poor thing! it is bad enough to be a widow, but to be widowed in this way adds to the misery."

"Yes; and she has other causes for grief besides, or I am mistaken. It was no part of my duty to give explanations, and as the coroner and the jury were disposed to make the verdict accidental death, I did not interfere; but I don't believe it was an accident. I feel pretty sure Curtis drowned himself deliberately."

"You amaze me, Seymour," Dawson said. "What makes you think that?"

"Well, perhaps I ought to say nothing about it, as it is only conjecture," said Seymour; "but I feel very sorry for the poor fellow. I used to like him, and I think I was about the most intimate friend he had. He was very reserved, even with me; but he has told me more than once in his quiet, patient way, that he 'had a hard row to hoe.'"

"I did not know him, except by reputation," said Dawson; "but I never heard that he had any serious trouble. What was the matter?"

"I think it is very likely no one ever suspected that he had any trouble but myself, and perhaps the hired girl, and maybe one or two of his business friends. It was only in his home that one found it out. His marriage was a huge mistake, and both husband and wife knew it."

"Ah! that is a terrible discovery for a couple to make," Dawson said. "I wonder how many make it?"

"Perhaps not so many as you bachelors suppose; but certainly a very large number. Sometimes the wife is too good for the husband, and sometimes the husband is too good for the wife; but in this case it was neither of those situations. Mrs. Curtis is a very nice lady, well educated, well bred, and a very lovable woman. Her poor dead husband, as you know, I respected. They were simply unsuited to each other. If they had had plenty of money they might have got on by Curtis adapting himself to his wife's ways and becoming her idea of a husband. But as it was, he had to earn his living, and the adaptation was an impossibility. Life was a serious business for him. His resources were sorely taxed to realize an income sufficient for their needs, and that, I suspect, was the cause of the trouble. Mrs. Curtis appeared to me discontented. Some wives are proud to help their husbands, and are never so happy as when, by some household effort, they can save expense. Mrs. Curtis did plenty of work. I have seen her busy about the house, but she always seemed to me to do it under protest. Her manner, and occasionally a chance word, implied that it was not what she had expected. I think she rather despised her husband that he could not provide better for her. He, poor fellow! would gladly have given her all luxuries if he could. He loved her so well that he would have given her the best dresses and jewelry, and would have been glad to surround her with help so that she should never soil her hands with work. But that was out of the question. He had not the money and could not get it!"

"Why did she marry him, then?" Dawson asked.

"Oh, who can tell! I know she had opportunities of what is called doing better—that is, marrying wealthy men. Curtis knew it, too, and he was rather flattered at first, that she had rejected other suitors on his account. Why she did so I cannot say. Perhaps she was romantic; perhaps she had a liking for the fine, handsome young man; perhaps she thought he would get rich in time. Who can tell what reasons influence a girl in her teens who will not hear advice! Whatever reasons she had, she did marry him, and I think she repented it every day."

"I suppose Curtis was kind to her?"

"Oh, yes, in his way! He was one of those men who bear misfortunes silently and gloomily. When he had done a hard day's work, and had not been particularly successful, he would go home weary and depressed. Mrs. Curtis expected, I think, that he would show her lover-like attentions and listen to her troubles and advise her. Poor fellow! he was bearing a load that required all his strength. He was preoccupied and inattentive. Perhaps her troubles seemed small to him when compared with his own. I don't know; but I have heard her complain that he was a dull companion, and that her life was very joyless. His life, too, was that; but she reproached him in her heart if she did not in words with her miseries."

"That is an unhappy picture of a home, but it does not account for the suicide. As Curtis had borne the trouble so long, I do not see why he did not go on bearing it."

"It may seem strange to you that he did not. There are some trials that make a man callous, but this is not one of them. It culminates, and penetrates deeper and deeper. Besides, there is the drift apart to be reckoned upon. I can imagine a man worried from morning to night, only just keeping himself afloat, making no progress, saying to himself, 'What am I living for?' As he finishes his day's toil and turns his face homeward, knowing that gloom, and discontent, and reproaches, and harsh criticism, and thinly-veiled contempt await him there, the time may come when he would think in his misery that the quiet of the grave would be preferable."

"Not if his faith in God is strong."

"There you touch the key-stone of the arch. Curtis had no faith. If he had been a Christian man—if either of them had been converted—it would have been different. Then there would have been no reproaches, or there would have been strength to bear them meekly. God, as we know, keeps 'those in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on' Him. The troubles of life don't harrow up the Christian's heart as they do the hearts of the worldly. Strength is imparted by faith which nothing impairs. That is why, I think, we have had this sad business, and why we have so many suicides."

"It is a fool's refuge."

"That is so; but the man who rejects Christ is a fool."

A Discovery in a River.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 735.*)

In Burgundy.

HESTER knew that her father had been dwelling on the border-land between sanity and insanity. But, then, was it indeed true that his hand had not been suddenly hurried into a deed of violence such as he had committed against Robert Waldron? How was she to be sure of that? Rose was dead—murdered. Who could be guilty, if it were not her father?

"Where are we going to?" she asked, and the simplicity of her question struck her forcibly amid the perplexity of their circumstances.

"We are going to Paris," he answered; "after that, anywhere that I can be safe."

It was evident that John Morley was looking to his daughter for direction.

The morning dawned before Hester could form any plan for the future. She saw the pale streaks of light coming across the smooth level of the sea, and playing upon the edge of its soft ripple. The captain came and looked compassionately upon her father's pallid face, and she called a shadowy smile to her lips and eyes as she met his gaze.

"Good-morning," he said, in a low tone; "we have had a very fine passage across."

"Yes," she answered.

"You have crossed before?" he continued.

"No," said Hester.

"Well, there is no trouble; the omnibus will be at the gate of the custom-house to take you straight on to the station. I will get your luggage passed quickly."

"We have scarcely any luggage," she answered, with an inward tremor; "only my father's valise. I shall buy all I want in Paris."

"To be sure," said the captain; "you will get everything in the first fashion there."

A spasm of hysterical laughter contracted Hester's throat, and played oddly upon her face. A flash of the grotesque darted across the profound darkness of her circumstances; but it brought with it a vivid quickening of her oppressed brain. She saw what she could do. She would pass quickly through Paris with her

father, not tarrying there at all, and go on to Burgundy. She knew well by the minute description of Lawson's mother the little town from which she had come. It was a very quiet, very remote place, several leagues from the nearest line of rail, and where the visit of any English was an almost unheard-of thing. In this hour of keen mental activity she could recollect the names of the curé, the doctor, the baker even, all whose histories the garrulous old Frenchwoman had loved to narrate. The little town did not seem strange to Hester. It offered her an asylum from afar off within its old gray walls. She knew the patois of the province well; she could speak it as freely as the purer French Robert Waldron had perfected her in. This should be their city of refuge.

Hester experienced no difficulty in making her way through Paris. Her habit of conversing in French with Lawson and his mother had given her a fluent use of the language; and though her manner and appearance, as well as her father's, were unmistakably English, she had no need to attract unusual attention to them by any ignorance or difficulty on her part. She made inquiries as to the route for Burgundy, and went at once from one station to the other, staying no more than a few hours in Paris.

They arrived in safety and without observation at the small country station to which they were bound. There were yet six leagues to accomplish before reaching Ecquemonville; but an omnibus from that town was waiting for the train. It was a four hours' journey, for the diligence was heavy and cumbrous, and the cart-horses attached to it by rope harness were slow-footed; four miles and a half an hour was the utmost speed they could attain. After the rapid whirl and the overwhelming excitement of the last thirty-six hours Hester found a relief in the slow progress of their conveyance. She was worn out, and her heavy eyes scarcely saw the strange country they were traversing; but John Morley was all eager and surprised attention. They were crossing a level plain of several miles, with neither hedgerows nor clumps of trees to vary its uniform aspect, except that here and there, at the interval of two or three miles, they passed a coppice of stone-pines; and that very far away in the marvellous clear light of the distance there stretched a black, irregular line against the horizon, which spoke plainly of a forest.

Since the moment the steamer had left the pier at Folkstone, John Morley had abandoned himself implicitly to Hester's guidance. He did not ask where she was taking him, though his mind was all alert to the impressions the novel scenery was producing upon it. He had never been out of England; and, as we know, for the last eleven years he had travelled no farther from his house than to the chapel where he had always been wont to worship. He had passed through sharp dolor and sore travail, and come out after the sharpest and sorest pang of all into this new life, where every object was fresh and strange to him. His brain, with a healing forgetfulness, refused to recall the later scenes through which he had come.

Everything about his route diverted his thoughts. The blue blouses of the peasantry, the coquettish snow-white caps of the country-women, the jingle of the bells about the horse-gear, the wonderful blue of the sky, the clear dark shadows, the golden harvest of the vast plain ripening in the full light of the June sun, withdrew him from his morbid musings. By fine gradations, as fine as the footsteps with which the morning steals toward the sleeping earth, his bent and heavy eyebrows relaxed a little, and the rigidity of his lips softened. One might have said toward the close of their journey, when they came in sight of the little town, lying in a valley, and girded about with vineyards with gray old walls and narrow gateways, giving it the aspect of a true city of refuge—one might have said that his face kindled with a smile struggling from his soul, but scarcely strong enough to reach the surface.

The only thoughts Hester's weary mind could retain had been anxious ones. Her father had given up his pocket-book to her; and she had found in it notes worth $500, the residue of the money lent by Mr. Waldron. She knew pretty well the cost of living in this remote part of Burgundy, and that this sum, with her thrifty economy, would keep them well for eighteen months or more. But what was to become of them? Were they really exiled forever from England and Little Aston? Safe they would be, but what a safety! The diligence entered Ecquemonville under a gateway in the thick walls, with the old gates still hanging upon their hinges, and grown over with lichens and mosses. It stopped before an inn on one side of the square which formed the market-place, with an obelisk in its centre. A group of curious loungers awaited its arrival, and a bevy of laundresses, who were washing at a fountain close by, paused in their work as it drove up. Hester and her father descended from it, and caused as great a sensation as if they had fallen in their midst from the clouds. But, with these exceptions, the place was all silent and deserted, not a creature was to be seen; for the sultry heat of the afternoon had driven the townspeople to their coolest retreats.

"Can you tell me if the widow Limet has apartments to let now?" asked Hester of the conductor of the diligence, who had been staring at her and her father ever since descending from his high seat, without blinking his eyelids once, and whose eyes opened still wider at this question.

"The widow Limet!" he stammered; "is it that madame knows widow Limet?"

"No," she answered, with a wan smile; "but I have heard she sometimes has rooms to let; and as we may stay here some time, I prefer going there to living at an hotel."

He would conduct them to the widow Limet's, he said; and they followed him, Hester recognizing the place from the minute and frequent descriptions of Lawson's mother. Here were the shops, with their odd miscellany of wares, the cafés painted in gay colors, the butchers' open stalls, with their dwarf orange trees and flowers—all of which Madame had loved to contrast with the dingy streets of Little Aston. Toward one corner of the square, five or six of the shops, having their upper floor projecting above them for eight feet or more, were as cool and almost as dark as cellars. At one of these their conductor stopped, and called aloud for the widow Limet, who appeared from some inner recess, and engaged at once in a combat of words with the guide, so garrulous and voluble, that Hester could not put in a syllable for some time.

"We have been recommended to you," she said, recollecting how often Lawson's mother had urged her to go to Burgundy. "My father and I want some rooms for several months. He cannot speak French. Will you let us look at your apartments?"

The widow Limet led the way up-stairs to the room projecting over the shop—an odd place to English eyes. The walls had been stencilled in gaudy colors and grotesque designs. The uncarpeted floor had been waxed and brushed to a dangerous polish. A bed, with red cotton hangings, stood in a recess, but the rest of the furniture was evidently intended to serve for a sitting room. A closet opened out of it containing a smaller bed, which Hester decided would do very well for herself. The accommodation was simple but inexpensive; eight francs ($1.60) a week, with attendance, being the rent the widow Limet asked for it.

In a short time John Morley and Hester were seated at the centre-table, with an impromptu meal before them of omelettes and dried fruits, and cherries such as they never tasted in England. John Morley ate heartily, but in vague amazement. The elderly voluble Frenchwoman trotting in and out with some utterly foreign dish in her hand, and an unintelligible jargon upon her tongue; the bottles of wine she brought in, which she held up between his eyes and the light that he might see the golden bubbles imprisoned in them; the ease with which Hester understood and answered—all was odd and inexplicable, but he would give himself up to it. There was something terrible in the past, over which a thick curtain had fallen, and he would not lift it so long as it would hang there undisturbed.

That night Hester slept a heavy, dreamless sleep—the sleep of utter exhaustion, when the brain slumbers as profoundly as the body. Nature exacted this repose rigorously; and now that the immediate strain was over, now that the walls of the city encompassed them about, Hester could yield herself to it. She slept far into the next day, and found, when she awoke, her father sitting at her side, watching her with the care and tenderness of a mother.

Hester had been too much occupied in watching and caring for her father and in considering what course they should take to think of affairs at home. With daylight, however, and the relief from anxiety came the return of perplexity, and she began to wonder what was taking place in the little village so many miles away. If she had possessed the gift clairvoyants profess to have, this is what she would have seen:

On the Saturday evening when John Morley fled in a panic of fear from his own home and town, he had scarcely passed the chapel before Madame Lawson emerged from the narrow alley opposite to it. She was going, as she had promised Hester, to wait on John Morley. It was quite dusk, a season which the old foreigner preferred for her walks, in consequence, as she said, of the impoliteness of the English boys, who generally hailed her appearance with numerous rough greetings. She had left her son comfortably settled for the night, with permission to sleep in her own bed, which preserved its air of state in the English garret.

She knocked in vain for some time at John Morley's house-door, but at last she tried the handle, which turned readily in her grasp. It was very quiet within, but a light was shining in the inner room, and she proceeded there boldly. It was John Morley's lamp burning as he had left it, and shedding its accustomed gleam upon the books scattered around it. Madame puckered her eyebrows, and hummed a little song, but no voice or sound answered her. She took up the lamp and went into the kitchen; all was quiet and orderly there as the servant had left it, with the fire almost dead in the bottom of the grate. Up-stairs, with the lamp still in her hands, for it was quite dark now inside the house, proceeded madame, peering through each open door as she passed it. No one was to be seen. Where, then, was monsieur? and where was the servant? She could not have held any conversation with either of them, but she wished to see their faces and make her salutation to them.

The still solitude daunted her; and she crossed herself several times, muttering a little prayer, as she had hummed a tune down-stairs. There was another door open at the end of the passage, and she went on toward it. A faint scent of mould and mildew met her, like the air from a vault. Upon the bare planks she was treading there were spots of blood, but her eyes did not detect them. She entered the room and looked around her. There, upon the sofa, lay a woman, perfectly motionless, with a shawl laid over her. Madame, frightened now, but brave with the courage of old age, approached her, and raised the covering from her face.

A marble face, icy cold, with rigid lips and frozen eyelids; the hands also chilly and numb. Yet to her experienced touch—for in her station an aged woman has felt the clay-cold frigidity of death too often to be easily deceived—there was still a degree of warmth which spoke of life lingering about the heart. She saw quickly that there was little which she could do, and that immediate help was necessary; but how could she make any one understand that she wanted Mr. Grant called in? Her shrewdness, a French

subtlety which made her keen at scenting any intrigue, recoiled from the idea of bringing this incident before the public if it could be avoided. She raised Rose's head a little, put a drop or two of *eau de vie*, which she carried about her, into her mouth ; and, then locking the front door carefully, to provide against any other intrusion like her own, she hastened as quickly as she could to Grant's house.

Fortunately for the explanation of her errand, she saw, upon approaching the house, Robert Waldron standing at the gate in conversation with Grant.

The twilight had not quite faded here outside of the town, and a soft, exquisite tranquillity, the indescribable sense of repose which can only exist at the end of the week, before the dawn of a day of rest and truce with labor, pervaded the whole evening scene. Within the house Annie was just kindling a light, and she could be seen, with her bright face, leaning over the new flame in the lamp. Robert had just looked in and sighed to himself as he talked with Grant, whose lot seemed so much more enviable than his own, when madame threw herself upon his arm, and poured forth her hurried story, which came like a crash of thunder upon him.

"Good heavens! what is the matter?" cried Grant, as Robert reeled and caught at the gate to keep himself from falling.

"He has discovered her and murdered her!" gasped Robert. "Come ; there is life yet, she says. Be quick, Grant. Come with me instantly,"

(To be continued.)

THE VOICE OF WISDOM.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 30, Prov. 8. Golden Text, ver. 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Wisdom Incarnate—Christ in Eternity Past—Delighting in Men—Wisdom not Forced upon us—Her Munificent Offer—Must be Sought—Treasured—The Keeping Power—Joy and Health in her Hand—Her Paths Peace—Her Words Plain to the Understanding Man—Her House and her Bountiful Feast.

OUR blessed Lord Jesus is of God "made unto us Wisdom" (1 Cor. 1 : 30). He it is who speaks under the name of Wisdom in the Old Testament Scriptures. "The Lord by Wisdom hath founded the earth" (ch. 3 : 19). "All things were made by Him ; and without Him was not anything made that was made" (John 1 : 3). "He hath made the earth by His power, He hath established the world by His wisdom" (Jer. 10 : 12). What power? What wisdom? "Christ the Power of God, and the Wisdom of God" (1 Cor. 1 : 24). Christ is

WISDOM EMBODIED,

just as He is Truth embodied (John 14 : 6), Love embodied (1 John 4 : 16), and the Word embodied (John 1 : 1, 14). "In the *beginning* was the Word" (John 1 : 1). "The Lord possessed me in the *beginning* of His way, before His works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was." Jesus, God's Wisdom and our Wisdom, was not only *before* all created things, but He was the Agent in the creation, and the Witness of all the creative work of God ; "when He prepared the heavens, I was there ; when He set a compass upon the face of the depth ; when He established the clouds above ; when He strengthened the fountains of the deep. . . . Then I was by Him, as one brought up with Him."

One glimpse is given us of our beloved Lord in these early prehistoric times : "I was daily *His* delight . . . *My* delights were with the sons of men." "Rejoicing always before Him ; rejoicing in the habitable part of His earth." Our blessed Lord was always the joy of His Father, and the Father was always His joy. But how unspeakably marvellous it is that *He* should rejoice in "the sons of men!" Before our creation there was joy in the heart of God in the glorious purpose which He had to make man in His own image, conform him to the likeness of His Son, and then dwell in him as the one only part of His earth

HABITABLE FOR GOD.

Oh, how glorious it is that before man fell, and before Satan knew anything of God's purpose in creating him, God had conceived the idea of making man a "temple of the Holy Ghost," "an habitation of God through the Spirit!" With God a thousand years is as one day, and one day as a thousand years ; with Him to think is to do, and to speak is to do ; and thus we find Him rejoicing in man before his very existence.

But Wisdom does not force herself upon us ; she "crieth without ; she uttereth her voice in the streets ; she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates ; in the city she uttereth her words" (ch. 1 : 20, 21). What, then, is

HER COMMUNICATION?

It is not the "thou shalt" of the law ; she comes to the simple ones, the scorners, and the fools who are willing to turn at her reproof, with the message of love, "I will pour out my Spirit unto you." There is no binding of burdens too heavy to be borne, like the hard teaching of the scribes and Pharisees (Matt. 23 : 4). Wisdom, *i.e.* Jesus, calls only for one thing, "Turn, and *I* will do the rest," "*I* will pour out my Spirit unto you." With the Spirit of Wisdom how can we not be wise? "*I* will make known my words unto you" (ch. 1 : 23). But we may miss the teaching of wisdom—yes, we often do—through inattention. Wise in our own conceits, we are very slow to learn how dependent we are every moment and in every circumstance on our divine Wisdom, Jesus Chirst. "My son, *attend unto* my wisdom, and bow thine ear to my understanding" (ch. 5 : 1).

Wisdom is to be sought after ; "My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee ; so that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding ; yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding ; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God" (ch. 2 : 1–5). God may speak, but if we do not receive personally into our own hearts the words He speaks, we are none the better for them. And when received, unless we hide them with us as treasures which we open and look at again and again as being priceless, we do not find all that God has to give. A word of power perhaps has struck us, when some deeply taught child of God has been preaching or speaking ; we have failed to ask, "Lord, art thou speaking to *me?*" and for want of appropriating it by faith, the precious treasure has been lost to us ; it has not become the living Word within us. The Word *received* becomes power.

"WHEN WISDOM ENTERETH INTO

thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul ; discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee" (ch. 2 : 10, 11). Christ in us is the keeping power ; He alone can deliver us from all evil. Men seek in vain to deliver themselves by reasoning themselves into freedom from lust or passion, worldliness or pride. The foe they deal with is stronger than they, and the great adversary is thoroughly up to the game he plays. But when a stronger than he is let into the heart, and the whole struggle is given over to Him with a master hand, He conquers and delivers.

Wisdom brings both

JOY AND HEALTH

with her. "*Happy* is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold" (ch. 3 : 13, 14). What is this merchandise? Surely it is the giving of what *we* are, and what *we* have in exchange for what *Jesus* is, and what *He* has for us. "She is more precious than rubies : and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her" (ch. 3 : 15). Why is this? Because Jesus alone can fill a human heart. He created us with capacities to receive Himself, and nothing else can compare to Him or take the same place We may have the strongest desires for deep spiritual blessing, and think we have obtained what we desire ; but disappointment follows unless it is Jesus Himself that we obtain. Not forgiveness only, but Jesus Himself who pardons ; not holiness only, but Jesus the Holy One ; not healing only, but the healing One—the Lord that healeth thee, the Lord that sanctifieth thee, He that blotteth out thy transgressions. If we have Him, we have all in Him.

"Length of days is in her right hand." This is again and again repeated in substance. "She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her," and this surely for spirit, soul and body (ch. 3 : 16, 18). "Receive my sayings ; and the years of thy life shall be many. . . . Incline thine ear unto my sayings . . . for they are life unto those that find them and health to all their flesh" (ch. 4 : 10, 20, 22). Christ is the Word of God ; by Him all things were made, by Him all things consist. Having Christ, the living Word, in all His creative and upholding power dwelling within us, how can we be other than recreated and upheld in all our being? "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all

HER PATHS ARE PEACE"

(ch. 3 : 17). Thank God, no sooner has He succeeded in leading us to present our bodies a living sacrifice to Him, and so to renounce our own will, than He gives us to prove what a good and perfect and acceptable will *His* is (Rom. 12 : 1, 2), so that things which we could not endure to think of become absolutely pleasant to us. "I could not work among drunkards," said a Christian lady ; "the very sight of them revolts me." But that very lady, when she gave herself, with all her will and desires, to be the Lord's, underwent such a transformation that it became her joy to do what before was so repugnant. The way of the cross became to her "pleasantness ;" even more, intense joy.

The words of Wisdom are "excellent things," "right things," "truth." "All the words of my mouth are in righteousness ; there is nothing froward or perverse in them. They are all plain to

HIM THAT UNDERSTANDETH,

and right to them that find knowledge." Who is he that understandeth? Not the natural man ; for he "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God ; for they are foolishness unto him ; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual judgeth all things." Again, "What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him" (1 Cor. 2 : 11, 14, 15)? A dog cannot understand what concerns a man, an inferior creature cannot understand a superior, by any intrinsic power in him ; how much less can a creature understand his Creator? God can understand God ; God the Holy Ghost in us can understand God the Father and the Son ; He guides into all truth those who will let themselves be guided. "Counsel is mine and sound wisdom ; *I am understanding ;* I have strength." Here is the whole thing : Christ, *i.e.* Wisdom, *is* understanding ; yes, Christ dwelling in our hearts by faith.

"I love them that love me ; and those that seek me early shall find me." Is it not marvellous that such as Jesus should prize our love at all? that He should be willing to reciprocate anything which comes from us? Wisdom does yet more : she builds her house, furnishes her table, and then calls us to be her guests. "Come, eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled." "Come and partake of the divine nature, come and eat the bread of God ; come and drink the new wine of the kingdom!" Well may wisdom say, "Riches and honor are with me ; yea, durable riches and righteousness." Well may she say, "I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment : *that* I may cause those that love me to inherit substance ; and *I will fill their treasures.*" Even when judgment is a necessary thing for Christ's true disciples, He uses it only to lead from the shadow to the substance, from all else to Himself.

WHY DOST THOU WAIT?

Poor, trembling lamb! Ah! who, outside the fold
Has bid thee stand, all weary as thou art,
Dangers around thee, and the bitter cold
Creeping and growing to thy inmost heart?
Who bids thee wait till some mysterious feeling,
Thou know'st not what—perchance may'st never know—
Shall find thee, when in darkness thou art kneeling,
And fill thee with a rich and wondrous glow
Of love and faith; and change to warmth and light
The chill and darkness of thy spirit's night?

For miracles like this who bids thee wait?
Behold "the Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come,'"
The tender Shepherd opens wide the gate,
And in His love would gently lead thee home.
Why should'st thou wait? Long centuries ago,
Thou timid lamb, the Shepherd paid for thee!
Thou art his own. Would'st thou His beauty know,
Nor trust the love which yet thou can'st not see?
Thou hast not learned this lesson to receive:
More blest are they who see not, yet believe.

Still dost thou wait for feeling? Dost thou say,
"Fain would I love and trust, but hope is dead,
I have no faith, and without faith, who may
Rest in the blessing which is only shed
Upon the faithful? I must stand and wait."
Not so. The Shepherd does not ask of thee
Faith in thy faith, but only faith in Him.
And this He meant in saying, "Come to Me."
In light or darkness, seek to do His will,
And leave the work of faith to Jesus still.

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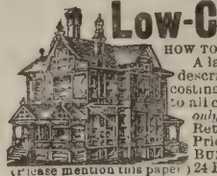

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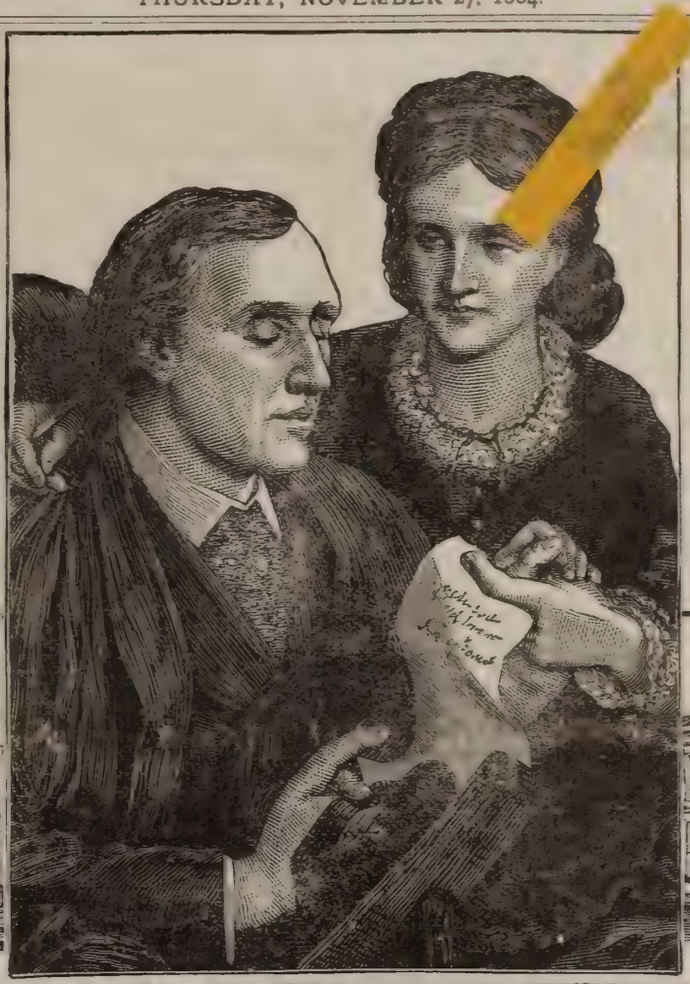

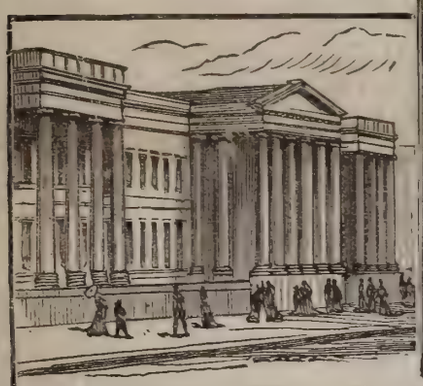

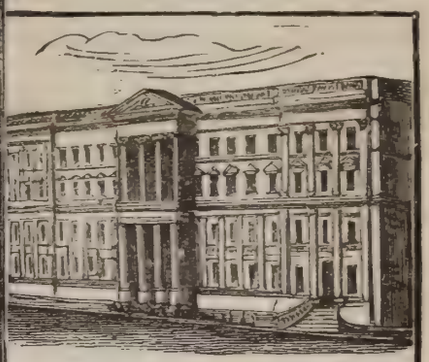

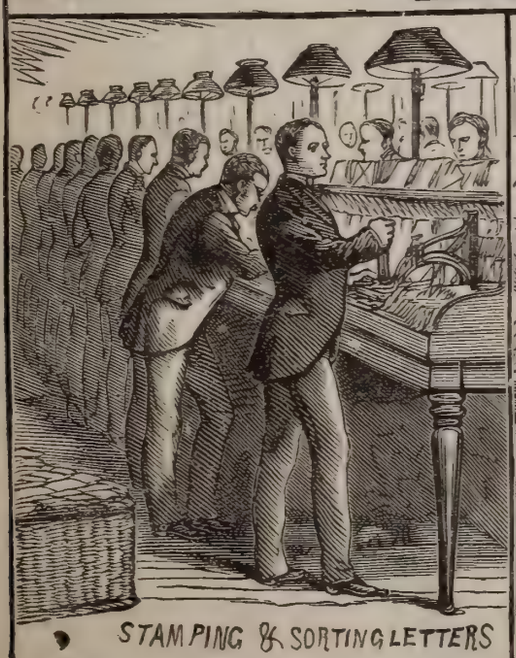

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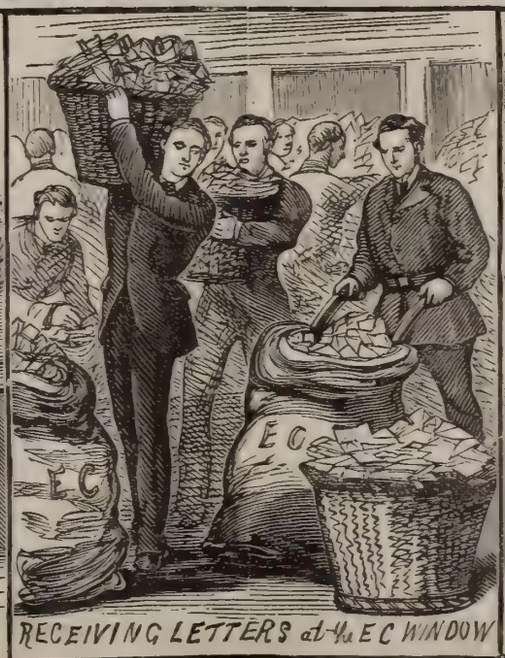

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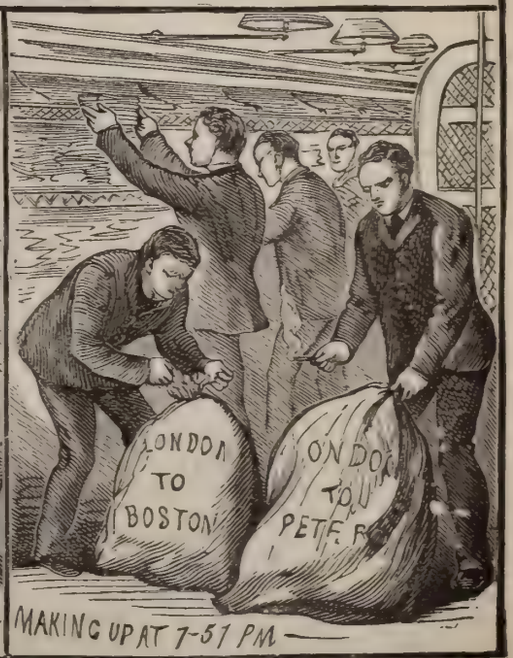

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THE announcement we made two weeks ago of the death of the Right Honorable Henry Fawcett may not have had to our readers, just then engrossed with the Presidential election, a subject of closer interest, the significance properly belonging to it. We now give his portrait, with that of his wife, in order that the lessons of a life so full of grand teaching may be duly appreciated. It may be that some poor sufferer, groaning under a burden that seems to crush him to the dust, closing to him the avenues to greatness, and shutting him out from the paths of honorable ambition, may be encouraged by this dead statesman's example to put aside from him the cup of despair and once more take heart to struggle and strive to make his life a blessing to the world.

A CRUSHING CALAMITY

fell upon this man when he was twenty-five years of age. Life was opening before him with unusual promise. He had won by hard labor honors coveted by all ambitious young men of his day. It seemed to others, as doubtless it did to him, that the mental powers which had achieved distinctions so brilliant might enable him to win his way to the highest offices in the gift of his country. He was just entering on this career when suddenly—in a moment, he was *stricken with total blindness*. In one instant

"Shut from the living while amongst the living;
Dark as the grave amidst the bustling world;
At once from business and from pleasure barr'd;
No more to view the beauty of the spring,
Nor see the face of kindred, or of friend."

HEROISM

of the highest kind sprang up under the ordeal. It was a stupendous catastrophe for a young man of twenty-five, under which one would not have been surprised if he had sat down in melancholy resignation, despairing of ever doing any useful work more. But that was not young Fawcett's *rôle*. He knew that henceforth he was

"From the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, expunged and razed,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

But he was not crushed. His power of will and his determination to make his way appeared to have been invigorated by the calamity, and he set himself to work with renewed vigor and with a marvellous capacity for adapting himself to the strange circumstances of a life of total darkness in which "feeling was to be his only sight." On November 6th, 1884, twenty-six years later, he died, having done a work in his darkne s which astonished his countrymen and which won tributes of affection and esteem from millions of Asiatics who had never looked on his poor blind face. He died universally regretted, leaving his country to wonder doubtingly whether any seeing man could be found to do so well the work that this sightless man had begun, but had left unfinished.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

Henry Fawcett was born near Salisbury, England, in 1833. His father was a gentleman farmer and a Radical who took part in the Anti-corn Law agitation. The boy was educated at the Agricultural College at Queenwood, Hampshire; at King's College, London, and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he took his degree and won the honors of seventh wrangler in 1856 and was elected to a fellowship. He then studied for the bar at Lincoln's Inn. At this time he is described as being a young man of fine physique and excellent promise. No one could look upon the late professor but he could see on his face the evident indications of courage, frankness, and inteligence. He was six feet two inches in height, very blonde, his light hair and complexion, and his smooth, beardless face giving him something of the air of a boy. His features were at once strongly marked and regular.

It was during his training for the profession of the law that the calamity occurred which changed the whole current of his life. In September, 1858, Mr. Fawcett took a brief respite from his studies and went home. It was the season of partridge shooting, and on the seventeenth of the month the young man, who was always an ardent lover of outdoor sports, made one of a party for the moors. During the day's sport a covey rose and flew over a little hillock, on the opposite side of which Mr. Fawcett had disappeared. A companion—one account says his own father—fired just as his head topped the rising ground and two pellets perforated the spectacles he was wearing and lodged themselves, by a singular fatality, exactly in the centre of each eye, causing instant blindness. The accident occurred on a spot overlooking Salisbury Cathedral, and the last view Mr. Fawcett was able to perceive was thus associated with his native place.

THE FIRST YEAR OF DARKNESS

was devoted to hard study. No sooner did young Fawcett learn that his blindness was incurable than by an effort, the cost of which none but he knew, he put aside all vain regrets and matured his plans for his strangely altered future. Lincoln's Inn gracefully offered to give him the standing of a barrister without further study, but he realized that his blindness would incapacitate him for the legal profession, and so, though much touched by this unprecedented act of kindness, he declined it with sincere expressions of appreciation.

He returned to the college at Cambridge, of which he was "a fellow," and devoted himself to the study of political economy. John Stuart Mill was his great friend and he became Mill's pupil, taking long and pleasant walks with him and listening not only to his learned disquisitions on political economy, but drinking in the graphic descriptions of picturesque wayside scenery eloquently given by his erudite and grave companion. With the aid of a reader, who now became his constant companion, he made rapid progress in his studies. It seemed as if the process of mental digestion was quickened by his darkness, and his memory certainly became more retentive. In just a year after the calamity, he attended the meetings of the British Association at Aberdeen, and delivered an address upon "The Economic Effects of the Recent Gold Discoveries." As this paper was full of elaborate statistics, the extraordinary strength of the speaker's memory was tested in a remarkable degree; but he mastered all his difficulties, and surprised his hearers by the readiness with which he answered the objections advanced against his theories.

Gradually, too, his love of

OUTDOOR EXERCISES

prompted him to try how small were the deprivations entailed upon him by his loss of sight. He had been an expert angler, and although this pursuit might be supposed to require sight as much as sensitiveness of touch, he was able to follow it after he lost his sight, on the banks of his favorite river, the Itchen. This was doubtless owing to the fact that he was very familiar with its waters, and when taken to various points of the river, he could throw the line with great advantage.

His success encouraged him to make further efforts, until after a few years all his outdoor pleasures were resumed. Walking, rowing, and skating he delighted in, and frequently went for a spin of thirty or forty miles on the ice in the Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire fens. One who saw him skating twelve years after he lost his sight describes the beautiful significance of what he saw. The blind man was enjoying the exhilarating exercise guided by *his little daughter*, a child of eleven years, who went a few paces ahead. She was whistling sweetly, and her father's quick ear detected by her intonations the course to take and avoided with exact precision any obstacle in the way, turning to the right or the left with perfect confidence as she indicated.

His last achievement in this line was to resume hunting, of which also he was very fond. As a hard rider after hounds, over hedges and ditches, though he was sightless, he had few rivals; and there was a joke against him at Cambridge that the livery stable keepers have two tariffs—one ordinary for those who have not been seen in the society of Professor Fawcett, and one extraordinary—fifty per cent higher—for those who have.

His pedestrian powers were remarkable, and few companions would venture on an excursion with him without first stipulating on a limit of distance. His topographical knowledge was so minute that when his guides were at fault he not unfrequently directed them—from early recollections of natural objects, of course. He regularly frequented the Univeristy boat race on the Thames, and was as heartily interested in the proceedings of the day as the keenest-eyed observer. At Cambridge he was stroke oar of the "Ancient Mariners" boat, and a better stroke no crew of "mariners," ancient or modern, need desire. He was also a good swimmer.

A CAMBRIDGE PROFESSOR.

Mr. Fawcett's studies led to the production of a volume on the subject with which his name is most closely identified. His "Manual of Political Economy" was one of the most lucid and convincing works ever produced on the subject, and edition after edition was called for by the public. Beside this standard work he wrote short essays on branches of the same subject, remarkable for cogent thought and accuracy and force of expression, and these appeared in the leading reviews. Mr. Fawcett soon became known as an authority in this field second only to John Stuart Mill. So high did his reputation rise that Cambridge, in 1863, honored itself by making him Professor of Political Economy.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

His position was now assured, but his ambition was not satisfied. He aspired to a seat in the great council of the nation. In England the great political parties do not hold conventions and nominate candidates as we do; any man who can find the money to discharge the legal expenses incident to the election, and who can find a few responsible men to nominate him can run as a candidate for Parliament. It is not even necessary that he should live in the city or county he desires to represent. Mr. Fawcett first offered himself to Southwark, one of the London constituencies. But finding that his canvass would divide the Radical party and probably lead to the election of a Conservative, he retired before polling-day. In 1863 he offered himself to Cambridge, but was defeated. The next year he ran as Liberal candidate in an election at Brighton and was again unsuccessful; but in 1865 there was another vacancy at Brighton, and the city reversed its decision of the year before and elected Mr. Fawcett. He continued to represent it until 1874, when he became member for Hackney, which he continued to represent until his death.

Two years later *Mr. Fawcett married*, and from that time until the day of his death he was indebted to his wife for help such as only an intelligent and loving woman can give to her husband.

In Parliament Mr. Fawcett did not fritter away his energies in the wide field of general legislation, but devoted himself to the special field he had made his own. He set himself resolutely to oppose waste of public money, and to check the tendency to lavish extravagance in the Government. As

THE ENEMY OF SINECURES

he became best known. Every scheme introduced to appropriate public money to the support of aristocratic idlers found in him a determined foe. He knew well the struggle the people had to make to pay their taxes. He knew that the effort to live honestly was hard enough for the great majority of the people, and that he could best aid them by guarding the national treasury against the horde of titled paupers who want to live at the public expense. He opposed the annual grant made to keep up *the royal palaces*, which the Queen has so seldom occupied since Prince Albert's death. He grudged her Majesty nothing necessary to her dignity, and was careful to say that if she wished to use these buildings as residences it was right that the large army of servants should be retained ; but he objected to appropriating the money of the people to pay a lot of servants, and the cost of maintaining palaces for the use of the Queen's numerous impecunious German friends.

Mr. Fawcett was equally earnest in defending the treasury against the people themselves. He resisted with all his might the poor-law system which, he believed, enabled idle loafers to live at the expense of the industrious classes. His war was with injustice in any form and his indignation was always aroused against any scheme which involved money being taken from the national treasury to support men who he thought ought to be working for their own living. Whether those men were aristocrats or paupers did not concern him, he was concerned only in limiting the expenses of the Government to the legitimate expenses of the Government, and in reducing those to the smallest sum compatible with efficiency.

THE FRIEND OF INDIA

was the title which he loved most, and which was given him in loving gratitude by the people of that land. India had few friends when Mr. Fawcett entered Parliament. The country had been regarded as the prey of aristocratic Englishmen, who too often went there to recruit their fortunes, wring out of it the utmost they could during their term of office, and return home to live in luxury for the remainder of their lives. Mr. Fawcett began by showing the people of England how poor India was, and after persistent efforts at last succeeded in having the Speaker appoint a committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the condition of the Indian finances. He made on this occasion a strong attack upon the supposed Indian surpluses, which were always said to exist, but which were very difficult to realize. Again and again he was heard in the House of Commons upon Indian questions, which he understood better than any man in Parliament. He initiated an important discussion on an unjust proposal of financial management, condemning the increase in the duties on salt in Bombay and Madras, which was suggested in order to equalize them over India, when they might have been equalized by lowering them. He also denounced the imposition of the licence tax on trades and professions, as falling with most weight upon the poor.

HIS GREATEST EFFORT,

however, was made in 1867. A famine was desolating India, and the poor were dying by thousands for want of food. Just at that time the Sultan of Turkey visited England and was entertained at the public expense. The Government thought that as the friendship of the Sultan, which this entertainment was intended to foster, was chiefly valuable in connection with India, India ought to foot the bill. Mr. Fawcett's indignation knew no bounds as he heard this proposal, and in scathing terms he denounced the Government for attempting to tax the famine-stricken people to pay for the feasting of this Turkish despot. The eloquence of his address on the occasion has rarely been surpassed in Parliament.

A TESTIMONIAL FROM INDIA

came to him thirteen years afterward in recognition of his long and indefatigable services in behalf of that country. It consisted of a silver tea service and salver of Cutch work, enclosed in a carved wood case, also of native manufacture. The case was inscribed, " Presented to the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P., by his native friends and admirers in Bombay, India, June, 1880."

APPOINTED POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

When Mr. Gladstone came into power after the general election of 1880, he proffered Mr. Fawcett the office of Postmaster-General, which was accepted. Before the close of the first session of his official career, the new Postmaster-General had introduced *several legislative reforms* affecting the business of the Post-Office. The most important of these was the *Money Orders Act*, the object of which was to reduce the charge for orders, and to facilitate their currency. The cost of orders was reduced, and the transmission of the notes made less cumbrous.

Another reform was also introduced in connection with the *Savings Bank*, which is run in England in connection with the Post Office. It was provided that forms containing twelve spaces each could be obtained at the Post-Office, and when a penny stamp had been affixed in each space, the form might be put in the Savings Bank, and an account opened in the name of the depositor. These reforms the public speedily availed themselves of to a large extent. Mr. Fawcett also established a *new Parcel Post*, which has proved a great boon to the mercantile community, though as yet it has not been very successful financially. He further instituted many useful reforms in connection with the postal department, and brought the telegraphic service into a much greater state of efficiency than when he found it.

POST-OFFICE LIFE INSURANCE.

But of all the reforms by which Mr. Fawcett signalized his control of the Post-Office, perhaps there was none which promises to be more beneficial, especially to the working classes, than his elaborate scheme of *Post-Office annuities and insurance*, which came into operation in June of the present year. The chief reason which had heretofore prevented annuities and policies of life assurance from being obtained in any considerable number through the Post-Office was that so many cumbrous and troublesome formalities had to be gone through. Under the new scheme annuities and insurance are made through the deposits in the Post-Office Savings Banks.

There are more than seventy-four hundred Post-Office Savings Banks in England, Scotland and Ireland. The number of depositors is upward of three million, and the aggregate amount of deposits nearly $225,000,000. With a few exceptions, these depositors may devote any part of their deposits, or of the interest thereon, to the purchase of an annuity for old age, or to securing an insurance policy. A person may also become a depositor with the sole object of having his money applied to the purchase of an annuity or insurance policy. Annuities of any amount between $5 and $500 a year can be purchased on the life of any person not under five years of age. There is thus brought within the reach of every family a ready and feasible plan of insurance and annuity. Mr. Fawcett determined to make his scheme self-supporting, so that it should not become a charge in any way upon the taxpayers of the country. At the time of his death it is understood that he was engaged in perfecting other useful reforms in connection with the postal and telegraph services.

ILLNESS AND DEATH.

In November, 1882, he was laid aside by severe illness. It was an instance of the rare coexistence of diphtheria and typhoid fever, which Dr. Murchison, in his large experience, appears to have met with only once, and which is only occasionally mentioned by other authors, chiefly foreign, who lay much stress on the gravity of the complication. His friends watched by his bed anxiously, and when at last he began slowly to recover they rejoiced with trembling, for his chief medical attendant wrote warning them of dangers that were imminent. He said : " New complications have arisen. The fever was making favorable progress when, on Saturday, December 9th, Mr. Fawcett had three distinct attacks of spasmodic cough, accompanied by hemorrhage from the upper part of the air passages. There is some ground for uneasiness lest lung mischief should be caused by the clots effused." These predictions have now been fulfilled.

On October 22d last he caught a severe cold, and had not recovered from it when important business required his presence in the House of Commons on October 30th. The night was chilly ; a cold north-west wind was blowing, and a heavy fog overhung the river Thames, by the side of which he walked to his residence near Vauxhall Station, his only companions being his secretary and *the large briar-wood pipe* which, in accordance with a long-standing habit, he lighted in the private room at the foot of the staircase leading to the reporters' gallery. It is feared that it was upon this occasion that he contracted the chill which led to grave and subsequently to fatal evils. Indeed, all through the treacherous weather which has recently prevailed in London he was never seen to wear an overcoat, and has more than once been gently remonstrated with by his friends for his imprudence.

Mr. Fawcett was, however, well enough to go to Cambridge a few days later to attend to his duties as professor. But there he was seized with pneumonia, aggravated by heart trouble. The best aid was of course rendered, but the case had evidently become a hopeless one—the patient grew weaker and weaker, and on November 6th Mr. Fawcett expired in the presence of his wife, and of her sister, Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, M.D., who had been assisting in nursing her distinguished relative, three other physicians being also present.

MRS. FAWCETT.

In his literary and other labors Mr. Fawcett found a helpmeet worthy of him in his wife, and of her invaluable assistance and tender care he was never tired of making grateful acknowledgment. This lady is a daughter of Mr. Newsome Garrett, of Aldeburgh, Suffolk, and they were married in 1867.

No public man ever had a wife better able to lighten his labors, or more ready to sympathize with his aims. Much trying and tedious assistance did Mrs. Fawcett render in her capacity as secretary and amanuensis. Mr. Fawcett in his blindness studied and followed current events by having books and newspapers read to him, and his books and essays were of course dictated by him. Much, if not most, of this oral and manual co-operation was contributed by Mrs. Fawcett. But she did a good deal more than this. She identified herself with the pursuits of her husband, and made herself familiar with the studies in which he was engaged. No small amount of Mr. Fawcett's literary work is due to their joint endeavors. Before his marriage he had published the first edition of his " Manual of Political Economy' and the " Economic Condition of the British Laborer," together with numerous periodical essays on kindred subjects. The first result of their collaboration was a volume of essays published in 1872 ; but Mrs. Fawcett had in 1869 furnished evidence of her own capacity by her " Political Economy for Beginners," which was followed, six years afterward, by " Tales in Political Economy." On the platform Mrs. Fawcett was a prominent supporter of the *woman's rights* programme, as was also her sister, Dr. Garret-Anderson. Mr. Fawcett also was an earnest advocate for the admission of women to the franchise.

In our frontispiece picture we give, with the *portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett*, a view of the General Post-Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, London. Below these are scenes illustrative of some of the departments engaged in the despatch of letters, etc., to their various destinations.

INTOLERANCE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Nov. 23, 1884.

"Then said they unto him, Say now Shibboleth: and he said Sibboleth: for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him, and slew him at the passages of Jordan."—JUDGES 12 : 6.

The Test Applied—A Small Difference—But Weighted with Death—The Denominations—Futility of Gag Laws—The Nothingarians—The Evil of Sectarianism—I. Its Origin—In Education—In Denominational Arrogance—In Ignorance—The Quarrel about an Obelisk—Men of One Idea—II. The Damage it has Done—Holy Rivalry Beneficial—Sectarianism Disgusts People—Hinders Gospel Progress—The Common Enemy—The Best Beehive—Its Failure in Persecution—III. How to Overcome it—A Great Gospel Platform—Realizing its Blessings—Association in Christian Work—Toiling Together in a Wreck.

DO you notice the difference of pronunciation between shibboleth and sibboleth? A very small and unimportant difference, you say. And yet, that difference was the difference between life and death for a great many people. The Lord's people, Gilead and Ephraim, got into a great fight, and Ephraim was worsted, and on the retreat came to the fords of the river Jordan to cross. Order was given that all Ephraimites coming there be slain. But how could it be found out who were Ephraimites? They were detected by their pronunciation. Shibboleth was a word that stood for river. The Ephraimites had a brogue of their own, and when they tried to say shibboleth always left out the sound of the "h." When it was asked that they say shibboleth they said sibboleth, and were slain. "Then said they unto him, say now shibboleth; and he said sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan." A very

SMALL DIFFERENCE,

you say, between Gilead and Ephraim, and yet how much intolerance about that small difference! The Lord's tribes in our time—by which I mean the different denominations of Christians—sometimes magnify a very small difference, and the only difference between scores of denominations to-day is the difference between shibboleth and sibboleth.

THE CHURCH OF GOD IS DIVIDED

into a great number of denominations. Time would fail me to tell of the Calvinists, and the Arminians, and the Sabbatarians, and the Baxterians, and the Dunkers, and the Shakers, and the Quakers, and the Methodists, and the Baptists, and the Episcopalians, and the Lutherans, and the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians, and the Spiritualists, and a score of other denominations of religionists, some of them founded by very good men, some of them founded by very egotistic men, some of them founded by very bad men. But as I demand for myself liberty of conscience, I must give that same liberty to every other man, remembering that he no more differs from me than I differ from him. I advocate the largest liberty in all religious belief and form of worship. In art, in politics, in morals, and in religion, let there be

NO GAG LAW,

no moving of the previous question, no persecution, no intolerance.

You know that the air and the water keep pure by constant circulation, and I think there is a tendency in religious discussion to purification and moral health. Between the fourth and the sixteenth centuries the Church proposed to make people think aright by prohibiting discussion, and by strong censorship of the press, and rack, and gibbet, and hot lead down the throat, tried to make people orthodox; but it was discovered that you cannot change a man's belief by twisting off his head, or that you can make a man see things differently by putting an awl through his eyes. There is something in a man's conscience which will hurl off the mountain that you threw upon it, and, unsinged of the fire, out of the flame will make red wings on which the martyr will mount to glory.

In that time of which I speak, between the fourth and sixteenth centuries, people went from the house of God into the most appalling iniquity, and right along by consecrated altars there were tides of drunkenness and licentiousness such as the world never heard of, and the very sewers of perdition broke loose and flooded the church. After a while the printing-press was freed, and it broke the shackles of the human mind. Then there came a large number of bad books, and where there was one man hostile to the Christian religion there were twenty men ready to advocate it; so I have not any nervousness in regard to this battle going on between Truth and Error.

THE TRUTH WILL CONQUER

just as certainly as that God is stronger than the devil. Let Error run if you only let Truth run along with it. Urged on by sceptic's shout and transcendentalist's spur, let it run. God's angels of wrath are in hot pursuit, and quicker than eagle's beak clutches out a hawk's heart God's vengeance will tear it to pieces.

I propose this morning to speak to you of

SECTARIANISM—

its origin, its evils, and its cures. There are those who would make us think that this monster, with horns and hoofs, is religion. I shall chase it to its hiding-place, and drag it out of the caverns of darkness, and rip off its hide. But I want to make a distinction between bigotry and the lawful fondness for peculiar religious beliefs and forms of worship. I have no admiration for a *nothingarian*.

In a world of such tremendous vicissitude and temptation, and with a soul that must after awhile stand before a throne of insufferable brightness, in a day when the rocking of the mountains and the flaming of the heavens and the upheaval of the sea shall be among the least of the excitements, to give account for every thought, word, action, preference, and dislike—that man is mad who has no religious preference. But our early education, our physical temperament, our mental constitution, will very much decide

OUR FORM OF WORSHIP.

A style of psalmody that may please me may displease you. Some would like to have a minister in gown and bands and surplice, and others prefer to have a minister in plain citizens' apparel. Some are most impressed when a little child is presented at the altar and sprinkled of the waters of a holy benediction "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and others are more impressed when the penitent comes up out of the river, his garments dripping with the waters of a baptism which signifies the washing away of sin. Either is right. Let either have his own way. One man likes no noise in prayer, not a word, not a whisper. Another man, just as good, prefers by gesticulation and exclamation to express his devotional aspirations. One is just as good as the other. "Every man fully persuaded in his own mind."

George Whitefield was going over a Quaker rather roughly for some of his religious sentiments, and the Quaker said: "George, I am as thou art; I am for bringing all men to the hope of the Gospel; therefore, if thou will not quarrel with me about my broad brim, I will not quarrel with thee about thy black gown. George, give me thy hand."

I. In tracing out the religion of sectarianism, or bigotry, I find that a great deal of

IT COMES FROM WRONG EDUCATION

in the home circle. There are parents who do not think it wrong to caricature and jeer the peculiar forms of religion in the world, and denounce other sects and other denominations. It is very often the case that that kind of education acts just opposite to what was expected, and the children grow up, and, after a while, go and see for themselves; and looking in those churches, and finding that the people are good there, and they love God and keep His commandments, by natural reaction they go and join those very churches. I could mention the names of prominent ministers of the Gospel who spent their whole life bombarding other denominations and who lived to see their children preach the Gospel in those very denominations. But it is often the case that bigotry starts in a household, and that the subject of it never recovers. There are tens of thousands of

BIGOTS TEN YEARS OLD.

I think sectarianism and bigotry also rise from *too great prominence of any one denomination* in a community. All the other denominations are wrong, and his denomination is right because his denomination is the most wealthy, or the most popular, or the most influential, and it is "our" church, and "our" religious organization, and "our" choir, and "our" minister, and the man tosses his head, and wants other denominations to know their places. It is a great deal better in any community when the great denominations of Christians are about equal in power, marching side by side for the world's conquest. Mere outside prosperity, mere worldly power, is no evidence that the church is acceptable to God. Better a barn with Christ in the manger than a cathedral with magnificent harmonies rolling through the long-drawn aisle, and an angel from heaven in the pulpit, *if there be no Christ in the chancel*, and no Christ in the robes. Bigotry is often

THE CHILD OF IGNORANCE.

You seldom find a man with large intellect who is a bigot. It is the man who thinks he knows a great deal, but does not. That man *is almost always a bigot*. The whole tendency of education and civilization is to bring a man out of that kind of state of mind and heart. There was in the far East

A GREAT OBELISK,

and one side of the obelisk was white, another side of the obelisk was green, another side of the obelisk was blue, and travellers went and looked at that obelisk, but they did not walk around it. One man looked at one side, another at another side, and they came home each one looking at only one side; and they happened to meet, the story says; and they got into a rank quarrel about the color of that obelisk. One man said it was white, another man said it was green, another man said it was blue, and when they were in the very heat of the controversy a more intelligent traveller came, and said: "Gentlemen, I have seen that obelisk, and you are all right, and you are all wrong. Why didn't you walk *all around* the obelisk?"

Look out for the man who sees only one side of a religious truth. Look out for the man who never walks around about these great theories of God and eternity and the dead. He will be a bigot inevitably—the man who only sees one side. There is no man more to be pitied than he who has in his head just one idea—no more, no less. More light, less sectarianism. There is nothing that will so soon kill bigotry as sunshine—God's sunshine.

II. So I have set before you what I consider to be the causes of bigotry. I have set before you the origin of this great evil. What are some of

THE BALEFUL EFFECTS?

First of all, it cripples investigation. You are wrong, and I am right, and that ends it. No taste for exploration, no spirit of investigation. From the glorious realm of God's truth, over which an archangel might fly from eternity to eternity and not reach the limit, the man shuts himself out and dies, a blind mole under a corn-shock. It stops all investigation.

While each denomination of Christians is to present all the truths of the Bible, it seems to me that God has given to each denomination an especial mission to give particular emphasis to some one doctrine; and so the Calvinistic churches must present the sovereignty of God, and the Arminian churches must present man's free agency, and the Episcopal churches must present the importance of order and solemn ceremony, and the Baptist churches must present the necessity of ordinances, and the Congregational Church must present the responsibility of the individual member, and the Meth-

odist Church must show what holy enthusiasm, hearty congregational singing can accomplish. While each denomination of Christians must set forth all the doctrines of the Bible. I feel it is especially incumbent upon each denomination to put particular emphasis on some one doctrine.

Another great damage done by the sectarianism and bigotry of the church is that

IT DISGUSTS PEOPLE

with the Christian religion. Now, my friends, the Church of God was never intended for a war barrack. People are afraid of a riot. You go down the street and you see an excitement, and missiles flying through the air, and you hear the shock of fire-arms. Do you, the peaceful and industrious citizen, go through that street? Oh, no! you will say, "*I'll go around the block.*" Now, men come and look upon this narrow path to heaven, and sometimes see the ecclesiastical brickbats flying every whither, and they say, "Well, I guess I'll take the broad road; if it is so rough, and there is so much sharp shooting on the narrow road, *I guess I'll try the broad road.*"

Francis I. so hated the Lutherans that he said if he thought there was one drop of Lutheran blood in his veins he would puncture them and let that drop out. Just as long as there is so much hostility between denomination and denomination, or between one professed Christian and another, or between one church and another, just so long men will be disgusted with the Christian religion, and say, "If that is religion, I want none of it."

Again, bigotry and sectarianism do great damage in the fact that *they hinder the triumph of the Gospel.* Oh, how much

WASTED AMMUNITION!

how many men of splendid intellect have given their whole life to controversial disputes, when, if they had given their life to something practical, they might have been vastly useful! Suppose this morning, while I speak, there were

A COMMON ENEMY

coming up the bay through the Narrows, and all the forts around New York began to fire into each other—you would cry out, "National suicide! why don't those forts blaze away in one direction, and that against the common enemy?" And yet I sometimes see in the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ a strange thing going on: church against church, minister against minister, denomination against denomination, firing away into their own fort, or the fort which ought to be on the same side, instead of concentring their energy and giving one mighty and everlasting volley against the navies of darkness riding up through the bay!

I go out sometimes in the summer, and I find two beehives, and these two hives are in a quarrel. I come near enough, not to be stung, but I come just near enough to hear the controversy, and one beehive says, "That field of clover is the sweetest," and another beehive says, "That field of clover is the sweetest." I come in between them, and I say, "Stop this quarrel; if you like that field of clover best, go there; if you like that field of clover best, go there; but let me tell you that that hive which gets the most honey is the best hive!" So I come out between the churches of the Lord Jesus Christ. One denomination of Christians says, "That field of Christian doctrine is best," and another says, "This field of Christian doctrine is best." Well, I say, "*go where you get the most honey.*" That is the best church which gets the most honey of Christian grace for the heart, and the most honey of Christian usefulness for the life.

Beside that, if you want to build up any denomination, you will never build it up by trying to pull some other down. Intolerance never put anything down. How much has Intolerance accomplished, for instance, against the Methodist Church? For long years her ministry were forbidden the pulpits of Great Britain. Why was it that so many of them preached in the fields? Simply because they could not get in the churches. And the name of the Church was given in derision and as a sarcasm. The critics of the church said, "They have no order, they have no method in their worship;" and the critics, therefore, in irony called them "Methodists."

I am told that in Astor Library, New York, kept as curiosities there are seven hundred and seven books and pamphlets against Methodism. Did Intolerance stop that church? No; it is either first or second amid the denominations of Christendom, her missionary stations in all parts of the world, her men not only important in religious trusts, but important also in secular trusts. Church marching on, and the more intolerance against it, the faster it marched.

What did Intolerance accomplish against the Baptist Church? If laughing scorn and tirade could have destroyed the church it would not have to-day a disciple left.

The Baptists were hurled out of Boston in olden times. Those who sympathized with them were confined, and when a petition was offered asking leniency in their behalf, all the men who signed it were indicted. Has Intolerance stopped the Baptist Church? The last statistics in regard to it showed twenty thousand churches and two million communicants. Intolerance never put down anything.

In England a law was made against the Jew. England thrust back the Jew and thrust down the Jew, and declared that no Jew should hold official position. What came of it? Were the Jews destroyed? Was their religion overthrown? No. Who became Prime Minister of England only a little while ago? Who was next to the throne? who was higher than the throne because he was counsellor and adviser? Disraeli, a Jew. What were we celebrating in all our churches as well as synagogues only a few weeks ago? The one hundredth birthday anniversary of Montefiore, the great Jewish philanthropist. Intolerance never yet put down anything.

THE REMEDY FOR SECTARIANISM.

III. But now, my friends, having shown you the origin of bigotry or sectarianism, and having shown you the damage it does, I want briefly to show you *how we are to war against this terrible evil*, and I think we ought to begin our war by realizing our own weakness and our imperfections. If we make so many mistakes in the common affairs of life, is it not possible that we may make mistakes in regard to our religious affairs? Shall we take a man by the throat, or by the collar, because he cannot see religious truths just as we do? In the light of eternity it will be found out, I think, there was something wrong in all our creeds, and something right in all our creeds. But since we may make mistakes in regard to things of the world, do not let us be so egotistic and so puffed up as to have an idea that we cannot make any mistake in regard to religious theories. And then I think we will do a great deal to overthrow the sectarianism *from our heart*, and the sectarianism from the world, by chiefly enlarging in those things in which we agree rather than those on which we differ.

Now, here is

A GREAT GOSPEL PLATFORM.

A man comes up on this side the platform and says, "I don't believe in baby sprinkling." Shall I shove him off? Here is a man coming up on this side the platform, and he says, "I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints." Shall I shove him off? No. I will say, "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus as your Saviour? do you trust Him for time and for eternity?" He says, "Yes." "Do you take Christ for time and for eternity?" "Yes." I say, "Come on, brother; one in time and one in eternity; brother now, brother forever." Blessed be God for a Gospel platform so large that all who receive Christ may stand on it!

I think we may overthrow the severe sectarianism and bigotry in our hearts, and in the church also, by realizing that *all the denomination of Christians have yielded*

NOBLE INSTITUTIONS

and noble men. There is nothing that so stirs my soul as this thought. One denomination yielded a Robert Hall and an Adoniram Judson; another yielded a Latimer and a Melville; another yielded John Wesley and the blessed Summerfield, while our own denomination yielded John Knox and the Alexanders—men of whom the world was not worthy. Now, I say, if we are honest and fair-minded men, when we come up in the presence of such churches and such denominations, although they may be different from our own, we ought to admire them, and we ought to love and honor them. Churches which can produce such men, and such large-hearted charity, and such magnificent martyrdom, ought to win our affection—at any rate, our respect. So come on, ye ninety-five thousand Episcopalians in this country, and ye four hundred thousand Presbyterians, and ye nine hundred thousand Baptists, and ye two million Methodists—come on; shoulder to shoulder we will march for the world's conquest; for all nations are to be saved, and God demands that you and I help do it. *Forward, the whole line!*

Moreover, we may also overthrow the feeling of severe sectarianism by joining other denominations in Christian work. I like when the spring-time comes and the anniversary occasions begin and all denominations come upon the same platform. That overthrows sectarianism. In the Young Men's Christian Associations, in the Bible Society, in the Tract Society, in the Foreign Missionary Society, shoulder to shoulder all denominations.

Perhaps I might more forcefully illustrate this truth by calling your attention to an incident which took place four, or five or six years ago. One Monday morning at about two o'clock, while her nine hundred passengers were sound asleep in her berths dreaming of home,

THE STEAMER ATLANTIC

crashed into Mars Head. Five hundred souls in ten minutes landed in eternity! Oh, what a scene! Agonized men and women running up and down the gangways, and clutching for the rigging, and the plunge of the helpless steamer, and the clapping of the hands of the merciless sea over the drowning and the dead, threw two continents into terror. But see this brave quartermaster pushing out with the life-line until he gets to the rock; and see these fishermen gathering up the shipwrecked, and taking them into the cabins, and wrapping them in the flannels snug and warm; and see that minister of the Gospel, with three other men, getting into a life-boat, and pushing out for the wreck, pulling away across the surf, and pulling away until they saved one more man, and then getting back with him to the shore. *Can those men ever forget that night?* And can they ever forget their companionship in peril, companionship in struggle, companionship in awful catastrophe and rescue? Never! Never! In whatever part of the earth they meet, they will be friends when they mention the story of that awful night when the Atlantic struck Mars Head.

Well, my friends, our world has gone into a worse shipwreck. Sin drove it on the rocks. The old ship has lurched and tossed in the tempests of six thousand years. Out with the life-line! I do not care what denomination carries it. Out with the life-boat! I do not care what denomination rows it. Side by side, in the memory of common hardships, and common trials, and common prayers, and common tears, let us be brothers forever. We must be. We must be.

"Our army of the living God,
To whose command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

And I expect to see the day when all denominations of Christians shall join hands around the cross of Christ and recite the creed: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the Communion of Saints, and in the life everlasting." May God inspire us all with the largest-hearted Christian charity!

SCEPTICAL NEIGHBORS.

By the Rev. Charles Courtenay.

PART II.

THE crowd gazed intently at Tom Shooter's window-shade.

At last a policeman came bustling up, with all the importance in the world and his "Make way, make way."

His loud authoritative rap at the door was immediately responded to, the bolt being withdrawn by Tom Shooter himself. He entered, and with him not a few of the spectators.

There was blood on the floor and on the stick. They took *that* in at a glance. The room was in great disorder, chairs being upon the table, and other articles of furniture in every imaginable place but the right one. There had evidently been a dreadful struggle.

The policeman fastened his eyes upon Tom Shooter with the most stern and official look he could summon up, and then asked this one question: "Where's the body?"

Was it an expression of guilt which sprang to Tom Shooter's face? The bystanders felt in their souls it was. It was certainly with amazement that he replied:

"The body! What do you mean?"

"The body of your poor murdered wife," shouted a man from the doorway.

Tom was evidently struggling with some emotion. Was it grief? A burst of uncontrollable laughter was his response. The whole thing had dawned upon him at last.

"The body! Why, there's the body," he said, pointing to the floor.

All eyes looked, and saw—the lifeless form of a monster rat.

The policeman looked at the people, and the people looked at the policeman. Tom Shooter and his wife, who had now entered from the back room, looked laughingly upon them all.

Nothing more was said. Those nearest the door quickly departed; and in a very few seconds the room was cleared of policeman and all.

A SUSPICIOUS VISIT.

Tom Shooter was a carpenter by trade, and by all accounts was as good a one as could be found the whole country through.

One morning there came an order from the host of the Rising Sun himself, to fit up some shelves and to do a few minor jobs in the place. This order was all the more noticeable from the fact that mine host knew very well Tom's principles and how energetically he opposed the drink. And so it was all the greater compliment that the teetotaler should be the workman he placed most faith in.

Tom didn't relish the idea of entering his old place of resort, but thinking it his duty to go, and offering up an earnest prayer for strength against temptation, he went.

Meanwhile, a little pantomime was being enacted outside. It seems one of the prophets had seen him enter the saloon, and had executed a sort of war dance at the sight, slapping his thigh, throwing his hat into the air, and performing other like antics.

"Trapped at last!" he gleefully exclaimed.

Then he said in a vindictive tone, "I'll unmask him, the old hypocrite."

His plan was to stop all the passers-by he knew, retaining them until Tom should emerge again from the door he had entered. In this way he thought Tom's broken pledge would be made most public.

"He's uncommon thirsty," said one, who was getting impatient at the time he was kept waiting.

"Aye, these teetotal fellers always go in for a good long pull when they once begin," suggested another.

"Won't he be fresh when he comes out?" said a third.

After having been kept a longer time than any of them had expected, it was suggested that probably Tom had escaped by the back door, and that it would be advisable for one of them to go boldly in as if to order some beer, and so to discover exactly how matters stood. A volunteer being easily found, they awaited the result.

He had been gone only a minute or so when he appeared before his expectant friends with a most woe-begone look on his face.

"He ain't a-drinking at all. He's a-carpentering."

This was enough. Without any more ado the little knot of malicious ones melted away as snow before the sunshine, thoroughly ashamed, I hope, of their most inhuman wishes.

THE NEW SALOON.

Whether it was that Tom's ill-natured neighbors were tired of looking out for falls, or that suspicious appearances were wanting, it was a fact that Tom had for some long time peace and quietness. He was let alone.

But the prophets were not dead. However little faith they had in Tom, they had plenty in themselves. Though they said but little, they kept their weather eye open, and waited for what they felt in their bones they were sure to see before long.

Tom, after he had paid his many debts, refurnished his empty home, and put his wife and children and himself into decent clothes, began to save money fast. In fact, he was himself surprised at the speed with which he was able to put by his banknotes, and at the way in which they grew. And so it was that before long he found himself master of a nice little sum.

Now it seems he had a great weakness for bricks and mortar, and moreover had great faith in them as an investment. And this being the case, it is not to be wondered at that he should determine to build. By joining with a friend, and combining their savings, he was well able to make a start.

One of our prophetical friends managed one day to get a surreptitious peep at the plans, and forthwith declared it as his firm conviction that Tom was going to erect a grog-shop. This was enough. The old hue and cry was revived. Tongues wagged most industriously. Heads were shaken with the profoundest wisdom.

It was declared that Tom's temperance was only depth and cunning. The landlord of the Rising Sun had cleared Tom's pockets, and now Tom was going to set up an opposition shop out of revenge.

Meanwhile the saloon grew and grew, taking every day more of its legitimate shape. And when the shelves were in position, with their plate-glass background, things began to look somewhat complete. When the sign was hung, the last touch was given.

The opening night, how shall I describe it? There *was* a crowd in the street. The prophets and their friends made up a goodly number of themselves, to say nothing of the thirsty topers who had turned out of the Rising Sun to test the new brew. According to the programme, the first drop was to be drawn at eight o'clock Moreover, all were to have a drink at the expense of the house.

Punctually to the minute, the doors were thrown open, and the crowd rushed in. There was Tom, all beaming behind the bar with his white apron, as complete a rum-seller as could be, waiting for his customers. And there too were the waiters, ready for action. They took these in very quickly. But those three huge copper urns, steaming hot, and shining like plate glass, what did they mean? And those provisions, and those bottles with strange names, and those texts upon the wall staring down so obtrusively, what did *they* mean? Before their puzzled wits could be settled, the drink was handed to them. But not in quart pots of pewter, nor in glasses, but in cups.

"Why, if it ain't tea!" said one.

"Why, if it ain't coffee!" said a second.

"Why, if it ain't cocoa!" said a third.

While the prophets, looking demurely upon one another, said, "Blest if we ain't sold again!"

Tom Shooter saw that this was the time to strike if he would win the day, so jumping upon a chair, he said:

"Friends, one and all, you're in the bar of a saloon, but it's a saloon without the drink. You've tasted what I sell, and I want to know whether it's not better stuff than you'll get at the Rising Sun?" ("Yes," said a voice.) "Will it go into your head?" ("No.") "Will it rouse your bad passions?" ("No.") "Will it make you thirstier than before?" ("No.") "Will it make you bad fathers, bad husbands, bad workmen, and bad men?" ("No.") "Will it ruin your health and make the fortunes of the pawnbrokers?" ("No.") "Then, I say, stick to this drink. Come here and quench your thirst. The place is yours to come and go when you like, and whether you want to buy or not, and remember you've always got a friend in Tom Shooter."

After this hearty speech, some cheered. And then others cheered, until at last it ended in all cheering.

Tom Shooter was never again suspected.

THE SEVENTY HEPTADS.

By Rev. G. A. Redles.

(From the Episcopal Recorder.)

WE have now to consider "The abomination of desolation" (Matt. 24 : 15) as a sign of our Lord's Coming, and of the End of the Age. Christ said, "When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet." There are three references in Daniel to "the abomination." One of these is found in Daniel 11 : 31. Another is found in Daniel 9 : 27. "For the overspreading of abominations, he shall make it desolate." The marginal reading is clearer—"Upon the battlements shall be the idols of the desolator." The context and other portions of the Word show that this refers to the close of this age. The Desolator plants the idols upon the battlements in the midst of the last of the seventy prophetical weeks.

Now what happens when the seventy weeks have expired? Daniel says, "Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression and to make an end of sins, and to bring in everlasting righteousness." Daniel's people are the Jews, and his city is Jerusalem. Concerning them the transgression is not yet finished and everlasting righteousness has not yet been brought in. As a nation they are still rejecting Christ and God's heavy hand is upon them and their holy city which continues to be trodden down of the Gentiles.

But what are we to understand about the seventy weeks? The word translated "weeks" is indefinite. Tregelles, whose scholarship is of the highest order, says it means "a period of seven parts." "The denomination here is to be taken from the subject of Daniel's prayer. He prayed about seven years, he is answered about periods of seven years.

SEVENTY PERIODS

of seven years, or four hundred and ninety years cover the time which Gabriel announced to Daniel. The seventy years began in the twentieth year of Artaxerxes. Dr. Brooks says, "Archbishop Usher, after careful review, and without any doctrinal or prophetical object whatever to accomplish, announced, as the result of patient and particular attention to the point, that the twentieth year of Artaxerxes corresponds to the year 454 B.C., and not to the year 446.

"As all are aware, our Lord's birth occurred four years earlier than the time assigned in our common chronology, and hence, he was crucified in the Jewish month Nisan, A.D. 29, which added to the year 454 B.C., when in the same month, Nisan, the decree of Artaxerxes was issued, we have precisely four hundred and eighty-three years or sixty-nine (weeks) heptads from the command to restore and build Jerusalem to the very month when Messiah was cut off."

Now if

THE SEVENTIETH HEPTAD

immediately followed, then according to Daniel 9 : 24, it was predicted that seven years after

our Lord's crucifixion the sins of Daniel's people would be forgiven, and everlasting righteousness be theirs, whereas they were then rejecting the testimony of the apostles to the remission of sins through the crucified and risen Lord. About forty years later, their sins were brought into terrible remembrance when Jerusalem was destroyed.

Therefore the seventieth week did not immediately follow the sixty-nine weeks, nor for the same reason has it yet been completed. Consequently there is a gap of more than eighteen centuries between the 26th and 27th verses of Daniel 9. So, there is in Isa. 61 : 2, between "the acceptable year" and "the day of vengeance," and for this reason our Lord omits the latter clause in Luke 4 : 19.

But, again, the seventy heptads relate to periods in which God regards the Jews as nationally gathered in Jerusalem. Consequently the progress of

THE HEPTADS STOPPED

at the crucifixion. Jerusalem was then virtually set aside. Our Lord said, four days before His death, "Behold your house is left unto you desolate" (Matt. 23 : 38).

The course of the heptads will not be resumed until the Jews, gathered to Jerusalem by the hand of God ("I will gather you into the midst of Jerusalem," Ezek. 22 : 19), shall under a covenant formed with Antichrist again assume a national existence.

Ignorance of this principle of computing prophetic time has led some sceptics to charge the Scriptures with a false statement in asserting that from the Exodus to the building of Solomon's temple comprised four hundred and eighty years, whereas they tell us that the time was six hundred and one years.

The explanation is that they include one hundred and twenty one years, during which time Israel groaned under the heavy hand of foreign oppressors, in the time of the Judges, which time of subjection the Lord does not count.

Therefore we are now living in

A PARENTHESIS

between the sixty-ninth and the seventieth week. God is now saying of the house of Judah, "Call his name Lo ami; for ye are not my people, and I will not be your God." But the day is coming, "that in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people, there it shall be said unto them, Ye are the sons of the living God." When God is preparing them for that day, the seventieth week will be ushered in. That week, the last seven years of this age, will find a portion of the Jews (not of the lost ten tribes) dwelling in their own land, with the temple rebuilt and its worship restored. At the close of that week Daniel 9 : 24 will be fulfilled. Notice that the seventy weeks are determined upon *thy* people (Daniel's people, the Jews) and upon *thy* holy city (Jerusalem).

Do any ask how the transgressions shall be finished, etc. Turn for an answer to Zech. 14 : 3, 4, 20, 21; 12 : 10-14; 13 : 1.

In Daniel 9 : 27 we read, "*He* shall confirm the covenant," etc. Who? The antecedent is found in the previous verse—

"THE PRINCE

that shall come." But it is there stated that "The people of the prince that shall come shall destroy the city and the sanctuary." This refers to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman people. The question arises, How can their prince confirm the covenant at the close of this age? The answer is that "The people (of the prince that shall come) shall destroy the city." That prince is yet to arise out of the Roman world, the fourth kingdom in Daniel's interpretation of Nebuchadnezzar's dream. This kingdom, represented by the two legs of iron, the feet and toes, has never yet been fully developed according to the prophecy.

THE TEN TOES,

five on each foot, represent the ten kingdoms of the Roman world, five in the eastern branch and five in the western.

These kingdoms with their kings must be in existence when "the stone cut out without hands shall smite the image upon his feet and break them in pieces." Smiting and breaking in pieces describe not the peaceful conquests of the Gospel in this age, but destroying judgments when "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Thess. 2 : 1, 7, 8), and when "He shall smite the earth with the rod of His mouth, and with the breath of His lips shall He slay the wicked" (Isa. 11 : 4). These same kingdoms are predicted in Daniel 7. The fourth beast represents the fourth kingdom. The ten horns upon its head are ten kings that shall arise. "Another king shall arise after them. And he shall speak great words against the Most High."

This last king (Antichrist) is "The prince that shall come, who shall confirm the covenant with many for one week."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

"A Lady Preacher Went to Visit a Woman who was dying," said Mr. Drysdale, at a recent meeting. "After a little conversation the lady opened her Bible at Isaiah 55 : 1, and read, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.' You see, this is a free gift, you can have it without money and without price.' 'Is it?' said the woman; 'I never thought of it in that way before; I will take the free gift.' And that woman accepted Jesus there and then as her Saviour, and found unspeakable peace."

Shooting a Faithful Dog.—"I Heard of a man who had a favorite dog. One night he was awakened out of his sleep by the dog pulling at him. He ordered it again and again to desist, but it would not. At last getting irritated he drew from under his pillow a pistol, and shot the faithful animal. In the morning, when he arose, he found that robbers had been into the house, and had carried off a large quantity of valuable goods. Is not this like a man's conscience. It disturbs him at first, and will not let him rest, but he plunges further and further into sin to try and stop the still small voice, and at length he succeeds, for God hath said: 'My Spirit will not always strive with man.'"

A Dying Consumptive Saved.—A Member of a Christian Association says: "I remember some years ago two little girls who came down to our home at Saltcoats, seeking help. One of the workers of this Association visited their mother, and found her in a pitiable condition. She was lying on her death-bed, dying of consumption, and in a very destitute condition. That worker visited her very often, and spoke to her of Jesus, the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world; and that woman, although she had led a very wicked life, at once laid her burden down at Jesus' feet, and died fully trusting in Him, furnishing another conclusive proof of the declaration of the Bible, that Christ is 'able to save men even unto the uttermost.'"

A Runaway's Rescue.—A Member of one of the Mizpah Bands testifies: "Twelve months ago I was first convicted of sin. I ran away from home before I was sixteen years of age, and went under any name but my own. In my wanderings one Sunday, I walked into a church, and in the middle of his sermon the minister looking at me said: 'Sinner, what wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?' I took these words right home to myself. I knew I was leading a wrong life, and I grew very unhappy; I had such a longing for something which I could not find. I thought at any rate I would leave the place where I was then living, and went to Glasgow. One night I was attracted by an open-air meeting in Cowcaddens. I stood and listened to the singing, and afterward went into the church. I waited until the after meeting, when one of the gentlemen spoke to me. He opened his Bible at John 3 : 16, and read: 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I said: 'I cannot see how I can believe that,' and he told me if I did not believe that I was just making God a liar. The very thought of that frightened me, and then I felt all at once I could believe it, and I went out of the church that night with God for my friend and Jesus as my Saviour, and he has been my close companion ever since."

Infidel Tinsel and Christian Gold.—A Christian gentleman observes: "I knew a man who was connected with an infidel club for sixteen years. Two or three years ago he came himself to Christ. A short time ago he met one of his old companions, a member of the club. After a little conversation, he asked, 'What has Christianity done for you?' 'I'll tell you what it has done,' was the reply. 'For sixteen years I was a member of your infidel club, and I was unlettered and ignorant, and you never taught me to read or write. For three years I have been a Christian, and in that time God's people have taught me to read and write also, and now I am able to read God's holy Word, and find the truth for myself. Oh, how long you blinded my eyes; may God forgive you.'"

Pardoned in a Hospital.—A Gentleman Re- marks: "I went to an hopsital a week or two ago, and as I was walking through one of the wards, I noticed a man lying on a bed very weary looking, and going over to him, I said: 'Would you like me to read to you?' The man nodded an assent and I opened my Bible, and read in Isaiah 43 : 25, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.' At the man's request I read the verse again, and he then said: 'For *your* sake?' 'No,' I said, 'for *His own sake*.' Calling one of the nurses by name, he said: 'Will you get me a card?' And when he got it, he handed it to me, saying: 'Will you write the verse on that, sir?' And I did so. I left him reading it over and over again, and through its means he has since found for himself the pardon of which it speaks."

An Agonized Husband's Query.—Dr. Kennedy, an evangelist, relates: "A gentleman drove his wife to a meeting every night to hear Dr. M'Kay preach the Gospel. He left her at the meeting, and himself went to the hotel to spend the time while she was there. He used to say he could not see what she could find to interest her in such meetings. One night he went into the meeting, out of curiosity, unknown to his wife. That night she heard him murmuring, 'Oh! where am I going to spend eternity?' Next morning she wrote a letter to the doctor begging him to come and speak to her husband. 'For,' she said, 'I am sure he is awakened to a sense of his sin.' The doctor came at her request, and the gentleman told him that he was in the meeting unknown to his wife, and that God's Holy Spirit was really striving with him. After a little conversation he confessed Christas his Saviour."

A Quarter of an Hour's Horn-blowing.—"I was on a visit lately at a country village. The first morning I was there, I was awakened very early by the sound of a horn blowing, which continued for about a quarter of an hour. It disturbed me every morning, at the same hour, and on speaking of it to my friends they assured me that I would soon get accustomed to it, and it would then cease to disturb me. And so it proved, I could soon sleep on undisturbed, though the horn blew as usual. In a spiritual sense I think this is the most dangerous state into which a man can fall. When they hear the Gospel preached to them at first, they seem to waken out of a sleep, and get disturbed and uncomfortable; but if they do not take advantage of what they hear, they get accustomed to it, and by and by can listen to any Gospel sermon without being moved by it. Such a man's state is worse than at the first, for God's Spirit has ceased to strive with him."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Thanksgiving Day will be Observed to-day throughout the land. It is well that this pious custom of our forefathers has not fallen into desuetude in this utilitarian age. As a nation God has blessed us beyond all other nations of the earth, and as a nation we make to-day humble recognition of the Source of all our mercies. It is not "a day for a man to afflict his soul," but neither is it right for individual Christians to overlook the object for which it is set apart. There is a tendency to spend the day in feasting and frivolity, but that tendency the heads of families should not encourage. While we rejoice over the blessings with which God has crowned the year for us, as individuals, as families, and as a nation, it should be with a sense of our responsibility and with an earnest desire to live as becomes those whom God blesses. If any to whom the past year has been one of loss and disappointment think that his circumstances are such as do not justify him in being in a thankful spirit, a visit to the poor in his neighborhood may be recommended as a stimulating influence. Possibly, if he relieves their need when visiting them, he may find that in watering others his soul too may be watered.

Many Interesting Facts are Contained in the annual reports of the Assistant Postmasters-General, published last week. From these reports it appears that the whole number of post-offices in the United States is 50,017. The cost of inland transportation on June 30th was $20,699,117, divided as follows: For 11,729 star routes, aggregating 226,779 miles, $5,089,941; for 117 steamboat routes, aggregating 15,591 miles, $596,573; for 1573 railroad routes, aggregating 117,160 miles, $15,012,603. First Assistant Postmaster General Marr, in his report, recommends very strongly the extension of the free-delivery system to places having 10,000 inhabitants and yielding $10,000 annual postal revenue. He also urges the consolidation of small offices close to each other, so as to give the community served by all together the advantage of the free delivery.

A Wholesale Ejectment of Office-holders was one of the evils dreaded by the country as a result of the Democratic triumph. It was feared that new men, unaccustomed to national business, might cause confusion and a disturbance of commercial affairs. The remarks made last week by the Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, President of the Civil Service Commission, may therefore have a tranquillizing influence. He said to a reporter: "Having acted with the Republican party since its origin, I can hardly speak without some party bias. Nevertheless, I will frankly tell you what I think. We shall have an Administration absolutely Democratic in policy, but the civil service act will not be repealed, either at the coming session or during this generation. Gov. Cleveland and the statesmen of his party would oppose any attempt to repeal it. The rules will not be abolished; they will be enforced under the new President. . . . There is no public man in this country who has a higher sense of the moral obligations of official life, or who is more certain to withstand mere partisan and selfish appeals, than Gov. Cleveland. This is a great element of power, and of popularity, too, as the people now feel. And, lest my motives be misunderstood, let me add that he has never done me a favor, and that I could neither ask nor accept one at his hands. Many officers outside the rules, and some within, will doubtless be removed for no very good reasons. But so far as possible Gov. Cleveland will prevent mere political proscription."

The Total Vote for St. John and Daniel has not yet been definitely reported. It is, however, computed that at least 150,000 votes were cast for the Prohibition candidates. *The Voice*, which is the organ of the Prohibition party, has received reports from twenty-six States, and those States gave an aggregate vote of 140,000 for the Prohibition national ticket. No return has been made yet from the other twelve States, which are Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Nevada, Oregon, South Carolina, and Virginia; but from data carefully collected it is believed that the vote in those States cannot fall below an aggregate of 10,000. Of the twenty-six States from which returns have been received, six gave a Prohibition vote of more than 10,000. These were: Illinois, 11,731; Massachusetts, 10,200; Michigan, 17,000; New York, 25,006; Ohio, 12,000; Pennsylvania, 14,624. In 1880 Neal Dow, who was the Prohibition candidate for the Presidency, received only 10,305 votes in the whole country. The enormous increase this year is in part due to the progress of the Prohibition principles, but chiefly because the candidate this year was a man of ability and character, for whom sensible men were not ashamed to vote. An effort is being made to continue the publication of *The Voice*, which was commenced for the campaign only. Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, the publishers, announce that they will issue it every week if they receive twenty thousand subscriptions before the end of the year.

The Quarrel between the Republicans and the Prohibitionists is causing New York rum-sellers to rejoice. In the country counties the Republicans announce their intention of voting in March next for unrestricted license in retaliation on the Prohibitionists for refusing to support Mr. Blaine. In Duchess and Ulster counties alone the votes given to St. John would have elected Mr. Blaine if they had been given to him. At the present time the Republicans who supported Mr. Blaine are intensely bitter against the Prohibitionists, and they are resolved to punish them at the election of the excise in the spring. There is but little doubt at the present time that all of the ten temperance towns in Ulster County will vote for unrestricted license at the ensuing local elections, and a similar sentiment exists to a greater or less extent in other counties along the Hudson River where temperance Excise Commissioners hold office. It may be hoped that there will be a better feeling in existence before the election, as Republicans and Democrats alike are just as much interested in good local government and the restriction of intoxicants as are the Prohibitionists.

The Discovery of a Great Inland Sea was reported last week. The announcement that such a sea exists within a thousand miles of New York is regarded with doubt by geographers, but the discoverers insist upon the truth of their statement. It appears the Geographical Society of Quebec sent out, last June, an expedition with supplies for the use of an exploring party engaged in the North. The supply party has now returned, not having found the expedition they went to relieve, but bringing back news of the discovery of the inland sea. The party, starting from a village on the Saguenay River, about thirty miles from Lake St. John, journeyed northward, and at a distance of about three hundred and fifty miles from Lake St. John and four hundred and fifty miles from Quebec the southern extremity of the great lake was reached. Those in command appear to have carefully distinguished the great lake from the small one, known as Lake Mistassini, and to have discovered that they are connected by Rupert's River. For seven days they voyaged on the great lake, and after one hundred and twenty miles of navigation the main body of it was not reached. The waters swarmed with fish, the banks were well wooded, and tracts of the adjoining land were arable. The newly found lake lies in latitude nearly corresponding to the latitude of London and Berlin, but the climate is severe.

The German Reichstag was Formally Opened by the Emperor on November 20th. It is expected to be a momentous session. Emperor William, in the course of his speech, spoke of the continued accord between Germany and France. He said: "Germany has summoned a conference of the Powers to secure Africa from disturbance arising from international friction. The universal acceptance of the Conference proves that the friendliness of the various Powers toward Germany is based on the fact that the successes in war which God vouchsafed do not tempt us to seek the people's happiness by other means than cultivating peace. I rejoice at this recognition, and particularly that it was possible at Skierniwice to cement my friendship with the Russian and Austrian monarchs, who are so connected with me by ancestral tradition, relationship and neighborhood that I may regard as certain the undisturbed duration of peace for a long time to come. I thank the Almighty for the certainty of the strong guarantee of peace thus afforded." Nevertheless, the Emperor and his ministers are seriously concerned at the socialistic successes and at the ominous attitude they have assumed.

A Compromise on the Constitutional Question in England appears to have been effected. On November 17th the Premier rose in the House of Commons and made a speech, in which he said: "The government desire to pass the franchise bill without delay. They cannot enter into any understanding with the opposition unless they receive an adequate assurance that the bill will be passed this autumn. In that case the government are ready to make the main provisions or draft of their redistribution bill the subject of friendly communication, or they stand ready to introduce the bill into the House of Commons forthwith and prosecute it with all possible speed." The Marquis of Salisbury, on behalf of the Lords, has accepted Mr. Gladstone's offer. If, therefore, the two leaders can agree on a plan for redistribution, the constitutional crisis will vanish. The Radical leaders are disappointed, as they hoped that the struggle would end in crippling the power of the Lords.

The English Radicals Tested their Strength by a division in the House of Commons on Friday night. Mr. Labouchère introduced a resolution declaring the influence of the House of Lords mischievous, and pressed it to a division. The Conservatives and the Liberals voted against it, but seventy-four members voted in its favor. Many prominent men left the House to avoid voting against Mr. Gladstone, who voted with the conservatives. Among those who went away was Mr. Chamberlain, who is the representative in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet of the Radical wing of the party. The public is surprised that the Radicals number so many in the House, as this division shows. Another trial of strength is expected soon on a question affecting the Royal family. Parliament is to be asked to vote an appropriation for the support of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales. Many members of the House have been required by their constituents to give a pledge that they will oppose this and all future appropriations for the benefit of the Royal family.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the Explorer, has been accepted as the chief adviser of the conference now in session in Berlin to settle the affairs of the Congo. He is a member of the managing committee, and has had frequent interviews with Prince Bismarck, and has dined with the Emperor of Germany. Mr. Kasson, our minister, has also taken a prominent part in the Conference. The proposals formulated by Germany, and which are likely to be adopted by the Conference, are that there shall be perfectly free trade for all nations. Commodities shall be imported and exported free of duty, except such as shall be necessary in the interest of general trade. The Powers exercising sovereign rights in the Congo regions are forbidden to exercise monopolies or favors of any kind in regard to trade. All the Powers exercising sovereign rights shall bind themselves to cooperate in the endeavor to suppress slavery and to promote *the work of missions* and all institutions which tend to the civilization of the natives. The Portuguese claims for sovereignty were strongly resisted by Mr. Kasson, who said that Mr. Henry M. Stanley, in all his long journeys on the lower Congo, had been unable to discover any signs of such Portuguese dominion or civilizing influences as were now claimed. He had, in fact, said Mr. Kasson, found everything and everybody but Portuguese.

A Treaty with Spain for Cuba and Porto Rico, for commercial reciprocity, has been negotiated and will be submitted to the Spanish Cortes when it meets next month. The Madrid correspondent of the New York *Herald* describes the treaty as the most complete reciprocity treaty ever negotiated by our government, embracing not only the exchange of products, but also special shipping privileges for the vessels of the two nations, abolishing all tonnage and consular fees on vessels and cargoes, and making all other fees the same as for the national vessels engaged in the coasting trade. It also contains special privileges for commercial travellers, reforms in the Cuban customs regulations concerning fines and the responsibility of vessels for errors when fraud has not been proved; and it contains besides a stipulation against the imposition of new export taxes. In some cases the tariff on the imports from Cuba is to be reduced fifty per cent, and Spain admits a large number of our manufactures free of duty. It is expected that a considerable impetus to trade will be given by this treaty.

More Favorable Reports of the Cholera are cabled from France. Sharp frosts have set in, and with the fall of the thermometer the progress of the epidemic has decreased. The number of seizures is smaller, and there has been an increase in the proportion of persons who recover from attacks of the disease. Cleanlier habits have been induced in all classes, owing to a fear of contracting the malady. Dr. Vulpian, a prominent physician, recently gave the Academy of Sciences some interesting details of experiments practised upon himself, including the swallowing of fœcal matter. He concludes that the cause of death from cholera is blood poisoning, caused by paralysis of the normal functions of the liver.

The Horrors of the African Slave Traffic were graphically depicted by Mr. H. M. Stanley, the American explorer, in the course of a recent speech. He said: "The slave trade is a great blight which clings to Africa like an aggravated pest, destroying men faster than children could be born. I overtook a party of Arab marauders on the Congo in November of last year, over 1200 miles from the sea. They had utterly desolated a number of villages, massacred the adult males who had not at once fled, and carried off the women and children. I never saw such a sight before. In a small camp 300 fighting men kept in manacles and fetters, 2300 naked women and children, their poor bodies incrusted with dirt, all emaciated and weary through much misery. It was *a sight to make angels weep*, cruel enough to make strong men cry 'vengeance on the murderers.' Here was the net result of the burning of 118 villages, and the devastation of forty-three districts to glut the avaricious soul of a man who had constituted himself chief of a district some 200 miles higher up. Though over seventy-five years old, here he was prosecuting his murderous business, having shed so much human blood in three months that, if collected into a tank, it might have sufficed to drown him and all his thirty wives and concubines. Those 2300 slaves would have to be transported over 200 miles in canoes, and such as could not be fed would die, and perhaps 800—perhaps 900—of all the number would ever reach their destination. This is the latest story of the slave trade in Africa."

The Presbyterian Church of Carthage, Jefferson County, N. Y., which, as was mentioned in these columns recently, was destroyed in the great fire of Oct. 20th, was but lightly insured. The congregation has no place to worship in, and its members have themselves suffered heavily by the fire. They are unable to rebuild, owing to their own private resources being straitened. They therefore appeal to their Christian brethren for assistance in the emergency. "We are," they say, "ready to help ourselves to the extent of our ability, but our people are comparatively poor, and winter is close at hand. The benevolent have responded nobly to the call for relief in the way of clothing and money for the needy and suffering, and still continue to do so." But help for this special purpose is still sorely needed. Donations may be sent to Mr. M. P. Mason, the president of trustees, or to the pastor, the Rev. J. V. Shurts, both of Carthage.

A Physician's Victory over Temptation was recently described by his friend. Speaking of suicides, Dr. John Lambert, of Salem, N. Y., said that a prominent physician now doing a successful work, in early professional life was daily beset with a strong suicidal impulse. He fully realized the situation, and contemplated voluntarily going to the asylum for self-protection; but he resolutely concluded to put the instrument, a delicate knife, with which he was tempted to open the femoral artery, in full daily view, and by strength of mental and Christian force of character he fought the enemy out on this line until the glittering blade had rusted and he had conquered. Sometimes it is the safest course to fly from temptation, but there are other cases, like this, when flight is impossible. Then we may be assured that God's promise will be fulfilled (James 4 : 7).

A Canine Police Officer is Gaining an Excellent reputation in New York. A large black mastiff made the acquaintance of a policeman in Avenue A on a stormy night about three years ago. The dog was hungry, and the policeman fed him. After that night the dog visited the officer on his post regularly, and gradually extended his acquaintance with members of the force. In time the Fifth Street police station became his home, and he was named "Policeman Jack." Jack spends most of his time in the station, except at night, when he patrols the precinct, rain or shine. Many of the patrolmen have found him a ready helper in running down escaping thieves or ruffians, and for such services the dog is credited on the books of the precinct with having made *twenty-five arrests*. Not long ago a policeman saw thieves attempting to rob a drunken man, and started to arrest them. They fled, and he pursued. Suddenly Jack rushed past him, sprang upon the back of one of the thieves, and fastening his teeth in the man's collar forced him to the ground. The other thief surrendered, and both prisoners were marched to the police station. Many other remarkable anecdotes are related of his intelligence and prowess. His example may be commended to many who are lacking in gratitude for benefits received. We have seen men profess faith in Christ and receive a welcome into His Church who never make any effort to serve Him by bringing in sinners from the world (Matt. 4 : 19).

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's Sermon, which usually *commences here, will be found on the next two pages.*

"A Cap that will Shine Forever" is the Description given of the covering for the Washington monument now near completion. The cap is being exhibited in this city this week before being sent to Washington to be put on the monument. It has been manufactured at Philadelphia by order of the Government, and is made of aluminium, and weighs only one hundred and seventeen and one half ounces. It will be burnished, and as the metal does not corrode by exposure to the elements, the makers promise that it will, when in position, shine like polished silver forever. As the monument to "the father of his country" will be the highest monument in the world, this glistening cap will be a conspicuous object from all standpoints. It is doubtful, however, whether it will shine so brightly when rain and snow and dust have fallen upon it for a few seasons. Its lustre is likely to be dimmed by exposure. We know too well that it is so in spiritual matters. Contact with the world often prevents young Christians fulfilling the Saviour's solemn injunction, "Let your light so shine before men" (Matt. 5 : 16).

An Anæsthetic More Costly than Gold is coming into frequent use in delicate surgical operations. It is called cocaine, and costs $224 an ounce. Eighteen carat gold is worth $16 an ounce. Cocaine is obtained from the coca-leaf, to which the nations of South America ascribe wonderful powers. It is manufactured from this leaf, and is a coarse crystalline powder, although the crystals have no definite and distinctive shape. In color it is a pale yellow, and much resembles a high quality of brown sugar. It is used principally in operation upon the eye. It deadens the nerves temporarily, and thus supersedes the use of chloroform. Cocaine has, however, the same effect upon all parts of the mucous membrane. If, for instance, a small grain be placed upon the tongue it will soon produce a peculiar numbness, and deaden any sensation of pain. People who dread pain—and all do that more or less—will be thankful for this new addition to the number of anæsthetics, costly as it is. As we see impenitent sinners sit unmoved under powerful Gospel appeals, we are apt to wonder whether some such "numbing, deadening" influence can have been applied to their consciences. Certain it is that Satan does harden them by some means, so that they resist the Spirit. The cost that anæsthetic will entail only eternity can reveal (Isa. 6 : 10).

A Marriage Solemnized by Telegraph has had an unhappy sequel in Indianapolis. A year ago a widow lady, with a moderate fortune, in Pennsylvania, inserted an advertisement in the papers, inviting a correspondence with a view to matrimony. She received a letter from a man in Indianapolis, who represented himself as a physician, and a correspondence followed which led to an engagement. They did not meet, but photographs were exchanged. Finally, both parties were anxious for marriage, and as neither could leave home, a marriage by telegraph was arranged. The lady, with a minister, stood at the instrument in her city, while the man was in the operating room at Indianapolis with a friend, who said he was a minister. The ceremony was thus performed, and in a few weeks the lady went to reside with the husband she had never seen. To her astonishment she found that he was not a physician, but a colored barber, who expected her to support him in idleness. She bemoaned her precipitate act, and succeeded in getting the marriage annulled. It may be hoped that her misfortune may act as a warning against the silly custom of telegraphic marriages. Ordinary knowledge of human nature should teach us that it is not safe to act toward men on the principle on which it is our highest wisdom to act in entering into spiritual union with Christ. Of His infinite love and perfection we know so much that we can say, "Whom having not seen we love" (1 Peter 1 : 8).

A CALL TO THE LORD'S OWN FLOCK.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Thus shall they know that I the Lord their God am with them, and that they, even the house of Israel, are my people, saith the Lord God. And ye my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men, and I am your God, saith the Lord God."—EZEKIEL 34 : 30, 31.

The Lesson of Death in the Church—Should Stimulate Survivors—Need to Hold Fast—I. Profession Toward God—Jehovah Avowed—Profess to be His People—Confidence in Immanuel—II. Proof from God — Marks of His Presence—Gathering the Scattered — Feeding the Flock—Healing the Sick—Careful Walk—Increasing Activity—III. God's Description—His Flock—His Pasture—A Palestine Shepherd's Changed Clothes—Men not Angels—A Letter of Denunciation—An Experience with Perfect Brethren—Their Perfection Poor Stuff.

THE sermon of this morning is intended for the flock of God, and it will be directed very pointedly to that particular part of it here gathered in fellowship. God has been coming very near to us of late; for a considerable number of brethren and sisters have fallen asleep during the last few days; nearly all of them persons of ripe age, who have been gathered as sheaves in their season. Others are evidently upon the eve of departure, for their infirmities are multiplied, and their strength is small. When the Good Shepherd is taking one and another into His bosom, and bearing them away from us, the rest of us ought to recognize His presence with holy reverence. If we do not arouse ourselves when the Lord is calling home our brethren, we must be sluggards indeed. Let us spend the time of our sojourning here in fear, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God.

This is the special matter of which I would speak to-day. The voice of the Spirit to the church of Philadelphia was, "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." It is a great thing to have done so well as to have a crown; it is a greater thing to hold it fast. Men of the world tell us that it takes much wit and industry to make a fortune; but that it is far more difficult to keep it when it is made; I am sure that in spiritual things it is so. For a church to be thoroughly prosperous in the life and work of God is difficult enough; but to continue so—

THIS IS THE WORK,

this is the labor. Hence our cries to God that He will be pleased to keep us as a church faithful to His truth, united with one another, earnest in the glorifying of God, and diligent in the winning of souls.

It would be a calamity of no mean order if this church should decline. For the sake of those unpopular truths which we uphold, it is a matter for daily prayer that this church may be maintained in honorable usefulness evermore. To that end I wish to speak with you this morning, my own dear brethren and sisters. Strangers must pardon me if I make much of you, and even seem to be egotistical in my address. I risk all that for the sake of the necessary truth which I must put before you.

I. Calling your attention to our text, I shall notice, first, what the text rather suggests than declares, namely, our profession toward God. Read on—"Thus shall they know that I Jehovah am their God.' It is implied, then, that

WE AVOW JEHOVAH

to be our God. So many of us as are joined together in church fellowship here have declared that Jehovah is the one only living and true God. The God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob is the God of believers to this day. We do not wish to have any other God, although in these days the carnally wise have set up another. Their god is a god who has no justice or righteousness; he takes small account of sin, and mainly seeks to make things pleasant all round. This effeminate deity now occupies the place once given to Apollo or Venus, and he is as much a false god as they were. Our God does not suffer one attribute to eclipse another; He has all excellencies in perfection. Remember how Moses spake concerning our God, and said, "The Lord is longsuffering, and of great mercy, forgiving iniquity and transgression, and by no means clearing the guilty." "This God is our God forever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death."

A second profession we have made is this, that we are

HIS PEOPLE.

"That they, even the house of Israel, are my people, saith the Lord God." This is involved in the first profession, but it is not always sufficiently thought of. We are, as believers, in common with all the people of God, separated unto His service, consecrated to His glory. We believe that He chose us, or ever the earth was, to be a peculiar people unto Himself. We believe that He hath redeemed us from among men, according to that word, "Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for it." We believe that by the decree of God we are adopted into the divine family and acknowledged to be the children of the living God, even we who were once heirs of wrath even as others. We are His people because the Holy Spirit has wrought upon us, and we have been turned from darkness to light, from the power of sin and Satan unto God. Our song is, "My beloved is mine, and I am His."

WE ACKNOWLEDGE THE CLAIM

founded upon our redemption, "Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price." To glorify God in our spirits and in our bodies, which are alike redeemed, is our reasonable service.

Further than that, we have also professed and avowed our joyful confidence in our Immanuel God with us. It is an interesting thing to me that this name should be in my text. Look carefully at the English and you will see it in the very first sentence—"that I the Lord their God am with them." Leave out the word "am," which is in italics, and you get it, "God with them." What is this but "God with us"? To-day we believe in the Lord Jesus, who is God with us.

Jehovah is our God, in opposition to Romanism and Ritualism, with their idols of one form and another, to which they bow the knee. The invisible Jehovah is our God, and not the host, the virgin, the crucifix, or any visible thing. Jehovah is our God in opposition to the new gods of "modern thought," which your fathers knew not; our faith finds light as well in the majesty of the Old Testament as in the mercy of the New. Jehovah is our God in opposition to the "no God" of infidelity. We believe in a personal God, and we put our trust in Him as hearing our prayers; we are His people, and on Him we call; He has come very near to us, and with Him we have sweet communion through Jesus Christ His Son. This is our profession; we dare not say less; we could not say more. Now every profession of so solemn a sort should be backed up with proof. Where shall the proof be found?

II. That shall be our second subject of discourse—

OUR PROOF

from God. "Thus shall they know that I Jehovah am with them, and that they are my people, saith the Lord God." How shall they know it? In this one way—by the presence of God among us. If God work among us, then shall even our adversaries say, "Jehovah-Shammah," the Lord is there. A tree is known by its fruit, and the rule applies even to God Himself. God is known among us by the acts that He doeth. He discovers His presence unto His people by His deeds of grace. I want you to look back through the chapter and then to see whether we have or have not as a church the marks of Jehovah's presence, by which we are attested to be His people.

The first mark is the gathering in of the scattered. See verse eleven. "Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out. As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered; so will I seek out my sheep." I am bound to bear witness that in the midst of us many have been sought out and saved who but a little while ago were wandering far away from Christ. Whenever I give notice that I will see friends who wish to join the church, I am cheered by the many who present themselves. They tell me glad news of

THEIR CONVERSION—

news which makes my heart to leap for joy. Conversions are among us at this time very many; not only from my own preaching of the Word, else might I speak with less freedom, but from the school, the mission-stations, the street-preaching, the tract-distributing, and from every form of effort. Frequently, when I have spoken with a number of new converts, I have found the larger proportion not brought to Jesus Christ by my word from this platform, but brought to Him by you, dear brothers and sisters, who have laid yourselves out to win souls.

Conversion is the sure sign of the immediate presence of the Lord. The Lord has promised that He will search His sheep and seek them out, and He has fulfilled that word in our midst, therefore is He with us. If I had to stand here and say to you, "Brethren, there are no conversions, none are brought to repentance and faith," then might we hold days for fasting and humiliation, and we might each one weep his eyes out, because the glory has departed. But the Lord has not left us. No ear has heard the awful words within the holy place saying, "Let us go hence." Glory be to His name, His hand is stretched out still for miracles of grace.

A second token of the Lord's presence is

THE FEEDING OF THE FLOCK.

The Holy Spirit seems to lay great stress upon that; for thus saith the Lord in verse fifteen: "I will feed my flock, and I will cause them to lie down. There shall they lie in a good fold, and in a fat pasture shall they feed." Have we not found it so? Have not our Sabbaths been times of holy festival? Value greatly this boon, for it comes not from man, but is a choice gift of God.

Another token of the presence of the Good Shepherd is the

HEALING OF THE SICK;

I mean the spiritually sick, for there is this promise given, "I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick." It is a rare joy to restore such as have been overtaken in a fault. Lately I have received several brethren and sisters who had aforetime gone from us through laxity of life or through falling into novelties of opinion. I am glad to see among those who come to unite with us familiar faces which for a while had been missed. Those who have lived where Jesus dwells do not feel easy till they return to such society. They are saying, "We will return to our brethren, with whom we assembled beforetime, for it was better with us then than now." The presence of the Lord acts like a charm upon the wanderers, and they hasten to return at His bidding. If backsliders are not brought back in any church, I should conclude that God is not there; but when they do come back, we rejoice in this evidence of His presence. The God of our salvation hath devised means to bring home His banished, and therefore He is still in the midst of us. Glory be to His condescending love!

A further evidence of the Lord's presence with a people is found in their prevailing

PEACE OF MIND.

"I will make with them a covenant of peace, and will cause the evil beasts to cease out of the land; and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods." Do not many of you realize that deep peace, the peace of God which passeth all understanding, so that you are free from all fear, and happy amid grievous poverty and trial? By reason of your great numbers, I cannot converse much with you personally while you are in health, but I do have the sorrowful privilege of speaking with many brethren and sisters in the time of sickness and

death; and my uniform experience is most joyful. To this statement I can remember no exception whatever within my memory.

Not long ago, one who preaches far other doctrine than mine complained bitterly that he could make no headway with people of your sort, because those who had once fallen under the influence of our doctrine are settled in it, and cannot be rescued from it. He said that no headway could be made against our views, for men become so desperately enamored of them that they cannot be weaned from them. Blessed be God for that. Let a man once know the living God, and feel His eternal love within his bosom, and all the devils in hell cannot make him leave the doctrine which is life unto his soul.

I desire to speak to you with no flattering words, but wish soberly to testify what I have seen, desiring ever to be taught of the Spirit of God, that I may speak no further than I can justify by fact. I can say, and do say, "The Lord of hosts is with us." What then? Then it seems to me that it becomes every member of this church, as indeed of every other, to be very

CAREFUL HOW HE LIVES

and walks. If the Lord be with us, remember there is a discipline going on in the church every day; not only that which the church can execute by itself, but that which God in providence executes. "His fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor." Good men, if they hinder the work of God, are not dealt with as the ungodly, and suffered to go on their evil way, but frequently they are laid aside, and their influence is taken from them. Even more than this: I doubt not that many are removed by death when they become obstacles to the truth; or fall into sin. "For this cause," said Paul to the Corinthians, "many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep." Thus believers are chastened of the Lord that they should not be condemned with the world. God will not have His own child transgress the rules of His house without chastising him. Hence the need of careful behavior on the part of church members.

In addition to this, it seems to me that if God be with us, now is the time for abounding activities. In evil days we tug the laboring oar to small purpose, for the vessel makes no progress against the tide; but now that a favoring wind is with us, let us spread every yard of sail. "Crowd all thy canvas on, cut through the foam." Now is the mariner's happy hour, and he must avail himself of it. If there be anything more that we can do, if there be any forgotten enterprise which we can revive, if there be a possibility of greater ardor, and intenser zeal, in the name of God let us rise to it.

Again, let

OUR PRAYERS

be more fervent. Nothing comforts my heart like the prayer-meetings which are so continual among us. Even the little gathering for prayer which meets on Thursday before my sermon, has grown to larger proportions, and we have delightful seasons of communion with God. As for our Monday-evening assemblies, what a benediction from the Lord! Now that our hundreds at prayer are verging into thousands it delights my heart to see them. May your prayerfulness at home, in your families and in your closets, be increased continually.

III. A very interesting part of our discourse this morning lies in

OUR DESCRIPTION

by God. How does God describe His own Church? Read the last verse of the text. "Ye my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men, and I am your God, saith the Lord God." First, in this description God calls His Church *His flock*. A flock is the shepherd's treasure, it is his living wealth; but it is also the shepherd's care, it is his constant anxiety. Ask a shepherd what he prizes most, and he tells you, of course, his flock. Demand what he cares for most, and he replies, "I have no other care but this, my flock; for this I spend my days in the heat and my nights in the damp and the cold." Only think of the Lord's looking down upon His people here and saying, "Ye are my flock." Some Christians try to go to heaven alone, in solitude; but believers are not compared to bears, or lions, or other animals that wander alone; but those who belong to Christ are sheep in this respect, that they love to get together. This flock is so well preserved that at the last the great Shepherd will say, "Of them which thou gavest me have I lost none."

Observe that it is added, "The flock of

MY PASTURE."

There is a different idea here. It shows that God's people are not only peculiar in other things, but they are peculiar in their feeding. You may know a child of God by that which his soul lives upon. Many professors can feed on any mortal thing, so long as it is cleverly put. "Have you heard So-and-so preach?" "No, I have not, but I have heard that he has departed from the truth." "But," says one, "he is a wonderfully clever man;" and if a man is only clever, the generality of people will accept anything he likes to bring, from heaven above, or from the earth beneath, or from the waters under the earth. It does not matter to most people so long as the man can deliver his opinions fluently and poetically. But such are not Christ's sheep, for they have not the discernment of the faithful.

"The sheep follow him, for they know his voice; and a stranger will they not follow, for they know not the voice of strangers." I remember hearing a brother tell how he disproved the notion that sheep only know the shepherd by his dress. When in Palestine he asked a shepherd to allow him to put on his clothes. Then he began to call the sheep, but never a one would come, not even a lamb. The most sheepish of the flock had sense enough left to know that he was not the shepherd, and even the youngest kept aloof, heedless of the stranger's voice. He might have called till he was hoarse, but they would not come. So God's people know their Lord, and they know the kind of food which He gives them.

It is a very singular thing, but it is added, "Ye my flock, the flock of my pasture, *are men*." This was inserted, some commentators think, lest the reader should think that the Lord was really speaking of sheep. This cannot be true; for no rational being could be so foolish as to fall into that mistake. The language is used for a much higher purpose. "Ye are men;" then God knows what kind of persons we are, whom He has loved with an everlasting love. We are

ADAMS, NOT ANGELS.

If you come into the Church of God, and expect to get among angels, you will be mightily mistaken; and if the brethren should receive you, and hope that they are receiving angels unawares, they will be mistaken, too. We make absurd mistakes through foolish expectations. We shall not find that our brethren and sisters are male and female cherubim, for they are men and women, and nothing more.

They are fallen men, too, bearing about them traces of the ruin of their nature; they went astray like lost sheep, even the best of them. They are men, that is to say, they are only men; for the best of men are but men at the best. Somebody once wrote to me a letter of denunciation for using that sentence; and, as far as I could make out from his letter, the friend thought himself to be something more than a man. I did not coincide with his judgment, but fancied that he was rather less than more than a man; from the bitter spirit of his letter I thought him more human than humane.

The best men I have ever seen are but men; and, generally, the better men are the more ready they are to confess their imperfection. Some are tall by the measurement of conceit, but short when brought to the standard of wisdom. God's people are but men; yet they are men and not brutes. There are in human form many who are hardly so good as brutes; but the saints are gentle, compassionate, and gracious. God's people are true men; when the Spirit of God is in them they quit themselves like men; they come to the front and bear the brunt of the battle. "Ye are men"—it is a bad word in one sense, but a good one in another. God make us men in the better sense, and may we rise superior to the infirmities of "men" in the worst sense, by being

HUMBLE, YET BRAVE.

I have two words to say. One is to the poor sinner. He says, "I am afraid to come to God in Christ Jesus." Do not be afraid to come, for He knows what you are. "Oh, but I am so vile." He knows how vile you are. "But I am everything I ought not to be." He knows that. That is why He sent a Saviour. If you had not been lost, there would have been no need for Him to seek you out. Come to Jesus just as you are, poor trembler, and let this word beckon you to Him, "Ye my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men." You are poor, weak, feeble, erring, undeserving men, but your God is full of mercy, and His thoughts of love are as high above your thoughts as the heavens are above the earth. Come now and reason together with him, and he will put away your sins as a cloud and your transgressions as a thick cloud, and you shall sing, "Who is a God like unto thee?"

The other word is to you that ought to be members of the church, who know the Lord and love Him, but have never confessed Him. You say, "I shall join the church when I feel better." When will that be? Are you any better than you were a year ago? How much better are you going to be before you obey your Lord? I should like to hang up a sort of thermometer so that when you did reach the point you might come out, obey your Lord's command, and join with His Church. Do you want to be perfect, and to join with perfect men? If you do, do not come to this church, because I will warrant you there is not a perfect member in it, though there are many of the excellent of the earth in our midst. We had some

PERFECT BRETHREN

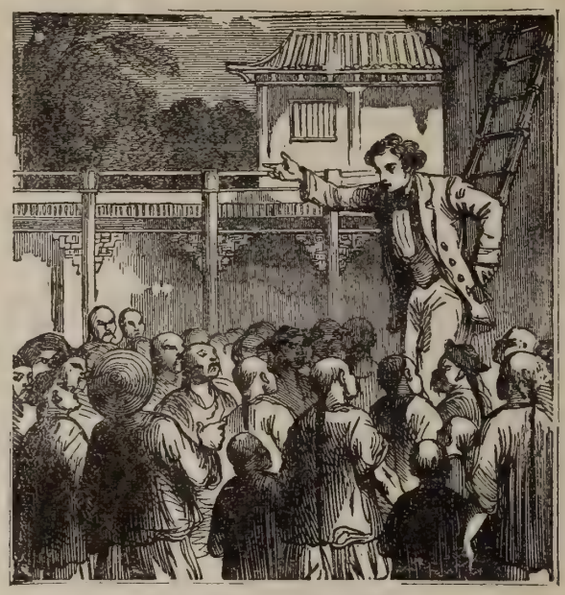
once; but they went to their own place after having proved to us that *their boasted perfection was very poor stuff*. When workers get that proud notion into their heads they become both useless and unloving. We are sorry to say that we are a company of imperfect men and women; but we shall be very glad to receive you if you love the Lord and are prepared to obey His commands. That is all we require. Do you want to join a perfect church? You must die. You will not do it else. And if you were to join a perfect church, I am sure it would not be perfect after you had been admitted into it. You had better give up that idea and just believe what God says about His own Church, "Ye my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men." Come, then, with us, and we will do thee good.

"I am afraid," says one. Is this like a man? Can we say of such cowards, "Ye are men"? We cannot give you the good side of the word, surely. But come with us. If you believe that Jesus is the Christ, confess Him. The Gospel message is, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Faith and baptism are here placed very closely together; do not divide them. "He that with his heart believeth, and with his mouth maketh confession of Him, shall be saved." Neglect not one command of Christ; confess your faith at once. "There is nothing saving in it," say you. Selfish wretch, so you will do nothing except to save your own skin. If you are a saved man, you will loathe such meanness, and you will say, "Now, for the love I bear my Master's name, whatever command He gives to His believing people, I am ready to obey."

"Through floods or flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where He goes;
'Hinder me not,' shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose."

God grant you His blessing in so doing, for Christ's sake. Amen.

A Dude Reproved by a Woman.



A Sermon from a Ladder.

PREACHING TO THE CHINESE.

On this page is a picture of the Rev. Mr. Wolfe preaching to a Chinese crowd. The incident is thus related by himself: "A gorgeous procession in honor of a great idol in the town had just passed, and I endeavored to speak to the multitude around us of the great power of God, the great and infinite Creator. One said, 'Do you mean to say that God had no beginning?' I said, 'Yes.' One then asked what was the name of my God. I said, 'His great and glorious name is Jehovah, which means the eternal self-existent one.' 'But we cannot see; how then can we believe?' I replied, 'You never saw the emperor in the golden city, but you have no doubt that he exists there.' They said, 'Yes; but we have seen the mandarins, and who could appoint mandarins but the emperor?' I said, 'True; but you have never seen the emperor. Now, we can see the works of God, the heavens, the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth. Some one must have made all these, and who could make them but the great Jehovah, even the great God of whom I speak?'"

It is in this way that the doctrines of the Christian religion are propagated in that dark land. Not so much by regular sermons in the mission churches as in short speeches and public conversations in the streets.

A FAMOUS PICTURE.

There are few people who have not heard of the wonderful picture in Milan, Italy, of the Lord's supper. American visitors who have seen it in the Dominican Convent of the famous city have described it again and again in glowing words. The renowned artist Leonardo da Vinci chose as the subject of his work that moment of the feast when our Lord had just uttered the warning words, "Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me" (Matt. 26 : 21). The scene that followed we have often imagined, but never fully realized. How the character of each of those twelve men would show itself individually at that moment! As each would look at his neighbor in amazement and momentary suspicion, and then, as the conscience reminded every one of individual weakness, the question is asked, "Lord, is it I?" It was a scene worthy of the artist's powers. It seems that Leonardo da Vinci made careful study of the characters of the apostles as revealed in the New Testament, and endeavored to make his picture true to the life. His success has astonished all who have seen the picture.

As will be seen by an advertisement on the last page, *an engraving on steel* has been made of this picture for sale in America. Good judges have pronounced it a perfect little gem of the engraver's art. Though the actual picture is only six inches wide and three long, the faces of the figures, the pattern of the tablecloth, even the wine in the half-filled glasses are clearly shown, and under a magnifying glass the excellence is still more distinct. It is evident that a vast amount of time and skill must have been expended in its production. However, the large demand there is for the picture enables the producers to offer it at a price marvellously low. As will be seen by the advertisement, it will be sent free by mail on the receipt of twenty cents.

AN ADDRESS TO CROOKED PEOPLE.

Mr. Ben Hogan, the converted pugilist, who is now laboring for Christ in Chicago, recently held a meeting in that city expressly for people who in various ways are enemies of law and order. Many notorious pugilists were attracted by their previous acquaintance with Hogan in the ring, and there were others whose pursuits are often checked by the police. Hogan has been there himself and adapted himself to their ways and modes of talk, following the apostolic example of becoming "all things to all men that" he "might save some." The following is a report of Hogan's address:

"In Isaiah 55 : 7, God says, 'Let the wicked' —that is, the crooked—'forsake his way.' I see a great many of the crooks here to-night, some of the gang which I knew personally; men that I used to loaf with, and fight with, and fight for, and scheme with, and oh, what an awful life this crooked life is! Walking down the street by day or by night with a trembling heart, afraid that *a fly cop** might meet us, not a home we could call our own, meditating day and night where we can make a haul or crack a safe, or lay our traps to beat a stranger for his sugar† on the rattlers‡ or upon the highways. Then after devouring the poor chump, walking straight to a gambling den with this blood money, playing it against a tiger which will surely devour us, no matter how skilful we may be or how far we are advanced in gaming. But you can bet I have blowed in my last dust. My lush money and my gaming money I can use to better advantage. Instead of dropping it that way, I now drop it in the house of God for the benefit of humanity. And if you could realize how much better I feel since I am leading a straight life you surely would join my new *gang*. As you all know, I have been one of the leaders among the crooks, and now speak from experience on both sides.

"Some of you may ask me, How can you forsake our crooked paths? Let the crooked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and God says, 'Turn unto me and I will give you rest.' But the devil may say, 'Don't you do it; you are a *flat* if you do.' But *that duffer is a liar*. He has lied to me for twenty years, and when I dropped on him I dropped him like a hot iron. There is no rest in him; the truth is not in him.

"Now if you believe that I am on the right road (which in your heart I think you do), why don't you come to-night? Is it not a great deal better to be a gentleman than to be a loafer, or a drunkard, to lead an honest, industrious life? Your own conscience tells you so. Is it not a great deal better to be free than to be in prison? A man that's leading a crooked life is always in prison; but by leading a godly life you are always in heaven. May God bless you."

* Policeman. † Money. ‡ Street Cars.

THE DUDE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

(*See Illustration on this page.*)

The curious creatures whose peculiarities of dress have excited the scorn of sensible people, and to whom the name of "dude" has been given, are not the product exclusively of our time. In the earlier half of the eighteenth century there was no place in England more frequented by fashionable society than Bath. There were mineral springs there, the remedial virtues of which were much recommended by physicians. It became the fashion for men and women exhausted by the dissipations of life in London to go to Bath for a few weeks to drink the waters and recuperate. Among these fashionable people was one man who was regarded as a leader of society there and in London by reason of his gorgeous raiment, and his wit and humor. He was called "Beau" Nash. This poor creature set himself to annoy John Wesley, who, in the course of his journeys, was to preach at Bath in the midst of the fashionable season. How he failed, and how his humiliation was completed by a woman present, is recorded in the diary of the great reformer:

"Tuesday, 5th June, 1739. There was great expectation at Bath of what a noted man was to do to me there; and I was much entreated not to preach; because no one knew what might happen. I told them plainly the Scripture had concluded them all under sin—high and low, *rich and poor, one with another*. Many of them seemed to be a little surprised, and were sinking apace into seriousness, when their champion appeared, and coming close to me, asked by what authority I did these things. I replied, 'By the authority of Jesus Christ, conveyed to

me by the (now) Archbishop of Canterbury, when he laid hands upon me and said, "Take thou authority to preach the Gospel." ' He said, 'This is contrary to Act of Parliament: this is a conventicle.' I answered, 'Sir, the conventicles mentioned in that Act (as the preamble shows) are seditious meetings; but this is not such; here is no shadow of sedition; therefore it is not contrary to that Act.'

"He replied, 'I say it is; and, beside, your preaching frightens people out of their wits.' 'Sir, did you ever hear me preach?' 'No.' 'How then can you judge of what you never heard?' 'Sir, by common report.' 'Common report is not enough. Give me leave, sir, to ask, is not your name Nash?' 'My name is Nash.' 'Sir, I dare not judge of you by common report; I think it not enough to judge by.' Here he paused awhile, and, having recovered himself, said, 'I desire to know what this people comes here for?' on which one replied, 'Sir, leave him to me; let an old woman answer him. You, Mr. Nash, take care of your body; we take care of our souls; and for the food of our souls we come here.' He replied not a word, but, crestfallen and vanquished, walked quietly away."

The Old Lady did not know Her Son.

ANNIE'S HOSPITAL PATIENT.

(*See Illustration on this page.*)

It was a bitterly cold day in the early part of December, in the year 1845, that a middle-aged man might have been seen walking up the long straggling street of the village of R——. The thoughtful way in which he gazed at the houses and inhabitants and the smoking chimneys of the collieries might be said to be indicative o some revived interest in, or acquaintance with, the place. The rugged lines of his face bore evidence that life had not been an amusement, but a hard conflict.

"Does Mrs. Baker live here still?" he inquired of a boy. On being answered by a nod and a stare, he knocked at the door near which he stood.

Receiving no answer, he lifted the latch and walked in. The room into which he thus entered appeared to contain no occupant save the cat, which regarded the visitor with a scared look. It was but scantily furnished. On the table of oak was an open Bible, on the pages of which lay a heavy rimmed pair of spectacles, and on the mantel was a teapot and cup. These, with a few old-fashioned prints hanging on the walls, a chair or two, and a piece of wicker work, from the back part of which it was difficult to conjecture what it really was, formed the furniture of the room.

The visitor rapped on the floor with his stick, and at once the head of a woman of great age peered out of the sentry-box-like piece of wicker work just referred to, and, seeing the gentleman, she made an effort to rise from her seat and get him a chair.

The visitor, after exchanging a few general remarks, said that he had heard of the old lady from one who knew her years ago, and he had promised to call upon her.

"Who could that be," the old lady asked. "Would to God, sir, it were my long-lost son; but I guess I shall never hear anything of him.'

"Tell me about him, madam," said her visitor; "did he use you badly?"

"No, sir; he was always good to his mother. But he went away seventeen years ago, and I have never heard of him since."

"Why did he leave you?"

"Well, sir, it's a long story, and I suppose we did not do the right thing by him. We tried to bring him up in the fear of God; but one little thing we overlooked, and that one little thing proved the first step toward his ruin. We did not warn him against liquor, and as we had been accustomed to have our pint of ale for supper as our boy grew up we thought he needed a little, and so he had his glass at the table with us. In course of time he became attached to a dear Christian girl, Annie Roberts, and he used to delight to help in the singing. People used to say they always knew when Harry Baker was at chapel; his voice was recognized by every one. That voice, with the liking for drink which he acquired with the little he took at our table, led him quickly the downward road."

"Did not his sweetheart try to save him?"

"His dear Annie pleaded with him to abandon his course of life, but without avail, till she told him plainly that she would never be his wife until he became converted to God. This touched his pride, and, burning with rage and shame, he suddenly packed up and left us, and went away, without saying anything to us, we know not whither."

"His father died, I think you said?"

"Yes, sir, he did, though I did not say so. A few months afterward he lost his life in the colliery, and since then, now nearly sixteen years ago, the proprietors have supported me, to show their appreciation for his character and services. Annie's mother also died, and she was left alone to struggle with the world; and oh, how often did she come into this cottage, and pour out her heart to me, and then we would join together in prayer for the prodigal! By the influence of a doctor she obtained a situation as nurse in a hospital. It is now eight years ago since I last heard from her, and she was then taking an appointment in New York."

As the poor woman proceeded with her story the rugged face of the visitor was often visibly affected, and when she had finished, and after a pause, he said:

"I told you when I entered that I had heard about you. It was Annie who told me. Put on your spectacles—now, mother, don't you know me?"

The woman gazed into the visitor's face, and then, with almost a bound, and a cry of joy, she clasped her long-lost son in her arms.

As soon as this affecting scene was over, and she had somewhat recovered from the shock and surprise, Harry gently told his mother the story of his prodigal life. How on leaving home he had gone further and further into sin, until five years ago he was severely injured by an accident on the railroad, and conveyed to a hospital, where he lay helpless for many weeks. During that time a tender hand administered to his comfort, a gentle voice soothed his peevish and irritable tones, and in the gentleness and patient thoughtfulness of that hospital nurse he at last recognized his loving, firm, and constant Annie.

Tears of sorrow fell as, on that stormy night, she had recognized in the injured man brought into her ward her dissipated lover. Tears of joy fell as, with repentant look and humble trust, he left that ward, "A new creature in Christ Jesus, old things passed and all things new."

His career now became upward instead of downward, and with the use instead of the abuse of his talents, and a mind stayed upon God, he soon attained a good position, and had the happiness of making Annie his wife. Many a time she had wanted to write the glad news, but he would not allow her to do so. "I will go and tell her myself some day," he said, "and here I am." Once again he clasped her in his arms, and the mother clung to her boy, who had been lost, but was found.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 751.*)

Bewilderment.

ROBERT recovered himself while he was speaking, and darted off at full speed down the street, followed by Grant, who knew no more of what had taken place than the few incoherent words of Robert conveyed to him. They had to wait a few minutes at the door, and then Robert, still wildly and wanderingly, told him what Madame had said—that a woman lay nearly dead in the house, and that neither John Morley nor Hester were to be found. She was almost murdered, he repeated, in a voice of extreme terror; and what would become of him and Hester?

As soon as the door was opened, Robert strode through the house into the court beyond, and up the staircase to the loft, where he expected to find Rose. The poor place was empty;

the window had been left open, and the wind was flapping the curtain to and fro gayly, and fluttering the leaves of an open book upon the window-sill. He turned away from it with the last gleam of self-complacency faded from his face. Grant, who had followed him closely, had already descended into the court, and was obeying the vehement gesticulations of Madame. Robert could not stay behind. An irresistible impulse carried him on to see the thing he dreaded; though, like one running swiftly down hill, he might be about to cast himself into some gulf which would swallow him up in hopeless remorse. He overtook Grant at the door of the drawing-room, and thrust him roughly on one side.

The lamp burned brightly, revealing to him the scene he had so often looked upon. He saw the room as Rose had seen it. His glove lying upon the table; the open piano with the music upon it; Hester's little seat beside his chair. And there lay Rose upon her sofa, with a shawl thrown over her, looking as if she slept. He trod softly nearer to her, and stood beside her, not heeding in his profound abstraction how solemn and silent Grant was. Her attitude was peaceful, full of rest and quiet; the hair half hiding her face from his sight. But he could not stir, and when he tried to speak, his voice was hollow and inarticulate. *He would have sacrificed his own life* gladly at that instant to recall her to the life and happiness she had forfeited through his villainy.

How long he stood there he did not know; but at length Grant put him aside gently, and lifted up the tangled and matted hair with his hand. There was the wound; a stroke like that which had nearly slain him had fallen upon her as well. "This was his work," said his conscience, so long dethroned, but now asserting itself with mightier tyranny. He looked into Grant's face, and shuddered at the expression upon it.

"She is not quite dead, my poor fellow," said Grant, pityingly; "you recovered from a severer blow; but she is a woman, and delicate. We must not hope too much."

For some time they were busy about the almost lifeless form, Robert obeying mechanically the directions of Grant and translating his orders to the Frenchwoman. They carried Rose to Hester's bedroom, and laid her upon her bed. When all was done which Grant could do, he went down-stairs with Robert into John Morley's parlor.

"You know who she is," said Robert, avoiding Grant's eye.

"I have guessed," answered Grant, briefly.

"He must have found her," continued Robert. "Hester sheltered her here without his knowledge. I only knew of it while he was ill a few weeks ago. But where can they be gone to?"

"They have made their escape," answered Grant; "yet it can only be by an hour or two at the utmost. Must we pursue them?"

"Pursue them!" ejaculated Robert; "what for? What are we to do? If we bring him back, and she dies—"

He did not finish his sentence, but sank down into John Morley's chair, looking up to Grant with a face as haggard as that of the man he had wronged.

"If she dies, he may be punished as a murderer," said Grant; "but living and escaping, he is a madman, and he takes Hester with him! He is mad—I could swear to it; and he has Hester in his power."

A miserable silence fell upon them both as they turned over in their minds the wretched alternative presented to them. The life of Rose hung upon a thread which might snap at any moment; and to bring back John Morley, whether she lived or died, would be to subject him to a criminal prosecution, in which he could not fail to be found guilty. As yet the secret was their own, and could be confined to very few—themselves, Annie, Lawson's mother, and Lawson himself, perhaps, who was devoted to John Morley. The most imminent danger to Rose would be over during the next twenty-four hours; and until then, it being Sunday, John Morley's flight would remain unknown and unsuspected by his townspeople. He would have time to make good his escape. But, on the other hand, if they let him go, they left Hester in his power, under the control of a madman, at the very moment when he was most frenzied by his recent act of vengeance. It seemed impossible to leave her thus. A flood of passionate tenderness swept across the tempest of remorse and anguish on which Robert Waldron was tossed. He would have been willing to give her into the charge and protection of Carl himself, if by that he could only be sure that she was safe and, at last, happy.

"Ought we not to tell your father?" asked Grant. "He is a magistrate, and we should incur great responsibility by keeping this matter secret. Supposed she should die!"

"We must run the risk," answered Robert, after a moment's consideration; "I will shield you if any blame comes to us. No, no; if we tell my father, his duty as a magistrate would be to send in pursuit of John Morley. Grant, we must let him get off; but for Hester's sake, I must follow them myself."

"Where would they be likely to go?" said Grant. "Hester has never been away from Little Aston, and he has not stirred out of it for years. Let us look about and see if we can find any clue."

"And then I will go down to the station," added Robert.

They went up-stairs to John Morley's bedroom. Everything there bore the marks of confusion and haste. The drawers were left partly open, and the clothes in them were tossed about. Those which Rose had laid out for the next day still lay neatly folded upon a chair by the bedside. The basin was half full of crimsoned water, and there were stains of blood upon the dressing-table. No doubt had existed in their minds before as to who had been guilty, and everything there fastened the crime upon John Morley. But they could discover no trace of flight about Hester's room. There all was maidenly order; a delicate, innocent, girlish harmony, which it had seemed almost sacrilege to disturb when they had laid Rose upon her bed.

"I will go down to the station," repeated Robert.

It was growing late by this time, and only two night-porters were about the station. They had seen no one; had not been there during the day. He turned back again, disappointed and cast down. Grant wanted him to go up to his house to tell Annie he should be away all night, and to bring his case of instruments. He was about starting, when Madame, who had been wonderfully silent, ventured to ask a question.

"Where then is monsieur?" she inquired.

"I don't know," answered Robert; "I wish to know; and where Hester is, too."

"Oh, the little one is gone to London," answered Madame; "she set out at mid-day. That is why I find myself here. I came to watch the house while mademoiselle is away."

Here was a new element of mystery and perplexity. Hester had gone many hours before John Morley could have wreaked his long-cherished vengeance upon Rose. Was it possible that he had acted upon a premeditated purpose, instead of having been hurried into the crime by the impulse and frenzy of the moment? And upon what pretext could he have sent Hester on to London? If she were gone there, Robert's jealousy assured him that she would go to Carl.

"Grant," he said, "I will start for London by the first train to-morrow."

He went at once after that to Grant's house, and returned with the articles he needed. All through the long night he watched, with Grant and Madame, by the side of Rose, whose fate swung slowly from life to death, and from death to life again, as hour after hour crept sluggishly by. To Grant there was stimulus in it; the keen interest he felt in the triumph or failure of his skill; and Madame, in almost unbroken ignorance, and only with a few cunning guesses as to the truth, looked on with nearly equal excitement. But to Robert it was a night of slow martyrdom; of a crucifixion of his whole nature. His old love for Rose, his new love for Hester, his easy good-nature, his selfish repugnance to witness any suffering, his memory of the past, his dread of the future—all were compassing him about, and there was no refuge, nor any one to deliver him.

The morning came and found him a changed man. Grant looked into his face, and the tears started to his eyes. He pressed his hand hard in his own, but he could speak no word of consolation. Rose still lingered on the edge of the open grave, and might be swallowed up in it before he could reach London; but it was best that he should go. They parted in silence, and with a heart bowed down, Robert Waldron set out on his journey.

There were two trains starting nearly at the same time, run by different companies. Robert, caring nothing by which he went, started by the first, which was detained upon the road by a trifling accident to the engine. The second took up John Morley on its route at a station farther on; and thus, by what seemed an accident, Robert missed meeting with the man whom he was pursuing.

It was six o'clock when the train reached the London terminus, and Robert knew that Carl would certainly be at his chapel. He was the only person known to Hester, and therefore it was to him that he must go for any chance of information. He called a cab, and bade the driver drive as quickly as he could to the chapel; but the service had already begun when they arrived at it. In no mood to present himself in the midst of a congregation, Robert found his way to the vestry, and waited there in growing impatience for the conclusion of the service. The door was open, and he could hear every word uttered by Carl's clear voice, so modulated and varied that commonplace words took almost a tone of eloquence from it. He was preaching concerning temptation; and Robert's bruised spirit felt more deeply wounded by it. What did this boy, with his pure, unsullied life, his soul which had never betrayed its own ideal, know of temptation, or of sin? At length the torture was ended. Carl pronounced the last soothing benediction; and in a minute or two afterward entered his vestry.

On his part, when Carl's eyes fell upon Robert, he started back with a momentary disquiet and apprehension. He looked worn and ill. The terrible scene of the past night had made him utterly regardless of those small, minute cares as to his appearance, which had invariably occupied him hitherto. He had not slept at all; and he had suffered horribly. The years, which had seemed to pass over him leaving no trace, had been graving secret lines upon his features, which now started out in strong relief, ageing him abruptly. Carl fancied, as he stood by the window, with the light falling upon his head, that he could see a faint tinge of white, a shining line of silver here and there among his disordered hair. They had not parted as friends; and they knew each other to be rivals. Carl closed the door, and locked it against any intruder; and then waited for Robert to speak.

"Do you know anything of Hester?" asked Robert, approaching him, and speaking in a low voice.

"Hester! no!" answered Carl, in amazement and alarm. "What is the matter with her?"

"She came up to London yesterday," said Robert; "and I made sure you would know where she is. She had no one to go to but you. For pity's sake, Carl! do not hide from me anything about her. I only ask to know that she is safe; that you are taking care of her. I will not ask to see her. I give her up to you altogether. Only remove my anxiety. Tell me that you have found some safe home for her."

"I know nothing about her," cried Carl, in anxiety equal to his own. "What do you mean? Is not Hester at home with her father?"

"They are neither of them at home," he answered. "Hester came to London by the twelve o'clock train from Little Aston, yesterday; and her father fled last night."

"Fled!" echoed Carl, his heart sinking within him.

"He has murdered Rose," continued Robert, hurriedly; "and I am in pursuit of him. Not to give him up; no, but to save Hester. He is mad, Carl; and what can she do with a madman? What can we do? Have you no clue at all to the motive that brought her up here? My only hope was in you."

"Stop!" he exclaimed, as a sudden light flashed across him; "she must have come to see little Hester. I wrote on Thursday to tell her about the child; and she must have made up her mind to come and see her. She is very ill."

If it had been possible for Robert's face to grow more pallid, it would have done so at these words—a stray shaft shot at random by Carl, whose thoughts were too full of Hester to remember that he had betrayed a secret which he was pledged to keep. He was in haste to be gone, to hurry to the school where the child lived, in order to make inquiries there. Neither of them knew by how small and trifling a chance Hester had missed breaking in upon their interview.

"Where are you going?" asked Robert, as Carl opened the outer door of the vestry.

"Where?" exclaimed Carl, impetuously, "to find Hester. We must find her to-night. Did you not say her father is a madman, and has murdered Rose? Find her? Can I take any rest or sleep until she is safe? Yet God has her in His safe keeping!"

He said these last words with a half sob, and raised his hand to his eyes for an instant. Then he turned toward Robert with a glance of profound and unutterable trouble.

"You may come with me, if you choose," he continued; "I am going to see Rose Morley's child."

Robert followed him mechanically, his head reeling and his limbs tottering. Carl saw it, and drew his arm through his own, pressing it to his side with an earnest pressure Whatever his own anxiety and terror might be, it could not equal in anguish and intensity that of Robert Waldron.

(To be continued.)

TEMPERANCE.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 7. Jer. 35. Golden Text, Prov. 20 : 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Temperance Awakening—Alarm at the Growth of Intemperance—What Saith the Lord—The Wines of Scripture—Scriptural Instances of Intemperance—A Test for Christians—The Rechabites Tried—Their Fidelity to their Father—God's Approbation.

THE question of temperance has become one which can no longer be ignored. Ministers are awakening to the fact that unless they stand on the side of temperance they lose a large share of their influence and power, and they cannot command the respect of their people. Physicians are examining the matter, and many of the most renowned have declared that alcohol has no nutritive qualities, and that its introduction into the system as a food is most deleterious.* The governments of various countries have been forced to consider whether anything can be done to stay

THE TORRENT OF INTEMPERANCE

among their people The national drunkenness of England is proverbial; and our guilty country, not satisfied with ruining her own children, spreads intemperance, with all its accompanying sin and misery, among her colonies. France, Germany, Russia and Switzerland, in their marked increase of drunkenness, appear to emulate England's disgraceful pre-eminence. Souls are ruined, health is lost, homes are made desolate: prisons, lunatic asylums and poorhouses are filled by this fearful weapon of Satan—drink.

Such is the state of things—what then saith the Lord? Non-abstainers attempt to prove from Scripture that intoxicants are a good gift from God, given us "richly to enjoy." Christ's turning the water into wine, Paul's recommendation to Timothy, and the use of wine in the institution of the Lord's Supper, are the passages usually quoted. Residents in wine-growing countries cannot but know that very much *unfermented wine* is drunk by the inhabitants, and answers to "the fruit of the vine" and the "new wine" mentioned in Scripture. This unfermented "new wine" "maketh glad the heart of man" (Ps. 104 : 15), "maketh glad the life" (Eccl. 10 : 19, margin), "cheereth God and man" (Jud. 9 : 13). But

INTOXICATING WINE

brought disorder into the families of Noah (Gen. 9 : 20), of Lot (Gen. 19 : 33) of Nabal (1 Sam. 25 : 36), of Elah (1 Kings 16 : 8), of Benhadad (1 Kings 20 : 16), of Belshazzar (Dan. 5 : 4), etc. This it is of which God says, "Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging" (Prov. 20 : 1); this it is which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder" (Prov. 23 : 32).

THE CHRISTIAN'S TEST.

The question which Christians have to settle is a very simple one. Our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost; we belong, not to ourselves, but unto Him who has redeemed us. Is it by the authority of God, our rightful Owner, that we introduce "a mocker," a raging mocker, into His temple? Because of His indwelling it is our glorious privilege, whether we eat, or drink, or whatsoever we do, to do all to the glory of God (Col. 3 : 17). Surely no glory is brought to God by that which "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder"! The very inspired description savors of that old serpent, the devil, who has made alcohol his too successful instrument. "What wilt thou have me to do?" is the natural question of one whose joy it is to have no will but God's. Paul, the very man who asked the question, answers it in these words: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak" (Rom. 14 : 21). For God's sake, for our own sake, and for the sake of others, let us abstain. Stimulants and narcotics have the power of deadening the spiritual sensibilities, they are bad for the soul; alcohol cannot be digested, and therefore, by bringing the liver into a state of disease, it injures the body. "Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit" (Eph. 5 : 18). Here is a strong word of God's to show how He would have His temple under the power of no other stimulant than the Holy Ghost. All these things which bring the being of man under their power, and make him what he would not be without them, are distinctly usurpers of the Holy Ghost's dominion. In so far as these things are introduced into the being of man he puts himself under their power, and in so far as he does so, he is

DISHONORING THE HOLY GHOST,

who alone has the right to make a man what he is not by nature.

The history of the Rechabites, at the time of Judah's defection, shows how God loved and honored those who stood free from that lust of the flesh which ruins so many in our land. Jeremiah, the prophet, who was the willing, pliable instrument of God, to speak or not as He would, to do things, pleasant or unpleasant; foolish in the eyes of men or wise—was sent by Him to the house of the Rechabites. God commanded him to go and bring them into the house of the Lord and to set wine before them. A strange command! Some people are afraid to yield themselves up wholly to God, lest He should ask of them some strange, unheard-of thing. "A prophet of the Lord sent to tempt abstainers to break their pledge! Never; this is not God's guidance: Jeremiah is an old fanatic." Such were probably the remarks passed. But Jeremiah belonged to the Lord, reputation and all; he knew he was not mistaken in the familiar voice to which he was listening; and he obeyed, leaving all the consequences to the God he served. Had the prophet been sensitive about his reputation this would have been a most unwelcome service; had he thought, "The Rechabites will look upon me henceforth as an unprincipled man," he would have been as slow to carry out the command of God as Jonah was to warn the Ninevites. But the man was "a whole burnt offering," "a living sacrifice," and so went forward unquestioningly. There was a depth of self-renunciation in his simple obedience, which only those can appreciate who have been placed in a similar position. Jeremiah did not *half* do the thing; "I took Jaayaniah . . . and his brethren, and all his sons, and *the whole house of the Rechabites;* and I brought them into the house of the Lord. . . . And I set before the sons of the house of the Rechabites pots full of wine, and cups, and I said unto them, Drink ye wine."

How then did the Rechabites act in these unexpected circumstances? It must at first have been a shock; Jeremiah, the most well-known man living for uncompromising piety! Could *he* tempt them to drink wine, and bring them solemnly into the house of the Lord for the purpose? Could it be possible that he was acting under the direction of God? Above all, could *God* disapprove of their abstinence and unworldliness of life? Was such a thing conceivable? The Rechabites did not weigh the matter; they acted on

THE PRINCIPLE OF OBEDIENCE

to their father, Jonadab, and said, "We will drink no wine; for Jonadab, the son of Rechab, our father, commanded us, saying, Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons, forever: neither shall ye build house, nor sow seed, nor plant vineyard, nor have any; but all your days ye shall dwell in tents: that ye may live many days in the land wherein ye are strangers. Thus we have obeyed the voice of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, our father, in all that he hath charged us to drink no wine all our days, we, our sons, nor our daughters; nor to build houses for us to dwell in; neither have we vineyard, nor field, nor seed; but we have dwelt in tents, and have obeyed, and done according to all that Jonadab our father commanded us."

Three hundred years had elapsed since the command was given, something like twelve generations of men had come and gone, and still the descendants of

THIS EARLY ABSTAINER

adhered to his principles, and maintained them even under such a trial of faith as we have seen. God took occasion to make them an example to the reprobate inhabitants of Judah and Jerusalem: "Will ye not receive instruction to hearken to my words, saith the Lord?" And then most touchingly he pleads that the command of Jonadab to his sons that they should drink no wine was performed, for unto this day they drink none, notwithstanding He their God had spoken to them, and had also sent prophets, rising early and sending them, yet they had not hearkened unto Him. But, far from seriously desiring the Rechabites to change their principles, God sent Jeremiah to them with this message, "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel; Because ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab your father, and kept all his precepts, and done according to all that he hath commanded you; therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel; Jonadab the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me forever." How glad, how overjoyed these men must have been when they saw that, far from spreading a snare for them, God had only tried their faith as a lesson to His people and as an opportunity of perpetuating blessing to them! "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience" (James 1 : 2, 3).

* The following doctors are of this opinion: Dr. L. Beale, Dr. W. Cummins, Mr. Ernest Hart, Mr. Spencer Wells, Dr. Edmunds, Dr. B. W. Richardson, Dr. N. Carmichael, Dr. N. S. Davis.

ENTERING IN.

Why don't you enter in?
Into the Heart that calls and calls for you,
Into the promises so grand and true,
Into the rich inheritance that waits,
Why will you stand and weep without the gates,
O sorrowing one?

You say you cannot see
Why, if He loves, He wants to grieve you so,
Why thro' this clouded path he made you go;
O if you would but enter in to-day
And let him show you in His own sweet way,
Dear suffering one.

But you will enter in,
I am so sure you will some blissful day,
And then, and then you'll joy to hear him say
Why you have suffered so and wept so sore,
And you will see your sorrow was your door
To let you in.

To let you in—
O Alchemist divine, O wondrous sight!
Your counted tears all changed to jewels bright,
For you have entered in the secret place,
Where He reveals the wonders of His grace,
Where you can see the ALL THINGS of His Word!
For you have entered the sweet Will of God.
—*Selected.*

From the New York Weekly Witness, July 3d, 1884.

FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

EDITOR HOME DEPARTMENT: I have read with true sympathy the request of "One in Need," and though I have never become one of the Home family by contributing my mite toward sustaining the Home circle, I wait not as a stranger waiteth, but as one who has long shared the good things, and hopes to find a welcome.

To "One in Need" I would say: I am a constant sufferer, and have made the question of food my study for years. A grain of wheat is said to contain all the qualities for nutriment that the body requires: but to select only the *starch* or *fine flour* so generally used for food, is to deprive our bodies of all sustenance. It is said two years would be the limit of life under such a regimen. But select other parts of the kernel and you have the real germ of health and strength. Do not use ordinary *Graham* flour. It has produced more dyspeptics than it has cured. The outer husk or burr of the grain is not removed, and irritates the digestive organs. I live upon the gluten of wheat combined with barley, and find it very nutritious; seldom eat any meat. It is a remedy for sleeplessness, if taken when retiring for the night. If I am permitted to inform you where to obtain the "Health Food," with full instructions *how* and *what* to use, I would like to direct you to send a description of your disease, inquiring what you need, to the "Health Food Co.," No. 72 Fourth avenue, New York. You will receive advice and circulars free. Hoping and praying that the blessing of God may attend you, bringing peace to your household, and joy to your home, I write in the cause of HUMANITY.

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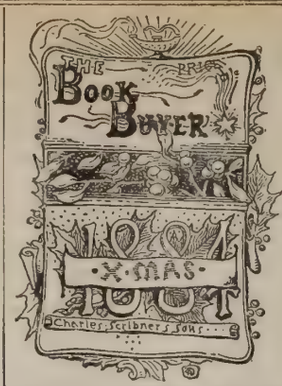

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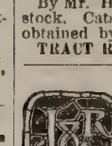

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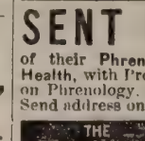

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THE REV. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, B.A., LL.D.

Friend of Homeless Children.

Born in 1839—Preparation for the Ministry—Origination of the "Home"—Distinctive Features of the Work—Details of the London Branch — Strange Histories — Extension to Lancashire—The Industrial School at Gravesend—The Isle of Man Branch—Boy and Girl Emigrants to Canada—A Boy's Prayers for his Parents and Companions—The Princess Alice Orphanage, near Birmingham—The Question of Ways and Means.

THE reproach is often brought against the Christian Church that it neglects philanthropic work. Christians, say their accusers, forget that men have bodies as well as souls, and when a hungry, half-naked creature asks for bread he is given a tract. The charge is in the main unjust. There are exceptional cases in which the bodily needs of the poor are neglected by men zealous in the work of soul-saving, but philanthropy would shrink to insignificant proportions if it were to lose the support of those who give their money and time and labor to it on religious principles. Not only do Christian citizens labor unostentatiously for the relief of want and misery, but they form the strength and nucleus of societies which do the same work on a larger scale. Not a few have gone beyond this, and, like Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Muller, of Orphanage fame, and Dr. T. J. Barnardo, have founded and organized and maintained, as God has helped them, gigantic enterprises for the benefit of the poor. This is always a grand work, and those who engage in it deserve the honor of the Church universal. One such man is Dr. Stephenson, whose portrait THE CHRISTIAN HERALD publishes this week, with pictures of the institutions which, one by one, he has been enabled to establish as God sent him means.

Dr. Stephenson, *whose portrait appears on the first page*, is an eminent Wesleyan minister, and the founder of the "Children's Home," *the various branches of which appear also in our illustrations*. He was *born* at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, in 1839, and is now forty-five years old. He was educated principally at Wesley College, Sheffield, and took his degree of B.A. at the London University in 1859. He then proceeded to the Richmond Theological Institution in order to prepare for the ministry. Stationed successively at Norwich, Manchester, Bolton, and London, he everywhere gave abundant proof of his deep and earnest sympathies with the dark and ignorant masses of the surrounding population. By evangelistic services, by promoting the cause of Temperance, and endeavoring in every way that he could devise to assist the fallen, he rapidly became a "popular" minister in the best and truest sense of the term.

In 1880 the Wesleyan Conference testified its appreciation of his labors by electing him into the managing council known as the "Legal Hundred," and the following year he received from America the honorary degree of LL.D. He has served for one term as a member of the London School Board, and has taken an active part in many of the philanthropic and social movements of the day. Owing to the speedy and remarkable development of the work in connection with

THE "CHILDREN'S HOME,"

Dr. Stephenson was compelled, some twelve or thirteen years ago, to resign his place in the regular ministry, as the rule of the denomination, that a minister shall not remain over any one charge more than three years, prevented him carrying forward the philanthropic enterprises in which he was engaged.

Before giving some information as to the "Home" and its branches, we may briefly state

HOW THE HOME ORIGINATED.

While stationed in London, and laboring as a Wesleyan minister, especially in that district in which abject poverty of the most depressing kind exists, and which is known as the "New Cut," Dr. Stephenson became painfully impressed with the wretchedness, vice, and crime around him, and longed to do something practical in the way of rescuing the children from the inevitable ruin awaiting them if left to such surroundings. Calling to his help a few friends like-minded with himself, a little house was taken, and transformed into a refuge for a few poor and needy boys and girls. A stable at the rear was transformed into a dining-room, and a hay-loft over it into a dormitory. Such was the small beginning. Presently another house was taken, until at length the home was removed to the more healthy neighborhood of Bonner Road, and from that time it rapidly developed, and today there are about six hundred and fifty children in the various branches of it. Though under the direction of the Wesleyan Conference, no question of sect or creed influences the selection of its inmates, the most pressing and needy cases being invariably given precedence. Since its commencement about fifteen hundred children have enjoyed its advantages.

STRANGE HISTORIES

are attached to many of the children thus rescued and nourished; terrible tragedies in some cases, and hardly less tragic comedies in others. With almost every crime in the calendar some of these children are acquainted. Sin and shame, cruelty and violence, have been the familiar objects of their family life, and the most tender and sacred of earthly relationships have become odious to them. Several of the lads were one day learning the Ten Commandments; when they came to the fifth, a bright little fellow looked up to the teacher and asked, "But what if you've got a *bad* father, sir?" Poor child! the last time he had seen his father was when he left him and his brother locked up alone in a room without food or fire, and departed never to make inquiry about them again. How little could such a child understand the beautiful meaning of the words, "Our Father, which art in heaven!"

And here we touch the foundation fault which has caused the misery of these children's lives. They have had no *homes*. There has been no family life for them, with all its tender, gracious development and restraining influence. And this is precisely what the Home supplies. It is not a mere institution where the children are gathered together, fed, clothed, taught in a *mass*; but, like Mr. Spurgeon's orphanages, it is a collection of families, each having its own house, its house-mother, and distinct family life. There can be no doubt that this *home*-life is the secret of the success which has attended Dr. Stephenson's work. A child is brought from the vilest surroundings, unaccustomed to control, vicious, dishonest, profane, and filthy; but in the course of a few weeks the wild cub is softened by the influence of love around him, is tamed and subdued until he becomes like a lamb, and may be seen playing like a child among children, singing with evident enjoyment the songs of Zion, clothed and in his right mind.

In a recently issued little book, entitled

"THE STORY OF THE HOME,"

Dr. Stephenson points out the distinctive features upon which the work is based. 1. It is a *religious* work, a mission for Christ Jesus to His neediest little ones. 2. It is *industrial*, for the children are trained to habits of industry, and put upon the lines of industrial progress. 3. The idea suggested by the title "Home" is carried out by the system adopted of placing the little ones not in barracks, but in *homes*. They are grouped, not in regiments of two or three hundred, but in "families" of about twenty, each with its separate house and a "Mother"—the best educated and refined woman that can be obtained, and one whose heart has been moved with a Christ-like pity for the outcast and destitute. Each successive development of the work is simply a reproduction again and again of these three ideas. An excellent day school, well-organized workshops, and thorough religious training all combine to prepare the children for a happy and prosperous future.

THE LONDON BRANCH

consists of a square block of buildings, with suitable playgrounds, gymnasium, etc. The part facing Bonner Road is a row of houses (*as seen in the frontispiece picture*), which have been secured, one by one, for the purposes of the institution, as the funds have permitted. The workshops are placed to the rear, and several useful trades are being taught to the inmates of the "Home." Each *house* has its distinctive name, indicating its origin. Thus, one is called "Laleham House," being the gift of Miss Pipe, and pupils of Laleham, Clapham, in 1874; another bears the inscription of "Sunday-School House," inasmuch as it was built by the generous contributions of Sunday-school teachers and scholars during the years 1872–74. A third is known as the "Walton Memorial House," the gift of a gentleman in memory of his beloved wife. One corner of these premises is occupied by

THE HOME CHAPEL,

which is a beautiful, though simple, structure. The hard limit of space compelled its erection over the school-room; though, once inside, the peculiarity of its position is quickly forgotten. The organ, a small but richly-toned instrument, was paid for by concerts given for this purpose by the choir of the Home; while the Bible is the gift of boys and girls once inmates of the home, but who have now *settled in Canada*. The services at the "Home Chapel" are open to the public, and, though no effort is made to establish a regular congregation of outsiders, great importance is attached to the presence of visitors, which makes the worship "*public* worship," and thus more than a mere part of institutional routine. Great pains are taken to make the service interesting and effective. The musical part is varied, and is led by a carefully trained choir of the children, some of the best anthems being sung on each occasion. The chapel is used for no other purpose than worship, and all these circumstances combined secure a solemnity and propriety of demeanor in the children which is remarked by all visitors, and might well be imitated by congregations of older persons.

Though the work began in London, it did not stop there, and we pass on next to notice the

LANCASHIRE BRANCH,

which is located at Edgworth, near Bolton. (*See the middle picture on the right-hand side of the front page.*) This development arose from the generous gift of a philanthropic gentleman—Mr. James Barlow—who gave for the purpose a large building, with one hundred acres of land. It had previously been a notorious rum-shop and hotel, which had obtained an evil notoriety throughout the neighborhood. Many and great alterations have since taken place here, and no former visitor would now recognize it. The central building consists of Wheatsheaf (so called in memory of its former title when it was a hotel), of Bolton House, commemorating the generous gifts of friends in that adjacent town; of Woodville, *a gift from South Africa*, and of a wing recently added through the liberality of friends in South Australia. Then there are, in connection with it, extensive farm buildings, the governor's house, offices, etc., providing, altogether, a vast amount of work for the young inmates of this branch.

Taking a sudden leap from the north of the country to the south, the visitor is introduced to the

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL BRANCH,

situated at Milton, near Gravesend. (*This is shown on the left side of the frontispiece picture.*) It was found, as the work of the "Home" progressed, that there were many children who seemed to have a special claim upon the attention and sympathy of Dr. Stephenson and his coadjutors, and yet came so fairly within the provisions of the law, as to warrant the aid of the State being most properly sought for their maintenance. The lease was secured of an old country mansion, surrounded by some fifteen acres of park lands, and a certified industrial school was established there. At the present

ne the number of lads in residence is one hun-
ed and seventy, and the results have been ex-
edingly gratifying to all concerned.

THE ISLE OF MAN BRANCH.

About twenty years ago an interesting and
éful work was commenced at Ramsey, in the
le of Man, by a philanthropic Christian lady—
iss Gibson. It began at first as a Ragged
:hool, but in the course of time developed into
Home for orphan and destitute children, very
milar in its spirit and aim to that at Bonner
oad, although it never attained large propor-
ons. Assisted by her aunt, suitable premises
ere purchased, consisting of a well-situated
ilding, with about five acres of land. Within
vo years, however, Miss Gibson's useful life
as suddenly cut short, and in accordance with
er dying wish the institution she had estab-
shed at Ramsey was then connected with the
hildren's Home in London. It has a charming
ookout over Ramsey Bay, and bears the appro-
riate title of "Ballacloan," which is the Manx
or "Children's Refuge." (*See picture in the
ft-hand corner of the lower portion of frontis-
iece.*)

BOY AND GIRL EMIGRANTS.

The necessity for relieving the overcrowded
ities of England by emigration has long been
pparent to all who are anxious to improve the
ondition of the poor. Soon after the "Home"
as founded its promoters had their attention
irected toward this subject, inasmuch as many
f the boys and girls began to approach the age
t which it was right that they should earn their
wn living, and two difficulties had to be faced.
he labor market was not in a condition which
romised much aid to them in their struggle,
nd, on the other hand, many of them were
aken from associations which would be certain
o cling around them with a most disastrous
ffect. Hence it was an absolute necessity that
hey should be enabled to commence their ac-
ive career in some place to which their relatives
ould have no easy access to them, and from
hich, during the first years in which their judg-
ent was to grow to independence, it would
ot be easy for them to return to their old
aunts.

At that time the late Dr. Punshon was resident
n Canada. He took, from the very first, a deep
nterest in the work of the "Home," and sug-
ested that that great and enterprising country
ould afford peculiar advantages to the children.
t his suggestion Dr. Stephenson paid a visit to
anada, in order to make the necessary in-
uiries, and at length it was determined to
end out parties of children to that country.
hrough the liberality and influence of Dr.
unshon, aided by many *generous Canadian
riends*, the committee were able to establish

THE CANADIAN BRANCH,

hich is a commodious house, with eight acres
f land attached, and conveniently situated near
he city of Hamilton, Ont. (*As illustrated in
he right-hand section of the upper portion of
ur frontispiece.*), This admirably serves as the
anadian headquarters of the "Home." The
dvantages of a well-organized system of emigra-
ion in connection with this work is obvious. It
nables the managers to place a large number of
hildren in situations much earlier than it would
e safe to do so in England. A Canadian farmer
ill take a boy of ten or twelve into his house,
nd treat him as a member of his own family.
hen a party of young emigrants are thus sent
ut an officer of the "Home" goes with them,
nd on their arrival they proceed direct to the
anadian Branch, where they pass into the care
f the resident governor. Before

THEIR ARRIVAL

e has advertised their coming, and received ap-
lications for them, taking care that the homes
o which the children are sent are Christian
omes, in which they will be kindly treated.
ithin a few weeks most, if not all, of the chil-
ren are provided with situations, but they are by
o means lost sight of. By correspondence, in-
uiries, and personal visits the agent makes
imself acquainted with their condition and cir-
cumstances. Great success has followed this development of the work also.

It is very touching to hear of the anxiety the children manifest on account of their mothers and other relatives. More than one lad, safely and comfortably settled in the New World, has sent home money to bring his mother or sister out too. And in their prayers, with a simplicity as touching as it is amusing, they commend their

ERRING PARENTS

to God. "O Lord, bless our fathers and mothers!" prayed a boy who had come from Newgate to the Home; "and don't let them throw the poker at each other to-day—but may they be as tame as mice."

A QUAINT PRAYER.

Another of this boy's prayers is worth quoting for its quaint simplicity and for the evidence it gives of his faith in the power of prayer about small matters. At a time when the boys had established a prayer-meeting among themselves, he would go round to bring them to it; and on one occasion, having been somewhat unsuccessful, he prayed, "Lord, bless all the boys, and make them want to come to the prayer-meeting, and don't let them say again, 'No, I can't, I've got to sew a button on my trousers.'"

The latest extension of this institution is the establishment of the

PRINCESS ALICE ORPHANAGE,

which was formally opened on the 19th of July. This branch owes its origin to the liberal offer made by a philanthropist of Erdington, to give a sum worth $50,000 to meet a like amount provided by the "Wesleyan Methodist Thanksgiving Fund." An estate of eighteen acres was thus purchased, and when the whole of the buildings are erected (*as shown in our front picture, at the right-hand corner of the lower portion*), accommodation will be provided for about three hundred children. At present only a part of the plan has been executed, consisting of the large hall, governor's residence, and the necessary offices. By permission of the Queen, the title of "The Princess Alice Orphanage" has been bestowed upon it, in remembrance of the self-denying and philanthropic labors of that lamented princess. It is established for the benefit of *the orphan children of Christian parents*, and in all cases the destitution of the children must be proved to the satisfaction of the committee. At present forty-five children are sheltered there, and the work will be gradually extended as the funds permit.

We have thus given a brief sketch of the Home and its numerous branches. The question will naturally suggest itself to our readers:

HOW IS THE HOME MAINTAINED?

It is in no sense *endowed*, but dependent entirely upon the free-will offerings of those who give *practical* proof of their sympathy with the helpless little ones, who sorely need the hand of mercy being stretched forth for their rescue. The report issued year by year shows that pecuniary aid is rendered by people of all classes, irrespective of creed or denomination, and from all parts of the world. Many subscribe regularly to the institution, and collections are also made in Wesleyan places of worship. Valuable help has also been rendered by the *Sunday-schools* of the Wesleyan Methodists, most of which make an annual collection on its behalf. Children's bazaars, too, are frequently held, many of them being conducted by young people; and in many ways, prompted by true Christian sympathy, the work is sustained and strengthened. Still, it is often a source of great anxiety to Dr. Stephenson and his noble band of helpers how the necessary funds are to be obtained.

At every meeting of the committee an overwhelming number of needy cases are presented for consideration, each telling its own sorrowful tale, and proving the dire necessity for a more vigorous prosecution of the work. Hitherto God's people have generously enabled Dr. Stephenson to continue fulfilling on this large scale the injunction of the risen Lord, "*Feed my Lambs.*"

REV. NEWMAN HALL'S WELCOME HOME.

Rev. Newman Hall has arrived at home after his three months' tour in America. His congregation mustered in force on Thursday night, November 6th, to give him a hearty welcome home. Hawkstone Hall, adjoining Christ Church, in which the gathering took place, presented quite a gala appearance, what with flowers, flags, and appropriate devices. In front of the platform, with a background of choice flowering plants, stood *a marble bust* of Mr. Hall, for presentation during the evening, to mark his thirty years' connection with the congregation. After tea the company repaired to the hall, where some little time was spent in social intercourse.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall and the church officers having become seated on the platform, the more practical portion of the evening's business was proceeded with. The chair was occupied by the Rev. H. Grainger, Mr. Hall's co-pastor at Christ Church, who opened the meeting with prayer. In his subsequent remarks, Mr. Grainger rendered an account of his stewardship during Mr. Hall's absence. The church secretary, then, in the name of the congregation, welcomed the pastor back to their midst, and asked his acceptance of the bust which had been executed in his absence.

Mr. Hall, on rising to respond, was warmly cheered. It was almost worth while to go away, he said, in order to meet with such a hearty welcome on coming back. He and Mrs. Hall had travelled ten thousand miles—six thousand on sea and four thousand on land. On this, *his third visit to America*, nothing could have been more cordial than the reception he everywhere received. On the occasion of his last visit his object was to raise funds wherewith to build the tower of his church, and he had long been anxious to undertake another preaching tour in the States, and not say a word about money. During the past three months he had enjoyed that privilege.

He must express his *thanks to the American people* for their unbounded hospitality and generous sympathy. It was so wherever he went, and even before landing invitations began to pour upon him. Churches were readily thrown open to him, and he preached in them without so much as asking to what denomination they belonged, the distinctions which exist in England being unknown on the other side of the Atlantic. He was the guest of Dr. Cuyler and many others more or less known in England; and while at Washington *the President sent him an invitation* to become his guest for the day, but the messenger arrived just after Mr. Hall had taken his departure.

He was glad to find that none of the good work carried on in connection with Christ Church had relaxed during his absence. Addresses followed from Mr. Warren Hall, brother of the pastor, and other church officers. Toward the close of the proceedings Dr. Wilson presented an address to Mr. Hall, setting forth his labors in that place and at Surrey Chapel during the space of thirty years.

Wise Advice to Social Reformers is Given in a work published last week in Boston. It is from the pen of Axel Gustafson, who urges all who desire to improve the condition of the masses to commence with the liquor traffic, and expresses his conviction that all efforts that leave that untouched will fail. In the course of his argument he says: "It is of little use to talk of the misery of the poor while they are yearly squandering upon drink sums which if saved would go far to extinguish pauperism. It is of little use to talk of purer modes of life while those whose elevation is sought continue to make themselves incapable of appreciating or desiring such a change by their drinking habits. And it is of little use to devise means of reform while governments endure, sustain and encourage the drink-traffic by making it an indispensable and important source of revenue."

THE NATION'S OPPORTUNITY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27, 1884.

MORE than an hour before the doors of the Tabernacle were opened, the street was crowded with people anxious to get inside. By the time the service commenced every seat was occupied, the aisles were densely packed, and the corridors, lobbies, and even the gallery stairs were full of people, who waited, hoping that there would be a chance of getting within sound of the preacher's voice. There was a general Thanksgiving service, and the products of the various States were there to suggest the country's prosperity and the reason why all should give thanks to their Maker. The platform was arranged with exquisite taste. A bale of snowy white cotton plucked from North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia was placed in the centre, and served as a reading-desk. On either side were mounds of delicate gray moss from Florida, upon which rested apples, oranges, grapes, pears, and bananas in attractive arrangement. Huge pumpkins from Long Island and New Jersey; big cucumbers from farms in New York State; large, rosy apples from all over the country in pyramidal form, and ferns in pleasing variety, alternated to the ends of the platform, where two banana trees from Florida, standing over twenty-five feet high and bearing fruit, were conspicuous. The edge of the platform was thatched with oats, barley, and rye, relieved with ears of golden corn. The back of the platform and organ-pipes were hung with branches of oranges from Florida, sheafs of wheat from Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Long Island, bunches of grapes and clusters of pears from California, and vegetables from different States. Lying carelessly around the platform were nuggets of gold and silver from New Mexico, Iowa, and California; pieces of copper ore from New Mexico; fragments of iron ore and chunks of coal from Pennsylvania. Brass, lead, and other members of the mineral kingdom were conspicuous here and there. The gallery was ornamented with sheafs of wheat, rye, barley, oats, and clusters of corn, alternating with vegetables and fruit, which depended in rustic baskets. Dr. Talmage spoke from the words:

"Another door toward the south."—EZEKIEL 41 : 11.
"On the south three gates."—REV. 21 : 13.

King George and his Chaplain—Why the Vanquished King was Thankful—This Year's Mercies—Brother Deo Gratias—The National Products—The Markets Over Full—Danger of Suffocation—Need of an Outlet—Useless Remedies Considered—The Retreating West—No Help from the East—The New Southern Door—To be Opened at New Orleans—The Waiting Customers in South America—To Buy from us Instead of from Europe—How it will be Done—The Marriage of the two Continents—An Opening for Tourists—Americans Spoiled in Europe—Returning Brainless—The Hungry Millions—Duty of Congress—The Thanksgiving Reunion in Heaven.

King George of England, at the close of the Revolutionary War, in which he had lost thirteen colonies, proclaimed a day of thanksgiving because of the return of peace. His chaplain said to him: "For what would your majesty have us give thanks? for the fact that you have lost thirteen of the brightest jewels of your crown?" "No, not for that," said the king. "Because we have added millions to our national debt?" "No, not for that," said the king. "Because tens of thousands of people of the same race and religion have been destroyed?" "No, not for that," said the king. "Why, then?" insisted the chaplain, "and

FOR WHAT SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?"

"Thank God," said the king, with great vehemence—"thank God because matters are no worse." And if the year now past has been to any of you misfortune or calamity or bereavement, you have so many mercies left you ought to thank God things are no worse with you than they are.

But to vast throngs of us the year has been one of overarching mercy, and as individuals, and as a church, and as a nation we keep jubilee. And would God that our habit of gratitude might become as fixed as that of St. Felix, the monk of Cantalice, who, on all occasions, whether stopping a fight or soliciting alms for the monastery, cried out, "Deo Gratias"—thanks be to God—until the church called him "Brother Deo Gratias," and the children hailed him on the street as "Father Deo Gratias." After a year in which other nations have felt the scourge of epidemic, but this land has been spared, and after emerging unhurt from a Presidential contest in which the blind Samson of partisanship threatened to pull down the pillars of State and to leave the temple flat in the dust, and after three hundred and sixty-five more days of kindness from our God, we are here.

In the graceful and splendid decorations of this church to-day, with the grains and fruits of all sections, we have an American

CONGRESS OF NATIONAL PRODUCTS.

Delegations from North, South, East, and West. Here are delegations with white hair from the cotton fields of the South. Here are those with auburn beard and locks from the golden wheat fields of the North. Here are fruits that have in their round cheeks the blush of the setting sun of the West. Behold this moss from Southern woods, the bridal veil of the forest. Behold these plumes of pampas from the far West. Behold this rice from the Carolinas and these grapes and pears from California. Behold these apples from Connecticut, the "Land of Steady Habits." Your father, perhaps, planted the tree. Behold these great banana trees standing sentinel at either end the platform, by last steamer from Florida, but the fruit this moment growing, and one of them in blossom of resplendent orb.

HARVESTS OF 1884

looking down upon all their predecessors. The wave of temporal blessing has dashed to the top of the nation's corn-crib. Ay, the prosperity of this country has rolled up until the crest of the wave has broken and recoiled upon itself. More corn, and wheat, and cotton, and rice than we can find profitable market for. More manufactured goods than we can dispose of. The grain markets all glutted, and the factories by scores stopping, or run with only half the spindles harnessed, and wages are cut down in some places because the supply has swamped the demand, and nothing is the matter to-day with this country but over-production and under-consumption. Where there is work for ten there are twenty who offer their services, and the hundred thousand wheels of American industry are slowing up, not because there is too little, but because there is too much. God has snowed upon the track of this nation such vast accumulations of prosperity that the engine that draws the train can hardly plough through. The American nation is being choked to death with surplus of production and manufactures. Too much wheat, too much corn, too much cotton, too much fruit, too much hardware, too many drygoods, too many shoes, too many carpets, too many philosophical instruments, too many printing-presses, too many cattle, too many sheep, too many artisans, too many merchants, too many lawyers, too many doctors, and from the large number of excellent men in my own profession without settlements, some might think, too many ministers.

The deluge of supply has risen fifteen cubits higher than the mountains of demand. The load of national wealth is so great that the team cannot draw it. The man who dies for lack of a crust of bread is no worse off than the man who is smothered to death in a wheat-bin. The nation suffers to-day, not from marasmus, but from plethora; not from consumption, but from threatened apoplexy.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

"Let us rush right down to Washington and have the tariff changed," say a great multitude. But put up the tariff as high as Tiptop House on Mount Washington, and while you might keep out foreign goods, we have enough mills o our own left to weave ten woollen shirts where there is one back to wear them, and make ten pairs of shoes for every ten feet that need them and twenty curtains for every window that could support them, and twenty pairs of eyeglasses for every vision that might be re-enforced by them. Doctor the tariff with homœopathic or allopathic or eclectic dose from now until the Thanksgiving Day of the year 2000, and you cannot in that way cure this chronic malady.

THE PRESIDENT CANNOT DO IT.

Others hope by change of national administration to correct the trouble; but no President, though he had the combined patriotism of Washington, and the broad views of Jefferson, and the suavity of a Madison, and the courage of an Andrew Jackson, and the old-fashioned honesty of an Abraham Lincoln could regulate the inexorable law of supply and demand.

WORSE IN EUROPE.

Well, some say, "Let us pack up our trunks and move east, or north, or west." Going east toward Europe would be exodus into starvation. The avalanche of emigration shows us that those continents are overcrowded. We all know that this is *the best country in all the world* to live in. I have eight hundred and fifty thousand fresh reasons for saying so. Eight hundred and fifty thousand people in one year coming from other shores to live in America. If America had not been the best place to live, there would have been eight hundred and fifty thousand Americans going to Europe. Shall we go north? Already the busiest hives of competition are along the St. Lawrence and the Androscoggin and the Penobscot, and the voices of the woods of Maine and the forests of the lake chain answer: "No room here!" Shall we move West?

THERE IS NO WEST.

The emigrants chased it across the Ohio, across the Mississippi, across the La Platte and the Fremont exploring expedition put their spurs into the horses' flanks and chased the West from the Rocky Mountains to the Sierra Nevadas, and the Forty-niners from California, landing from the ships on the Pacific beach, attacked the West in the rear, and the workmen of the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads came upon it with their spades, and the giant West has ceased; and though some might say of it, as was said in regard to Moses, "No man knoweth of his sepulchre to this day," I think the Yosemite Valley is its sarcophagus, with El Capitain for the headstone and Cathedral Rock for the footstone.

Millions of foreign population that are yet to cross the sea for America will soon enough fill all the area between Atlantic and Pacific beaches. But in the words of my text, I now declare

"ANOTHER DOOR

toward the south—on the south three gates." When I say south I do not mean the Southern States of our own American Union, but I mean the magnificent infinity of opportunity beyond—Portuguese America and fifteen Spanish American republics, and the islands of the South Pacific. Through that door will come the complete and glorious relief for all this over-supply. It will come within ten years, within five, within three.

On the sixteenth of next month, at the New Orleans Exposition, that door will begin to swing open, and if the Government of the United States fully appreciate the opportunity, and the people of this country will help, the highest water mark that the wave of our national prosperity has ever reached will be one hundred feet under what shall speedily be the full tide of commercial, agricultural, manufacturing, literary, and moral success.

Our people for the most part sit in appalling ignorance of

AN OPPORTUNITY

such as was never spread out before any nation since the morning stars sang together. "On the south three gates"—ay, three thousand

tes, and all of them wide open. I have had cts put before me enough to keep a man awake ghts because of their significance. The simple ct is, that the vast realm of population in the opics are buying from transatlantic nations most everything, and from us almost nothing, id the tide ought to turn, and the tide will rn, and I preach this sermon to help it turn.

Your ears will tingle with the intensity of this cital: In 1880 five billion three hundred and xty-nine million dollars worth of goods manuctured in the United States, and only two per nt taken by foreign markets! Is it not a marel that American manufactures are not as dead the proverbial door nail? My only wonder is, at nine tenths of the manufacturers have not one into bankruptcy, and ninety nine one hundredths of the factory hands have not gone into arvation or the almshouse; and it will be worse the battle is to go on between Lowell spindles ere and Manchester spindles there, between reign merchants who want tariffs down and merican merchants who want tariffs up. There no relief for us in the markets of Europe, and here will be none until

"Moons shall wax and wane no more."

"Another door toward the south—on the outh three gates." This nation to-day is like a lly drygoods merchant who stands behind the ounter haggling with a small customer about ree yards of tape, when there are at the counr, impatiently waiting, three princesses wishing purchase their bridal trousseaus. May God rouse this nation from its

COMMERCIAL IDIOCY!

On the south of us are regions nearly three mes as large as the United States without anufactories, without woollen goods, without gricultural implements, without telegraphs, ithout telephones, without shoes, without sewg machines, without ten thousand things that e have and they must have. Not tens of thouands, but millions of consumers. Where shall ey get their supplies? They are getting them om another hemisphere three thousand miles way, and we at their next door are buried unr a surplus of those very things. They are ble to trade with us for their sugars, and coffees, d spices, and fruits, and valuable woods, and thousand other commodities we need as much they need our products. But look, and then ang your heads at the statement that, while r next-door neighbors, the southern republics, d Brazil and neighboring colonies import six undred and seventy-five million dollars worth goods a year, only one hundred and twenty-x million dollars worth are from the United tates—one hundred and twenty-six million ollars out of six hundred and seventy-five illion dollars — only one fifth of the trade urs. European nations taking their four finers and leaving us the poor thumb. The ster republics on the American continent, ith a foreign commerce amounting to four undred and twenty-eight million dollars, trade ith us to the feeble and paltry sum of sixty-ree million dollars. There is nothing but a mparative ferry between this country and the Vest Indies, while there are raging seas and ng voyage between them or other continents, et they import one hundred and sixteen milon dollars worth of goods, and only thirty-one illion dollars worth come from us.

Now, all this is going

SPEEDILY TO BE CHANGED,

nd it is going to be the solution of the labor uestion, of the bread question, of the communistic question, of the over production and under onsumption question, and nearly all the other uestions. It is going to set all the mills on ne Merrimac, and the Connecticut, and the usquehanna, and the Chattahoochee, and the labama running day and night with double set f hands, and calling for ten factories where we ave one, and putting all the men out of employ nto work at good wages, and it is going to hange this story of dull times into a prosperity hich will roll on in full tide until the Mississippi loses its way to the Gulf of Mexico.

No more thankful am I for the past blessings to this nation than I am thankful to God for this opening opportunity, in its height stupendous and in its width hemispheric.

HOW WILL IT BE DONE?

Among other things, by such action as that which led our Congress to appropriate one million three hundred thousand dollars to the New Orleans Exposition, and led Mexico to appropriate two hundred thousand dollars, and New Orleans to appropriate five hundred thousand dollars. That Exposition preceded by the Sydenham Crystal Palace, and the French and the Vienna and the Philadelphia expositions, yet in far-reaching significance more important than all of them put together. It is going to be *the hinge of this century*. Those other expositions showed chiefly what had already been done. This of next month will build a platform on which the nations of this American continent shall come up for introduction to a new commercial epoch in the history of the ages. On that platform will come up Bolivia, Peru, Paraguay, Uruguay, Venezuela, Salvador, Nicaraugua, Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Brazil, and the brunette West Indies to meet the blonde and smiling United States.

HAIL! MARRIAGE DAY

of North and South. While the pessimists have been hunting up the burial service to read at the death of American commerce, and the stops of the organ were being pulled out for the Dead March in Saul, I, an optimist both by nature and by grace, take up in anticipation the bright-covered wedding liturgy, and as the blonde North takes the brunette South by the hand, saying, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," I cry, "Whom God hath joined together let neither foreign despotism nor American demagogism ever put asunder." Then let all the organs and choirs and orchestras make everything, from the Montreal ice palace to the halls of the Montezumas, quake under the rolling thunders of the grand march of North and South American progress.

This southern door will be further fastened open by the tides of

TRAVEL DIVERTED

from Europe to the land of the Aztecs. Much of the one hundred and six million five hundred thousand dollars yearly expended by Americans in Europe will be expended in southern exploration, in looking at some of the ruins of the forty-seven cities which Stephens, the traveller, found only a little way apart, and walking through the corridors, and under the arches, and in the great doorways and over the miracles of mosaic, and along by the monumental glories of another civilization, and ancient America will, with cold lips of stone, kiss the warm lips of modern America, and to have seen the Andes and Popocatepetl will be deemed as important as to have seen the Alpine and Balkan ranges.

So there will be fewer people spoiled by foreign travel, and in our midst there will be less poor and nauseating imitation of the French shrug and the intentional hesitancy of a brainless foreign swell. The fact is, that there are more people made fools of by European travel than in any other way. And though sensible when they embark, they return with a collar, and a cravat, and a shoe, and a coat, and a pronunciation, and a contempt for American institutions, and a bend of the elbow that makes one believe in *evolution backward* from man to ape! Of the thirty thousand Americans who now cross the sea annually, thousands will, on pleasure and business, visit the tropics, and so tourists and merchants and scientists and capitalists will all help in this national development.

I wish that somehow our next Congress might take the one hundred million dollars of surplus in the United States Treasury which the Republicans neglected to steal and before the Democrats get a chance to steal it, and in some way expend it in establishing new lines of shipping between the ports of North and South America, and in dredging their harbors, and in building telegraph lines, and in the quickening of that glorious consummation which is sure to come. I want it to come very soon. I want it to come before there is any more suffering. I want it to come before there is any more sorrow.

In anticipation I nail on the front door of the nation

AN ADVERTISEMENT:

Wanted, one hundred thousand men to build South American railroad as long as from here to San Francisco.

Wanted, five thousand telegraph operators.

Wanted, twenty million dollars worth of drygoods and hardware from New York City.

Wanted, all the clocks you can make at New Haven, and all the brains you can spare from Boston, and all the bells you can mould at Troy, and all the McCormick reapers you can fashion at Chicago, and all the hams you can turn out at Cincinnati, and all the railroad iron you can send from Boonton and Pittsburg.

Wanted, wanted right away, wanted by express, wanted C. O. D., wanted by railroad train, wanted by steamer, wanted lawyers to plead our causes, wanted doctors to cure our sick, wanted ministers to evangelize our population, wanted professors to establish our universities.

Without this opening prospect this Thanksgiving Day would be dark for those of us who are interested in the laboring classes. To-day there are *one million people out of work* in this country—ten per cent of the laboring classes with nothing to do but suffer, and another twenty per cent toiling on reduced wages. Can I, a minister of religion, stand in this place to-day, amid all these signs of prosperity and these great harvests, which have brought blessings to so many of our doors, and forget this fact? I cannot. I shall not take my seat at the Thanksgiving table with wife and children to-day, until I look at the bare plates of these multitudes, and at their empty wardrobes, and invoke upon them the mercy of God and the generous consideration of those in comfortable circumstances, and send from my own pocket my individual quota.

Congress will assemble next week, and let it waste no time in abstractions, but by some swift enactment open this door south, and all the other legitimate doors, for the relief of men who can get no work, and who stand in this cold November weather wringing their numb fingers, with their helpless families at their back.

God help them!

HUNGRY MEN

and women never have been quiet, and never will be quiet, and never ought to be quiet. Bread they ought to have, bread they must have, and bread they will have. With this, the fifth plentiful harvest, if there be any man, woman, or child in America without food and without comfortable apparel and without shelter, there must be something awfully wrong.

May the suffering Christ, who once had not where to lay His head, champion the cause of the helpless, and *smash the great monopolies* that are built out of the bones and cemented with the blood of poor workmen, and send a supply this day from full pantries to every destitute home, and so change the condition of those hardly bestead, that by the time another Thanksgiving Day arrives the poorest man in America may have upon his table a twenty-pound turkey, royally browned and basted and stuffed, put upon plates dashed with cranberry, and emptied only to make way for dessert of pumpkin pie such as New England matrons bake, or a more classic mince pie such as our dear old mothers in New Jersey mixed with their own hands before those hands were folded in the last sleep, just before they entered upon the long Thanksgiving Day of heaven, and where we shall yet throw our arms around them and the other departed ones who used to be with us on Thanksgiving Day, and give them a rapturous hug and kiss all the heartier for the present painful separations. I no more believe in the Fatherhood of God than I do in the brotherhood of man. And for all the world may there be plenty to wear and plenty to eat. Amen and Amen!

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Girl at the Door.—**The Rev. Mr. Andrew** said at a recent meeting: "A few days ago, at the end of one of my meetings, a message came to me that a girl, who was at the door, wished to speak to me, and when I went I found her standing waiting for me. She said: 'Oh, Mr. Andrew, I want to tell you that I gave my heart to the Lord. When I went home last night I went into my room and asked Him to take me, and He has done it.' In this way many of the young are being won for the Lord. Jesus says, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Something God Cannot See.—**Mr. M'Laughlan** says: "A Sunday-school teacher on one occasion asked her class, 'Is there anything impossible with God?' A tiny hand was raised, and a little girl said, 'Please, teacher, is it possible for God to see the sin that is washed out in the blood of Christ?' 'No, my child,' replied the teacher, 'God says when I see the blood I will pass over.' He *blots out* the sins of those who trust in the dear Saviour."

Christ Found in a Tent.—"**One Time an** old woman came into our Gospel tent, and in the after-meeting one of the workers asked, 'Are you born again?' Instead of answering the question, she grew very angry, and said she had not been in the habit of being spoken to in that manner, and went out of the tent saying she would never come back. The next night she came down to the door of the tent, and lingered about for some time outside, but at length she came in, and went out when the service was over. And the third night she came in and asked some one to show her the way of peace, for she said, 'I don't know anything about it.' A friend pointed her to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and there and then she found rest for her weary soul."

When Does a Tree Grow?—**Mr. Marsh Says:** "A short time ago a gentleman was preaching in the open air; his subject was *growth in grace*. At the close of the meeting, a man approached him and said, 'Our minister has been preaching some excellent sermons on that subject, and I have been trying to grow in grace this long time, but I find I never can succeed.' The preacher, pointing to a tree, said: 'Do you see that tree?' 'Yes,' was the wondering reply. 'Well, it had to be planted before it could grow. In like manner you must be rooted and grounded in Christ before you can begin to grow.' The man understood his meaning, and went away to find Christ; and soon he was rooted in Christ, and brought forth fruit to His praise."

Jennie and Her Shepherd.—**Mr. Jack said:** "I remember a young girl, who was converted at one of our meetings about twenty years ago. Not long after she had given her heart to Jesus, she was stricken with illness, and lay on her deathbed. One day her mother said to her, 'Jennie, what are ye thinking about?' And quiet Jennie answered, 'I am just thinking how the Good Shepherd found me, a poor dribbling little lamb, and how He took me right up in His arms and blessed me, and is now going to take me home to be with Himself in heaven forever.' Thus the young girl died, clinging with that simple faith to her loving Saviour, who carried her through the dark valley of the shadow of death, into the light and unending gladness of the Father's house on high."

Couldn't Laugh Him Out of It.—"**A Young** lad got converted to Christ at the tent on Glasgow Green. His companions, who worked in the same shop, hearing of his conversion, made up their minds to laugh him out of it. The next morning, when he entered the shop, his friends greeted him with, 'Oh, David! You were converted yesterday at the tent, were you? You will be too good to speak to us now!' 'Thank God I *was* converted last night; God took my sinful soul, and washed it in His Son's blood, and now I am a new creature in Him; old things are passed away, and all things are become new,' was David's quiet answer. He was permitted to testify for his Master, and it pleased Him. Many taunting and insulting words had he to endure for the sake of his Master, but it only made him stronger, and pray more earnestly, and very soon, instead of the scoffing, David won the respect of every one who came in contact with him, and led many of them to Christ."

Why he Shouted "Hallelujah."—**A Christian** man, only recently converted, lately gave his testimony: "I rise to praise the Lord that He has saved my soul. Only to-day I was thrown into the way of strong temptation. I thought, shall I do this? knowing all the time that it was not right. I struggled with the temptation for a while, and then I began to sing, 'Lord Jesus, receive me, no more would I grieve Thee.' When I came to the words, 'No more would I grieve Thee,' the temptation left me, and I was enabled to shout Hallelujah! Praise to His holy name." If Christians, when they are tempted to do wrong, would think how they grieve the gentle, holy Jesus, the temptation, I believe, would very soon leave them. "The devil trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees."

A Boy Who Wanted Everything.—**At a** recent meeting Mr. Drysdale said: "A very rich lady was walking along the street one day, with two very handsomely-dressed children by her side, when a little boy presented himself in front of them. He was a poor-looking little thing, with no shoes on his feet, and the scant clothing he had was so ragged that here and there his bare flesh could be seen. As he stood there with such a hungry look on his face, the lady, kindly looking down at him, inquired, 'What do you want, my poor child?' 'Please, ma'am, I want everything,' was the boy's eager reply. Is not that what we want, dear friends? Don't we need to go and tell Jesus that we need everything? All our springs are in Him. All fulness is in Him, and 'whatsoever we ask' of Him He has promised to bestow."

Robert Rescued from Drowning.—**'A Merry-**hearted boy fell into water not long ago, and when he was lifted out it was thought he was dead. He was carried home to his mother, and the doctor was sent for. When he arrived he told them to briskly rub his body, as life might not be quite extinct. There were nine boys and girls in the family, and they all stood outside their brother's door, very anxious to hear if he was living. By and by their mother came to the door, when the eldest of the children, stepping forward, said, 'Mother! mother! is brother Robert alive?' 'Yes, he is alive,' she quietly answered; and they all ran with joyful steps to carry the glad news to their companions, that their brother was alive. So it is with the newly-converted soul. 'There are angels hovering round, to carry the glad tidings home,' that a soul which was dead is alive, saved from the depths of perdition, and through faith in Christ made an inheritor of present joy and everlasting life."

Interview with a Highland Shepherd.—**Mr.** Arthur said: "A few days ago I was going to speak for Christ in a Highland village. As I was on my way to the hill-top I passed a shepherd. Something told me to speak to that man, but I passed on without doing so, and when I got to the top of the hill I opened my Bible to find a suitable verse for my text, but I could not find anything that would do, and I said to myself, 'I cannot find my text; if I had obeyed God's voice when He told me to speak to that man I should have my text without any trouble.' So thinking, I returned and spoke to the man, and found him to be a very bright Christian, and I spent a most happy time with him, after which I went back to the hill-top, and opened my Bible, and in less than a minute I got exactly the verse that would suit for my evening's address, and God gave great blessing in the meeting that night. I thoroughly believe, if I had not spoken to that shepherd, God would not have blessed my work. It is first by implicit obedience to the guidance of the Holy Spirit that He will bless our work."

A Minister Seen in a Dream.—**The Rev. Mr** Craig relates: "I went at one time to visit a woman in Glasgow. When I entered the house I found it spotlessly clean. On the bed lay a woman who was still young. When I approached her bedside I could see that she was dying. 'Do you know that you are dying?' asked. 'Yes,' she said. 'Are you ready to die?' I asked again. 'Yes,' she answered 'I am.' I then asked her to tell me the story of her conversion, and she told me the following: 'I was married at the age of eighteen; my husband, who was a drunkard, died shortly after our marriage. One night I dreamed a strange dream. It was this: I was going up the Gallowgate when I noticed a minister coming along my way. Addressing him, I said: "Could you tell me if there is a place of worship about here?" "Yes," he said, pointing up the street, "there is one just at the top of this street." And when I awakened I found it was only a dream. On Sunday I went in search of a place of worship, and went in the direction of which I had dreamed; and when the minister entered the pulpit it was *the same man as I had seen in my dream*. By the time he had finished his sermon I was very unhappy. God's Spirit was striving with me, and I said to myself, "I will not enter my house until I decide whom I am going to serve;" and, kneeling down just where I was, I gave myself to Christ. And oh! such holy peace filled my soul; and it has stayed with me ever since,' and then she added, 'I shall very soon see my Saviour's face. I am so *very* happy.'"

THE RESURRECTION OF THE JUST.

By Frank H. White.

Dean Alford on the Doctrines of the Early Church—A Unanimous Agreement—Both Resurrections Literal—A Notable Expression—The Revelation not a Dream—John Gives the Meaning—The Dragon Cast out—The Church in the Tribulation — Satan's Release — The Two Thrones—The White Throne of Judgment-Christian Duty.

A FEW weeks since I met with Dean Alford's remarks upon the passage (Rev. 20). He says: "I cannot consent to distort its words from their plain sense and chronological place in the prophecy on account of any consideration of difficulty or any risk of abuses which the doctrine of the Millennium may bring with it. Those who lived next to apostles and the whole church for three hundred years understood them in the plain literal sense; and it is a strange sight in these days to see expositors, who are among the first in reverence of antiquity, complacently casting aside the most

COGENT INSTANCE OF UNANIMITY

which primitive antiquity presents. As regards the text itself, no legitimate treatment of it will extort what is known as the 'spiritual interpretation now in fashion.'"

If in a passage where two resurrections are mentioned, where certain souls lived at the first and the rest of the dead lived only at the end of a specified period after that first—if in such a passage the first resurrection may be understood to mean spiritual rising with Christ, while the second means literal rising from the grave, then there is an end of all significance in language and Scripture is wiped out as a definite testimony to anything. If the first resurrection is spiritual, then so is the second, which I suppose no one will be hardy enough to maintain; but if the second is literal, then so is the first, which in common with the whole primitive church and many of the best modern expositors, I do maintain and receive as an article of faith and hope.

Now, in this chapter you notice an expression you find in almost every chapter in the Revelation—"I saw," and my mind has been revelling to the way the same apostle opened his first

letter. There he speaks of things which he saw and heard. He is equally confident about things which he saw in vision. Many people have an idea, when they are directed to

THE VISIONS IN THE REVELATION,

that they are asked to consider something visionary, something to be ranked with dreams and fancies. But that is not so; the apostle saw these things represented. As history represents facts accomplished, so prophecy is a prediction of facts yet to become history. So in this chapter we deal with the verities of God, and in humble dependence on Him we seek to know the true meaning. This is a very plain chapter.

Doubtless there are many difficulties in the Revelation; but just as children in putting together a map will easily get hold of the large pieces and fit them, although they will have trouble with the small pieces, so in the study of prophecy we have, as in this chapter, certain great and unmistakable facts. These ascertained and clearly understood, let us hold fast by them, sure that in God's time all else will be made plain.

You notice in this chapter John not only gives us a vision, but he takes pains to give us

THE MEANING OF THE VISION.

For instance, at the close of verses 4 and 5 he explains, "This is the first resurrection;" and again, lower down, after speaking of death and hades cast into the lake of fire, he says, "This is the second death." Notice also how the phrase, "The thousand years," is repeated and emphasized.

Now, I wish to ask you to observe the testimony of the Spirit here to the reality, and personality, and activity, and malignity, and future captivity, and final doom of Satan himself. John "saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand." He laid hold of the—who?

THE DRAGON,

the old serpent, the devil, the great deceiver, Satan; for these four titles are given here that we may make no mistakes as to who is spoken of.

Permit me to say as to the question sometimes raised whether the Church will pass through the tribulation or not, that the very words in which John describes the occupants of the thrones seem clearly to indicate that they, or many of them, have lived on the earth when the Antichrist was in power. As sharers in the first resurrection, they must have been on earth till Christ appears, as in 1 Thess. 4, where we are told the first resurrection takes place when Jesus raptures His Church. And in that case Antichrist must have previously appeared.

Now, a few words on verses 7 and 8: "When the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison, and shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them to battle." I confess to you I stand in awe of this. I cannot but receive it; it is God's testimony; I feel, however, it sounds a depth of human depravity we might have never suspected. After all these thousand years when Satan was bound, when the Lord's rule and grace and discipline have been at work, yet the unbound deceiver finds plenty ready to listen to his lie again; so at the close of the Millennial age you find

AN OUTBREAK OF SATAN'S POWER.

Just as the present age closes with the great apostasy under Antichrist, so after enjoying the blessed rule of the Son of Man Himself (and today men are saying if we have better and wiser rule and government we shall have a Christianized humanity); yet after a thousand years of His power and grace and mercy and peace there are still thousands of men willing to listen to Satan, and actually to dare to advance against the holy camp and holy city until fire comes down from God out of heaven and devours them all.

Then comes the great white throne. You must distinguish between the mediatorial throne of Christ and this great white throne of solemn judgment. It is

A SPECIAL THRONE;

it is a *great* throne, it is a great *white* throne, indicative of the righteousness which shall characterize its decisions; for it is a throne of decision. Those who are assembled before it, assembled not to be tried, but to hear the decisions already recorded in the books and the Book of Life. All whose names are not written in the Book of Life are cast into the lake of fire, whither Satan and the beast have preceded them.

The revelation is very practical. My solemn conviction is that as the days become darker, and persecutions arise,

THE VEIL WILL BE TAKEN AWAY

and the Apocalypse made more plain. But let me say these things are not written to *amuse us*, but to stir in us godly fear. Then let us have *long patience*. One day is with the Lord as a thousand years. He is longsuffering, not willing any should perish. God never hurries. Then let us have a *steady hope*, not a flickering hope, but a steady hope, so that our gleam may be like the lighthouse burning on whether it blows hard or soft, whether it be cloudy or starlight, always burning on, for the darkness may come at any moment. Then let us have a *fervent love*. He will reward all that love His appearing. Let us love Him who will appear; let us love all who will appear with Him. Then there will be *deep humility;* great grace brings deep humility always. Lastly, *unwearied activity* in doing what our hands find to do, for the night cometh when no man can work.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY IN AFRICA.

A THRILLING narrative of an excursion through an unexplored region and among unknown races was told on November 3d by Mr. Joseph Thompson, a traveller who has just returned from Africa, and who related his adventures to a Geographical Society of which he is a member. Mr. Thompson devoted more than a year to a journey from the eastern coast of "the Dark Continent" three thousand miles into the interior. Twelve hundred miles of the way was through a country in which no other white man has ever set foot.

DANGERS OF THE JOURNEY.

Although he travelled with a smaller escort than Mr. H. M. Stanley thought necessary, and succeeded in bringing his men back "without the loss of a single man by violence, or the necessity of shooting a single native," yet his experiences were by no means devoid of peril. His one hundred and twenty followers were mostly "the offscourings of Zanzibar," who had to be deterred from running off with his goods by armed sentries placed at the gates of his palisade of thorns every night. His one white follower was a Malay sailor, who "could jabber in a dozen languages, though he could neither read nor write."

His native guides nearly betrayed him. A ringleader in treachery he made trustworthy, by appointing him as one of his head overseers. Unsavory negroes promenaded his camp and lolled on his bed. He *had to fight both lions and rhinoceroses*. He crossed regions desolated by cattle-disease, and had to eat bullocks well-nigh putrid, with bones like mud. What he failed to give away the savages endeavored to steal, and they stabbed at him when he attempted to defend his goods. He was tossed by a buffalo, fell sick of fever, and had an attack of dysentery. Fever, he says, grew on every bush. For fifteen months he was shut off from all communication with the outside world at the coast.

BEAUTIES OF THE SCENERY.

But he had compensation for his troubles. Almost at the outset of his journey he ascended a mountain, to the height of 8777 feet, to collect plants. By a route that had been closed for many years he crossed the great plain of Ngiri, went through the territory of the strange Masai race, and, passing "out of the meridional trough, with its strings of charming lakes," came to the plateau of Lykissia, 8400 feet in height. He was then in a splendid pine-forest, "more suggestive of the heart of Europe than of equatorial Africa." Then he traversed "one of the most interesting tracts of country to be found in the equatorial regions," and crossed a magnificent chain of mountains hitherto unnamed. These mountains rise to a height of 14,000 feet, but he was shortly to see one which utterly eclipsed them. This was Kenia,

A GREAT VOLCANIC CONE,

nearly thirty miles in diameter at its base, and rising from a thorn-clad plain 15,700 feet in altitude. For 15,000 feet the mountain sloped gradually upward from the plain, and then sprang into a sugar-loaf peak 3000 feet high, covered with glittering snow, which had here and there slipped away and left blank patches of the mountain exposed, so as to justify its native name of the "Speckled" or "Gray Mountain." Mountain, plains, lakes, forests, and fertile meadows made up a country which, for splendor of scenery and benignity of climate, was very desirable and well fitted for the home of civilized races.

A STRANGE RACE.

In accomplishing this journey he had to pass through the tribes of the Masai, who consider themselves the lords of creation, and have hitherto proved inaccessible to strangers and a terror to all who come nigh their borders. A more remarkable and unique race, he says, does not exist. Physically they are the exact opposite of the stunted negroes, being beautifully proportioned, and showing the "smooth and rounded outline of the Apollo type," but rarely the knotted and brawny muscles of the true athlete. The elder women are decently clad in bullock's hide, and wear for ornament twenty or thirty pounds of *thick iron wire coiled round their limbs and neck*. The men wear kidskin.

Till twelve or fourteen years of age the boys and girls live with their parents, and are fed on curdled milk, meat, and grain. Then they leave the married men's kraal, and enter one where there are only young unmarried men and women, and where their life is "indescribable." There they stay, clothed mainly in "*a smear of wet clay*," or a tag of string, till married, the men being warriors and

CATTLE-LIFTERS ABROAD,

and amusing themselves when at home, but never dreaming of cultivating the ground; while the women attend to the cattle, build huts, and perform household duties. On their expeditions the men preserve order and good discipline, but on their return home fight and slay each other over the division of the spoils. They do not make slaves of their captives, but put them to death; and their thirst for blood is insatiable.

Meat and milk are the only diet for both sexes. "Spirits, beer, tobacco, and vegetable food are alike eschewed." They will not even eat the meat of wild animals, and the

MEAT AND MILK

they do eat they take alternately for several days together. When they kill a bullock *they drink the blood* raw. This kind of life suits the Masai warrior so well that he does not marry till he is getting old, and finds his strength decline. Then he settles down into "a staid and respectable member of Masai society," lays aside his weapons, takes a wife, and brings up some young warriors. He may now eat vegetables, drink beer, and chew tobacco. At death his body is thrown out to the hyenas and vultures. Mr. Thompson was not sorry to find that a lot of these warriors had gone on the war-path when he reached their neighborhood.

MORE PROMISING TRIBES.

As he approached the sources of the Nile, the explorer found people more easy to deal with. Those at Taveta were peaceable, hospitable, and honest, and those at Wakavirondo, near the Lake Nyanza, were kind instead of quarrelsome, as he had expected. In these parts food was abundant and prices low, while as they neared the lake which was his goal they passed through regions densely populated. He saw Nyanza, and returned to tell the story of climes where colonies may be planted with great hope of success and mighty nations may yet flourish.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Receipts of the Government for the fiscal year decreased nearly $50,000,000 as compared with those of 1883. The decrease in customs was under twenty millions and in internal revenue about twenty-three millions. The expenditure, however, decreased also to the amount of $21,281,893, so that there is still a large surplus applicable to the reduction of the national debt, amounting to $104,393,625. It appears from Treasurer Wyman's annual report that the silver dollars continue to accumulate beyond the power of the Treasury to keep them moving. Out of a total of over $182,000,000 less than $40,000,000 are in circulation. There are held in the Treasury over $45,000,000 in excess of what are required for the redemption of certificates. The Treasurer recommends the withdrawal of three-cent pieces, of which three hundred thousand were returned to the Treasury last year.

Secretary Teller's Report Exhaustively Reviews the Indian question. He recommends an improvement in our system in dealing with educated Indians. He thinks that after they have been taught to labor they should *no longer receive rations*, but be aided by the Government to become self-supporting. The Secretary says: "One great difficulty met with is that when the young of both sexes return to the agency there is no remunerative employment for them. They lack capital to open and cultivate a farm, and if they have acquired a trade, they find no employment of that character. It is as necessary that some employment should be secured for them as it is to teach them to labor. Instead of rations, they should receive encouragement to labor by donations of stock, implements of agriculture, etc., and then be compelled to take care of themselves. All educated Indians should be citizens of the United States, and I suggest that those who shall complete the regular course at the several manual labor schools be given citizenship, without their incurring the risk of a forfeiture of their interest in either tribal lands or tribal funds." Five new boarding schools and twelve new day schools were added last year to those in successful operation. The Osages, it appears, are taking the lead in educational matters. Through their council they have made education compulsory. Every child of school age failing to make eight months of attendance in the year forfeits the year's annuity.

Important Testimony to the Value of the Civil Service Reform act is rendered by the Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Teller says, in his annual report: "It was urged as an objection to it that the examinations would be of such technical character as to exclude from the public service all except those who have had the advantages of a liberal education. The experience of nearly one year and a half has demonstrated that these fears were groundless, and that the examinations have been conducted on a sound and business-like basis, calculated to secure efficient clerks for the various grades of the public service. The law has in a great measure relieved the department of the importunities of applicants and their friends for positions, and will, I think, when it is fully understood, save the heads of the departments much time heretofore lost in listening to appeals for positions when it was impossible to comply with such requests. I think the system a valuable one, and one that should have the hearty support of both executive and legislative departments of the Government." As the bill the Secretary eulogizes emanated from the Democratic party, it would appear to be approved by both the political parties, and it may consequently be hoped that its provisions will be observed and extended to higher grades of the service.

The Miserable Proteus Disaster was again the subject of discussion last week, owing to the public imputations on the two commanders by General Hazen. Commander Wildes, in reply to General Hazen, declares that the failure to leave provisions for Lieutenant Greely's party was the result of General Hazen's own orders, that it was in obedience to Hazen's orders that Beebe brought back to St. John's a shipload of supplies that might have been left on the spot where Greely's companions afterward starved, and that Hazen's own subordinates repeatedly urged him to permit the *Proteus* to land provisions at Cape Sabine on her way north, predicting that the vessel might be crushed, just as she was crushed a few months later. But Hazen determined that the vessel must be pushed northward at any cost, without stopping to deposit stores, and seemed to believe that if provision depots should be made at any point except at Littleton Island Greely's requests would be disregarded, although Greely had very carefully pointed out the necessity of making depots on the west side of the channel. Secretary Lincoln refers, in severe terms, to General Hazen's charges, which he considers "extraordinary in time and place, and hardly excusable even under whatever irritation may have been caused by the findings of the Proteus court of inquiry."

The Failure of a National Bank at Middletown, N. Y., caused some excitement last week. The entire capital and surplus of the bank are said to have disappeared. The president of the bank has for some time been assisting a large grain operator, and the advances made to him at length became so large that the Washington department interfered, and notified the directors that the law must be complied with. The president, however, continued his loans to the grain operator, but as he advanced irregularly on drafts, the account was apparently reduced. Early last week he disclosed the affair to the directors, who decided to suspend. The Government, it appears, had become dissatisfied with the management of the bank, and had decided not to extend its charter, which would have expired in May next. It is expected that depositors will not suffer, but an assesment on stockholders may have to be made.

A Mysterious Disease is Working Havoc in West Virginia, the western part of Virginia, and Eastern Kentucky. The centre of the region suffering is in the Cumberland Mountains. In West Virginia the affected district includes McDowell, Mercer and Logan counties; in Virginia, Dickinson County is the worst, and in Kentucky, while Harlan County is the chief sufferer, the epidemic extends to Letcher, Perry, Leslie, and Belle counties. Reports of visitors say the scenes of distress are terrible. All the people are poor mountaineers, most of them living in log houses of two rooms, occupied by from two to a dozen persons. In some instances the disease has swept off whole families, the last members to die being left unburied. There is much doubt as to the nature of the disease, the district being far from railroads and difficult of access. The descriptions published of the symptoms lead medical men to believe that the people are dying of *mineral poisoning*. There has been no rainfall since August 3d, the running streams are dried up, and the people have been drinking water from pools which, as the soil of the whole affected region is more or less impregnated with minerals, notably with iron and copper, probably held those metals in suspension. The disease is not contagious, but the well are barely able to attend to the sick, business is suspended, and the prevailing destitution renders the disease more generally fatal. It is hoped that help will be promptly rendered by the State governments.

The Death of Missionary Bishop Wiley, in China, is reported. A cable despatch, signed by the Rev. N. J. Plumb, from Foochow, received here on Nov. 22d, briefly stated that he was dead. The bishop was under sixty years of age, having been born March 29th, 1825. As a young man he chose the career of doctor of medicine, and studied at the University of New York. He received his diploma, and in 1849 settled at Pottsville, Pa. After only a year's practise, he abandoned his brilliant prospects to go out as a medical missionary to China. Failing health compelled his return after four years' labor, and he served in the home field the Methodist Episcopal Church under whose auspices he went to China. He was successful as preacher, professor, and editor, for he served in all those capacities. In 1872 he was raised to the bishopric, and in 1877 returned to China. Both there and in Japan his labors were much blessed.

Premier Macdonald, of Canada, is Receiving a warm welcome in England. On Nov. 26th the Marquis of Lorne presided at a banquet given in his honor. There was a large number of notable guests present. Lord Lorne, in proposing the health of the guest of the evening, said that Premier Macdonald is one of the most successful statesmen of the younger nations of the world, and expressed the hope that he would long be a partaker in the public life which he had adopted. Premier Macdonald, replying to the complimentary remarks of Lord Lorne, gave a review of the forty years of his public life in Canada, and said that, whether he was speaking in the backwoods or in the cities of the Dominion, the sentiment of loyalty to England was always welcomed by his hearers. The Dominion of Canada, he said, would of its own choice always remain in close connection with Great Britain; but it was obvious that there ought to be a closer connection and a system of offence and defence.

Renewed Activity among the Irish Secret societies has been observed during the past few weeks. In Dublin especially there are many signs of disaffection among the people of the city, and great activity of secret societies in recruiting their numbers. The nationalists make open boast of their great increase, and the Young Ireland societies are multiplying rapidly. Numerous public meetings are being held by the Young Ireland societies in the provinces, at which considerable display its made of the Irish, American, French and Boer flags. On Nov. 27th the house of an obnoxious landowner was partially destroyed by dynamite. The police were guarding the house when the explosion took place. No one was injured, but the boldness of the act has caused general alarm.

Further Rumors of Impending Revolt in India are published by *Vanity Fair*, an English journal, which quotes from private letters received from officials in India stating that there is a dangerous condition of affairs in that country. The feelings of the natives were never so excited against England as at the present time, and foreign emissaries are at work preparing them to make an explosion. Officers in high command have sent to England urgent demands for authority to form camps of refuge for women and children in order to be ready in case of a mutiny. The government has been warned that it is on the eve of a great trial. Students of prophecy long ago arrived at the conclusion that India would be liberated from British rule.

A Remarkable Series of Services is Reported from Paterson, N. J. *Miss Laurie McLatchie*, the Scottish evangelist, who had closed her services in that city, was induced to return there, at the urgent solicitation of the Prospect Street Church, where she was preaching each day last week. Large crowds gathered to hear her, and on Sunday a dense throng filled the church to excess. There has been a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit. Large numbers of conversions have taken place, some of them of an unusually interesting character. Among others, the *Paterson Daily Guardian* mentions that of the man whose marvellous escape from death, when a few days before he fell down an elevator shaft, made him a public character. One night, among the anxious seekers for salvation were a man and his wife, both of whom went away rejoicing. One young lady, whose Christian parents have labored and prayed for her conversion for years, was brought to Christ under Miss McLatchie's tender appeals. Some incidents of the mission were truly romantic. Having preached nine times in seven days, Miss McLatchie is this week taking a much-needed rest. On Sunday next she resumes her work in Dr. Moorhouse's Church, on Seventh Street, between Second and Third Avenues, New York.

Pastor Chiniquy was Mobbed and Prevented lecturing in Montreal on November 5th. The lecture was to have been delivered in Russell Hall; but before the hour appointed the hall was crowded by Roman Catholics, and a mob of two thousand gathered around the building. As soon as Pastor Chiniquy began to speak the audience refused to let him proceed, and the utmost confusion followed. Men stood on the seats and window sills, howling derisively whenever the speaker attempted to make himself heard. This was followed by "La Marseillaise," given in yelling chorus. Benches were now broken, and broken glass from the windows was soon scattered over the hall. Eventually the police cleared the hall and drove the mob from the back of the building, where carriages were brought, in which the lecturer and his friends escaped. They were followed by the howling roughs, who threw stones and threatened to kill Mr. Chiniquy. Happily, he made good his escape. No arrests were made.

A National Union of Primary Sabbath-School teachers has been founded with the object of encouraging teachers to form local unions whereever practicable. These primary unions are undenominational organizations of primary Sunday-school teachers, and other teachers of children, who may unite, meeting weekly, with the prime objects of mutual conference and help in their work, and the study of the international lesson with reference to teaching it to young children. The founders of the National Union are the primary teachers of Philadelphia, New York, Washington, and Albany, who have found their Primary Unions helpful to them in their work. Full particulars of the Union and its objects, with advice as to the formation of local Unions, may be obtained by writing to Mr. Frank Hamilton, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Robert Graham, the Hon. Secretary of the Church Temperance Society, said last week, in the course of an address on the progress of the Society, that since the society was organized, three years ago, Diocesan societies had been established in New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Albany, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Utah, and Colorado. Mr. Graham said that the excess of the money paid in America for liquor over that paid for bread and meat was enormous, and proportionately greater than that paid for clothing and the other necessaries of life.

Noticing a Recent Meeting in One of the southern counties of Maryland, a Baltimore paper says: "The only speaker was Major George A. Hilton, of Washington. Others were expected, but did not arrive. When Major Hilton's arrival was announced some anti-temperance persons *hoisted a demijohn* to the top of the Cleveland and Hendricks flagpole." The indignation of the intelligent portion of a strong anti-Prohibition community was so great at the intended insult that an audience of over five hundred people gathered, and listened with thoughtful attention for an hour and a half to an address full of the Gospel of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, when, but for the hoisting of that demijohn, there would probably not have been one hundred people. Thus the efforts of enemies to thwart the proclaiming of the truth are turned against themselves (Ps. 76 : 10).

Cannibalism at Sea is the Subject of a Shocking story told by the survivors of a boat's crew which was lost at sea, rescued, and brought into Delaware Breakwater on November 24th. The pilot boat Turley sent out its skiff, on November 22d, to put a pilot on board an American line steamer. The pilot was safely put on board, and the three men left in the skiff turned it to row back to the Turley. The sea was rough and the night dark, and the skiff drifted out to sea, missing the Turley altogether. Sixty hours the three men were at sea with nothing to eat or drink. At last two of them drank sea water, and they went into delirium, and one died. The second man, Hanson, was so maddened that he tried to kill his shipmate, whose name was Bertram, and who had not drunk the salt water; but he failed, and fell upon the dead body of his other comrade, which he partially devoured. On Wednesday, November 26th, they were seen by a passing vessel and rescued. Bertram states that though he loathed the thought of eating the dead man's flesh, he should have done so if they had not been saved that morning. To such means will men resort to prolong their lives; yet when eternal life is offered them in the Gospel freely, without money and without price, comparatively few accept the offer (Rom. 6 : 23).

A Father Shot his Good Son in Mistake for his bad son in New York, on November 27th. The father states that he had two sons, Charles and Henry, and that Charles was a perpetual trouble to him. On the day of the shooting Charles applied to him for money, and threatened him with a carving-knife. He was alarmed, but managed to get rid of the young man by the gift of two dollars. Shortly afterward he returned intoxicated, and the father refused to give him more. Charles again produced the knife, and vowed he would cut his father's throat. Henry, who was in the room, interposed to protect his father, but the old man drew his pistol and, taking aim at Charles, fired. The ball, however, struck Henry over the right eyebrow, inflicting a serious, if not fatal, wound. The father immediately gave himself up to the police. He is almost demented by remorse. He says that his son Henry never gave him an hour's anxiety, and he was passionately fond of him. That he should have shot him causes him agonizing grief. It is not the first time the innocent has suffered for the guilty. Unhappily, in this case there is no advantage even for the guilty. When the pure and holy Saviour laid down His life for guilty men, it was not by accident or mistake, but that they through Him might be saved (1 Pet. 2 : 24).

A Silly Election Bet was Paid to the Amusement of Wall Street and the adjacent business quarters in New York on November 26th. A well-known citizen, shortly before the election, made an agreement in the nature of a bet with a prominent hotel proprietor. The bet he made was that if Cleveland were elected he would play a hand organ all through Nassau, Wall, and Broad streets, starting from the corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane; and if Blaine had been elected the hotel proprietor was to have made musical promenade of the same route. At the time appointed Broadway was almost blockaded by the multitude that bulged out from Maiden Lane. The steps of the business houses on both corners were crowded with men and not a few women; all the wagons and trucks that stopped in the street were instantly swarming with boys, so that traffic was diverted into other streets. The throng comprised well-dressed brokers and merchants, and clerks and salesmen from the banks and business houses. The man was a little scared when he saw how large a throng had gathered to witness his musical efforts, and his face turned pale and his legs trembled beneath him. The organ was brought, and the man put the strap over his shoulders and started down Maiden Lane, while the throng applauded in a continuous roar. He was preceded by a squad of policemen, who forced a passage for the organ. He ground out "Yankee Doodle," and the crowds howled and shouted frantically. Similar silly bets have been made and paid in other cities, in some cases noted merchants having undertaken to wheel the winner of a bet through the city in a wheelbarrow. It is strange that men should be so willing to humiliate themselves about the success or failure of a political candidate. The same courage is not found when there is need for some one to bear the reproach of religion. Yet the Saviour's claims dwarf into nothingness the claims of political champions, and He expects the sacrifice to be made (Matt. 10 : 32, 33).

A Puzzled Matrimonial Agent has Arrived in Philadelphia. He comes from Trenton County, Arizona. In reply to a question about his business, he said: "My business in Philadelphia is rather peculiar. In fact, I am almost at a loss how to proceed. You see, there is a scarcity of young women in Trenton County, and a lot of respectable young men called a meeting at St. John on October 15th, and deputies were selected to come East to secure wives for the subscribers to the association. I have the photographs of the members—thirty-one in all—and I also have letters of recommendation from the township officers. All I want now is to secure the young ladies. Their expenses to Arizona will be paid by the association immediately, or, if they prefer, they will be given the addresses of the members whom they prefer, and a correspondence can be opened. How to begin this undertaking is puzzling. I am afraid to advertise for fear I will not receive replies from the kind of young women that would suit. The society is composed of ranchmen, farmers, miners, civil and mining engineers, a hotel clerk, a druggist, and a lawyer. The young man will doubtless soon solve his difficulty. In the overcrowded Eastern cities there are many young ladies who would be willing to go to Arizona for a husband. Would that preachers who are inviting sinners to espouse themselves to Christ found their invitations as readily accepted as this emissary is likely to do (II Cor. 11 : 2)!

Two Children Lost in the Woods Caused anxiety throughout a whole Canadian village recently. The children, respectively eight and twelve years old, belonged to a farmer residing at St. Mathieu, in Remouski County, who sent them into the bush near his house to cut a few branches of cedar. Not returning home after an absence of five hours, the children, it was concluded, had lost their way in the woods, and the parents began a search for them, which they kept up without success until ten o'clock that night. Next day the whole village turned out to help, but without success. On the following morning four of the most experienced woodrangers and hunters of the place resumed the weary search, and about noon came upon the little wanderers, still full of life, but suffering terribly from hunger and cold. At the moment of their rescue the older of the two had placed his little brother in the hollow at the root of an old pine. It appears that, with the exception of the few hours they had lain down to sleep during the night on the cold ground, they had walked the whole time in the hope of extricating themselves from their perilous position. They had passed two days and two nights in the forest. It was natural for them to try to extricate themselves, but they probably made their condition worse by their efforts. It is so with sinners, who try to improve their state instead of at once seeking refuge in Jesus (Luke 17 : 33).

THE THRESHING-FLOOR OF ORNAN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"At that time when David saw that the Lord had answered him in the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite, then he sacrificed there."—1 CHRONICLES 21 : 28.

"Then David said, This is the house of the Lord God, and this is the altar of the burnt offering for Israel."—1 CHRONICLES 22 : 1.

David Looking for a Site—The Indication Given—A Most Appropriate Spot—The Spiritual Inquiry—Where Shall God's Temple be?—I. No External Requisites—The Chosen Place—Unadorned Unecclesiastical Place—Where God has been Met—A Place of Ordinary Toil—It had to be Bought—II. A Type of the Spiritual Meeting-Place—A Place of Food—A Type of Affliction—The Place of Conviction and Fear—Where the Sign of Peace was—III. Use the Place—How to Build a Living Temple.

DAVID was for many years searching for a site for the great temple, which he purposed to build for Jehovah his God. It had been ordained that the sacrifices offered to the one God should be offered by all Israel upon one altar; but as yet the ark of the Lord was within curtains, near to David's palace, and the altar of burnt offering was situated at Gibeon. Where should the one altar be erected? Where should the ark find its permanent dwelling-place? David said, "Surely I will not come into the tabernacle of my house, nor go up into my bed; I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids, until I find out a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob." Yet for a long time he received no indication as to the exact spot whereon the Lord's altar should be reared, save only that he was told that the Lord had chosen Zion and desired it for His habitation.

David watched, and waited, and prayed, and in due time he received the sign.

GOD KNEW THE SPOT,

and had consecrated it long before by His appearance unto Abraham. The other Sabbath-day, you remember, out text was "Jehovah-jireh,"* and we then learned that in the mount the Lord would be seen. Upon Mount Moriah, on or near that particular spot which had been named Jehovah-jireh, was the temple to be built. Abraham had there unsheathed the knife to slay his son. Wondrous type of the great Father offering up His Only-begotten for the sins of men! The scene of that grand transaction was to be the centre of worship for the chosen people. Where Abraham made the supreme sacrifice, there should his descendants present their offerings. Or if we look into the type and see God there presenting Jesus as a sacrifice for men, it was most suitable that man should forever sacrifice to God where God made a sacrifice for him.

As yet it was not known to David that this was the chosen place. Now it is indicated by memorable signs; the angel of justice stands above the spot; and his sword is sheathed there in answer to the cries of the afflicted king, according to the long-suffering mercy of God. Then David clearly saw the mind of the Lord, and said, "This is the house of Jehovah my God, and this is the altar of the burnt-offering for Israel." Then he commenced at once with double speed to prepare the materials for the temple. Though he knew that he might not build it, since his hands had been stained with blood, yet he would do all that he could to help his son Solomon in the great enterprise.

This problem which David had at last worked out by the good hand of God upon him, is one which in a deep spiritual sense exercises our hearts full often. Where is it that man may meet with God? How is it that man may speak with his offended Lord and be reconciled to Him? Is there not some meeting-place where the sinner may express his repentance, and where mercy may grant full absolution? Many are saying, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" Hearts touched by the Spirit of God are still seeking after God if haply they may find Him. In what condition, and by what means may man be at peace with God, and dread no longer the sword of His justice?

We may get some light from the type before us upon that question—

WHERE SHALL GOD'S TEMPLE BE?

How shall men be brought to it? We speak not at this time upon natural things, but upon the things of the Spirit; therefore let us pray the Holy Spirit to enlighten and instruct us, for only by His aid shall spiritual truth enter our hearts!

I. First, then, this truth is believed by you, though, alas! not by all men, that externally there is nothing in any place why God should there meet with men. The Lord chose the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite as the spot whereupon for many a day His holy worship should be openly celebrated according to the outward ceremonies of a typical dispensation. There the Temple was built, and for a thousand years it stood as the centre of Divine worship, so far as it was visibly presented according to His ordinance. *What that mount may yet become* we will not at this time consider. Prophets give us bright hints of what shall yet be even on Mount Zion, which has so long been trodden under foot of the adversary. But why was the threshing-floor of Ornan to be the meeting-place of David with his God, and the spot where prayer was to be heard?

Certainly it was a very simple and unadorned,

AN UNECCLESIASTICAL PLACE.

The threshing-floor of Ornan boasted no magnificence of size, or beauty of construction. There was just the rock, and I suppose a composition spread upon it of hard clay or cement, that the feet of the oxen might the better tread out the corn. That was all it was; yet when the Temple with all its glory crowned the spot, God was never more conspicuously present than on that bare, ungarnished threshing-floor. "Meet God in a barn!" saith one. Why not? Does that astonish you? God met Adam in a garden, Abraham under a tree, and Noah in an ark. There is less of man in the open field than in the cathedral, and where there is least of man there is at least an opportunity to find most of God. "Meet God on a threshing-floor!" Why not? It may be a thousand times more sacred than many a chancel; for there simple minds are likely to pay their homage in hearty truthfulness, while in the other the artificialness of the place may foster formality. A tasteful building may be a way of showing your pious regard for the Lord, and so far it may be justifiable and acceptable; but take care that you do not regard it as essential, or even important, or you will make an idol of it. No chisel of mason or hammer of carpenter can build a holy place. Without either of these a spot may be none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven.

Moreover, it was

A PLACE OF ORDINARY TOIL—

not merely a floor, but a threshing-floor in present use, with oxen present, and all the implements of husbandry ready to hand. It was so ordinary and so every-day a place, that none could have been more so; as if the Lord would say to us, "I will meet you anywhere; I will be with you in the house and in the field; I will speak with you when you till the ground, when you thresh your corn, when you eat your bread." Every place is holy where a holy heart is found. This ought to gladden the solitude of godly men. God is with you, therefore be of good cheer. If you are on board ship, or if you are wandering in the woods, or are banished to the ends of the earth, or are shut out from the Sabbath assemblies of God's house, yet

"Where'er you seek Him He is found,
And every place is hallowed ground."

On the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite did God meet with David, and in your work-room, at your bench, or upon your bed, or behind the hedge, or in the corner of a railway carriage, the Lord will hear you, and commune with you.

My heart rejoices when I think that this was not only a very unadorned place, and one that was given up to common uses, but it was also *in the possession of a Jebusite.* The Jebusites were among the nations doomed for their iniquities; they were aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers to the covenants of promise; and this vast rock on which the Temple is to stand, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, belongs at first to one of the accursed seed of Canaan. Herein the Lord showeth that He is no respecter of persons; He would meet the king, not on the land of an Israelite, but on the threshing-floor of a Jebusite. The Jews wrapped themselves up within themselves and said, "The temple of the Lord; the temple of the Lord are we;" but the Lord seemed to rebuke their national pride by saying, "And your Temple is built upon the threshing-floor of a Jebusite." If they would but have remembered this, the Jews might in our Lord's day have been more tolerant of the conversion of the Gentiles to God.

Once more, there was one matter in reference to Ornan's threshing-floor which it would be well to mention; before it could be used

IT HAD TO BE BOUGHT

with money. I frequently meet with impossibly spiritual people who hate the mention of money in connection with the worship of God. The clatter of a collection jars upon their sublime feelings. The mention of money in connection with the worship of God is more dreadful to them than it is to God Himself; for He saith, "Thou hast bought me no sweet cane with money;" and again, "None shall appear before me empty." To these pious persons money saved and hoarded is abundantly pleasant; their only objection is to giving it. In this they somewhat differ from David, who paid to Ornan for the place six hundred shekels of gold by weight. Before he would offer a sacrifice he paid down fifty shekels of earnest money; for he said, "I will not offer burnt offerings unto Jehovah my God of that which doth cost me nothing." It is a very curious thing, is it not? that one man should show his spirituality by his liberality, and another should pretend to do it by the reverse method.

The highest act of adoration that was ever paid on earth was when that woman, whose name is to be mentioned wherever this Gospel is preached, emptied upon the head of our blessed Lord an alabaster box of precious nard. That gift was known to have cost her at least five hundred pence. It might have been sold for much, but the costliness of the perfume entered into the very essence of the act in the mind of the holy and grateful woman. The Lord Jesus Christ when He sat over against the treasury not only read the hearts of the givers, but he noticed the actual offering of the woman who dropped into the box two mites that made a farthing, which were all her living.

THE RATTLE OF THE COINS

did not take away anything from the heavenliness and the spirituality of that woman's worship. Far otherwise. The top of Moriah, where God appoints that His Temple should be builded, saw the weighing out of gold and silver, and was all the fitter for divine communion because thereof. Do not believe for a moment that visible grandeur is necessary to the place where God will meet with you. Go to your threshing-floor and pray; ay, while the unmuzzled oxen take their rest, bow your knee and cry to the Lord of the harvest, and you shall meet with God there among the straw and the grain. Fear not to draw nigh to God in these streets, but consecrate all space to the Lord your God. Study simplicity and plainness of worship.

II. But now, secondly, spiritually this threshing-floor of Ornan was

AN ADMIRABLE TYPE

of how God meets with men.

I think, first, its extreme simplicity enters into the essence of the type. So far from thinking that a threshing-floor was a bad place to pray in, if I look a little beneath the surface I think

* See CHRISTIAN HERALD, November 6th.

I can see the reason for it. Golden grain is being separated from the straw by the corn drag—whence came this corn? From Him who openeth His hand and supplieth the want of every living thing. Here, then, God meets me in the kindest way. Where can I meet Him better than where He gives me food? Where better a temple out of which the bread of eternal life shall come, than on a threshing-floor where the bread of the first life is to be gathered? The two things seem to meet right well together. The temporal and the eternal join hands in common consecration. That same prayer which teaches us to say, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed by thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," leads us on to cry, "Give us day by day our daily bread." There is a spiritual significance in the type.

Would it be fanciful if with a glance I indicated that the *threshing-floor is the*

EXACT TYPE OF AFFLICTION?

Tribulation signifies threshing in the Latin, and the saints through much tribulation enter the kingdom. One of the titles of the people of God is "my threshing and the corn of my floor." Now it is well known that the Lord is with His people in their trials. When He smites with one hand He holds with the other. In the lion of trial we find the honey of communion. The temple of glory is built on the threshing-floor of affliction. I do not thrust forward this observation as though it were of great weight; but even if it be a fancy so far as the type is concerned, the thought conveys a truth in a pleasing manner.

But much more, this was the place where justice was most clearly manifest. Above Ornan's threshing-floor, in mid-air, stood a dreadful apparition. A bright and terrible figure, a mysterious servant of God, was beheld with a drawn sword in his hand, which he brandished over the guilty city of Jerusalem. Deaths were constant. The people fell as forest leaves in autumn. Then was it that David went out to meet with his God, and make confessions before Him. Oh, sirs, the lack of many of you is that you have never yet beheld sin in its consequences, sin in its guilt, sin in its doom. Men will not meet God till they see the angel with the drawn sword. They will trifle and play with sin, and neglect the invitation of God, and even doubt His existence, till conviction comes home to them, and they are made to feel that sin is an exceeding evil and bitter thing. Conviction of sin wrought by the Spirit of God is more powerful than argument. To feel that God must punish sin, that God will by no means clear the guilty, is the best thing to drive a man Godward. David saw the result of his own sin, and dreaded what would further come if, day after day, the Lord should visit him and his people with judgment. There he bows himself, and there the God of all grace meets with him.

Perhaps the point which brought David out into complete brokenness of heart was a clear view of the deadly

EFFECT OF HIS SIN UPON OTHERS.

Seventy thousand people had died of the black death already through his sin, and still the pestilence raged; this brought the matter home to his heart. Every ungodly man ought to reflect upon the mischief which he has caused to others by his evil life; his wife has been hindered from good things, his children have grown up without the fear of God, his companions with whom he has worked and traded are hardened in their wickedness by a sight of his wickedness; youthful minds have been seduced from virtue by his vice, simple hearts have been led into infidelity by his unbelief. Oh men, you know not what you do! You let fly sparks, but what the conflagration may have already been none of you can tell. This came home to David, and he stood aghast at it, crying to God about it, and pleading as for his life that the evil might be stayed.

Furthermore, that place where God met with David and made it to be His temple forever, was the place *where sin was confessed.* David's confession is very frank and full. David says, "Is it not I? Even I it is that have sinned." Go thou, sinner, to the Lord with thine own personal confession. Shut thine eye to thy fellow-man, and say, "Father, I have sinned." Cry with the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Make private personal confession, without comparing thyself with thy fellow-men, and the Lord has promised to forgive thee, and all those who confess their transgressions.

That confession also had within itself an admission of the justice of the punishment; for he says, "Let thine hand be on me, and on my father's house." He does not cavil against the sword of the Lord and its deadly blows. That repentance which questions the justice of God in the punishment of sin is a repentance that needs to be repented of; but when the penitent doth, as it were, lay his head upon the block, yield his neck to the rope, and give himself up to God, saying, "I have sinned," then mercy feels free to display itself.

But this is only the beginning of it; for Ornan's threshing-floor was then the place where sacrifice was offered and accepted. Hastily they piled the altar of unhewn stones; they brought up to it ox after ox that had been lately threshing out the corn; the blood flowed in plentiful streams, and the sacrifice was laid upon the wood. God meets with men not where the blood of bulls and of goats flows in rivers, but where the glorious person of His own dear incarnate Son is offered up once for all for guilty men.

CALVARY IS THE TRYSTING-PLACE

between God and penitents. Now we have reached it. This is the site of the temple; this is the temple "not made with hands," once destroyed, but builded up in three days.

As soon as David had seen the sacrifice he had only one more sight to see, and that made the threshing-floor of Ornan more glorious than ever. He beheld the sign of peace. Above the threshing-floor stood the angel of the Lord; but what a change! The drawn sword, which threatened death to the city and to the nation, was suddenly thrust into its scabbard, and all was still. Not a soul more in Jerusalem should die of the pestilence. The sword of the Lord rested and was quiet. Oh, the joy of David's spirit when he saw this! What a solemn but joyous melting of heart he felt as his soul gushed forth in streams of gratitude! Learn from this that the point of full communion with God to-day is the place where we see the angel with the sheathed sword. Many of you cannot draw near to God, and I do not wonder at it, because you have not yet seen that sin was in very deed put away by the sacrifice of Jesus. You have seen the drawn sword, and that is something; but you have not yet beheld that sword sheathed, nor heard the voice of Jehovah saying, "It is enough." You cannot rest in the Lord and live in Him till you have seen the Sacrifice and its eternal results in peace with God. May God bring you there!

III. And now I am going to close by heartily exhorting you to

USE THIS PLACE.

Brethren and sisters, if we have found out where to meet with God, then let us meet with Him continually. Do you feel guilty this morning? Is your sin heavy upon you? Do you see the sworded angel? Well, you have to meet God even there! Therefore, gird up your loins! "What garments shall I put on?" Put on sackcloth. I mean not literally; but while there is any guilt upon you come to God with lowliest penitence, mourning for sin, as David did, and the elders that were with him. You may not come now in the silken garments of your luxury, nor in the purple robes of your pride, nor in the mail of your hate. Put these away from you, and come with sackcloth and ashes, weeping for your transgressions, and God will meet with you; for He will meet with sinners who come to Him mourning because of their sin.

When you thus come, I want you to be quiet awhile. Stand still! Listen! Suppose you had been with those elders of Israel; what would you have heard? You would have heard

YOUR SHEPHERD-KING

pleading for His flock: "These sheep, what have they done? Let thine hand be on me, and on my father's house." But now David is dead and buried, and his sepulchre is in his own land; but another King of the house of David, one Jesus, is standing before the Lord pleading for mercy. While you are clothed in the sackcloth of your repentance, you may hear Him cry, "As for these sheep, let them live. Thou hast awakened the sword against me, their shepherd, therefore let my sheep be spared! Thine hand has been on me, therefore let these go their way!" Do you hear that intercession? Jesus is pleading in that fashion now. He is "able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

If you would come still nearer to God, do not forget the effect of the sacrifice and intercession in the sheathing of the sword of justice. Do not say, "I hope that the sword is sheathed;" it either is so, or it is not so. Do not be content with questionable hopes, but aim at certainties. Rest not till you obtain a solid assurance of your peace with God. If Jesus Christ was punished for your sin you cannot be punished for it; if He did bear your sin He did bear it, and there is an end of it; and if you have believed on Him you have the full proof in the word of God that you are justified before God. What more do you want than God's own word for it? and that word declares that you, as a believer, have eternal life and shall never perish, neither shall you come into condemnation.

And lastly, if this be so, and you realize it, go away and begin to build a temple. You say, "Do you want us to build a new place of worship?" No, I speak only of a spiritual house. Of course, build as many meeting-places as you can where people may come together to hear the word, for many are needed in this growing city, but the peculiar sort of building which I urge upon you is of the heart and spirit. Make your entire being

A LIVING TEMPLE

for the living God. Begin now; the foundations are laid, you would not dream of building on any other; for "other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid." The divine Moriah of Christ's person, the sacred place of His sacrifice is the mount wherein God shall be seen. Jesus Christ has Himself become the foundation of your hope; go and build on Him. Set up the pillars of earnest supplication, and arch them over with lofty praises. Remember, your God "inhabiteth the praises of Israel." Build Him a house of praise, that He may dwell in you, make your bodies to be the temples of the Holy Ghost, and your spirits the priests that sacrifice therein. In acts of holiness, piety, charity, and love spend all your days. Let your houses be churches dedicated to His fear and love; and let their chambers be holy as the courts of the tabernacle in the wilderness.

Let each morning and evening have its sacrifice. Be yourself a priest at the altar. Let the garments of your daily toil be as vestments, your meals as sacraments; let your thoughts be psalms, your prayers incense, and your breath praise. Let every action be a priestly function, bringing glory unto the Lord from this day forth and forever. He that died for you reckons you to be dead to all things but Himself; and so it becometh you to be. "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price," and from this day forward your motto should be—"Thine entirely. Thine entirely, oh my God, I am!" Begin to build this living temple, and the Lord help you to complete it to His praise. A poor edifice it will be when you have finished it, compared with the Lord your God; but yet if you have labored sincerely and earnestly it will turn out to be compacted of gold and silver and precious stones, and it will be found in the day of Christ to honor and glory. Amen.

The Moody Homestead.

"I'm New John."

THE MOODY HOMESTEAD.

(*See Illustration.*)

Mr. D. L. Moody's early life has been often described, but its circumstances are so full of lessons of encouragement that the story cannot be told too often. It was in 1841 that the family removed to the little home on the mountains represented in the above illustration. The future world-renowned evangelist was then only four years old. He was born at Northfield, Mass., where his father, a stonemason, lived and labored. One day while the father was on his knees at prayer he was suddenly called away from earth, and the widow was left alone to struggle for a livelihood for herself and her young family. She went to live at the little farm on the mountain which her husband had bought, but had been unable wholly to free from the encumbrance of mortgage.

Mrs. Moody, in these trying circumstances, displayed true nobility of character. She was endowed by God with unusual strength, both of body and mind, and with a calm, unquestioning trust in the love of her divine Father, she bravely lifted her burden of poverty and toil, and carried it hopefully and cheerfully, until her little ones were able to help her, and at last to fill her hands with plenty as they had filled her heart with love and care. Although now *seventy-eight years old*, her black eyes are not dim nor her form bent; her face is kind and motherly. She resides in her son's house at Northfield.

Many incidents are related of Mr. Moody's precocity. As often happens with boys whose mothers are widows, he was eager to rush into the world of work at an early age. His ambition was to help his mother to earn a living, and she has often said, "He used to think himself a man when he was but a little boy."

He was once excusing himself to his mother, saying how hard it was to be a good boy, when she told him he must ask God to help him to be good. Not long after he announced it as his opinion that it didn't do any good to pray; he had tried it, and was just as bad a boy as ever. At this time he was only six years old; but being very anxious to help his mother, he hired himself to a neighboring farmer to drive the cows to and from their pasture on the mountain.

Once, when he was creeping under a heavy fence, it fell down upon him so that he could not get away. He struggled to extricate himself till he was exhausted, and then cried for help; but he was far from any house, and no one heard him. At last he got safe out; and this is the account he gave of his escape:

"I tried and tried, and I couldn't lift them awful heavy rails; then I hollered for help, but nobody came; and then I began to think I should have to die away up there on the mountain all alone. But I happened to think that, maybe, God would help me, and so I asked Him. After that I easily lifted the rails."

Dwight went through as many as a dozen terms at the little district schoolhouse, and his last term was in the winter of his seventeenth year. He was the leading spirit among the boys, and so much mischief did he lead them into, that at length the teacher was in despair, and threatened to expel him. At this his good mother was sorely grieved, and told him so. She directed him to go to the teacher, ask forgiveness for his bad conduct, and try to be a credit and a joy to his mother. This he did in all sincerity, and the rest of the term, for the first time in his life, he applied himself faithfully to study.

At the close of the term he finally quitted his mother's roof to go out into the world to begin life on his own account. His mother's prayers followed him, and who shall say how much the world owes to that poor widow's supplications?

"OLD JOHN IS DEAD—I AM NEW JOHN."

(*See Illustration.*)

Old John, the fish-seller of L——, was a remarkable character, but remarkably bad; in fact, so bad that neither God nor man could repair him, he must be made new, or be useless, worse than useless, lost forever. He was known in L—— as "drunken John, the fish-seller." One night he stumbled into a hall where the Gospel was being preached. In bewilderment there he sat, with his big Kilmarnock bonnet on his head. Before long he was surprised to see the speaker come along to where he was sitting; and putting his hand on his shoulder, he began to speak to him kindly. John shrank back, and pushed the hand off his shoulder. But the man of God, with the love of his Master, looked John full in the face; seeing his misery, wretchedness, and sin, his whole soul was moved with compassion for him. Putting his hand on his shoulder again, he just said, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The truth went right home to John's dark heart. "God," he thought, "God—God so loved—the world; then God must have loved poor drunken John of L——, for drunken and guilty as I am, still I am part of the world; there is no mistake about that."

His eyes were opened; he saw the wide arms of God's love embracing a lost world—embracing him. His heart was melted, large hot tears washed white gutters down his blackened face. He saw it all—how that God had loved him, and when the broken law demanded John's life, and for John to be punished, God's Son was punished, and died in his stead. Poor old John thus received that Son, whom God had given. He was saved. For "as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name."

John went away a new man. For God says, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Full of joy and peace, he went home, at least to the miserable cellar which he called home. Such a home! We need not describe it.

On entering the wretched place, his wife and only son were in. Addressing her: "Sal, lass," he said, "I have been converted." They knew as little about conversion as he had known until that night, and so only muttered, "*Drunk, as usual!*" After a little time his wife remarked that it was bed-time. "Oh, but, Sal, lass," said John, "I've been converted, and before we go to bed we must pray!" "Well," thought Sal and her son, "this is a new thing;" but they at last agreed to kneel with John, if he would do the praying. Down on their knees they went, but now John was completely baffled. He never tried to pray before in his life. He knew nothing of prayer, but his heart was full with a new joy which struggled for expression. He soon remembered how he used to express his worldly joy, if ever he had any; so taking off his Kilmarnock bonnet, he gave it a swing round his head, and shouted, "Hurrah for Jesus." Another swing, and "Hurrah for Jesus"—a third, and again came "Hurrah for Jesus."

The news spread abroad that John was converted, and the women of L—— gathered round him in the street, some to buy his fish, but more to see what John was like, now that he was converted.

"Sure enough, there is a great change in him," said one. "He is not drunk," remarked another. "Not swearing as before," said a third. There was old John, with his face shining with joy, selling his fish, and telling to those who asked of his conversion. Thought many, "We'll watch him and see how long this will last." But it soon became too evident for any to doubt that John was a new man.

"Father," said his son one day, "father, if you are to *keep on converted*, it would be as well

if we could get a better house." John said little, but shortly after, seeing a nice house to let in a respectable street, he went to the landlord and said, "You have a house to let in such a street, sir." "Yes, I have; who wants it?" "I want it." "You want it?" "Yes, I want it."

"Do you think I would let one of my respectable houses to you?" "You do not know who I am, sir." "Oh, yes; I know you too well!" "I think you are mistaken." "Oh! no; I am not mistaken; you are old drunken John, the fish-seller!" "Ah! sir, I thought you were mistaken. Old John is dead. I am new John, 'for God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I have believed God, and have that everlasting life." Putting his hand in his pocket, he pulled out some notes, and said, "If you're afraid, sir, about your rent, I'll pay in advance."

This was too much for the landlord. John's words and actions went together. He got the house, and lived in it for long, telling to all around what great things the Lord had done for his soul.

A Message of Joy.

AN OLD WOMAN'S ANSWERED PRAYER.

(*See Illustration.*)

In a little cottage in the country an elderly woman sat reading. Her dress, like all around her, was scrupulously neat and clean. Poor as the furniture was, it was rubbed as bright as hands could make it, and everything that could bear a polish shone its best. It was afternoon; all the work had been "done up" hours ago, the little frugal mid-day meal had been eaten and cleared away, and good old Mrs. Clarkson put on her spectacles, and took down her Bible, and sat down to read.

Life had dealt gently with her. Her hair was as white as her snowy cap, but the seventy years she had seen had graven scarcely a wrinkle on her cheery old face, and her clearly cut features had all the strength of character they showed fifty years before.

Yet she had not been without her share of the world's troubles. They had come thick and fast upon her in her girlhood, when, before she was sixteen, she had stood by the graves of father and mother, and had seen the home of her childhood broken up.

The young girl knew not how she was to live, but she was not distressed. The Lord, she believed, would open a way for her. And He did. She was not proud, and when the family at the great house on the hill offered her a place in their kitchen, she forgot that she was a farmer's daughter, and above the condition of a hired help, and gladly accepted the offer.

Twenty years she served that family, seeing the babies grow up into stalwart youths and graceful maidens. They all loved her, and clung to her as though she were a sister. One lad, especially, whom she had nursed from his birth and, during a trying season, when his mother lay helpless, had watched through a dangerous illness, saving his life by her unceasing care and unremitting attention, loved her as though she had been a second mother. He was a man now, living far away on the Pacific shore, with children of his own, but she still called him her Edgar.

At the end of the twenty years she had married. Her husband, William Clarkson, was a good Christian man, and her married life had been peaceful and happy. Five and twenty years she and her husband had walked the narrow path, living frugally and working hard. Then he too died, leaving her, at the age of three-score, once again alone.

She had never ceased to pray for the conversion of the children over whom, in her young days, she had watched with tender solicitude. One only, Miss Edith, had so far, as she knew, given her heart to Christ. The others were, in spite of her prayers and her loving appeals, still of the world, worldly. It was for the conversion of her favorite boy, Edgar, that she longed with intense yearning. He was much in her thoughts that day. News had come that he was ill, and his mother, now an aged woman older than herself, had gone that long distance that she might see him before he died, for death seemed imminent when the news came.

As she sat, with her Bible open before her, her thoughts flew away to the sick man. When he was a boy she had hopes that the Lord had touched his heart. There was unusual intelligence about him, a quickness of perception and a frank, open disposition in which the seed of the truth seemed to find congenial soil. She had been disappointed, however, for school and college life seemed, like the thorns, to have choked the good seed, and he had given no evidence of desire for God. "Would to God," she said, aloud, "that this illness might bring him to the Saviour! O God, save my boy!"

She was lost in thought, and her spectacles were dim with a mist that came from her tearful eyes. But she saw the door open, and in walked Miss Edith, accompanied by a lad of some ten years, and with an open letter in her hand. She laid aside her spectacles, and, rising, placed a chair for her visitor with the old deference she always paid to one of that family.

"I could not rest a moment after getting this letter," said the young lady. "There is no one to rejoice with me as you can, and I came straight to you. Hear what my mother says. Edgar is a changed man. He has passed through a dark and anxious time, but he has found peace at last. He is very weak still, but his soul is strong in the Lord. He is full of joy and happiness. His express wish is that Mary—Mary Clarkson, his old nurse, should know of this. And he sends her his love and the assurance that it was her prayers and her entreaties and her simple faith that God blessed, after all those years, to his conversion. It appears he has never forgotten them, and in the time of backsliding and careless indifference they have been a constant reproach to him. He wants her to know that he has gone to his Father at last, and has been received with open arms."

The old lady bowed her head on her hands as she listened, and murmured, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

"No, no," said Miss Edith; "we cannot spare you yet; you must know your new friend. Put on your spectacles and look at my little escort."

The old woman dried her eyes, and did as she was bid. In a moment she had taken the boy to her arms and kissed him passionately. "This is my little Edgar come back again," she said.

"No," said Miss Edith, smiling at the old woman's agitation. "This is Edgar's son. He has come to us while his father recovers, for he is a noisy boy. But is he not the image of his father? Now, you must not spoil him as you will if you have your own way. But he shall come to see you often, and you must love him for his father's sake." Then, seeing that the kind old creature was completely overcome, Edith and her little nephew left her to pour out her thankfulness to the Hearer of prayer.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 767.*)

Bitter Tears.

Carl and Robert Waldron reached the house in which his child lived, and the overworked servant opened the door to them. They had been expecting Mr. Bramwell and the young lady for some time, she said. No, the young lady had not come back yet. She had been there all day, nursing little Miss Hester, but she had left her in the evening to go to Mr. Bramwell's chapel, promising to return as soon as she could. She had gone to the chapel, she was sure, for her own little sister had seen the young lady go in.

Carl and Robert looked at one another in mingled relief and wonder. They had traced Hester's movements up to the last half hour; for if she had gone into the chapel, no doubt she had remained there till the end of the service. To be separated from her by no more than half an hour seemed a small thing. She would be coming in soon; perhaps she had missed her way a little. They lingered on the doorstep, looking up the street, until the girl asked if they wished to see the child, who would be glad enough of a visit from Mr. Bramwell.

"Let me see her, Carl," said Robert, entreat-

ingly; "she need know nothing about me. If you have any pity for me in this hour, let me see her."

Carl hesitated for a moment; yet how could he refuse? What right had he to keep him away from her, when her mother was dead? For he had understood from Robert's hurried explanation that Rose was already dead. He answered by a silent gesture to accompany him; and both of them followed the servant to the room where the child lay.

The little girl had been raised upon her pillows, and sat with an eager face turned toward the door, listening to their approaching footsteps. Carl was the first to enter, and Robert stayed behind, in the background, looking on with a new sorrow in his heart. The face, a small, refined, patrician face, which had lost the look of childhood, was that of his mother in a miniature portrait she had given to him when she was dying. He knew it well, for in his boyhood he had studied the miniature by heart. But the child was speaking, and he could not bear to lose a word she said. She belonged to him. If Rose were dead, there was no other being in the world who bore any relationship to this forlorn little creature.

"Hester has been here all day," she said; "the good, dear Hester that I'm named after. We love one another ever so! She said she'd come back with you, and stay all night with me. Why did you not bring her, Mr. Bramwell?"

"She will be here very soon," answered Carl.

"She says my mother is living with her in her house," continued Hester, in her plaintive and sweet voice; "and she knew my father, when she was a little girl like me. She loved him then, and he used to nurse her on his knees."

"Don't think about it, my little Hester," said Carl, soothingly.

"But I'm always thinking of it," she answered, "because if he hadn't died, we should all have lived together somewhere; and I should have had my holidays, like other children. They say there are worse off little girls in the streets; but they have all got homes, and mothers and fathers; and I have nobody, no home, and no father, and no one but my mother, who is so very poor she can scarcely ever come to see me. I sha'n't be sorry to die, if God pleases."

"Suppose your father had not died!" said Carl.

"Oh, how I would have loved him!" she cried, clasping her small hands together. "Perhaps he would have played with me sometimes! It would not have mattered then how poor we were, if we had only lived together. The other Hester said he used to be very fond of little children, and he would have been sure to have loved me the most. Hester cannot tell whether he will know I am his little girl in heaven."

Robert stood by and listened. Every word was full of heart-breaking sorrow to him; yet the calmness and tenderness of this little child soothed him. He leaned his arm against the door-post, and rested his head upon it, weeping bitterly. His child heard him, and turned eagerly again toward the door.

"There is somebody there," she said "and they are crying. Who is it, Mr. Bramwell? Don't leave them alone in the dark. Let them come in here."

It was no more than a step or two to her side, and Robert's failing feet trod them. He sank down beside her, as Hester had done in the morning, and hid his face in her pillow, while she laid her hand upon his head timidly, yet fondly.

"Don't cry," she said; "I'm not going to die just yet; and if I do die I shall go to heaven and have my holidays. I don't know who you are; but I don't like to see you crying for me."

"Kiss me, little Hetty," he sobbed; and she laid her lips shyly upon his cheek, while he threw his arm round her with a passionate clasp.

"Tell me," he said, "where you have been living all this time, my little girl?"

"I have been all my life long at school," she answered, pensively; "ever since I can remember. I belong to nobody."

"Nobody!" echoed Robert, in a voice as troubled as her own.

"Nobody, except my mother," she continued, "and she is very poor, and always full of trouble. The other Hester says she is going to take me away somewhere, and make me very, very happy. But it is too late now."

"Too late!" repeated Robert, dropping his head again upon the pillow. She lay still and exhausted, her arm resting upon his neck; and Carl did not break the silence. What could he say that would be better than this silence? It was Robert who first looked up, and spoke.

"But she does not come, Carl," he said, in a tone of undiminished anxiety. Carl was waiting, straining his ears to catch the sound of her voice in the house below. The time was fast getting on, and the night was drawing near. Could she have lost herself in the streets of London? Where too was John Morley, who had been missing since this time the night before? They were compelled to leave the child, inconsolable because Hester was not come back, and start afresh upon their vague search. They did not know where she had passed the last night; or whether she knew any one in London. There was no clew, no track. She had been near to them both only an hour or two ago, but they had not seen her. She might be close beside them still.

At an early hour the next morning Carl and Robert went again to the boarding-school to inquire if anything had been heard of Hester. Upon receiving an answer in the negative, they did not know what further steps to take. They sent a telegram to Grant, cautiously worded: "We have had no success. Is there any change or any news?" The answer returned in the name of Annie Grant, by which they became aware that she shared the secret, was, "No change here, and no news." It reached them soon after midday on Monday. After this they visited the two railway stations at which John Morley could have arrived, and made some cautious inquiries; but they could gain no explicit information. At present they could not resolve to set a detective to seek him out. While Rose continued in so precarious a state, they dare not let any clew to the criminal slip out of their own hands. They could not believe it possible that they had left London; for both John Morley and Hester would be as inexperienced as children, with regard to any journey, or any scheme of flight. Carl hoped every hour that they would be found at his lodgings; and they returned again and again to them to see if they had not arrived there.

On the Tuesday morning, Robert, who could no longer endure the suspense about Rose, determined to return to Little Aston, leaving Carl to continue his wary but close inquiries in London. He reached the little town in the afternoon, and though he dare not let himself be seen knocking at John Morley's door, which would have attracted the attention of the neighbors, he could not resist going past the house. It looked just as usual. The closed shutters of Rose's drawing-room were still closed; but what surprised and startled him the most was to see the shop open, as if John Morley were quietly pursuing his ordinary business. He crossed over quickly, and peered in through the windows, catching a glimpse of a withered face, which glared back upon him with tigerish eyes. The mystery was explained as soon as he reached Grant's house. Grant had resolved to keep the townspeople in the dark as long as possible, and upon Monday morning he had installed Lawson behind the counter, bidding him do his best there to meet the requirements of the few customers. It was generally supposed in the town that John Morley was suffering from a second attack of brain fever; which the people said accounted for his non-appearance, and for Grant's constant attendance at his house. Rose was still in danger; but there was a brighter hope now than there had been twelve hours before. It was growing more and more possible that she might rally from the shock, and partially recover; but the recovery could be only partial.

Robert went on home—to the home he had sauntered away from carelessly for an after-dinner stroll in the cool of the evening, on Saturday night. The prodigal whom Mr. Waldron had prepared for two years before, and who had disappointed him by his light-hearted gayety, was going back to his father's house now, feeling that he was no more worthy. The famine had made itself felt at last, and he knew that he had *nothing but husks to eat*. All the wealth and the honor, the graces and luxuries of his life hung ragged and threadbare about him. He yearned to see his father looking out for him, ready to have compassion upon him, and run and fall on his neck and kiss him. His heart was very full of repentance, and of a longing after some love which should not look for any worthiness in him. But his father was nowhere to be seen, and he avoided meeting his sister. He bade the servant tell Mr. Waldron, when he came in, that he was in the library; and then he went there, threw himself upon a sofa, and fell into a troubled sleep, full of dreams. When he opened his eyes again, his father was standing by him, with a face of painful anxiety. If Carl had been struck by the change in his aspect, his father was ten times more so. This was no longer his handsome, debonair son; but a weary and worn man, who had been beaten somewhere in the battle of life. Robert had groaned, and his face had been sadly pained in his sleep, and he had been about to awaken him from his disturbed slumbers, just as he opened his eyes and looked up. "Father!" he said; "father?"

"My boy, Robert," said Mr. Waldron, his hard features quivering, and his voice faltering, "what is it, my boy? Tell me everything. I am your father, an old man now, but I loved your mother with all my heart, and I carried you in my arms when you were a baby. You may tell me. I am not hard toward you. I can bear anything from you. There is nobody loves you as your old father does. Speak to me, Robert, as a man talks with his friend."

Robert had had no very fixed purpose of concealment from Mr. Waldron, though he had told Grant that they must not let him know of John Morley's crime; and now he could constrain himself no longer. He told him all, and his father listened, with a profound affection and compassion for him, which bound their hearts more closely the one to the other.

"You know everything now," he said, at the end; "what is to be done?"

"I am not so fearful for Hester as you are," said Mr. Waldron; "be sure that her father will do her no harm if he be mad, and I suppose he must be mad. Yet he was not mad when he attacked you, Robert; he was as sane as he had been for many years. If Hester was safe with him after that, she will be safe with him now."

"But where can they be hiding?" exclaimed Robert.

"We must find out," he answered. "Hester will go back to the school sooner or later to inquire after that little child. I know her well enough for that. Be comforted, my boy. All these things will work together for good to her, if not to you. You would be content with that?"

"Content! Yes," he said; "if Hester were safe and happy I could make myself content. Father, that little child will die!"

"No, no," exclaimed Mr. Waldron, "no, no. *We* will give her a fresh life, Robert." The rich man, who could buy anything, seemed to think even life might be had for money. "She must come here—not here with your sister, I did not mean that—but to Little Aston. Annie Grant would have her; yes, Annie would be like a mother to her, and I would give Grant a thousand pounds to make her strong again. She has your mother's face, you say? Oh, Robert, would to God I could own her as my grandchild!"

Mr. Waldron turned away and walked to the window, looking out on the terrace and the trim lawn, with its gorgeous flower-beds, where no child had ever played with the flowers. This little waif belonged to him, but he could have no pride in claiming her; yet he would make her life smooth and happy, God willing; she should know no shame or sorrow he could shield her from.

"We cannot own her," he said, at last; "for the child's own sake, she must never know, and no one else must know, her relationship to us. But she must be near to us, and we can care for her; but we shall always keep a distance between us, that the world may suspect nothing. I must consult with Grant and Annie about it all."

"The only Hester who will belong to me," said Robert, with a pang of passing bitterness. Yet he was comforted and strengthened by his confidence to his father. They walked together in the evening to Grant's house, and found him at home, worn out but triumphant. There was scarcely a doubt in his mind now that Rose would not die from the blow she had received; indirectly it might hasten her death, as her health was delicate, and her life had not been a strong one before, but she would certainly recover for a time. If they could only acquaint John Morley with this fact he might venture home again, and the affair could be hushed up with Mr. Waldron's connivance. But the mystery of John Morley's flight remained as dark as ever; and there was settling down upon it that vague feeling of a thing accomplished and done with, which is stamped upon all the events of the past.

Grant and Annie listened gladly to Mr. Waldron's proposal to receive little Hester into their house. The only difficulty would be with regard to Rose: but they decided that she must be kept in ignorance of the near neighborhood of her child, until she was strong enough to bear it, and to be willing to see her only in secret, lest the suspicions of the townspeople should be awakened. It was necessary to remove the child from school, and as soon as she could travel with safety Grant and Annie went up to London to fetch her. But at the first glance Grant's keen eyes discovered the truth. They might bring her down to Little Aston, and warm her in the sunshine of gladness and childish joys; but the chill of death was upon her, and the warmth had come too late to save her.

(To be continued.)

VANITY OF WORLDLY PLEASURE.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 14, Eccl. 2: 1-13. Golden Text, Ver. 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The True Destiny of Man—Appointed of God—For Man's Joy and Happiness—The Preacher's Sounding Line—Always a Vacuum—In Mirth—In Wine—In Building—Greatness without Happiness—Paul's State a Contrast—Two Kinds of Wisdom.

"THIS people have I formed for myself; they shall shew forth my praise" (Isa. 43: 21). "Whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son" (Rom. 8: 28). Such is, in good thought, the destiny of man. He is created to be the complement of God! It is inconceivable, but none the less true! And our loving God has formed in us a capacity for joy which can be filled with nothing short of Himself. "These things have I spoken unto you, that *my joy* might remain in you, and that

YOUR JOY MIGHT BE FULL"

(John 15: 11). "Ask and receive that *your joy may be full*" (John 16: 24). "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. And *these* things write we unto you, that *your joy may be full*" (1 John 1: 3, 4). If such is God's will for us, and such is the possibility, what then is the experience? Here is a witness who speaks for the early Christians when under trial; "Ye *greatly rejoice*, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations. . . . Jesus, whom not having seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with *joy unspeakable* and full of glory."

With what unutterable sadness sounds out the verdict of Solomon in ghastly contrast, "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity" (Eccl. 1: 2)! What led this wisest of men to this conclusion? He had sunk his sounding line into all the depths of earthly pleasure apart from God, and had found them empty shallows; a vacuum still existed, and the unsatisfied spirit asked for something more, something which could fill its capacities. All earth's storehouses failed, and the hungry soul cried out still. Nothing answered to the measure of the need, for God had made the man's soul capable of being "filled with all the fulness of God" (Eph. 3: 19); and anything short of His fulness, in the heart which He had made for Himself, must leave only hopeless craving still.

Solomon's first attempt was to find satisfaction

IN "MIRTH."

To *seek* mirth, to *make* merriment is one thing. But it is quite another to be so full of the Lord's goodness that, like a happy child, one cannot but sing and speak merrily. One's heart, full of sunshine, cannot hide its joy, it bubbles over, and those around catch the contagion. Oh, how different from manufactured mirth, when one is expected to laugh at jokes which neither amuse nor are congenial! Solomon "said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it?"

His next attempt was a dangerous one indeed. "I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine" (margin "to draw my flesh with wine"). Probably it is from sad personal experience that he says of wine, "It biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder;" it was perhaps the photograph of himself in delirium tremens which he drew (Prov. 23: 29–35). As he grew older his tastes changed, and he sought satisfaction in the gratification of the lust of the eyes. "I made me great works, I builded me houses." It was a taste far more solid than the others; there was much more in it to call forth the powers of his intellect; but this was only a comparative difference, the capacity for communion with God could not be filled thus;

HIS JOY WAS NOT FULL.

"I planted me vineyards, I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits; I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." Talent for engineering as well as for architecture were developed; land surveying and gardening talents were in requisition. All which taste and riches could furnish gratified his eye, but instead of saying, "I am the happiest man under the sun, I have all that heart can wish for," his mournful cry is, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

All that state could add to him Solomon possessed. "I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in mine house;" but all this dignity left him where it found him, only a superior kind of animal, unless, beyond and above all this, his soul held communion with God. Riches, too, of "silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings, and of the provinces," went to make up the grandeur and the apparent happiness of this royal cynic; but neither this nor the charm of music, which he indulged in to the full, filled up the void of an unfilled heart.

"SO I WAS GREAT"

is his sad summing up of the story. Great, but miserable; great, but unsatisfied! "The least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." Earth's pleasures have never dared to emulate the heavenly, and among all the flaring advertisements of theatres and other amusements, none are so bold as to offer "joy unspeakable," none can assume to bestow a joy which is "full."

"So I was great." Yes, Solomon was great enough to see the littleness of his own greatness—great enough to weigh the reality of God-given wisdom against the transcience and unsatisfaction of things earthly. Solomon said, "I was great," but he might have added, "and miserable." Paul said, "I am nothing," and added, "Yet always rejoicing," for he had "the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." Solomon's account of his life-work is full of sadness: "Whatsoever mine eyes desired, I kept not from them, I withheld not mine heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labor; and this was my position of all my labor. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do; and, behold,

ALL WAS VANITY

and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." He went yet farther, and said, "Yea, I hated all my labor which I had taken under the sun; because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me." He hated that labor which he had rejoiced in, because he saw that his connection with it could only be temporary, and all that he had done in wisdom might be undone by the folly of his posterity.

He went farther still, and said, "Therefore I hated life; because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me; for all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Paul did *not* rejoice in *his* labor. Even when in speaking of the other disciples he says, "I labored more abundantly than they all;" he added, "Yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me" (1 Cor. 15: 10). Paul's rejoicing was not in himself, or in his own work; he rejoiced in the Lord always and taught others to do the same. Making no plans for himself, and initiating no work of himself, he was not disappointed when things turned out other than he had expected.

There could not be

A GREATER CONTRAST

than in these two men—Solomon, the man who had wisdom as a gift imparted to him, *he* taking the direction; and Paul, a man in whom wisdom dwelt, perfect wisdom, even Christ, "the wisdom of God," but who yielded himself to God's direction. Both naturally gifted men, both highly cultured, both men of mark in their own day, and throughout all subsequent time; and yet how different! The one a beacon of sadness, although the richest, most renowned king of his time; the other a very sunbeam of joy, sending light into hearts and homes all over the world to this very day, although only a persecuted prisoner!

Through all his investigation of the worth of earthly pleasure, Solomon never lost

HIS GIFT OF WISDOM.

Even when giving himself to wine, he says, "Yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom;" when speaking of his greatness, and that he increased more than all they who had been before him in Jerusalem, he adds, "Also my wisdom remained with me." And he says, "I turned myself to *behold* wisdom, and madness and folly; for what can the man do that cometh after the king? even that which hath been already done. Then I saw that there is an excellency in wisdom more than in folly (margin), as far as light exceedeth darkness." And yet even wisdom did not satisfy him. Solomon confessed, "In much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow" (Eccl. 1: 18). His very wisdom taught him that death comes alike upon all; and he found it hard that "a man whose labor is in wisdom, and in knowledge, and in equity; yet to a man that hath not labored therein shall he leave it for his portion. . . . For what *hath* a man of all his labor, and of the vexation of his heart?" "Vanity and vexation of spirit." What hath a man of the work of God and the travail of *His* soul? Salvation and the Saviour, the indwelling God, in whose "presence is fulness of joy," and at whose "right hand there are pleasures forevermore" (Ps. 16: 11).

ASKING.

"If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children; how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" —ST. LUKE xi., 13.

O Heavenly Father, Thou hast told
Of a gift more precious than pearls and gold;
A gift that is free to every one,
Through Jesus Christ, thy only Son,
For His sake, give it to me.

O give it to me, for Jesus said
That a father giveth his children bread,
And how much more Thou wilt surely give
The gift by which the dead shall live?
For Christ's sake, give it to me.

I cannot see, and I want the sight;
I am in the dark, and I want the light;
I want to pray, and I don't know how;
O give me Thy Holy Spirit now!
For Christ's sake, give it to me.

Thou hast said it, I must believe
It is only "ask" and I shall receive;
If Thou said it, it must be true,
And there's nothing else for me to do!
For Christ's sake, give it to me.

So I come and ask, because my need
Is very great and real indeed.
On the strength of Thy Word I come and say
Oh, let Thy Word come true to-day!
For Christ's sake, give it to me!

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A NOTABLE LONDON PAGEANT.

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THE ninth of November is observed regularly in London as a general holiday. On that day the Lord Mayor for the ensuing year is inaugurated with quaint and imposing ceremonies. He goes in state, accompanied by a splendid procession, from the ward of the city with which he is personally identified to the Palace of Justice, where the oath of office is administered to him, and thence to the residence provided by the city for the Lord Mayor for the time being. The pageant is the event of the year in London, and each Lord Mayor is ambitious to make his procession superior to those of all his predecessors. This year, the ninth of November falling on Sunday, the ceremony took place the following day, Monday, November 10th.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR

is George Swan Nottage. The English custom differs from our own in that the mayor is not elected directly by the people. The people elect the aldermen and councillors, and that body choose from among themselves one gentleman to hold the mayoralty for a year. There is seldom any contest, the custom being to select the alderman who has been the longest time in office without having been Lord Mayor.

The new Lord Mayor, whose portrait appears on the first page, is a Welshman. He was born in the county of Glamorganshire, in the year 1823. He is therefore now sixty-one years of age. He is descended from a popular family, the Nottages, of Nottage, in Glamorganshire, who afterward settled in Essex, in which county the new Lord Mayor spent his early youth. In 1851 he was married to Christiana, daughter of Mr. James Warner, and descended on her maternal side from another old family, the Leftwiches, of Cheshire. The Lord Mayor resides at South Kensington, and his family consists of a son and a daughter. The former, Mr. Charles G. Nottage, graduated at Cambridge in honors, and was afterward called to the bar in the Inner Temple. His daughter is married to Mr. Samuel Ernest Palmer, a partner in the well-known Reading firm of Huntley & Palmer, which does a large business with this country in crackers, or, as they call them, "biscuits."

Mr. Nottage was for many years engaged in the iron business, but he is best known as the founder of the

STEREOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY,

which, with its agencies in various parts of the world, has developed itself into the largest concern of its kind. At Brighton the Lord Mayor is well known and deservedly popular for the great improvements he has made in the King's Road, by the erection of numerous handsome buildings, one of which—the Orleans Club—is familiar to all visitors. He is connected with several of the ancient companies of the city, is a member of the Spectaclemakers and Loriners' Companies, and is at the present time the master of the Carpenters' Company. For many years he has held the position of Chairman of the Visiting Justices of gaols. As a magistrate, his decisions have always been characterized by good judgment and sound common-sense, and he has published some able letters on the grand jury system, which have received considerable attention. He is in politics a Liberal, and a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

PRESENTATION TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

On October 24th, the usual ceremony of presenting the Lord Mayor-elect to the Lord Chancellor (Lord Selborne) to receive the Queen's approval of the choice of the Livery of the City of London, was observed with the usual forms at the Lord Chancellor's residence. On this occasion the Lord Chancellor thus stated his reasons for believing Mr. Nottage a suitable man for the office to which he was appointed:

"My Lord Mayor-elect, it gives me great pleasure to assure you that her Majesty entirely approves the choice that the citizens of London have made of a Chief Magistrate in your person. The facts that have been mentioned by the Recorder show that you have every antecedent qualification which man could desire to possess to carry on the honorable traditions of the city, and discharge the useful and important functions to which you are now called.

"Your good works in improving other cities make me confident that nothing will be wanting on your part for the improvement of the city of London, both in its moral aspect and in its external adornment. In the particular line which your own industrial occupations have taken, not only formerly, but recently, in the promotion of a great artistic establishment, I cannot but recognize one of the many instances of the way in which the inventions of our time have led to the enjoyment of mankind in this country and elsewhere. It is a pleasure to any man to contribute to such ends, whether by the occupation in which he is commercially interested or otherwise. I feel quite sure that in your mayoralty the city of London will maintain the reputation it has so honorably achieved in past years, especially by the efforts of your immediate predecessor and those who have gone before him. I have much pleasure in repeating her Majesty's approval of the choice of the citizens." The Lord Chancellor then shook hands with the Lord Mayor-elect, the Recorder, the sheriffs and aldermen, and others present, and the proceeding terminated.

THE HISTORICAL PROCESSION

this year was a departure from the ordinary custom, Mr. Nottage apparently being desirous of making it symbolical of national progress and present glory. First in order came a detachment of mounted police, then the mounted band of the Royal Artillery, the band of the Grenadier Guards, and a detachment of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, with two engines, each drawn by four horses, a feature in the procession which caused great cheering. To these succeeded the banners of ex-sheriffs and the band of the training-ship Warspite, the lads looking smart and well in their naval attire. The trades companies were duly represented by the chief members, who were seated in open carriages. Then followed the most interesting features, which were illustrative of national and civic history or tradition. Some of them are especially noteworthy. There was, for instance, a car, drawn by twelve ponies, with the immortal Dick Whittington beside the Highgate mile-post in the act of listening to Bow Bells, and in close proximity to a representative of

HIS FAMOUS CAT.

Then followed an admirable model of Bow Church as it was in A.D. 1400, with bell-ringers, and a banner bearing the well-known message the bells conveyed to the civic hero's ears. Finally came a counterfeit presentment of Sir Richard Whittington in all his civic dignity.

William the Conqueror was represented, and so was Richard Cœur de Lion, Henricus Fitz-Alwyne, the first Mayor of London, Richard II., and Queen Elizabeth, all beautifully mounted and carefully costumed after the manner of the habits in which they lived. Lord Mayor Walworth, of the time of Richard II., was represented standing over the slain Wat Tyler (*see frontispiece*). It was not a popular figure. It evoked groans and hisses, the spectators having become since that time less enamored with royalty. A pretty spectacle was the car, drawn by four horses, carrying a raised dais, upon which was a casket containing a fac-simile of

THE CITY'S FIRST CHARTER,

A.D. 1067, which was guarded by citizens with drawn swords. The City's Charter is in these words: "William the King friendly salutes William the Bishop and Godfrey the Portreve and all the burgesses within London, both French and English, and I declare that I grant you to be all law-worthy as you were in the days of King Edward; and I grant that every child shall be his father's heir, after his father's days; and I will not suffer any person to do you wrong. God keep you."

A Nile boat, similar to those sent out to the Soudan, was exhibited, properly manned. This boat was thirty feet long by six feet ten inches beam, and was specially constructed for the occasion under the superintendence of the Admiralty.

In this portion of the long procession there was a fine herd of camels, and by way of honorable recognition of the Anglo-Indian Empire a pageant of Eastern splendor was provided, which included elephants ridden by representatives of rajahs, and a car containing a picturesque group, surmounted by a figure symbolical of India (*see frontispiece*). Innumerable were the gorgeous banners of aldermen and other civic dignitaries that were displayed. The bands, too, playing popular tunes, were very numerous. The sheriffs rode in State carriages respectively drawn by four horses. Loud and hearty cheers greeted the appearance of the late Lord Mayor, and the Lord Mayor was also warmly welcomed as he came along in his splendid State carriage, drawn by six very fine horses. Finally, an escort of the Hussars ended a most imposing and interesting procession.

A MESSAGE FROM AMERICA.

As the procession passed the offices of the American Exchange in the Strand, all the bands struck up "Yankee Doodle," and the crowds on the sidewalk responded with cheers for the Stars and Stripes. A large portrait of Governor Cleveland, which was hung in front of the Exchange, also received a hearty round of cheers. A banner was displayed on which was inscribed:

"New York through its new Mayor says grace to the new Mayor of London."

This pun on the name of Mr. W. R. Grace, the new Mayor of New York, was well received, and New York City was honored with a burst of applause from the procession.

THE LIFE OF A LORD MAYOR

of London differs so thoroughly from that of our mayors that some description of it may be interesting to our readers. His election is accompanied by several quaint and ancient forms. September the 29th is the appointed day. It is ushered in by a command from the chief magistrate about to retire from office, to the masters and wardens of the several companies in the city, summoning the liverymen to appear at Guildhall in their official dress; to go from thence *to hear a sermon* in a church selected for the purpose; then to return to Guildhall to select the Lord Mayor for the coming year. On the day in question the favored one who has occupied the city throne for a period of nearly twelve months mounts his chariot, and, attended by the sheriffs, proceeds to Guildhall. As soon as divine service has terminated, aldermen and liverymen, presided over by the Lord Mayor, assembled in the common hall, hear these words uttered in stentorian tones:

"OH YEZ! OH YEZ! OH YEZ!

(A corruption of the French *oyez*, hear ye.) You good men of the livery of the several companies of this city summoned to appear here this day, for the election of a fit and able person to be Lord Mayor of this city for the year ensuing, draw near, and give your attendance. God save the Queen!"

The assembly is then informed by the Recorder of the occasion of their meeting, and upon the termination of his address the aldermen retire to their court to consider whom they will recommend to the honor of the civic chair. This is quickly done on the principle of rotation in office, and the Lord Mayor-elect, with many an obeisance from the sword-bearer, is handed to his seat on the left hand of the retiring Lord Mayor. Thanks, of course, are proposed, and promises made; and after the historic gold chain has been placed around his neck, the Lord Mayor-elect is invited to a banquet at the Mansion House, which is given in his honor.

THE NEXT IMPORTANT DAY

is when his Lordship is sworn in. Before he can accept office, the chief magistrate has solemnly to swear that he will faithfully serve the Queen, and deal justly toward all, to strangers, to poor as well as rich—and, in a word, do all things well and lawfully that fall to his lot as Mayor to perform. This done, the aldermen meet for breakfast at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor's official residence; they then go in gorgeous procession to the Guildhall, to take part in the ceremony of the swearing in, and this being over, they return to the Mansion House to sit down to the farewell banquet of the retiring Lord Mayor, who surrenders his seat to the new chief magistrate, and sits on his left hand; then all the officials come forward, one after another, and make three profound bows. The late Lord Mayor gives up the insignia of office, is quietly an alderman again, and walks behind his favored successor.

On the day of inauguration, after being conducted, as already described, by the grand procession to his official residence, he holds

HIS STATE BANQUET

to celebrate the commencement of his year of office. The great hall is splendidly illuminated, carpeted, and adorned with evergreens and flowers. At five o'clock the Lord Mayor, in a rich state gown and collar, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, who has her page and maids of honor, walks majestically into the Council Chamber, where the guests are to be received. Trumpeters, marshals, and sword-bearer precede them, and the aldermen, in their gayest costume, bring up the rear. The Lady Mayoress takes her seat on her throne, which is placed on a raised dais at the end of the Council Chamber, while the Lord Mayor remains standing to receive his guests. This part of the ceremony, which occupies about two hours, gives the visitors an opportunity of seeing the notabilities of the land, who are usually invited to the banquet. The members of the government, the foreign ambassadors, the judges, the Lord Chancellor and suite, with a great number of distinguished guests usually attend on the occasion, and it is

THE DUTY OF THE PRIME-MINISTER

to conduct the Lady Mayoress to her seat in the dining-hall when dinner is announced. The trumpeters cause the old building to resound with melody while the guests are taking their places; a band plays during the dinner, speeches are afterward made, carriages are ordered, the doors are closed, and Lord Mayor's day is over.

The Lord Mayor now takes up his abode in the Mansion House, with a year's work before him; work, and hard work, too, has he to accomplish during his period of office; so that few chief magistrates, unless blessed with sturdy health, ever leave the Mansion House as well as they entered it. There are the courts of aldermen to be presided over, with a patience that must submit now and then to bitter speeches, and with a firmness that will not brook dictation where right and justice are concerned. There are courts of common council to be attended—not the most peaceable and pleasant of assemblies. There are the sessions of the assize courts, which, as first commissioner, the Lord Mayor has always to open; and on such occasions there are refractory grand jurymen to be fined by him, and breakfasts and luncheons and dinners given and eaten. There are the sessions for the city of London also, and the Southwark sessions, demanding his presence; there are prisons to be visited, and their internal management strictly scrutinized.

There are the charities of the city of London to be encouraged and maintained. There is Christ's Hospital, commonly called the Blue Coat School, demanding his presence and his purse, especially on Easter Tuesday, when the boys all walk to the Mansion House, when the Grecians, or elder boys among them, are presented with twenty shillings each, monitors two and sixpence, other boys a shilling, each receiving, besides this bounty, *a glass of wine and a bun*. There is the festival of the Sons of the Clergy, to whose funds the Lord Mayor is expected handsomely to contribute. There is the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, at whose annual meeting the Lord Mayor must attend

IN STATE AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,

not, of course, without liberally subscribing. The poor Charity Children, when they meet in June, in St. Paul's, must see the Lord Mayor there. In a word, there is scarcely a Sunday throughout the year when his presence is not required in connection with some charitable institution or other. In addition, there is the daily sitting in the police courts, where the Mayor has to perform judicial duty, to dispose of offenders against the law, and these sittings sometimes last for more than four hours each. Then there is presiding over public meetings in all parts of London, the writing and the reading of innumerable letters, and attendance at levées and fashionable assemblies.

Last and not least (not least in importance, and not least in peril to the Lord Mayor himself), there are the great feasts and entertainments. At certain times, too, throughout the year, the Lord Mayor has to give innumerable grand banquets at the Mansion House. There is the first state-dinner, at which all the aldermen and their ladies attend. There is the grand dinner to her Majesty's Ministers, given soon after the meeting of Parliament. There is the grand Court of Wardmote dinner on Plough Monday. There is the Easter entertainment, at which the peers of the realm, cabinet ministers, judges, bishops, members of Parliament, with their speaker, attend in court dress. There is a dinner given to the judges, and another to the archbishop, bishops, and clergy, and many others.

These gorgeous and extravagant banquets have become proverbial for their costliness. An effort was once made to limit the expense by a law made to restrain the expense both of provisions and liveries; but the mayors, it seems, did not regard it, for in 1544 an Order of Council was issued to remind the citizens of their relapse into luxury. The Lord Mayor's feast given to the King and Queen and royal family in 1727, cost no less than $24,450. That given in 1761 to George III. and Queen Charlotte cost $34,490.

The dignity and power of the Lord Mayor as first city officer is very great. He becomes, when sworn in, the Queen's representative in the civil government of the city, and chief justice of the metropolis. The office is one of the most constant claims on the time of its holder, and such are the restraints of its duties during the year that whoever undertakes it usually arranges his commercial affairs so as to be able to withdraw his attention from them altogether and devote his whole time to the public service. A salary in some measure appropriate to the dignity of the office is annually allowed by the corporation, amounting to $40,000, beside the use of the magnificent Mansion House as a residence, and the splendid furniture and carriages which have been provided. In the case of liberal and hospitable Lord Mayors, this sum has been considerably below the actual expenditure, but with some it has been found sufficient, and a few have not nearly expended the amount voted for the support of the office.

THE OUTCAST RECLAIMED.

ALEXANDER STEPHEN was the son of poor but honest parents, who dwelt in a rural district in the north of Scotland. When a child his mother stored his memory with the precious truths of the Gospel, and offered up many a prayer that he might be spared to live and die in the Lord. He was obedient in childhood, but became wayward in youth. Bold and impetuous in disposition, he was always in trouble, and yet seldom pleased but when leading a riot or directing his boisterous companions in their follies and wickedness.

The quiet of a country parish was not an atmosphere which Alexander could bear when he reached his teens. He had heard of the sea and of ships; he had been told of battles and of "glory;" and his ardent spirit would no longer brook a shepherd's lonely life. To the grief of his parents the lad left home and went to sea. For a time he was in the merchant service; but being impressed, he gladly entered the British navy. Here, for a time, he was appalled by the wickedness of the service; but erelong, he became wicked himself. "The ship," he used to say, "was a hell upon earth, and

I WAS ONE OF HER FIENDS."

This was the truth. For forty long years he was tossed about from ship to ship, and during all the dangers to which he had been exposed, the battles in which he was engaged, and the sufferings which he experienced, God was not in all his thoughts. Drunkenness and insubordination were his chief crimes; and for these he had been flogged until his back was literally furrowed with stripes.

At length he abandoned the sea and returned to the north of Scotland. His native home was now desolate; all his relations were dead. He settled in a seaport town, and tried to eke out existence by chance employment. He was soon reduced to abject want, and had to be relieved from the parish funds. He now rented a miserable hovel in a poor locality; here he made broom besoms and hawked them when able to go about. When in the country he was the terror of one or two pious females, on whose paternal estate he gathered broom; for, though age and infirmities had broken his spirits, he was still a fearful blasphemer, and could scarcely speak without taking the Lord's name in vain.

But there was mercy and grace even for this outcast. In the room adjoining his wretched dwelling the Gospel was one Sunday evening faithfully and affectionately proclaimed. Alexander and a dozen more poor persons were present; they listened attentively to the message of salvation, and, for the most part, returned on the following Sunday to hear it again. Week by week, "to the poor the Gospel was preached" here, until a small congregation was gathered and a mission chapel built. In this little Bethel Alexander was a constant hearer; for a time he appeared to listen with a sort of stolid indifference, but by and by he became attentive, and ere long "the fruits of the Spirit" showed themselves in his life. Every one who knew Alexander was surprised at the change which had come over him; but he was studiously reserved, and would not readily disclose

THE SECRET WORKINGS OF HIS HEART.

One evening Alexander was absent when his name was called as a subscriber of a penny a week for a Bible. The minister concluded that he must be ill, and on inquiry he found that he had been struck by paralysis, and now lay on his death-bed. The limbs were dead already, but the faculties of reason were unimpaired. Thus, helpless, he was questioned earnestly and affectionately about the state of his soul, and then appeared the true value of a mother's teaching, and the all-conquering power of God's Word. "I have been a great sinner—a terrible sinner," said the old man, as he fixed his eyes on the minister; "but Christ is a great Saviour, and His blood cleanseth from all sin." "How have you come to know the blessed truth?" he was asked. '*I was taught it by my mother when a boy*," he replied; adding, "for forty years all that I learned when a boy I had forgotten; but when I heard you preach in our little chapel, *it all came up again in my mind.*" And then he expressed, in language of the most correct and intelligent character, his confidence in the love of God, and the mercy of God, and the freeness and fulness of His grace. Listening to the Gospel message, crediting its testimony, and conscience asserting its prerogative, his heart was opened, and thus he was enabled to "lay hold on eternal life." We saw him day by day as he lay on his poor and lonely bed; heard him recount days that were gone, and carried his dying message to the congregation.

BURDENS LIFTED.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached on Sunday Morning, Nov. 30, 1884.*

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."—PS. 55 : 22.

A World of Many Burdens—No Man Free from Conflict -- An Aged Father's Testimony—An Office that Averted Trouble — Major Cole's Barrel of Flour—I. Business Burdens—Unforeseen Difficulties — Increasing Rivalry — Grip, Gouge & Co.—The Wreck of the Central America — God Knows the Business Details—A Young Accountant—II. Burdens of Persecution—The Cross always Ready for the Saviour —A Cynical Universalist—Egmont the Martyr —III. Burdens of Sickness—The World a Great Hospital — Faith Cures—An Abscess Cured through Faith—IV. Burdens of Bereavement— V. Burden of Sin—The Only Way of Relief.

DAVID was here taking his own medicine. If anybody had on him heavy weights, David had them, and yet out of his own experience he advises you and me as to the best way of getting rid of burdens. This is

A WORLD OF BURDEN-BEARING.

During the past few days tidings came from across the sea that Bishop Wiley, of the Methodist Church, in the discharge of his duty—going around the world—falls at his work at Foo Chow, China. A man full of the Holy Ghost was he, his name the synonym for all that is good, and kind, and gracious, and beneficent, and that entire denomination has a burden of mourning. Word comes to us from West Virginia and from Kentucky of a scourge sweeping off hundreds and thousands of people, and there is a burden of sorrow. Sorrow on the sea and sorrow on the land. Coming into the house of prayer there may be no sign of sadness or sorrow, but where is the man who has not a conflict? Where is the soul that has not a struggle? And there is not a day of all the year when my text is not gloriously appropriate, and there is never an audience assembled on the planet where the text is not gloriously appropriate: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

In the far East wells of water are so infrequent that when a man owns a well he has a property of very great value, and sometimes battles have been fought for the possession of one well of water; but there is one well that every man owns, a deep well, a perennial well, a well of tears. If a man has not a burden on this shoulder, he has a burden on the other shoulder.

The day I left home to look after myself and for myself, in the wagon my father sat driving, and he said that day something which has kept with me all my life: "De Witt, it is always safe to trust God. I have many a time come to a crisis of difficulty. You may know that, having been sick for fifteen years, it was no easy thing for me to support a family; but always God came to the rescue. I remember the time," he said, "when I didn't know what to do, and I saw a man on horseback riding up the farm lane, and he announced to me that I had been nominated for the most lucrative office in all the gift of the people of the county; and to that office I was elected, and God in that way met all my wants, and I tell you it is always safe to trust Him."

Oh, my friends, what we want is a practical religion! The religion people have is so high up you cannot reach it. I had a friend who entered the life of

AN EVANGELIST.

He gave up a lucrative business in Chicago, and he and his wife finally came to severe want. He told me that in the morning at prayers he said: "O Lord, thou knowest we have not a mouthful of food in the house! Help me, help us!" And he started out on the street, and a gentlemen met him and said: "Cole, I have been thinking of you for a good while. You know I am a flour merchant; if you won't be offended, I should like to send you a barrel of flour." He cast his burden on the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Now, that is the kind of religion we want.

In the Straits of Magellan, I have been told, there is a place where whichever way a ship captain puts his ship he finds the wind against him, and there are men who all their lives have been running in the teeth of the wind, and which way to turn they do not know. Some of them may be here this morning, in this assemblage, and I address them face to face, not perfunctorily, but as one brother talks to another brother: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

I. There are a great many men who have

BUSINESS BURDENS.

When we see a man harried and perplexed and annoyed in business life, we are apt to say: "He ought not to have attempted to carry so much." Ah! that man may not be to blame at all. When a man plants a business he does not know what will be its outgrowths, what will be its roots, what will be its branches. There is many a man with keen foresight and large business faculty who has been flung into the dust by *unforeseen circumstances* springing upon him from ambush. When to buy, when to sell, when to trust and to what amount of credit, what will be the effect of this new invention of machinery, what will be the effect of that loss of crop, and a thousand other questions perplex business men until the hair is silvered and deep wrinkles are ploughed in the cheek; and the stocks go up by mountains and go down by valleys, and they are at their wits' ends, and stagger like drunken men.

There never has been a time when there have been such

RIVALRIES IN BUSINESS

as now. It is hardware against hardware, books against books, chandlery against chandlery, imported article against imported article. A thousand stores in combat with another thousand stores. Never such advantage of light, never such variety of assortment, never so much splendor of show window, never so much adroitness of salesmen, never so much acuteness of advertising, and amid all these severities of rivalry in business, how many men break down! Oh, the burden on the shoulder! Oh, the burden on the heart!

You hear that it is avarice which drives these men of business through the street, and that is the commonly accepted idea. I do not believe a word of it. The vast multitude of these business men are

TOILING ON FOR OTHERS.

To educate their children, to put wing of protection over their households, to have something left so when they pass out of this life their wives and children will not have to go to the poorhouse—that is the way I translate this enenergy in the street and store—the vast majority of that energy.

GRIP, GOUGE & CO.

do not do all the business. Some of us remember when the Central America was coming home from California it was wrecked. President Arthur's father-in-law was the heroic captain of that ship, and went down with most of the passengers. Some of them got off into the lifeboats, but there was a young man returning from California who had a bag of gold in his hand; and as the last boat shoved off from the ship that was to go down, that young man shouted to a comrade in the boat, "Here, John, catch this gold; there are three thousand dollars; take it home to my old mother, it will make her comfortable in her last days." Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business of the world.

Ah! my friend, do you say that God does not care anything about your worldly business? I tell you

GOD KNOWS

more about it than you do. He knows all your perplexities; He knows what mortgagee is about to foreclose; He knows what note you cannot pay; He knows what unsalable goods you have on your shelves; He knows all your trials, from the day you took hold of the first yard-stick down to that sale of the last yard of ribbon, and the God who helped David to be king, and who helped Daniel to be prime-minister, and who helped Havelock to be a soldier will help you to discharge all your duties. He is going to see you through. When loss comes, and you find your property going, just take this Book and put it down by your ledger, and read of the eternal possessions that will come to you through our Lord Jesus Christ. And when your business partner betrays you, and your friends turn against you, just take the insulting letter, put it down on the table, put your Bible beside the insulting letter, and then read of the friendship of Him who "sticketh closer than a brother."

A YOUNG ACCOUNTANT

in New York City got his accounts entangled. He knew he was honest, and yet he could not make his accounts come out right, and he toiled at them day and night until he was nearly frenzied. It seemed by those books that something had been misappropriated, and he knew before God he was honest. The last day came. He knew if he could not that day make his accounts come out right, he would go into disgrace and go into banishment from the business establishment. He went over there very early, before there was anybody in the place, and he knelt down at the desk and said: "Oh, Lord, Thou knowest I have tried to be honest, but I cannot make these things come out right! Help me today—help me this morning!" The young man arose, and hardly knowing why he did so opened a book that lay on the desk, and there was a leaf containing a line of figures which explained everything. In other words, he cast his burden upon the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Young man, do you hear that?

Oh, yes, God has a sympathy with anybody that is in any kind of toil! He knows how heavy is the hod of bricks that the workman carries up the ladder of the wall; He hears the pickaxe of the miner down in the coal shaft. He knows how strong the tempest strikes the sailor at masthead; He sees the factory girl among the spindles, and knows how her arm aches; He sees the sewing woman in the fourth story, and knows how few pence she gets for making a garment; and louder than all the din and roar of the city comes the voice of a sympathetic God: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

BURDENS OF PERSECUTION.

II. Then there are a great many who have a weight of persecution and abuse upon them. Sometimes society gets a grudge against a man. All his motives are misinterpreted and his good deeds are depreciated. With more virtue than some of the honored and applauded, he runs only against raillery and sharp criticism. When a man begins to go down, he has not only the force of natural gravitation, but a hundred hands to help him in the precipitation. Men are persecuted for their virtues and their successes. Germanicus said he had just as many bitter antagonists as he had adornments. The character sometimes is so lustrous that the weak eyes of Envy and Jealousy cannot bear to look at it.

It was their integrity that put Joseph in the pit, and Daniel in the den, and Shadrach in the fire, and sent John the Evangelist to desolate Patmos, and Calvin to the castle of persecution, and John Huss to the stake, and Korah after Moses, and Saul after David, and Herod after Christ. Be sure if you have anything to do for church or state, and you attempt it with all your soul,

LIGHTNING WILL STRIKE YOU.

The world always has had a cross between two thieves for the one who comes to save. High and holy enterprise has always been followed by abuse. The most sublime tragedy of self-sacrifice has come to burlesque. The graceful gait of virtue is always followed by scoffing with grimace and travesty. The sweetest strain of poetry ever written has come to ridicule or parody, and as long as there are virtue r

* Dr. Talmage is travelling in the South, and did not preach at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday; we therefore publish this week the sermon he preached the previous Sunday morning.—ED.

righteousness in the world, there will be something for iniquity to grin at. All along the line of the ages, and in all lands, the cry has been: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber."

And what makes the persecutions of life worse, is that they come from people whom you have helped, from those to whom you loaned money or have started in business, or whom you rescued in some great crisis. I think it has been the history of all our lives—the most acrimonious assault has come from those whom we have benefited, whom we have helped, and that makes it all the harder to bear. A man is in danger of becoming cynical.

A clergyman of the Universalist Church went into a neighborhood for the establishment of a church of his denomination, and he was anxious to find some one of that denomination, and he was pointed to a certain house, and went there. He said to the man of the house: "I understand you are a Universalist; I want you to help me in the enterprise." "Well," said the man, "I am a Universalist, but I have a peculiar kind of Universalism." "What is that?" asked the minister. 'Well," replied the other, "I have been out in the world, and I have been cheated and slandered and outraged and abused until I believe in universal damnation!"

THE GREAT DANGER

is that men will become cynical and given to believe, as David was tempted to say, that all men are liars. Oh, my friends, do not let that be the effect upon your souls! If you cannot endure a little persecution, how do you think our fathers endured great persecution? Motley, in his Dutch Republic, tells us of Egmont, the martyr, who, condemned to be beheaded, unfastened his collar on the way to the scaffold; and when they asked him why he did that, he said: "So they will not be detained in their work; I want to be ready." Oh, how little we have to endure compared with those who have gone before us!

Now, if you have come across ill-treatment, let me tell you you are in excellent company—Christ and Luther and Galileo and Columbus and John Jay and Josiah Quincy and thousands of men and women, the best spirits of earth and heaven.

BUDGE NOT

one inch, though all hell wreak upon you its vengeance, and you be made a target for devils to shoot at. Do you not think Christ knows all about persecution? Was He not hissed at? Was He not struck on the cheek? Was He not pursued all the days of His life? Did they not expectorate upon Him? Or, to put it in Bible language, "They spit upon Him." And cannot He understand what persecution is? "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

BURDENS OF SICKNESS.

III. Then, there are others who carry great burdens of physical ailments. When sudden sickness has come, and fierce choleras and malignant fevers take the castles of life by storm, we appeal to God; but in these chronic ailments which wear out the strength day after day, and week after week, and year after year, how little resorting to God for solace! Then people depend upon their tonics and their plasters and their cordials rather than upon heavenly stimulants.

Oh, how few people there are completely well! Some of you, by dint of perseverance and care, have kept living to this time; but how you have had to war against physical ailments! Antediluvians, without medical college and infirmary and apothecary shop, multiplied their years by hundreds; but he who has gone through the gauntlet of disease in our time, and has come to seventy years of age, is a hero worthy of a palm.

The world seems to be

A GREAT HOSPITAL,

and you run against rheumatisms and consumptions and scrofulas and neuralgias and scores of old diseases baptized by new nomenclature. Oh, how heavy a burden sickness is! It takes the color out of the sky and the sparkle out of the wave and the sweetness out of the fruit and the lustre out of the night. When the limbs ache, when the respiration is painful, when the mouth is hot, when the ear roars with unhealthy obstructions, how hard it is to be patient and cheerful and assiduous!

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Does your head ache? His wore the thorn. Do your feet hurt? His were crushed of the spikes. Is your side painful? His was struck by the spear. Do you feel like giving way under the burden? His weakness gave way under a cross. While you are in every possible way to try to restore your physical vigor, you are to remember that more soothing than any anodyne, and more vitalizing than any stimulant, and more strengthening than any tonic is the prescription of the text: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

We hear a great deal of talk now about

FAITH CURE,

and some people say it cannot be done and it is a failure. I do not know but that the chief advance of the church is to be in that direction. Marvellous things come to me day by day which make me think that if the age of miracles is past, it is because the faith of miracles is past.

A prominent merchant of New York a few days ago said to a member of my family: "My mother wants her case mentioned to Mr. Talmage." This was the case. He said: "My mother had a dreadful abscess, from which she had suffered untold agonies, and all surgery had been exhausted upon her, and worse and worse she grew until we called in a few Christian friends and proceeded to pray about it. We commended her case to God, and the abscess began immediately to be cured. She is entirely well now, and without knife and without any surgery." So that case has come to me, and there are a score of other cases coming to our ears from all parts of the earth. Oh, ye who are sick, go to Christ! Oh, ye who are worn out with agonies of body, "cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee!"

IV. Another burden some have to carry is the

BURDENS OF BEREAVEMENT.

Ah! these are the troubles that wear us out. If we lose our property, by additional industry perhaps we may bring back the estranged fortune; if we lose our good name, perhaps by reformation of morals we may achieve again reputation for integrity; but who will bring back the dear departed?

Alas! me for these empty cradles and these trunks of childish toys that will never be used again. Alas! me for the empty chair and the silence in the halls that will never echo again to those familiar footsteps. Alas! for the cry of widowhood and orphanage. What

BITTER MARAHS

in the wilderness, what cities of the dead, what long black shadow from the wing of death, what eyes sunken with grief, what hands tremulous with bereavement, what instruments of music shut now because there are no fingers to play on them! Is there no relief for such souls? Ay, let that soul ride into the harbor of my text.

"The soul that in Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

Now, the grave is brighter than the ancient tomb where the lights were perpetually kept burning. The scarred feet of Him who was "the resurrection and the life" are on the broken grave hillock, while the voices of angels ring down the sky at the coronation of another soul come home to glory.

V. Then there are many who carry the

BURDEN OF SIN.

Ay, we all carry it until in the appointed way that burden is lifted. We need no Bible to prove that the whole race is ruined. What a spectacle it would be if we could tear off the mask of human defilement, or beat a drum that would bring up the whole army of the world's transgressions—the deception, the fraud and the rapine and the murder and the crime of all the centuries! Ay, if I could sound the trumpet of resurrection in the soul of the best men in this audience, and all the dead sins of the past should come up, we could not endure the sight. Sin, grim and dire, has put its clutch upon the immortal soul, and that clutch will never relax unless it be under the heel of Him who came to destroy the works of the devil.

Oh, to have a mountain of sin on the soul! Is there no way to have the burden moved? Oh, yes. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." The sinless one came to take the consequences of our sin! And I know He is in earnest. How do I know it? By the streaming temples and the streaming hands as He says, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Why will prodigals live on swines' husks when the robe and the ring and the father's welcome are ready? Why go wandering over the great Sahara Desert of your sin when you are invited to the gardens of God, the trees of life, and the fountains of living water? Why be houseless and homeless forever when you may become the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty?

THE NEW "MORNING STAR."

(See Illustration on page 792.)

THE children's missionary ship, the Morning Star, sailed on her first voyage on October 28th. A farewell service was held on board, at which the committee and secretaries of the American Board were present. The Rev. Dr. Alden gave a brief sketch of the three ships which have preceded this one and which bore the same name. Dr. Alden closed by presenting to Captain Bray *an axe*, which was forged expressly for the Morning Star by John Hamlin, of White Oak, Conn., the handle having been made by Egbert Coles, aged ninety-nine years. The Morning Star carried many gifts, one of which is a large life-boat, which is to be schooner-rigged and to be used in emergencies. It is the gift of eighteen young men of a Boston Sabbath-school.

A few days prior to her sailing a visit was paid to the ship by the Rev. John T. Magrath, who thus describes, in a communication to a contemporary, what he saw: "We soon climbed up the ladder, and, standing on the deck of the noble craft, were courteously received by the officer in charge.

"She is rigged as a barkentine, with yards on the foremast, while her lofty mainmast, which is constructed of iron, serves also as a smoke-stack. She is a sailing vessel supplied with what is known as a steam auxiliary. Her voyages will be made among the islands of those Southern seas where there are frequent and prolonged calms, and thus the two-bladed propeller will often be of great service, while it is so arranged as to offer no impediment when the ship is under sail.

"Descending the hatchway, we find the equipment between decks most convenient, comfortable, and ample. Amidships we look into the engine-room with its admirable system of machinery, and walking forward, we come first to the two commodious ward-rooms, well adapted to the use of the native missionaries and teachers as they are conveyed to their appointed stations in the different islands. Farther forward still are the quarters for the crew. Going aft, we are ushered into the main cabin. In the capacious hold of this good ship of nearly five hundred tons, divided into several water-tight compartments, will be abundant storage-room for the supplies needed from season to season at the various mission stations.

"The bow is adorned with the snow-white figure of a female missionary holding in her outstretched hand the volume of the Holy Scriptures, and with finger pointing to the message of life on its heavenly page—worthy representation indeed of the sublime mission in fulfilment of which the stately ship will ere long be ploughing her way through the waves of the Atlantic and Pacific."

THE TIMES OF THE GENTILES.

By John R. Caldwell.*

The Promise to Israel—The Scattering—Gentile Supremacy—Described in Daniel—The First Vision—The Great Image—The Interpretation—Continued Deterioration—The Fourth Kingdom—The Stone Falling—No Prediction of the Regeneration by Leavening—The End in Judgment—Development of Pride—Daniel's Own Vision—The Corresponding Number Four—Beasts Instead of Metals—The Fourth Carefully Described—The Correspondence in the Apocalypse—The Tendency of Nations.

PARALLEL with the period of Israel's captivity, scattering, and final tribulation, run what our Lord calls "the times of the Gentiles" (Luke 21 : 24). Of these much is written in the prophecies of Daniel, and to this book it is that Christ Himself refers, when speaking of the period of Israel's oppression under Gentile supremacy. (See Matt. 24 : 15.)

THE PROMISE

made to Israel *under the law*, and conditional upon their obedience, was that they should be "set on high above all the nations of the earth;" that in everything they should be manifestly a blessed people. All the people of the earth were to see that they were called by the name of the Lord; and to be afraid of them. They were to be the head, and not the tail; to be above only, and not beneath. (See Deut. 28 : 1–14.) But on account of their subsequent disobedience and utter apostasy from Jehovah, they forfeited all these blessings, and, instead thereof, the curses that follow in Deut. 28 have come upon them to the full.

It was not until after long trial, during the times of the Judges and of the Kings—after many warnings by prophets, many partial judgments and deliverances—that finally the threatened scattering and captivity took place, first of the ten tribes (see II Kings 15 : 29 and 18 : 9–12) and then of the remaining two—viz., Judah and Benjamin. (See II Kings 25 : 1, 2, and II Chron. 36 : 15–21.) "Thus was the wrath of the Lord kindled against His people, so that He abhorred His own inheritance. And He gave them into the hand of the heathen; so that they that hated them ruled over them" (Ps. 106 : 40, 41).

It is of this period of the supremacy of Gentile power, called by the Lord the times of the Gentiles, that the book of Daniel principally treats. We have there recorded

TWO DISTINCT VISIONS,

each of which embraces the whole period, from the reign of Nebuchadnezzar to the second coming of the Lord Jesus to execute judgment upon the nations.

The first of these is that which was given in a dream to King Nebuchadnezzar himself (Dan. 2 : 31): "Thou, O king, sawest, and behold a great image. This great image, whose brightness was excellent, stood before thee; and the form thereof was terrible. This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay" etc.

THE INTERPRETATION

that follows is plain and explicit. The head of gold represents Nebuchadnezzar himself. "Thou, O king, art a king of kings: for the God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom, power, strength, and glory. Thou art this head of gold."

After him was to arise another kingdom, inferior—the inferiority consisting probably in the fact that the dominion was less immediately conferred by God—represented by the silver, then a third represented by brass, and a fourth by iron, and lastly, the deterioration still continuing, this fourth kingdom assumes the form of a mixture of iron and clay. That these kingdoms were the Babylonian, the Medo-Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman, there can be no doubt—indeed, upon this all are agreed. (See Dan. 2 : 38; 5 : 28; 8 : 21; Luke 3.)

More details are given in the interpretation by Daniel as to

THE FOURTH KINGDOM

than any of the others. In the course of its duration it undergoes a change in its character, the clay being introduced in the feet and toes, and not before.

It is upon this fourth kingdom, in its final form, that the stone falls. The stone is one throughout Scripture, the same that, being rejected by the builders, is made the Head of the Corner, and which shall grind to powder all upon whom it shall fall. The end of Gentile supremacy is thus shown to be in judgment, by the setting up of "a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever."

It is thus that the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ. Vainly do we search in Scripture for a prophecy that can in any degree justify the commonly received opinion, that a change will be effected, by the "leavening" (?) power of the Gospel, aided by education, science, political and sanitary reform, in the character of the kingdoms of this world. The boasted progress of the nineteenth century rather betrays, to the opened eye, that

DEVELOPMENT OF PRIDE

and blasphemy, of absence of natural affection, of fierce and high-minded assertion, each class of its own rights, that surely indicates the last days.

Nor is it without significance that in these nationalities of Europe which occupy the sphere of the ancient Roman empire, there should, at the present time, be such an accession of the socialist element, and even of that lower form of the lowest of all government—*the communist*, that has shown too plainly in France its hideous character. But as the purely autocratic form of government was typified by the Head of Gold, we may safely conclude that the lowest form of *democratic* government is typified by the clay. And how evident it is that the iron sway of Roman imperial authority is being broken up by the introduction of the democratic element—that the two have no cohesion, that the interests of the whole are sacrificed to the interests of the party. The kingdom is partly strong and partly broken *already*, and even thus shall it be when the *Stone* shall fall and make the whole as the chaff upon the summer threshing-floor.

Answering to the vision given to Nebuchadnezzar, Daniel has also a vision — embracing under

THE FIGURE OF FOUR BEASTS

—the same kingdoms and periods that to Nebuchadnezzar appeared as a magnificent image, of which himself was the head.

There is nothing to the eye of faith that can please or attract, in all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them. Satan might show them to the Lord Jesus, and offer them by way of temptation; but to Him and to every son of God with anointed eyes they are "great beasts," wild, untameable, cruel, and monstrous; and

THE FOURTH IS DREADFUL

—the most dreadful and terrible and strong of all.

Of the fourth beast, as of the fourth section of the image, more detail is given than of the others. And it is in the days of this beast that the thrones are cast down, and the Ancient of days is seen sitting upon His throne. "A fiery stream issued and came forth from before Him: thousand thousands ministered unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him; the judgment was set, and the books were opened. I beheld till the beast was slain, and his body destroyed, and given to the burning flame." (Read Dan. 7 : 1–23.)

Turning from Daniel to the book of Revelation, we find again the Gentile power represented by beasts. (See chaps. 13 and 17.) But here the first three beasts of the vision in Daniel have no place—they having passed away in the time when the book of Revelation was written.

Consequently in this book we have, with fuller details, that which answers to the fourth section of Nebuchadnezzar's image, and to the fourth beast in Daniel's vision: and here, as in those previous prophecies, judgment is executed upon the beast (which retains all its enmity to God up to the close of its existence upon earth), by the Lord Jesus Christ, *in person*, coming from heaven, accompanied by the saints, He being now "King of kings, and Lord of lords," and the saints—the armies, clothed in fine linen and associated with Him in all His judgment and victory. (See Rev. 19 : 11–21).

It is well to see beneath the garb of seemingly honest inquiry after truth, the real character of the governments of the present day, and their various political creeds. They are

ALL UTTERLY GODLESS;

they all deny the Lordship of Christ; under the veil of liberty they are gradually, with one consent, becoming first tolerant of all religions, next sceptical of all, then infidel, and lastly, openly anti-Christian, intolerant toward truth, persecuting to the death God's witnesses, and worshipping the devil incarnate in the person of "the man of sin."

Such is the course of this world; already Satan is its god and prince, its religious and its political head. A Christian has no more to do with the world's politics than with the world's religion. His path is that of strangership here—like the Lord Himself—who walked apart from all the political questions of His day, disputing not the claims of Cæsar, nor contending for the emancipation of His nation, but looking for the joy that was set before Him at God's right hand.

* From his book, "Things to Come," for sale at the Gospel Book and Tract Repository, 34 High Street, Toronto.

A PERSECUTED CHRISTIAN SPANISH GIRL.

MRS. MOORE, a Christian lady who is working for the Master among the benighted peasantry of Spain, relates the following pathetic incident as an illustration of the difficulties encountered by Protestant evangelists in Spain:

"Christian friends in the land of freedom can hardly realize how their brethren here have to suffer for their belief. We often wonder there are so few converts, so little fruit comparatively. The short and unvarnished tale I have to tell will speak for itself.

"A young girl, who had been taught and trained by a Christian lady, was a short time ago taken very ill. She had apparently become indifferent to religion some time before this, and, being very pretty, her head had been turned, she had become full of the world and the things of the world, and it seemed for the time being that the good seed was choked by weeds. About a month ago we heard of her illness, and being a sister of our Spanish servant, who is an earnest Christian, I immediately went to see her. During the first part of her illness she fretted a good deal at having to be in bed in the intensely hot weather, and to suffer so terribly; but by and by

A GREAT CHANGE

came over her. I can hardly say when it was first perceptible. 'There were times when her agony was so great that her piercing cries reached the street. At those times it always consoled her to be prayed with, and seemed to calm her pain. As day after day passed, she grew weaker and the pain grew more intense.

"On Wednesday evening last, her sister came to fetch me, saying she was dying. We immediately sent for Signor Blanco, the pastor from Cadiz, who was that evening holding a prayer-meeting in the Mission House here. He came at once, and questioned the dying girl about her soul. To every question she replied that her trust was in Christ. He prayed very earnestly with her, asking God, if she were to die, to fit her for the great change, but whether living or dying to make her wholly His.

"Death was not so near as they had thought; a most painful night ensued. She wandered in her mind and fancied that priests were surrounding her. She would cry out, 'Oh, mamma, take away that "cura," he wants to make me con-

fess!' She could hardly be brought to believe that there was none there. Next day (Thursday) she began to sink, but was glad to have the usual prayer, and then I sang her some hymns, and she fell into a short sleep. That day she said to her mother, 'Mamma, I can't tell you what joy I have in my soul!' It was evident to us all that God was working in her heart; her sweet patience and resignation proved it. Her care for others was touching. Often she would say to me when doing any little thing for her: 'Senorita, don't tire yourself.'

"On Friday morning I saw that she was

PASSING AWAY;

though, as I entered, she turned and fixed her large eyes on mine and tried to move her hand toward me. The cold of death was on her as I took her wasted fingers in mine, and we prayed. It was chiefly ejaculatory prayer, for she was in great pain. By and by the pain subsided, and I repeated to her 'God so loved the world.' I said, 'He is very near you, His arms are around you.' She looked at me, and then fell into a soft sleep, broken now and then by a half sob. Gradually even that ceased, and, like an infant in its mother's arms, she breathed her last without even a sigh. The worn frame of the dear child (only fifteen) was laid back on her lowly bed, and we then knelt and gave God thanks 'who had given her the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' All the suffering and sorrow were over for her, but, alas! not for those who remained.

"We had intended taking measures to have her, if possible, buried in the English cemetery here, as there is as yet none for the native Protestants. This would have been difficult to manage, as it had been agreed by the Consul that none but British subjects should be admitted there. Still, we hoped to manage it somehow, and were taking the preliminary steps, when the girl's brothers came to say that they wished to have her interred in the Roman Catholic cemetery, as otherwise they would lose their work. This ended the matter, and we had therefore to leave things to them, but they did not anticipate the bitter sorrow they were bringing on themselves by their half-heartedness.

"Arrived at the gate of the cemetery, they were

REFUSED ADMITTANCE;

they were not even allowed to leave the coffin in the dead-house, but were obliged to leave it in the road outside, and there for four hours, in the broiling sun, the broken-hearted relatives sat beside the coffin! Meanwhile a priest had been sent to the house to inquire into the matter. He asked who had been with her at the last, and if she had confessed and received absolution. He was told that an English lady had been with her, and immediately said, 'She died like a dog, and must be buried like one.' So a grave was dug in the prickly cactus hedges that border the cemetery, so that she might not contaminate holy ground, and the sorrowing brothers were not even allowed to see her remains committed to the dust.

"An English gentleman who sympathizes in God's work was there at the time, and he says he was quite overcome, it was such a sad sight. The whole populace was quite excited. 'It was all the Alcalde's doing,' they said. 'To-morrow he will be beating his breast at the "Miva," and to-day he is ordering the poor girl to be buried like a dog.' 'And what has she done?' asked a woman. 'Oh, she is a Protestant! She did not confess.' 'And what is confession? What does it do?' rejoined the former. 'Can you wonder,' said another, 'that there are revolutions when these things happen?' One friend, seeing that all sympathy was on one side, took the opportunity of saying a few words. 'For her,' he said, 'this does not matter; this is only her shell, she is with God.' He said more to the same purpose, trying to improve the occasion; at every sentence he was met with, 'That is true.' 'We agree with all you say.' Two civil guards and other officials were guarding the coffin; in the road near a crowd had gathered, and the indignation was universal.

"So there lies all that is mortal of Rafaela in the cactus hedge, by the road-side; there is nothing to show where her last resting-place is, but God will know where to find His child at the last day. The poor mother and all her family, worn out with watching and sorrow, were turned out of their dwelling and compelled to search for a fresh lodging."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

On the Top of a Tram Car.—Mr. Ferrie Said at a recent meeting: "While I was coming home in the car last night I noticed a little girl sitting with her father in the front seat on the top of the car. It seemed to be the first time she had occupied such an elevated position, for she looked rather frightened; but her father's arm was clasped firmly round her, and I saw that she trusted herself implicitly to his protecting care. That is just like me, I thought, conscious of my own weakness, yet leaning on my Heavenly Father's arm for protection."

A Prayer for Bread.—The Rev. Mr. Naismith relates: "During the persecutions in the time of the Covenanters, one of the outlawed ministers, with his wife and family, had been without food for days. In the midst of their trouble he remembered the text, 'If you ask anything in my name, I will do it.' And with a believing spirit they all knelt down and prayed for bread. While they were at prayer a loud knock was heard at the door, and, on its being opened, they saw a gentleman on horseback, with a large basket on his arm, which he handed in; and being asked from whom it came, he replied that he was not at liberty to tell, and rode off. When the basket was opened, it was found to contain a large supply of provisions, which would last them for some time. Thus it shall be with all of us if we ask anything of God. Firmly believing, we shall receive."

A Timely Text.—"I Remember Hearing Dr. Bonar tell a story of a lady who came to him several times in great distress about her soul. Many times she visited him, and each time the good doctor tried to show to her the way of life, but every time she went away without having seen the light. Again she came to him, but this time he told her he could do nothing more for her, but asked her to kneel down with him in prayer. She did so, but rose up seemingly nothing the better. Just as she was going out the doctor gave her this text, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' 'What was that?' she said. The doctor repeated it again. 'I see it now,' she exclaimed; 'I always thought it was for the righteous Christ died.' And there and then she found the rest she had been looking for so long."

Three Young Men Warned.—Mr. Ferrie Relates: "About fifteen years ago, two companions and myself walked out to Butterbriggins. On the way back, being tired, we sat down to rest by the wayside. While we were sitting there a reverend-looking old gentleman happened to pass, and addressing us, he said, 'I see you are enjoying yourselves this fine day. You smoke, I see,' he then observed. My companions, who were smoking at the time, allowed that they did; I had not begun to smoke. 'You take a little beer,' he then said. We all allowed that we did, but that we only took it moderately. 'Well,' he said, 'for thirty years I have been a close observer of human nature, and I will tell you what will happen to one of you three. If you do not give up at once indulging in strong drink, you will be down in the gutter, and thence down to hell.'" Then the old man left us, and we only made light of his warning. Now, for the truth of the old gentleman's story. One of these young men attained to a high position, much higher than I have, or ever hope to attain to, but he lost it through this demon of strong drink. Several times he determined to amend, and the last time I saw him he had his foot again on the ladder which leads to success, but I very much fear he will not stand. The other—the last I heard of him was that he had been seen in a foreign town, ragged, wretched, shoeless, and with sunken, face and trembling limbs reaping the miserable harvest of the drunkard."

The Finger on the Verse.—The Rev. Mr. Ross says: "A girl lay very ill in bed. Her minister called to see her, but he found her sleeping. He quietly walked over the floor to the fireplace, for he did not wish to disturb her, and as he stood there he noticed that she had her Bible open, and her finger pointing to a verse. He thought, 'I wonder if she has put her finger to that verse intentionally, or if it is by accident.' Stepping over to her bedside, and bending over the open Bible, he looked at the verse, and read: 'Lord, remember me when Thou comest into thy kingdom.' He had made a slight noise upon the sanded floor, which disturbed the girl, and she woke up a little, and murmured, 'Lord, dear Lord Jesus, remember me, poor weak me, when Thou comest into thy kingdom.' He knew now that her finger being on that verse was not accident, but intentional. She lived long enough to give the most conclusive evidence that she belonged to Jesus, and then entered into His presence."

A Prize Taken at a Flower-Show.—Mr. Kennedy says: "A little girl had reared, in an old tea-pot, a beautiful geranium, which in richness and beauty outdid most of its kind. Many of the visitors took a great interest in the little girl, with her beautiful flower, and some asked her where she lived; and on being told that she lived in a back alley where there was not much sun, her questioner was very much surprised, and inquired how she managed to rear such a beautiful flower in a back alley. 'Well, I will tell you how I did it,' was the reply; 'I got up very early in the mornings and put my flower into the sun, and when the sun moved I moved my flower also, and you see I am fully rewarded for all my trouble.' No wonder she had such a beautiful flower, when she kept it continually in the bright rays of the sun. The sun's rays may be all around us, but we cannot see them unless we have our eyesight, and the rays of God's love may be all around us, but unless we see it with the eye of faith it will do us no good. If we keep ourselves in the rays of God's love, our lives will be beautiful indeed."

An Infidel Saved at the Eleventh Hour.— "Dr. Spencer, of London, was once told of an infidel who was dying, and he immediately said he would visit him. But his friend, who knew the man well, urged him to give up the idea, as it would be utterly useless, and he would only meet with insult and abuse. But the good doctor would not be dissuaded. 'Well,' said his friend, 'if you go say what you have to say quickly, and leave the house at once; give him no opportunity to insult you.' So he went, and approaching the man's bedside, and earnestly looking at him, said: 'Young man, God loves you,' and left the house. The man lay with the doctor's words ringing in his ears, and thought: 'God loves me; God loves me; it is impossible that God could love me. I have despised, hated—ay, and even denied His existence. No; I hate God, I cannot believe it.' But Dr. Spencer's words had sunk deep into the infidel's heart, and then he again thought, 'If there is a God it is impossible that He could love me after all I have done against Him.' And day after day the words still rang in his ears, 'Young man, God loves you.' Again he began to wonder if God could really love him, and if it were possible he could be saved at the eleventh hour. He asked his friends to send for Dr. Spencer; they did so, and when he arrived he told him that he could not get the few words he had spoken out of his mind; Dr. Spencer told him that by believing in Christ, the only begotten Son of God, he could be made clean. He accepted the Saviour, and at once unspeakable peace took possession of his soul, and he soon went out into the eternal world rejoicing in God."

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CURRENT EVENTS.

The Popular Vote for the Presidency is now officially reported by all the States. The total vote for the whole country is 10,046,073, an increase over 1880 of 827,822. Blaine's total vote is 4,847,659, a gain of 393,243 over that of Garfield. Cleveland's total vote is 4,913,901, a gain of 468,949 over that of Hancock. The votes for the Prohibition and the People's tickets are less in the aggregate than four years ago, when Weaver polled 308,578 and Dow 10,305. The vote of St. John this year rose to 150,633, while that of Butler sank to 133,880. Cleveland fell 218,261 short of an absolute majority, while Garfield lacked 311,000 votes of a majority. Garfield had a plurality of 9464 over Hancock on the vote of all the States. Cleveland's plurality over Blaine is 66,242.

President Arthur's Message to Congress is like his other State papers, an able, dignified, and thoughtful document. It is mainly devoted to a careful review and synopsis of the official reports, a report of the affairs of the State Department, and a summary of topics of national interest, to which he directs the attention of Congress. His recommendations are few, and he makes them with little show of argument, and as if he were chiefly anxious to clear himself of responsibility rather than with any expectation that his advice will be heeded. He concludes by reminding Congress that the message will probably be the last it will receive from him, and expressing in graceful words his thanks for the unfailing courtesy and harmonious co-operation with which he has been treated by the members of the national Legislature with whom he has been brought into personal and official intercourse.

A Treaty with the Republic of Nicaragua for the construction of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama has been negotiated. This fact was communicated to the public for the first time in the President's message. The details of the treaty are not known as yet, but a general idea of its provisions may be obtained from the following paragraph, in which the President describes the treaty: "With the republic of Nicaragua a treaty has been concluded which authorizes the construction by the United States of a canal, railway, and telegraph line across the Nicaraguan territory. By the terms of this treaty sixty miles of the river San Juan, as well as Lake Nicaragua, an inland sea forty miles in width, are to constitute a part of the projected enterprise. This leaves for actual canal construction seventeen miles on the Pacific side and thirty-six miles on the Atlantic. To the United States, whose rich territory on the Pacific is, for the ordinary purposes of commerce, practically cut off from communication by water with the Atlantic ports, the political and commercial advantages of such a project can scarcely be overestimated." It has long been the opinion of our wisest statesmen that the United States ought to prevent any European government or corporation constructing a canal across the isthmus. A canal controlled by managers who claimed the protection of a European sovereign would be a source of humiliation and embarrassment to us, and might be used to the prejudice of our interests. As a canal must be cut at no distant time, President Arthur has acted wisely in securing for the United States the privilege of cutting it. The project will doubtless be opposed by England as an infraction of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, but that treaty is already practically abrogated by the changes which have taken place since it was negotiated. If the treaty with Nicaragua is ratified by the Senate, important results are likely to follow, which will be beneficial to both the Atlantic and Pacific States.

The Irish Dynamiters are Recommended to the attention of Congress by the President. He reminds the members that the neutrality laws were enacted to cover open acts of hostility against nations with which we are at peace, but modern ingenuity has found means for evading the letter of the law while disregarding its spirit. He therefore recommends a revision of the law with a view of applying it to the prevention of the new mode of warfare. He says: "I see no reason why overt preparations in this country for the commission of criminal acts such as are here under consideration should not be alike punishable, whether such acts are intended to be committed in our own country or in a foreign country with which we are at peace. The prompt and thorough treatment of this question is one which intimately concerns the national honor."

The Recommendations of the President in relation to internal affairs include a change in the postal regulations. He advises that the unit of first-class postage be increased to one ounce. The change, he believes, would not involve a loss of revenue, while the convenience of the public would be consulted by allowing all letters under one ounce in weight to be mailed at two cents. Also that local postage be reduced to one cent. *In financial matters* he recommends the immediate suspension of the coinage of silver dollars and of the issuance of silver certificates, the withdrawal of $1 and $2 bills, and the redemption of trade dollars at a little more than their bullion value. He renews his recommendation that all internal revenue taxes be abolished save those on distilled spirits. He also calls attention to the urgent need of a national bankruptcy law, and of a revision of the naturalization laws.

The Failure of the Edmunds Anti-Polygamy law to check the spread of the evil is implied by the President in his remarks on the state of affairs in Utah. He says: "The report of the commissioners discloses the results of recent legislation looking to the prevention and punishment of polygamy in the Territory. I still believe that if that abominable practice can be suppressed by law it can only be by *the most radical legislation* consistent with the restraints of the Constitution. I again recommend, therefore, that Congress assume absolute political control of the Territory of Utah, and provide for the appointment of commissioners, with such governmental powers as in its judgment may justly and wisely be put into their hands."

In the Congo Conference Held in Berlin Some progress has been made in the direction of an amicable arrangement. Germany and France, however, continue to act together in opposition to the schemes of England, Italy, and Portugal. Mr. H. M. Stanley appears to believe that the German Government is in earnest in its colonization schemes. Speaking, on December 4th, at a banquet given in his honor, in Edinburgh, Mr. Stanley said that the German characteristic of persistency had directed their attention to Africa. Although he would gladly give what advice he could to England and America, yet he felt compelled to support that power which would take the matter in hand. He hoped that all nations would seize upon the advantages offered by the scheme which had been promoted by the Congo Conference, and trusted that England would not be satisfied until Africa enjoyed a liberty similar to that which prevails in England. He expressed the hope that the conference at Berlin would end as happily as it began. He stated that he was about to return to Berlin, where he hoped that his views upon matters pertaining to Africa would be carried out.

The British House of Lords Passed the Bill extending the franchise to the agricultural laborers on December 5th. The price of their compliance is not yet clearly understood by the cable reports. It is evident, however, from the statements made, that Mr. Gladstone's radical supporters believe that the concessions made to the Lords in the redistribution bill are unnecessarily large. An agitation against the bill has been commenced, but Mr. Gladstone's influence will probably secure its enactment. It does not increase, it is stated, the total number of members of the House of Commons, but the gerrymandering policy of the Conservatives will insure to them, if the bill becomes law, as large a proportion of the House as they now have.

Prince Bismarck has Suffered Another Defeat at the hands of the Reichstag. It is not expected that it will influence his policy, but is regarded as significant in that it shows the impossibility of governing the country through a parliament whose functions are little more than consultative. The defeat was connected with the ecclesiastical policy of the government. Dr. Windthorst introduced a motion to repeal the law empowering the government to expel or intern priests for illegally exercising their functions. It was vigorously resisted by Prince Bismarck, who said that the Reichstag could not conduct public business. "If the majority, consisting of the Conservatives, the Centre, with its adherents, the new German Liberals, the Volkspartei, and the Social Democrats had to reconstruct the government, the result would be a Ministry like that of England under Mr. Gladstone." His remark has given public offence in England.

A Rising of Anarchists is Apprehended in Paris. The radical and socialist circles are deeply agitated, and seditious pamphlets and posters are being actively distributed. The Republican leaders are denounced with a vigor and hatred never before shown to public men, even under Napoleon III. The French correspondent of the New York *Times* cables to his journal that in Paris the sentiment against the wasteful and foolish Chinese war is fierce among the working men, and the cry against the tax on bread comes at the moment when the public mind only needs such a cry to carry it away into violence. Should Paris escape the threatened bloodshed during the next few weeks, the surprise will be as great as the relief.

A Forcible Speech on the Advantages of federation was made to the distinguished company at the Lord Mayor's banquet by Sir John A. Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, who responded to the toast in honor of the visitors. Among other things, he said Canada was proud of the fact that she was no longer a cause of trouble and weakness to England. He looked forward to the time when some form of confederation would be brought about between England and Canada. If a great confederation should be made of England and all her colonies, he thought that any Power which should come into collision with England would be obliged to count on the resistance, not of England alone, but of all these auxiliary kingdoms as well.

A Denunciation of Immorality in England has been uttered by the Protestant Episcopal bishop of Chester, Dr. Maclagan, who has horrified society by a slashing sermon on the immorality which he said pervaded all classes in England. In the dwellings of the poor a most discreditable state of affairs was found, and the tide of morality was at its lowest ebb. This was largely due to the overcrowding of tenements, but vice was rampant where this excuse did not exist. In very high society, in London, impurity was not frowned down, but winked at, and even cajoled.

Miss Laurie McLatchie has Arranged to deliver a lecture on the Scotch Covenanters in Paterson, N. J., on December 15th. The lecture will be given in the Second Presbyterian Church. A prominent Scotch journal, describing this lecture, says: "Our town hall was filled by a highly appreciative audience to hear Miss McLatchie give her admirable lecture on the 'Scottish Covenanters.' The talented lady held her hearers spellbound for more than an hour, as she rehearsed, in glowing language, the thrilling and touching incidents embraced in the struggles of our ancestors for civil and religious liberty. The entire lecture was characterized by womanly tact, and marked by careful composition, while its great dramatic power was unquestionable and most effective. Her peroration on those who had so dearly bought the inestimable privileges which are now secured, was most glowing." Applications for her services, either as preacher or lecturer, will be forwarded to her if sent to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A Temporary Home for Invalids has been established in Philadelphia since September last, and has been much blessed. It is called the Faith, Hope, and Charity Mission, and is intended to benefit those seeking healing in soul or body. The large number of applications for admission, and the contributions received, have encouraged its projectors to secure the entire building, of which they have hitherto occupied only a portion. As it is not a hospital, but only a temporary resting-place, friends can be accommodated for only a few days at a time. No charge is made for admission. Rev. W. F. Hazeltine, 443 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, will receive applications, or donations in aid of the expenses of the mission.

The Temperance Question in Ohio is in a confused condition. The Scott law is declared unconstitutional, and some legislation, either through an amendment to the Constitution, or by an ingenious evasion of the clause prohibiting license, will be necessary. The Republicans passed the Scott law aided by the more respectable liquor-sellers. They are annoyed at its failure, for which, they say, the Democrats are responsible; but they are also irritated at the defeat of Mr. Blaine, which they think was due to the action of the Prohibitionists in running a separate national ticket. There is consequently an indisposition to render help to the Prohibitionists in having an amendment again submitted to the people. An amendment will be necessary before a license law can be enacted.

Five Years' Imprisonment and a Fine of a thousand dollars was the sentence passed upon a prisoner in a recent trial by Judge Cowing in the New York Court of General Sessions. The man had been convicted of engaging at an intelligence office a young German girl as chambermaid, when he really intended to ruin her. He took her to New Haven, where he led her to the woods and chloroformed her and assaulted her. The judge expressed the hope that the severity of the sentence would be a warning to many men, who lie in wait to decoy young girls into lives of shame, and he said that he knew many infamous houses were tenanted by girls who had been thus ruined. The case may also be a warning to young girls who come to the metropolis to seek situations and apply to intelligence offices.

Liquor-Selling in New York State will not be so profitable a business as formerly if the suits under the Civil Damages Act continue to increase at the rate of the last few months. In the inland counties of the State long lists of these causes are now awaiting trial. They are brought under the Civil Damages Act of 1873, which imposes a liability upon any one who gives or sells intoxicating liquors to a person who immediately afterward, in consequence of drunkenness, suffers an injury. In the suits where the plaintiffs are relatives of laboring men who met with violent deaths while drunk the sums sued for is generally $5000 or more. As a general thing, where the hotel or saloon man who sold the liquor is worth money he it is who is sued, but where there is any doubt the owners of the property are made the defendants. The farmers who generally compose the juries are, as a rule, religious men and total abstainers, and they give substantial damages when the case is clear.

An Ancient Precept was Cited by a Judge in court some time ago. Our judges frequently fortify their decisions by references to old English laws, but it is seldom that they go so far back in history as did the Chief Justice of his State who had to decide a certain divorce case. In giving judgment on an application for divorce by a woman, who claimed it on the ground that her husband wished her to go with him to live with his parents, the judge declared that the first legal precept applicable to the matter is recorded in Gen. 2 : 24, "Therefore shall a man *leave his father and his mother*, and shall cleave unto his wife." The audience is said to have smiled, but nobody ventured to dispute the antiquity of the citation. The audience need not have smiled. If our judges always went to the Bible for guidance we should not see so many miscarriages of justice as we now witness. Legislators and lawyers have never found a more perfect model than the law of God (Ps. 19 : 7, 8).

Two Shipwrecked Crews have been Brought to New York by the steamer Santa Domingo. The vessels to which they belonged were, by a singular coincidence, wrecked on the same day near the same spot. They had sailed from Cape Hayti for Rotterdam, and in making the Caicos Passage, near the islands of that name in the Bahama group, they were carried by the current on the rocks, and were wrecked. Evidently the passage is a most dangerous one, which mariners will avoid in future, or enter only with extra precautions. In these matters men learn caution, though the moral wrecks which occur continually do not teach people to avoid currents that have through the ages been carrying souls to destruction (Rom. 2 : 3).

The Value of an Arm was Assessed by a jury at $7500 on December 2d. In 1880 a workman was employed in the Stewart Mills at Glenham. He was standing on a ladder in one of the mills, adjusting a belt, when the ladder broke, and his arm being caught in the machinery was torn from the socket at the shoulder. He sued the proprietors for $20,000 damages. In the opening, counsel for the plaintiff claimed that the plaintiff was directed by the superior officer to ascend the ladder to adjust the belt, and the ladder breaking he was precipitated upon a machine with the result named. The defence was that the workman's own carelessness contributed to the injury. The jury returned a verdict for $7500 for the plaintiff. The amount seems large, though it was not half what the plaintiff claimed, and what others would doubtless claim for the loss of a limb. It is strange that, with such an estimate of the value of a part of the body, the soul is so lightly esteemed that men do not seem to care whether they lose it or not (Mark 8 : 36, 37).

A Curious Matrimonial Scheme which Resulted in eleven weddings, was developed in South Carolina recently. The Charleston *News* states that at a recent wedding reception in South Carolina a young lawyer begged leave to offer a new scheme of matrimony, which he believed would be beneficial. He proposed "that one man in the company should be selected president; that this president should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all communications that should be forwarded to him in his official department that night, and that each unmarried gentleman or lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper and under it the name of the person they wished to marry, then hand it to the president for inspection; and if any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other the president was to inform each of the result, and those who had not been reciprocal in their choice kept entirely secret." After the appointment of the president, communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found that twelve young ladies and gentlemen had made reciprocal choices. The *News* says eleven of the twelve matches have been solemnized, and the young gentlemen of eight couples of the eleven have declared that their diffidence was so great that they certainly should not have addressed their respective wives had they not been apprised in this curious way that the ladies were favorably disposed toward them. It sometimes happens with souls anxious for salvation that they are kept from peace by a similar lack of knowledge. When they realize that God desires their salvation they go to Him and find rest (Ezek. 33 : 11).

An Electric Scarf Pin has been Produced by an associate of Mr. Edison. He made the announcement last week that the holiday market will soon be stocked with a novelty in the way of a low-priced electric lamp, to be worn as a scarf-pin. The lamp is connected by a wire to a small pocket battery. A simple contrivance serves to turn on the electric current and produce a light of one candle power. The battery is compact and handy, and will give three hours' continuous current without replenishing. The ornament being novel and ingenious, it is probable that when placed in the market there will be a brisk demand for them by young men ambitious of shining in society. The appearance of illuminated men will be a curious sight, somewhat startling at first. There is, however, another kind of illumination which Christ enjoined His followers to give to the world. That should be lifelong, and not a temporary arrangement (Matt. 5 : 16).

Thirty Travellers in a Burning Car had a narrow escape from death on December 4th. They were in one of the cars of a train on the Kingston and Pembroke Railroad, in Canada. While the train was running at full speed a bottle of chemicals standing near the stove of the car exploded, and set the car on fire. The passengers rushed for the platform, and in trying to signal the engineer broke the bell-rope without ringing the bell. Between the passenger-car and the engine there were a number of platform cars, and it was with great difficulty that one of the passengers climbed over these and made their perilous situation known. Had the fire started in the front end of the car all communication with the engineer would have been cut off, and the passengers would either have been forced to jump from the train or have been roasted alive. The escape of all seemed miraculous. After their communication with the engineer was cut off, the passengers must have watched with no little anxiety the perilous journey of their emissary, who imperilled his life for their deliverance. It was not so when the whole race of man was in extremity, and communication with God seemed severed. Then the Deliverer came *to* them, not *from* them, and as He gave His life, men scoffed at Him (Isa. 59 : 16).

A Governor's Reminiscences of Drowning are related in a Bloomington journal. Governor Richard J. Oglesby, of Illinois, recently told a party of friends the circumstances. He said: "When I was a boy I was bathing with some friends and got beyond my depth and was unable to swim. I had heard that when a person in the water goes down the third time he drowns. I counted distinctly the number of times I sank, and when I started down the third time I said to myself, 'Here goes the third and last time; now I am dead.' Every event of my life passed before me with vivid distinctness, but without creating any peculiar feeling. I saw them go by as if they were a swift moving panorama. My consciousness suddenly departed, and it seemed to me that I died." He was rescued immediately after touching bottom the third time, and after working with him for nearly an hour life was restored. A similar experience has been described by others who have been near death by drowning. It suggests the thought that possibly the instantaneous presentation of the events of a lifetime may be analogous to what will take place at the last judgment, when the unsaved will stand before God self-condemned (Matt. 22 : 12).

MAY I?

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"If I may."—MATTHEW 9 : 21.

The Sick Woman's Silent Doubt—The Versions of the Question—I. If I may be Allowed—No Scripture Forbids—The Nature of Christ Invites—His Infinite Power to Save—Coming no Injury to Him—A Direct Command—II. Can I?—Willing Nine Tenths of Believing—Believing a Simple Action—III. If I do Touch?

THE woman in the narrative was fully persuaded that if she did but touch our Lord's garment she would be made whole. What she had heard and seen concerning Jesus made her sure of His superabundant power to heal the sick. A touch would do it. Yea, even a touch of His clothes. Her one and only question was, might she touch Him? Could she touch Him? She would surely be healed if she could touch; but was this allowable? Was this possible? I know that multitudes of sin-sick men and women are vexed with this same question. Oh, that I could help them over the difficulty! May the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, aid me!

This poor diseased woman did not utter this "if" of hers with her lips. Perhaps if she had it might not have troubled her so much; for a

SILENT DOUBT

usually eats right into the heart. You have heard of the Spartan boy who had hidden a fox in his bosom, and allowed it to eat into his vitals before he would own to it. Beware of having a doubt hidden away in your heart, gnawing and tearing. If you are even now suffering from "If I may, if I may," reveal the trouble to some tender Christian friend and you may soon escape from it.

But the sufferer now before us had the courage to put the question to a practical issue; she tried whether she might or not. She had the good sense, the grace-given wisdom, not to wait until she had solved that question in her mind, but she went and solved it, as a matter of fact, whether she might or not; she went and actually touched the hem of the garment of the Saviour, and she was made perfectly whole. Oh, that those I am now addressing would have the bravery and the earnestness to do the same! Oh, that they would put the disturbing question to a practical test at once! There can be but one result; for as many as touched Him were made perfectly whole.

Our Authorized Version may not be exactly correct in this passage; but I do not care whether it is or not, so far as my address is concerned; for it does not depend upon the accuracy of a text. I am quite satisfied to preach from it to-night; but there is another translation in the Revised Version, which I dare say is more accurate. I will preach from that when I have done with the first. This shall be our subject—"If I may;" or first, "*if I may be allowed;*" secondly, "*if I may be enabled;*" thirdly, "*if I actually do.*" This last is the Revised Version: "*If I do* but touch the hem of His garment I shall be made whole."

I. First, take it as we have got it here:

"IF I MAY BE ALLOWED,

or permitted, to touch the hem of His garment, I shall be made whole." That is your difficulty, is it?—whether you have liberty and warrant to come and trust Christ—whether you, such a sinner as you are, are permitted to repose your soul upon His great atonement and His finished work. Let me reason with you a little.

In the first place, you are quite sure of this—that there is nothing to forbid your coming and resting your guilty soul upon Christ. I shall defy you, if you will read all the Old and New Testament through, to put your finger upon a single verse in which God has said that you may not come and put your trust in Christ. It is written, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Does that exclude you? It is written, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Does that shut you out? No, it includes you; it invites you; it encourages you. And I come again to what I have said—that nowhere in the word of God is it written that you will be cast out if you come, or that Jesus Christ will not remove your burden of sin if you come and lay it at His feet. Ah, no; a thousand passages of Scripture welcome you, but not one stands with a drawn sword to keep you back from the tree of life. Our heavenly Father sets His angels at the gates of His house to welcome all comers; but there are

NO DOGS TO BARK AT POOR BEGGARS,

nor so much as a notice that trespassers must beware. Come and welcome. There is none to say you nay.

Further, do you not think that the very nature of the Lord Jesus Christ should forbid your raising a doubt about your being permitted to come and touch His garment's hem? Surely, if any one were to paint the Lord Jesus Christ as an ascetic, repelling with lofty pride the humbler folk who had never reached His dignity of consecration—if any were to paint Him as a Pharisee driving off publicans and sinners, or as an iceberg of righteousness chilling the sinful, it would be a foul slander upon His divine character. Little children are wonderful judges of character; they know intuitively who is kind. And so are loving women. They do not go through the processes of reasoning, but they come to a conclusion very soon as to a man's personal character. Now, the children came and clambered our Redeemer's knee, and the mothers brought their infants for His blessing. How can you dream that He will repel *you?* The women wept and bewailed Him; whoever might refuse Him they pitied Him, and therefore I am sure that He is not hard to move. Therefore I want you to feel sure of this—that there is nothing in the Saviour's character which can for a moment lead Him to discard you and to drive you from His presence. I pray you, then, take it for granted that

YOU MAY COME BOLDLY

to Him without fear of a rebuff. If He has power to heal you when you touch Him, rest assured that you may touch Him. You may believe; there is no question; for Jesus is too loving to refuse you. It will give the Lord Jesus joy to receive you. It is not possible that He should say you nay; it is not in His nature to spurn you from His presence.

Will you think, yet again, of the fulness of Christ's power to save, and make a little argument of it. Christ was so full of power to bless that the secret virtue even saturated His clothes. Well now, you often judge of a man's willingness to help by the power that he has. When a person has little to give he is bound to be economical in his giving. He must look at every penny before he gives it, if he has so few pence to spare. But when a nobleman has no limit to his estate you feel sure that he will freely give if his heart be generous and tender. The blessed Lord is so full of healing power that He cannot need to stint Himself as to the miracles of healing He shall work; and He must be, according to the goodness of his nature, delighted to overflow, glad to communicate to those who come. Your question is, "May I? May I?" I answer that question by this: there is nothing to forbid you; there is everything in the nature of Christ to encourage you; and there is such a fulness of mercy in Him that you cannot think that He can have the slightest motive for withholding His infinite grace.

Moreover, supppose you come to Christ as this woman came, and touch the hem of His garment,

YOU WILL NOT INJURE HIM.

You ought to hesitate in getting good to yourself if you would injure the person through whom you obtained that good. But you will not injure the Lord Jesus Christ. He perceived that virtue had gone out of Him, but He did not perceive it by any pain He felt; for rather do I believe that He perceived it by the pleasure which it caused Him. Something gave Him unusual joy. A faith-touch had reached Him through His clothes, and He rejoiced to respond by imparting healing virtue from Himself. You will not defile my Lord, O sinner, if you bring Him all your sin. He has done all His atoning work; do you not remember His victorious cry—"It is finished?" You cannot injure Him though all your injurious thoughts and words and speeches be laid upon Him. You will not be robbing Him of anything though your faith-touch should convey a life into yourself.

Let me tell you that if you come to Jesus and just trust Him to-night—only trust Him—you shall rather benefit Him than injure Him; for it is His heart's joy to forgive sinners. I think you need not keep on saying "If I may;" for these cheering reasons ought to convince you that you are fully warranted to trust in Him whom God has set forth to be a prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and remission of sins.

Might not this also help you? Others just like you have ventured to Him, and there has not been a case in which they have been refused. I thought, like you, when I was a child, that the gospel was a very wonderful thing, and free to everybody but myself. I should not have wondered at all if my brother and sisters as well as my father and mother had been saved; but, somehow, I could not get a hold of it myself. It was a precious thing, quite as much out of my reach as the Queen's diamonds. So I thought. My expectations of difficulty were all sweetly disappointed. I believed and found immediate rest unto my soul. Nobody ever bears a contrary witness. I challenge the universe to produce a man who was chased from Christ's door, or forbidden to find in Him a Saviour. I pray you, therefore, observe that, since others have come this way to life and peace, God has appointed it to be the common thoroughfare of grace. Poor guilty sinners! there is a mark set up,

"THIS WAY FOR SINNERS.

This way for the guilty. This way for the hungry. This way for the thirsty. This way for the lost. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Why, surely, you need not say, "If I may."

But there is the point—believing in Jesus; and you look me in the face and cry, "But may I?" May you? Why, you are exhorted, invited, entreated so to do. Nor is this all. *You are even commanded to do it.* This is the commandment—that ye believe on Jesus, whom He has sent. This is the gospel, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." There is a command, with a threatening for disobedience. Shall anybody say, "May I" after that?

"If I may"—why, I think that this questioning ought to come to an end now. Will you not give it up? May the Holy Ghost show thee, poor sinner, that thou mayest now lay thy burden down at Jesus' feet, and be at once saved. Thou mayest believe. Thou hast full permission now to confess thy sin and to receive immediate pardon; see if it be not so. Cast thy guilty soul on Him, and rise forgiven and renewed, henceforth to live in fervent gratitude, a miracle of love.

II. But then there arises in other hearts this equally bitter question,

"BUT CAN I?

I know that I may if I can; but I cannot." This woman, seeing the press, might have said, "If I can touch the hem of His garment, I shall be made whole; but can I get at Him? Can a feeble person like myself force my way through the throng and touch Him?"

Now, that is the question I am going to answer. The will to believe in Christ is as much a work of grace as faith itself, and where the will is given and a strong desire, a measure of grace is already received, and with it the power to believe. Do you not know that the will to commit adultery is, according to Scripture, reckoned as adultery? "He hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." Now, if the very thought of uncleanness and the will toward it is the thing itself, then a desire or

will to believe contains within itself the major part of faith. I say not that it is all, but I do say this—that if the power of God has made a man will to believe, the greater work has been done, and his actually believing will follow in due course. That entire willingness to believe is nine tenths of believing.

I would have said to that woman, had I been there and known then what I know now, "Oh, woman, that faith of yours, that if you can but touch the hem of His garment you will be made whole, is a greater thing than the actual touch can be. It is not at present so operative, but it is a more singular product of grace. You have within you already the greater work of grace, and the less will follow. A thousand persons could press through the crowd and touch the hem of the Saviour's robe, but you are the only person in whom God has wrought the faith that a touch will make you whole. I might say of such a faith as that, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee;" and if thou art in that condition, there is a very great work done in thee already, and thou needest not doubt the possibility of thy touching the sacred vesture."

But mark this, faith in Christ is

THE SIMPLEST ACTION

that anybody ever performs. It is the action of a child; indeed, it is the action of a new-born babe in grace. A new-born babe never performs an action that is very complicated. We say, "Oh, it is such a babyish thing!" meaning thereby that it is so small. Now, faith comes at the moment that the child is born into God's family; it is coeval with the new birth. One of the first signs and tokens of being born again is faith; therefore it must be a very, very simple thing. I venture to put it very plainly when I say that faith in Christ differeth in no respect from faith in anybody else, except as to the person upon whom that faith is set. Thou believest in thy mother; thou mayest in the same manner believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Thou believest in thy friend; it is the same act that thou hast to do toward thy higher and better friend. Thou believest the news that is commonly reported and printed in the daily journals; it is the same act which believes the Scripture, and the promise of God.

The reason why faith in the Lord Jesus is a superior act to faith in any one else lies in this fact—that it is a superior person whom thou believest in, and superior news that thou dost believe; and thy natural heart is more averse to believing in Jesus than in any one else.

THE FAITH OF A CHILD

in his father is almost always a wonderful faith; just the faith that we would ask for our Lord Jesus. Many children believe that there is no other man in the world so great and good, and right and kind and rich, and everything else as their father is. As the child never thinks where the bread and butter is to come from to-morrow morning, and it never enters its little head to fret about where it will get new socks when the present ones are worn out, so must you trust in Jesus Christ for everything you want between here and heaven—trust Him without asking questions. He can and will provide. Just give yourself up to Him entirely, as a child gives itself up to a parent's care, and feels itself to be at ease. Oh, what a simple act it is!—this act of faith. Just as a babe lies in its mother's bosom, unconscious of the thunderstorm, or of the rocking of the ship, quite safe and happy because it rests in the bosom of love; all fear and care laid aside because of that true heart which beats beneath; even so do thou just cast thyself altogether upon Christ, and that is all that thou hast to do. "But shall I not have to do many good works?" says one. You shall do as much as ever you like when you are once saved; but in this matter of your salvation you must fling all self-righteousness away as so much devilry that will ruin and injure you, and come simply to Christ, and Christ alone, and trust in Him.

"Oh," says one, "I think I see a little light! If I am enabled—if I do but get

POWER ENOUGH TO TRUST

in Jesus, I shall be made whole." I will ask thee another question. Dost thou not know that *thou art bound to believe in Christ*—that it is due to Christ that He be believed in? I would not make extensive claims upon your faith for myself. Often have I said to friends who have told me that they could not believe in Christ, "Could you believe in *me?* If I were to tell you that I would do such and such things, would you believe it?" "Oh yes, sir!" "If any one were to say that he did not believe what I said, how would you feel?" "I should feel very indignant, for I feel that I can trust you; indeed, I cannot help trusting you." When I receive such confidence from one of my fellow-creatures, I feel that it is cruelly wrong for the same person to say, "I cannot trust Christ."

My own conviction is that a great many of you can, and that already, to a large extent, you do; only you are looking for signs and wonders which will never come. Why not exert that power a little farther? The Spirit of God has given to you a measure of faith; oh, believe more fully, more unreservedly! Why, I know that you shivered just now at the very thought of doubting Christ. You felt how unjust and wrong it was; there is latent in you already a faith in Him. "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar." Would you make Christ a liar? Dear hearts, I know that you would not. Although you say that you dare not trust Him, yet you know that He is no liar, and you know that He is able to save you. What a strange state your mind has reached!

Still, if you think that there is something that prevents your having faith in Christ, though you know that if you had it you would be saved, I do earnestly entreat you not to stay contentedly for a single hour without a full, complete, and saving faith in Christ; for if you die unbelievers you are lost, and lost forever. Your only safety lies in believing in the Lord Jesus Christ with all your heart, and obeying His commandments. Therefore use what common-sense would suggest to you as the means for obtaining faith. If I were told in the vestry after service something by a true friend whose word I could not doubt, and yet if what he said seemed incredible, I should express to him a wish to believe it. I would not wish to imply for a moment that *he* was not truthful; but somehow I find it difficult to believe the remarkable statement that he made.

WHAT SHOULD I DO

in the case? If it was pressing that I should believe this statement, I should ask him, "How did you come by the information? Where did you hear or read it? What are the precise facts?" Perhaps the moment that he mentioned where he got it from I should conclude at once that the wonderful statement was unquestionably correct. Or if he said, "Well, I give it to you on my own authority; but if you want any further information, you can get it by reading such and such a document; here is the document"—why, I should read it directly. I should read with a good deal of happy prejudice in favor of my faithful friend. Anyhow, I should read it to see whether I could fully believe what he said, because I should be sure that he would not intentionallly deceive me.

Now, if there be anything in the teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ, or anything about Himself that you question, let me invite you to read over the four gospels again, especially the story of His crucifixion. That cross of His is a very wonderful thing, for not only does it save those who have faith in it, but it breeds faith in those who look at it.

"When I see Him wounded, bleeding,
Dying on th' accursed tree,
Then I feel my heart believing
That He suffered thus for me."

There is life in a look at Christ, because in the very considering of Christ there is the breeding of a living faith. We listen to the word, and faith cometh by hearing. We read the word, and picture the whole thing before our eyes, and we say, "Yes, I do believe it. I never saw it quite in this fashion before, but I now believe it, and I will risk my soul on it."

Now, dear hearts, if any of you who have never trusted Christ will trust Him to-night, if you perish I will perish with you! For, though I have known my Lord these five and thirty years, I

HAVE NO OTHER HOPE

of salvation than I had when I first came to Him. I had no merits of my own then, and I have none now. I have preached many sermons, offered many prayers, given much alms, brought many souls to Christ; but I place all that ever I have done under my feet, and desire, as far as it is good, to give to God the glory of it; but as far as it comes of myself, I would sink it in the sea. I am saved in Christ, by faith in Him; but confidence in myself is detestable to me. I dare believe in Jesus Christ as my all in all, but I am less than nothing before Him.

Come; we start fair, you see. If we start to-night, you and I will start on a level, with the same confidence in the same Saviour, the same blood to cleanse us, and the same power to save us, and we will meet in heaven. As surely as we meet at the cross, we will meet where the Saviour wears the crown. Oh, that you would trust Him now, and believe Him! "I have no good works," says one. Then for certain you cannot trust in them. You will be forced to trust in Jesus only. "Oh, but I have no good feelings!" I am glad to hear you say so. Then you are not tempted to trust in feelings, but will be drawn to trust wholly on your Lord. "Oh, but I feel so unfit!" Very well, then you cannot trust in your fitness, but must trust in Him alone. It is a blessing when spiritual poverty forces a man into the way of life.

III. Here I close with these words. This woman said in her heart,

"IF I DO TOUCH

the hem of His garment, I shall"—what? "I shall be made whole." It is not "If I may but touch I *may be* made whole." No; she had got over the may-be's in the first struggle. It is "If I may I shall." If you trust Christ you shall be made whole. If you do to-night actually repose yourself in Christ, as the Lord liveth, you must live and be saved. Unless this Bible is all a lie—unless Jesus was a rank impostor—unless the eternal God can change, you that come and trust yourself with Jesus must and shall be saved in the last great day.

"Bold shall I stand in that great day!"

for I shall tell the Lord of His own promise, and how He bade me trust Him; and if I am not saved then His word is broken, and that can never be. He *is* true.

Oh, it is this that some of you want to have done with—thinking, and talking, and considering, and hoping! You need now to come and trust, resting yourself fully and wholly on what Christ has done. He loved, and lived, and died that sinners might not die. He wrought a complete work, of which He said as He expired, "It is finished." There is nothing for you to add to it, nothing for you to bring with you to make that work complete; but you yourself, stripped naked of every hope, black, foul, guilty, abominable, the worst of the worst, have only to come and look up to those five wounds, and say, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit," and you shall be saved. It is done. "Thy sins which are many are forgiven thee. Go, and sin no more." Thou art His child. Go and live to the glory of thy Father; and may the peace of God that passeth all understanding be with thee forever and ever. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

The Children's New Missionary Ship. (*See page* 789.)

"Calculating Joe."

THE POLITICAL SHOEMAKER.

(*See Illustration.*)

THERE were not many politicians in his State more earnest and enthusiastic than Joe Dropmore, who kept a little shoe store, where he worked himself, employing no help. Joe very seldom made a pair of shoes, but he was generally fully employed in mending. He was very expert in this department, and could put on as neat a patch as any man in the trade.

His little shop where he worked all day was a favorite gossipping place for the local politicians. Joe was endowed with a very good memory, knew by name every officeholder in the State, and what his salary was. He could remember when every man's term expired, and long before the primaries met, could tell what nominations would have to be made. There was one subject, however, which his callers took care to avoid. Joe was always trying to lead up to it, and the inexperienced and unwary let him have his way; but his old acquaintances switched him off before he reached it. He had a scheme for liquidating the public debt which he was anxious to have Congress adopt. Once launched on this topic he could talk for hours, laying aside his work, which he never did when any other subject was discussed. He had a long array of figures, which he quoted from memory, always accurately and with surprising dexterity. This secured for him the soubriquet of "Calculating Joe."

In spite of his financial smartness, of which he was very proud, and in spite of the large sum of money he earned, Joe was very poor. Nearly all his money went at night in the saloon where the politicians met, and where much liquor was consumed. It was a joke against him that any man could drink as much as he chose and as long as he liked if he would listen the while to Joe's public debt scheme. Be that as it may, Joe was never any richer at the week's end than at its beginning, and would probably have died in the poorhouse if he had not reformed. But he had an illness, and he rose from his bed a new man. This is how the reformation came about, according to the account Joe himself gave of it:

One day, when all was silence in that little room, a conversation was carried on in the judgment chamber of the sick man's heart which no one knew anything about but the great God and Joe himself. "Well, Joe," conscience said, "what about your calculations now? Who was right? Why don't you go to the Lord Jesus Christ and ask Him to make a man of you?" "I'll set about reforming; but it won't do for me to reform in this state." "But," replied the inward monitor, "suppose you should die before you're fit to pray?"

A long, long pause, and then softly, like distant music, came stealing over poor Joe's weary heart and aching brain the memory of his childhood; of the time when his mother (dear, good mother!) used to take him on her knee and teach him to say, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild;" and how he used to kneel by her side and say, "God bless mother and father, and sister and brother, and make me a good little boy, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Poor Joseph! He closes his eyes and goes back, back. Can this unwieldly, blundering man have any link whatever with that soft, round-faced, curly-headed boy, spelling out in mother's Bible, "This is a faithful saying—"? He can see the patched cushion now on the old arm-chair, and the little table that held the great Bible. How mother used to polish it and let Joe help her! Could this hard, cold heart, full of calculations, have ever been the same with that warm, trusting nature of those days? Poor mother! would she know her son? Drops very soft and warm steal one after the other down Joe's bruised and swollen cheeks, and now, for the first time through two long hours, the silence in that little room is broken, "Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, thou knowest what a wicked sinner I am, thou knowest I once knew how to pray, but I don't now! Oh, teach me for my poor mother's sake! I am the chief of sinners; I never thought so before, but I see it now. Thou art my only hope! I come to thee."

ASKING MIRIAM'S FATHER.

(*See Illustration on page* 797.)

'THERE'S Mr. Bradshaw," observed an elderly lady, whose appearance and dress denoted that she had seen poorer days and been accustomed to less luxurious surroundings than those then about her. She addressed a young man who was sitting uneasily in a chair opposite to her, nursing his hat in a most uncomfortable manner, such as a man wears when he is waiting for the dentist. "That's his step; he'll be in in a minute."

"You will say a good word for me, Mrs. Bradshaw, will you not? I am afraid my chances of success are not very bright."

"Don't you be down-hearted, Mr. Norman," said the good lady. "Bradshaw is sure to be a bit snappy at first—maybe he'll slop over considerable—but he soon cools off."

The young man heard a pair of substantial boots kicked off in the hall, and then their wearer made his way into the room where his wife and her young visitor were sitting. He had the look and manner of a man to whom prosperity had come late in life, and who was indebted to his own honest work for all he owned. A little proud, possibly, of his success, and a little self-confident, but, on the whole, a modest man, well aware that he had more money than refinement. "Mr. Norman, I believe," he said, by way of recognition of his visitor's presence. "Pleased to see you, sir. Not often I find my good lady entertaining a young gentleman when I come home."

"I went to your office, down-town, Mr. Bradshaw," said the young man, "but learning that you had gone home, I thought I would follow you, and it seems I preceded you."

"Yes; had to make a call on my way. Some matter of business?"

"Scarcely that," Mr. Norman said, "and yet, I suppose, there is a business aspect to it;" and he blushed and hesitated.

Mrs. Bradshaw came to his relief. "James," she said, "I know what Mr. Norman has come to see you about. The fact is, he has fallen in love with our Miriam, and he has done the straight thing by coming to ask your consent. There's no use beating about the bush; you understand it now. We're plain people," she added, turning to the blushing young man, "and we don't use roundabout ways."

Mr. Bradshaw rose from the seat in which he had thrown himself, and, planting his back against the mantel-piece, looked curiously at his wife. "I presume, Hannah," he said, "you've quietly settled this thing, and now all that remains is to talk the old man over."

"I've done nothing of the kind, James. I guess you'd ask my opinion, anyhow. My only daughter, too. But it is not for me to settle. I presume we both wish Miriam to be happy."

"Have you asked Miriam about this, young man?" he said, addressing Mr. Norman.

"No, sir. I thought the most honorable

course was to speak to you first. If I am so happy as to gain your consent, I have strong hopes that Miss Bradshaw would receive my suit favorably."

"Oh, you have learned as much as that without asking her, have you? Well, I like your way of coming to me at the start. That's straightforward. But this is a serious matter. I'm very fond of my daughter. It is not every young man I should feel comfortable in intrusting with her future. You are pretty much a stranger to me, and I must think over it. Meanwhile, you won't mind my asking you a few questions?"

"No, sir; I quite understand that you will naturally be cautious in such a matter. Such a treasure as I know your daughter to be, is not likely to be given away lightly. I love her deeply, and if I am fortunate enough to win her for my wife, I would spare no exertion to render her life a happy one. I will be perfectly frank with you, and will answer your questions truthfully."

They were very searching questions that Mr. Bradshaw put to the young suitor. First, as to his habits; then as to his religious principles; and, finally, as to his ability to support a wife, to all of which the young man gave, as he promised, frank and truthful answers.

"Well," said the father, "as I told you, I shall consider. When I've made up my mind I'll let you know. I don't deny that I had looked higher for a husband for Miriam, but I won't say 'No' to you now. I've made my way in life. When I married I was poor enough—hadn't ten dollars left after I'd paid for the furniture. There's no reason why you shouldn't make a fortune, too, if you have grit in you. There are other things more important, though that isn't to be sneezed at. A man might do more for a wife at first than you can do. I'll talk it over with my wife, and I'm not ashamed to say we'll pray about it, for it's our habit to get light that way, and in a few days you'll hear from me one way or the other."

Mr. Norman accepted this speech as his dismissal for the present, and took leave of the worthy couple accordingly.

"I guess you've made up your mind already, Hannah?" Mr. Bradshaw said, when the door closed, and husband and wife were left alone.

"I haven't said so, James, but I think Miriam might do worse."

"Of course she might. Might marry a drunken chimney-sweep, or run away with a reprobate swindler. Girls are silly enough for anything nowadays. This seems a decent fellow, but I presume she might do better. Plenty of richer men might be glad of such a wife."

"And be ashamed of her family," put in the wife.

"They've no cause to be. We've made our money honestly, and that's more than some of 'em can say. However, there's no need to discuss that; the young man's better off than we were when we were married, and he seems to be an honest, steady fellow."

"He's a good young man, James. If you'd got religion when you were his age, we'd ha' been saved a pile o' trouble."

"That's so, Hannah, and I don't deny his being a Christian man has the most weight of all with me. It makes me feel safer in giving Miriam to him. But now, we'll pray about it, and then we'll have Miriam down. I suppose she's hiding up-stairs while this is over. I bet she know's all about it."

"Miriam and I *have* talked about him," the mother admitted.

Father and mother bent their knees together, asking God's guidance in the important matter; and then Miriam was called, and came in, conscious and blushing, to undergo her share of the ordeal. She was a quiet, good Christian girl, rather homely in appearance, her friends said; but when, a year afterward, she stood by her lover's side while the words were spoken that united them for life, the friends who saw them said she was beautiful. Mr. Norman looked down at her, and seemed to be of the same opinion.

"I presume you've settled this thing."

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 783.*)

A Doomed Life.

THERE was nothing to be gained by closing their eyes to the truth about the state of the little waif who was suffering for the sins of her father and mother. Her life had been one of cold neglect, sunless and joyless. No warmth of affection had come into her little life until Carl, with the sympathy religion instils into the heart, had gone to her and cheered her with his love. It was little he could do, seldom he could see her; but that little had been some relief to the dreary monotony of the child's life. Now, at last, when love and kindness were offered her, she was doomed to leave them. They had come too late. Two or three years ago the medical skill and tender nursing to be provided for her now might have saved her life, but the fatal disease could not be checked after being so long neglected. She must die, and, grievous as it was, there was no hope.

They carried her back with them with the utmost care; and Robert Waldron went in to see her the day after she had been received into her new home.

"I know you again," said little Hester, receiving his kiss with quaint shyness; "you came the night the other Hester left me. She never, never came back to me. I am come here to have my holidays, and grow strong again. Do you think that I shall ever be strong enough to go back to school?"

"Not to that school," answered Robert, taking her upon his knee, and pressing her face to his.

"I never want to learn any more lessons," she whispered, "never again."

"You shall never learn any more," he promised, "but you shall have a pony to ride."

"I should be afraid of a pony," she said, stirring with joyous agitation in his arms.

"Not if I walked by you, and held you very safe," he answered; "my little girl would not be afraid then."

"I'm not your little girl," she said, plaintively, "I'm nobody's little girl."

"But I love you, and you will soon love me," he answered.

"Yes," she said.

"You must love me more than anybody else, my little Hetty," said Robert, with a jealous desire to lay claim to the child's chief affection.

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" she answered, frankly; "I could never do that. I love the other Hester more, and Carl. I call him Carl now because he told me. He said Hester was the dearest name in all the world to him; and now he had lost the other Hester, I was to belong to him. I am to write to him very often, when I am well enough; and I shall begin my letters, 'My dear Carl.' *What ought I to call you?*"

He could not answer her, and he laid her down again upon the sofa, from which he had lifted her, arranging the cushions about her carefully, and with the most gentle hands. He came every day to see her; and so did Mr. Waldron, whose heart opened to her with the doting fondness of a grandfather. Very smooth and very soft was the path her little feet were treading, but it tended downward to the grave; though for some weeks no one knew it except Grant, who would not mar the slight consolation that came to Robert in this close attendance upon his little daughter.

One day, when the summer was finest, Robert took her with him to Aston Court, and the child's languid feet walked up and down the grassy length of the terrace with him. Mr. Waldron came up and took her away from him to show her the aviary; and he heard his name called by his sister's authoritative voice.

"Who is that child, Robert?" she inquired.

"You don't know?" he said, in an accent of incredulity.

"No; how should I?" she asked. "But her face reminds me of some one. Who did you say she was?"

"Rose Morley's child," he answered, in a hoarse whisper.

"Rose Morley's child!" she exclaimed; "but I never knew she had any child. I am sure nobody ever mentioned it to me. Wherever has she been all this time?"

"Sister," said Robert, "the child is mine."

Miss Waldron gazed into his face with an expression of bewilderment; then a faint and tardy blush tinged her cheek, and her eyelids fell. She began instantly to wonder what would be the most befitting course for her to adopt.

"Robert," she said, sternly, "your sin has indeed found you out! I hope you feel how vile a sinner you are! But I will act the part of a sister, a Christian sister, and take charge of that child of sin and shame, and see to her welfare for time and eternity. On condition, however, that you give her up to me entirely, and never see her again."

Miss Waldron ceased, with an air of self-commendation. She expected her brother to acknowledge her generosity thankfully; but he did not answer her immediately, and when he did, it was in broken and faltering sentences.

"I should like her to be happy," he said; "I wish her to be good. I want her to learn about God after a different fashion from my own learning. She must be with some one as merciful and tender as Christ was upon earth."

"And I?" gasped Miss Waldron.

"You are not that," he said; "you are nothing like that. God knows how utterly selfish my life has been; but not more than yours, not more selfish than yours in its good deeds. I don't believe you love anybody besides yourself. You know it. Whom have you loved? No; I could not give the care of the child to you."

Miss Waldron stared at him with stony eyes. It had never happened to her to have her piety questioned; she had never questioned it herself. And here was her unregenerate brother hinting with bare effrontery that she was not the favorite daughter of heaven.

"If any one is near to the very heart of Christ," continued Robert, "it is Hester. She is not forever brooding over her own soul; but she cares for others, she loves others. It is when I think she might have loved me, that I feel my sin has indeed found me out."

Miss Waldron would listen to him and his profane words no longer. She retired with unbending dignity to her room, where she locked herself in before giving way to her emotions. The only relief she could think of was to pour them out into the sympathizing heart of David Scott, whose deafness was such as to make writing the easiest mode of communicating the infinite varieties and minute shades of her inner life. The tears flowed down upon her paper, and impeded her progress; but she did not lay aside her pen until she had written sixteen pages, worthy of being published in her memoirs, when her life should be written for the benefit of unborn generations.

By-and by some inkling of the truth began to ooze out in Little Aston. Nobody suspected the existence of Rose, who was half living, half dying in the house, tended by the old Frenchwoman with singular fidelity; but it became generally believed that instead of John Morley being ill with fever, neither he nor Hester were dwelling in their own house. The sagacity of Little Aston was at no loss to account for their absence. It had been long known that John Morley was deeply involved in debt, and without doubt he was in hiding somewhere from his creditors. As soon as this report gained universal credence, Mr. Waldron came forward as the principal creditor, holding a mortgage upon the house, and undertook to satisfy all other claims, on condition that everything was left him. He closed up the shop, put the place into the joint guardianship of Lawson's mother and the poor woman to whom, it was well known, Hester had given a shelter in the out-buildings; and there, as far as the townspeople were concerned, the matter rested.

There were some points in the life inside the house which struck Grant as peculiar. He could hold very little conversation with madame, and he could not altogether account for her extraordinary and faithful attendance upon Rose all through the crisis of her illness and during the long and more tedious weeks of her convalescence. Madame could never be persuaded to leave her charge; and when she consented to take her necessary sleep, she would only lie down upon a bed she extemporized upon the floor, in one corner of the room. She insisted, with urgency, upon having chains placed upon the doors, even those inside the dwelling; yet when Grant proposed that Lawson should take up his quarters there, she shrugged her shoulders, and shook her head in vehement dissent. But as soon as Rose was able to speak, and to speak fluently to her in her own language, it was easier to understand madame's attachment to her; and in the course of a short time Grant's perplexity passed out of his mind.

It was some weeks before Rose seemed to awake to anything like consciousness of her own state and circumstances, and afterward she passed most of her time in a lethargic stupor. Possibly the blow she had suffered had in some manner injured her brain; but now and then her mind appeared to rouse itself from its torpor, with the keener vigilance and activity for its long slumber. She could give no information with regard to the evening when she was hurt, beyond saying that she had heard no sound and seen no one approach her before being struck by the stealthy blow; and that she instantly lost all consciousness. But she appeared willing to lie still in her listless debility, without asking any questions concerning her husband, in whose house she knew herself to be; and whenever she inquired after Hester, she was easily pacified with an evasive answer.

This mental languor, with its rare intervals of activity, lasted until she was well enough to leave her bed and sit up in Hester's little study. There was no need for her now to return to the old nursery. She saw no one but Grant and Lawson's mother. Mr. Waldron bade Grant feel no hesitation in supplying her with any luxury which could soften her hard lot; but Rose was indifferent to those luxuries, which had once seemed to her feeble and self-indulgent nature the chief good. In the gradual and partial recovery of her mind, she began to grow restless and unquiet, an excitement which Grant dreaded for her. It was Carl she wanted, she said, day after day, whenever she roused herself to take any notice of him; and after some delay, Grant sent for Carl.

For Carl, Hester's disappearance was the chief and most absorbing circumstance of all that had occurred in this concealed drama of life at Little Aston. He put numberless advertisements in the daily papers, so worded that if they met her eye she could not fail to understand them, and be touched by their anxiety and distress. He reproached himself with bitterness that he had not confessed his love to her, and if she had loved him, that he had not bound her to himself by a delicate and light yoke of duty which her conscience would have acknowledged. If she had been betrothed to him, his promised wife, she would, above all, have owned the allegiance and fealty of affection due to him. But he had left her free, or rather, knowing Hester as he did, he had made it impossible for her to fly to him, while he was yet dumb and gave no voice to his love for her.

He could not believe that she and her father had left London; and every woman's figure at all resembling Hester's stirred every fibre of his heart. He would see it afar off, hurry to get level with it, cast his eyes upon the face, with a wild and forlorn hope, and then turn away, or pass on with an indescribable heart-sinking. As day after day wore away, and week after week, bringing no news of Hester, he grew terrified, exasperated at the long suspense. A mournful, almost reckless, despondency took possession of him. His co-pastor, a man who had found his way into the tranquillity and serenity of old age, and his church, very busy with its own cares, said he was overtasking and irritating his brain; and when Grant's summons came for him to go down to Little Aston, his deacons advised him to take a holiday of two or three weeks.

It was three months now since John Morley had taken his flight from Little Aston, and no trace had been discovered of him. Carl entered the town with a feeling of despair, and, like Robert Waldron, went first to walk past the house before going up to Grant's home. It was dismal, silent; like a grave, only more empty than a grave. A mystery hung about it, and made it blacker than it was before. He saw Lawson, smaller, more shrivelled, more palsied, prowling about the pavement, and looking up to the closed windows as if seeking some mode of entrance. He called to him, in the subdued voice of one who fears to disturb a quiet place, and Lawson came close up to him, gazing with his keen but sunken eyes into his face. "Do you know everything?" he asked.

"Everything," answered Carl. "Where can Hester be, Lawson?"

"You love her?" he said, sharply.

"As I love my own soul!" exclaimed Carl, passionately. "I would save her from sorrow as I would save myself from sin."

"I know nothing about them," said Lawson, in a tone of surly and dogged temper; "but it's my notion that Robert Waldron knows. He's the devil."

He turned quickly round, and went as swiftly as his tottering limbs would carry him up the street; while Carl walked sadly away toward his sister's house.

His arrival had been anticipated all the day, for his sister and the child Hester had thought and talked of nothing else. Annie had put the finishing touches to his room with her own hands; and Hester had been carried there by Grant to place upon the dressing-table a pincushion upon which she had marked with pins the word "Carl." She had to be carried up and down-stairs now; and the pony, which had occasionally borne her quietly along the lanes and across Aston Court Park, had not been mounted for some days past, though it was brought to the door every morning, that she might look at it with her pensive and gentle smile. Yet the chill shadow of her formal and unnatural life was passing away, and her smile was gayer, and her weak laughter more ready. She was sitting restfully upon Robert Waldron's knee, with her head lying upon his shoulder, when Carl entered, and with a shrill yet feeble cry of delight, she stretched out both her arms to him.

'You love Carl best still," said Robert, mournfully, when she was transferred to his arms, and was looking up into his face with eyes of vivid and childish joy.

"He knew me first," said the child, "long and long before you knew me. I couldn't help loving him best. Have you found the other Hester yet, Carl?"

"Not yet," he answered, kissing the child's quivering mouth.

"I should like you to find her before I die," she said, with a long-drawn sigh of anxiety. "You won't be so sorry for me if you have her."

"There is no clue to them yet," said Robert, in a hopeless tone.

"I have a fancy," answered Carl, "that if I could see Hester's home again, some intimation might come to me—some inspiration, I may as well call it—to lead me to where she may be found. It is nothing but a superstition, but it is there in my mind."

"I will go with you to-morrow," said Robert.

Carl looked up steadily at him with an expression of surprise and inquiry. He did not know whether he had ever seen Rose since the time when he and Grant had been summoned by madame to her aid. Before the child, who was listening with eager curiosity, he could ask no question. Little Hester turned her earnest face also toward Robert.

"Is the other Hester's home near here?" she asked of him.

"Yes," he said.

"Then you know her?" she continued.

Robert nodded for his only reply.

"And you never spoke of her to me," she

went on, reproachfully, "not when I told you all about her. You never said you knew her. I told you that she said my poor mother was gone to live with her, and you never told me it was somewhere near here. It was not kind to me. I might have seen my mother. O Carl, take me with you to-morrow to see my mother!"

She was too weak to cry aloud, but the silent tears ran down her cheeks, and she sobbed quietly to herself as she hid her face against Carl's breast. Robert could endure his own pain no longer. The child's preference for Carl—his own child—stung him to the quick; yet he controlled all token of his natural jealousy. He kissed the small thin palm which hung listlessly down by Hester's side, and pressed Carl's hand warmly. Then with a great grief and hunger in his heart he went out into the night, and walked home slowly through deep darkness. Every day seemed to bring its new weight of punishment upon him for that sin of his youth. His sister had often told him God punished sin, but he had not heeded. This punishment had come in a natural way. Every dart that pierced his soul could be accounted for without supernatural reasons, but it occurred to him now that possibly that was God's way of working. The whirlwind about his head was the legitimate fruit of the wind he had sown years ago.

(To be continued.)

THE CREATOR REMEMBERED.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 21, Eccl. 12. Golden Text, ver. 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Who is to be Remembered—The Significance of the Name—All Life Transmitted—Never Self-Produced—The Mistake of Moses—Learning after Forty Years—Daniel's Trial and Triumph—Job's Ordeal—Misunderstood by his Friends—Delivered in Submission—God's Purpose Regarding Man—The Appeal to the Young—Our Pentecost.

"REMEMBER now *thy Creator* in the days of thy youth." Not thy Redeemer, thy Sanctifier, thy Healer; here it is specially

THY CREATOR.

The temptation of a young man is to feel strong and independent. The consciousness of power, of character, of individuality makes him feel that he must carry all before him, whether he is bent upon study, commerce, or Christian work. Remember thy Creator, young man, just *now* in the flush of youth and strength; remember that thou art not self-existing; all thou hast of life, strength, intellect, and force of character is given and sustained by thy Creator. And all is given thee for a purpose more great, more glorious than all thy dreams, but it cannot be accomplished until thou takest thy place as the creature, yielding thyself up to His transforming power. The Hebrew verb translated to create, means not only to bring into being, but also to transform and remodel what is created.

No power of man can produce life; it always comes from previous life. "In Him was life" (John 1 : 4). God is the source of all life, both physical and spiritual; of all power, all wisdom, all goodness. Generally it is only in middle age, or near the end of life, that the children of God come into a *real*, practical consciousness of their own nothingness, and learn how completely God is the Beginning and the Ending, the Author and Finisher of all things. "I know I am nothing" is often heard on the lips of young believers, and they think they mean it; but *nothing* does not make plans and put them into execution with might and main, and then get disappointed if they don't succeed.

Doubtless

MOSES

was far more important in his own eyes when he conceived the idea of delivering his people from the bondage of Egypt by raising an insurrection and taking matters into his own hands, than when, forty years later, the Lord said to him, "Come now therefore, and *I will send thee* unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt" (Ex. 3 : 10). In the first instance, he attempted to manage his people, but they resisted him, and said, "Who made thee a ruler and a judge over us?" *He took* the command which God had not yet given him; he did not remember his Creator, and that the deliverance of his people must be as much a work of God's bringing about as was his own existence; that *he* must not take the initiative, but only work as God led him. In the latter case he saw that God must take the command, God must originate and work out His own purposes; and that he must be a willing, ready instrument, with a will surrendered to co-operate with God. Even for this he felt he was too small, and said, "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt" (Ex. 3 : 11)?

"In *all* thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths" (Prov. 3 : 6). This is but another way of putting, "Remember now thy Creator."

A VERY YOUNG MAN,

possessed of great intellectual powers, was carried captive, with some of his acquaintances, into Babylon. There educational advantages of the highest order were offered him, but he was dependent on the favor of a despot who might, for a little offence, take away his life. Probably Daniel had little opportunity of preaching the truth of God as far as he knew it, but he remembered his Creator in the days of his youth. A portion of the king's meat, which had probably been offered to idols, was appointed for the young students by royal command. It would have been easy for Daniel, if his religion had been only external, to satisfy his conscience in accepting the sumptuous fare provided as an act of obedience to the king whom God had, in his providence, set over him. But in thus acting Daniel would not have been remembering his Creator in the days of his youth, he would not have been acknowledging Him in all his ways.

God had created and gifted Daniel to be His witness in Babylon and in Persia; he was in the habit of communing much with God, and of referring all things to Him (Dan. 2 : 17–23; 6 : 10, 11), and as Daniel acknowledged Him, He directed his path. While He gave Daniel boldness to make a stand for his God, and to refuse the king's meat and wine, He made things easy by giving him favor in the eyes of Melzar, whom the king had set over the students. Again, when Nebuchadnezzar, in his tyrannical impatience, had ordered the wholesale massacre of all the wise men in Babylon, Daniel was not afraid to remember his Creator, and acknowledge Him to Arioch, the chief marshal of the Babylonish army, by boldly declaring that if time were given him to inquire of his God, he would make known the king's dream and the interpretation. Daniel took the true place of the creature, subject to God, but lovingly, gratefully, joyfully, working out his purposes.

It was just the lack of this in

JOB

which kept him so long in the furnace. Conscious that he was "a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil," Job, when God permitted Satan to plague him with loss of property, with bereavement, loss of health, and, above all, loss of his reputation for godliness among his acquaintance, judged God as though He were an equal. The place of the creature in relation to the Creator is that of unqualified submission, unquestioning surrender. While Job kicked and struggled, reproached himself, his friends, and his God, things got worse and worse; the furnace only grew hotter; but when he laid his hand upon his mouth, as the vile one rather than the judge of God, then God spoke to him, revealing His greatness in creation. Then Job saw his sin and folly, he abhorred himself, and made way for the revelation of God's love to him, so that he was made an intercessor for the very friends who had condemned and trodden on him. Previously it was himself who was prominent in his eyes: *his* uprightness, *his* perfection, *his* faithfulness to God; now God was prominent; he saw his Creator, "Mine eye seeth Thee," and he could be trusted with a double portion of all he had before.

GOD'S PURPOSE

in creating man was to unite him to Himself, "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one" (John 17 : 23). But, as rational, intelligent beings, we must co-operate with God in His purpose, and yield to the design of our Creator. This we can only do by yielding ourselves up to His working in every circumstance of our life, never taking the lead, but letting God lead us. When things turn out contrary to our expectations and wishes, if we remember our Creator, we put everything trustfully into His hands, recognizing Him as above all, and as *always* doing right. Our loving Father only puts us in the furnace in order to mould and transform; His work is not to destroy, that is the work of His great enemy.

But there are days of our life—if we live to old age—when we shall say, "I have no pleasure in them"—days when the period of service has expired. It is the *young* man who is called, in the outset of life, to yield his members as instruments of righteousness unto God. "While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain." "Remember now thy Creator" while thine eyesight can serve His purpose as an instrument of the Holy Ghost for use in His temple. The eye of Peter, in the hand of the Holy Ghost, saw the lie of Ananias and Sapphira; the eye of Paul saw that the lame man at Lystra had faith to be healed.

"In the day when *the keepers of the house* [the hands] shall tremble." "By the hands of the Apostles," under the direction of the Holy Ghost, "were many signs and wonders wrought among the people" (Acts 5 : 12; 14 : 3; 19 : 11). Oh, it is sad when the hands are not completely surrendered until they have begun to tremble with age! "And the strong men [the legs] shall bow themselves." There are thousands of Christian workers who are so far surrendered to God that they live and work no more for the world but *for* God; and yet they make their own plans, and expect God to *co-operate with them*. They give vent to all the energy of their nature, and look to the Holy Ghost to come into and sustain that energy; and so they *get up* a work for God, *get up* meetings, missions, institutions—all of which are admirable in their way, and yet they are man's work *for* God, and not God's work by man.

THIS IS NOT PENTECOST.

God wants a people willing in the day of *His* power, willing to let Him take the lead, willing to be as weak in themselves as though the hands and feet already trembled with old age, that "the power of Christ" might rest upon them. "In the day when. . . the grinders [the teeth] cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets [the sense], when the sound of the grinding is low [loss of appetite], and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird [sleeplessness], and all the daughters of music [the voice] shall be brought low; also when they shall be afraid of that which is high [any ascent], and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." God never meant death to frighten men into conversion or sanctification. He says, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. . . or ever the silver cord [of spine and nerve] be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern [all this is beautifully descriptive of the cessation [of the action of the heart and other organs]. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

AMEN.

I cannot say,
Beneath the pressure of Life's care to-day,
I joy in these;
But I can say
That I had rather walk this rugged way,
If Him it please.

I cannot feel
That all is well, when dark'ning clouds conceal
The shining sun;
But then I know
God lives and loves; and say, since it is so,
Thy will be done.

I cannot speak
In happy tones; the tear-drops on my cheek
Show I am sad;
But I can speak
Of grace to suffer with submission meek,
Until made glad.

I do not see
Why God should e'en permit some things to be,
When he is Love;
But I can see
Though often dimly, through the mystery,
His hand above.

I may not try
To keep the hot tears back; but hush that sigh,
"It might have been;"
And try to still
Each rising murmur, and to God's sweet will
Respond—AMEN.

—*F. C. Browning.*

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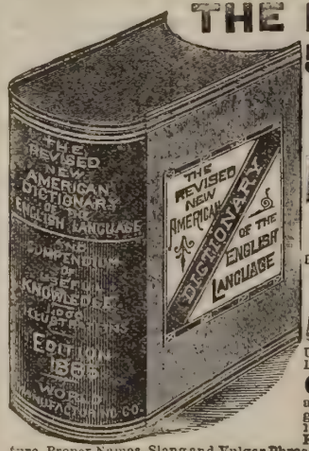
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MISS LAURIE McLATCHIE,

The Scottish Preacher and Lecturer.

The World's Obligations to Women—Personal Characteristics—Her Family—Preparation for Public Work—Glasgow Dens—A Sickening Sight—A Roman Catholic Converted—A Meeting on Shipboard—The First Sermon—Becomes an Evangelist—An Amusing Prayer—An Ovation in Birmingham—In the Channel Islands—A Convert Becomes a Missionary—A Volume of Poems.

THE world will never know how deeply it is indebted for its spiritual, moral, and material advancement to its women. Before the advent of Christianity woman was but the toy and slave of man. Where there is no Christianity she is still, for the most part, condemned to the same degraded lot. In Christian homes we know her worth, but we have yet to realize fully of how much she is capable outside the narrow home circle. That she has fulfilled nobly the duties of that circle we cannot deny. In the nursery alone, her influence has been abundantly blessed. Thousands of God's honored servants, and men who have attained eminence in secular life, have testified that all they have been able to accomplish is due, under God, to the prayers and counsels of their mothers. In the misery of the sick-chamber we bless her tender, compassionate ministrations, and when we are jaded and dispirited we go to her for encouragement and new strength. The time is fast approaching when, in wider spheres and in more honored places, her wisdom and love will achieve such success that none will hesitate to "give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

EMINENT WOMEN.

A host of brilliant examples might be adduced from our own national history, and from that of other lands, to show how nobly women have acquitted themselves in positions of prominence and grave responsibility, and in our own day there are women equally wise and heroic. How ably they can organize and conduct great movements the present generation has seen in the lives of Clara Barton, Frances E. Willard, and others. They have won the applause of the world, also, be it remembered, by their own womanly qualities. They have never unsexed themselves. The attributes which constitute the charm of woman in the domestic sphere—her deep compassion, her exquisite tenderness, and her unselfish devotion to others—are those with which in public life she has achieved her successes. The rough, fierce soldier lying shattered with wounds, writhing in agony on his hospital bed, who invoked a blessing on the head of Clara Barton, and the miserable drunkard, induced by Miss Willard's tender appeals to make another effort to reform, would tell us that no *man* could do for them what the love and pity of *woman* have done, and they at least have hailed the day when she stepped outside the domestic sphere.

FITNESS FOR PREACHING.

It is in another sphere, the greatest and best of all—that of religion—that the woman has become distinguished whose portrait this week appears on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. As with her American sisters, it is the peculiarly feminine qualities which have been most conspicuous in her work. Audiences of rough, uncultured men, who rejected, with scorn and vituperation, the appeals of scholarly men, infidels who met argument with argument, blasphemers who turned from eloquent preachers with execrations or with ridicule, have been swayed and won to Christ by the pictures this woman has drawn of the love and tenderness of the Saviour. She has won her way to their hearts, not by torrents of indignation, not by lurid images of the flames and torments of hell, but by the sweet womanly pity for the fallen, the lost, the Satan-deceived, hopeless ones, who know not what they do. Akin to the infinite compassion of Him who, beholding the city, wept over it, has been that sympathetic pleading with which she has beckoned the weary sinner to the loving Saviour, and has melted the backslider, until, like Peter, he went out and wept bitterly.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

The hearer who listens to Miss McLatchie for the first time, is impressed at once by *her voice*. It is one of exceptional quality. Exceedingly soft and melodious, it is nevertheless strong and penetrating. When, as in relating some pathetic incident, it drops for a moment, the almost whisper is clearly heard by the largest congregation. The louder tones are never hoarse or harsh, but fill the building with an organ-like volume of sound. Each word is distinctly pronounced, and has its appropriate emphasis. Occasionally—scarcely more than once in fifty sentences—the speaker's nationality is revealed by the musical Scottish "burr," as the letter "R" hangs for an instant on the tongue; but otherwise there is nothing to distinguish her pronunciation from that of an educated American.

The style of her sermons is varied. Argument, clear and cogent, is interspersed with poetic imagery and pointed with apt illustration. There is an indescribable something which in America we recognize best as a magnetic manner, that attracts the *sympathy* of the hearer. He misses the boldness, the dogmatism, the manner which Mr. Lowell playfully calls the

"I-turn-the-crank-of-the-universe-air,"

which he often sees in the pulpit and on the platform. Instead, there is *womanly modesty*, and an impression is conveyed of a previous struggle, in which natural shrinking from publicity has been overcome by a sense of duty and by a conviction that the message to be delivered is of overwhelming importance to those who listen. After a few minutes that passes away, and the speaker, losing herself in her subject, is eagerly presenting Christ, the Saviour of sinners, the Friend of the poor and the outcast, to the people. Then the eyes flash, the voice is raised, and animated gestures accompany the words, as fact is piled on fact, and entreaty follows invitation. Then the speaker is forgotten as she forgets herself, and the hearer is busy with the vital questions presented to him. It is only when his attention is surrendered back to him, that he realizes how he has been carried out and away and beyond himself by a woman's sermon. None are more ready than Miss McLatchie to ascribe to God all the glory, and to acknowledge that without the Holy Spirit to apply the word, all her efforts would be in vain; yet we know that God works by means, and we honor the instrument whom He has blessed to the conversion of a number which at the present time is *reckoned by thousands*.

THE FAMILY.

Emerson said, "*We can never get away from our ancestors.*" Miss Laurie McLatchie has never had any desire to get away from hers, except so far as she could get still nearer to her Master. The family originally came from the town of Ayr, the birthplace of Robert Burns. Its representative in the last century removed to an estate of the Kilpatrick family, settling at Closeburn Mill, in Dumfriesshire, as miller and farmer. His grandson, who was Miss McLatchie's father, was, like his father and grandfather, a man of eminent piety.

He married into a family noted for piety and benevolence. His wife was a Miss Lorimer, whose father was distinguished throughout his county for his deeds of Christian kindness; and her mother a member of the Laurie family (which accounts for the evangelist's first name); equally remarkable for devotion and self-sacrifice. When the sorrowful time of the disruption came, which tried all hearts, the family went with those who "came out" for conscience' sake, accepting all the hardships that course involved. During the bleak winter of 1843–44, Mr. and Mrs. McLatchie worshipped with their fellow-members in the open air. Mr. McLatchie after the disruption became an elder of the Free Church, which office he held until the time of his death, which occurred in May, 1882, one year after he had laid his beloved wife in the tomb.

The way in which

GOD'S PREPARATION

of His servant for her work of usefulness was effected is extremely interesting. In the year 1871 Miss McLatchie was residing in London with her brother. From childhood she had received religious training, and had very early given her heart to the Saviour. In London, where there is so much Christian work to be done, she could not rest unemployed. She assisted Mrs. Ranyard, whose Bible-woman work among women, known as "the missing link," has been described in these columns. There she had the care of four Bible-women, and assisted in addressing women's meetings. During her occupation in that sphere Mrs. Ranyard received a letter from the celebrated philanthropist, Dr. Lyell, of Glasgow, asking her to send him an intelligent young lady to help him in his medical mission in that city. Mrs. Ranyard recommended Miss McLatchie, and in 1873 she went to Glasgow to enter upon her duties.

A better preparation for her future work she could not have had. Every afternoon, under Dr. Lyell's instruction, she learned to dispense medicines, until she became expert in the duty. The morning and evening of each day were devoted to visiting the destitute sick and dying persons who constituted Dr. Lyell's *clientèle*. Such scenes of misery as probably no other city in the world could furnish, the young Christian visitor witnessed during her visits. Men and women living in the most abject poverty, sick and dying, the good physician almost their only friend, some of them densely ignorant, sought light in their last moments, and were led by her into the path of peace.

IN THE HAVANNAH,

one of the filthiest tenement-houses in Glasgow, Miss McLatchie saw a sickening sight. She was sent for one broiling summer afternoon to visit a woman dying of dropsy. She went, and found the woman, who had been a nurse to a Scotch nobleman, and who still received a pension from him, dying in misery. Up three flights of stairs, in a room without a vestige of furniture, the woman lay upon the floor in the agonies of death. Her face was broken by the disease, and swarms of flies had gathered upon it, which she was too weak to brush away. A half drunken shoemaker, with whom she lived, sat on an upturned box mending shoes, and taking no notice of the dying woman. The visitor stooped to brush away the flies and to speak a few words to the sufferer. Under her head was a gin-bottle, which indicated the cause of her misery. At the first sentence of Christian comfort the shoemaker jumped from his seat, and with oaths and curses bade the visitor begone. He was an infidel, and swore that the name of Jesus should not be spoken in the room. In the storm of imprecations the woman breathed her last, and Miss McLatchie went sorrowfully away.

IN THE VENNELLS,

another noted tenement-house, a happier scene occurred. Miss McLatchie was visiting a Protestant family, the only one on the premises, when she heard of a Catholic lying in a dying state in the Vennell. The man was a drunkard, and profane and abusive to the last degree. In spite of warnings, Miss McLatchie resolved to see him, and went. She began to speak of Jesus, when the wife of the dying man seized her roughly by the arm.

Addressing the wife, Miss McLatchie said: "I was going to tell your husband, when you pulled me away, that when the Lord Jesus was dying there was a thief forgiven in his last moments. I was going to tell him that there was no need that he should go into the fire, but that he might be saved like the thief. I was only going to tell him how to be saved, and it could do him no harm." As she spoke the visitor turned to look at the dying man, and saw him sitting up in bed with eager, outstretched hands and glaring eyes. "Go on, my daughter," he said, "tell me more. I want to know more of that.

I am sure that is the right way." Miss McLatchie gladly sat down by him, and told him the story of the Cross. She had the happiness of seeing that man rejoice in believing.

A MEETING ON SHIPBOARD

of an interesting character properly belongs to this period. Miss Jeanie McLatchie, a sister of the subject of this sketch, was crossing to America a year or two ago, when, after spending some time in her cabin, enduring the miseries of seasickness, she ventured on deck. She was accosted by the steward of the ship, who said: "I should like to shake hands with you. Some years ago I was in Glasgow, and was ill and alone in the great city. Your sister found me, visited me, secured me admission into a Christian institution, and cared for me until I recovered. I owe my conversion, under God, to your sister's goodness to me in that time of trial. Since Miss McLatchie has been in America several interesting meetings of a similar kind have occurred with herself, and a few days ago a gentleman called on *Dr. Talmage*, having heard of her speaking at the Tabernacle, and asked for her address, he, too, having been converted under her in Glasgow.

About the end of the year 1874 a lady whose ill-health precluded her from continuing the Christian work in which she was engaged begged Miss McLatchie to undertake preaching engagements. But that she declined. She could talk, but the idea of preaching at that time she shrank from. Her friends consulted with her pastor, and it was decided to take her by surprise. One Saturday her minister placed in her hands a printed poster announcing that Miss McLatchie would preach at Greenock on the following Monday night. It was a startling announcement to her, but after prayer and consideration she agreed to go.

THE FIRST SERMON

was one she is not likely ever to forget. Her timidity impelled her even to the last to a desire to evade the task. On her arrival she found the church crowded. The minister encouraged her by saying, "I see people here to-night who never go to any place of worship. You have an opportunity of preaching Christ to them. Forget the others; preach to them." That was sufficient; Miss McLatchie spoke for three quarters of an hour, and that night five souls were saved.

A second time Miss McLatchie was asked to visit Greenock, and on that occasion no less than fifty persons came to seek the Lord under deep conviction of sin. There can be no better indication of the Lord's will concerning duty than such living tokens of His blessing. So Miss McLatchie and her Christian friends regarded them, and she gladly consented to continue the work so happily commenced. Night after night the meetings were continued with increasing success.

It was not long before the Christians in Glasgow learned from the press what was going on at Greenock, and sought a similar blessing for their own city. A hall in the Salt Market—famous in Sir Walter Scott's stories—was already in use in Glasgow for evangelistic purposes. It was under the charge of H. A. Long, Esq., a popular politician and a member of the Board of Education. The hall held about six hundred people. Miss McLatchie was induced to speak there, and the room was crowded. A great work commenced, and she was persuaded to transfer her services entirely from Greenock to the larger city. She labored there through the summer of 1875, and as the winter approached the congregations became so large that the necessity for larger accommodation was imperative. The City Hall, the largest building in Glasgow, was engaged, and there, *for seven months*, Miss McLatchie preached to overflowing congregations. Among the most regular attendants were students from the University, among whom much good was done.

Glasgow is a busy centre of commerce, and among the audiences of the City Hall were many Christian merchants and business men from England and Ireland, who went away blessing God for the work they had witnessed. The tidings of the young lady-preacher's remarkable power, and the blessing with which God was owning her labors, spread, and requests began to pour in both from England and Ireland that she would visit large centres where populations as unmoved by ordinary Gospel effort as that in Glasgow were to be found. For a time the invitations were sparsely accepted, but finally Miss McLatchie, having regarded the results of these excursions as an indication of God's leading, and guided by the counsels of Christian friends, decided upon abandoning the work in Glasgow and taking up the work of an evangelist, trusting wholly to God for her support and guidance, and He has marvellously opened the way before her. During the nine years which have elapsed since then, she has preached in most of the great halls and public buildings in England—places rarely filled except when men of pre-eminent reputation, such as John Bright, W. E. Gladstone, Dr. Talmage, and John B. Gough have there addressed meetings. In all cases the local newspapers respectively reported that the numbers who were moved to hear her crowded the buildings to excess. Among the places visited were Frodsham, Middlesborough, Hull, Liverpool, Portsmouth, West Bromwich, Walsall, Newtown, Bristol, and many other important towns, where she spoke at the invitation of Christian friends, staying some times two or three weeks and sometimes longer, but always with the same unvarying results.

AN AMUSING PRAYER,

offered by a very rough but earnest Christian pitman, at a place called Gornall, may be quoted as a specimen of the feelings entertained about Miss McLatchie's work by her more humble friends. "Lord," said the man, "they prayed ten days in Jerusalem afore they got an answer, but we'n been a-tuggin' at it for two years. We used to have souls saved in t'ould chapel, but we mun ha' a foine new chapel, and we got it, and ped eight oonderd poond ($4000) for un. But we'n niver 'ed a soul saved in it this two year. We'n had all soorts o' praichers—local praichers, and reg'lar praichers, and travelling praichers—but they wur none of 'em any good. Seems to me when the chapel wur opened, the devil took front seat. But now, Lord, the woman's coom along and took him by scroof of his neck and turned him oot neck and crap." Then followed hearty thanks for the ejection the old man believed had been effected, and prayers for a continuance of the blessing.

AT BIRMINGHAM,

the metropolis of the Midland counties, she was asked to address Sunday gatherings of workingmen, and she did so, speaking in as many as four halls in the same morning. At the conclusion of her work in the city a grand united meeting was held in the town hall, a large building which is rarely filled save at some grand choral festival or when some political meeting is addressed by John Bright. The scene on the occasion of Miss McLatchie's services our artist has attempted to depict in *the picture on the first page*. It was a perfect ovation. Nearly an hour before the doors were opened an immense crowd gathered. Before the time of commencing the service the doors had to be closed, and a police force placed on guard, every seat and every spot of standing room being occupied. Thousands of people stood outside, to the close, and so eager was the throng desiring to say farewell to the popular lady, that a platoon of police was sent to pilot her carriage through the crowd.

In the fall of last year, at the urgent request of Christian people in the islands of

JERSEY AND GUERNSEY,

Miss McLatchie commenced a series of meetings there. They were eminently successful. After speaking a few times, the reports of her eloquence spread through the islands, and people came long distances and stood outside the doors of the building for hours in order to be among the first to enter when they were opened. The largest buildings in the islands were crowded to suffocation whenever she spoke, and the press, secular as well as religious, published reports of her sermons, and was unanimous in her praise.

At one of the largest meetings in Jersey *a magnificent album*, containing views of the island scenery, was presented to her, and in Guernsey, at another monster meeting, a costly gold bracelet, with a pendent heart, the significance of which was pointed out, and a breastpin to match, was offered her as a testimonial of affection and gratitude. Such an awakening had occurred during her visit as the islands had never before seen. Christian parents were rejoicing over children converted under her ministration; wives were thanking God for the conversion of their husbands; and in numberless homes, where religion had been never mentioned, songs of praise were going up to God.

Her lectures appear to have been equally popular there as elsewhere. A prominent Jersey newspaper says: "It does not necessarily follow that because a person is a good preacher he will be a good lecturer, or that a good lecturer will be a good preacher. On the contrary, we have known eminent lecturers to be indifferent preachers and eminent preachers to be poor lecturers. It is seldom that both qualities are combined in the same person as they are so wonderfully in Miss McLatchie, the gifted lady who has been among us during the past few weeks. Her lecture last night, on the Scotch Covenanters, was a grand poetical *résumé* of the noble struggle for liberty which was fought by the Scots."

The fruit of Miss McLatchie's labors generally has been remarkable for the power of reproduction with which God has blessed it. Several cases have come to our knowledge of men who are now preaching the Gospel, who date their conversion to the use, by the Holy Spirit, of Miss McLatchie's appeals. One of these is now the pastor of a Presbyterian church in Newfoundland. One of the most remarkable instances is that of Miss S. Seed, a lady who is now

A MISSIONARY

in China. She was engaged in literary and scholastic work in London, but being on a visit to her parents, who resided at Butterworth, she was induced to attend the special services Miss McLatchie was then conducting in that town. Ultimately she gave her heart to God. She immediately commenced Christian work, laboring among the anxious inquirers, and was much blessed in directing souls to the Saviour. Her energy and devotion were as remarkable as her success, and ultimately she decided on abandoning her lucrative profession and giving all her time and talents to the work of the Lord. After laboring for a time in various places in her native country, she was led to consider the claims of China. She eventually offered herself for service in that benighted land, and was accepted. She is now laboring at Chef-Foo.

Though Miss McLatchie's work in America is only just commencing, there is no lack of testimony to the appreciation of her many and varied gifts. We have space for only one brief extract from the letters we have received. The Rev. T. H. Landon, of Paterson, N. J., writes: "Miss McLatchie has just closed a series of successful services in this city. Though we were in the midst of the heat of the Presidential campaign, and political meetings and parades were being held every night, much good was accomplished in the stirring up of Christians to faith and good works. . . . The audiences were good and the interest very marked. There is reason to believe the end is not yet, but that, though Miss McLatchie's engagements call her elsewhere, her work for God here will remain and enlarge."

It will be of interest to mention that Miss McLatchie has made her mark as

A POETESS

by the publication of a volume of poems, entitled "Stray Thoughts," which has had a large circulation, and for which another edition is now called.

The following poem extracted from its pages may fitly close this notice of the gifted lady:

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

"Is there no balm in Gilead's fields?
No healing balsam there?
Has Sharon's rose forgot to bloom,
And spread its fragrance rare?

"Have living waters ceased to flow?
Has cold their streams congealed?
And has the rich and fertile soil
Forgot its fruits to yield?

"Is there no loving One to heal
The torn and bleeding heart?
Is there no skill'd hand to extract
The poison-venomed dart?

"Is there no refuge from life's woes?
No covert from its heat?
No calm repose for weary souls,
Nor rest for tired feet?

"Is there no light to guide our steps
Along this dreary road?
And will this shivering, shipwrecked waif
Ere reach yon blest abode?

"Oh, yes! there's balm in Gilead still,
And a physician there,
And Sharon's fair and bleeding rose
Still breathes its perfume rare.

"There from the sacred fount of love
Still living waters flow,
And rich and ripe o'er all the land
The clustering viands grow.

"And you, ye weary, tired ones,
To Jesus come and rest;
He's still a shelter from the heat,
And covert from the blast.

"And brightly shines the morning star;
The darkness flees away;
Through Christ we'll surely win the prize,
And hail eternal day.

"Cheer up! Ere long the desert's passed;
Soon Jordan will be crossed;
And you and I be safe at home,
No more be tempest-tossed."

THE GATES OF HELL.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."—Matt. 16 : 18.

Sparkling and Glistening Gates—What They are Made of—I. Impure Literature—Disguised as Scientific Information—Novelette Literature—A Stricken Brooklyn Home—The Bad Book in the Bureau—II. The Dissolute Dance—III. Indiscreet Apparel—The Influence of Bold Attire—An Ancient Fashion-Plate—IV. Alcoholic Beverages—A Vice that Includes all Others—The Gates Seldom Swing Outward—Dreary Alternatives—The Great Bulwark—A Besiegement of the Gates—A Christmas Night in a Farm-House—A Wanderer Restored.

You know about the gates of heaven. You have often heard them preached about. There are three to each point of the compass. On the north, three gates; on the south, three gates; on the east, three gates; on the west, three gates; and each gate is a solid pearl. Oh, gate of heaven, may we all get into it! But who shall describe the gates of hell spoken of in my text? These gates are burnished until

THEY SPARKLE AND GLISTEN

in the gaslight. They are mighty, and set in sockets of deep and dreadful masonry. They are high, so that those who are in may not clamber over and get out. They are heavy, but they swing easily in to let those go in who are to be destroyed.

I remember, when the *Franco-German war* was going on, that I stood one day in Paris looking at the gates of the Tuileries, and I was so absorbed in the sculpturing at the top of the gates—the masonry and the bronze—that I forgot myself, and after awhile, looking down, I saw that there were officers of the law scrutinizing me, supposing, no doubt, I was a German, and looking at those gates for adverse purposes. But, my friends, we shall not stand looking at *the outside* of the gates of hell. I intend to tell you of both sides, and I shall tell you

WHAT THOSE GATES ARE MADE OF.

With the hammer of God's truth I shall pound on the brazen panels, and with the lantern of God's truth I shall flash a light upon the shining hinges.

I. *Gate the first: impure literature.* Anthony Comstock seized twenty tons of bad books, plates, and letter-press, and when Professor Cochran, of the Polytechnic Institute, poured the destructive acids on those plates, they smoked in the righteous annihilation. And yet a great deal of the bad literature of the day is not gripped of the law. It is strewn in your parlors; it is in your libraries. *Some of your children read it at night* after they have retired, the gas-burner swung as near as possible to their pillow.

Much of this literature goes under the title of

SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION.

A book-agent with one of these infernal books, glossed over with scientific nomenclature, went into an hotel and sold in one day a hundred copies, and sold them all to women! It is appalling that men and women who can get, through their family physician, all the useful information they may need, and without any contamination, should wade chin deep through such accursed literature under the plea of getting useful knowledge, and that printing-presses, hoping to be called decent, lend themselves to this infamy. Fathers and mothers, be not deceived by the title "*medical works.*" Nine tenths of those books come hot from the lost world, though they may have on them the names of the publishing houses of New York and Philadelphia.

Then, there is all the

NOVELETTE LITERATURE

of the day flung over the land by the million. No one—mark this—no one systematically reads the average novelette of this day and keeps either integrity or virtue. The most of these novelettes are written by broken-down literary men for small compensation, on the principle that, having failed in literature elevated and pure, they hope to succeed in the tainted and the nasty. Oh, this is a wide gate of hell! *Every panel is made out of a bad book or newspaper.* Every hinge is the interjoined type of a corrupt printing-press. Every bolt or lock of that gate is made out of the plate of an unclean pictorial. In other words, there are a million men and women in the United States to-day reading themselves into hell!

When in your own beautiful city a prosperous family fell into ruins through the misdeeds of one of its members, the amazed mother said to the officer of the law, "Why, I never supposed there was anything wrong. I never thought there could be anything wrong." Then she sat weeping in silence for some time, and said, "Oh, I have got it now! I know, I know! I found in her bureau after she went away a bad book.

THAT'S WHAT SLEW HER!"

These leprous booksellers have gathered up the catalogues of all the male and female seminaries in the United States—catalogues containing the names and the residences of all the students, and *circulars of death are sent to every one, without any exception.* Can you imagine anything more dreadful? There is not a young person, male or female, or an old person, who has not had offered to him or her a bad book or a bad picture. *Scour your house* to find out whether there are any of these adders coiled on your parlor centre table, or coiled amid the toilet-set on the dressing-case. I adjure you before the sun goes down to explore your family libraries with an inexorable scrutiny. Remember that one bad book or bad picture may do the work for eternity. I want to arouse all your suspicions about novelettes. I want to put you on the watch against everything that may seem like surreptitious correspondence through the post-office. I want you to understand that impure literature is one of the broadest, highest, mightiest gates of the lost.

II. *Gate the second:*

THE DISSOLUTE DANCE.

You shall not divert me to the general subject of dancing. Whatever you may think about the parlor dance, or the methodic motion of the body to sounds of music in the family or the social circle, I am not now discussing that question. I want you to unite with me this morning in recognizing the fact that there is a dissolute dance. You know of what I speak. It is seen not only in the low haunts of death, but in elegant mansions. It is the first step to eternal ruin for a great multitude of both sexes.

You know, my friends, what postures and attitudes and figures are suggested of the devil. They who glide into the dissolute dance glide over an inclined plane, and the dance is swifter and swifter, wilder and wilder, until, with the speed of lightning, they whirl off the edges of a decent life into a fiery future. This gate of hell swings across the Axminster of many a fine parlor and across the ball-room of the summer watering-place. You have no right, my brother, my sister—you have no right to take an attitude to the sound of music which would be unbecoming in the absence of music.

III. *Gate the third:*

INDISCREET APPAREL.

The attire of woman for the last four or five years has been beautiful and graceful beyond anything I have known; but there are those that will always carry that which is right into the extraordinary and indiscreet. I charge Christian women neither by style of dress nor adjustment of apparel to become administrative of evil. Perhaps none else will dare to tell you, so I will tell you that there are multitudes of men who owe their eternal damnation to the boldness of womanly attire.

Show me the fashion-plates of any age between this and the time of Louis the Sixteenth, of France, and Henry the Eighth, of England, and I will tell you the type of morals or immorals of that age or that year. No exception to it. Modest apparel indicates a righteous people. Immodest apparel always indicates a contaminated and depraved society. You wonder that the city of Tyre was destroyed with such a terrible destruction. Have you ever seen

THE FASHION-PLATE OF TYRE?

I will show it to you: "Moreover, the Lord saith, because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet, in that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the rings and nose-jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins" (Isaiah 3 : 16–22). That is the fashion-plate of ancient Tyre. And do you wonder that God in His indignation blotted out the city?

IV. *Gate the fourth:*

ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE.

All the scenes of wickedness are under the enchantment of the wine-cup. That is what the waitresses carry on the platter. That is what glows on the table. That is what shines in illuminated gardens. That is what flushes the cheeks of the patrons who come in. That is what staggers the step of the patrons as they go out. Oh, the wine-cup is the pattern of impurity! The officers of the law tell us that nearly all the men who go into the shambles of death go in intoxicated, the mental and the spiritual abolished that the brute may triumph.

Tell me that a young man drinks, and I know the whole story. If he become a captive of the wine-cup, he will become a captive of all other vices, only give him time. *No one ever knew drunkenness alone.* That is a carrion-crow that

GOES IN A FLOCK,

and when you see that beak ahead, you may know the other beaks are coming. In other

* Dr. Talmage did not preach at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday; we therefore publish a remarkable sermon which he delivered some years ago, and for which inquiries are being made. —Ed.

words, the wine-cup unbalances and dethrones one's better judgment, and leaves one the prey of all evil appetites that may choose to alight upon his soul.

There is not a place of any kind of sin in the United States to-day that does not find its chief abettor in the chalice of inebriety. There is either a drinking-bar before, or one behind, or one above, or one underneath. The officers of the law have said to me, "These people escape legal penalty because they are *all licensed* to sell liquor." Then I have said to myself, 'The courts that license the sale of strong drink license gambling-houses, license libertinism, license disease, license death, license all sufferings, all crimes, all despoliations, all disasters, all murders, all woe. It is the courts and the Legislature that are swinging wide open this grinding, creaky, stupendous gate of the lost."

But you say, "You have described these gates of hell and shown us how they swing in to allow the entrance of the doomed. Will you not, please, before you get through the sermon, tell us how these gates may swing out *to allow the escape of the penitent?*" I reply, but

VERY FEW ESCAPE.

Of the thousand that go in, nine hundred and ninety-nine perish. Suppose one of these wanderers should knock at your door, would you admit her? Suppose you knew where she came from, would you ask her to sit down at your dining-table? Would you ask her to become the governess of your children? Would you introduce her among your own acquaintance? Would you take the responsibility of pulling on the outside of the gate of hell while she pushed on the inside of that gate trying to get out? You would not—not one of a thousand of you that would dare to do it. You write *beautiful poetry over her sorrows* and weep over her misfortunes, but give her practical help you never will. There is not one person out of a thousand that will—there is not one out of five thousand that has come so near the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ as to dare to help one of these fallen souls.

But you say, "*Are there no*

WAYS OF ESCAPE

for the poor wanderers?" Oh, yes; three or four. The one way is the sewing-girl's garret, dingy, cold, hunger-blasted. But you say, "Is there no other way for her to escape?" Oh, yes. Another way is the street that leads to the East River, at midnight, the end of the city dock, the moon shining down on the water making it look so smooth she wonders if it is deep enough. It is. No boatman near enough to hear the plunge. No watchman near enough to pick her out before she sinks the third time. No other way? Yes. By the curve of the Hudson River Railroad, at the point where the engineer of the lightning express train cannot see a hundred yards ahead to the form that lies across the track. He may whistle "down brakes," but not soon enough to disappoint the one who seeks her death.

But you say, "Isn't God good, and won't He forgive?" Yes; but *man will not, woman will not*, society will not. The Church of God says it will, but it will not.

OUR WORK,

then, must be prevention rather than cure. Standing here telling this story to-day, it is not so much in the hope that I will persuade one who has dashed down a thousand feet over the rocks to crawl up again into life and light, but it is to alarm those who are coming too near the edges. Have you ever listened to hear the lamentation that rings up from those far depths?

"Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,
Fell like a snowflake, from heaven to hell;
Fell, to be trampled as filth of the street,
Fell, to be scoffed at, and spit on, and beat.
Pleading, and cursing, and begging to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead."

But you say, "*What can be the practical use of this sermon?*" I say, much, every way. Those gates of hell are to be prostrated just as certainly as God and the Bible are true, but it will not be done until Christian men and women, quitting their prudery and squeamishness in this matter, rally the whole Christian sentiment of the church and assail these great evils of society. The Bible utters its denunciation in this direction again and again, and yet the piety of the day is such a namby-pamby sort of thing that you cannot even quote Scripture without making somebody restless. As long as this

HOLY IMBECILITY

reigns in the Church of God, *sin will laugh you to scorn.* I do not know but that before the Church wakes up matters will get worse and worse, and that there will have to be one lamb sacrificed from each of the most carefully guarded folds, and the wave of uncleanness dash to the spire of the village church and the top of the cathedral pillar.

Prophets and patriarchs, and apostles and evangelists, and Christ Himself have thundered against these sins as against no other, and yet there are those who think we ought to take, when we speak of these subjects, a tone apologetic. I put my foot on all the conventional rhetoric on this subject, and I tell you plainly that unless you give up that sin your doom is sealed, and world without end you will be chased by the anathemas of an incensed God. I rally you under the cheerful prophecy of the text; I rally you to

A BESIEGEMENT OF THE GATES

of hell. We want in this besieging host no soft sentimentalists, but men who are willing to give and take hard knocks. The gates of Ghaza were carried off; the gates of Thebes were battered down; the gates of Babylon were destroyed, and the gates of hell are going to be prostrated.

The Christianized printing-press will be rolled up as the chief battering-ram. Then there will be a long list of aroused pulpits, which shall be assailing fortresses, and God's red-hot truth shall be the flying ammunition of the contest; and the sappers and the miners will lay the train under these foundations of sin, and at just the right time God, who leads on the fray, will cry, "Down with the gates!" and the explosion beneath will be answered by all the trumpets of God on high celebrating universal victory.

But there may be in this house one wanderer that would like to have a kind word calling homeward, and I cannot sit down until I have uttered that word. I have told you that society has no mercy. Did I hint, at an earlier point in this subject, that God will have mercy upon any wanderer who would like to come back to the heart of infinite love?

A COLD CHRISTMAS NIGHT

in a farm-house. Father comes in from the barn, knocks the snow from his shoes, and sits down by the fire. The mother sits at the stand, knitting. She says to him, "Do you remember it is the anniversary to-night?" The father is angered. He never wants any allusion to the fact that one had gone away, and the mere suggestion that it was the anniversary of that sad event made him quite rough, although the tears ran down his cheeks. The old house-dog, that had played with the wanderer when she was a child, comes up and puts his head on the old man's knee, but he roughly repulses the dog. He wants nothing to remind him of the anniversary day.

A cold winter night in a city church. It is Christmas night. They have been decorating the sanctuary.

A LOST WANDERER

of the street, with thin shawl about her, attracted by the warmth and light, comes in and sits near the door. The minister of religion is preaching of Him who was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, and the poor soul by the door said, "Why, that must mean me; 'mercy for the chief of sinners; bruised for our iniquities; wounded for our transgressions.'"

The music that night in the sanctuary brought back the old hymn which she used to sing when with father and mother she worshipped God in the village church. The service over, the minister went down the aisle. She said to him, "Were those words for me? 'Wounded for our transgressions.' Was that for me?" The man of God understood her not. He knew not how to comfort a shipwrecked soul, and he passed on and he passed out. The poor wanderer followed into the street.

"What are you doing here, Meg?" said the police. "What are you doing here to-night?" "Oh," she replied, "I was in to warm myself;" and then the rattling cough came, and she held to the railing until the paroxysm was over. She passed on down the street, falling from exhaustion; recovering herself again, until after a while she reached the outskirts of the city, and passed on into the country road. It seemed so familiar; she kept on the road, and she saw in the distance

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

Ah! that light had been gleaming there every night since she went away. On that country road she passed until she came to the garden gate. She opened it and passed up the path where she played in childhood. She came to the steps and looked in at the fire on the hearth. Then she put her fingers to the latch. Oh, if that door had been locked she would have perished on the threshold, for she was near to death! But that door had not been locked since the time she went away. She pushed open the door. She went in and lay down on the hearth by the fire. The old house-dog growled as he saw her enter, but there was something in the voice he recognized, and he frisked about her until he almost pushed her down in his joy.

In the morning the mother came down, and she saw a bundle of rags on the hearth; but when the face was uplifted, she knew it, and it was no more old Meg of the street. Throwing her arms around the returned prodigal, she cried, "*Oh, Maggie!*" The child threw her arms around her mother's neck, and said, "Oh, mother!" and while they were embraced a rugged form towered above them. It was the father. The severity all gone out of his face, he stooped and took her up tenderly and carried her to mother's room, and laid her down on mother's bed, for she was dying. Then the lost one, looking up into her mother's face, said, "'Wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities!' Mother, do you think that means me?" "Oh, yes, my darling," said the mother. "If mother is so glad to get you back, don't you think God is glad to get you back?"

And there she lay dying, and all their dreams and all their prayers were filled with the words, "Wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities," until, just before the moment of her departure, her face lighted up, showing the pardon of God had dropped upon her soul. And there she slept away on the bosom of a pardoning Jesus. *So the Lord took back one whom the world rejected.*

An Irish Nationalist's Defence of Moody and Sankey.—The late Mr. Sullivan, the editor of the Irish *Nation* and a prominent Land Leaguer, paid a remarkable tribute to Messrs. Moody and Sankey, which he would not have been likely to pay to preachers of any other nationality. When they first visited Dublin a plot was formed to attack them. Mr. Sullivan heard of it, and, although himself a sincere Roman Catholic, he wrote a paragraph in the *Nation*, saying that it would be a disgrace to Ireland if these men, seeking to do good to the people, were exposed to insult and injury. He said that if such an attempt were made the assailants must pass over his body. He went to the place of meeting with full purpose to make good his offer of defence. But the paragraph in the *Nation* had been widely circulated, and the ruffians shrunk from the attack.

THE FIRST RESURRECTION.

By John R. Caldwell.*

Waiting for a Living Person—The Hour of Triumph—Not Death, but Resurrection, the Hope—The Resurrection not a Process—A Real Meeting Again—Certain Recognition.

The attitude enjoined upon us is to be "waiting," "watching," "hasting," "looking for" the Lord! Not merely for deliverance from foes, or for rest from toil and warfare, or for entrance into an inheritance, but for a living Person—for a known and trusted Friend—for Him whose love, stronger than death, was set upon us while yet we were alienated and enemies in our mind, who, having loved His own, loves them to the end, Jesus the same yesterday, to-day, and forever—the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely! To see Him as He is, to be like Him, to be with Him, to worship Him, to walk with Him, to serve Him, to hold unbroken communion with Him, to be the friends with whom He shall take sweet counsel, the partakers of His glory, the sharers of His dominion, forever and ever to be in the full enjoyment of what now is indeed true, but so feebly apprehended—"One Spirit" with the Lord, "members of the body of Christ."

BLESSED HOPE!

Let it once take hold of the heart, and surely as God hath spoken it, the result will follow—"He that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." But it has also pleased God to gather around this hour of expectation, as into an ineffable focus, every circumstance of joy and triumph of which the heart can conceive, every satisfaction for which it can yearn. He has withdrawn from it every terror, and circled it with a halo of grace and glory, so bright, so sweet, that indeed the only marvel is that it should ever fade from the vision.

And surely of the accompanying circumstances, the first in importance as well as order is the resurrection of the dead in Christ. "By one man sin entered, and death by sin" (Rom. 5 : 12). Everything within us by nature recoils from death and clings to life. "The wages of sin is death," and great as are the alleviations introduced by the gospel, so great that death is said to be abolished, and life and immortality brought to light, still it remains, the last enemy—an enemy though vanquished—the last humiliation that sin and Satan can bring to bear upon the redeemed, a monster instinctively abhorred, though robbed of its sting.

There has been a tendency in many minds to view death rather as a friend setting free the imprisoned soul; and one would not willingly deny any measure of truth there may be in this. Grace has indeed provided

SWEET CONSOLATION

for those who fall asleep in Jesus. Little is said in the Word about the state or experience of the spirit separate from the body, but enough is said to hush every murmur and calm every doubt. It is to be absent from the body, and at home with the Lord; to exchange faith for sight, to rest from labor and suffering, to be with Christ, which is "far better." And such terms are very far from implying a state of unconsciousness, as some have said; rather do they convey ideas of unspeakable enjoyment in the conscious and visible presence of the Lord Jesus. Yet nothing is said concerning the disembodied spirit of activities in service or of glory; these, so far as we know from Scripture, are postponed to the hour of resurrection.

Resurrection is the prospect constantly held out to the believer, since Christ became the first-fruits of them that slept. The Spirit has labored to give abundant detail by many figures and illustrations of this victory of the Lord. Then and not till then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory." It is only in prospect of that hour that faith can sing, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

The salvation for which we wait, the redemption for which we groan, is not death, but resurrection. Death may, indeed, be our deliverance from a body of sin, but it is not the triumph of Christ; and the heart in sympathy with His thoughts and desires will long for the hour of His victory being completed, when of all that the Father hath given Him, it will be manifest that he has lost nothing—not even a hair of the head of one of His saints being left in the enemy's hand as a trophy (John 6 : 39; Luke 21 : 18).

It is not for us to know the times and the seasons (Acts 1 : 7), nor does it appear that any warning will be given of this resurrection hour. The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, and summon from their graves "the dead in Christ."

The corruptible shall put on incorruption, by

NO PROCESS OF RECOVERY,

but in answer to the voice of the Son of God. Often has the question been repeated, "How are the dead raised, and with what body do they come?" The divine answer is doubtless as plain as such a mystery could be made to our feeble understanding. "That which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain; but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed His own body." (1 Cor. 15 : 37, 38). That there is a connection between that which is sown and that which is raised is evident, for it is in their graves they shall hear, and from their graves they shall rise; but the nature and extent of that connection is a mystery at which reason has ever stumbled, but concerning which faith has no questions to ask. Suffice it that He who cannot lie has said it shall be done.

As for the rest of the dead, they rise not again till the thousand years be finished (Rev. 20 : 5). "Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed on them; and the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning" (Ps. 49 : 14). In due time they too shall rise, not in "the resurrection of the just" (Luke 14 : 14), not "unto the resurrection of life" (John 5 : 29), not as part of the "first resurrection," for blessed and holy is he that hath part in it; but "unto the resurrection of damnation," "unto shame and everlasting contempt," to stand for judgment, according to their works, before the great white throne, and to find their portion in the lake of fire, the second death. What a prospect!

Many are the religions and systems of theology that Satan has proposed to his deluded subjects, but none of them ever dared to enter the chamber of death with a ray of hope so bright as that which the gospel reveals. It is comfort indeed, real substantial comfort, that is offered to the sorrowing child of God. God has not said, Go thy way, be warmed, be fed, without giving what is needed. If He would comfort the heart of a sorrowing sister, He says, "Thy brother shall rise again;" and now to His mourning people it is, "Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." The separation is but for a little while, there will be

A REAL MEETING AGAIN

—an eternal reunion of the redeemed—a gathering unto Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life."

That Satan should so far have worked upon the credulity of the people of God, as to raise a doubt as to the mutual recognition of the saints in resurrection, is truly a marvel; but it is ever the enemy's way to spoil us of the comfort and blessing that are for us in the Word. Were Moses and Elias not recognizable on the mount of transfiguration? Is Paul not to know his children in the faith when he says, "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming" (1 Thess. 2 : 19)? Is the comfort of 1 Thess. 4 : 18, that a multitude of unknown persons shall be associated with us in the hour of His coming again? Shall we sit down in the kingdom with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and shall we not know them? Surely this is to wrest the Scripture, and abstract from the prospect the very sweetness and comfort it is intended to convey.

True, they will be "changed," and such a change! that which was sown in weakness shall be raised in power; that which was sown in corruption shall be raised in incorruption; that which was sown in dishonor shall be raised in glory; that which was sown a natural body shall be raised a spiritual body. Such was the transfiguration that passed upon the Lord Jesus (corruption excepted), between the hour when John beheld Him bleeding on the cross, and the day that he saw Him resplendent in heavenly glory, and fell at His feet as dead. How could John recognize Him as the same, or feel at home in the presence of such majesty? Yet it is here that He tenderly laid His right hand upon His prostrate servant, and assured him of His being the very same who *was dead!* It is enough. John's recognition of the Lord is as complete in Patmos as it was when, on the lake of Galilee, he said, "It is the Lord."

* From his work "Things to Come," for sale at the Gospel Book and Tract Repository, 34 High St., Toronto.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The *Christmas number of the Book-Buyer* is an unusually bright and elegant issue. The publishers have rendered it an excellent guide to purchasers of Christmas books by inserting, not only extracts from the books of the season, but beautifully executed illustrations as specimens of those contained in the volumes noticed. Its frontispiece is a full-page engraving of Ernest Hébert's picture, *La Vièrge de la Délivrance*, specially cut for this number. Fifty-seven pages of notes and reviews of the books of the season and an alphabetical list of publications make up a fund of information of value to all who have the good sense to give books as Christmas presents to their friends. Published by *Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.* Price, 10 cents.

The Common-Sense Household Calendar forms a beautiful decoration for the wall, and should be useful to young housekeepers not too self-confident to accept advice. The card to which the calendar-pad is affixed bears a picture of "Marion Harland" in her library, and each daily slip contains an extract from the works of that popular writer. Issued by *Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.* Price, $1.

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT

for November and December, edited by Rev. Dr. Deems, contains at least three articles probably not surpassed in current periodical literature. Professor Noah K. Davis, of the University of Virginia, gives a closely reasoned paper on the question, "Am I Free?" Professor Willis J. Beecher, of Auburn Theological Seminary, writes a most scholarly article on "Historical *vs.* Critical Evidence." Those two were among the lectures delivered last summer before the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, at Richfield Springs. The editor reproduces Michael Faraday's admirable lecture on "Education," for which we thank him. It is difficult to obtain, and worth preserving. Another paper has a statement of the "Views of Certain Scientists," which is very timely and interesting. Every Christian minister should read *Christian Thought.* It would be a good Christmas present to your pastor, and although it would cost you only $2, it would be highly appreciated by him, and give him pleasure and profit for a whole year.

THE CHEMISTRY OF CREATION,

by Robert Ellis, F.L.S., M.R.C.S., published by *Messrs. Pott, Young & Co.*, New York, price, $1.20, is a new and revised edition of a work prepared for the London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It is a sketch of the chief chemical and physical phenomena of earth, air, and ocean, giving, in simple language, as free as possible from technical scientific terms, an explanation of the latest discoveries. Its object is thus admirably stated in the preface; "It is designed to be a companion of the

lover of nature, to assist him to trace in the varied phenomena of creation the plan and action of Him who is perfect in knowledge and excellent in working."

INFIDEL OBJECTIONS

to the Scriptures Considered and Refuted, by the Rev. F. B. Whitmore, B.A., is the title of a work published by *Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Sons*. This book is written specially for young men who are liable to be assailed by infidels and sceptics, and the author endeavors not only to furnish them with a brief and concise proof of the truth of the Bible for their own satisfaction, but also with the means of dealing with the objections generally raised by infidels. Those objections are, as a rule, very plausible, and are often put so convincingly that the young believer is liable to be staggered by their apparent force. Mr. Whitmore shows them their inherent falsity and how to test such arguments so as to discover the weakness and contradiction underlying them. In these days, when the disciples of Ingersoll are to be found everywhere, a parent cannot place in his boy's hand a better protection for his faith. It shows him that his creed is reasonable, and teaches him how to defend it against the assaults of the enemy.

THE OLD-FASHIONED FAIRY BOOK,

by Mrs. Burton Harrison, published by *Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons*, price, $2, will be the delight of every nursery in which it may be placed. Older and graver people may call these stories nonsense, but few frown upon them after they have watched the light in the tiny little faces turned so eagerly toward one who is reading them aloud for the general benefit. It is strange how they have appeared in every land and in all ages, and how their memory clings to us long after more serious matters have engrossed our attention. Mrs. Harrison has been exceedingly careful in the preparation of the stories, with the view of avoiding the evil, and inculcating moral lessons that will tend to strengthen the better dispositions of the little folks.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

by William O. Stoddard, published by *Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert*, is a large volume of 508 pages, written by one who had exceptional opportunities of knowing well the subject of his biographical labors. The history of that terrible time of national trial has been written again and again, but generally the story has been one of battles and marches and life in the field. Mr. Stoddard takes a standpoint different from his predecessors. He was in President Lincoln's cabinet during those four sad years, and was brought into close and constant contact with the man on whom rested responsibilities such as never before were concentrated on one individual. How he acted, how he felt, what he desired and hoped for, Mr. Stoddard tells us in this book from his own personal knowledge. Lincoln as a man is the subject of his work, and he draws the portrait very faithfully, presenting in singular detail and with numerous anecdotes the personal characteristics of the President. There is less of eulogy in the book than one might expect in the writing of so intimate a friend. It is easy to see how deeply Mr. Stoddard respected and loved Mr. Lincoln; but his aim appears to have been not to surround him with a halo of false glory, but to paint his portrait faithfully, and to place him in the estimation of the people on a pedestal from which he cannot be taken down. Admitting his faults and his deficiencies, concealing no defect, but giving him credit for those high qualities which he knew him to possess, Mr. Stoddard's work, we venture to predict, will be read by all who desire to form an impartial estimate of the man and of the great national ordeal.

THE CREOLES OF LOUISIANA,

by George W. Cable, published by *Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons*, price, $3.50, is a timely publication, now that New Orleans is the centre of public attention. Mr. Cable's romances have been widely read, and in them the Creoles play the most prominent part. He always writes charmingly, and shows a rare power of reproducing quaint forms of expression and painting character sketches. In this volume he leaves the sphere of romance, and writes sober history; but the history is as delightful as his romances. The history of New Orleans he sketches from the time of its founders, and it would be difficult to find a subject so full of quaint and curious incidents. The question is often asked, "Who are the Creoles?" and that question Mr. Cable answers at the outset. He then proceeds to the narration of the history of the city, with its many and strange vicissitudes, dwelling with delight on its picturesque episodes, which he describes with refinement as well as vigor. The volume abounds with excellent illustrations.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

An Idolatrous Business Man.—The Rev. Dr. Fergus Ferguson, speaking at a recent meeting on the great need every Christian has to pray against setting up an earthly idol in their heart, said: "I have heard of a man who, when he was asked which church he attended, replied: 'Oh, I love my business so well that I just go down and have a look through my premises every Sunday!' This man simply preferred his business to God. He was making an idol of it, and God hath said, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.'"

A Father's Prayer for his Son.—The Rev. Mr. Green relates: "There was a good man, an elder, in the north, who had a son. He was very anxious that his son should be brought to the Lord, and prayed almost continually for him. He did not live to see his conversion, but nevertheless he believed that the Lord would change his heart in His own good time and way. It was not until the grass was growing over the old man's grave that the Lord answered his prayer, and now that son is a bright shining light for the Lord. Oh, friends, take encouragement from this, for God will hear and answer earnest, faithful prayer offered in the name of Christ! A prayer presented in faith will go up like incense before His throne."

A Faithful Apprentice.—"When the late John Angell James was sent to Birmingham as an apprentice, he shared a room in his employer's house along with some other young men. When retiring to rest the first night he knelt down in the presence of his companions, and committed himself to the Lord's keeping. Such a thing had never been done in their presence before, and, with much shouting and laughter, they pelted him with boots, slippers, and other articles. But he went bravely on, unheeding their scoffs and jests, and in course of time God made him instrumental in leading all those companions to Christ; and we all know what a power for good as a minister of the Gospel he became in Birmingham."

"Dear Father, Come Home!"—"Five Years ago I was walking along one of the streets of our city, when I noticed a man with a little girl going into a rum-shop. I could see that she was pleading with her father to come home; but he was not paying much attention to her appeal, and was about to enter when I went between him and the door, and taking him by the arm asked him to go home, for I saw that he was the worse for drink already. At first he refused to go; but on my telling him I would accompany him he yielded to my urging. When we reached his home his wife was waiting anxiously for his return. It was one little room, with scarcely anything in it. The man was earning good wages, and might have had a comfortable, happy home; he had a loving wife and two little children, whom God had given him to take care of, and this was the way he was fulfilling his trust. He sacrificed home, wife, and children that he might gratify his passion for strong drink. It was Saturday, and the little girl had been sent out by her mother at two o'clock to bring her father home. For six hours that child had faithfully followed her father's footsteps, pleading with him to come home. The next day being Sunday, I took him to our mission hall, and there Jesus met and blessed him. He signed the pledge before leaving the meeting, and he has kept true to it ever since. His wife and children are now comfortable and happy, and he himself is a faithful worker for the Lord Jesus Christ."

Running Away from a Song.—A Christian gentleman narrates the following: "I remember the case of a young man who, when he gave himself up to the Lord, said: 'I am afraid my companions will not give me much peace.' The night following, when he left an evangelistic meeting, his companions were all waiting for him, and, whenever he made his appearance, they gathered around him, 'to try and laugh him out of it,' as they said. Walking into the middle of the road, with his companions closely following him, he began to sing, 'We will never mind the scoffs or the frowns of the world, for we've all got a cross to bear.' Before he had finished the verse he was alone; they had all taken flight from fear that the passers-by might think they were listening at an open-air meeting. The young soldier of the cross was now left to go home in peace, and God has since used him in leading many sinners to Christ. If we are faithful to Christ He will never leave us."

A Cowardly Harvestman.—A Laboring Man, soon after confessing Christ and joining a church, in a rural district, had occasion to leave his home for a few weeks to obtain work during harvest in an adjoining county. On returning home, he was congratulated by his fellow-Christians, who expressed their hope that he had been able to stand firm to his profession of Christ and the opposition and persecution to which they justly concluded he must have been subjected by the ungodly workmen with whom he had been compelled to labor. "Oh, no," he replied, "I had no persecution at all, for though I was working with them for five weeks, *they never found me out.*" "So much the worse for you," they replied, "for if your light had shone before them, and you had borne a witness for Christ, they certainly would have found you out." There is ground for fear that this is the case with many professing Christians. The reason why they have no opposition from the world is because their light is under a bushel; hence they do not get "found out."

A Pleading Daughter.—Mrs. Vans, a Well-known Christian worker, relates: "I remember hearing of a man very much addicted to strong drink; he lived in a large house, with every comfort around him. He soon ruined himself, and one article after another of his household furniture was sold or pawned that he might indulge his craving for strong drink. This man had a little girl who loved Jesus very much. Every day before going to school she laid a little Testament on the table that her father might see it, and prayed God to touch her father's heart. One day his employer told him that he could not remain in his service any longer. Very, very miserable and down-hearted he went home. His little girl, quick to observe the slightest change in him, asked him what was the matter, and on hearing the cause of his grief, kneeling by his side and taking his hand in her little one, she said: 'O father, be sober, be sober!' 'It is of no use. I have tried again and again,' he said. He gently put his daughter from him, telling her to run away to school again. She obeyed at once with tears streaming down her cheeks, but before she went she laid out the little Testament as usual. On her way to school she prayed that her father would see his wickedness and that He would bring him to Himself. When she had gone her father felt that something, he knew not what, compelled him to lift and open that little book. He read a part of it, and then asked God to forgive his sins, and help him, for Jesus' sake. He soon got back to his nice house, and bit by bit his furniture."

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A Favor would be Conferred on the Manager and office-staff of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD if subscribers whose terms expire at the end of the year would so far oblige them as to remit their renewals at once, instead of waiting for the new year. During the first few weeks of January there is always a very heavy influx of letters, which, in spite of special arrangements to deal with them, involves liability to mistake in making up the new lists. It would therefore be a convenience, facilitating the work and reducing the chances of delay and disappointment, if such of our subscribers as can conveniently do so would send in their subscriptions now. Those who send a new name with their own, as many are doing, are doubly welcome.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Decrease in the Tide of Immigration continues. The returns of arrivals in the month of November, issued last week, shows that there arrived in the principal customs districts of the United States 32,509 passengers, of whom 26,037 were immigrants, 4044 citizens of the United States, and 2428 aliens not intending to remain in the United States. The number of immigrants that arrived during the month of November, 1883, was 35,393. The number of immigrants that arrived during the eleven months ended November 30th, 1884, was 440, 361, as against 536,430 that arrived during the same period of last year. It is estimated on the basis that, apart from immigration, the population increases at the rate of two per cent every year that the present population of the United States is 57,680,300.

The New Treaty with Spain was Published last week. Its provisions have given rise to a feeling of disappointment, and its ratification by Congress is now considered doubtful. The remission of the duties on sugar from Cuba and Porto Rico will involve a loss to the Treasury of over twenty million dollars, which, it appears probable, would benefit the islands at the expense of our own citizens. The concessions made by Spain are not considered an equivalent, as wheat and flour exported from the United States will still be subject to heavy duties amounting to nearly three fourths of their value. Present indications are that unless further privileges are granted to American exporters, the treaty will not be ratified.

The Treaty with Nicaragua and the Project of a canal, which the treaty is intended to develop, is exciting the opposition of France as well as England. The French press protests against it on the ground of its affecting the interests of the canal M. De Lesseps is now constructing accross the Isthmus. The argument of the leading French holders of De Lesseps bonds is that the United States stood by and entered no protest when the work began at Panama, and undertook no plan of its own; that this apparent acquiescence on the part of the United States misled the great numbers who mainly for this reason invested in Panama bonds. They therefore claim that their own government should not stand still and see a numerous class of its citizens impoverished without making vigorous protest, even up to the point of interference. The English opposition is based on the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which our Government considers obsolete.

The Gravity of the Present Condition of the workingmen forms the subject of editorial comment in all the daily newspapers. The New York *Herald*, which is not an alarmist journal, says: "*A spirit of unrest is abroad* among those who depend upon their daily labor for their bread, not only in the United States, but also in European nations. It is impossible to estimate closely how much labor is now without employment in this country; but if the iron and textile industries may be taken as standards, at least one half of the labor of the country employed in manufactures is idle, and a large proportion of the remainder is earning greatly reduced wages when compared with returns in former years. Agricultural labor is affected in a much less degree, but even there the effects of depression are felt. The Hocking Valley miners and the Norwalk hatters are only special and aggravated indications of a general condition; but the sober sense of these men will, we trust, keep them from riot and bloodshed."

The Prohibitionists of New Jersey Met in Conference at Trenton on December 11th, to decide on the future course of the party in that State. A letter of congratulation was read from Mr. St. John. It was decided to raise by subscription, a fund of $5,000, to be called the Prohibition pioneer fund. Resolutions were adopted, declaring the destructions of the liquor traffic has become a political issue of the greatest importance, affirming the necessity of continuing the Prohibition party, expressing confidence in St. John and gratitude for his efforts in the past, congratulating all persons, especially those in New Jersey, who voted the Prohibition ticket in November, indorsing the efforts of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for the submission of a Constitutional amendment relating to prohibition, and the securing of legislation providing for the scientific instruction of public school pupils as to the injuries the human system sustains through the use of alcohol, and calling upon Congress to restrict the importation of liquors.

The Law and Order League will Hold its annual meeting in New York on February 22d, 1885. All State and local leagues are requested to send delegates, the object being to secure a better enforcement of the laws for the restriction of the liquor traffic. It is desired to make February 22d a law and order day throughout the country. The local arrangements are placed in the hands of a committee composed of the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott and Mr. Robert Graham. The executive committee has issued an address requesting ministers throughout the country to address their congregations on Washington's Birthday on the subject of a better enforcement of the restrictions placed by law on the liquor traffic, and "to unite with their people in prayer to Almighty God that the curse of drunkenness may be removed from the land."

Another Dynamite Explosion Startled London on Saturday last. About half past five o'clock in the evening a loud report was heard from the direction of London Bridge. There was immense excitement for a time, and the wildest reports were in circulation. Persons who were on the bridge at the time say that they heard a loud report and observed two flashes of light. Many panes of glass were broken in the buildings on both sides of the river for a long distance above and below the scene of the explosion. The latest account shows that the explosive missile was thrown from the bridge into the Thames, and that on striking the water it burst into flame, after which a loud explosion occurred. The explosion was heard ten miles outside of London. The only damage done, as far as can be ascertained, is the destruction of glass worth about $250 in the windows in the warehouses near the river; a number of lamp-posts twisted into fantastic shapes, and a few travellers knocked over. One pedestrian, who was probably nearest to the explosion, is said to have been slightly bruised by being violently thrown against the stone parapet of the bridge. Police experts estimate that, while the damage done was slight, at least fifty pounds of dynamite must have been used to cause an explosion so great as to smash windows on both sides of the river and put out gaslights for a space of at least a quarter of a mile.

A More Conciliatory Policy toward Ireland appears to have been adopted by the British Government. The new Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Campbell Bannerman, who succeeded Mr. Trevelyan two months ago, made a remarkable speech at Stirling on December 12th. Its significance is increased by the fact that this speech is his first public utterance of moment since his assumption of office. The secretary openly advocated a more liberal form of government for Ireland. He said that the great mistake made by the English in their treatment of Ireland lay in the fact that their policy was too obviously one of "benevolent condescension." The Irish, he contended, being a proud and sensitive people, resent this attitude of patronage, whereas if they were given the laws and institutions which their needs require, and to which the country is peculiarly adapted, they would become as loyal as the Scotch. It is thought that the new Secretary would not have spoken so emphatically if he had not previously received assurances of support from his colleagues.

The German Colonization Movement is Officially described in a book issued by the government. It is regarded as a rebuff, if not a menace, to England. The English press, Conservative and Liberal, comments upon it unfavorably. The *St. James Gazette* says that on the 4th of February, 1883, Prince Bismarck asked Lord Granville whether the British Foreign Office would protect German traders in Anglo-African settlements. Eighteen months afterward England begged German protection for Englishmen in Africa. The article concludes as follows: "So closes for the present the ignominious chapter of our colonial history. The rebuff, although galling to our pride, prejudicial to our prestige, and fatal to many of our interests, is thoroughly well deserved. The German Chancellor has treated us with frankness and even with forbearance. Everything which we have to deplore is due to Lord Granville's procrastination and indecision, which are now chronic." The Liberal journals are scarcely less emphatic in condemning the policy of the government.

The French Operations in Madagascar have been made the subject of inquiry in the Chambers. Admiral Galiber, for a long time French commander in Madagascar, in his deposition said that England had tried to bring about an understanding between France and the Hovas, but had failed, because the English residents in Madagascar, who were independent Methodists, refused to be influenced even by England, being permeated with the traditional English hatred of France. The Hovas, he said, would accept a French protectorate were it not for English influence. Ten thousand men, in his opinion, would suffice for an expedition to Antananarivo, the capital, but he did not counsel an expedition. The bad faith of the Hovas, he said, had rendered negotiations with them out of the question. The policy he approved was to occupy the important points on the coast with French troops and so convince the Hovas that the French were resolved to uphold their rights (?). If the Hovas saw that they would probably yield. The Methodists have undoubtedly opposed the infamous aggression of the French, knowing that their presence in Madagascar would not conduce to the prosperity of the island.

The Centennial Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was in session last week at Baltimore, Md. It is one hundred years since the Methodist Church was organized as an independent body, and Bishop Asbury, the first American bishop, was consecrated. Independent churches had existed before that date, but without union or organization. This conference is of special interest, because now, for the first time in forty years, about four millions of Methodist church members are represented in one assembly. Members of the church North, and of the church South; African Methodists and Canadian Methodists—nearly all the shades of opinion in the denomination having sent delegates.

The New Home of the Union Theological Seminary in New York was dedicated on December 9th. It is situated on Park Avenue, between Sixty-Ninth and Seventieth streets. The building, with its site, cost about $800,000. The four edifices of which it consists are of Gothic design, made of brick, trimmed with brown stone, and finished in the interior with solid oak and ash. Competent judges have expressed the opinion that few theological seminaries have appointments so complete. The 170 rooms in the dormitory are for the most part single, and are all well lighted and well ventilated. The same is true of the four large lecture rooms, the gymnasium, the library, and the rooms for the professors. The library, consisting of over 50,000 books, and as many pamphlets, is contained in the fire-proof building, to erect which Governor E. D. Morgan gave $50,000, and then set aside an equal amount to insure its permanent maintenance. Besides the gift of the chapel by Mr. Marquand, Morris K. Jesup gave $50,000 to build the lecture hall and D. Willis James contributed $100,000 for the dormitory. The assets of the institution on October 31st were $2,044,255.32.

A Jerry McAuley Mission for Detroit, Mich., was opened in that city on November 26th. It is an undenominational mission, established in a building which was formerly the Jefferson Avenue Methodist Church, and was purchased by Mr. Charles Funke for the mission, as was also the ground on which the church stands, at the corner of St. Aubins Avenue and Sherman Street. *A singular incident* is connected with the location of the church. Mr. H. O. Wills, one of its few leading projectors, was converted at midnight in an old house where the mission now stands. Mr. Wills takes pleasure in telling how "the Lord spoke to him and raised him up." The mission is to be open every night, and will be conducted on the same principles as the Cremorne Mission of New York; its promoters have made a special study of the late Jerry McAuley's plans. Ministers of all denominations assisted at the dedicatory services. About $500 is still needed to pay for furniture and sundry necessary expenses. Subscriptions toward it may be sent to Mr. H. O. Wills or Mr. Charles Funke, Detroit, Mich.

A School for Christian Workers will be opened at Springfield, Mass., on January 5th, 1885. Its main object is to train young men to be secretaries of Young Men's Christian Associations, Sunday-school superintendents, and pastors' helpers in mission work, especially such as have been unable to pursue a collegiate and theological course. The school will supply a systematized course of study of Bible history and the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, with practice in Christian Associations and Sunday-schools and all branches of lay work, together with instruction in vocal music and gymnastics. It is expected that the course will occupy two years, the school year continuing from September to June. The school is to be strictly undenominational, and the students are expected to connect themselves with churches of their respective denominations in the city and to take active part in church work. The new school will have a faculty of six experienced clergymen in Springfield as teachers; and Mr. Moody, who is one of the trustees, is expected to lecture and give Bible-readings. Young men desirous of availing themselves of the facilities of this institution can obtain all necessary information as to expenses, etc., from the secretary, Rev. S. L. Merrill, and any who may be debarred by want of means from entering the school can receive pecuniary aid on presenting satisfactory testimonials of their worth and need.

A Mother's Premonition was Mentioned at an inquest at New Albany, Ind., recently. She stated that, having sent her son, ten years old, on an errand, she distinctly heard him shriek and moan about half an hour after he left the house. Her daughter said that at the time named, her mother called her and bade her go and look for the boy, for she had heard him cry, and was sure he was hurt. Her daughter looked around the house, but could not see the boy, and concluded that her mother had been mistaken. Shortly afterward the mangled body of the boy was brought home. At the very time the mother heard his shriek he had fallen under the wheels of a train of cars more than half a mile away. It was impossible that his scream could have been heard at his home, yet the mother, who could have known nothing of what was occurring, declared that she heard it. Scientists cannot explain the occurrence, nor those of which it is a type; yet they are bold enough to declare the impossibility that prayer, the cry of the agonized soul to its Heavenly Father, can be heard and answered (Luke 18 : 7, 8).

An Ingenious Attempt to Defraud was Detected at the mint recently. On December 10th a package purporting to contain gold grains was delivered there by express from Little Rock, Ark. The general appearance of the grains was much like that daily received, and they also bore successfully the acid test. Subsequently, a careful analysis was made to ascertain what the article really was and of what it was composed. The result was astonishing, revealing an ingenious device for the deception of parties dealing in gold bullion. The grains were found to be nothing more nor less than steel filings, and to give them the appearance of grains of the precious metal they were covered with fine gold, which was made to adhere by the use of a composition of turpentine. The church and the world are often similarly imposed upon. Hypocrites are often able to pick up a coating of cant phrases and wear a sanctimonious appearance, who are really base metal. Though the deception may succeed here, and for a time, ultimate detection is inevitable (Matt. 7 : 22, 23).

A Death through Pride is Reported from Dayton, Ohio. A man arrived in that city some months ago who had formerly been in an excellent position in the State. He sought employment, but for some time without success. He tried his hand at any kind of business where he could find an opportunity, and finally was compelled to shovel gravel to get a crust for his wife and seven children. He worked at this for a few days until one night he was brought home in a wagon unable to walk, yet not a word escaped him. He never left his bed after retiring, and three days later he was dead. An investigation of the affair established the fact that the man had actually starved to death after working until he could no longer stand. The family were without food for nearly two weeks, during which time they subsisted on a few dry crusts divided between the nine members of the family. The father was too proud, however, to make known his wants. His wife tells a horrible story of his death, saying that while he lay dying the children surrounded his couch and sobbed piteously for bread. When she finally sent for a physician the dying father was so far gone that he could not swallow. Not even the next-door neighbors knew that the family were suffering for the want of food. If the man would have humbled himself to ask the proper authorities for assistance, he need not have died. It is seldom that men are too proud to accept help in such an extremity, though in spiritual matters the case is only too common. One of the Christian worker's greatest difficulties is to persuade men who can never earn salvation to accept it as a free gift (Eph. 2 : 8, 9).

A Novel Application to the Police for Information was recently made in Brooklyn, N. Y. A young man requested them to *find out who he is*. He stated that he had been living for more than twelve years with a family in Massachusetts. He had supposed that he was one of the family, and had always called them respectively his mother and father, brothers and sisters. A few days before making his application to the police he had quarrelled bitterly with one of the young ladies, whom he had called his sister, and she taunted him with being a stranger in the family. Not understanding her words, he had asked an explanation of her mother, who told him he was not her son, but had been adopted when an infant. She did not know who were his mother and father, but believed that he had been stolen from a home in Brooklyn by wicked persons, with whom he had remained until she pitied him and adopted him. The police promptly commenced a search of their record of lost children in the hope of discovering his parents, whom he is naturally anxious to find. Whether he is successful or not, he will, it may be hoped, be directed to his Father in Heaven, who gives power to all who believe on Jesus to become sons of God (John 1 : 12).

The Treasured Tribute of a Monarch has been magnificently preserved by the desire of Mrs. Garfield. The Queen of England, on the occasion of President Garfield's funeral, sent a beautiful wreath to be laid on the casket containing his remains. Mrs. Garfield desired to preserve it as a memento, and it has been done for her by Englishmen in this country. The large wreath of calla lilies, preserved in wax, is enclosed in a heavy frame of English oak. The wood is taken from a tree that stood for 360 years and was cut down by the British at the battle of Waterloo to build a bridge. The frame is artistically engraved with oak leaves, except across the lower border, where roses are intertwined with hollyhocks. At the top of the frame are engraved a sword, a shield, and a Bible surmounted by the Garter. On the right is the United States coat of arms, and on the left is the British coat of arms. Below is a gold plate bearing the words the Queen wrote to the family of the late President. Many wreaths of flowers were sent at the same time, from other persons, but these are thus treasured and honored, and the words accompanying them preserved, because they came from a royal person. It is not so that the King of kings finds His gifts received. The world rejected His greatest Gift, and slights His word (Rom. 6 : 23).

A Claimant of Millions was Buried at the town's expense two weeks ago in Connecticut. His father was a ship owner who had four of his vessels seized and confiscated in a West Indian port during the wars of the coalition of European nations against Napoleon, early in this century. He inherited his father's spoliation claim, and devoted himself to prosecuting it. At the time of his death the principal and interest amounted to more than three million dollars He applied to every President from Van Buren to Arthur, to the leading officials at Washington, and induced several Congressmen to interest themselves in the affair, but without avail. The long-continued struggle beggared him, and the last eighteen years of his life were passed in the poorhouse, from which he kept up a continuous correspondence. It is remarkable that on *the very day he was buried* the U. S. Senate passed the bill referring the case to the Court of Claims. Had he lived but a few days longer he would have seen his long-deferred hope on the way to realization. It may be hoped that the disappointed old man, who died lamenting that he could not get justice in this world, had not neglected to claim the mercy of God offered to all who seek it, and that in the next world he received the inheritance reserved for the followers of Christ (1 Peter 1 : 4).

THE LION AND THE BEAR: TROPHIES HUNG UP.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God. David said moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."—1 Sam. 17: 36, 37.

David's Hallowed Life—His Reasoning—No Desire for Glory—Why he was Confident—How to be Davids—The Confidence of David—I. Grounded on Experience—The Experience to be Met—And Used—II. Comprised the Human and Divine—Two Lines of Rails—III. The Prominence of the Human—IV. Emphasis on the Divine—V. Relying on God's Immutability—VI. Confidence in the Sufficiency of God's Help.

David had lived with God. Throughout many a solitary day he had kept his father's flock among the lone hills of Judah, and had worshipped the Unseen but Ever-present Lord. He had grown into an adoring familiarity with the Most High, so that to him the name of the one only living and true God was a deep and solemn joy. As you may have spied far up among the ramparts of the mountains a solitary lake, whose one office it is to mirror the face of heaven, so had

DAVID'S HALLOWED LIFE

become the reflection of the light and glory of the Lord of hosts.

When David finds himself in the camp, and when he hears Goliath of Gath pouring forth his blasphemies against Jehovah, and defying Jehovah's people, he has no thought of having been mistaken in his former lofty adoration, he entertains no notion of adopting a lower style; but he inwardly burns with indignation against the infamous reviler. An insult against God cannot be allowed. This abominable blasphemer must be silenced. Somebody must put him down, and so dispose of him that none shall ever dare again to do the like. David inquires whether somebody or other is not going to batter the brazen champion. If any man in the camp will meet this huge man-mountain, David will not stand in his way; he is not so covetous of glory as to deprive a more deserving person of these huge materials for renown. But it is imperative that some hand should silence that hillock of proud flesh. It is driven in upon David's devout heart that this blasphemous mouth must be shut, and God's name and God's people must be clear of such a brutal enemy.

About the stilling of this enemy and avenger, David has no inquiry to make. It is going to be done, done soon, and done without any particular display. When he kept his sheep, and the lion came, David did not raise the question whether he could kill the lion; he killed him, and then the question was settled. When the bear came, and was about to rob him of one of his lambs, he did not say to himself, "Have I a call to kill that bear?" Not he; but he killed him, and then

HE KNEW HE WAS CALLED

to do it. He feels within him at this moment, "If nobody else will deal with this Philistine difficulty, I must do so; for I cannot live and see God opposed." And so, yielding to the diviner impulses by which the truly great are led, David puts himself forward to stand in single combat with an enormous giant.

Observe a stripling set over against a son of Anak; but when you have made the observation, be sure to note that the stripling by no means asks your sympathy, or appeals to your pity. It sometimes happens that a tremor will come over a man when he feels that he has stepped out of the ranks, and come forward without any call from his fellow-men—when he feels that he has taken up Jehovah's quarrel, and constituted himself the champion of the Most High. If he is not quite sure about his commission, and if he is not quite sure that God is with him, he will soon repent his own temerity, and make an ignominious retreat. In David's case there is no flush of excitement, no fierce light of eyes lit up with a semi-madness. Evidently he is quite at home, and has the entire business well in hand.

He tells us why he is so bravely venturesome. It is well worth our while to see what made David so strong and confident; for, if it has never occurred to us hitherto, it may yet occur that we shall be called out to do some deed of daring for the Lord. Come, let us learn

HOW TO BE DAVIDS

should a voice call us from among the sheepfolds. I wish that young men here would aspire to brave lives for the God of Israel. I would that for truth, and goodness, and the eternal glory, they would be ready to rise to the measure of their destined hour. Why should we all be mean men? Is there not room for a few downright devoted beings, who will lift their hand unto the Lord, and never go back? If self-sacrifice is wanted, let us make it. If some one is needed for a heathen land, or to bear testimony for truth in this almost apostate nation, let us cry, "Here am I! Send me!" God's David will not hang back through cowardly fear or dread of consequences, but will take up his place as God shall help him, and say, like Martin Luther, "I can do no other; so help me, O my God."

We shall see what made David so calm and self-possessed as to venture where nobody else would venture, and take up the gauntlet and dare to be the champion of the living God. O souls that dwell apart, and wear each one a lone star upon his brow, here are kindred flames for you!

Notice

THE CONFIDENCE OF DAVID.

He does not go to this battle with any kind of hesitation, calculation, or question of fear, but he is quite sure of the result, and proceeds about it with a quiet reserve of force. One would have thought that he himself was a colossal presence, and that the person to be assailed was some pigmy, for he talks with such calm assurance—"Let no man's heart fail him. Thy servant will fight with this uncircumcised Philistine." It would have been fearful brag if it had not been simple matter of fact.

I. The confidence of David, in the first place, was grounded upon his own personal experience. Beloved, if you would display strong confidence in God, firm, calm, steady, you must look in large measure to the experience you have had of the goodness and faithfulness of God. The Lord in mercy often keeps young beginners from those severe and heavy trials which befall the more advanced, because to them this fountain of strength—namely, a profound personal experience—is not yet accessible, except in rare instances. The young have not as yet obtained much experience of the things of God; but those who have been led onward in the divine life a certain distance have tried and proved the promises, and the promise-keeping power and faithfulness of God, and they can draw from this well with the highest results.

But, beloved, I would have you remember that experience does not come to people if they sit quite still. When David was young in years he was old in experience, because he had watched the hand of the Lord in its dealings with him. He had not been an idler among the hills, but a worshipper, a worker, a student, a practical, living man of God. You must go and

MEET AN EXPERIENCE,

if that experience is to bring you riches in both its hands. I mean this, David's experience was that God delivered him out of the jaw of the lion, but he went and fought that lion; by his own dauntless valor he took the lamb out of his mouth, and he laid hold upon his jaws, and rent him in pieces. David went forth to meet that experience. And the bear—that came to David, certainly; but then he did not sit still and watch the bear, and let it come and roar, and ravin, and then retreat as it liked; but he struggled with that bear, and he slew him, and thus he gained his experience by the active discharge of his duty as a shepherd. He did what he was called upon to do with holy daring, and in so doing he learned the faithfulness of God. Many men have lions and bears, but no experience. Be alive, and get something out of all that happens around you.

You younger Christian men and women, I do pray you be faithful to your God; and put your trust in Him. Try to do in your earliest days brave things, because in this manner you will be gaining and storing up an experience which

WILL MAKE YOU STRONG

in after days to attempt yet more for God. I long to see a better race than the present, and how shall that be prepared but among the brave and loyal-hearted youth of to-day? Do you not know the way in which God rewards His faithful servants here on earth? He does it usually by enabling them to do in the future something more than they have done before. You have fought in that battle. Take this as your reward—you shall fight again to-morrow. You have achieved a second victory? Take this as your guerdon—you shall be led to a still sterner fight. Oh, you who have frowned down the face of death, and have bearded destruction in its own den, you shall lead a second forlorn hope, and pluck victory from the bloody brows of battle. You shall be among the choice warriors of the King, first in every fray. Some, perhaps, may think this a small reward, but this shows that their hearts are not yet raised into the lordlier chivalry, nor sworn into the innermost love of the great King. When the heart is wholly given up to Christ, our one desire is that we may glorify Him.

Therefore, I would have you take care and

KILL YOUR LIONS,

and kill your bears, that you may store up your experiences, and be able to kill your Philistines. If David had not killed the first lion and bear, he would not have been able to meet any other ferocious creatures. There is any quantity of them about; but no one but brave David had specially cultivated their acquaintance; I say there is plenty of the raw material of experience about, only people do not go in for it. These evil creatures are up and down, all over the place, lions of one kind and bears of another, tearing or roaring, howling or hugging, drawing down or tossing up—in every way trying to destroy us; and if you be a born hunter, you shall have ages of experience within the next twelve months. Take care that you do it. Do not become constant idlers, and then talk about Christian experience.

Oh, for true, deep, rich experience! Some of you need it badly enough. What kind of experience will some professors have when they come to be sixty or seventy years of age? They never labored in the Sunday-school to teach a child, never stood up to preach Christ, never penetrated a lodging-house, nor entered a midnight-meeting to try and find out a wanderer for Jesus. These have no experience; they are hollow as drums. They have done nothing; their spiritual life has been a blank. If a sharp trial should come to them, upon what experience could they fall back? They are soldiers who have never smelt powder! Warriors who faint at the sight of blood! How shall they win eternal victory, who till this hour have taken their ease, and declined the labor and the danger of the war?

I charge you, therefore, my beloved brethren and sisters, who know the Lord, be up and in earnest to slay your lions and your bears, that you may learn how to kill your Philistines—that is to say, serve God with all your heart, and patiently bear the cross for His name's sake, so that when the time shall come for you to stand as a lone man for Christ, you may do it gloriously, and may bring honor to your divine leader.

II. You will notice, secondly, that in his confidence there is a blending of the human with the divine. Observe; "Thy servant slew both

the lion and the bear, and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them." That is the human. "David said moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." That is the divine side of it. In God's word the car of truth runs on two rails of parallel statement. A great many people want to pull up one of the rails. They will not accept two sets of truth. "Predestination and free agency do not agree," so the modern Solomons assert. Who said, "they do not agree?" They do agree as fully as two rails on the tram line; but some narrow spirits must set aside either the one or the other, they cannot accept *both*. This has long been

A PUZZLE ON PAPER,

but in practice it is ease itself. So here the practical action of the believer, throwing his whole might into his Master's service, perfectly well agrees with his falling back upon the working of God, and knowing that it is God that worketh all things for him. David's slaying of the lion and the bear and the Philistine is clear; but God's delivering him out of the jaw of the lion, and the paw of the bear, and the hand of the Philistine, is equally clear. Make it plain to your own self. I believe that, when I preach, I ought to prepare and study my sermon as if its success altogether depended upon me, but that, when I am thus thoroughly furnished, I am to trust in God as much as if I had done nothing at all.

The same view should be taken of your life and of your service for God. Work as if you were to be saved by your works; and then trust Christ only, since it is only by faith in Him that you are capable of a single good work. Work for God with all your might, as if you did it all; but then always remember that "it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure." How is that Philistine to be killed? "By God," says one. True; but not without David. "By David," says another. Yes, but not without God. Put the Lord on the march with David, and you put the Philistines into untimely graves. When David moves to the fight, God being with him, off comes Goliath's head. Nor champions' heads, nor demons' helmets can stand against the man of God. "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

THE HUMAN SIDE.

III. Thirdly, I want you to notice in David's confidence that he had so practically observed the service of the human side that he speaks of it first. Concerning his experience, David says first, "Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear." In fact, he begins not with what God did, but with what he did himself. Hear him: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock: and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him." David speaks of the human side first, because Saul had said to him, "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine." In effect he replied, "Hear what I did, and see whether I am not able to meet the case." Sometimes when the question is asked, "Is this possible?" let the Lord's anointed one say, "Ay, for I have done it myself." In a slothful church—a church that has no faith in God—and there are many such—the question is asked, "Can this be done—done by such poor creatures as we are?" It is not an ill thing if one who has had experience of the Lord's power bears a bold testimony, and says, "This can be done, for in days gone by I did the like."

What is wanted, is to give facts and dates, and get into the region of reality. David put the human into the very forefront. I wish you would remember this when you hear the

IDLE NIGHT-BIRDS

hooting at our working for the Lord. The lazy-bones of our orthodox churches cry, "God will do His own work;" and then they look out the softest pillow they can find, and put it under their heads, and say, "The eternal purposes will be carried out; God will be glorified." That is all very fine talk, but it can be used with the most mischievous design. You can make opium out of it, which will lull you into a deep and dreadful slumber, and prevent your being of any kind of use at all. God delivers David and Israel, and slays Goliath; but David is also there in full force, and nothing is done without his sling and stone. Every man has his own place to fill. Fill yours. There is something for you to do. By God's grace do it.

THE DIVINE SIDE.

IV. But now again, although David thus speaks of the human first, yet he speaks of the divine most. "No," say you; "he does not speak of the divine *most:* there are several verses about the human, and we have only one upon the divine." Listen! All the points which David makes concerning the human are about the divine too; for when a man who has faith in God speaks, if he says, "I did this, I did that," it is but another and sometimes a braver way of saying that God did it. It may sometimes be more practically useful to believers to hear of what God did by you than to hear abstractly of what God has done by His own bare arm. It redounds more to God's glory that He has wrought acts of grace by such poor creatures as we are than if He had wrought them by seraphim and cherubim. Not without men doth God aim at His highest glory, or else they would not have been created; but *in* and *by* men will the Lord be great to the ends of the earth.

V. Now, I want to go a little farther, and show that David's confidence rested mainly in the immutability of God, the divine Worker. He says: "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." In the divine character there are usual features and ordinary lines of action. God has "*ways*." He does not behave in one manner to-day, and in another to-morrow, but His tones and methods are fixed. Our

GOD IS NOT CAPRICIOUS;

we know what to expect from Him, for He has revealed to us "the way of the Lord." All through the Bible you read of God's way. Therefore, when certain events happen we know where they will end. From experience of the past we gather prophecies of the future, and we foretell things to come.

Let me show you a few objects in conjunction, and let us take observations. See! Before my mind's eye there pass a lion and a believing man; God gives that believing man victory over the lion. Study the second picture—a bear and a beliving man; God helps that believing man to get the victory over the bear. God, who is the same to-day as yesterday, will be the same to-morrow. A third picture is before me—a huge giant, and the same beliving man; well, God will give him victory over the Philistine. I am sure of it. It is the way of Him. I want you, my dear brother, to feel that if God has blessed you in the past He will bless you still. You were helped; you can never forget it; you were helped right through. It was

A SEVERE CRISIS

in your life, and you were wonderfully carried over it; does not this fact fill you with hope? There came another somewhat different trial, as different from the former trouble as a bear may be from a lion; but you were again helped—very remarkably helped. You have not forgotten it; you cannot forget it, though your hair be gray. Are not such encouragements very many and very sweet? Why, I can furnish my whole house with the bears' skins and lions' skins. We serve an immutable God. *We* change a thousand times a day, but He changes never. Our pilgrimage leads us along a good old way; our chart and our compass are the same as those of our youth; and the divine consolation, upon which alone we rely, is in every respect unaltered and unalterable. Hear Jehovah speak; "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."

VI. This leads me to close by observing that David's confidence also proceeded upon his firm conviction that the immutable God being with him, he himself would be sufficient for the present emergency. Now, you see, I bring the man in again, but it is that you may think of God all the more.

WE WANT IMMUTABILITY

applied to ourselves, or we are not comforted. It is a very easy thing to say, "Yes, God is unchangeable;" and then we turn round and say, "God is glorious, but I am such a poor creature." Yes, and you were such a poor creature when you slew the lion; and just such a poor creature when you slew the bear. If you are just such a poor creature still, it is probable that by just such a poor creature God is going to get to Himself one more victory to the glory of His grace.

Does it ever come over you who are getting into years to tremble at times? to tremble involuntarily, with a sore sense of utter nothingness? Your trembling is partly physical weakness, and partly mental weariness; you say, "For what God has helped me to do, to His name be praise!" But you go on to inquire, "Can I continue under so great a pressure? Shall I do this present deed, and bear this present burden which my Lord has laid upon me?" Why, dear friend, of course you will. What you have done before you will do again; and greater things than these will you do. I want you to unite with David in a sense of personal capacity for all the outlying future. Not only say, "The Lord that delivered me will deliver me," but say also, "Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear, and thy servant can slay this Philistine too. Yes, I killed the beasts, and in God's name I will kill the champion."

"Ah, you do not know my trouble, dear sir!" No, my dear friend, and you do not know mine, and I am not going to tell you. It would not comfort you if I told you my distresses; and it certainly would not comfort me if you told me all your ailings and moanings and sighings. I expect that we have each to suffer

THE BEST TROUBLE

that could have been appointed us. If any good is to come of the rod, it will be a rod that is handled by the Lord in His own way; not under the direction of our daily folly, but under the guidance of His infinite wisdom and prudence. He knows where each one of us requires to come under discipline. He knows the specific nature of each believer, even as a careful vine-dresser understands the peculiarity of each of his vines. In the season of pruning the Great Husbandman knows which branch wants cutting off. You cry, "Not so, Lord. Here is a branch lower down; if I must be pruned, cut that off." The Lord is going to spare that shoot, for it is a fruit-bearing one; but the other which you like so much would only run to wood, and so He is going to cut it away. Afflictions sent us according to our own desires would not be afflictions, but amusements. The bastinado applied by the culprit himself would not amount to much.

I do not know for whom my message at this hour may be specially meant. It comes to me ruggedly, but with a good deal of impressiveness. I have an inward conviction that there are some who hear it, or may read it, to whom it is sent—children of God who are placed in positions where it is incumbent upon them to stand out, and bear open witness for the truth. There is little doing for the Master; everybody is cowardly and backward. Awake, ye brave! Speak out, speak out, and silence the foe! Like packs of hounds the proud thinkers mouth it against the Lord; but a single fearless voice will quiet the whole kennel of them. Come to the front of the fight, ye that are truly men, and the Lord will be with you. Remember how He has helped you in times past, and let the God of your salvation be your God for ever and ever.

A London Street as it was in the Reign of Elizabeth.

LONDON THREE CENTURIES AGO.

(*See Illustration.*)

A POPULAR resort for Londoners during the past season was the International Health Exhibition, or, as they familiarly called it, "the Healtheries." Primarily it was intended as a means of practical education in sanitary matters, but the project finally assumed a somewhat extended application of the idea. It took in everything connected with food, clothing and habitation. As one journal said before it was opened, "Visitors will be able to inspect the process by which jams and candles, soaps and hats, soda-water, mustard, and lace are respectively produced from the appropriate materials. What may be called the Ladies' Department will comprise a display of dress such as probably has never yet been collected in any one place before in the history of our planet. Modern male and female habiliments will shine forth in all their natural pre-eminence side by side with the strange attire of our forefathers, even as far back as the early Saxon period. In one portion of the gigantic area set apart for the summer lounge of London, eggs will be ripening into chickens under the fostering care of a patent incubator. There are to be dwellings, sanitary and unsanitary, from Dr. Richardson's ideal mansion, in which the inmates are to sleep in the basement and cook in the attics, to an Esquimaux hut or a farm laborer's cottage, in which the family perform all the functions of existence in an unventilated room ten feet square. There will be schools with benches and gymnasium ingenious enough to charm the habitual truant, and workshops of model completeness. Case after case will be filled with everything good to eat and drink, and a great many articles which come under neither category. Finally, there will be such a melange of amusement, instruction, and novelty as has rarely been witnessed before in any city on the face of the terrestrial globe."

Among the exhibitions in the Dwellings' Department was a reproduction of a street such as existed in London before the great fire of 1666. It was reproduced from old pictures and plans found in the museums, and was the subject of much interest. *Our illustration* on this page represents a part of the street, and gives an idea of how the city must have looked in the time of Queen Elizabeth and her immediate successors. The narrow thoroughfare and the overhanging upper floors caused visitors to congratulate themselves on the progress made in the building art, and to wonder how their ancestors could have lived in structures so inconvenient. These self-congratulations caused a journalist to suggest grimly that in order to make the picture complete, though less flattering to the present generation, it would be well to reproduce a Whitechapel court, inmates and all, supplied with the open drains, foul air, and all-abounding dirt which made such a locality the favorite home of small-pox and the plague.

AFTER THE CHOLERA AT SPEZIA.

THE good that comes out of evil is beginning to appear in some of the cholera-stricken cities of Italy. Especially in Spezia, where Mr. E. Clarke's mission is located, (a picture of which appeared in this journal on November 17th, 1881,) have there been results which may lead to a blessing for the poor bereaved ones. A Gospel worker, who recently visited the city, writes: "The cholera seems to have awakened a spirit of inquiry into Gospel truth. I found it quite easy to broach the subject of religion to any one, and no difficulty in the way of conversation with private individuals in Genoa, where I gave away a number of Testaments, after having had a talk' and called attention to some of the chief verses.

"The citizens of Spezia have behaved nobly. The mayor was away when the plague broke out. He came back, and personally attented to the sick, hand to hand with the *two evangelical ministers*. The mayor, Sig. Raffaelo de Nobile, was a stanch Catholic, but in that hour of calamity religious walls fell down. He took the cholera, and died in a few hours. One of the aldermen was at once elected in his place, and he has worked with the same zeal as his predecessor.

"Spezia is blessed with two great workers—Mr. Philipini and Mr. Clarke. Each has about six hundred children in their day schools. These have been closed by the authorities, on account of cholera, but re-open next week. The present mayor has handed over any *orphans of Catholic parents that Mr. Clarke and Mr. Philipini would adopt*. Mr. Clarke has taken twelve, and has placed them among the families of believers. Mr. Philipini, who has a wife and two children, has taken six into his own house. The priests in the place are rampant, but now helpless. Mr. Philipini has daily to refuse more scholars, for want of room and means. He has taken the six orphans on his own responsibility, and is going to trust to Jesus for means to support them, having only his small pay. With twelve hundred in evangelical schools, Spezia's future looks brighter than that of any other Italian city."

AMOS RILEY'S REFUGE.

(*See Illustration on page* 813.)

CLINK! Clink! Clink-a-clink! The clatter of the hammer on the anvil in Amos Riley's smithy sounded cheerily, and the sparks flew around under the sturdy blows. The passer-by thought the spectacle one suggestive of honest industry and cheerful contentment. A glance at the blacksmith's face, however, was not confirmatory of the suggestion. It was an honest, intelligent face, expressive of determination and firmness, which possibly on occasion and in a wrong cause might deserve to be called obstinacy. But to-day, as the man brings his hammer down with the full force of his muscular strength, there is more anger and sullen resentment in his look than any other expression. He has little to say to his help, who moves warily about the shop, careful that no negligence or clumsiness on his part shall give his employer an opportunity of finding fault. It is stormy weather in the shop, and the man is not anxious to be the one to "draw the lightning."

PRAYER.
"All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing ye shall receive." — Matt. xxi. 22.
"Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full"—John xvi. 24.
Genesis xxiv.
Matt. vi.

Amos Riley Directed.

Three hours ago Amos Riley went to the bank to pay in some money he received yesterday, and found, to his amazement, the doors closed, and a paper fixed thereon, announcing that the directors, for causes explained, had found it necessary to suspend. Riley was not the man to stand staring with the crowd beginning to gather at the doors and the ominous notice thereon. There were many there ready to pity him, and abuse the bank managers, but he wanted no pity. It was not his way to talk or listen to others talking in the presence of a great calamity. He felt a great lump in his throat, and there was a spark of fire in his eye as he turned away, but he spoke no word, and went quietly back to his shop and set himself to work. He was dazed, and scarcely knew what work he was doing; but he went about it mechanically, and with no lack of his usual dexterity. If anything had gone wrong, he would have stormed and raved with anger out of all proportion to the annoyance, and would have felt relieved by explosion. But all went smoothly, and there was no excuse the most exacting boss could make, for complaint. So he worked on in gloomy silence, the fierce blows of the hammer he wielded, alone showing the strong passion working within.

He was not disturbed without reason. Nearly a thousand dollars of his were in that bank. It was all he had saved since he began to work for himself, two years ago. In a few days it was to have been paid to the builder who was putting up a snug little cottage for him, and Amos would have had the satisfaction of living under his own roof. Any man might be excused feeling badly at seeing the whole fruit of two years' labor swept away, especially when the payment promised next week could not be met. No wonder Amos was gloomy.

The steam-whistle of the factory sounded, and Amos, flinging down his hammer in acknowledgment that dinner-time had come, shut the door of his shop and went home. He had no appetite, but he would eat his dinner as usual, or his wife would want to know what was the matter, and he could not bear to talk yet, even to her, of his misfortune. She was a godly woman, while Amos made no profession of religion; but she was not blessed with much sense, having a tendency to utter dull platitudes in times of trouble, and to upbraid Amos with his godlessness at unsuitable seasons. She had, however, done one wise thing; she had let the New Testament speak.

Amos went, as usual, to the wash-stand to remove from his hands the honest dirt of his trade before sitting down to his dinner. Right before him, hanging from a roller, were a few sheets of paper on which were printed scripture texts. His wife had seen them in a religious book-store, and expended a few cents in the purchase. As he washed his hands, Amos read, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive;" and again, "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." His wife stood close behind him as he read, watching him anxiously. Amos was conscious of her presence, but he paid no heed to it. The words of promise and encouragement were falling with soothing effect on his perturbed spirit.

It was not often that he bent his knees in prayer. Now he began to think it might have been better for him if he had prayed more. It was not too late to begin, and in the presence of his trouble, and of his embarrassment about his engagement next week, there was need enough. He dried his hands, and went into his bedroom, shutting the door after him, in a way that warned his wife against intrusion. There he bowed his head in prayer. He never remembered what it was he prayed for, but it seemed to him as if he carried his burden of misery and his anxiety into the presence of God, and left it there. He said but little during his meal, though he was, his wife thought, kinder to her than usual. Then he went back to his work, relieved, but depressed still.

The unfinished cottage must be sold, he told the builder that night. The money was gone, and it might be years before he could save another thousand dollars.

"Don't you be foolish, Amos," was the reply. "I'll let you off that payment next week. I got paid yesterday for two houses I finished last week, and I'm pretty flush just now. I can give you a few months, and likely enough you'll get more than you think out of the bank."

That was a relief, for Amos could not endure to lose the cottage about which he had thought so much, and he thanked his friend heartily. That night he prayed again, and, somehow, words of thankfulness mingled with his prayer. Of course, he thought the builder's indulgence was not an answer to his prayer, because it was due to his having received money that was paid before he took his trouble to God, but his burden was relieved, and he was thankful.

The next morning he turned eagerly to his newspaper to see the account of the bank failure. It was hopeful. The bank was surely solvent, but unwise management had produced a deficiency of ready money. A few months in which to realize the securities, and all depositors would be paid in full. Amos went to his room and prayed again. He did not think his prayers had been answered, because they could have had no influence on past events; but, somehow, he felt thankful, and as he had made God his confidant in his trouble, he went to Him with his thankfulness.

From that time forward Amos was a man of prayer. He did not philosophize about how prayer could be answered, but he knew by experience that there was no better way of meeting trouble than to take it to God. He began to pray for spiritual blessings, and as he prayed in faith he received them, as all do who so pray. He read his Bible, and gained more light, until, one happy day, he realized almost by a flash that he was a Christian man, for was he not walking daily with God, trusting Christ for salvation, and trying to live in the light of Christ's teaching, loving Him and worshipping Him with all his heart? The new house, when Amos moved into it, having the builder's receipt in his pocket, was consecrated by prayer, which from that day forward was regularly offered morning and evening.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 799.*)

On the Track.

Carl and Robert went down to John Morley's house with Grant, when he called to pay Rose his professional visit. While he prepared her gently for the excitement of seeing Carl, the latter accompanied Robert through every other part of the house. Madame was with them, and availed herself of the opportunity to give her tongue play. Her son, she told them, had had an access of his malady since last night, and had taken an unusually strong dose of opium, the effects of which had not worked off. His attic was unoccupied, and there was now no trace of work in it. Hester's seat was still in its place in the broad dormer window; but it was covered with dust, as was also the binding-press. A press-pin lay in one corner, as if it had been flung there hastily; it was rusty, but when Carl stooped to pick it up, *a singular revulsion*, possible to a sensitive temperament like his, caused him to shrink from touching it. His face was white when he turned away, and he hastened to quit the work-room.

Down-stairs the old Frenchwoman had cleaned and put everything into a cold desolate order, altogether unlike the warm living displacement and disarrangement of a house which has inmates. Carl looked about him with a chill sense of disquiet and disappointment. He felt that he should gain no hint of Hester from these rooms, empty, swept, and garnished. It had been a superstition—one of those superstitions which are apt to follow closely in the track of a passionate love; and though he half laughed at himself, he gave it up with reluctance.

By the time they had gone through all the deserted rooms, Rose was ready to receive Carl. He found her calm almost to apathy, until, as if she suddenly recollected why she had wished to see him, she began to speak about her child. Then Carl, who had been warned by Grant to avert from her as far as possible any extreme agitation, judged it to be best to tell her the whole truth at once.

"She is here, in Little Aston," he said, in a tone of singular sweetness, which soothed her feverish disquietude; "my sister Annie has charge of her, and I am come from her this morning to you. If you will only control yourself, there is no reason why she should not come here to see you."

"At Little Aston!" murmured Rose; "here, close to me! Oh, how good you are! My little Hetty! I hunger and thirst to see her. Sometimes I am not quite sure which little Hetty it is. Are you sure, quite sure, that I have been a very sinful woman, and that I am not a silly, giddy girl like I used to be? Which am I, Carl?"

He was silent, looking at her with grave, pitiful eyes; and Rose turned her face away from him. "I know," she said with a sigh; "yet I think the sinful woman is *nearer to God* than the giddy girl was. Will you let Hetty come to me to-day?"

"She shall certainly come," answered Carl, gently; "but I must tell you something about her. The world would be very cold and cruel for your little girl."

"Oh, I know!" she cried. "My darling! my poor darling! And it is I who have done it! And I can do nothing to take away that shame. Oh, what shall I do? Carl, is there any help for a wrong like this?"

"Yes," he said; "God can repair this wrong. He is about to do it. But there is only one way by which a wrong like this can be set right. The world would be too cold and cruel for her, and He is about to take her out of the world."

"She is going to die!" said Rose, quietly, closing her weary eyes, and leaning back against the pillows which supported her. She lay quite still and silent for some minutes, and a few tears stole slowly down her cheeks. Then she spoke again, eagerly.

"She must come here at once, my poor little darling!" she said. "Nobody could tend her and love her as I will. She is my own, Carl. See, I will have the little bed Hester used to sleep in put up in the drawing-room. It is a large room, and the sun shines upon it most of the day. It used to be such a pleasant room! I am quite strong enough to nurse my own child, though I am going to die too, not very long hence. Oh, how good God is! How He puts things right! And you are good to me, too, dear Carl. What should I have done without you? What would have become of me and my poor little Hetty? O Carl, Carl, how very good you are to me!"

She broke into vehement sobs, though she tried to smile, while she caressed his hand with her own, and would have raised it to her lips.

"Hush!" said Carl; "hush! You must not excite yourself. Hester shall come."

"The poor child!" said Rose, softly to herself. "Oh, nobody knows what her life has been! I am glad she is going home to God. Why, I only saw her twice till she was six years old; and since then I could count the days she has been with me. That is not like other children, who are always with their mother; and nobody can love a child as its own mother does. My love! my darling! I wonder if she is much altered. She was always very small and delicate, and she never had any childish ways about her; but how could she, living always in a school with strangers? Shall I be strong enough to nurse her on my lap, Carl? Will Mr. Grant only let me have her sometimes just for a minute on my own lap? If you will let me lean on your arm, I could show you at once how nice the drawing-room would be for her.

She spoke so urgently that Carl did not know how to refuse her. He raised her from her chair, and put his arm round her to support her, her new deep joy lending her strength. The drawing-room, like the rest of the house, had been put to rights; and, except the faded color of the furniture, there remained no traces of the dust accumulated during the many years it had been closed. The shutters toward the street were not opened, but the window looking upon a little garden admitted the autumn sunshine freely. Rose directed her feeble steps toward it.

"Here," she said, "the bed shall stand, where it is bright and pleasant; and the room is large; she can walk about in it well, when she is too ill to go out of doors. O Carl, you don't know how proud and happy I was when I was getting this room ready!"

She spoke in an accent of such poignant anguish, that Carl could scarcely keep back his tears. But this memory of the past was gone from her in an instant; and remembering that there would be much to do to prepare the place for her child to die in, she hurried him away, telling him that he must bring her little Hester there before the night closed.

Robert was waiting for him in John Morley's parlor, still in conversation with Madame Lawson, who seemed unable to part with milord Waldron. She arrested them even at the door, to give utterance to a last speech, which Carl could not understand.

"Be of good heart, milord," she said; "the little one will come back. Ah, how I miss her! She could speak French like a Frenchwoman. She was so sweet, so gentle, so sage! Like a little angel of the good God. There is nobody to talk to me now of Burgundy and my little town Ecquemonville. She would talk to me for hours of monsieur the curé, and monsieur the doctor, and my friend, the widow Limet. She knew the place like what you call a map; for I built it for her one day with books—a big book for the church, and the town-hall, and the house of the mayor, and little books for the smaller houses. Here was the place, and there the market, and yonder the fountain. Oh, the little one knew it very well! She knew all our patois, milord, as if she had been born there. I used to call her my little daughter of Burgundy, and I said to her each day, 'Go, go, my cherished one, my angel; the sun shines there as it shines never in this bad country.' But I have no one to talk to me of Burgundy now."

Robert started, and turned to look at Carl, who was waiting impatiently to get away, and whose careworn face remained blank. The inspiration had come, but not to Carl. It was to Robert that the old Frenchwoman's words gave a clue which appeared likely to lead him to the discovery of the fugitives. If Hester and John Morley had left England, a conclusion which had become almost a conviction with him, what place would they be more likely to choose for concealment than this distant, unknown, yet to Hester, familiar town in Burgundy? If they had been in London, or even in Paris, argued Robert, they could not have failed to see the English papers; and if Carl's numerous advertisements had escaped them, they must have known from the absence of all news concerning any murder at Little Aston, that in some way or other John Morley's crime had missed the ordinary results. He could come to no other conclusion than that they had fled to some region beyond the circulation of any news from England; and the small insignificant town of Ecquemonville would be precisely such a place. It was there Hester would be found. This little town, hidden among the vineyards of Burgundy, busy with its own small interests, with no frequent communication with the rest of the world, and quickly adopting a stranger into its own narrow circle—Hester must be there. The old selfishness—a selfishness which he had been victoriously trampling under his feet for the last three months—rose up again strong and mighty. He would find Hester himself, saying nothing to Carl of this new, faint hope. Hester should owe to him all the help and consolation she could receive in her peculiar position of desolation and distress.

At Grant's door he stopped, declining to go in; for already his heart burned with a passionate desire to be upon the road, at the end of which he expected to find Hester. There was not even a vague hope within him that he should ever win her. He knew that upon the path he had to travel through life there was a point where the cross stood, upon which must be crucified his lost love, his lost hope. But he could not relinquish the sweetness of finding Hester himself alone; it might be the last sweetness and joy he should taste in all his intercourse with her. His love for her, deepened and purified by all these later sorrows, must never seek satisfaction, except the satisfaction to which he had always been a stranger—that of surrendering itself, and consenting to be sacrificed to the happiness of the beloved one. But it was coming gradually to this in Robert's spirit; and with set face and heart he travelled toward the threatening cross, only asking to gather one little flower at its foot.

"I am going away for a day or two, Carl," he said, pressing his hand convulsively; "I shall be back soon. Take care of my little Hetty. She will not miss me now you are here."

He hurried home and wrote a short note to his father, saying that he was going away upon business, for he did not wish to subject himself to any questioning; and with very little other preparation he set out by the first train on his journey to Burgundy.

The man whom he was seeking and whom he had so deeply injured was meanwhile living the life of a child newly liberated from school. John Morley was in the condition of a man who has been dwelling underground for so long a period that he has almost forgotten the glory of the upper world. For him, in his gloomy and abandoned home, there had been no sweet influences of sunshine and breeze, no change of season, no opening of leaf-buds, no soft, starry fall of snow. He had obstinately closed his senses to all the healing agencies of nature, and with almost greater obstinacy he had steeled himself against the tender energy of religion. He had been voluntarily sojourning in "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness."

Perhaps the first thing necessary for him was to reawaken his sensibility toward outer influences. Grant had from the first recognized this necessity, and had urged him to take a long walk daily in the beautiful neighborhood surrounding Little Aston. But John Morley had not the moral courage and strength to break out of the dungeon where he was kept by Giant Despair. It was needful that the angels should lay hold upon him and bring him forth, and set him without the gates.

He was free then at last. He had come up from the depths. The wonderful sunshine of Burgundy dazzled him, but he felt its warmth and its light penetrate to the very core of his heart. The great fountain of life sent electric currents through all his numbed veins. He could not think at first—he was too bewildered. It was enough to stand by and look on with newly-opened eyes at the moving panorama surrounding him. Everything was new to him, and removed him by its novelty from the sorrowful memories of his old life.

He scarcely spent an hour in-doors from early in the morning until the last bell rung at ten o'clock, when all the inhabitants of Ecquemonville thought it the right thing to retire peacefully into their own chambers. When he was weary of gazing up into the marvellous blue of the sky, he turned his rapt attention to the vineyards, where the grapes were deepening every day into a more purple tint. In the boulevards of the little town, which was almost deserted by the people, he spent every noontide in the shadow of its green aisle, with the trees growing thickly on each side, and only opening here and there to give a glimpse of the shining waters of the river lapping against their deep-struck roots. As the fierce heat of the sun declined, he would return to the streets, where the inhabitants turned out of their dwellings in the cool of the evening to chatter and gossip, or flirt with all the gayety and light-heartedness of the people of a warm climate.

He was never tired of watching the groups which gathered on the pavements before the doors of the houses, who saluted him as he passed to and fro, with the grace and politeness of their country—a politeness which he acknowledged with a strange smile upon his face. He could not understand a word they said, but this only added to the charm. Was he indeed the same sorrow-stricken man, whose dishonor had been upon every tongue, and who had had to shrink from the glance of every eye? He did not even ask himself this question; he was too full of the novelty of the present moment.

Beside all this, he would come in at meal-times with a wholesome, hearty appetite for the dainties the widow Limet provided for him and Hester. The widow Limet was put upon her mettle. She believed firmly that the English lived solely upon raw beefsteak and strong ale; and now that she had two of these benighted barbarians under her roof, she was fired with an ardent resolution to show them the mysteries and marvels of French cooking. Such friandises, such omelettes, such soups, such gâteaux she placed upon the table, as would have made a gourmand's mouth water. She regretted sorely that it was not the season for the delicate vineyard snails, which were sold for a penny a-piece, even in the economical town of Ecquemonville, that she might have set a ragoût of them before monsieur and mademoiselle. For the honor of their country her neighbors picked out the finest of their fruit for the foreigners, and presented it in lavish profusion.

From his first meal in the morning, consisting of a bowl of rich milk, into which was poured a cupful of the very essence of coffee, with a dainty new-baked roll added to it, to his dinner at seven o'clock, with its four or five courses and generous wines, John Morley was fed upon the choicest of food. Diet makes a marvellous difference in a man's spiritual condition; and Hester, with her wise, observant eyes, learned some lessons in Ecquemonville which she would have failed to gather from the ascetic fare and lenten nutriment of their former mode of life.

(To be continued.)

GOD'S WORKING.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 28, John 5 : 17, 36; 17 : 4. Golden Text, Phil. 2 : 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

God's Work for Man—In Creation—In Re-creation—God's Workshop—Holiness Produced—The Working Power—To Us-ward—Co-operation by Believing—No Supervision Required—Subjection of All that is Given up—When the Body is Quickened—How Christ Worked—When to Co-operate.

"MY Father worketh hitherto, and I work." God at work! God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, all taking part! What in this vast universe demands and receives the concentrated working of almightiness? Man. God's work in creation was to make man in His image, after His likeness (Gen. 1 : 26, 29); His work in re-creation is to bring man into union with Himself. This is God's undertaking, not man's; this is for God, not man, to bring about. Man can no more conform himself to the image of God than he can create himself, and yet how many there are who work themselves up, discipline themselves, manage themselves, set themselves to certain courses of self-examination, prayer, and Bible study, in order to attain union with Christ! How many set themselves to a course of imitating Him in action, *themselves* undertaking a transformation which only the life of Christ within can accomplish!

"IT IS GOD WHICH WORKETH."

Where, then, is God's workshop? In us. "It is God which worketh *in you* both to will and to do of His good pleasure;" "His working, which worketh *in me* mightily" (Col. 1 : 29). "The Word of God, which effectually worketh also *in* you that believe" (1 Thess. 2 : 13). Before any child of God conceives the desire, or the possibility, of being conformed to, and united with, Christ, it has become the purpose of God for him, and God reveals it to him that he may co-operate in this great and glorious design. *God wants* me to be holy, *God wants* me to be like Himself, *God wants* me to be one with Him! How unspeakably glorious this is! But more. *God undertakes* to make me holy, God undertakes to make me like Himself, God undertakes to unite me entirely to Himself! Oh, it is stupendous, and yet true! But this is nothing compared to the glorious truth, God *is now at work* making me holy, like Himself, one with Him! And yet more, the very power by which He does this is the power which raised Jesus from the dead! Paul prays for the Ephesians "that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him; the eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of His calling, and what the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come; and hath put all things under His feet" (Eph. 1 : 17–22). The

VERY POWER OF ALMIGHTINESS

which raised Jesus from the dead, when the weight of a world's sin had crushed Him down, is the very power which works in us to make us holy, to make us like Christ, to unite us to Him. That very same exceeding greatness of His power is silently working, hour after hour, on our behalf—working in every incident which happens, utilizing every circumstance to bring about the purposes of God in me. That working of the might of His power is directed against *sin* in me, against *self* in me, against sickness in me. It is not a question of what *I* am, or what *I* can do, but of what *God* is and what *He* can do. God reveals to me a sin not known before to be sin. By what power of mine shall I be wholly and forever delivered from that which my spiritual sensibilities were too dull even to recognize as sin? All *my* resources fail before the greatness of the task. But the might of the power of Omnipotence! this will suffice; and this is engaged on my behalf.

"But," say some, "I do not see God working in me, I do not find that such results are produced." The exceeding greatness of His power is

"TO US-WARD WHO BELIEVE."

"What shall we *do*, that we might work the works of God? . . . This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent" (John 6 : 28, 29). Our co-operation with God consists in our believing in His working. Trust the unseen but sure working of God in everything which you really commit to Him by faith; trust Him to work without your superintendence, supervision, or meddling. He is equal to the task He undertakes. "Ye are complete in Him. . . . Buried with Him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him *through the faith of the operation* [or working] of God, who hath raised Him from the dead" (Col. 2 : 10–12). Thus, if we recognize God's working, and *trust* His working, we learn to cease from our own works, and do only what He directs us to do.

The power which raised Him from the dead raises us out of temptation as we trust to it; the power which set Him at God's right hand sets us on God's side of everything just as we trust the Holy Ghost, who is the active agent carrying out this power. Just as the working of that mighty power set Jesus above all principality and might, so as we trust His working we find Him raising us above the power and might of the devil, above habits of sin, above external and social influences, above the spiritual atmosphere in which we are placed. In Him we are above all, He in us is above all. That power which "put all things under His feet" worketh in us. Let us trust Him, and we shall find all which is subject to Him beneath *our* feet, we shall be risen with Christ above it, "through faith of the [working] God, who hath raised Him from the dead." This resurrection power

TOUCHES BODY AS WELL AS SOUL.

"If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also *quicken your mortal bodies* by His Spirit that dwelleth in you" (Rom. 8 : 11). *When* does the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus dwell in us? *Now*, if we receive Him. *When*, then, shall our mortal bodies be quickened by His indwelling? *Now*, if we have the faith of the working of God. Our loving God does not confine His working to the soul; Jesus said of the man born blind "that the works of God should be made manifest in him. I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work" (John 9 : 3, 4). And again, "The works which the Father hath given me to finish (confessedly works of healing as well as salvation), the same works that I do bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me." Again, in the book of Job, when God had sent Elihu to declare to Job the way of healing, and to explain His purpose in sickness, we read, "Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man" (Job 33 : 29).

Paul speaks of our being "workers together with Him" (II Cor. 6 : 1); but this can be only by receptivity, as the tool answers to the hand which uses it, as the vessel receives the water which flows into it. We are created to entertain God, to serve the purpose of God, to respond to and correspond with God. It was when our beloved Lord had completed His work of manifesting God, and expressing God in man, that He could say to His Father, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." He, as man, was a worker together with God, receiving both command and power from above; doing nothing of Himself, but all things as one anointed by the Holy Ghost. As His follower, the Apostle Paul also was a worker together with God. He thus expresses it when writing of God's "promise in Christ by the Gospel; whereof I was made a minister, according to the gift of the grace of God given unto me by

THE EFFECTUAL WORKING OF HIS POWER"

(Eph. 3 : 6, 7). No energy of Paul's, no zeal of his own—nothing but the working of God made him really to be a minister of the Gospel. Even when speaking of the intensity of his work, he said: "I also labor, striving [agonizing] *according to His working*, which worketh in me mightily" (Col. 1 : 29).

The question will arise, "How, then, am I to insure the working of God in me? And how am I to know when to co-operate with God?" In the first place, let us appreciate God's working. We shall find it is in operation *now;* "My Father *worketh* hitherto, and *I work*," both in the present tense; "It is God which *worketh* in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure." While I am writing, while you are reading, God is at work. His delicate hand is guiding, transforming, manipulating, as hour after hour passes by, and circumstance after circumstance arises. We may be as

UNCONSCIOUS OF HIS WORK

as we are of the motion of the earth or the planets, but steadily and surely it is going on unless we, by attempting to work upon our own souls, hinder the great Workman, by interfering with his tools. How may we *further* the work? Further Omnipotence? We cannot, except by joyous reception of His blessed hand in loving, restful trust. What can so much inspire our courage as to know that the resources of the God of the universe are at work to make us holy! The affairs of kingdoms, as well as individuals, are made subservient to God's special work of forming and educating a bride for His Son. "Let *thy work* appear unto thy servants, thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish *Thou* it" (Ps. 90 : 16, 17).

"WHOM HAVING NOT SEEN, YE LOVE."
(1 PETER, 1 : 8.)

Saviour, my feet have never trod with Thine
The "solitary place,"
My eyes have never seen, in human form,
Thy manifested grace;
My hands have never touched Thy garment's hem,
With faith's unuttered plea,
Nor has Thou tarried, when the day was spent,
And broken bread with me :—

But, Lord, my rescued feet are steadfast set
Upon the King's highway,
And though as yet I may not see Thy face,
I follow on each day;
My waiting eyes are unto Thee, dear Lord,
In whom I live and move,
Whose love, believed in, is the fullest joy
That earth or heaven can prove.

The needs-be of Thy ways may not be clear
To my imperfect sight:
Love trusts Thee wholly, where it cannot trace,
And *knows* that all is right.
It is enough for me by faith to stay
My hidden life on Thee,
And in the secret of Thy covenant
To rest implicitly.

I know that Thou art gone to beautify
A place in Heaven for me,
And when Thou comest to take Thy children home,
I shall be like to Thee.
Then shall I wake, and see Thee eye to eye,
Whom now, *unseen*, I love;
Faith's darkly visioned glass exchanged at last
For rapturous sight above.

—*Selected.*

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THE LATE CAPTAIN WILLIAM BATE, R.N.,

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THE favorite accusation made against religion by its opponents is that it renders the Christian weak and effeminate, sapping the elements of manliness in his nature. The falsity of the charge has been often demonstrated, and never more conspicuously than in our Civil War, when the bravest officers and soldiers on both sides were men of eminent Christian character. A brilliant example to the same purpose is furnished by the life, recently published, of an officer in the British navy, whose portrait appears on the preceding page.

William Bate was born in London, about the year 1820. His father and mother were God-fearing people, who sought to lead their son to Christ from his childhood. He lost his mother by death when he was only eight years old. After receiving an ordinary elementary education, as he was destined for a sea-life, William was sent to the Royal Naval College, attended at that time by some sixty or seventy naval cadets. "During his two years' residence there," says an intimate friend, "he was remarkable for the exuberance of his animal spirits, and was always among the foremost in all active boys' sports, and in practical jokes played off upon the dockyard shipwrights or other mechanics." He was equally energetic in his studies, as is testified by another friend, who writes: "Whatever he undertook he threw his whole heart into it—he was a whole man to it for the time. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that, with his energy of character, he should have been a leader in fun and in mischief; indeed he was more than once on the point of being expelled."

ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

His first home afloat was the flag-ship of the rear-admiral; and his destination was the coast of Africa and the Cape. Five years the young "mid" spent on that station, his generous, frank, unselfish temperament marking "Billy Bate" out as the general favorite on all of the four ships to which he was successively appointed.

A brave, fearless boy, he oftentimes faced dangers before which less resolute spirits would have quailed. An eye-witness mentions one occasion on which, with four seamen, he ventured in a sea unusually high even for that coast, notorious for its high seas, to row from the ship to the shore. (*See frontispiece.*) He says: "We observed a boat coming from the Admiral's ship, and making for the land. Who could be the daring adventurer, thus to tempt the perils of the deep? A glass was instantly in request; and, with no little anxiety, we watched the progress of the boat, tossed by the foaming, raging waves, as they threatened each moment to overwhelm her. Happily she reached the shore in safety; and who should be the first to land but our joyous young friend, William Bate, who thus eclipsed his previous feats of recklessness."

Another incident occurred in those waters which still further proved the dauntless spirit of the young man. One day his ship was cruising in the Bight of Benin; and, as she swept along at eight knots an hour, suddenly a shout was heard, "A man overboard!" The place was known to be infested by sharks; and, just before, some had been seen prowling about the ship. A paleness gathered on some faces, as the man was seen struggling in the waves; but, in a few moments, Bate was in the waves at his side, holding him up while a boat was lowered for his rescue. He succeeded in keeping him above water until the boat reached them, when both, nearly exhausted, were rescued.

HIS CONVERSION.

The death of his beloved father, in 1840, when William was about twenty years of age, was blessed by the Holy Spirit to his conversion, and he at once took his stand for Christ as his Saviour, a step demanding more courage when made on board ship than in almost any other place that could be named. The step, however, was made, and it had its influence on others, some of whom, though believers, had not openly acknowledged Christ, and others who were not yet converted, but who, mainly through his efforts, were brought to the Saviour. He was then acting as mate of the Blenheim, a line-of-battle ship of seventy-four guns. In the fore-cockpit of this vessel was a little cabin, dark and narrow and out of the way, in which for eight months a small knot of gunroom-officers gathered night after night to pray together and to study the Scriptures.

BLUE-JACKETS' HEIGHT.

An occasion erelong arose to test the sincerity of his Christian faith and hope. England was at war with China, and the Blenheim had been lying some weeks off Canton, when one morning all hands were ordered to "prepare to assault the town." It is situated on a plain, which is swept on two sides by the river, and in the rear are several hills, the highest of which is called White Cloud Mountain. On the hills were forts occupied by Tartar soldiers, whose guns commanded the town. The command was given to take the forts. The sailors, led by Bate, landed; and, running at the double-quick, they were soon scaling the heights. Bate was among the first to reach the first fort; and, just as he had reached the summit, *he was struck below the chin by a ball.* Instantly his chest was covered with blood, and it was thought the wonnd was mortal. But the gallant fellow pushed on, pistol in hand; and the next moment *his pistol was struck by another ball, which cut it in two.* After a sharp struggle the British force gained possession of the forts, since known as the "Blue-jackets' Height." Bate afterward remarked, when his valor was mentioned, that in the battle his faith supported him. He said: "I knew in whom I believed, and was sure that if I fell I should be received into heaven."

A SURVEY IN CHINA WATERS.

His gallantry on that occasion was rewarded by promotion to a lieutenancy; and, in a few months afterward he was raised to the rank of commander. His first duty in that capacity was to conduct a survey in the China waters. At once he proceeded overland, and took the command of the Royalist, the vessel destined for this service. The survey was one of peculiar danger, owing to the treacherous character of the coast, the dilapidated state of the Royalist, and the inefficiency of the crew. It was, however, ably executed to the satisfaction of the government.

A PRAYER INSCRIBED ON A BEAM.

A few months after the completion of the survey Bate went to Hong-Kong for repairs, and met an intimate friend, Captain Collinson, who was there in the Enterprise, on his way to the Arctic Seas. "I had the pleasure on that occasion," Captain Collinson says, "of spending six weeks with him. We sailed for Behring's Straits on the 1st of April, and he accompanied me outside the harbor some distance. A few days afterward, happening to look up, I found something written on the beam overhead in the cabin. On examination, I deciphered it thus: 'Numb. 6 : 24–26; April 1st, 1851. W. T. B.'* I need not say that the inscription remained intact. And, four years afterward, I had the gratification of showing it to him at Sheerness, and of telling him that his prayer had been heard."

SEIZED WITH SMALL-POX.

In the spring of 1852, as the Royalist lay off Hong-Kong undergoing repairs, the small-pox broke out on board, to the great consternation of the ship's company. The first seized was the clerk; and, to prevent the infection spreading among the crew, the captain actually had him *removed into his own cabin!* He had scarcely recovered, when Bate himself caught the disease, and desired to be taken on shore to hospital. "The men," says an eye-witness, "were most of them in tears as our beloved Commander was put into the boat; for he had every appearance of having it severely." To their great joy their forebodings were not realized. In a few weeks Captain Bate was well enough to return to his duties.

Scarcely had he again reached the scene of his labors, when an incident occurred which he used to regard as one of his most marvellous escapes. One evening the captain and a small party of men were out in the captain's boat, called the gig, and having completed their work were returning to the ship, when they were

CHASED BY PIRATES,

who had been hidden among the mangrove bushes. All the ammunition had become damp, and the only hope lay in the speed with which they could row. "The seven prahms full of desperate pirates," Captain Bate said afterward, "gained upon us. They were gradually stealing on the wearied crew, and, with fierce shouts and yells, were making sure of their prey, when, most opportunely, the Royalist hove in sight. This caused them to put about; and they were quickly hidden among the islets." And he added, with a peculiar emphasis: "Always live so, in the sight of God, that, when death approaches, you can look Him calmly in the face; then there is nothing to fear."

TWO CHINESE WOMEN SAVED.

Having paid a short visit home, he was again sent to the Canton River, China, upon the duties of his profession. One evening, during a very severe storm of heavy rain, thunder, and lightning, while sitting in his cabin, he heard cries of distress. Immediately he rushed on deck, and a gleam of lightning showed that it proceeded from two Chinese women, whose boat had upset, and who were being carried by the force of the current down the river. Instantly he gave orders for his boat to be lowered, and, *himself proceeding to the rescue, succeeded in saving them from a watery grave.* His kindness did not end there, but he took the poor creatures to his ship, fed and clothed them, and afterward restored them to their homes. (*See frontispiece.*)

It was Captain Bate's misfortune to be carried by his duties into scenes of bloodshed from which, as a Christian man, he would naturally have desired to be absent. However, he was not the man to draw back where duty called, and he was determined, as far as in him lay, that his religious profession should not be stained by any imputation of lack of courage. The trouble which he was called upon to redress on behalf of his country arose out of the treachery of the Chinese, who had committed an

OUTRAGE ON THE FLAG.

Early one morning in October, 1856, as a lorcha, bearing the British flag, was lying quietly at anchor off Canton, she was boarded by a Chinese officer and a party of soldiers, who seized twelve of her crew, bound and carried them away, and hauled down the Union Jack. The outrage was promptly brought to the notice of Yeh, the imperial commissioner, by the British consul, who required that the twelve men should be returned by the same officer who had carried them off, that an apology should be made, and an assurance given that the flag should in future be respected. Eventually the twelve prisoners were sent back, but not in the public manner demanded, and all appearance of an apology was refused. It then became necessary, in order that the Chinese might learn that they could not insult foreign powers with impunity, to administer punishment, or no foreign vessel would be safe in Chinese waters. The first step was to seize an imperial junk; but Yeh gave no sign o

* The words are: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee! The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace!"

yielding. Then two steam-frigates were ordered to Canton, still without any result. And, at last, it was resolved, in order to enforce redress, to seize the defences of the city of Canton, experience of the Chinese character having proved that moderation is considered by the officials only as an evidence of weakness.

BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON.

Accordingly, the whole force proceeded toward the city, capturing, on their way, several forts. The Viceroy Yeh still obstinately refusing reparation, a body of marines was landed to seize "Dutch Folly"—a fort with fifty guns, on a small island opposite the city—which was taken; and another body of troops occupied the streets in the rear of the town.

Once more an appeal was made to the Governor, now with the additional demand that all foreigners should have the same free access to the native authorities and to the city as was enjoyed under treaty at the other four ports. Yeh replied by issuing, under his own seal, and by publicly placarding a proclamation offering a reward of thirty dollars for the head of every Englishman. Nothing remained possible then but a bombardment of the town.

A HEROIC TOUR.

Within the old city, surrounded by a high wall, was a large space of ground called the Yamun (or High Commissioner's Compound), and containing his Excellency's residence. Upon this a fire was opened, and steadily kept up, from midday till sunset. The object now was to open a clear passage to the city wall; and all the next day two 32-pounder guns maintained a raking fire, till at length, toward evening, partly through the aid of the conflagration of a large mass of houses in the line of attack, the wall opened to the view.

That night, amid the stillness, an officer went from the ships to the shore to reconnoitre. The Chinese were prowling about in every direction; but the stranger, with his life in his hand, quietly surveyed the position, and returned at daybreak to report "the practicability of a breach." It was Commander Bate who performed this hazardous duty.

THE STORMING OF CANTON.

In the course of the morning a storming party was formed, and Bate volunteered to lead it in person. He put himself at the head of the attacking party, and marched to the walls. He was a pace or two ahead of his men, and as he mounted the breach he snatched a flag from the hands of a Chinaman and waved it with a cheer. (*See frontispiece.*) In a few moments the whole party was on the parapet in possession of the wall. The parapet bristled with loaded guns; but the "braves" fled—the gate was blown to pieces by a couple of charges of gunpowder—the main body of the assailants entered—and the day was ended by a visit of inspection by the Admiral to "the house and premises of the High Commissioner," the whole force retiring at sunset. The object of the assault, which was to convince Yeh that they had power to enter the city, had been fully accomplished.

THE DEATH OF THE CAPTAIN.

The Chinese, however, still refused to perform the duties to which they had pledged themselves, and it was therefore ordered that a second assault should be made on Canton, and that this time the city should be held until the Chinese gave pledges of good faith. It was on this second attack that Captain Bate was killed. A testimony to his valor and the excellence of his Christian character was given by his superior officer. "Our success," said the Admiral, in his official dispatch, "has been damped by a great calamity, in the death of Captain William Thornton Bate. The sad event has thrown a gloom over the whole force." "Men spoke of him," wrote one of his lieutenants, "with faltering tongues and swimming eyes. The loss was *felt*—felt by all, by men and officers, by the highest and the lowest." "I was with him," wrote Mr. Wade, the Chinese Secretary, "a minute before he was shot. Every one admits our success dearly purchased at such a cost. No man was more loved and appreciated, from the Admiral down."

"Captain Bate," said the Hong-Kong *Register*, "as usual, ever forward where duty called, *was himself placing the scaling ladders, when he was shot from the wall through the stomach.*" (*See illustration.*) "He died as he had lived, a true Christian hero, with the sounds of victory ringing in his ears."

"When I found the Captain was gone," says his coxswain, "the four of us carried him to a fort which we had taken, and laid him down. I remained by him till two in the afternoon, when a party of blue-jackets came from the city to carry him to the landing-place, and a body of marines to guard us. I and my boat's crew had to carry him over hills and valleys; we were all very tired; we got on board that night at eleven; we hoisted him, and then put him down in the cabin."

His noble countenance seemed to beam, even in death, with a certain heavenly halo. "Not a feature," says his lieutenant, "showed sign or symptom of mortal agony; the calm, serene expression seemed an indication of the peace within when his spirit, released from its trammels, had found rest from its labors in the presence of his God and Saviour."

EULOGIUM BY THE BISHOP OF HONG-KONG.

At sunset, on the closing day of 1857, his remains were committed to the grave in the cemetery at Hong-Kong. He was not forty years of age. On the following Sunday, in St. John's Cathedral, the Bishop gave expression to the grief which was weighing on so many hearts. "The loss which we have sustained," he said, "is the loss of no common man. Private intercourse of the most confidential kind, during an intimate acquaintance of more than twelve years, revealed to me in no common measure the excellent qualities of the friend in whose death, not only the service, but the whole foreign community in China, have experienced a heavy calamity. It is a blessed solace, amid the more than ordinary mourning caused by this melancholy event, to be privileged to cherish the confidence of that state of glorious immortality into which our departed friend has entered. He fell in the service of his Queen and country. He has been taken early to his reward. He has received from the King of kings the highest promotion which a glorified spirit can receive. He is now singing the new song in the courts of paradise. He is now with that Saviour whom he long served on earth. He has departed and is with Christ, which is far better."

SCENES IN AN EGYPTIAN MISSION.

A RECENT letter from Miss M. L. Whately, whose portrait and a picture of her mission school in Egypt appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of March 30th, 1882, gives some interesting details concerning the class of patients and the difficulties of the work connected with the medical mission she has established in that miserable land. The following extracts from her letter will be of interest:

"It is not easy to give a clear idea of the 'dispensary' work here. It is varied, for one thing, in the attendance, more than I should think was the case in any other medical mission, and when our patients happen to be of quite the lowest class, their ways are primitive to a degree that excites a smile even in me, who am so long accustomed to Egyptians; at other times it will chance we have quite a bevy of women robed in black silk, denoting citizens' wives, poor, perhaps, but holding a certain station of respectability, or at any rate of citizenship, as opposed to country peasants, or to 'dwellers in huts,' as the lower class of people are often designated. Then again, another day a troop of negresses come in, and we seem in Soudan for awhile, with the black faces all around us. Among the men, the turbaned laborer, or artisan, is sometimes seated beside a shabby Greek in dirty European garb, or a wretched creature all rags, who leads a nondescript street life.

"No less varied is the work than the people; some days it seems as if a bad spirit was among them, and every attempt at reading is put down, while at others interest is at once excited. I will just give a few specimens from this week's experiences.

"*Monday, October 13th.* A full room this morning, more women than men, and a whole troop of horribly dirty ragged children, who were improving the shining hour by racing in and out of the reception-rooms, and beating one another when a leg, head, or arm came within reach. Several women, instead of sitting on benches, preferred the stone floor, and sat crouched upon it, each with a baby, except two old granddames, who came on their own account, with no such appendages. Strangely enough, all were new-comers except one little woman of Syrian extraction, whom I dread to see, as she is totally callous and uninterested herself in Scripture, and her baby keeps up a series of tricks, causing her to trot up and down among the patients all the time in spite of my frequent requests that she would sit still.

"*Friday.* We had a good day to-day. I went in feeling just a little dispirited, having toiled all the week nearly with but little of lively interest even on the best days. I found only three women and a few children, it being yet rather early (and a misty morning makes them late). I began talking about their eyes, and got them interested, and then proposed reading a story about a blind man; first explaining that one born blind was not, like themselves, amenable more or less to doctors' skill, etc. We had a delightful quiet. I read the whole of the ninth of St. John, and to listeners really and heartily interested; they leaned forward to listen, and attended to the simple explanation and application, which, of course, followed, and then one of them got up and *kissed my shoulder* (a mark of affectionate respect in the East), saying, 'You have told us good to-day; I wish to hear more of this book.'

"The chief listener of the party, a poor bleareyed woman with a blue kerchief bound over the weak eye, laid her hand on her little boy when he began to chatter, and actually quieted him and sent him to play with the others, while I read another passage. She promised to come to the meeting of women. But so many promise and then are frightened off by bigoted neighbors or husbands, that I can never confidently reckon on it from their first word.

"They all three expressed interest beyond common, and two of them also showed gratitude, not only for the doctor's care, but 'for those sweet words. The third was unmoved, but listened fairly too. I was interested to find the husband of this woman and his old mother also present; they came in while I was reading. The whole family, two children being included, had an affection of the eyes. The father had lost one, but the doctor hopes to save the other. They all expressed gratitude, and seemed well inclined to listen to the Scripture. I watched the group going down the steps, the man a fine figure with a gibbeh (or cloth garment with flowing skirt) of purple color, faded indeed, but very picturesque, and the two little boys in orange cotton kaptans, and the two women in their dark robes and veils, all going down in a string, and while watching them, poor things, I prayed that both the bodily eyes might be healed, and the eyes of the soul opened by God's mercy.

"I give you these few little details, just to bring some of my poor friends before your mental vision as it were; one can pray better sometimes if one has an idea of the persons, and we do so greatly need the help of Christians' prayers. The work is hard, the difficulties many, and the instruments weak and few. Do pray for us and for these poor people."

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FROM DUNGEON TO PALACE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Dec. 21, 1884.

"And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt."—Gen. 41 : 41.

A Contrast in a Hero's Life—The Good Man Sure to Rise—Joseph the Bismarck of his Century—I. The World Compelled to Honor Christian Character—Train Robbers at Little Rock—King Redwald's Altars—A Question on the Cars—II. Persecution Elevates—Helen Sturk's Heroism—The Last Slanderer of John Wesley—III. Sin always Comes to Exposure—Biblical Examples—Benedict Arnold—King Francis and the Court Fool—Whitefield and the Highwayman—IV. Connection between Remote Events—A Dramatic Moment at New Orleans—V. The Propriety of Laying up for the Future—Two Ways of Laying up.

Out of the green grass of the far South, I step into the snowbanks of this morning. From where the thermometer was at seventy, and we plucked the roses out of the open gardens, into this climate, which now hovers about zero, what a contrast! And yet not more of

A CONTRAST

than in the life of the hero of my text. Now down, now up. A change of seventy degrees in one day—ay, in one hour. You cannot keep a good man down. God has decreed for him a certain point of elevation. He will bring him to that, though it cost Him a thousand worlds. You sometimes find men fearful they will not be properly appreciated. Every man comes to be valued at just what he is worth. You cannot write him up, and you cannot write him down. These facts are powerfully illustrated in my subject.

It would be an insult to suppose that you were not all familiar with the life of Joseph. How his jealous brothers threw him into a pit, but seeing a caravan of Arabian merchants trudging along on their camels, with spices and gums that loaded the air with aroma, sold their brother to these merchants, who carried him down into Egypt; Joseph there sold to Potiphar, a man of influence and office. How by his integrity he raised himself to high position in the realm, until, under the false charge of a vile wretch, he was hurled into the penitentiary. How in prison he commanded respect and confidence. How by the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream he was freed and became the chief man in the realm,

THE BISMARCK OF HIS CENTURY.

How in time of famine Joseph had the control of a munificent storehouse, which he had filled during seven years of plenty. How when his brothers, who had thrown him into the pit and sold him into captivity, applied for corn, he sent them home with the beasts of burden borne down under the heft of the corn sacks. How the sin against their brother, which had so long been hidden, came out at last, and was returned by that brother's forgiveness and kindness, the only revenge he took.

You see, in the first place, that *the world is compelled to honor Christian character*. Potiphar was only a man of the world, yet

JOSEPH ROSE

in his estimation, until all the affairs of that great house were committed to his charge. From this servant no honor or confidence was withheld. When Joseph was in prison he soon won the heart of the keeper, and though placed there for being a scoundrel, he soon convinced the jailer that he was an innocent and trustworthy man; and released from close confinement, he became general superintendent of prison affairs. Wherever Joseph was placed, whether a servant in the house of Potiphar, or a prisoner in the penitentiary, he became the first man everywhere, and is an illustration of the truth I lay down, that the world is compelled to honor Christian character.

There are those who affect to despise a religious life. They speak of it as a system of phlebotamy, by which the man is bled of all his courage and nobility. They say he has bemeaned himself. They pretend to have no more confidence in him since his conversion than before his conversion. But all this is hypocrisy. There is a great deal of hypocrisy in the church, and there is a great deal of hypocrisy outside the church. It is impossible for any man not to admire and confide in a man who shows that he has really become a child of God, and is what he professes to be. You cannot despise a Son of the Lord God Almighty.

NOT HYPOCRISY.

Of course we have no admiration for the sham of religion. I was at Little Rock, Arkansas, a few days ago, a few hours after the ruffians had gone into the railtrain and demanded that the passengers throw up their arms, and then these ruffians took the pocketbooks. And Satan comes and suggests to a man that he throw up his arms in hypocritical prayer and hypocritical pretension, and then steals his soul. For the mere pretension of religion we have abhorrence. Redwald, the King, after his baptism, had an altar of Christian sacrifice and an altar for sacrifice to devils; and there are many men now attempting the same thing—half a heart for God, and half a heart for the world—and it is a dead failure, and it is a caricature of religion, and the only successful assault ever made on Christianity is the inconsistency of its professors.

You may have a contempt for pretension to religion, but when you behold the excellency of Jesus Christ come out in the life of one of His disciples, all that there is good and noble in your soul rises up into admiration, and you cannot help it. Though that man be as far beneath you in estate as the Egyptian slave of whom we are discoursing was beneath his rulers, by an irrevocable law of your nature Potiphar and Pharaoh will always esteem Joseph. When Eudoxia, the Empress, threatened Chrysostom with death, and he made this reply, "Tell the empress I fear nothing but sin," such a scene as that compels the admiration of the world.

There was something in Agrippa and Felix which demanded their respect for Paul, the rebel against government. I doubt not they would willingly have yielded their office and dignity for a thousandth part of that

TRUE HEROISM

which beamed in the eye and beat in the heart of that unconquerable apostle. Paul did not cower before Felix: Felix cowered before Paul. The infidel and worldling are compelled to honor in their hearts, although they may not eulogize with their lips, a Christian firm in persecution, cheerful in poverty, trustful in losses, triumphant in death. I find Christian men in all professions and occupations, and I find them respected and honored and successful. John Frederick Oberlin alleviating ignorance and distress; Howard passing from dungeon to lazaretto, with healing for the body and the soul; Elizabeth Fry coming to the profligacy of Newgate Prison to shake down its obduracy, as the angel came to the prison at Philippi, driving open the doors and snapping loose the chain, as well as the lives of thousands of followers of Jesus who have devoted themselves to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the race, are monuments of the Christian religions that shall not crumble while the world lasts.

A man said to me in the cars:

"WHAT IS RELIGION?

Judging from the character of many professors of religion, I do not admire religion." I said: "Now, suppose we went to an artist in the city of Rome, and while in his gallery asked him, 'What is the art of painting?' would he take us out in a low alley and show us the mere daub of a pretender at painting? or would he take us up into the corridors and show us the Rubens and the Raphaels and the Michael Angelos? When we asked him, 'What is the art of painting!' he would point to the works of these great masters, and say, 'That is painting!' Now, you propose to find the mere caricatures of religion, to seek after that which is the mere pretension of a holy life, and you call that religion. I point you to the magnificent men and women whom this Gospel has blessed and lifted and crowned. Look at the masterpieces of divine grace, if you want to know what religion is."

We learn also from this story of Joseph, that the result of

PERSECUTION IS ELEVATING.

Had it not been for his being sold into Egyptian bondage by his malicious brothers, and his false imprisonment, Joseph never would have became governor. Everybody accepts the promise, "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," but they do not realize the fact that this principle applies to worldly as well as spiritual success. It is true in all departments. Men rise to high official position through misrepresentation. The assault of the public—public abuse—is all that some of our public men have had to rely upon for their elevation. It has brought to them what talent and executive force could not have achieved.

Many of those who are making great effort for place and power will never succeed, just because they are not of enough importance to abuse. It is the nature of men—that is, of all generous and reasonable men—to gather about those who are persecuted and defend them, and they are apt to forget the faults of those who are the subjects of attack while attempting to drive back the slanderers. Persecution is elevation.

Helen Sturk, the Scotch martyr, standing with her husband at the place of execution, said: "Husband, let us rejoice to-day; we have lived together a great many happy years; this is the happiest time of all our life; you see we are to be happy together forever. Be brave, now, be brave! I will not say 'Good-night' to you, for we shall soon be in the kingdom of our Father together."

PERSECUTION SHOWS THE HEROES

and the heroines. I go into another department, and I find that those great denominations of Christians which have been most abused have spread the most rapidly. No good man was ever more violently maltreated than John Wesley—belied and caricatured and slandered until one day he stood in a pulpit in London, and a man arose in the audience and said: "You were drunk last night;" and John Wesley said: "Thank God, the whole catalogue is now complete; I had been charged with everything but that!" His followers were hooted at and maligned and called by every detestable name that infernal ingenuity could invent; but the hotter the persecution, the more rapidly they spread, until you know what a great host they have become, and what a tremendous force for God and the truth they are wielding all the world over. I do not wonder they celebrate their centennial in Baltimore.

It was persecution that gave Scotland to Presbyterianism. It was persecution that gave our land first to civil liberty and afterward to religious freedom. Yea, I might go further back and say it was persecution that gave the world the great salvation of the Gospel. The ribald mockery, the hungering and thirsting, the unjust charge, the ignominious death, when all the force of hell's fury was hurled against the cross, was the indication of that religion which is yet to be the earth's deliverance and our eternal salvation.

The State has sometimes said to the Church, "Come, take my hand and I will help you." What has been the result? The Church has gone back, and it has lost its estate of holiness, and it has become ineffective. At other times, the State said to the Church: "I will crush you." What has been the result?

AFTER THE STORMS

have spent their fury, the Church, so far from having lost any of its force, has increased, and is worth infinitely more after the assault than before. Read all history, and you will find that true. The Church is far more indebted to the opposition of civil government than to its approval. The fires of the stake have only been the torches which Christ held in His hand, by

the light of which the Church has marched to her present glorious position. In the sound of racks and implements of torture I hear the rumbling of the wheels of the Gospel chariot. The scaffolds of maltreatment have been the stairs by which the Church mounted.

EXPOSURE CERTAIN.

Learn also from our subject, that *sins will come to exposure.* Long, long ago had those brothers sold Joseph into Egypt. They had made the old father believe that his favorite child was dead. They had suppressed the crime, and it was a profound secret, well kept by the brothers. But suddenly the secret is out. The old father hears that his son is in Egypt, having been sold there by the malice of his own brothers. How their cheeks must have burned and their hearts sunk at the flaming out of this long-suppressed crime! The smallest iniquity has a thousand foes, and they will blab out exposure.

Saul was sent to destroy the Canaanites, their sheep, and their oxen; but when he got down there among the pastures he saw some fine sheep and oxen too fat to kill, so he thought he would steal them. Nobody would know it. He drove these stolen sheep and oxen toward home, but stopped to report to the prophet how he had executed his mission, when in the distance the sheep began to bleat and the oxen to bellow. The secret was out, and Samuel said to the blushing and confused Saul: "What meaneth the bleating of sheep that I hear and the lowing of the cattle?" Ah, my hearer, you cannot keep an iniquity still! At just the wrong time the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow.

Achan cannot steal the Babylonish garments without being stoned to death, nor Arnold betray his country without having his neck stretched. Look over the police arrests. These thieves, these burglars, these counterfeiters, these highwaymen, these assassins, they all thought they could bury their iniquity so deep down it would never come to resurrection; but there was some shoe that answered to the print in the soil, some false keys found in their possession, some bloody knife that whispered of the death, and the public indignation and the anathema of outraged law hurled them into the dungeon or hoisted them on the gallows.

Francis I., King of France, stood counselling with his officers how he could take his army into Italy, when Ameril, the fool of the court, leaped out from a corner of the room, and said: "'You had better be consulting how you will get your army back." And it was found that Francis I., and not Ameril, was the fool. Instead of consulting as to the best way of getting into sin, you had better consult as to whether you will be able to get out of it. If the world does not expose you, you will tell it yourself. There is an awful power in

AN AROUSED CONSCIENCE.

A highwayman plunged out upon Whitefield as he rode along on horseback, a sack of money on the horse—money that he had raised for orphan-asylums—and the highwayman put his hand on the gold, and Whitefield turned to him and said: "Touch that if you dare—that belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ!" And the ruffian slunk into the forest. Conscience! Conscience! The ruffian had a pistol, but Whitefield shook at him the finger of doom. Do not think you can hide any great and protracted sin in your heart, my brother. In an unguarded moment it will slip off the lip, or some slight action may for the moment set ajar this door that you wanted to keep closed. But suppose that in this life you hide it, and you get along with this transgression burning on your heart, as a ship on fire within for days hinders the flames from bursting out by keeping down the hatches, yet at last, in the judgment, that iniquity will blaze out before God and the universe.

Learn also from this subject that there is an inseparable

CONNECTION BETWEEN ALL EVENTS,

however remote. The universe is only one thought of God. Those things which seemed fragmentary and isolated are only different parts of that great thought. How far apart seem those two events: Joseph sold to the Arabian merchants and his rulership of Egypt, yet you see in what a mysterious way God connected the two into one plan, so the events are linked together.

You who are aged men look back and group together a thousand things in your life that once seemed isolated. One undivided chain of events reaches from the garden of Eden to the cross of Calvary, and thus up to the kingdom of heaven. There is a relation between the smallest insect that hums in the summer air and the archangel on his throne. God can trace a direct ancestral line from the bluejay that next spring will build its nest in the tree behind the house to some one of that flock of birds which, when Noah hoisted the ark's window, with a whirr and dash of bright wings went out to sing over Mount Ararat. The tulips that will bloom in the garden next spring are this moment being nursed by the snowflakes. The furthest star on one side of the universe could not look toward the furthest star on the other side of the universe, and say: "You are no relation to me," for from that bright orb a voice of light would ring across the heavens, responding, "Yes, yes, we are sisters."

Nothing in God's universe swings at loose-ends. Accidents are only God's way of turning a leaf in the book of His eternal decrees. From our cradle to our grave there is a path all marked out. Each event in our life is connected with every other event in our life. Our losses may be the most direct road to our gain. Our defeats and our victories are twin brothers. The whole direction of your life was changed by something which at the time seemed to you trifling, while some occurrence which seemed tremendous affected you but little.

God's plans are magnificent beyond all comprehension. He moulds us and turns us and directs us, and we know it not. Thousands of years are to Him as the flight of a shuttle. The most terrific occurrence does not make God tremble, and the most triumphant achievement does not lift Him into rapture. That one great thought of God goes on through the centuries, and nations rise and fall, and eras pass, and the world changes, but God still keeps the undivided mastery, linking event to event and century to century. To God they are all one event, one history, one plan, one development, one system. Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! It was

A DRAMATIC MOMENT

last Tuesday, at New Orleans, in the Exposition Rooms, when a telegram was sent to the President of the United States at Washington, and we waited some fifteen or twenty minutes, and then the President's answer came back, and then the presiding officer waved his handkerchief, and the signal was sent to Washington that we were ready to have the machinery of the exposition started, and the President put his finger on the electric button, and instantly the great Corlies wheel began to move—rumbling, rumbling, rolling, rolling. It was overwhelming, and twenty thousand people clapped and shouted. Just one finger at Washington started that vast machinery, hundreds and hundreds of miles away. And I thought then, as I think now, that men sometimes touch influences that respond in the far distance—forty years from now, fifty years from now, one thousand years from now, a million years from now. One touch sounding through the ages!

We learn also from this story

THE PROPRIETY OF LAYING UP

for the future. During the seven years of plenty Joseph prepared for the famine, and when it came he had a crowded storehouse. The life of most men in a worldly respect is divided into years of plenty and famine. It is seldom any man passes through life without at least seven years of plenty. During those seven years your business bears a rich harvest. You hardly know where all the money comes from, it comes so fast. Every bargain you make seems to turn into gold. You contract few bad debts. You are astonished with large dividends. You invest more and more capital. You wonder how men can be content with a small business, gathering in only a few hundred dollars, while you reap thousands. Those are the seven years of plenty. Now Joseph has time to

PREPARE FOR FAMINE,

for to almost every man there do come seven years of famine. You will be sick, you will be unfortunate, you will be defrauded; there will be hard times, you will be disappointed, and if you have no storehouse upon which to fall back, you may be famine-struck.

We have no admiration for this denying one's self all personal comfort and luxury for the mere pleasure of hoarding up; this grasping—grasping for the mere pleasure of seeing how large a pile you can get, this always being poor because as soon as a dollar comes in it is sent out to see if it can find another dollar so it can carry it home on its back. We have a contempt for all those things, but there is an intelligent and noble-minded forecast which we love to see in men who have families and kindred depending upon them for the blessings of education and home.

God sends us to the insects for a lesson, which, while they do not stint themselves in the present, do not forget their duty to forestall the future. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." Now, there are

TWO WAYS OF LAYING UP

money. One of these is to put it in stock and deposit it in bank, and invest it on bond and mortgage. The other way to lay up money is giving it away. He is the safest who makes both of these God's investments. There are in the house this morning men who, if they should lose every dollar they have in the world would be millionaires for eternity. They made the spiritual investment; but the man who devotes none of his gains to the cause of Christ, and looks only for his own comfort and luxury, is not safe, I care not how the money is invested. He acts as the roses if they should say, "I will hold my breathing, and no one shall have a snatch of fragrance from me until next week; then I will set all the garden afloat with aroma." Of course, the roses refusing to breathe die.

But, above all, lay up

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

They never depreciate in value. They never are at a discount. They are always available. You may feel safe now with your one or two thousand, or ten or twenty thousand dollars' income; but what will such an income be worth after you are dead? Others will get it. Perhaps some of them will quarrel about it before you are buried. They will be so impatient to get hold of the will. They will think you should be buried one day sooner than you are buried. They will be right glad when you are dead. They are only waiting for you to die. What, then, will all your earthly accumulations be worth? If you gathered it all in your bosom, and walked up with it to heaven's gate, it would not purchase your admission. Or, if allowed to enter, it could not buy you a crown or a robe, and the poorest saint in heaven would look down at you and say, "Where did that pauper come from?" May we all have treasures in heaven! Amen.

The Violation of the Sabbath Appears to have worked its own retribution in the iron trade. Referring to the recent shutting down of so many furnaces, the *Observer* remarks that they have suspended on account of overproduction of iron, the supply exceeding the demand, and that if these furnaces had kept the Sabbath day holy by resting on it, according to the commandment, they would now all be running and have enough to do for six days every week. It is not a safe business that is unnecessarily pursued on Sunday.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Parricide's Story.—Mr. McFarlane Relates: "About seven years ago I became acquainted with the Chaplain of the Northern Police Office in Glasgow. One day while he was showing me through the cells and various rooms, he opened the door of one cell, and there sat a sad-looking young man; he was there for the murder of his stepfather. When I spoke to him, he told me this story: 'When I was very young I left my home, and lived a careless, wicked life. The other night I returned home very much the worse for drink, and in a quarrel with my stepfather I threw him down-stairs. He died from the effects of the fall; and now I am here awaiting my trial;' and then he said, 'Oh, I would stay here for years if at the end of that time I had the least hope of getting a pardon!' But he knew he had not one good thing to recommend him, and had no hope of mercy. Oh, friends, there is a Judge who does not ask you to wait for years, nor even hours, before you can obtain your pardon! He is offering you even now a free pardon through His Son Jesus Christ, if you will but come and accept it."

A Runaway Girl's Return.—"I Heard of a young girl who left her home, and was soon led into the paths of sin. Some time afterward she had a great longing to return home, but fear kept her back. At length she made up her mind to go, and try if her mother would receive her again; and after a long weary walk she found herself standing at her mother's door, trembling and frightened. Poor child! if she only knew how her mother was longing and praying for her return, she would not have been so timid. It was a late hour, and she knew the household would be all at rest for the night. She was just about to knock when she thought she would try the latch, and when she tried it it yielded to her touch at once, and quickly entering she went toward her mother's bedside! and looking for a moment at her sleeping mother, she threw her arms around her neck and asked her if she could forgive her. She was at once in her mother's tender embrace. After the greeting was over the girl said: 'But why is the door unbarred at so late an hour?' 'My poor child,' replied her mother, 'the door has never been barred since you left. I could not think of my child returning and getting the door barred against her.' Oh, friends, any of you who have wandered away from God, and gone into the paths of sin, do not stand trembling and faltering before Him, but just go to Him at once, asking Him to forgive you for His Son's sake! He is longing and waiting for your return, and you will be clasped in His loving embrace. God's door is never barred against any one."

A Wicked Consumptive Saved.—Mr. J. G. Forbes says: "In the northern district of Glasgow a young disciple of the Lord was going from house to house delivering hand-bills one Sunday. While he was walking up one of these streets, he thought he heard some one calling, and on turning round he saw a woman beckoning him, and, as she approached him, said, 'Will you come in and speak to a man? He is dying, and in dreadful agony about his soul.' The young man came and asked me to go, as he, being a convert, had not much experience in the work, and was, therefore, rather timid at undertaking so solemn a duty. I went and saw the wreck of what once had been a strong, healthy man, but was now sinking fast in consumption brought on by his own evil life. When I spoke to him he said, 'Oh, I am an awful sinner; I am afraid to die; do you think I shall get better?' But I knew that he never would, and so did not give encouragement in that way, but urged him to make his peace with God. For some time he was in utter darkness, but at last the light of the Gospel began to dawn on his mind, and as I continued speaking to him he found rest in believing in the only begotten Son of God. As he passed through the dark valley of the shadow of death he was heard to murmur, 'Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!' and his soul thus passed away peacefully."

THE CHANGE ON LIVING SAINTS.

By John R. Caldwell.

The Change on the Living—The Foreshadowings—The Lesson of the Transfiguration—Without Publicity.

To the saints who shall be alive on the earth at the coming of the Lord, no precedence shall be given. They shall not prevent (or go before) those who shall have fallen asleep (1 Thess. 4 : 15). But immediately following the resurrection of the dead in Christ the marvellous "change" shall be wrought upon all the living saints which shall instantaneously fit them for their place with the resurrection company in the glory of the heavens.

As the corruption of the grave shall be exchanged for incorruption, so the mortality of the living shall be exchanged for immortality.

THE TWO COMPANIES

transfigured and fashioned like unto the body of the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ (Phil. 3 : 21) shall form one great assembly or "gathering together unto Him" (II Thess. 2 : 1). It would seem as though the resurrection of the dead, the changing of the living saints and their being caught up together to meet the Lord in the air, would all be the work of a *moment*, or like the twinkling of an eye.

Blessed, glorious moment, when the patience of Christ shall have its perfect work, when the long-restrained affections of our Lord and Saviour—now constantly and wisely bent on blessing us rather than on enjoying us—shall find its full, unhindered outburst, and lavish on the long-loved, and cherished, and disciplined purchase of His blood, the treasures of glory and of grace.

What an answer there is in the *rapidity* of this transaction to the murmur of unbelief, "My Lord delayeth His coming." Is it not as though the Lord Jesus awaited the very moment appointed by the Father with eager expectation, then to descend with a shout, swift as the lightning flash to fulfil the cherished purpose of His heart, and receive His people to Himself?

It has ever been God's way to give

FORESHADOWINGS

of His great purposes. Thus were the person and work of Christ foreshown in many types, from the days of Adam and Abel down to the rending of the veil of the temple. So also was resurrection foreshadowed, with earnests and pledges, both in Old Testament times by Enoch and Elijah, and in New Testament times by the Lord Himself, as we have seen in three distinct instances.

Nor has He left us without an earnest of this further triumph—the transfiguring and taking up of the saints at His coming. It was but fifty-seven years after the grave had been dug for our first father, Adam, the solemn sentence, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," having at length been carried into effect, and fifty-eight years before the second recorded death, viz., that of Seth (Abel being excepted), that God chose to give a memorable pledge of the immortality that should be brought to light through the gospel. "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him" (Heb. 11 : 5). Thus, according to his faith, he was translated, taken away without tasting death, to be a witness in the heavens, and to all ages an earnest and a pledge of the coming victory of the Son of God.

So was it with Elijah—by a whirlwind taken up into heaven—another faithful one, in another time of universal apostasy, honored by passing, without the humiliation of the grave, from earth to heaven.

Nor is it without signification for us that the Lord Himself ascended thus from Olivet, in the presence of His disciples, until a cloud received Him out of their sight.

And as to the transfiguration scene recorded by three of the evangelists, we have Peter's inspired commentary declaring that it was really a foreshadowing of the same august occasion (II Peter 1 : 16). There on the mount transfigured—the glory that had been veiled outshining with brightness above the sun—was seen the Lord Himself, and with Him Moses and Elias—the one a dead one raised, the other translated without having tasted death—thus, as it were, representing the whole scene of His appearing, and the gathering to Himself of the sleeping and the living saints. Moses and Elias were in glory along with Christ, and their converse with Him was of that which was nearest His heart and theirs—the decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem.

Not one of the foregoing instances in which the translation of the saints is foreshadowed was public. It is said, "Enoch was not found," as though he had been sought for by those who missed him; and this proves unquestionably that the world did not witness his translation. Elijah was only seen by Elisha—the fifty who "went to view" saw nothing, and instituted a search, lest, perchance, he might be found upon some mountain. The Lord Jesus, when transfigured, was seen only by the chosen three; and when He ascended up to heaven, it was in the presence and view of saints only.

True, there will be the shout of the Lord Jesus, the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God; but it by no means follows that such sounds will be understood or even heard by the world. On the road to Damascus, those who journeyed with Saul "saw indeed the light, and were afraid; but heard not the voice of Him that spake to him" (Acts 22 : 9). So when the voice came from heaven to the Lord Jesus, they who stood by said "it thundered;" they heard a sound, but its import they knew not.

It is not well to dogmatize on such subjects; but from what may thus be gathered from Scripture, it does seem as though, according to all analogy, the gathering of the saints to meet the Lord in the air would not be of that public character that will form a conspicuous element in the appearing of the Lord in glory with His saints to judgment.

A GIRL STOLEN BY GYPSIES.

MR. GEORGE SMITH, whose Christian work among canal boatmen and gypsies has been frequently mentioned in these columns, thus describes an incident of his labor:

"Connected with one of the gypsy camps of ragamuffins, I noticed in the distance a tall, thin, unwashed, and emaciated girl of about fourteen winters—it had been nearly all winter with her. The upper part of her thin frame of skin and bones was dressed in a few shreds of rags, and these were not sufficient to cover her bare, dirty bosom, which looked almost the bosom of a skeleton; and on her feet were odd and worn-out, cast-off drawing-room shoes, quite equal to the sad emergency of letting as much mud and water upon her soles as they were to keep the poor lost creature 'high and dry' out of the muddy surroundings. She moved among the gypsies with a most downcast and haggard look of despair upon her face.

"The poor girl had fine Grecian features, with long, black, flowing hair, but it was matted together with dirt and filth. With her arms uplifted, and her hands buried scratchingly deep in her hair, she turned to look in the direction where I lay. This was no sooner done than a flash of hope lighting up her thin face with smiles through her tears, she started to run toward me as fast as she could, calling out, 'My father! My father! My father!'

"Before I had time to turn round she was at my side, and had planted a kiss upon my cheek. For a moment I was dumbfounded. I said to the lost *posh* gypsy child, 'What is it you want, my dear? I am not your father.' At this reply she looked wild and almost like a maniac, and said, with her face buried in her hands, 'I thought you was my father who had come to fetch me out from among the gypsies.' And then she looked again into my face and said,

'Arn't you my father? my father was so much like you. He had white hair like you. Arn't you my father? I wish I could see my mother. Will she come for me?' I asked her to sit down by my side, and to tell me who she was. She came a little nearer, and began to tell me how it was she came to be among the gypsies. I will give her tale as she related it to me:

"'When I was a little girl about four years old, I remember my mother sending me for some milk to a house where they sold it; and while I was going down the street some dark ragged women—the same you saw me with—asked me to go down to the bottom of the street to look at some fine things, and on the way they gave me a penny and some apples and a little doll. After walking a long way we did not get to the bottom of the street, but we got among a lot of children living under a cart cover by the side of the hedge. They asked me to sit by the fire that was on the ground. I said I wanted to go to my mother. It was getting dark, and I began to cry. They kept saying that they would take me to my mother, and at night they all got into a cart, and said they were taking me home to see my mother, father, brothers, and sisters. We went a long way, and the way they took me was strange to me, and I have not seen my mother and father since.'

"The girl began to cry, and said, 'My father used to take me to school and chapel on Sundays, and they did sing such nice hymns. I have seen father and mother cry lots of times. Father used to say his prayers every night and morning. They don't say prayers where I live now. Will you take me to my father and mother? When will you take me? Take me now, and I will give you everything I have in the world. Please don't go and leave me, and I will give you twenty, thirty, forty, and fifty kisses. I will give you hundreds if you will take me to my mother and father. Will you take me, please, sir?'

"I told the poor little creature that I could not take her, but that I would send three or four gentlemen for her shortly. At this she began to sob out loudly, 'Take me! take me! don't leave me here!' I advised her to pray to God for deliverance, for there seemed to be none from earth; and with her eyes turned up to heaven she repeated the words which, I suppose, she must have learned before she was stolen in the school she spoke of:

"'Lord! hear my prayer and listen to my cries,
Let not Thy gracious eye my tears despise.'

To which I said, Amen!"

A MIDNIGHT SERVICE.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 4, Acts 20 : 1-16. Golden Text, Heb. 10 : 25. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Paul Working Under Direct Guidance—Leaves Ephesus—The Work Proceeds without Him—Three Months in Macedonia—His Companions—Luke's Functions—The Stay at Troas—Paul's Heart Full—The Midnight Gathering—Nights of Prayer—Not Always Prevailing—Self-Righteous Motives—The Fall of Eutychus—Meetings Disturbed—The Opportunity Used.

AFTER the uproar at Ephesus, Paul, always guided by God, left Ephesus. "What a cowardly thing to do?" some would say. "Why not stay and fight it out?" Paul worked under the immediate direction of God. The same Guide who bid him remain in Corinth (Acts. 18 : 9, 10), led him to leave Ephesus. "The servant of Christ must not strive," is the standing rule for Christians. (II Tim. 2 : 24). "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another," (Matt. 10 : 23) is the Lord's direction, unless He Himself should make an exception to it. The Lord can subdue opposition to His truth; self-defence will never do it. Accordingly, Paul called unto him the disciples, and embraced them, and departed for to go into Macedonia. Probably the silversmiths thought they would have a good time of it when Paul was gone: some of the disciples may have thought they could not get on without him. But the Lord was

EQUAL TO THE TASK

of maintaining His own cause and manifesting to the worldly mob of Ephesus that man had no power to put out the life of God, which had entered into their city. The epistle to the Ephesians, written five years later, is ample evidence that the votaries of Diana had made no headway against "the saints and the faithful in Christ Jesus," for whom Paul ceased not to give thanks after he heard of their "faith in the Lord Jesus, and love unto all the saints." (Eph. 1 : 15, 16).

Paul passed some time in Macedonia, where he gave the churches much exhortation during a three months' stay. The Jews, however, could not leave him alone, they could not tolerate one in whom the power of God's Spirit was a reproach to them. Paul, therefore, instead of sailing for Syria, purposed to return through Macedonia.

A BAND OF EAGER CONVERTS,

gathered from different countries, and who had left all for Jesus, accompanied him. "Sopater of Berea" was one, a representative of the little church there which searched the Scriptures daily, and so found the Lord. Aristarchus, who followed Paul to Jerusalem, and from thence on his sea-voyage, and even to his prison in Rome (Acts 27 : 2; Col. 4 : 10), was another, with his friend Secundus. Gaius of Derbe, who seems to have been another than the Macedonian Gaius (Acts 19 : 29); and the Gaius who was Paul's host, and "of the whole church" (Rom. 16 : 23), and whom Paul baptized (1 Cor. 1 : 14). Timothy, his "own son in the faith" (1 Tim. 1 : 2), than whom he had "no man likeminded" (Phil. 2 : 20), was another. Tychicus, "a beloved brother and faithful minister in the Lord" (Eph. 6 : 21; Col. 4 : 7), whose nationality does not appear, was yet another; one who was a willing messenger to the churches, taking his life in his hand (II Tim. 4 : 12; Tit. 3 : 12). Trophinus an Ephesian (Acts 21 : 29), was the last of the number. He was with Paul in Jerusalem, and probably wanted to accompany him to Rome, as well as Aristarchus, and thus would have been imprisoned and hindered from preaching the Gospel. Perhaps this was the reason God allowed him to remain at Miletum sick, when Paul and his other followers went on to Rome (II Tim. 3 : 20). Constant intercourse with Paul, and the near view of his life, must have been made a great blessing to these students in the school of the Holy Ghost. Just saved from heathenism, God permitted them the acquaintance and companionship of a man full of the Holy Ghost, and deeply versed in Scripture. Those who possess an apostolic spirit, such as the late Rev. R. Aitken, of Pendeen, always attract around them a band of young disciples, who learn much more from their walk with God and the life of Christ in them, than even from their teaching.

Paul's little company went on to Troas, while their leader went through his beloved Philippi, from whence "after the days of unleavened bread he, and Luke, who writes the account, sailed for Troas also. Some have suggested that Luke travelled with Paul as his private physician, but internal evidence from the Acts of the Apostles would go rather to prove that he was the transcribing witness of *God's* healings, through Paul, at Iconium (Acts 14 : 3), at Lystra (ver. 8–10), at Philippi (Acts 16 : 16–18), at Ephesus (Acts 19 : 11, 12) and at Melita (Acts 28 : 8, 9).

Paul and his little band remained at Troas seven days. Sunday, the last day of his stay, "when the disciples came together to break bread," the dear old missionary's heart was full. Here were representatives of churches which God had used him to found in different cities of Asia and of Europe. This was the port from which he had first sailed for Europe. Here abundant proofs of his ministry were to be found. 'Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh" (Matt. 12 : 34). Paul's heart was so abundant that he "continued his speech until midnight." We do not know at what hour he commenced it. But this we are sure of, that this was an extempore, and not an arranged midnight service. There are many views abroad about midnight services and

ALL-NIGHT MEETINGS.

Our blessed Lord, before He chose His disciples, went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God" (Luke 6 : 12). The prayers of Jesus, whether by night or day, must prevail; and one may well conceive that He must have longed often for the hours when He could be alone and undistracted with His Father. Again, we read of all-night prayer in the case of Balaam, which did *not* answer, for all his prayer did not change the stubborn will which was full of self-seeking, and loved "the wages of unrighteousness" (II Pet. 2 : 15). Samuel, too, "cried unto the Lord all night" for Saul (1 Sam. 15 : 11), but in vain, because the Lord had rejected Saul. We gather from these things that meeting for an all night of prayer with the idea that by denying ourselves customary rest, we are going to put a pressure upon our God which will force Him to yield to our demands, is altogether a false position. Our loving God *waiteth* to be gracious, it is His *joy* to be inquired of. He entreats us to *ask and receive*, that our joy may be full, and He has told us that our joy shall be full when His joy is in us.

Sometimes we fear there is a great deal of attraction for young, ardent, enthusiastic souls in an all night of prayer; it is something they can *do*, sleep is something *they* can renounce for the Lord. But often self-righteousness and self-dependence are encouraged by any

DOING OF OUR OWN.

When our God so occupies us, that we cannot sleep, so fills us that we cannot eat, then a midnight watch is His order, and may be exceedingly blessed and fruitful. In the times of persecution, the night meetings of those who dared not meet by day, were full of the presence of the Lord, *not* because they were by night, but because the very stress of circumstances brought out the faith and love of the disciples.

'There were many lights in the upper chamber, where they were gathered together," and very probably there was not much fresh air. One of their number succumbed to the sleep which the long sitting and close atmosphere induced. The place was crammed, and, being a youth, he had clambered to a window on "the third loft;" from which we see how densely packed the place must have been. The enemy generally so arranges it that a serious interruption to a meeting shall occur just at the time when the greatest power of God is upon the people. There must have been a power of God present to have kept this crowded audience hour after hour together, and no doubt Satan planned that the death of Eutychus should damp, distract, and discourage every spirit. The poor young man fell from his perch, and was taken up dead. "O what a misfortune!" some may have said. "How sad! how shocking!" But Paul did not say so. He was in the habit of rejoicing in infirmities, that the power of Christ might rest upon him, and of taking

PLEASURE IN DISTRESSES

for the same cause. Here was a glorious opportunity for the power of Christ to rest upon him. He went down, fell on the young man, and embraced him, saying, "Trouble not yourselves, for his life is in him." This made a break in the proceedings, and the dear old preacher had a chance to take food. But the torrent which was in him was not yet spent. When he had broken bread and eaten, and "talked a long while, even till break of day, so he departed. And they brought the young man alive, and were not a little comforted." Thus ended this impromptu all-night meeting. The immediate issues of it are not told, but we doubt not there was much to tell. Paul continued his journey afoot as far as Assos, going overland, perhaps for more quiet to commune with God, and then when his friends met him, he took ship with them for Mitylene.

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A Favor would be Conferred on the Manager and office-staff of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD if subscribers whose terms expire at the end of the year would so far oblige them as to remit their renewals at once, instead of waiting for the new year. During the first few weeks of January there is always a very heavy influx of letters, which, in spite of special arrangements to deal with them, involves liability to mistake in making up the new lists. It would therefore be a convenience, facilitating the work and reducing the chances of delay and disappointment, if such of our subscribers as can conveniently do so would send in their subscriptions now. Those who send a new name with their own, as many are doing, are doubly welcome.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Bill for the Admission of Dakota as a State was passed by the Senate on December 16th. It provides for a division of the Territory on the forty-sixth parallel of north latitude, the part north of the line to remain a Territory, *under the name of Lincoln*, the people of the southern portion to hold a convention and adopt a constitution not repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, which proceedings and constitution shall be reported and submitted to the President of the United States by the Governor of the Territory, whereupon the President shall, by proclamation, declare the new State admitted to the Union. The vote for admission was a strict party vote, the minority being all Democrats.

The Treaty with Nicaragua for the Construction of the canal, has been the chief subject of political interest during the past week. Imperfect and incorrect reports of the conditions of the treaty having been published, which were liable to mislead the people, the full text of the treaty was last Thursday given to the press. From this it appears to be a departure from our traditions of a very serious character, which will demand thoughtful consideration on the part of Congress before it is ratified. By *the terms of the treaty* the Government of the United States undertakes to guarantee the inviolability of the territory of Nicaragua against foreign enemies, to construct the canal, and to lend to Nicaragua four million dollars at three per cent interest, for the purpose of internal improvements connected with the canal. The strip of territory ceded to the United States is to be two and a half miles in width, inclusive of the canal, which will run through its centre. In time of peace the strip will be under the civil control of Nicaragua, and residents upon it will continue to be citizens of that government. The United States are to have two thirds of the canal tolls and a controlling vote in the board of directors. The cost of construction is estimated at $100,000,000. In addition to the question of the policy of the project, is that affecting *our national honor*. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty with England, by which we bound ourselves not to construct the canal, has never been formally abrogated. Our Government has long considered itself free from the obligations of the treaty, inasmuch as the circumstances with which it dealt have radically changed since it was signed. It is, however, important that we do not appear to be careless of treaty obligations, and therefore it may be hoped the consent of England to its abrogation will be obtained.

The Accusations against Ex-Governor St. John, of having received payment from the Democrats toward the expenses of the campaign, having been widely circulated, we are asked to publish the following explicit denial from his pen: "I have no personal acquaintance with either Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Hendricks, or any member of the National Democratic Committee. Nor did I ever have any transaction, communication, or understanding, either directly or indirectly, with either of said gentlemen, or any member of said committee, or any person claiming to act for or in any way to represent the Democratic party, either State or National, in relation to the campaign just closed, or any other subject whatever. Nor did the Democratic party, so far as I know, ever attempt to communicate with me."

The Exposition at New Orleans was Opened, with appropriate ceremonies, on December 16th. Dr. Talmage offered the dedicatory prayer. The President, who was unable to leave Washington, opened the exposition by an ingenious application of electricity. The speech of Mr. Richardson, the President of the Exposition, presenting the building to the Government, was sent over the wires to President Arthur, who, seated in the White House with his cabinet, the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, and a committee from each House of Congress, sent back his address of acceptance and congratulation. Being informed that all was ready, he telegraphed his declaration that the exposition was duly open, and, pressing a button, sent the current of electricity which set in motion the machinery in the exposition, *a thousand miles away*. It is believed that nearly twenty thousand persons were present in the exposition to witness the opening ceremonies. The reports show that the exposition will be one of the most complete and successful ever held. There has now been spent by the managers on the buildings and in other ways over $2,100,000; adding to that State appropriations and subscriptions, the amount will reach $2,500,000. Two shiploads of foreign exhibits arrived in the harbor after the opening. The workmen are engaged day and night in perfecting the arrangements, which by New Year's are expected to be complete.

A Terribly Fatal Fire Occurred in Brooklyn on December 18th, when the large Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, in which seven hundred and eighty-nine children were sheltered, was completely destroyed. The fire started about three in the afternoon, in the boiler-room, and, owing to the construction of the building, which was without fire-proof dividing doors, it soon spread to every part. It was at first supposed that all the children were saved, but one after another was missed, and eventually, when the ruins were dug over, it was found that no less than twenty-one children and one teacher had perished in the flames. Sixty-six children are yet to be accounted for, many of whom, it is feared, must have died. The loss of life appears to have occurred in the infirmary, to which there were no fire-escapes, and it cannot be ascertained from the books how many inmates were there when the fire broke out.

The Attention of the English Public during the past week has been engrossed by foreign complications. The press correspondents cable reports of general uneasiness, and discontent with the conduct of the government. The German Government has seized a portion of New Guinea, and is said to be contemplating the annexation of Zululand. She is also suspected of fomenting hostility among the Boers toward the English colony. Russian advances in Afghanistan have also alarmed the people for the safety of India. These and other apprehensions have taken hold of the people on what appears to be slender cause. It is remarkable that Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals have never succeeded in conducting the foreign policy of the country in a way satisfactory with the people, although, as a rule, their domestic policy has been beneficial.

The Perpetrators of the Dynamite Outrage on London Bridge were not discovered last week, though large rewards have been offered for their detection. A party of three men are suspected. They were observed on the day of the explosion taking a boat, which they rowed in the direction of the bridge. One of them carried a bag, which he handled with extreme care. An examination of the bridge at low water showed that the explosive had been nailed to the abutment of the bridge. One of the stones has several large fissures in it, but the stability of the bridge was not affected. The guards at the Houses of Parliament have been doubled, and other precautions taken.

A Dash Across the Desert is Contemplated by General Wolseley, who has charge of the expedition for the relief of General Gordon. The numerous accidents attending the navigation of the Nile, and the necessity for prompt measures, if there is to be any hope of saving General Gordon, have led to this decision. The route across the desert will save some hundreds of miles, but would involve much labor and suffering to the troops. General Wolseley reports that he and his army could cross the desert in sixteen days.

The Congo Conference in Berlin Continues its deliberations. In the course of a recent letter from Mr. Henry M. Stanley, he points out the urgent necessity of settling the neutralization of the Congo country, of determining definitely its frontier, and of bringing about a general recognition of the African International Association before the Conference now in session at Berlin shall have concluded its labors. If these problems shall not be settled he thinks the Congo will only prove a tempting bait to France and Portugal. He thinks that England should propose to Germany that inasmuch as the association cannot make war, therefore war shall not be made against the association. If the Conference disbands before these great questions shall have been settled, then farewell to the Congo basin and a long good-night to its development.

The Trial of Reinsdorf and his Fellow-Conspirators, for being concerned in the plot to kill the Emperor of Germany, revealed the spirit now animating the anarchists of Europe. When Reinsdorf was asked if he had anything more to say in his defence, he dwelt upon the unhappy and degraded position of the workmen of Germany, and denounced in bold terms police supervision. He declared that had he ten heads he would gladly sacrifice them all for the cause. The grave, he said, was the best place for a persecuted proletariat like himself. In reply to the question whether he pleaded guilty or not guilty, he drew himself up to his full height and answered: "I have nothing further to say. Deal with me as you please." He admitted that his object was to kill the Emperor.

The Prohibition Party in England are Dissatisfied with the policy of the government. At a meeting recently held a member of Parliament, Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, M. P., declared his readiness to join any number of members of Parliament in refusing to support the Premier unless he changed his attitude on the subject of Temperance legislation. A resolution was moved by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and seconded by Canon Wilberforce, protesting against the continuance of laws sanctioning the injustice, folly, and cruelty of thrusting into or maintaining within any locality, contrary to the will of the inhabitants, a system essentially evil. Anything like truce or quarter is evidently far from the minds of Prohibitionists in relation to the drink traffic.

The Topics for the Week of Prayer Commencing January 4th, as arranged by the Evangelical Alliance, are the following: *Sunday*, January 4th—Sermons: The good fight of faith. *Monday*, January 5th—Thanksgiving and Praise. *Tuesday*, January 6th—Humiliation and Confession. *Wednesday*, January 7th—Prayer for the Church of Christ. *Thursday*, January 8th—Prayer for families and instructors of youth. *Friday*, January 9th—Prayer for the Nations. *Saturday*, January 10th—Prayer for Missions, Home and Foreign. *Sunday*, January 11th—Sermons: Waiting for the Lord's appearing.

Mr. Moody is Continuing the Christian workers' conventions, and has, it is stated, abandoned for the present the intention of holding evangelistic services in Chicago. His present arrangements embrace the holding of conventions of three days each in Minneapolis, St. Paul, Cincinnati, and Richmond.

The Appeal of the American Missionary Association for funds, to which we recent'y called attention, has been responded to so promptly and generously that the debt, which two months since threatened to reach $50,000, has been reduced to $13,785.86. This is a source of sincere gratification, and it is hoped that this comparatively small remainder will be wiped out. The next year's work should not be hindered by a single dollar of indebtedness. The total receipts the last year have been $287,594. The donations were $223,034, against $186,200 the previous year; but the legacies fell off from $126,366 for 1883 to $64,559 for 1884.

The Cause of Temperance is being Actively pressed forward among the colored people of the South. Mr. Stearns, the Secretary of the National Temperance Society, states that a missionary of the society has been attending meetings of colored clergymen. In a meeting in Georgia fifteen colored Methodist preachers, within a few days, have pledged themselves to preach the cause and the motto of the society. Through the preachers, the society hopes to accomplish a grand Southern work. It has been asked to arrange for a week's meeting in New Orleans during the exposition.

The African Missionary Expedition, under the conduct of Bishop William Taylor, is pushing forward its preparations for departure. It is expected that all the forty missionary members of the expedition will be ready to sail before the close of January. A friend of the project has just given $1000 toward the purchase of mission property at St. Paul de Loanda, their port of entry. Others wishing to add to this fund may send it direct to Bishop Taylor, or to Richard Grant, 181 Hudson Street. The widow of Bishop Matthew Simpson has given $50 toward purchasing a tent on which her late husband's name shall be painted. Any one wishing to contribute building material or breadstuffs, from a tin of crackers to a barrel of flour, may address it: "For William Taylor's African Expedition, per James Scott, 239 West Street, New York," forwarding a memorandum of what they send to Richard Grant, 181 Hudson Street. Bishop Taylor has received a letter from President Arthur to the chiefs of the countries through which he will pass on his journey across Africa, to be used by him as a passport and fraternal greeting to the rulers of the various tribes.

A Seceder from Mormonism has Published an open letter stating the reasons which have led to his act. The writer signs himself Scott Anderson and states that he was an English convert to Mormonism from which he withdraws after five years' experience. During his residence in Utah he was shocked beyond measure to find that "Adam is our God," that blood-atonement is an orthodox doctrine, and that without marrying "at least three wives" no one can rise and reign. Such hypocrisy and profanity and foul speech as prevail among the leaders he never dreamed possible. *Ben Hogan*, the converted pugilist, who labored in Utah during last summer informs us that Mormonism is growing in power and extending itself rapidly into other States. His personal observations lead him reluctantly to the belief that it can never be extirpated otherwise than by the sword. No legislative enactments, however stringent, will, he thinks, remove the evil.

The Validity of Marriage Certificates, Such as are issued by New York clergymen, was the subject of public discussion last week. The question was raised by a lawyer, who declared that a certificate he had seen issued recently was of no value in law. As thousands of such certificates are carefully preserved by ladies in the State, the statement caused some disquietude. A series of interviews with other lawyers, however, being published, the matter was put in its proper light, and the uneasiness was allayed. It was stated that marriage certificates are only valuable as evidence, and that the validity of a marriage is in no wise affected by them, but depends on the marriage itself. The precise value of the marriage certificates is now understood, and is not likely to be overestimated in future. It would be well if as much could be said of other certificates, especially those of church membership, on which, it may be feared, some holders depend too much. The important question of real union with Christ is not proved by church-membership (I Cor. 11 : 28).

An Investor's Efforts were Happily Thwarted by a remarkable series of accidents, recently. The trustee of an orphan young lady had in his hands a sum of $3750 belonging to her. He decided to invest it in the purchase of thirty shares in the Bank of Middletown, Conn. Having procured a certified cheque for the amount, he wrote to his broker, enclosing the cheque directing the purchase. He drove to the post-office, but arriving late at night he made a mistake in the darkness, and mailed the wrong envelope. The letter he intended to mail remained in his pocket several days without his noticing it. When he found out his mistake, he drove out at once to mail it, but meeting some friends on his way, he was persuaded to turn back with them and postpone his journey to the post-office until the next day. The next day he was busy and could not go. The following day he went, but on his arrival, found that the letter had been lost or stolen from his pocket. He stopped the payment of that cheque, and procured another, with which, two days afterward, he again went to the post-office. Before mailing it, however, he heard the terrible news of the failure of the bank which he had thought was absolutely secure. Then he did not know how to be sufficiently thankful for the accidents which before had exasperated him. The time will come when many of us will learn that our "misfortunes" were often blessings in disguise (Rom. 8 : 28).

A Curious Retribution has Overtaken a lady in a village in New York State. Twenty-three years ago she was the joy of her doting father and mother, who almost idolized her, and indulged her every caprice. Her affections were sought by a young man from Europe, whose character was so bad that her parents refused to accept him as their son-in-law. The girl, who was under twenty years of age, eloped with him, forgetting all the love and tenderness of her parents, who some time afterward died broken-hearted. The worthless fellow ill-used her and deserted her. She found that the marriage had been a pretence, and that she was not bound to him. She resisted temptations to the vicious career, which is generally the sequel of such an experience, and was successful in obtaining a situation as a domestic servant. While thus earning her livelihood, an honest and prosperous farmer made her acquaintance, and eventually married her. Last summer a stranger came to the neighborhood in which they lived, in whom, to her horror, she recognized the man who had deceived her so cruelly. He looked but little older, though she had changed so much that, as she gladly observed, he did not recognize her. The fellow's morals had not improved by the lapse of time, and he succeeded in inducing the only daughter of the woman to elope with him, as he had persuaded herself to do twenty years before. She is now drinking to the bitter dregs the cup she placed at her own mother's lips, and her remorse is intolerable. We forbear to publish the names of the parties, but the facts are vouched for by reliable persons. It is seldom that a retribution so romantic and so terrible is recorded (Gal. 6 : 7).

A Futile Attempt to Raise a House was made in Hoboken, N. J., last week. The occupier's family having increased, he persuaded his landlord to elevate the house another story. A house-mover was employed, who succeeded in raising it several feet. On Thursday he and his assistant crawled underneath to adjust the blocks, when the building slipped and fell upon them. One of the men was killed, but the other, having happily been at a spot where the beams protected him, escaped with a slight injury. The house-mover, it is stated, had not had much experience, and failed to take the precautions usually adopted in the hazardous work of lifting a house from its foundations. The dangers of such an undertaking are generally recognized in respect to houses, but they seem to be often forgotten in the matter of character. Men who rise in the world, either by wealth or culture, too often become separated from Christ, the only sure foundation, and have a disastrous fall (Eph. 2 : 20).

Poisonous Candies have been Detected in the markets. Last week Dr. Cyrus Edson, by direction of the Health Board, examined certain manufactories of candies. He reported that of the sixty-four establishments inspected, in thirteen chrome yellow was used to produce candies of that color. Five firms of the thirteen used chrome green, red lead, vermilion, and Prussian blue to produce cheap effects. Three firms used burnt umber to imitate chocolate color. One firm used the arsenical aniline fuschine to produce a red tint. All these pigments, except Prussian blue and burnt umber, are poisons. The fuschine is the most dangerous. Several thousands of pounds of candies thus colored were seized and destroyed. The manufacturers are to be prosecuted. There is no doubt that they were either ignorant of the qualities of the poisons used, or were careless as to the effects produced, except the one of attractive appearance. Much indignation has been aroused by the discovery, parents being naturally exasperated by the danger to which their children are exposed. It would be well if an inspection of literary confectionery were made. Many books very widely circulated are made attractive by sensational matter of the most poisonous character (II Tim 2 : 16).

A Haunting Reprimand has Resulted in the madness and death of a railroad employé in Connecticut. He was a switchman on the Naugatuck Road. Some weeks ago, owing to his negligence in leaving a switch open, a train was derailed and traffic interrupted for three hours. The switchman was discharged with the mild reprimand from the superintendent, "You ought to be more careful." The words haunted the man, and continually rang in his ears, and to make matters worse the employés of the road began to pester him with the remark: "You ought to be more careful." One day at dinner he dropped and broke a cup, and, without thinking to offend, his wife said: "You ought to be more careful," whereupon he sprang upon her and gave her a savage beating. From that time until the day of his death, on December 18th, he was a raving maniac, tending switches, twisting brakes, and waving frantic signals, and for the last few days of his life the constant attendance of three men was necessary to restrain him. Teachers and preachers who in large numbers are laboring to convince the world that there is no truth in the "old-fashioned doctrine" of eternal punishment, appear to forget that, as this incident exemplifies, man is so constituted that remorse and mental torture have power to produce a hell, if there were no external punishment (Matt. 8 : 12).

THE ROAD TO HONOR.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Them that honor me I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed."—I SAMUEL, 2 : 30.

Punishment Reveals the Sin—The Seed Recognized by the Fruit—A Grim Procession—Scripture Examples—The Retaliation of Providence—I. The Duty Incumbent—To Honor the Lord—By Confessing Him—Acknowledging His Rule—Daily Trust in Him—II. The Influence of the Habit on Daily Life—Consulting Him—The Tug of the War—Opportunities for Special Service—A Pious Jew's Self-Sacrifice—III. The Reward—In the Heart—In the Church—In the World—The Lord is Coming.

OUR chickens generally come home to roost. Our thoughts of other men become other men's thoughts of us. According as we measure out to our fellows, so do they measure back into our bosoms, for good or for evil. So especially, in reference to the Lord Himself, the God of justice sooner or later causes a man to reap his own sowing, and gather his own scattering. See how the Lord keeps touch with His friends and foes, and pays them in their own coin—"Them that honor me I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed."

A man's life is often its own echo. He sinned, and he suffered after the likeness of his sin : you may see the sin in the punishment, as you see to-day the foot-mark of the Egyptian dog in the brick which he trod upon when it was yet in the soft clay. The man sinned again, for it is the nature of sin to repeat itself and grow into habit : and behold, another sorrow was born in the likeness of that other sin. Thus the man lived in the present, and formed his future life by one and the same act. He spoke, and the echoes spoke to him in the years following. So does life repeat itself ; so does the seed develop the flower, and the flower again produce the seed. It is an endless chain ; for the thing that has been is the thing which shall be. A man may live to see

A GRIM PROCESSION

of all his old sins marching past him, robed in the sackcloth and ashes wherein justice dooms them to be arrayed. So is it also with our joys. God gives us joy after the similitude of our service. Godly fear fills her garden with many flowers, and her house with music of divers kinds, and the Lord appoints to her that she shall live of her ministry, and that her oxen shall eat of the good corn which they tread out for others. When we have been faithful to God, he is ever faithful to us, and sends us a full reward. If we walk contrary to him, he will walk contrary to us ; but if we delight ourselves in him, he will delight himself in us to do us good. There is good-will to men of good will, and evil shall slay those whose lives are evil.

If you wish to see this

EXEMPLIFIED IN SCRIPTURE,

how many instances rise before you! Enoch walks with God because God pleases him, and then we find that he pleases God. Noah obediently rests the issues of his life upon the truth of God, and God gives him rest. Abraham was famous for trusting God, and it is wonderful how God trusted him. The Lord seemed to put his honor as well as his oracles into the guardianship and custody of Abraham. "Shall I," saith God, "hide this thing that I will do from Abraham, my friend?" Oh, no. God unbosoms his heart to Abraham, for Abraham has unbosomed his heart to God.

See, on the other hand, Jacob. He is a good man and true, and I like not to speak of the failings of the faithful. There is a Ham-like propensity in some to point out the nakedness of God's saints ; but it is much better to go backward and cover them with the garment of love. Yet we cannot help seeing that Jacob was not so in harmony with God as he should have been, and therefore his life lacked the majestic serenity which attended Abraham's. He begins life by bargaining and by cheating his brother ; and all his life long he was bargained with and cheated beyond his heart's content. His cunning came home to him : what he was to Esau, Laban was to him. Yet, as he wrestled with the angel in mighty prayer, the Lord gave him the wrestler's name of honor, and as he trusted in the Lord even in his saddest estate, the Lord preserved him even to the end.

As an instance on the other side, take Moses. He would not be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter ; but gave up all prospect of a kingdom in Egypt. But what did he get? He became a greater king than any Pharaoh. He led through the wilderness a nation compared with which the Egyptians are mere barbarians. He had all the rank and dignity that could fall to the greatest ruler of his age or of any other age ; and his honor after death is to this day infinitely beyond that of all the Pharaohs rolled into one. Moses is an imperial name : among them that are born of woman, whose fame is greater? He is no loser now : he honored God and he was honored.

Take David, on the other side, and see how his transgressions came home to him. I will not speak of the better character of David just now, though that would abundantly illustrate how God repays his faithful ones : but, when he sinned, the sorrows that embittered the latter end of his life were the reflection of his own offences. One is struck with *the family likeness* between David's sins and sorrows. Remember the names of Absalom and Adonijah, and you cannot forget the lust and the falsehood of him to whom these young men were both sons and punishments.

Very striking, as an instance of

THE RETALIATION OF PROVIDENCE

is the case of Adoni-bezek. When they cut off his thumbs and his great toes, so that he might lose all power to draw the bowstring, and all power, indeed, to go to battle at all, because he could not stand safely in the conflict, he confessed that three-score-and-ten kings to whom he had done the same thing had picked up crumbs under his table. It was his own remark that as he had done God had requited him. Samuel, when he smote Agag, told him that, as his sword had made women childless, so should the sword of the Lord that day make his mother childless by slaying him. Most memorable of all is the instance of Haman and his gallows, fifty cubits high. See how he swings thereon. He built the gibbet for Mordecai. Ah, no ; he built it for himself. Thus are deeds reflected upon those who do them ; thus do the cruel fall into the pits which their own hands have digged. Malice uses a sort of *providential boomerang*. The man flings it with all his force at the foe, and it comes back to him ; not into his hand that he may use it again, but across his brow to smite him even to the dust. Take heed what ye put into the measure that ye mete out to others, and especially to God ; for "with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." "Them that honor Me I will honor, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed."

I. And, first, we will speak upon

THE DUTY INCUMBENT

upon us all, but especially upon God's people, of honoring the Lord.

As we are God's creatures, we are bound to honor God. I shall not stay, dear friends, to enter into any argument upon a subject which commends itself to every conscience. If your hearts are right, you feel that to honor God is your joy. I know that you love to glorify Him. His praise is viewed by you not only as a duty, but as a privilege, and a delight. Oh for more of the power of the Holy Ghost, that we may glorify God by His own Spirit!

Just notice *how* we ought to honor him, and consider wherein this duty lies. We should honor Him by confessing His deity : I mean the deity of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. The Athanasian Creed is too long, and it enters too much into details ; but, in the essence of it, it is most solemn truth ; and, though I should not dare to say that the man who did not believe every word of it would "without doubt, perish everlastingly," yet I should feel great trembling for myself if I could not from the depths of my heart subscribe to the blessed doctrine of the Trinity in Unity : one God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Let us further honor God by acknowledging His rule. This is more difficult by far, to most minds. Let it be to you and to me

A FIXED MATTER

that whatever the Lord forbids we will loathe, and whatever God commands we will follow after. He is our supreme Lord, and we would not wish even to breathe apart from Him. It is rebellion against Him even to begin to reckon whether obedience will be profitable or not. What greater profit can you desire than to do His will? Next to that, let me add a very important thing. Let us honor the holiness of God, and the justice of God, and the mercy of God, by repentance whenever we feel that we have done wrong. Do not hesitate, ye guilty ones, to do this. You can make no reparation for the wrong you have done ; but the very least thing, and at the same time the very greatest thing you can do, is to say, "I have sinned and done this evil in thy sight, but O most gracious God be merciful to me a sinner." Thus may the sinner give honor unto God.

But, oh, beloved, if you have rejoiced in pardoning love, I would press upon you to honor God by acknowledging the wisdom of His teaching, and by a teachableness which accepts His doctrine. I am afraid that many ministers are training men to set aside faith, and to live by carnal reason. This is flat

TREASON AGAINST THE LORD

and His Christ. Faith, to me, means this : whatever God says in His Word I believe ; and if I do not understand the fulness of its meaning, I wait for further light, knowing that it must be true if God has said it. But now men judge the Scriptures instead of being judged of the Scriptures. Their own consciousness is to be "the judge that ends the strife," and this part of Scripture is put aside, and that is lifted into undue prominence, according as human judgment questions or approves. This must not be. We live not by thinking, but by believing ; as it is written, "The just shall live by faith." We live, not by excogitating fresh ideas of what God ought to be, and original conceptions of what God ought to do, but by looking into the Book and believing the fact.

We honor God when we believe Holy Scripture to be inspired—infallibly inspired ; and, taking it as such, say, "It is not mine to question it, or to argue against it, but simply to accept it." It is to me the delight of my life to admit into my very soul great master truths which I am unable to compass, and yet receive into myself by affection and humble reverence. I cannot comprehend the truth by my understanding, but I apprehend it by my faith, and thus it becomes mine. To love is to understand ; at least, it is so to me.

Further, we honor God's love by

A DAILY TRUST

in Him. You honor God, you that scarcely know where to-morrow's bread shall come from, when, having said, "Give us this day our daily bread," you work for it and bless His name that you have work to do. You that suffer sickness, but patiently yield yourselves up to the divine will, believing that even your pains are for your good, and that all is for the best—you are honoring God by trusting His love. Unbelief dishonors Him ; but a simple childlike confidence pays homage to Him, as true and as acceptable as the song of Cherubim and Seraphim. Trust God about domestic cares, and bodily pains, and daily frets, and you most truly honor Him.

And, lastly, upon this point, we also honor God, dear friends, when we confess His goodness by patiently enduring His will, and especially by rejoicing in it. It is such an honoring of God when we take great delight in Him. Pull-

ing long faces, pining over our troubles, and whining over our fears—this does not honor God. But in the midst of darkness and gloom still to say, "The Lord is good, and His mercy endureth forever, therefore will I sing unto the Lord as long as I live"—this is to honor the Lord, and to all who thus praise Him the promise of our text is made, "Them that honor Me, I will honor."

II. Now this brings me, secondly, to notice

THE INFLUENCE

upon our daily life of this habit of honoring God.

A man who honors God, does this practically; it is no form or farce with him, but a deep practical reality. He does it often by consulting with God. What shall I do? Here are two ways that may be equally right or equally wrong. I do not know which to take. The answer is, "Bring hither the ephod." I like that old Scotchman's word, when he was puzzled about a matter of duty and wanted to end the debate—"Reach me yon Bible. That settles all." Go to your knees, and cry to God in prayer, and crooked things shall be made straight. Be willing to be guided and you shall be guided. If you blunder on in your self-sufficiency, you will soon be in a slough; but if you will wait upon God, your steps shall be ordered of the Lord. We honor God by taking counsel of Him.

We honor God in our daily life when we confess Him. It is comparatively a small matter to confess Christ before the church, though I have known some of you rather frightened of doing that. Some are almost afraid to come and talk to me about their own salvation. If anybody is afraid of me, he must be a great goose, I am sure, for there is nothing in me that should frighten anybody. I am too glad and too delighted to see anybody about his soul to be frightful to any one. If you go to see any of the elders, you will find them more tender still. At any rate, do not be afraid of them. But

THE TUG OF WAR

is to confess Christ before the world. For the merchant, for instance, to stand up for that which is good and right when he is in a web of false trading, and surrounded by unscrupulous dealers—this is honoring the Lord. For the workman in the shop, when the men are making fun of every holy thing, to say, "Well, now, I believe in all that, and if you want to laugh at anybody you may laugh at me, for I am on the Lord's side"—this is honoring God. But the tendency is to sneak away and remain quite quiet. Christ seems to have nobody to speak up for Him. Is it really so? Is that dark hour being repeated, "Then all the disciples forsook Him and fled?" Everybody will speak up for the devil. You can hear them in the street far into the night; but as to Christ, how many are there to give Him a good word in this time of rebuke? The bulk of religious professors are cowards. Let it not be so with you.

Sometimes you can honor Christ by some distinct service that you can do for Him, or by some special obedience to His will. I know times wherein there are great temptations put in the way of men. Now, mind that you honor God at such times by an unhesitating allegiance. There is wealth apparently to be had for the putting out of your hand; only you could not do it with a clean conscience. Now, honor God, and be bravely poor rather than be shamefully rich. "Get thee behind me, Satan," must be ready in the trial hour. You have an opportunity of making a great change in your position in life; but, at the same time, you would be deprived of opportunities of usefulness, both of giving and of getting good—then let your choice be made promptly.

I have always admired the example of

THE PIOUS JEW

who was told that a certain city on the Continent would excellently suit his business. "But," he asked, "is there a synagogue there?" and when they said that there was no synagogue, he preferred to stay in another place, that he might worship God, though he would do less business. I do not know that this is often the case among Jews any more than it is among Gentiles; and, I am sorry to say that I know many Gentiles to whom God's worship is no consideration whatever—they would go to the bottomless pit if they could make large profits. It does not matter where they go, or what becomes of them, so long as gain can warm the palms of their hands. Say to yourself, young man, in the very beginning of life, "I will serve God. If I can make money, very well; but my first object is to honor God. If I can gain a competence, if I can have sufficient to retire upon in my old age, I will be very thankful; but I am going to do right and to serve God as long as I live, come wealth or come poverty, come honor or come shame." You are the man that God will honor; I am sure of it.

Then you can honor God with your substance when He gives it to you. I will not say much about this; but all through Scripture it is laid down as one mark of a child of God that he holds what he has as a steward, and that he uses it for the promotion of the kingdom of God, and the helping of the poor and the needy.

But, alas! there are many, I grieve to say, who do not seem to care about honoring God at all. And what is the influence of this upon their lives? Two or three words only upon this

SORROWFUL BUSINESS.

The influence of this upon their lives, is, that they do not care to know anything about God, and His Christ, and His Spirit, and His Gospel, and His way of salvation. So, if they have a Bible they look at it now and then, but they never seriously read it—never sit down to study it—never turn to God in prayer that they may be instructed in the inner meaning of the Word. They live much the same as they would live if God were dead. It would not make any very great difference to them if there were no God and no Saviour, for they so utterly forget Jehovah and His Anointed. They do not take the trouble to go across the street to hear about Him whom they call Redeemer. If there were a lecture upon geology—if there were a great gathering upon politics and the extension of the franchise, they would be there; but as to serving God—well, they do not seem to think that there is any weight in His claims or importance in His will.

They show in their lives that they do not honor God, because they attach no importance to anything that He commands or forbids, or to His grand purposes of grace for our fallen race. Whether men are saved or lost does not matter to them. Whether Christ died or did not die is no concern of theirs. Those wonderful things which hold angels spell-bound with admiration, have no attraction for these men, for whom they ought to have every attraction. Christ dies for men, and yet men pass by and say, "It is nothing to us." These are not only the baser and more thoughtless sort, but persons of intellect and culture do the same.

In a word, friends, if we do not honor God we shall not make God our guiding star; we shall not make His glory to be

OUR CHART AND COMPASS;

but we shall live to get money—to get money by fair means or foul, cost what it may. What a Gradgrind a man becomes when he forgets God, and only remembers gold. Oh, the wretches there are who do not care how many poor people are starved, so long as they can make a larger profit: into their little miserable souls it never enters that it is a shame to starve the needle-woman or the worker of any kind, by putting them to a killing toil in order to earn the scantiest of food.

Some make ambition their guiding star, and when this is the case they do not care what they say in the House of Commons or elsewhere, so long as they can keep themselves before the public. They make a speech to-day which they contradict to-morrow; they blurt out of their mouths the first thing that comes into their heads, whether it be mischievous or beneficial. Be it false or be it true, it is no odds to them so long as their speech will catch the ear. Only for themselves do many politicians live. And so with other men besides.

III. Now mark—and this is the last point—

THE REWARD

of all this. "Them that honor me I will honor."

Is not this a grand reward? It is not, "They that honor me shall be honored," but "Them that honor Me, *I* will honor." Does God honor men? He promises to do so. Compared with the honor which the Lord is able to give, there is no honor which is worth naming in the same day. When God honors a man, the glory is glory indeed. One of the French kings gave to a conquering general some $2500 a year, or thereabouts, for a wonderful deed of prowess, but the soldier told the king that he would have preferred the gold cross. I do not think I should have had such preference for a bauble; but honor is a precious commodity. To get honor from God is very different from getting it from a king. It was said of Alexander that, of two nobles who had served him well, he gave to one ten thousand talents, and to the other a kiss; and he that had the money envied him who received the kiss. Honor from God—favor from God—this is a high reward, which cannot be weighed against ten thousand worlds, and all the glory thereof. "Them that honor me I will honor."

The man who honors God shall be honored in his own heart by peace of conscience—honored in his own spirit by the conviction that it must be wisdom to be right and true and honest, and that it can never be under any circumstances right to do wrong, or wise to break a divine command.

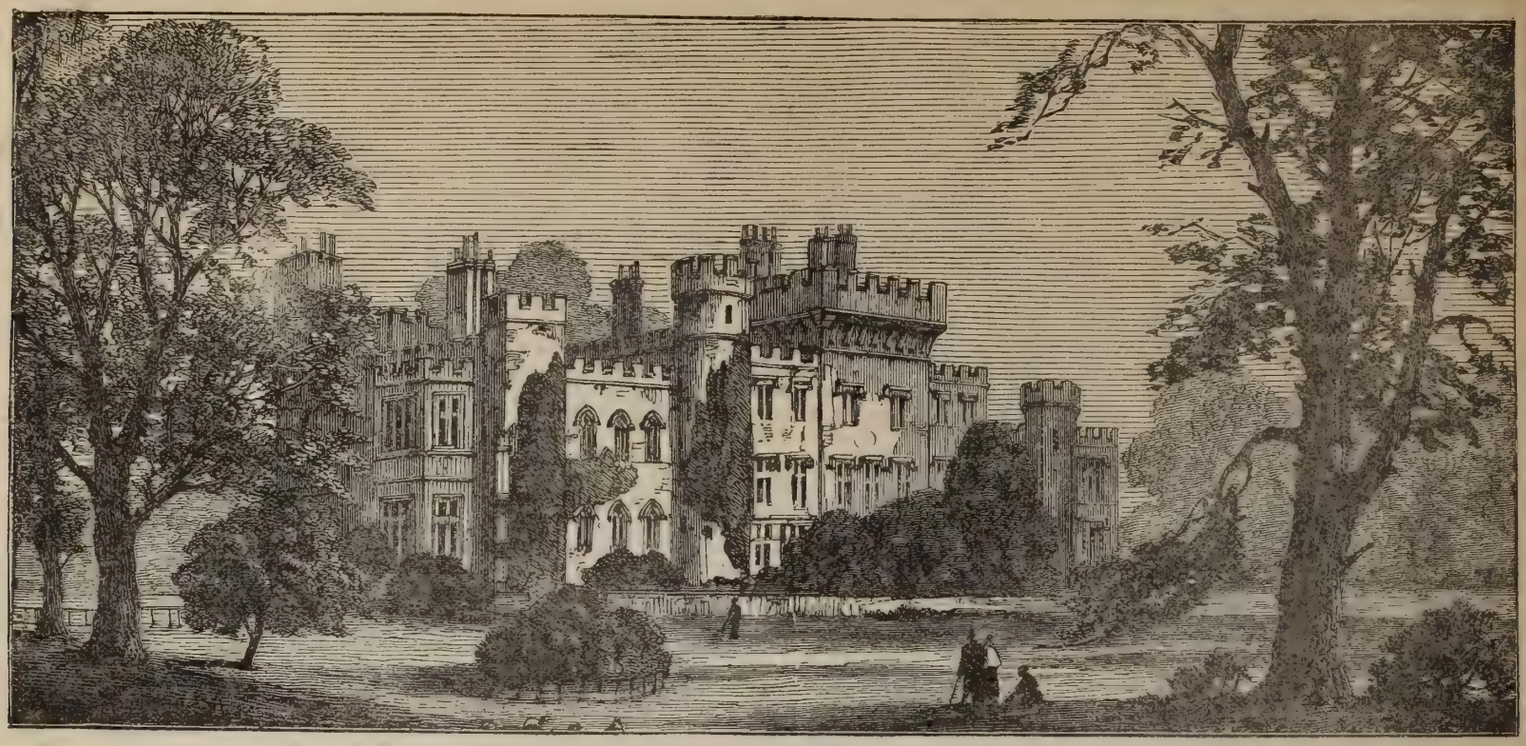
Such a man honoring his God among his brethren shall be honored of God *in the church*. And *in the world* it shall be the same. I do not believe that a man truly serves God without in the long run winning the esteem of his fellow-citizens. They burned such men of old, but when they burned them, they still honored them; for all over this nation, when Popery was in its prime and saints were persecuted, the country people sat at their firesides and they talked of holy Master Taylor, or godly old Latimer, who had suffered for Christ's sake. Brethren, you will be honored in your turn as those men are honored to-day, if, when the worst comes to the worst you are found faithful as they were. Therefore stand to your guns. Stand to your guns if you die there, for

THE LORD IS COMING.

I see the banner, I mark the white horse, I hear the Captain's voice. The trumpet rings out, "Behold, He cometh!" Honored shall that man be who stands with loins girt in his place in the battle, in the day when the Captain is saluted as Conqueror all along the line.

What will become of the sneaking coward in the day of Christ's appearing? Where will the fearful stand, who did not dare to wear the name of Christ for fear of being laughed at? Where will the false-hearted be when the Lord Jesus flames forth in His majesty? Then shall they ask the rocks to cover them, and the mountains to fall upon them to hide them from His face. Dastards that they were, they shall not know where to fly.

"Who is on the Lord's side?" Who that has not been on His side will enlist to-night? How is the enlisting to be managed? It is to be done as all enlisting is done. In our army they enlist a man by making him take a shilling. You are not enlisted by giving anything, but by receiving the King's money. Take Christ by faith. Receive Him. Stretch out your hand. He shall be the earnest-money to you of the great reward that God will give His saints in the day of His glory, when He shall honor them and make them to "shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." God bless you, and may we meet at the right hand of the throne in the coming of the Lord. Amen.



Hawarden Castle, Wales; the Residence of Mr. Gladstone.

RETROSPECT OF THE YEAR 1884.

THE year now near its close has been one of uneasiness, financial disturbance, and violent political agitation at home, and of calamity and pestilence abroad. That God has preserved us from the epidemic which ravaged Southern Europe and averted the political crisis which at one time seemed to impend, is matter for special gratitude to the Giver of all mercies.

POLITICAL.

The event which, above all others, will render this year conspicuous in our national history is the election of a Democratic President after nearly a quarter of a century of Republican administration. The causes which led to that event are as remarkable as the event itself. It was evident early in the year that if, as was probable, Mr. Blaine's friends succeeded in securing his nomination, the campaign would be one of intense personal rancor. His eminent talents and his magnetic personality inspired his friends with an enthusiasm seldom evinced toward any political leader, while his enemies, especially those of his own party, were more resolute and implacable than a candidate usually has. The campaign assumed precisely the shape that was expected. National questions were overshadowed by the issue of the moral character of the candidates. New York proved to be the pivotal State, and it was in New York that the conflict was the most bitter. After several days of doubt, during which both parties claimed the State, and angry threats were uttered, the official count gave the State to Cleveland by a plurality of 1149 votes, and the thirty-six votes of New York in the Electoral College sufficed to elect Mr. Cleveland to the Presidency by a majority of thirty-seven. Momentous as the change is, it is possible to overrate its significance. It would be an error to infer that it signifies a change in the principles of the people. The successful candidate owes his election to the votes and influence of men who have been, and still are, opponents of the party to which he belongs. The fact that in the next Congress the House will show a reduced Democratic majority confirms the belief that to personal rather than political causes is due the Democratic success. There are evidences that the bitter feelings engendered by the election will not be easily or speedily allayed.

SOCIAL.

The year has been a trying one for the people in business matters. The panic in Wall Street in May shook the financial institutions throughout the country, and but for the wise and prompt action of the bankers in arranging for mutual assistance it would have had still more disastrous results than actually occurred. Meanwhile the characteristics of the time are disquieting, and sagacious observers are uneasy. The rich are becoming richer and more luxurious, while the poor are becoming poorer and less able to obtain the necessaries of life. It is useless congratulating ourselves on our national prosperity when people are making shirts at the rate of *thirty cents a dozen* and crowds of men are eagerly seeking work at starvation prices. Unless the wealthy classes awake to a sense of their duties, and selfishness and greed cease to have unlimited exercise, there will be trouble, beside which the riots in the Hocking Valley in September will be insignificant.

Among the important events of the year was the *rescue of Lieutenant Greely* and five men, all who were left of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition. The other nineteen brave men perished, the victims of official incapacity. The *floods in the Ohio Valley* in the spring were unusually heavy and disastrous to life and property, while the help rendered from all sections of the country showed that the generous instincts of the people were still active. The *riots in Cincinnati*, in March, were a startling protest against the outrages of justice which had been frequent in the city for a long time before. There was, nevertheless, a strange significance in the sight of thousands of men rioting, fighting, and burning public buildings on the plea that justice was not being properly administered. A novel experience for citizens of the Atlantic coast was *the earthquake* which shook that section—happily without disastrous consequences—on Sunday, August 10th. To our Southern friends the opening of the grand International *Exposition in New Orleans* will, we sincerely hope, render this year memorable as the commencement of a new era of prosperity. Among the

DISASTERS

of the year, a few deserve brief notice. The wreck of the *City of Columbus*, with the loss of ninety-seven lives, occurred on January 18th. The vessel was on her way to Savannah from Boston, and was driven ashore at Gay Head, and became a complete wreck. In February came the *terrible tornadoes* in the South and South-west, destroying life and property. On March 13th the country was thrilled by news of the colliery disaster at *the Pocahontas Mine*, in Virginia, in which one hundred and fifty men lost their lives. In the wreck of the *Daniel Steinmann* on the coast of Nova Scotia, on April 3d, one hundred and twenty lives were lost, and on April 18th the *State of Florida* went down, in collision at sea, with one hundred and thirty-five persons on board. The wreck of the *Amsterdam* on August 3d, and the burning of the *Maasdam* on October 23d, are other items in the long and ghastly catalogue of the year's disasters.

IN EUROPE

the terrible cholera epidemic has given the year a mournful record. It showed itself at Toulon, in France, in June, and thence spread to Marseilles and Arles. Before the close of July it had made over a thousand victims. During August it appeared in Spain and Italy, where, especially in Naples, the mortality was appalling. On September 9th, in Naples alone, three hundred and sixty-five persons died from cholera.

England and France have each had a war upon their hands, in which there is little glory to be gained, and much loss of life and treasure is inevitable. England sent General Gordon to pacify the Soudan, where the rising of the Mahdi was producing anarchy. General Gordon arrived in Khartoum on February 16th, and since that time his safety has been the cause of constant anxiety. He has been surrounded by the Mahdi's army, and his communications with home cut off. A large force under Sir Garnet Wolseley is now endeavoring to rescue him. France, after completing the conquest of Tonquin, negotiated a treaty with China which, owing to a misunderstanding or to treachery, was broken within a few days. Open war between the two countries is still threatened, though negotiations, with a view to a peaceable settlement of the dispite, are being carried on.

Ireland continued through the year a source of embarrassment to the English Government. The malcontents developed a change of tactics which made England instead of Ireland the scene of operations. Three times during the year explosions by dynamite were effected, happily without loss of life, but with considerable destruction of property. There was also an at-

tempt made to destroy the Parliament Building at Quebec, on October 11th, which is supposed to have been the work of Irishmen. England, like America, had the novel experience of *an earthquake*. On April 22d several cities were shaken up, and buildings more or less damaged.

THE OBITUARY list of the year is a heavy one on both sides the Atlantic. In America we have lost, in public life, Secretary Folger, Hon. W. H. Hunt, Senator H. B. Anthony, Wendell Phillips, Thomas G. Appleton, Professors Ezra Abbot and Arnold H. Guyot, and Dr. Willard Parker; in Christian labor, Bishops B. Smith, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and Matthew Simpson, George F. Pierce, H. H. Kavanaugh, and Isaac W. Wiley, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Revs. John Lord Taylor, D.D., John S. Inskip, and Mr. John F. Slater.

In Europe, among the names of those death has removed, are the famous Edward Lasker, the leader of German Liberals; Mr. Fawcett, the blind statesman; Sir H. Bartle Frere, Prince Leopold, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Brunswick, Midhat Pasha, Eugene Rouher; and in India the noted advanced thinker, Keshub Chunder Sen.

The Result of a Philanthropic Effort.

HAWARDEN CASTLE.

(*See Illustration on page 828.*)

MR. GLADSTONE, the Premier of England, resides, when Parliament is not in session, at Hawarden Castle, a picture of which appears on the preceding page. Though controlling the patronage of the country, and giving lucrative offices to others, he is comparatively a poor man, and a few years ago his private financial embarrassment was the subject of general gossip. The salary attached to his office is $25,000 a year; but as the Premier is expected to entertain extensively, few men who have held the office have been able to save anything from it.

Hawarden Castle belongs to Mr. Gladstone's eldest son, to whom it was bequeathed by his maternal grandfather, Sir Stephen Glynne, whose daughter, Catherine, Mr. Gladstone married in 1839. It is situated in Flintshire, Wales, and it is surrounded by a large park, where the statesman can enjoy his favorite relaxation of felling trees.

DODSON'S CART.

(*See Illustration on this page.*)

"IT'S no use, sir, there's no show for me." The words were spoken in a dreary, hopeless tone, outside the wails of a prison. The man who uttered them had been "doing" ten days for a drunken spree, in which he had indulged in some rough horse play which had procured him an interview with a judge. A philanthropist, whose name thousands have reason to bless, met him as he came out of prison, and addressed some words to him that brought tears to his eyes and the despairing words to his lips.

"If you had a show, as you call it, would you use it? Think of your wife and your three children. I know you love them."

"That I do, sir. But what use is it? There's no way of getting on, and I am glad to get drunk and forget our hard lot. I ought never to have got married."

"You should be ashamed to say so. You ought to be proud of your wife and children, and thank God for them. But you have not answered my question. If you had a chance in life, would you make the best of it?"

"Ay, that I would, sir," said poor Dodson.

"Then you shall have it. I shall want you to sign the pledge and to give me your word to do your best to get on, and I'll help you. You are too good a man to go to ruin."

Not many days afterward Dodson, with his wife and children, were living in a neat little house in the country, away from the city, the temptations of which had proved too strong for him. He was the owner of a horse and covered wagon, and was known in the neighborhood as the new expressman. That was the chance his good friend promised him, and Dodson was making the most of it, as he had agreed to do. It was not very profitable at first, but as people found him trustworthy and obliging, business came to him, and he soon prospered. His good friend rode over to see him one morning, and as he watched Dodson setting out on his journey, saying good-by for the day to his wife and children, and contrasted his bright, cheerful face with the face he had seen that morning outside the prison walls, he thanked God, who had given him the means and the disposition to save one who was ready to perish.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS.

A SERIAL STORY.

(*Continued from page 815.*)

Good News from Home.

THE life of the two fugitives in the little French village passed along peacefully, and, as has been said, with a strange charm for one of them. John Morley seemed to grow younger as he watched the new life about him. His shop and his books and his money difficulties forgotten, he was like a boy enjoying a long vacation among the pleasantest scenes and surroundings.

But none of these outer things had the same influence over Hester. Her mind had not been suffering from a long malady, and could not therefore enjoy the almost sensuous pleasure of the change which was bringing health to her father. She was devoted to him; but, in spite of her devotion, her heart clung with bitter strength to the love of her own country, the love of old familiar places, the love, scarcely acknowledged, of Carl. She did not think willingly of the last. They were separated by a miserable and irrevocable destiny. At times she was almost glad that no stronger tie bound them together than mere friendship—a friendship, also, more implied than professed. If he had loved her, her duty would have been divided: but now it belonged solely to her father.

What the final end of their present strange life would be, she could not by any effort foresee. Not a whisper reached them from that far-off place where all her years had been passed Could it be possible that the course of events was going on as usual in Little Aston, which for her was as the buried cities of ancient times? Were the streets there still? Was her old home—the only home she had ever known—yet standing in its dark northern corner, where the sun never shone upon it? Was the chapel open Sunday after Sunday; and did the church bells chime as they were wont to do?

Hester's favorite place for indulging in these mournful questionings was the cool, lofty, solemn interior of the fine old church of Ecquemonville. She chose a chair for herself, where she was half hidden by a pillar; and there she sat, hour after hour, letting all the pageantry of Catholic ceremonials pass before her, but paying no heed to it. She heard the organs answering to one another in grand volumes of sound, which made her tremble, but she never asked herself why it was so. The worshippers respected the pale young Englishwoman, whose ascetic, saint-like beauty was in harmony with their own worship. No one spoke to her; a few offered her the holy water on the tips of their fingers as she passed in and out, and felt repaid by the sudden light in her gray eyes as she recognized the courtesy. She was adopted by them with a silent adoption; and the curé, a venerable old man, who had no intention of making a convert of her, regarded her with a profound interest, which only waited for an opportunity to shape itself into language.

The vintage came, with its deepened mirth and hilarity; and John Morley's force and energy had returned to him almost as if he had never wasted them in morbid brooding; but Hester's silent longings were growing day by day more enfeebling. The fine balance of health was disturbed by her ceaseless conjectures as to both past and future. She had never renewed her conversation with her father about the circumstances of the night preceding their hurried flight from England. Rose was dead; and amid her other troubled thoughts, it seemed very nearly a relief to think of her as one who has made the final escape from the evils of life.

But she could not be sure that her father's

hand was not guilty of her death. He had said it was not so; but his reason had been so shaken at the time, that she could not trust implicitly to his word or memory. She could not yet gather courage to question him again. But who could be guilty, if not he? It would be impossible to return to England, for their flight had fixed the crime upon him. If they ever set foot again in their native land, he would be called upon to expiate the death of Rose, either as a murderer or a madman. Oh, the exile; the terrible banishment! A home-sickness laid its chilly hand upon her; and she felt that no life, however bright or joyous, could wean her from the yearning to see her own people, and hear her own language once again.

Long before reaching Ecquemonville, Robert Waldron knew his quest was successful. The driver of the diligence, to whom it seemed an extraordinary thing to have another Englishman as a passenger in so short a time after the arrival of John Morley and Hester, informed him that two of his compatriots had made Ecquemonville their residence since the beginning of June. On being questioned, he described them as a man, with very white hair and seemingly of great age; and a young lady, his daughter, very pretty, very amiable, and very sad. Robert could not doubt that these were the two he was seeking; and his heart throbbed, as it had not done for some time past, with a feeling of satisfaction and happiness. Every step of the road brought him nearer to Hester, to whom he was carrying glad tidings. Whatever she had thought of her father's deed, it must be an infinite relief to her to hear that he had again escaped being guilty of a dark and cardinal sin. The way home was open to them; they could return to it at any hour they pleased. He could not fail to be welcome, with such consolation as this.

Hester was sitting at the window, with her arms resting on the sill, looking listlessly down upon the dull street and market-square, which seemed stamped ineffaceably upon her brain. The diligence came in, and she saw the group of laundresses round the fountain pause as usual at their work, and the loungers throng round the conveyance, hiding the only traveller who descended from it. She was very heart-sick this afternoon; and all this was nothing to her except one more scene in the shifting panorama of the streets. But an hour afterward, as she still sat there, silent, spiritless, half broken-hearted, the stranger appeared on the uneven pavement below, coming swiftly toward her, with upraised face, and eyes fastened upon her.

Hester caught convulsively at the window-sill, and leaned forward with a fascinated and incredulous gaze. Her father was in the room behind her, reading the only English book in their possession, a New Testament which she had carried from little Hester's bedroom to Carl's chapel; and here, in the street below, close at the door, was Robert Waldron who had seen her, knew her, and was hastening toward her.

Hester laid her head down upon the hands which grasped the window-sill, and felt an overwhelming, unutterable tremor of suspense. She could neither stir nor speak to give warning to her father; a vain warning it would have been, for already Robert's foot was upon the winding staircase which led up to their room. A cry only broke from her benumbed lips; but it was so smothered, that her father did not hear it. Step by step, each one adding to the intense strain upon her, came the approaching tread; and seemed to tarry at the door as if to lengthen out her anguish. She heard her father lay his book down, and knew that he was looking up to see who was coming. Then the door opened, and they stood face to face.

John Morley and Robert Waldron stood face to face, both alike stricken dumb. It was so long since they had seen one another thus directly, and so many changes had passed over both, that they recognized each other more by intuition than by positive recollection. There was so much also to be uttered by each of them that speech seemed altogether insufficient and powerless. They looked into one another's eyes, and no other gaze read the changeful, lamentable story of the past, as it flitted across their memories, and looked out in mournful glances at each other's face. Hester did not dare to lift her head, and look at them. She was waiting shrinkingly, to catch the first word.

"You have pursued and found me!" cried John Morley at last, in a voice which sounded clearly and coldly through the room, and fell in icy tones upon her ear.

"God forbid that I should harm you!" said Robert Waldron, in tremulous accents. "I come as your friend."

"Do you know what you have done for me?" asked John Morley again, after a long pause, as if both had exhausted themselves in the utterance of the first few words. "Let me tell you what you have done. I loved Rose as I never loved Hester's mother. I loved her with infatuation; *with idolatry;* against the voice of my conscience, against the voice of the church, against the inward voice of God. I knew she would bring no strength, no real joy to me, yet I loved her. I loved as Adam loved Eve, when he bartered paradise and righteousness for her. You never loved her one half, one tenth as much."

"I never loved her at all," muttered Robert, unconscious of his own words.

"She might have learned to love me," he continued, mournfully, "she would at least have remained faithful to me, if you had not come between us. Because she was very fair to look upon, and facile to temptation, you tempted her, and I lost her. Yet you say you never loved her!"

"I was no better than a boy," answered Robert, urging the plea that had often soothed himself.

"A boy!" exclaimed John Morley, with a lifetime of agony in his voice; "a boy! and Rose gave me up for you! Yet I know not which love was the greater sin, yours or mine. I lavished upon her an inordinate love. We both wronged the feeble creature by our passion, you and I."

"If it be possible for you to forgive me," cried Robert, "forgive me now."

"Forgive you!" he repeated; "ay, I have forgiven you both. God knows I forgave her before I found that she was dead."

"*She is not dead,*" said Robert, in a hoarse voice, which almost failed him. Low as it was, it reached Hester's ear, and she turned quickly round to see his face. How changed he was! how little like the gay, self-pleased handsome man she had last seen! He was looking at her father, almost unconscious of her presence, and his expression was one of poignant shame and remorse.

"Not dead!" echoed John Morley. "I laid her down, as gently as I could, upon her own little sofa, in her own room; but I tell you she was dead."

"We found her there," answered Robert. "Lawson's mother called Grant and me in, and she lay there like one dead; but there was life yet, and she is living now."

"Come here to me, Hester," cried John Morley; "let me hold your hand."

In an instant she was at his side, her arm about his neck, and her lips pressed again and again to his face. She could not speak at first, in her sudden excess of gladness. Rose was not dead, not murdered; and she saw clearly how free they were once more to return to England, to go back to Little Aston, to enter the old home again. She laid her head upon her father's shoulder, and sobbed. "Thank God!"

"How can it be?" said John Morley, in a tone of almost incredulous wonder.

"I will tell you," answered Robert, hurriedly; "the blow had just missed its most fatal aim, as it had done with me. You had barely failed to kill her, as you missed murdering me two years ago."

"Me!" cried John Morley. "I desired to injure neither of you. "I never lifted up my hand against one or the other."

Robert Waldron made no answer; he was scarcely surprised at John Morley's denial; but Hester looked up into her father's face, and spoke entreatingly.

"Let us speak openly to one another now," she urged. "You remember the stranger whom Grant brought into our house almost dead, about two years ago. Oh, you knew who it was, and who had struck that frightful blow? It was Robert Waldron, father. Did you know it was Robert Waldron?"

"Stop," he answered, raising his hand to his head; "let me think all this over a little while."

They waited for a minute or two in unbroken silence, hearing the distant chatter of the laundresses about the fountain, and the tattoo of a drum being beaten at a great distance off. Hester had sunk down on her knees beside her father, and rested her head against his arm. She could hardly endure the suspense, but she controlled herself; while Robert stood by, patient and immovable, willing to give John Morley what time he chose to collect his thoughts.

"I dare not think of it for long, even now," he said, his face, which had taken a hue of health, growing pale once more; "but listen to me, and I will speak as I would speak before God. I never knew till this moment that you had been under my roof. It was well I did not know. You had promised faithfully that you would never enter the street where I dwelt."

"I broke that promise," said Robert, as John Morley paused.

"It never came into my mind that you could break a solemn promise like that; the only penalty I demanded from you. I wished you no harm; I only wished to be left to my sorrow and dishonor. How Rose came there I do not know to this day. I believed Hester was gone to London to see her dying; and at first a superstition came across me. I could not help supposing that her spirit had come back to the home she had so cruelly and shamefully abandoned. How could Rose be there in the body?"

"Father," said Hester, "she was the poor creature we gave shelter to in the old nursery. She came to me one night as I left the chapel, poor, homeless, very ill, without hope in the world; and I remembered the promise you made me take long ago, before you married her, that I would be as her very own child to her. Don't you recollect? What else could I do for her?"

"Recollect!" said John Morley; "ay, I recollect. I understand it all now."

"I did right!" she murmured.

"Right!" he repeated, laying his hand fondly on her head; "you are always right, my daughter."

"We will talk about it at another time," he continued, after a brief silence. "It is too painful for me still. You say that she is alive, that no murder has been committed at all. Where is she now?"

"She is at home," answered Robert, and John Morley shook a little at the words; "we could not move her then, nor yet. She is still very feeble. What would you have had us do with her, when she was on the point of death?"

"That is enough," he said; "leave us now."

Robert looked sadly from him to Hester, and from Hester to him again. They were occupied with one another, and could spare no thought for him. Whatever they had to say to each other, whatever resolves and plans they might make, they wished to do it in his absence. He felt a vehement yearning to touch Hester's hand, to see her look at him once more, and to hear her speak to him; but she was clinging to her father, looking into his face, and speaking to him broken words of gladness. He found that he had no right there any longer, though he had been the messenger of the glad tidings; and with a quiet farewell, which scarcely fell upon their inattentive ears, he left them alone with one another and their new joy.

(To be continued.)

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With the holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken
By the laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow!"

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing,
As they are singing now—
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow;
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow!"

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good-will,
With holy songs of glory
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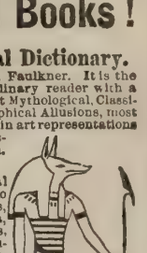
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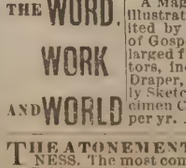
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ancient church of Linton, Herefordshire, Eng-
as five very sweet-toned bells. In the winter
5, there was much snow on the ground, during
time these bells were heard wonderfully clear,
n more melodious than at other times, by the
of Miss Havergal, who is the Incumbent of
ining parish. This circumstance was alluded
letter to his sister, who was so impressed with
a of "Bells Across the Snow," that she at once
he well-known lines.]

Christmas, merry Christmas!
Is it really come again?
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain.
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
nd a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night.
nd the hush is never broken
By the laughter light and low,
s we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow!"

Christmas, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
ince other voices blended
With the carol and the song!
we could but hear them singing,
As they are singing now—
we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow;
here would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
s we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow!"

Christmas, merry Christmas!
This never more can be;
Ve cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
ut Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good-will,
Vith holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
or peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
s we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow!"

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